







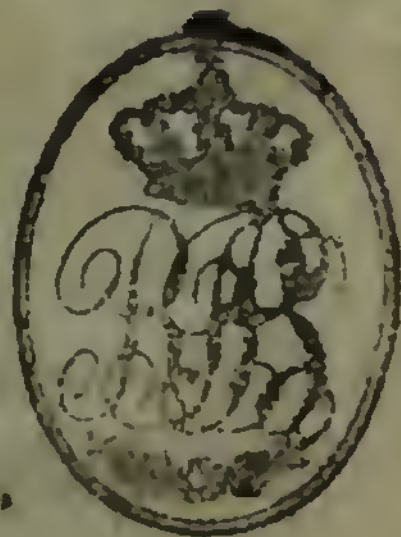


TRAVELS  
IN  
PORTUGAL,

AND THROUGH  
FRANCE AND SPAIN.

WITH A DISSERTATION ON THE  
LITERATURE OF PORTUGAL,

AND THE  
SPANISH AND PORTUGUEZE LANGUAGES.



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OF VARIOUS LEARNED SOCIETIES.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY

JOHN HINCKLEY, Esq.

WITH NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR.

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## P R E F A C E.

THAT zealous and active patron of Natural History, the Count of Hoffmannsegg, who is himself so great a proficient in the science, being desirous of a companion in his TRAVELS TO PORTUGAL not wholly unexperienced in *Botany* and *Mineralogy*, I had the honour to be chosen to that important post.

We embarked at Hamburg in the summer of 1797, and being obliged by contrary winds and storms to cast anchor off Romney, quitted the ship and landed at Dover; from which place we pursued our journey through France and Spain to Portugal, for the purpose of travelling over that country more minutely. In this we employed the greater part of the year 1798, but in 1799 my affairs obliging me to leave that country, I embarked on board the packet for Falmouth, and crossing England by London and Yarmouth returned to Hamburg. The Count still remains in Portugal, where with in-

defatigable assiduity he is investigating the natural history of that country.

Such was the origin of a journey undertaken in order to collect materials for a Fauna and Flora Lusitanicæ, and I hope the Count of Hoffmannsegg will not fail in conjunction with professor Hedwig of Brunswick, both excellent entomologists, to publish the Fauna as soon as possible.

For the Flora we prepared the manuscript while in Portugal, and it is still continually receiving additions through the exertions of the Count, who has drawn all the new and unknown plants in a manner that proves his intimate knowledge of botany and the great talents with which he pursues that science.

At that time we had no idea of publishing an account of our travels as such; our chief attention was directed to investigating the works of nature, especially the botanical riches of the country, with an activity and enthusiasm of which none but the true lovers of that charming science can form an adequate idea.

On my return I read all the accounts I could procure of travels in Portugal, and found that no



one had seen so much of that country as ourselves. I also perceived that most of the authors of these works were grossly ignorant of the language, and gave many false accounts, or such as were only applicable to the inhabitants of the metropolis, but which they erroneously extended to the whole kingdom. In short I read of nothing but complaints against the lazy bigotted and thievish Portuguese, and saw with grief, that no one had described the delightful vales through which the Minho \* flows, the cultivation of which vies with that of England herself; that no one had bestowed due praise on the tolerant spirit of the common people, of which I had many pleasing proofs, (I speak not of priests, who have a character of their own, and are alike in all countries where the government favours them); that no one had proclaimed the security enjoyed in a country where in my botanical excursions I laid myself down by the road-side in unknown spots, and, exhausted by the heat of the day, slept without care or apprehension.

Thus I seized the pen to defend my friends the

\* See the last note in p. viii.

Portuguese,

Portugueze, determining impartially to pourtray their character, their mode of life, and their agriculture, with which last my occupations rendered me intimately acquainted; till thus a mere apology grew into a book of travels. It being often needful to draw a comparison between the Portugueze and their neighbours the Spaniards, I added a short account of our journey through Spain, and France is too important an object of public attention to omit the few observations I have prefixed, more particularly on provinces through which travellers have of late very rarely passed.

In this point of view then I hope the candid reader will consider the following work. Relative to France and Spain I shall confine myself to a few cursory remarks, partly because those countries are already pretty generally known, and partly because we passed more rapidly through them to Portugal, which was the grand object of our journey. Many readers may perhaps desire more ample statistical accounts of that kingdom than I have given. On the constitution I have interspersed a few remarks, much fewer indeed than I had actually written, but I reduced them

to avoid prolixness, as I had formed an intention of writing a separate work on the constitution, literature, and language, for which it is now probable I may not find leisure. Of the population I have given as accurate an account as could be drawn from the materials I was able to procure. A more minute description of the trade of Portugal, especially with the colonies, would have required more time than was possible for me to bestow. But on the other hand I here perhaps present the reader with a more accurate picture of the general state of the country, than he will find in any book of travels hitherto published.

In this picture I have endeavoured as much as possible to avoid every thing obscure, though I should be suspected of being less accurate. For I possess not the talent of many writers, to bring forward with great labour and difficulty, as of the utmost importance, and with all the incumbrances of a heavy and diffusive style, some slight remark which scarcely deserves to be made at all. I prefer carelessly to throw out what has cost me perhaps great labour and much time to investigate and discover.

A. D. 1801.

H. F. LINK.

## ERRATA.

Page 75	line 6	for <i>they</i> r. <i>its inhabitants</i> .
	7	for <i>clay-slate</i> r. <i>argillaceous slate</i> .
106	22	for <i>novorum</i> r. <i>novarum</i> .
107	23	for <i>Yefantado</i> r. <i>Ynsantado</i> .
109	3	for <i>insignificant</i> r. <i>magnificent</i> .
110	14	for <i>vetch-like</i> r. <i>papilionaceous</i> .
112	1	for <i>Regna</i> r. <i>Reyna</i> .
127	3	for <i>frie</i> r. <i>rife</i> .
131	22	&c. transpose the words <i>portugueze</i> and <i>spaniards</i> , former and latter.
150		antepen. for <i>Setuval</i> r. <i>St. Ubes</i> .
161	6 and 7	for <i>certainly</i> &c. r. <i>gratis</i> .
161	9	for <i>Senhovio</i> r. <i>Senhorio</i> .
169		antepen. for <i>Gallicians</i> r. <i>Galicians</i> .
274	4	for <i>hydrogiu</i> r. <i>hydrogen</i> .
308	22	for <i>Gorez</i> r. <i>Gerez</i> .
320	ult.	dele <i>being</i> .
411	5	for <i>Escrivaēs</i> r. <i>Escrivaōs</i> .
418	1	for <i>Algarvia</i> r. <i>Algarve</i> .
424	1	for <i>Henrique</i> r. <i>Henriquez</i> .
429	13	for <i>masts</i> r. <i>mast</i> .
432	ult.	for <i>Doro</i> r. <i>Dom</i> .
441	5	for <i>brought</i> r. <i>bought</i> .

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The inaccuracy of the original, owing to the absence of the author while printing, has occasioned many of the above; the necessary attention to objects of science and to accuracy in the spanish and portugueze languages, which the author had sometimes confounded, have caused some less important errors to pass unnoticed by the translator.

\* \* \* The unlearned reader should be apprized that Lusitania was the ancient name of Portugal.

The nh and lh are liquids in portugueze, being pronounced like gn and gl in italian and french, or ñ and ll in spanish. T.

REMARKS

# REMARKS

DURING A JOURNEY

THROUGH

*PORTUGAL, &c.*

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CHAP. I.

*Calais.—Country between Calais and Paris.*

WE embarked at Dover in Sept. 1797, on board a small vessel bound for Calais, although some flying and apparently exaggerated reports of the revolution of the 18th of Fructidor, which had greatly changed the state of affairs, excited in us some fear of the government of the then powerful republic.

While we were at Dover, Lord Malmesbury passed through that city on his return to London; and with him vanished every hope of peace. The communication, however, between France and England was not yet broken off, and a Danish ship, of which one Schonstedt was captain, and a small Prussian vessel passed and re-passed, at regular times, between Dover and Calais, generally

with a considerable number of passengers on board.

Our landing in this free republic was far from pleasant. A calm prevented our entering the harbour with the tide, and we were obliged to go ashore in a boat from Calais. The boat several times struck on the ground, and it was with great difficulty we gained the land against a strong ebb. Here, though the morning was cold and wet, we were kept an hour in the rain before we were suffered to proceed a step. At length appeared a member of the municipality attended by a secretary, ordered us to come upon the mole, took a survey of the persons arrived, and escorted us, together with a soldier in a ragged uniform, to the town; at the gate of which we were taken into a house, and made to sign our names; then to another, where we were searched to discover whether we had any letters, though in a gentle and not unpolite manner; and lastly, before the municipality. Our Prussian passport was irregular, not containing our descriptions, and a servant had not a separate passport. We were allowed, however, to stay at Calais till we could procure others from the Prussian minister at Paris. The landlord, who had come as far as the beach to seek for guests, was obliged to answer for us, after which we were very politely permitted to go wherever we pleased; though it is customary

customary here to appoint to every suspected person a guard, who accompanies them every where, and with whom they may go about freely, and make visits; for which, however, they must give them daily pay. Many Americans were at that time in this situation.

The treatment of foreigners on their arrival in England is unquestionably more methodical and better planned. There, the captain must not suffer any foreigner to quit his ship, till he has delivered his passport to the inspector of the customs, and received permission so to do. This regulation is more severe; and a foreigner who should violate it, would incur a risk of being immediately sent away, because, when once on shore, he might more easily find ways and means to obtain permission to proceed on his journey. But, on the other hand, he incurs no risk of being obliged to pay an expensive attendant during a long period of time, or of being thrown into prison. He would, in all events, be spared the humiliation of being conducted like a criminal into the town, surrounded by a mob. In England, the military commander in every seaport is furnished with passports, ready signed by the Duke of Portland, which he delivers to foreigners of whom there is no cause for suspicion; upon which, the stranger may proceed on his journey without farther delay. This is evidently a milder plan than that adopted

in France, where the most trifling informality in the passport detains a stranger several weeks in the seaport where he landed; and farther, by paying the customary fees on arriving in England, all vexatious searches are spared.

Calais is a small regular-built town, with a spacious and handsome square. The streets are tolerably clean and well-paved; but without footsteps to the doors, as is usual in the smallest towns of England. It is surrounded, except for a short space toward the harbour, with a wall and moat, the first of which serves as a public walk, although not very clean. On the North-West side close to the town, and a short distance from the sea, is the citadel.

A quarter of a league from Calais on the road to Paris, is the small fort of Niculet, and here and there on the shore batteries are erected. The harbour being formed by a little rivulet, is so small and shallow that, at the time of ebb, the vessels are left almost dry. It begins at the gate of the town, where a fine massive quay ends in two long wooden moles, which extend far into the sea. Another small fort covers the town to the eastward. The shore, particularly toward Dunkirk, is full of sand-banks, sometimes very dangerous to ships that cruize there. On the South side of the town is a neat suburb called Basséville, adjoining to which is a canal extending to the  
river



river Aa, and thus connecting Calais with St. Omer and Gravelines.

In Calais are several large houses, among which is Ducroc's excellent inn. There was formerly a public walk or promenade in a garden in the suburb; but, after the revolution, it being impracticable to keep out the common people, persons of condition ceased to go there. Hence the proprietor no longer finding his account in it, converted it into a distillery for brandy; and this is, in few words, the history of most similar establishments in the provinces since the revolution. The only public walks now remaining are the walls of the town, and the mole; the dirty condition of both which, must particularly strike every Englishman on his arrival, and confirm the prejudices with which he generally crosses the sea. Calais has a small theatre, which is generally much crowded.

This town was principally supported by its commerce with England, from which it may readily be supposed, how well satisfied the inhabitants were with the state of affairs. After the 18th of Fructidor, many of them expected a government of terrorism; but the majority hoped the contrary, because it was impossible such a state of affairs could again exist; a state of affairs, to pourtray which, the most zealous republican could not find language sufficiently strong. During the whole

whole revolution, Calais has acted in the most exemplary manner. Only one trifling tumult has happened there, and a disturbance caused by foreign troops, and quelled by the citizens themselves. Nor has it ever been disgraced by the guillotine. In a word, Calais was at that time happy, that is, it was comparatively but little otherwise.

At Calais we saw the obsequies of General Hoche. The garrison marched to the principal church, where the Directorial Commissary, in his costume, delivered an oration from the pulpit, and the ceremony concluded with solemn music. Among the spectators were a great number of men, but no women of condition, merely because they had not places appointed for them separate from the common people. Mankind are every where fond of distinction even in republics.

The country round Calais is extremely flat; plains extend to the eastward as far as the eye can see; to the westward, a mile from the town, begin the chalk-cliffs, opposite to those of England; and, which is very remarkable, commence just where the opposite East coast of England turns toward the South. The shore is skirted with high downs or sand-hills, and here and there are considerable heaps of alluvial, or rounded stones, even at a distance from the sea, resembling the celebrated *holy dam*, at Doberan in Mcklenburg.

But all this is nothing, when compared with the immense quantity of ratchil \* in the nearly opposite country round Romney and Hythe, which extend a great way in-land, and are doubtless a remarkable phenomenon to every mineralogist. The breadth of the channel being here but seven leagues, the Dover cliffs may be seen even in hazy weather; and, on a clear day, very distinctly. Among these, Shakspeare's cliff, with its white sides over-hanging the sea, is a striking object; and Dover castle may also be seen without difficulty. The prospect of a strait, which is so often adorned by shipping, particularly when the wind suddenly comes round to the East or West, which brings a great number of vessels up or down the channel, is often extremely interesting; while the view of the opposite shore, adds considerably to the charms of the scene. The plain toward Gravelines and St. Omer is highly cultivated; not, indeed, that many villages are seen there, but it is adorned by innumerable single houses, embosomed in a small wood of lofty trees, and surrounded by meadows and corn-fields. The traces of a rich Flemish cultivation may here be perceived, as in most parts of France.

Among the hills to the South-West of Calais, and buried in the woods, stands a column com-

\* Geschieben.

memorating the spot where Blanchard descended with his balloon, after crossing the British channel; but the situation is so concealed, that it cannot easily be discovered. Monuments intended to awaken the softer and more empaffioned sensations of sympathy, may very properly be so concealed, that we may come upon them by surprize; but those which commemorate bold and hazardous enterprises, should be as public and as striking as possible. On the pedestal is an inscription in Latin and in French, mentioning the names of the two aerial navigators, and the date of the transaction, according to that of the reign of Lewis; but some republican hand has endeavoured to obliterate all that referred to the late king, and has thus defaced the monument in a very childish manner. Why should republicans disfigure that which can still be read?

The road from Calais to Paris lies over chalk-hills first to Boulogne-sur-mer. This town is of a moderate size, being divided in two parts; the upper and smaller, lies on the declivity of the chalk-mountain, the lower and larger, on the harbour, which is formed by the river Liane; but, like that of Calais, will only admit small ships. The Boulogne privateers have been very successful this war; and, as during wars with England, the town is principally supported by these speculations, it is now very flourishing.

From

From Boulogne to Montreuil the chalk-hills continue, forming the coast to a considerable distance. The valleys are woody, and before we arrived at Samer, we came to a forest formerly celebrated for numerous robberies; but they are now less frequent, probably, because rich Englishmen do not travel that road. Montreuil is pleasantly situated on a hill, being a fortified town surrounded by a wall and moat. Having quitted this place, we came to the great plain of Picardy, which, with only a few small and gentle hills, extends beyond Abbeville and Amiens, as far as the little town of Breteuil. The soil consists entirely of chalk, as may be perceived in various places; but is covered with a considerable stratum of very fertile earth. Little wood is seen in any part, though here and there the road is planted with trees. The cultivation of corn is the chief object pursued on this fruitful tract.

Abbeville lies concealed behind hills; on ascending which a view of that large and extensive town suddenly burst upon us. Its appearance, however, after we had entered it, by no means corresponded with this grand prospect; for the streets are narrow, crooked, ill-paved, dirty, and obscured by high houses. It is well known, that this town is supported by cloth and other manufactures; and therefore, like all manufacturing towns, has felt the effects of the revolution

in

in a high degree. We were every where surrounded by beggars, and every where beheld the traces of poverty and misery. I scarcely, indeed, remember a town in France where this change appeared so striking. The villages in the adjacent country toward Amiens, as Ailly, Le haut-clocher, Flirecourt, &c. consist partly of the most miserable mud-houses, and most wretched hovels, that can be seen; worse even than in the villages of Meklenburg and of Portugal.

The town of Amiens is situated on a perfect plain, which being here and there adorned with small woods, is very pleasant. It may be seen at a great distance, decorated with a great number of lofty towers, among which, the cathedral, a large and striking edifice, particularly attracts the eye. The streets are narrow and full of angles, the buildings being in the old taste. The town, however, seemed gay and lively, and in a better condition than its neighbour, Abbeville; perhaps, because in a great measure supported by the produce of the earth. The beautiful plain, the road across which is planted with fruit trees, extends as far as Breteuil, a small miserable village. Beyond it appear long chains of hills, with broad valleys; and, between St. Just and Clermont, we come to a sandy plain. At Clermont, a small town situated in a pleasant woody country, the hills rise still higher, and continue as far as Lingueville.

ville. They consist of white limestone, which can only be considered as chalk. From this place to Chantilly, the country appears very charming; we travelled constantly between two rows of elms, and passed through the immense park, which, though it surprizes by its extent, is extremely uniform, and therefore gives but little pleasure. The magnificent castle has recently been sold very cheap to a private individual. From this place to Ecouen, a small neat village, the road passes over hills and through forests. During the revolution, this woody country has frequently become the rendezvous of robbers, whose numbers, perhaps, were exaggerated at Paris by common report; and who, as the government asserted, were connected with the royalists. After passing Ecouen we came to the last range of hills, from which we descended into the vale of St. Denis, and of Paris.

## CHAP. II.

*Paris.—The Disposition of the People after the 18th of Fructidor.—Comparison with London.—Versailles.*

WHAT a glorious view these hills command! though, as the traveller proceeds, it soon vanishes from the sight. On all sides appear country-houses and gardens, interspersed with villages and small towns; among which the immense metropolis seems almost lost, being also partly concealed by the hill of Montmartre. The country, indeed, would alone be beautiful, without the added ornaments of art with which its charms are enhanced. Gay hills decorated with woods and groves intersect this fertile plain; and amid these, meanders, with frequent and rapid curves, the lingering Seine, as though unwilling to leave these flowery fields.

A very fine road leads through the beautiful town of St. Dennis, the lofty spires of whose church, where the remains of the kings of France are deposited, is visible in all parts of the surrounding country. The traveller, while gazing at this magnificent prospect, almost arrives unawares in Paris, where he passes through narrow streets without foot-ways, between high houses crowded together so that in many places the sun never reaches,



reaches the earth. He rides a long way through the city, which appears very unpleasant and disgusting, till at a distance he discovers the Pantheon; but, when at length he comes to the Elysian fields; the garden of the Thuilleries, the Place de la Revolution, and the Field of Mars, he imagines he is beholding the most charming spot in the world.

I neither can nor ought to add to the numerous descriptions of Paris already published. We have a journal of London and Paris which serves to make us Germans sufficiently acquainted with both those capitals. A few cursory remarks, therefore, will be all I shall say on the subject.

At this time good order prevailed at Paris, so that people might without fear walk the streets till a late hour; for patrols of foot and horse protected the lives and properties of the citizens. In the public offices the reverse was the fact. We were taken to the municipality to whose district the house where we lodged belonged, to have our passports inspected. Here, after waiting a long time, we were sent to the department of Seine-and-Oise, in the *Place Vendôme*, as no one here took cognizance of the passports of foreigners. But the department sent us back; and at length we were rightly directed to the *Bureau central*. It cannot be denied that the clerks in the public offices are very polite; but their business

is too multifarious and too unmethodical; nor do they seem to have a sufficient knowledge of the laws. From the rest of the citizens no knowledge of them can be expected; for in general they take a pleasure in being ignorant of the republican regulations, unless they fill some office, or take some share in the government. Besides, the laws may be violated with impunity; and we even soon found it unnecessary to have our passports inspected in every capital of department through which we travelled, although enjoined by law. It is even said, passports may be purchased without difficulty; and it appeared to me, that the republican inspectors knew well how to distinguish in such cases between the well and the ill dressed. But this had more effect at Paris than in the departments.

All persons of fashion were inimical to the republican regulations and the interests of the republic. Young ladies of fashion were partial to the English. The appellation of *citoyen*, though required in all official transactions, was never used in company; and the word *citoyenne* was a gross affront. There was still a gradation of ranks, only the catalogue did not begin with princes of the blood; and on Sundays the promenades and theatres were void of well-dressed people, because on that day every artisan could resort there.

As

At this time one object alone could elevate the minds of the French; I mean their victories, of which every one spoke with enthusiasm; and the most decided royalist did justice to the bravery of his countrymen. As formerly in Prussia, we naturally expected to hear an aged peasant relate his tale of battles at Prague, at Zorndorf, and at Leuthen, so here every youth was half anticipated in his pompous story of Lodi, Arcola, Weissenburg, and the Vendée. Bonaparte was the admired hero that excited the admiration of the French; but they did him the honour to maintain, that in his heart he was no true republican.

Discontent with the republic prevailed among most classes. All those who had fixed incomes were in a bad situation, and many branches of industry totally destroyed. This discontent was particularly great among literary men. In the beginning it was very natural they should take a principal part in a revolution founded on such attractive principles. These men, however, were the first to draw back; perhaps they were the first who grew wiser by experience, and dived into future events. A popular representation also soon deserts the boasted principles of reason; under which no man should give up his will to another, even during twelve months. But, in fact, every republican was playing a game of chance, whether he might not arrive at  
a situ-

a situation to influence the government. But does the road to the best form of government, the splendid theory they pursue, lie over hedges and ditches, and through bogs and morasses, like what Englishmen call steeple-hunting? Or is it to be attained by indirect approaches, and by building slowly strong and useful bridges?

In France, men of new and upstart fortunes are objects of general hatred. The means by which they have acquired their wealth are often not the best; and they are not unfrequently persons of bad education, and destitute of all science. They spend their money in a sordid manner, without the least taste; despise every one who has not money, and are themselves despised and hated. In every turbulent republic, the boldest and most shameless is the most likely to make his fortune, and the richest (except under a system of terror) to be the first person in the state. But even in a tranquil republic the richest man, and consequently the merchant, is the first person in the state, and contributes to form an aristocracy, which, perhaps, becomes more oppressive than the pride of nobility; and it almost seems more rare for an acute mind to consist with mercantile pursuits than to be combined with sixteen quarterings of nobility.

Amid the high degree of luxury to which the French nation are more strongly inclined than  
any

any other nation, and in which they still excel them (however small the means they possess of indulging it), and the want of all fixed moral principles, the government must vibrate between the extravagance and venality of the principal men in the state, and terrorism. — Where both would end if France were left to herself can scarcely be conjectured. There is a contest of opinions in that country, which is carried on, not by means of principles, but by force, as in a battle; and the contending armies resemble soldiers headed by their generals: the result cannot with any probability be foreseen. In that country, accident may do every thing; and it depends on an inscrutable fatality, where the rolling rocks will stop.

The secret propensity of the human heart, when we are unhappy ourselves not to wish others happy, is, perhaps, the cause of the eagerness with which the French seek to revolutionize other countries. How often have I not been asked, when we should begin to drive out our princes? But I always replied, “as soon as Robespierre shall be forgotten.”

Several moral men endeavoured by means of Theophilanthropy, which sprung up just at this time, to restore France to morality and religion. La Reveillère, the best and the weakest of the directors, principally contributed to its repute;

but the effects of it were not yet apparent. As long as it was new, beautiful hymns were sung; and as long as the orators said pretty things, their temples were crowded. They even began to be desirous of making profelytes, of which I could name an instance. In this respect all religions are alike; nor is it possible to foretel what Theophilanthropy may one day become. But, according to the general levity of the French, it was at first spoken of as charming, then ridiculous, and at length a bore, till thus it was soon exploded. La Reveillère's fall we may hope will bury this religion in oblivion.

London, as a city, is far superior to Paris. The narrow dirty streets, the high projecting houses, the gable ends of which seem almost to touch, a dirty pavement without causeways, where passengers are exposed to be entangled between the wheels of coaches, and the still more dangerous cabriolets, render Paris extremely unpleasant. In bad weather the boulevards and walks, that divide the *city* of Paris from the suburbs, are muddy; and on the South, where they are most beautiful, they are but little frequented. In London, it is true, are many narrow irregular streets; but these are in the city, which is only a small part of the metropolis; the greater part is well paved, clean, and furnished with broad causeways; and the streets, being spacious and strait, give it a gay  
and

and smiling appearance. I very much prefer, as a walk, the parks in and about London, to the boulevards of Paris.

In London, most of the houses are built of brick; and, in the newest and best streets, these bricks are faced with stone-coloured stucco, which soon becomes grey. Hence they do not afford a very gay appearance, though on the whole more beautiful than the generality of houses in Paris. There, indeed, the ornamental houses are handsomer than those in London; but the interior admits of no comparison; for many of the houses at Paris, that have a very fine appearance without, are very ill fitted-up within, and even though really clean appear very dirty. In public houses want of cleanliness prevails; as also, in all houses, except those of persons of property, and, even there, in the porter's-room, which immediately strikes the eye on entering. But what neatness and elegance enliven the houses of the English! How pleasing, how comfortable, and how cheerful, are their apartments! They employ, indeed, much good taste in the choice of their furniture, in which the French are far inferior to them: in this, however, the English excel all other nations, as they are inferior to all in the tasteless plans of their social conversations.

The French disfigure their buildings from two motives wholly foreign to the rules of taste, which

the most zealous republican can scarcely esteem a beauty. I allude to the staffs with the ensigns of liberty, erected on every national edifice, and the inscriptions of *unity, indivisibility of the republic, liberty, equality, fraternity, or death*; which last is generally so much defaced, that it can scarcely be read. The French, who would be the Grecians of modern times, should know, that the antient Grecians were less attached to republican forms than to forms of beauty.

Paris is adorned with many fine squares, particularly the *Place de la Revolution*, and the *Place Vendôme*. In the latter is the vacant pedestal of Louis XIV. which spoils its appearance; the former is adorned in the distance with a statue of liberty, which appears of bronze till the eye approaches it, when the brown covering is perceived to be cracking off from the plaster; a very significant symbol. The other squares are insignificant. London is adorned with a vast number of *squares*, so called from their regular form, and decorated with a circular or oval inclosure, planted with rose-trees and other shrubs, which give to the whole a most charming and interesting appearance.

At a distance from London, the most striking object is St. Paul's church; at a distance from Paris, the Pantheon: the latter of which is adorned with a very beautiful cupola, and is superiour in  
point



point of architecture, although not yet finished. At a distance, its situation being on an eminence, appears beautiful; but on approaching it, this magnificent building is encumbered with a vicinity of narrow wretched streets. In this respect, the situation of St. Paul's surpasses it, and the view of the cupola is beyond all expectation grand and majestic; but Westminster Abbey, with its numerous monuments, mostly destitute of taste, by no means satisfies the expectation.

London, however, has nothing to compare with the banks of the Seine from the Louvre to the extremity of Paris, where the river quits it. The Louvre strikes the eye by its great extent, and on the opposite bank is the Mint, which is a handsome building. Adjacent to the Louvre is the edifice called the Thuilleries, which also makes a strong impression on the spectator; and the garden belonging to it, though in the old French taste, is a pleasant promenade, leading by a wooden turning bridge to the beautiful *Place de la Revolution*. Beyond this are the majestic walks of the Elysian fields, and adjoining to them the wood of Boulogne; through which village, the road immediately leads by a bridge across the Seine to St. Cloud. Opposite the *Place de la Revolution* is the fine hall of the Council of Five Hundred, nor is it far to the magnificent Hotel of the Invalids, adjacent to which is the *Champ de Mars*.

On the other hand, the banks of the Thames are so encumbered with houses, that it is difficult to approach the water ; so that, to obtain a view of the Adelphi, and of Somerset Place, which adorn its banks, it is necessary to cross the river, the opposite side of which resembles a wretched village. A view of the bridges can only be seen between the ballusters of the other bridges, by which, London loses a great advantage it possesses over Paris, namely, a harbour full of ships extending as far as London bridge. Hyde-park, and Kensington-gardens, are, indeed, very extensive ; but London itself is wanting in all that is attractive to the eye ; for, as a whole, it is monotonous and dull ; the palace of Kensington is extremely indifferent, and that of St. James's little better than a prison.

London is also very ill lighted with small lamps in mean lamp-irons, and furnished with almost useless refractors, which but encrease the obscurity ; whereas at Paris, large, handsome, reverberating lamps hang over the middle of the streets, and afford so good a light, that a newspaper may be read with ease.

Paris has thirteen theatres, London at most six, among which that in Drury-lane, and the Opera-house in the Hay-market, alone, deserve notice as buildings. The Opera-house at Paris, the Odéon, now burnt down, and the theatre of Feydeau, perhaps,

perhaps, deserve the preference ; and the mode of lighting them within is more judicious, and more convenient, than that employed in London ; where an insupportable exhalation rises from the pit of the Opera-house, and I often wondered the people in the gallery were not suffocated. The *Italian* singers there may, perhaps, be superiour to the *French* performers at the opera of Paris, and at the *Théâtre des Italiens* ; but I had been too much accustomed to the silver tones of *Crescentini*, to be pleased with them. The decorations in London are equal to those in Paris, and the scenes are changed with more rapidity and address. In this respect, *Harlequin Wood-cutter*, a pantomime performed at *Drury-lane*, and many small pieces at the *Royal Circus*, deserve attention ; but this advantage is counterbalanced by the want of true taste in the English pantomimes and ballets, especially when these ill-planned and often vulgar pieces are compared with those of the same class at Paris. Nor can the dancers on the English stage, even at the Opera-house, be compared with those of the opera at Paris, where *Vestris*, *Clotilde*, and *Milière*, perform ; and where taste, grace, and beauty, exceed, perhaps, the performances of any other capital. The French players are also unrivalled in the performance of little witty pieces, and comic-operas, (*opérette*) as are the English in serious, sarcasto-comic, and

tragic parts, in which last, the sublime Mrs. Siddons excels the whole troop of female performers in the Castle of Montval, as much as the view of the cupola of St. Paul's exceeds the expectation of the traveller.

The country round Paris is, without comparison, more beautiful than that round London. How charming is the view of a part of the city from the Botanic garden! which is even exceeded by that of all Paris, from the pleasant hill of Montmartre. The continuation of this hill, with its numerous vineyards, to the neighbourhood of Charenton, presents an agreeable variety to the eye; and the banks of the Seine up to the spot where it receives the Marne, and to the majestic bridge over the latter, are equally pleasing. But still more charming is the spot, where, having passed the Elysian fields, it forms a curve toward the bridge over the Sevre, watering the foot of a charming hill, on which is the park of Meudon. Here it makes a sharp turn, and flows to the park of St. Cloud, amid the shady walks and thick foliage of which Peace seems to dwell, while the solitary castle gives as it were a soft elegiac murmur of sympathy. The extreme flatness of the country round London renders it naturally dull, and between Bagshot and Hounslow horrible: nothing, indeed, but art could have given it any attractions. Of the neighbourhood of London, the

the country about Chelsea is the pleasanterest on one side; and at a farther distance, on the other side, on the banks of the river below the metropolis, are Greenwich-park and hospital for decayed seamen, a magnificent building, the prospect of which is an ornament to the neighbouring country, which it greatly contributes to render extremely pleasant. The view at Richmond is remarkably fine; but the spectator must be placed on the hill in the park, or in the Star-tavern, to trace all the windings of the river, which often conceals itself amid a crowd of houses and gardens, meadows, fields, and foliage. It affords but a single view, and resembles a solitary bright thought in an otherwise insignificant work. I love not an epigrammatic country view.

Those who are attached to works of art will find more food for this taste in Paris than in London. There are, indeed, a great many in the latter; but, being principally private property, they cannot be seen without numerous letters of recommendation but ill adapted to the manners and customs of the English. Since the plundering of Italy, the national Museum of Paris is unique in its kind; and, by an excellent regulation, was open to all visitors except the inhabitants of Paris: for at that time, the arrangement not being completed, too great a crowd of visitors might have caused much damage; whereas strangers, perhaps,

perhaps, might never again have an opportunity of seeing them. Beautiful as the arrangement may be, it is a reproach to the French to leave some of the best master-pieces from Italy in the greatest disorder. But few pieces were placed when we saw them; and the St. Jerom of Correggio lay upon the floor. If ever Vandalism was the delirium of this nation, it is now but converted from a raging into a slow fever.

To a learned man Paris is preferable, not only for its public institutions, but in regard to the manners and conduct of its men of learning. I shall here only speak of the sciences to which I particularly directed my attention, Natural History, Chemistry, and Botany. With the politeness of the naturalists both in London and Paris, I have great reason to be highly satisfied and pleased. But men of various talents, and extensive science, have no need to be parsimonious of knowledge; and are themselves too eager to acquire more, to grudge exchanging theirs against that of a stranger. Sir Joseph Banks alone would render some stay in London important to naturalists; his collection of plants and library being constantly open to their researches. This worthy and learned man, singly, compensates the great scarcity of similar sources of knowledge in London. But in Paris, we also found Jussieu, Desfontaines, Fourcroy, Bronguiart, and Besson, all  
extremely

extremely polite and obliging. The British museum contains, amid a vast quantity of insignificant trifles, a few important specimens; but in the present state of science it is no longer instructive. On certain days it is shewn to those who have previously procured tickets. The Leverian museum may be seen for a trifle, and the collection there of stuffed birds, and viviparous animals, exceeds every thing of the kind I have seen. It is well arranged, and to each specimen is affixed the Linnæan name. The museum of natural history in the botanic garden at Paris is far more interesting than the British museum, and contains a great number of specimens, and very extraordinary productions. London possesses nothing that can be compared with it, and the Leverian museum exceeds it only in two branches of natural history; the arrangement, however, of that at Paris is not very good: the names of the birds and viviparous animals are taken from Buffon, very many natural productions have no names at all, and the mode of placing them requires great improvement. The magazines of this museum are full of unarranged treasures, which require both money and time to be properly placed; mean while it is much to be lamented, that in their present situation many of them are going to decay. M. Le Sage's excellent museum of mineralogy,

neralogy, which the government have purchased \* and placed at the Mint, excels in arrangement every public museum I know: for here, every individual specimen can be seen; whereas elsewhere, half the objects of curiosity are concealed on high shelves and lofty presses, where they are condemned to perpetual obscurity. I take no notice of the numerous private museums at Paris, where access is far more easy than to those of London, which are smaller and less numerous.

The royal garden at Kew possesses a treasure of exotics, particularly from the Cape, and New Holland; and a variety of shrubs, Rhododendra, and similar plants, in an abundance, and of a size not elsewhere found. They are extremely well preserved in green-houses; and Mr. Aiton, the gardener, whose father published the *Hortus Kewensis*, is a very clever, zealous, active man. The English are particularly fond of beautiful heaths from the Cape, for which reason, these, and many other remarkable plants are found in the hand of the nursery-men, of whom I will only name Kennedy and Lee, of Hammersmith. The garden at Kew being the King's private property, its utility is considerably restrained; but

\* The author is here mistaken. It was collected for Government by M. Le Sage, who had a salary for that purpose and lectured on mineralogy.



here curious and singular productions alone are sought for, and there is no proper botanic garden in London \*. To every botanist the botanic garden at Paris is an extremely important institution, the collection of plants growing in the open air is considerable, and extremely well arranged, having the Linnæan names affixed; but these are wanting to the trees and shrubs. The greenhouse plants are still more numerous, many of them extremely rare and curious. But the greenhouses, being too narrow, and every thing crowded together, naturally produce weak and sickly plants. It is to be lamented above all that, of this excellent spot too much has been sacrificed to the ornamental walks. Another excellent collection is seen in the garden of a Mr. Cels, who deals in plants, and has much improved their cultivation. All this is undoubtedly more instructive in the same branch than in London; but this arises from the attention of the learned men of Paris, and not from the government, who pretend to do every thing and do nothing. The beautiful menagerie, however, at the Tower, which is singular in its kind, far exceeds the small collection at the botanic garden of Paris.

\* It is singular, the author should not have visited the botanic garden at Chelsea.

T.

I thought

I thought it not superfluous to draw this short comparative sketch of the two most important cities in Europe, more particularly as I felt that my judgement was impartial: in both capitals I was received in a manner with which I was extremely pleased, and which has great claims on my gratitude. Nor did the difference of their political situation more powerfully influence me, or give me more disgust in this point of view, than the difference usually found between one nation and another, among each of whom I have lived with pleasure.

But I must say a few words of Versailles, a town, the very name of which has almost ceased to be pronounced by the people. This beautiful place, with all its broad well-paved streets and magnificent buildings, lies forlorn in mournful silence; while the confined, and by no means pleasing country that surrounds it, increases the melancholy impressions caused by viewing its empty deserted palaces. At that time, the palace, the gardens, the park, and the great and little Trianon, were kept in pretty good order, and many paintings, and other works of art, still remained in the apartments, though most of the furniture was removed. Many works of art, particularly paintings, had also been brought in from the adjacent country-houses of emigrants, a plan having

once been formed to employ the palace of Versailles as a museum for the productions of art. Versailles has so often been described, that it would be superfluous to say more. There is something grand in the view of the palace from the garden; but, it is only a view that dazzles, without affecting the heart.

## CHAP. III.

*From Paris through Orleans, and Limoges, to the Banks of the Dordogne.*

FROM Paris we set off for Orleans. Mount Parnassus, and the plains of Montrouge, consist of lime-stone, and furnish part of the stone used in Paris for building. The quarries, however, are subterraneous, and the stones are brought up through shafts sunk for that purpose. In the neighbourhood of great cities, this plan is worthy imitation; for, otherwise, a great surface of land is lost, as is particularly striking near Lisbon. All the hills on one side of Paris, from Charenton, across the Seine to Meudon, St. Cloud, &c. are limestone; but on the opposite side the hills which extend from Montmartre, Belleville, &c. onward, consist of gypsum. This lime-stone extends as far as Versailles, where it forms the woody hills that enclose the valley in which the town is situated. Similar hills of lime-stone accompanied us from Paris to the village of Longjumeau, beyond which sand-stone is found considerably below the surface. Arable-land is met with every where, the mountains are covered with wood, and the hills that are exposed to the sun are laid out in vineyards. Beyond  
the

the village of Arpajon toward Etampes, the hills rise higher, and become more naked and stony. Etampes is a small miserable town, now very dead, surrounded by bare hills, but, like almost every French town, however small, has its promenade. An elevated plain covered with very low hills now continues to the neighbourhood of Orleans; consisting chiefly of arable land, without any considerable vineyards. Near Orleans, the road passes through a great forest, called the Forest of Orleans; part of which, however, is cut away for some distance on each side of the high road, which is in general well paved from Paris to Orleans, but in some parts is not kept up with sufficient care, as is particularly requisite to prevent such roads from becoming very unpleasant. At length we descended from this elevated plain, to the banks of the Loire and the city of Orleans.

This city stands close to the foot of the declivity, up which the suburb rises. On the other side is the river, and over it a handsome bridge, from which the view of this broad stream, covered with boats, watering a great city, and a range of vine-covered hills, is uncommonly charming. Orleans is an open town of considerable size, adorned with neat buildings; but, like Paris, full of narrow ill-paved streets. The windows are mostly furnished with iron bars, a custom which also partly prevails in the small neighbouring villages. It has lost much by

the Revolution, having been principally supported by the provincial tribunals. Every thing now is dead, and its chief traffic is in corn, wine, and brandy. After passing the Loire and the country-houses belonging to Orleans, the face of the country is much altered; for here begins a barren sandy plain, which soon becomes a desert swampy heath, and continues as far as a small miserable village, called La ferté Lowendahl\*. Here we collected several remarkable plants, and among others some heaths of the south of Europe, which were originally described from specimens brought from this place, as for instance *erica scoparia*. This plain belonged to the antient barren province of Sologne. Beyond La ferté this sandy plain still continues, though it somewhat improves, and part of it is highly cultivated. Along the roads are planted italian poplars, garden chesnuts, and plane-trees, and many single houses and mansions are seen, among which is the family-seat of the celebrated La Mothe Piquet, who had the command of a squadron, and distinguished himself much in the American war. He is still remembered in a lively manner, having been much beloved, though a very vehement and singular man. The inns in this part of France have a very uninviting appearance, as have the apartments; but the tra-

\* Called also, La ferté Nabert.

veller meets with good beds and a good supper, particularly of fowl, at very moderate prices. In the towns every thing was dearer and worse than in the villages ; but in general throughout France we found the landlords' charges extremely moderate.

Near Vierzon the plain terminates in a declivity, which is adorned by groves and vineyards, like that near Orleans. Vierzon is a small but cheerful town, seated at the confluence of the Yevre with the sandy river Cher, in a deep valley where the air is remarkably warm. We were present at the celebration of Nôtre Dame, which rendered the place very gay. Every body was at the public walks, and in their best dresses, an attention which is not so much practised in the North of France. But the external marks of religion gradually become more and more perceptible, and two political parties arise, consisting of catholics and protestants.

Immediately beyond Vierzon are sand-stone hills, at the foot of which rises a chalybeate stream. Soon after follow lime-stone hills toward the village of Vâtan ; and here the face of the country grows very bare. As far as the eye can reach nothing is seen but undulating hills covered with corn-fields, but destitute of trees or houses. Nearer to Chateauroux, these hills are uncultivated, and serve as sheep-walks, great numbers of those animals being bred in this country, which

forms a part of the ancient province of Berry. The scarcity of wood is very great, and straw is often used in kitchens; for which reason, in winter the stubble that remains in the fields is cut. Here, as well as in many other parts of France, women are seen cultivating the ground. Chateauroux, which is a manufacturing town of moderate size, lies in a flat valley on the Indre. Like all manufacturing towns, it suffered much by the Revolution, from which it may easily be conjectured how far the inhabitants are favourable to it.

The lime-stone hills end at a village called Le Lotier; after which follows a sandy plain covered with heath as in Sologne, but soon after high lime-stone hills again rise, with deep and frequently pleasant valleys. Argenton lies in one of these beautiful valleys, surrounded by vineyards on the Creuse. It is a small, dirty, mean town, but gay and lively, as are in general most small places in France, in an infinitely greater degree than large towns. The gaiety of Argenton was at this time increased by the return of the young men, in consequence of the signing of the peace. It was an affecting and a pleasing scene to witness the happiness of so many joyful citizens, who returned to take possession of their paternal lands; or of their half-faded brides, whose expectant hopes the war had too long deferred. In no country were the young men so generally torn from their homes, without



without regard to their condition, situation, or occupation. But the hopes of all these worthy youths are now again frustrated and deceived.

These lime-stone hills again grew flat near the village of Le Fay, and are succeeded by a sandy plain covered with heath, shortly after which rise the mountains of the Limoufin. High mountain-valleys, mountains crowded together, with broad rounded ridges, immediately indicate another class, generally called primary mountains. Their sides consist of strata of granite, but the upper parts are of granite in masses and rocks. In proportion to the unfruitfulness of the soil, is the care bestowed in most places on its cultivation. Corn-fields are seen on the declivities, and often to a considerable height. Great part of the country is planted with chestnut-trees, the fruit of which constitutes a large proportion of the food of the inhabitants; the small and often very bad ones being simply boiled in large kettles, and then thrown out upon the table to the hungry labourers, who devour them like cattle. The villagers look extremely miserable and sickly, which probably arises from their bad nourishment. A traveller might almost imagine the inhabitants were stupid, and I almost fancied myself among the boors of Westphalia; but if I addressed a girl, to whom beauty gave somewhat more confidence, her charming simplicity, and the quickness and sprightliness of her

her answers, soon convinced me I was not in the neighbourhood of Paderborn, excepting that the country people here have similar pictures of the Virgin Mary. In this part a jargon is spoken very different from the French; and which prevails with various modifications to the borders of Spain. From hence also wooden shoes are used, being worn even by the better sort of people, particularly the ladies, for whom they are fitted with ornaments of fur.

The mountains continue beyond the large village of Morterolle, the small town of Bessines, situated in a deep, narrow, rocky valley, and the small village of Chanteloube, as far as Limoges. Beyond Chanteloube and near Maison-rouge, a single house, is the highest part of these mountains, from which may be seen very clearly their whole range, especially toward Auvergne. Near Limoges they again sink. This town is considerable, but consists chiefly of old indifferent houses; the streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty, and it is surrounded by mountains. In a deep valley close under the town flows the Vienne, which is here a small rivulet, and to which a pleasant promenade leads. Limoges is celebrated for its great cattle-market; the small horses used for light cavalry are bought there, and it has a few manufactures. It is an extremely unpleasant place, the country unfruitful, and the mountains render the climate raw and disagreeable.

Immediately

Immediately after quitting Limoges the granite-mountains again begin, and rise to a considerable height. At Pierre Buffiere, the country becomes beautiful and romantic. This small dirty town is situated on a mountain, the declivity of which toward the north is very rapid, and is surrounded by a valley, where the wild Brianse takes its rise amid rocks. Here we had occasion again to repeat an observation we had often made, that small country-towns are now much more lively and in a better situation than the great manufacturing towns, where complaints, disappointment, and discontent are general.

The high range of granite mountains continues beyond the villages of Magnat and Massere to Uzerches, a small, poor, and miserable town. Beyond Massere, at the summit of a mountain, is found a kind of trap-porphry, which at first sight might be taken for Basalt. We every where saw nothing but naked arid summits, with single corn-fields and woods of chesnuts. At Uzerches, the mountains are higher, and the country becomes extremely romantic. This small town is situated on a mountain, which is surrounded by a deep valley. Toward the South flows the Vezere, a beautiful river in a hollow between steep rocky precipices, so that we looked down upon it from the edge of the mountain almost perpendicularly between the houses. But the prospect

soon changed; for beyond Uzerches we came to a most cheerless country, over desert mountains covered with heath and scanty woods. Near Donzenac, another dirty little town, the country again assumes a different appearance; a handsome road, the direction of which is extremely well contrived, leads through cheerful chestnut-woods along steep declivities, where the eye looks down on an exceedingly well-cultivated valley, in which, for the first time, we saw the proud pine, that beautiful tree of the South of Europe. The sides of the mountain are formed into terraces, and covered with meadows artificially watered. The industry of the inhabitants is every where apparent.

Passing over some flatter mountains, we came to the town of Brives, situated in a small valley on the Correze, over which is a handsome bridge. Brives is a considerable place, and very populous and cheerful. The surrounding country produces wine and nut-oil, abounds in wood, and the town has some manufactures. It is adorned by many neat houses, and is incontestably the most lively town in the Limousin.

On the other side of the Correze the mountains change. A high sandstone mountain, with rocks breaking through, but adorned with woods above and vineyards below, succeeds to the granite-mountains and announces the termination of the whole range. On the summit of this mountain stands  
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the old ruined castle of Noailles ; after which follow lime-stone hills, which continue to the banks of the Dordogne.

We had hitherto travelled through countries which had a very bad name, owing to the great number of robberies committed there, particularly the sand-stone mountain beyond Brives; the castle of Noailles, and the desert mountains of Uzerches. Robberies were at that time the order of the day; the principal objects of plunder being the paper and money of the government, though purses and watches were not neglected. The manner of robbing was English, travellers being seldom intentionally murdered. The cause of this may easily be assigned : a number of young men had returned from the armies, many of whom were the sons of persons above the common people, and who were now destitute of all means of subsistence. These young men, having been forced into the army against their will, were full of hatred to the government, of whom they endeavoured to be revenged, Such men, like the better class of English highwaymen, seldom murder; and besides in all French accounts of robberies, we must expect some exaggeration. According to all we could learn, however, there was less danger in these parts, even in the worst of times, than usually prevails in many parts of Germany; in which no one now thinks of robbery

robbery and murder. The speeches in the Council of Five Hundred itself contributed to these exaggerations, most of the members being, at least at that time, very bad orators, and in the speeches which they read continually catching at florid descriptions, and elevated fragments of eloquence. Thus Villiers spoke of a journey through France as of a military enterprise. In general they sought the models of their speeches in the British parliament, as they had borrowed the plan of furnishing their houses from that island. With these exaggerations concurred a timidity of a peculiar kind, in which this nation exceeds all others, and the cause of which is, that they fear more from various misfortunes than the Germans. Very refined nations are only truly brave during some exaltation of the public mind, and then they are extraordinarily courageous. To them it is a sublime elevation to despise life, while to those who are habitually brave it is a trifle.

The roads in this country are extremely fine, although in general throughout France they cannot be called bad, nor are they any where inferior to those of England, which in some parts perhaps excel them. In the West of England are very bad post-roads. In France, the state of the post itself, that is of travelling, is extremely good; in no respect worse, but rather better than in England, if we except the excellent establishment of mail-coaches,

coaches, to which there is nothing similar in France. There, indeed, the post does not travel on horseback; but the courier has a small light chaise, in which a stranger may also travel. At this time the couriers were very frequently attacked by robbers. But a German who loves his native soil cannot speak of the conveniences for travelling in other countries, as compared with his own, without concern; for he may easily imagine himself in the situation of a foreigner, who must take his countrymen for barbarians, when he sees how wretched the roads are in many parts, and the post often creeping along, in open carriages, in the raw climate of Germany; and even these open, jolting, heavy vehicles paid for as extra-post. To this may be added the numerous impositions of the postillions, and the rudeness of the servants of the post, in which quality my countrymen exceed all other nations, even the English. In Germany, those who travel extra-post may expect sometimes to wait half the day on their horses; in England also they may sometimes though rarely be detained; but in France, an excellent rule prevails of not taking out the horses till those which are to replace them be brought out.

## CHAP. IV.

*From the Banks of the Dordogne to the Banks of the Garonne.*

IN a narrow vale between high, bare, lime-stone mountains, that seem crowded together, flows the Dordogne, which sometimes covers the soil with ratchil. On the north bank is the small and cheerful town of Souillac, which has visibly increased; and there are many houses recently built both in the town and on the bank of the river. There is also a ferry over this rapid stream. Beyond the village of Lanfac, on the south side of the river, rise lime-stone hills, which are very steep, but flat at top, so as to form a plain on which is the village of Peyrac, which is well built and appears to be increasing. At the extremity of this plain is Pont-de-Rodez, a small village, where the lime-stone hills are covered with vines, and a great number of plants belonging to the warmer parts of Europe. Among others, the declivities are full of box-trees. On the summit of the mountains beyond Pont-de-Rodez a sudden view bursts upon the eye. To the left are the high mountains in the southern part of Auvergne, and the whole chain of the Cantal mountains are seen very near. At a greater distance appears the Mont-d'or, and farther on the

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the chain of mountains called Puy-de-Dome. In front, at so great a distance that they appear like a streak of blue clouds, are seen the Pyrenees, from the pointed mountains of Rouffillon to the round summits with which they terminate above Bayonne. In the fore-ground, the spectator beholds around him the hills of Quercy, which are crowded together and adorned with vineyards and solitary chesnut-trees. The wide extent of prospect which the eye here commands, and the two principal ranges of mountains in France that are seen on either side, give a sublimity to the thought, and the mind is no less charmed with the beauty than elevated with the grandeur of the scene.

The country formerly called Quercy is warm, owing to its deep narrow valleys, lying between naked or vine-covered lime-stone hills. The inhabitants here begin to have a Spanish physiognomy, black eyes, and dark hair; besides which, the common people are very yellow and lean. They have the character of being revengeful and superstitious; nor is there reason to doubt the latter, if we consider their attachment to Catholicism which may be seen every where.

Near Cahors the mountains become generally lower, but the valleys are deeper, and the hills closer and more crowded. In a vale between such mountains stands Cahors on the banks of the Lot.

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One part of it seems to lean against the steep side of a mountain ; the other is situated on a small plain, watered by the Lot's meandering stream to a considerable distance. This beautifully-cultivated plain, with its corn-fields, gardens, and fruit-trees (particularly the almond), amid which the river winds along, forms a charming contrast to the high, steep, vine-covered mountains. Cahors is a considerable place, but very irregularly built, with narrow streets, though here and there is a neat house. The cathedral church is distinguished by a large cupola, and must have been, in part, an antient roman work ; but it has been so often repaired, and has received so many alterations and additions, that the antique part is now difficult to be discovered. The remains also of a roman amphitheatre and of an aqueduct are still seen. The lands round the town are very fertile, and Cahors is reckoned one of the best places in France for good living. The Quercy pork, hams, and sausages are much celebrated, principally owing to the abundance of chesnut-mast produced there ; the garden-fruits are also excellent. Cahors wine has gained a great reputation every where. It is produced by dwarf or ground-vines on steep mountains, where cultivation is very difficult. The soil consists of a coarse, flaty, whitish-grey lime-stone. As long as the wine is new it is very indifferent, but constantly improves as

it grows old, bears carriage to a great distance without injury, and holds a high rank among the red wines of France. The price of a bottle of excellent wine costs upon the spot three livres. It is sent from Bordeaux to foreign parts. Cahors at this time appeared very dead; which is not surprising, as trade in general, even that in wine, has suffered so considerably by the Revolution, though this branch, perhaps, has lost less than others. Cahors was always very much attached to the catholic religion.

In Quercy the cultivation of maize, which may be sometimes met with in warm valleys in the midland parts of France, is very common; and the bread made of it, which is here very good (being of a yellowish white, but too dry and sweet), constitutes a part of the daily food of the peasants. In France the general name of this kind of corn is *bled d'Espagne*, probably because the cultivation of it was derived from that country.

The valleys in the neighbourhood of Cahors abound in rare and beautiful plants. Its *Flora* may be considered as altogether belonging to the south of Europe. We discovered a hitherto undescribed species of *Antirrhinum*; entirely confined to the South of Europe, and which is there found in beautiful diversity.

On ascending the steep mountains beyond Cahors the prospect changes; the face of the country becoming flatter, the ranges of hills wider-afunder, and inclosing broader vales. Toward Caussade the country is uncommonly fertile and charming. Caussade is a small village with a large open square surrounded by neat buildings, and appears gay and lively. Beyond Caussade the ranges of hills open on all sides and entirely disperse, discovering to the eye an immense and apparently interminable plain, extending beyond Toulouse as far as the Pyrenees. On a small eminence that rises amid this very fruitful plain, the soil of which is a mixture of sand and clay, is the town of Montauban. Here the traveller every where beholds rich corn-fields, roads planted with trees, with various signs of good cultivation and of a soft climate. Montauban is a considerable place, seated at the confluence of the Tescou and the Tarn. On the latter is a handsome quay, and a pleasant promenade along the banks, besides which, the antient walls of the town are so used. The surrounding country has an extraordinarily cheerful and pleasing appearance, the fertile and tranquil plain forming a pleasing contrast with the pointed Pyrenees, which may always be seen if the weather is at all clear. Over the Tarn is a handsome bridge, connecting the suburb with the

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the town. Although most of the streets are narrow and ill paved, the part of the town round the square is regular and well built; and the cathedral church is a large and striking edifice, though not in the best taste. Montauban is a lively town: its woollen manufactory, particularly in coarse cloths, seems very brisk; and, notwithstanding all the disturbances it has suffered, is still very populous. The manners of this place are those of the South of Europe. The manufacturers work on the ground-floor, with the house-door open even in the winter. The guitar is often heard with plaintive elegiac Spanish airs. The jargon of the people more and more approximates to Spanish, and the eyes and hair of the inhabitants almost universally resemble that nation.

Montauban having been constantly in a state of siege, we were obliged to have our passports examined, and countersigned by the commandant, who lived in a small mean house in a suburb on the other side of the Tarn, was a good-natured friendly man, and expedited us without ceremony or delay. The simplicity of his house and mode of life had a republican air which I was surprized to find here for the first time; but in his apartment hung a beautiful engraving of the massacre of the national guard of Montauban; a species of duplicity which might make the townsmen his enemies.

The revolution did nothing more than give the reins to all the passions of mankind. Montauban has from the oldest times suffered many disturbances on account of religion. The town was originally wholly protestant, and defended itself with extraordinary bravery against Louis XIII. who besieged it, but was at length obliged to abandon the attempt. It afterwards submitted with the rest of the protestant towns; but, on account of the number of Protestants, it suffered very much at the time of the dragooning-system. The situation of Protestants in the South of France, where the number was very great, is well known to have continued ever since that period very oppressive; and the greatest favour the government could bestow on them was graciously to forget them; in consequence of which, however, the inhabitants remained exposed to the oppressions of their catholic neighbours. Under Louis XVI. a great many alleviations were granted them; but very strict laws are requisite to repress the spirit of religious party, so as to prevent it from oppressing persons of a different opinion; and these laws did not exist. Thus a deep inveterate hatred was only stifled by a brisk trade independent of party-spirit. The revolution gave the Protestants full liberty to exercise their revenge; and the patriots, as they were then called, showed themselves by ridiculing the catholic religion and its

its ceremonies. This mockery soon increased into cruelty; which, alas! to the shame of its defenders, found protection amid the principles of theoretic liberty! A long series of oppression renders mankind depraved; and such was the state of a considerable number of the Protestants. To these oppressions are generally attributed the cruelties that disgraced the beginning of the french revolution; whereas, on the contrary, that of the English in the preceding century afforded, during several years, no instance of the kind. In this point of view, the history of the revolution in the South of France, in Languedoc, Quercy, and Gascony, should be considered, the contest between the two religions being the principal source of all the disturbances; for, though it be not a pure religious interest, the people boldly refer to this cause actions that would otherwise shock their moral feelings. The protestant patriots first exercised their vengeance, which broke out with full liberty under the reign of terror; and it was to be expected that the opposite party would seize every opportunity of taking a signal revenge; an opportunity for which was offered by the massacre of the national guard, and afterwards by the societies of Jesus and the Sun, both which were here established. The mission of Fréron repressed the malecontents; but scarcely had Rewbel and his

party in the Directory fallen, ere the disturbances in Toulouse and Gascony were renewed.

The protestant party went over but too easily to another, which has brought many calamities on France; a party of fanatics in irreligion and dogmatical infidelity. Many, who are displeased that others should know more than themselves, would dignify this party with the name of philosophers, to render true philosophy odious. But, while they thus let loose their rage against philosophy, they should remember that they are equally absurd with those french fanatics, who imagine all religions bad, because some have given occasion to abuses.

A peculiar circumstance procured us the confidence of the malecontents and Catholics in this country. A lady, formerly a nun, who had no passport, and, as soon after appeared, no money, thought herself happy to escape observation by travelling as one of our party. We were continually warned against the *enragés*, the republicans, and the Protestants, words which had here precisely the same sense, and the one was used to explain the other. Thus we were very often told, "they are *enragés*, for they are Protestants." Throughout our journey, only twice was our servant detained on account of a passport, the latter of which occasions took place in Gascony, where

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he enquired for the church, to fetch the nun, who had told us, “*quelle vouloit payer une visite au bon Dieu.*” . And wherefore did we obtain the confidence of this nun? Because, by mere chance, we ordered on the evening of a fast-day a supper consistent with the rules of the church.

By the contest of these two parties may be explained another circumstance, which at first sight appears very singular, namely, why those towns where the greatest disturbances have taken place, often suffered the least. For there a considerable party, who had espoused the revolution with vehemence and activity, were continually kept in a state of ferment by the immediate threats of their neighbours; whereas, in all places where this opposition was wanting, general dejection, discontent, and melancholy prevailed.

The beautiful plain of Montauban extends beyond Montèche to the banks of the Garonne. Montèche is a small town, where the mode of cultivation, and the architecture of the square, which is surrounded with arcades, have quite a Spanish appearance. There is a pleasant wood between Montauban and Montèche, which was very dangerous at the time of the companies of Jesus. But we now boldly collected, without the least molestation, on this charming plain, a number of rare plants peculiar to the South of Europe.

## CHAP. V.

*Gascony.—The Pyrenees.*

A LEAGUE from Montèche we came to a ferry where we passed the Garonne, (the hither bank of which is flat, but the opposite high,) and after traversing a hilly country entered the ancient Gascony. All the hills consist of limestone, and are fertile and well cultivated; much land has also been recently cleared. The villages and towns lie on the sides and tops of hills in a very picturesque manner; a plan which is very generally practised and extremely necessary in the hot climates of the south of Europe, where a low situation would cause many endemic complaints. Hence, in both the Indies, the Portuguese and Spaniards built their towns in healthy situations wherever they had a choice, whereas, the Dutch and most of the northern nations foolishly pursued their domestic customs; and built their towns in the lowest valleys and hollows they could find. Here are also a number of single houses and farms. The roofs are much flatter than in most northern countries; but in the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees they are again pointed. The face of the country would be very beautiful were it but more woody. The Gascons

are still true to their general character, being as gay, chatty, and friendly, and as proud and passionate as ever; and combining the pride of Spain with the vivacity of France. In the other provinces of France, the common people are rarely heard to sing, at least much more rarely than before the revolution; but here songs resound from every valley. It is no detriment to a republic to have various parties, and here these are powerful and vehement. It is far worse when a small number of bold intriguers and factionaries govern a whole nation, as among the Turks in Algiers, or the dependents of the triumvirs on the 18th of Fructidor.

In one part of Gascony the young women are uncommonly beautiful and charming, being handsomer than any I had hitherto seen in France. They are tall and full-grown, have a fair skin, an elegant form, and uncommonly fine eyes; which with a noble and animated manner are particularly adapted to make an impression on a stranger. In Bigorre their beauty diminishes, but in the country about Bayonne they appear still more beautiful and charming.

We now came to Beaumont, a market-town, the beautiful situation of which well deserves that name. At this time however it was notorious on account of its *enragés*. Here also the enquiry above mentioned relative to our passport took place. From Beaumont our road lay through a

wood to Mauvesin, another market-town, beyond which the mountains rise higher, and the Pyrenees appear nearer and more majestic. On the declivity of a hill in a very naked country is Auch the chief city of Gascony; it is seated on the Gers, which however is a mere brook. Though the unevenness of the ground admits of no regular plan of building, some of the streets are straight, broad, well paved, and full of neat buildings. The cathedral church deserves to be seen on account of its magnitude and style of architecture, although the latter is much mixed; but its painted windows, whose uncommonly bright and beautiful colours may be considered among the first of the kind, are well worthy of attention; nor is the drawing bad, although inferior to the colouring. The picture of the Archbishop François Guillaume de Clermont Lodeve, was painted in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The country round Auch consists of rather high limestone-hills, with narrow valleys on which much wine is grown; and in the vineyards are many fig-trees. This town is not very lively, which arises in a considerable degree from its unfavourable situation among arid hills. We heard so much of the republican vehemence of the departmental administration at Auch, that we thought it most prudent to get our passports signed, and found the gentlemen we applied to uncommonly polite to strangers, although we  
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had no reason to doubt the truth of the general report we had heard. It is certain that the French are extremely amiable whenever their passions are not awakened.

The limestone mountains continue as far as La Mirande, a small ill-built but cheerful town, situated on the declivity of a hill in a valley opening from north to south, toward the Pyrenees, to the foot of which the soil is highly cultivated, and husbandry apparently pursued with great attention. The country grew constantly more beautiful as we approached those mountains. The small town of Mielan is situated beside a cheerful hill, behind which the mountains rise somewhat higher, but on the other side spread into the beautiful valley of Bellecomtat. We then climbed a second range of hills, on the declivity of which is Rabasteins, now a small place but once a flourishing town, till it was destroyed in the religious wars. The ruins of old edifices still remain, but it is painful to reflect on the history of these events, which serve but to show the evils arising from false religion; melancholy reflections in this charming country.

Here indeed the view is extremely delightful; exhibiting a cheerful and finely cultivated country, with numerous towns, villages, and detached houses, hills clothed with hanging woods, open cheerful valleys and excellent roads, together with the near view of the Pyrenees, the majestic

jestic summits that raise their heads above all the rest in Bigorre, the sharp peaks, almost resembling needles shooting into the air, in Foix and Roussillon, and a cheerful smiling country, over which the genius of sublimity seems to hover.

We entered the vale of Tarbes at Rabasteins. Across this vale, which however, rather resembles a wide-extended plain, runs a straight road as even as a floor, and planted on each side with trees. Near the road are meadows carefully watered by art, and fields and vineyards give variety to the view. The vines twine round the trees to a certain height, from which the branches hang in festoons; neat houses are seen half-concealed in groves of Italian poplars, and in front appears the city of Tarbes with its elegant towers; when suddenly and unexpectedly behind them arise the Pyrenees, in the midst of which is the Pic-du-midi, situated in Bigorre, at only a mile and a half distance, being 9000 feet above the level of the sea, while the other lofty summits of this chain of mountains seem to crowd around it. There are perhaps few chains of mountains, where so perfect a valley can be found in the most charming of climates, and so near the foot of so lofty a mountain. The Alps are, throughout their whole extent, destitute of such beauties. Their loftiest summits rise in the midst of

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of the whole chain, and are long before announced and introduced by mountains far inferior in height to the Pic-du-midi.

We were near Rabasteins, when the sun rose and illumined the snowy summits, which, ruddy with the glow of morning, rose high above the general mass of darkness. Presently the mountains with their steep sides and vast fissures, their heights and valleys, were exposed in full day before us. One of the most beautiful parts of our view was that from the bridge over the Adour, at the entrance of Tarbes, directly opposite to which is the Pic-du-midi. Here the distance from the general mass diminished, and it seemed within reach of our hands.

Tarbes is a very neat pleasant town, with an excellent square, well-paved, straight, clean streets, and neat buildings. The houses are heavy and covered with slate. The town appeared gay and lively, afforded every thing needful for living comfortably, and is situated on the great road to the watering places of Bagneres and Bareges. Tarbes is the chief town of Bigorre, the inhabitants of which province have somewhat a Spanish appearance in their dress and manners, the men wearing large cloaks and flat caps called *barrettes*, and the women, a kind of white veil round their heads called *capulet*. Their songs also have the same unpleasant cry as the Spanish. The women  
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are not so pretty as those of Gascony, or of the Basque country. But here and in Béarn they are seldom seen idle, and even knit or do some other work as they walk. In this part of France houses also begin to be seen here and there without windows; an unpleasant custom of the southern parts of Europe, which exposes the inhabitants to the weather, or obliges them to sit in the dark.

As the Pyrenees lie east and west, so in general does each single mountain of that chain, when this circumstance is not concealed by the thickness or roundness of the mass. Beside most of the mountains run inferiour oblique ridges, in the same direction with their valleys, which almost always lie north and south. Small lateral valleys frequently open into these large ones. The basis of the whole range is granite, which becomes apparent in the lower mountains, and particularly in the eastern part of the chain. It seems to be covered with the slate, of which most of the mountains that are of any considerable height consist. Next, follows the aboriginal lime-stone, of which the principal mountains consist; and lastly, lime-stone not unfrequently covers the highest summits with petrifications.

Tarbes lies almost directly opposite to the highest part of the Pyrenees, and along the Adour extends the beautiful valley of Campan, stretch-

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ing up the heights as far as the small town of Bagnères, five leagues from Tarbes, above which rises the Pic-du-midi, being in front steep and inaccessible, though behind is a winding path, so easy, that the company from Bareges often make this an excursion of pleasure. The elevation of the peak has been more accurately measured, by Messrs. Reboul and Vidal, than any mountain of equal height. They found it 1506 toises, or 9036 feet above the sea, consequently so high that, were it situated among the Swiss Alps, it would be reckoned among the second class of mountains, and would extend far into the frozen region. The Pyrenees, however, being situated in a warmer climate, are much easier to climb than the Swiss Alps, on account of the snow and ice, although in general steeper, rougher, and more abrupt. From Tarbes we came to Bagnères de Bigorre, a small but neat town celebrated for its baths; and thence, through Campan and round the Pic-du-midi, to Bareges, a market-town of about sixty houses, in the valley of Bastanes, a small wild melancholy oblique valley. Bareges is also visited on account of its mineral waters. From that place the principal valley of Bareges stretches to the southward, upwards, along the Gave, to Gavarnie, a small market-town just at the foot of the Marboré, one peak of which called *Montperdu* is

is the highest of the Pyrenees, being 1763 toises, or 10,578 feet above the level of the sea, but has not yet been completely climbed. At the foot of this mountain the Gave falls 1266 feet, forming the highest cataract in Europe, and 300 feet higher than the fall of Staubbach, in Switzerland.

Those who are desirous of becoming more intimately acquainted with the Pyrenees should study *Ramond de Carbonieres'* account of them, which is translated into German, and the newest treatises in the *Journal des Mines*. The author's brother lives at Tarbes, and he had opportunities of paying long and frequent visits to these mountains. This indeed is highly necessary in examining into mountains, as the difficulties that occur at every step are too great to be at once vanquished; and not every visit is crowned with success. Of this Switzerland affords an example. Although no country is so much visited by travellers, yet, in regard to natural history, very, very much yet remains to be done. We have another excellent description of the Pyrenees by *Pazumot*.

The road from Tarbes to Pau passes over low hills, consisting of rounded flints, covered at top with heath, but, toward the valley of Pau, with fine trees. The road is pleasant, and new summits of mountains are continually coming forward into view. The city of Pau is situated  
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in a valley nearly in the same direction as that of Tarbes, and, in like manner, opening toward the Pyrenees, along the Gave, a small river, which, however, sometimes swells in an extraordinary manner. The town is of considerable size, and a clear, broad, well-paved street, with neat houses, extends through its whole length. At the western extremity is the antient castle in which Henri IV. was born. It is still kept up, though it now rather resembles a prison than a castle. Its situation is extremely beautiful, upon the Gave, the banks of which are here deep and perpendicular, and commands a view of the cheerful country round Pau, with its vine-covered hills and woods; and very near are the high summits of the Pyrenees, among which rises the Pic-du-midi in the valley of Ossan. Over the Gave is a bridge leading to a park with numerous walks, from which the traveller passes into a charming chestnut-grove. The country round Pau has, perhaps, more variety than that round Tarbes, although the latter, on account of the great contrast, gives an impression of sublimity. For a constant residence Pau, perhaps, might be preferred, because the changes are greater, and the walks more beautiful.

The hills at Pau consist of ratchil, which the Gave has probably torn from the higher mountains and there deposited. The white wine of Pau, which becomes particularly good at the vil-  
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lage of Jurançon, is much celebrated, and in fact deserves its reputation on account of its sweetness. Much maize is grown here, and makes the *pain bis* (brown bread) of the common people. The gardens here and in Bigorre are often bordered with spanish reeds (*arundo donax*). Flax is a great article of cultivation at Béarn, and the women are every where employed in sowing, knitting, &c. Pau, however, appears very dead, which may arise from the removal of the nobility. Without the gate the palace of the archbishop of Pau still remains. During the revolution the beautiful districts of Bigorre and Béarn have, on the whole, enjoyed much more tranquillity than other countries situated nearer the source of the disturbances\*.

\* As the word *ratchill* frequently occurs, and is little known, it is proper to refer the reader to Kirwan's geolog. Ess. VII. c. I. § 2; where he says, "fragments of stone they (*miners*) call *ratchill*:" also to Boon's mineralog. Dict. published about 1740, from which Mr. Kirwan probably took the word.

The etymology of the german word *Geschiebe*, see p. 7 of this volume, is from the collective *ge* (qu. ex *aggere*) and *schieben*, to *shove* or *push forward* by some species of force: and Krünitz, in his voluminous Encyclopædia, now publishing at Berlin, says, *geschiebe* are found pushed forward, especially above or under *dammerde*, or mould, by external force as inundation. In the present chapter they are spoken of as pushed forward by the force of the river Gave. T.

## CHAP. VI.

*Orthes.—Bayonne.—Entrance into Spain.*

ON leaving Pau, and turning to the Westward to Bayonne, we were constantly departing from the Pyrenees, the height of which continually diminished. We passed over hills consisting of ratchil; then over higher lime-stone hills, and through a highly-cultivated cheerful country, to the village of Artix; and thence, through a country equally well cultivated but somewhat more woody, to the town of Orthes, situated on an eminence, near which, on the hill above the town, are the remains of an antient castle. The streets indeed are irregular and narrow; but on the whole this little town is not ill-built, has many neat houses, and, like all other small towns, is now more lively than those of greater extent. Here we had an opportunity of convincing ourselves of a very singular fact, which we had at Paris heard related of Toulouse; that the women perform mas. The landlady of the house where we lived asked our female companion, the nun, her advice on this affair. The young women, who are always more devout than men, would not venture to hear mas performed by a constitutional priest; and to avoid this sin, as they supposed it,

fell into a greater according to their own religion. It was represented to our landlady, that the rules of the catholic religion prohibited women from reading mass; and that a mass so performed was no better than if read by a constitutional priest. But I am convinced she would not listen to it, as she doubtless took a great pleasure in the employment. It may naturally be supposed this is done very privately. From this instance an idea may be formed of the temper of a great part of the people in the South of France, and of the discontent which the order of the Directory, at that time in force, compelling the people to keep the republican fast-days, must cause. In regard to religion, the French government have been guilty of the grossest inconsistencies.

The hills continue to a small distance beyond Orthes, where they disperse toward the Gave, along which the road passes to Peyrehourade, a small extremely ill-built town, resembling those of Portugal, and near Port de Lannes, a large village, where we were ferried over the Adour, which here unites with the Gave. Some sandstone hills still continue along the Adour, from which we descended into the plain of Bayonne. Here the Pyrenees again approach, but are much lower, and, toward the sea, end in single rounded summits.

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The country along the coast near Bayonne, where the heaths (*landes*) begin, that extend throughout the department (*Department des Landes*) as far as Bordeaux, may afford a kind of foretaste of the heaths of Portugal; and the traveller might imagine himself in the vicinity of Braga. The woods consist of cork-trees, which are here loftier and more beautiful than the generality of those in Portugal, and of a particular kind of pines (*Pinus maritima Gerard.*), of which great numbers are seen in Portugal. A greater part is covered with various kinds of heaths peculiar to the South of Europe, and especially to the heaths of Portugal (besides the *Erica vulgaris*, and great quantities of *Erica ciliaris*, *scoparia*, *cinerea*, *vagans*). The sage-leaved cistus is likewise found in great abundance and of a large size; also gromwell (*Lithospermum fruticosum*), and various other plants. All these give the country an exotic appearance, and render it pleasing at first sight. The sea is skirted with many downs, which produce here and there excellent wine, particularly in the neighbourhood of *Cape Breton*. It gave us great pleasure to find there the clove-gilliflower (*Dianthus caryophyllus*) growing wild, and in its highest flower. The climate near Bayonne is very warm, and in summer very hot, as the plants of the surrounding country also show. The laurel

likewise grows wild in the hedges, among which the passion-flower grows quite wild.

These *landes*, or heaths, of Bordeaux are covered with ratchil, which the Garonne and the Adour bring with them from the Pyrenees. Were not these mountains so near, the country would in all probability be very marshy.

Bayonne is a pleasant cheerful little town, situated about a league from the sea. The Adour divides the suburb from the citadel; and through the town itself flows the small rivulet called the Nives. A wooden drawbridge, which suffers vessels to pass, connects the suburb with the town, but was at this time in so bad a state that a loaded cart could not pass it. A small toll is collected from every passenger for repairs. The style of building at Bayonne is principally Spanish, with balconies at every window, and arcades before the houses. From the *Place de la Liberté*, which is surrounded by very neat houses, and appears very gay, a gate leads to a pleasant promenade on the Adour. In general, Bayonne appeared a lively place. The river was full of ships; there were some frigates, which, however, were obliged to take in their guns and stores on their way, as they could not otherwise get out to sea; and several ships were building there. The mouth of the harbour is narrow and dangerous; and, with the most favourable wind, the sea is frequently so boisterous



boisterous that the bar cannot be passed. The bay of Biscay, in a corner of which Bayonne is situated, is well known to be one of the most dangerous seas in Europe; and a constant motion of the waters from the north-west, which becomes perceptible on quitting the channel, drives the waves with great vehemence into this gulf.

The common people of Bayonne generally speak the old biscayan or basque language, which, I have been assured, is so different from the french and spanish, that neither of those nations can understand each other. Many of the words, when I desired to hear something of the language, seemed to show it to be soft and different from all others, although some expressions are originally latin. It is very different from the erse, welsh, or the bas-breton, nor has it scarcely any of the guttural sounds used in each of those languages. The inhabitants of the Pyrenees are much celebrated for their agility and strength, and make excellent light troops, especially to serve in mountainous countries. They are generally called *miquelets*; but in the last war they were officially called cantabres. Their uniform is brown, with green facings and collars. At Bayonne, and in the neighbouring country, the young women are very beautiful, combining a tall slender shape with great symmetry of features, a perfectly fair complexion, and black fiery eyes.

eyes. On the whole, it may be said, that England produces a greater *number* of handsome women, but that this part of France, a part of Spain, and the north part of Italy, produce women of greater beauty.

At Bayonne travellers are obliged to have their passports countersigned by the municipality and by the spanish consul, provided they have been signed by the spanish minister at Paris. Of this last formality the mayor very politely himself took charge.

The road to San Juan de Luz runs along mountains that are the forerunners of the Pyrenees, and covered with heath and quickset (*ulex europæus*). The latter grows here to an extraordinary height, and, with the yellow flowers that cover it has a beautiful appearance. San Juan de Luz is a small dead town. The sea forms a bay there and a bad harbour, which has often been improved by art, but the impetuosity of the sea always ruined the works. Beyond the village of Orogne the mountains become high and steep, at the place where the Bidassoa forms the border between France and Spain. The small island where the peace of the Pyrenees was concluded is not yet forgotten. A number of tamarinds (*tamarix gallica*) adorn the banks of this river, or rather brook, for its breadth and depth are inconsiderable.

Our entrance into Biscay was attended with no difficulty or delay; our passports were scarcely looked at, nor was our baggage examined. In short, the effects of the political connexion between France and Spain, and of the freedom of Guipuscoa, were very perceptible. A few ruined houses, on the road between Orogne and Irun, afforded a melancholy monument of what had recently happened. There are two houses and a bridge on the frontiers, which are now a rough wild desert.

We did not quit without some regret the territories of a republic, which at this time, owing to the peace of Campo Formio, had risen into consequence, and kept a great part of Europe in awe. Nor is there any truth in the assertion, that it was then either dangerous or unpleasant to travel there. The roads were good, except in the neighbourhood of Bayonne, where the war had destroyed them. The inns too were good, and very reasonable; and we travelled amid a race of polite and complaisant men. I have often performed botanical excursions entirely alone to a considerable distance, and in a country where I was a total stranger: but, on the other hand, it is equally far from true that the inhabitants have seen any thing more than the name and the tree of liberty. Every where the people were discontented with the government, which only main-

tained its power through fear, and the dread of all revolutions, which the nation must naturally feel. Except at Paris, it did not appear that the inhabitants wished for the return of all the emigrants; and this was very natural. In short, every violent republican should be sent to France, to cure him of this contagious disorder; for there they would soon confess, that a mild monarchy renders a country far happier than a republic.

France, considered in a general view, has many natural beauties; high mountains, beautiful rivers, and excellent valleys. The native of Low-germany misses the delicious meadows and beautiful verdure of his native country; a High-german, the lofty and darksome forests that skirt the horizon; nor did we any where see beautiful natural forests, though we traversed the whole country through its longest diameter. The oaks are not so fine as ours; and the beech, whose interwoven branches and cheerful verdure are so charming in spring, is seldom found. At Paris and Versailles the elm is mostly planted; and in the midland parts the garden-chestnut, which may certainly be classed among the most beautiful kinds of trees. In the south of France, besides the trees that are planted and nut and other fruit-trees, the oak is the only tree met with; which, however, grows in a great many, but often slight, varieties. The sea-pine is found in the neighbourhood

bourhood of sandy shores, but our pine is uncommon even in the north of France; and the larch and the red and white firs are only seen on the highest mountains. Pines are only found growing single, but hills covered with thickets are common throughout the country. In the midland and southern parts are few willows planted; a tree which gives a peculiar character to the views in Germany. In the south there is a peculiar sort of willow, which has not yet been properly described (*salix nigra*). From this description, the reader may judge of the impression views in France are likely to make. The country-houses are frequently very handsome, especially in the midland parts, but situated between fields, or in the villages themselves, and generally surrounded with Italian poplars and walks. The English country-houses, when at a distance from the high-road, but so as to be distinctly seen, with an extensive lawn before them, and a shady park behind or on one side, are far more pleasantly and more tastily situated than those in France, where the small country-towns are dirty, ill-paved, and ill-built; whereas the contrary prevails in England, for most of them are gay and smiling. The constant repetition, however, of the same kind of beauty very much fatigues those who travel much in England; and hence the English are so

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much

much charmed with the wild uncultivated views in Wales. But German forests exceed all that can be seen of this kind in the south of Europe; and it is but to be lamented they are agreeable only during two or three months in the year.

## CHAP. VII.

*Biscay.*

ON quitting France we entered Guipuscoa, which forms a part of the province of Biscay. This province is distinguished from the rest by the great liberty they enjoy, the small taxes they pay, and by being less subjected to various oppressive monopolies. The traveller, therefore, must scarcely consider himself yet arrived in Spain, nor expect to find the conveniencies here afforded in other parts of the kingdom.

The high-road to Madrid, which, though narrow, is very good, passes between high mountains crowded together. The valleys are very well cultivated, and produce maize and turnips. The sides of the mountains are adorned with detached chestnut-trees and low oaks. All the mountains are lime-stone; which, however, is very often black and slaty, and even varied with clay-slate. Hence few rocks are seen in a mass, though the stony substance of the mountains appears on the summits bare and broken, and the sides are frequently covered with small stones. The heights, seldom admitting of cultivation, are naked and barren, though sometimes a spot is seen, at a considerable elevation on the steep side  
of

of a mountain, enclosed and cultivated with extraordinary care.

It would be doing great injustice to the Biscayans to consider them as the same race of men with the rest of the Spaniards, from whom they differ in showing a far greater animation of manner and greater cleanliness of dress. There is very little difference between them and their neighbours the French, except that the young women are not extremely beautiful, and in general of a common make. They generally wear a handkerchief round their hair, like the Portuguese women, whom they resemble in their gaiety and politeness, as well as in the broken Spanish they speak. In the neighbourhood of France, however, the Basque tongue is chiefly spoken.

The first town we came to on this road was Hernani, where the houses are good, considering, it is only a small inland town; but almost all of them have no glass windows, the light coming through the doors that open into the balcony, which are furnished with a couple of small flaps; a mode of building which is very customary from this place throughout the whole peninsula. The apartments are hung with sacred pictures, especially engravings from celebrated paintings of the Virgin Mary, generally inscribed *un verdadero retrato de* (a true picture of)

Nuestra



Nuestra Señora de Burgos, de Zaragoza, de Montserrat, &c. The Spaniards are more partial to pictures than the Portuguese; and their churches have a more elegant appearance than those in France. The clocks hang very low in front of the church or of the tower; another practice which is peculiar to and customary in this peninsula. Perhaps they are hung so low that they may more certainly twang in the ears of the faithful; for, indeed, they make a most insufferable noise. Hernani is a lively place; many fruit trees are seen round the town, and great quantities of fruit are sold in the streets.

Beyond Hernani we came to a fine valley, where the road constantly accompanies the Oria, a small but beautiful stream, as far as the little town of Tolosa. Various villages, detached houses, neat churches, and a well-cultivated soil between these crowded mountains, afford a cheerful prospect. Here we first met with a heath-plant, one of the most beautiful of the south of Europe, the *erica arborca*. This plant grows from three to six feet high; the delicate narrow leaves and the numerous, small, and campanular flowers of a dazzling white, but rose-coloured on the outside, with which this shrub appeared covered, rendered it one of the most beautiful of European plants. We afterwards found great quantities of them in Portugal. The  
vegetation

vegetation of Biscay is, in general, very similar to that in Entre-Dours-e-Minho, as might be expected from the relative situation of these provinces; whereas the plants of the mountains of Castile are wholly different from those of the other provinces of Portugal.

Tolosa is a small town, built like all those of Biscay, and almost universally throughout Spain, with a large handsome square. From Tolosa the road constantly follows the river between high mountains, beyond the town of Villa-franca. The mode of cultivation is excellent; but it must be observed, that the ground becomes more elevated in proportion as it recedes from the sea; the mountains also become barer and less maize is grown. From Villa-franca, we passed through the valley of that name to Villa-real, a small place, where, however, are two churches. In Spain, the churches are a great ornament to the towns, so as to give them at a distance a very considerable appearance. In front of the church-door is generally a covered walk, used as such by devotees and others in bad weather. Their religion is the pride and pleasure of Spaniards, and therefore it is rendered as convenient and agreeable as possible.

Beyond Villa-real, the road passes over a high steep mountain to Bergara, and is with great art brought along the steep side of the mountain.

Bergara

Bergara is a small town inclosed on all sides by high mountains. In this place during the last war, a body of Spaniards was attacked by the French, who had climbed up the mountain, and took most of them prisoners.

Through this valley, which is watered by the Deva, and between high mountains, we came to Mondragon, a small but cheerful well-built town.

On the road from Villa-franca to Mondragon, and at that place, are many founderies and smelting works, where the red ore is smelted. The mines, which are chiefly in the lime-stone and slate mountains at Mondragon, prove very productive, and yield good iron, as might be expected from the nature of the ore.

The valley of Mondragon continues as far as Salinas de Lecy, a salt-mine, where it is bounded by a high steep ridge of mountains. At the foot of these mountains appear clay-slate, sandstone, and sandstone-slate \*; the summit alone being covered with black and red marble. The sudden appearance of the sandstone announces, to an attentive observer, a change in the range of mountains; nor will he in this idea be at all deceived. At Salinas de Lecy we were still among

\* Thonschiefer, sandstein und sandsteinschiefer.

high,

high, steep, crowded mountains, which on the other side grew flatter, the vallies expanded, and we came to the plain of Victoria.

This range of mountains forms the frontiers between the provinces of Alava and Guipuscoa, and divides the waters that flow into the Mediterranean-sea, from those that flow into the bay of Biscay. Northward, all the brooks fall into the small rivers, southward into the Ebro.

The vegetation on the plain toward Victoria, which, however, lies considerably high, forming a true mountain-plain, is very different from the vegetation of the mountains. Lavender is common here, as also other plants of Castile. A very marked difference, both natural and political, distinguishes Guipuscoa from Alava.

Victoria, the capital of Alava, is a large and populous but ill-built dirty town, with many small miserable houses; but has a large handsome square adorned with considerable houses, and used as the market-place. I have already observed, that in Spain even small insignificant places have a good public square, which certainly gives them a gay and cheerful appearance; a custom, which perhaps originated from the fondness of the Spaniards for bull-fights. The province of Alava enjoys fewer immunities than that of Guipuscoa, and on entering it the baggage of travellers is  
examined,

examined, although here, as every where else, this inconvenience may be bought off. On the other hand every thing assumes a spanish appearance; brown cloaks and brown caps made of undyed spanish wool conceal the small, haggard, yellow, countenances of the inhabitants, which are often disfigured with long beards, and give a mean idea of the condition of the country. In the last war with France Victoria was for a long time the head-quarters of the french army, which probably conducted itself here better than in other conquered countries, as we perceived no traces of hatred toward that nation.

Beyond Victoria the country becomes quite open and flat. Detached chains of lime-stone hills intersect the plain. About a league from Victoria we came to the last good inn on this road, called venta de Gaetano. Throughout all Biscay the inns resemble those in the small towns of France: we had good beds and a good supper, although the apartments were not neat, and generally situated over the stables; so that the bells of the mules disturb the sleep of the traveller. This bad custom prevails throughout the peninsula, and is complained of by almost every foreigner. Bourgoing, in his last work, speaks at large of the mode of travelling in this country. I shall only observe, therefore, that the custom

of using no bridles occurs even in part of the south of France, where it is more dangerous than in this country, not always docile, but unruly mules being there frequently employed.

On the road to Miranda del Ebro stands a column, which marks the division of Alava and Old Castile.

## CHAP. VIII.

*Old Castile.*

THROUGH the barren tracts of Old Castile, no man perhaps could travel with pleasure but a lover of botany; a science which renders travelling eminently interesting and pleasing. A small distance does not make much difference in the inhabitants, and works of art are rare and solitary, whereas plants flower almost every where along the road, especially in these fine climates; their varieties are uncommonly great, and in a very short space changes and differences are seen that no where else occur. To a botanist, the discovery of a plant, not before seen in a wild state, gives extraordinary pleasure; and the sight of those he knew before, recalls many similitudes and recollections, which equally enable him to enjoy both the present and the past. The charms that belong to Old Castile, consist alone of these treasures, which had hitherto been but slightly examined. Nor could we add much to these investigations, being there in winter, which, in this country, is by no means mild. We discovered, however, without trouble, a considerable number, from which we could judge of the riches of the country. From hence an extremely sweet-smelling

smelling thyme (*thymus mastichina*) becomes an agreeable companion to the traveller throughout Spain.

Immediately after entering Old Castile, we came to Miranda del Ebro, a small miserable town on the hither bank of the Ebro, over which is a handsome bridge. Here also we were obliged to pay for avoiding the examination of our baggage: Old Castile enjoying less liberty than Alava. The custom-house-officers, however, are deserving of some praise, because they are so much cheaper, though not less venal, than those of England.

To this place in the last war the French penetrated; but their farther progress was stopped by the peace, though they had in various places passed the Ebro, which being in several parts but shallow, could not stop them. Nor would it have been easy to have resisted their advancing to the frontiers of New Castile, the interjacent country being entirely open except the mountain of Pancorvo.

Immediately beyond the Ebro, extending east and west, is a range of mountains of moderate height, but steep, and full of fractured limestone rocks. Except a few thickets of juniper and box no trees or shrubs are seen upon these mountains; which, however, produce many rare plants and even those indigenous to the lower



Alps; as for instance the *arenaria triflora*, \* Cavan. the *draba aizoides saxifraga cuneifolia*, &c. In a narrow valley amid these mountains is Pancorvo, a miserable town with a small fortress up the mountain, which was put in a state of defence in the last war, as it was intended to establish a post there. After passing this mountain the country becomes flatter; detached ranges of low gypsum-hills run dispersing across the plain. The gypsum is very beautiful, white, and softly striated, especially at Cubo. Bribiesca was the first town we came to, and afforded an idea of the small places in this peninsula: Miserable houses, streets, and pavements, which scarcely deserved the name, with dirty ill-clothed inhabitants, are no great marks of national opulence. The kitchen is every where placed as in the houses of german peasants in the back part of the ground-floor, and is the usual residence of the family, especially in winter. The inns, as may be supposed, are bad; the bed-chambers are over the stables, and the furniture consists of a wooden table and very few wooden chairs, with a lamp affixed to the wall. The provisions also are bad; food, however, there is at the inns in Biscay, whereas, on approaching Madrid, and in Estremadura, we were obliged to purchase every thing ourselves, or bring our victuals with us. The towns and villages in Old Castile are, how-

\* Sandwort.

ever, built close, and have a kind of gate used in Alemtejo in Portugal.

The gypsum hills continue to the plain of Burgos, till they are broken by high lime-stone mountains, near a wretched village called Quintanapalla. Before we came to Burgos we saw a wood of evergreen oaks (*quercus Bellote*), and another species called, by Lamark, *quercus Lusitana*, though rare in Portugal, but by Cavanilles *quercus valentina*, the first of which species bears an esculent fruit, called in Spanish *Bellotas*, but the latter is barren.

The city of Burgos forms a semicircle round a mountain, on which is a castle; and, with its numerous steeples, affords at a distance a pleasing view, which is farther improved by several large houses, and particularly the bishop's palace, situated without the town. The city is of considerable size, but old and not very lively: the streets are narrow, the houses high, as in all old cities; but a handsome paved walk along the Arlanza, enlivens a part of the town. I will not here speak of the churches of Burgos, among which, the cathedral is worth seeing, or of some fine pictures they contain; Bourgoing having spoken of them at large. Few countries are richer in fine pictures than Spain, which has even produced many great masters, who are unknown  
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in other countries ; the Escorial, the other royal residences, and the principal churches in large towns, are full of master-pieces of every school ; and even in private houses paintings are not unfrequently seen, that might adorn distinguished galleries : but Twiss, Townsend, and Bourgoing have described them so circumstantially, that it will be useless to expatiate on them further. It is a striking fact, that Portugal differs so much from Spain in this respect, that the traveller neither meets with fine paintings, nor a taste for them among the inhabitants.

Beyond Burgos we found a great chasm in the excellent high road which began to ascend the mountains that divide New and Old Castile. We now came to an extremely barren and melancholy tract of country : a plain covered with ratchil, intersected by detached low hills with light thin woods, but numerous low bushes ; upon which hills small miserable villages lay at a considerable distance from each other, and surrounded by a few vineyards and corn-fields. The soil indeed is only moderate ; but with good cultivation, which is here wholly wanting, might be rendered far more productive. A great part of Old Castile consists of a similar tract of country, extending on one side to Aragon, and on the other through Leon as far as the frontiers of Portugal.

The soil of Old Castile is in general cold. Between Bribiesca and Burgos snow lay on the ground; at Burgos it snowed and rained together; and at Aranda it froze hard, though the winter (that of 1797-8) was otherwise mild. This arose from the whole tract of country being in fact a high mountain-level. The traveller is continually going up hill from the sea to the frontiers of Guipuscoa, where he ascends the high mountain of Salinas de Lecy, which, beyond Victoria, only somewhat flattens, without any considerable dip or descent. From Victoria onward the road on the whole declines, though almost imperceptibly. I would, therefore, describe Old Castile as a terrace formed by the mountains of Biscay, or by the Pyrenees, of which these are a branch. In summer this high mountain-plain is destitute of water, and burnt up with heat.

In this country no other means are employed to oppose the severity of the weather and the bleak winds, which on these high open plains are very boisterous, than a large chafing dish (brafero), which is usually placed beneath the table. Stoves and chimnies are never seen in common houses. Let the reader for a moment imagine himself in an apartment at an inn, where the wind has free passage at every corner, and where the want of glass windows obliges

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ges him either to remain in the dark, or to expose himself to the inclemency of the weather.

The two chief towns on this plain are, first, Lerma, which is a congeries of monasteries, five in number, and surrounded with a few miserable houses, together with an old castle; and, secondly, Aranda-del-Duero, a small miserable town on that river. Besides these we saw four wretched villages within a distance of fourteen miles and a half from Burgos to Aranda. In this country almost all the trees are evergreen oaks (*quercus bellota*). The bushes consist of a kind of cistus (*cistus laurifolius*), which I never saw but in Old Castile. I was also surprized to find the bear-berry (*arbutus uva ursi*) as on the heaths of Lunenburg\*.

Old and New Castile are divided by a high chain of mountains extending directly from West to East. They begin, soon after passing Aranda, with a low chain like an avant-coureur. At first we passed over lime-stone hills; then climbed up mountains consisting of a solid rocky sandstone as far as Ourubia, a small village, erroneously called in the *Guide des couriers* La Outoubia. Beyond Ourubia we arrived at the middle of this

\* It has also lately been found in the highlands of Scotland; but formerly was thought not to be a native of Great Britain. T.

first chain of mountains, where we found micaceous slate or rather flaty granite; and on the summit a sand-breccia. The other side of the mountain flattens much, being covered with small oaks (*quercus brevipedunculata*, in Spanish *roble*), and disperses in the valley where Bozequillas is situated. In this village we first met with an inn where no food could be obtained, but what we brought with us, or purchased in the market. This inconvenience, however, was compensated by the kindness and good nature of the people. Travellers often imagine the common people of Spain a very proud race that will not answer when they are spoken to; but I can assure my countrymen, that according to this description they must seek for Spaniards in lower Saxony.

From this village to a single house called *la venta de Juancilla*, we found flat mountains of micaceous slate partly covered with thickets of oak.

This *venta*, for so every inn in Spain is called, is of the size and external appearance of those in Biscay, while the interior resembles those of Castile. From this place we entered on an excellent road by the side of a valley, rising up the high mountains, which consist of granite, partly in strata, and partly in a mass. On this side, the mountain is entirely naked, and all the plants

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we had hitherto found now forsook us ; the laurel-leaved cistus in particular took its final leave of us. The summit of the mountain is here called *el puerto de Somosierra*, or the pass of the mountain-top ; puerto signifying mountain-pass in spanish, as porto does in portugueze and porte in french\*.

This pass divides Old and New Castile. On the other side, close to the summit, is a miserable village called also Somosierra. This country must be very pleasant in summer, the flat declivity of the mountain being adorned with small woods of chesnut and oak, which, however, do not intercept the prospect of a high pointed mountain to the right. It being now January every thing was covered with snow of a considerable depth, and only pleased us through the contrast with the green lands where the snow had melted, and of which from this eminence we had an extensive prospect. We had scarcely left the summits and come to the low detached mountains, when we saw no more snow, the grass was green and full of bulbous plants (particularly the *asphodelus ramosus*), which, from this place, became a great ornament to the fields. Over this flat mountain we came to Buytrago, a small town,

\* Sierra in spanish and Serra in portugueze signify a range of mountains. T.

immediately in front of which a mountain-stream winds along a deep rocky bed, while, on the other side, the town with its towers and steeples leans romantically against a steep ascent in a recess among the mountains.

The mountains round Buytrago and the Somosierra in general are rich in minerals. We even found granites and crystals of *Titanocrystals*; and we afterwards saw in the collection of the saxon ambassador, Baron Forell, many curious specimens from this mountain.

Beyond Buytrago lies the last branch of these mountains, being a range of high sharp granite peaks. The outermost peak toward the east, under which the road passes, is called *el pico de miel*, or honey-peak. This branch of mountains is, however, much lower than that of Somosierra, as the absence of snow showed. On the south side, the view of these mountains is very striking, as they consist of broken granite rocks heaped together, bearing here and there single ever-green oaks. On the top of the peak is a monastery, and to the left an extensive prospect to a hilly plain, where nothing impedes the view but the extreme distance of the horizon. Descending from these mountains, their declivities grow more and more flat. Approaching the village of San Agustino appears sand-stone covered with limestone, the harbinger of a plain; and on descend-

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ing this last hill we came to the plain of Madrid, which is covered with rounded flints. On the south side of this mountain the vegetation is wholly changed. The olive tree grows in great abundance ; the thickets on the hills consist of the kermes-oak (*quercus coccifera*), and instead of the laurel-leaved cistus appears the *cistus ladaniferus* \*.

The high range of mountains that divides the two Castiles is not a branch of the Pyrenees, unless we are disposed to play upon words. It breaks off to the eastward, has a different direction and form, and consists of granite. These mountains are of the same class with the mountains that are proper to the peninsula, and at length connect with the Serra-de-Estrella, running parallel with the Sierra de Toledo, de Guadalupe, &c., Sierra nevada and the Alpujarra ; being one of the great pillars that support the peninsula.

\* The rock-rose, a genus of the monogynia order, and polyandria class. There are thirty-seven species, most of them natives of the southern parts of Europe, but hardy enough to bear the open air in this country. They are beautiful evergreen shrubs, generally very branchy quite from the bottom, and forming diffused heads. They are very ornamental in gardens, not only as evergreens, making a fine variety, at all seasons, with their leaves of different figures, sizes, and shades of green and white ; but also as first-rate flowering shrubs, being very profuse in most elegant flowers of white, purple, and yellow colours. These flowers only last one day ; but there is a continual succession of new ones during a month or six weeks on the same plant, and, when there are different species, they will exhibit a constant bloom during near three months. Gum labdanum is found on a species of cistus which grows naturally in the Levant, which is therefore called *ladaniferus*. T.

## CHAP. IX.

*Madrid.*

MADRID and the royal residences (*sitios*) of Aranjuez, San Ildefonso, and the Escorial, have been so recently and accurately described by other writers, that it would be needless to repeat what they have said; I shall therefore only add a few remarks on such objects as I saw in a different points of view, or communicate the general impression which this city and the surrounding country made upon my mind.

Madrid, which in the court language is only called a *villa* or market-town, is a handsome place, and all the streets are well paved, being also furnished with broad footways for passengers; they are uncommonly clean, and those in the best part of the town adorned with handsome buildings. The entrance through the gate of Alcala much surprizes the traveller, who there enters on a long and extraordinarily wide street, called *la calle de Alcala*, which is well paved, adorned with handsome buildings, and at the beginning perfectly straight. To the left near the gate is the garden of *Buen Retiro*, then the Prado, a promenade adorned with handsome rows of trees and a great number  
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of fountains, intersects the way. It extends as far as the gate of Aranjuez, and is adorned with handsome gardens and buildings, among which is the palace of the duke of Medina Celi. All the gates are simple and handsome; but the middle part of the town shews an antient origin, having narrow and irregular streets. Here is the Plaza mayor, a noble square, surrounded with arcades, and only defaced by a number of shops, being employed as a market-place. The farther part of the town resembles the middle of it; but is adorned with several palaces of the nobility, and the new royal palace, which is very magnificent. This part of the town ends in a steep declivity; in consequence of which the prospect even in some of the streets is beautiful and striking. In front appear the frontier-mountains of Castile, with the Escorial and the country surrounding it; and in the bottom flows the river Manzanares, which indeed is but a brook, but is adorned with handsome bridges, and elm and poplar walks. The great number of church towers gives the city a handsome appearance at a distance, and even when near they are no unpleasing object; for though the architecture may not be very tasty, yet the churches are neatly built, as they are every where throughout the peninsula. The lofty spires of the german churches, and the stunted towers of the English, are here equally unknown,

unknown, and with this the traveller of taste is well pleased; for, though they might have a good effect among ruins, they ill accord with new-built modern streets.

The interior of the houses, even of those of considerable size, by no means agrees with the external appearance of the town. The entrances are narrow and awkward, and the apartments crowded together without order. Charles III. who changed Madrid from a filthy wretched village to a charming capital, could not force his reforms into the interior of the houses, where filth and dirt still prevail. We even found it so in one of the first inns, called the Cross of Malta. The common people, who fill the streets, accord with this description. They are dressed entirely in brown cloth made of the brown wool of the country, wear a brown cap, and often brown spatterdashies; but their shoes are leather, those of wood being unknown throughout Spain. Brown is a very general colour; and even the military wear short brown coats. In other respects, the men, even to the lowest classes, are dressed like the Germans and the French. However, the better kind of artificers wear a hair-net called *redesilla* or *cosia*, and a jacket with a vast number of small buttons; but persons of condition generally wear, as with us Germans, a white cloak, and sword, and seldom use boots. The women, generally speaking, ad-  
here

here more closely to the true Spanish dress than the men; for of the latter, the first people dress exactly as throughout the rest of Europe, except in some trifles; but in other respects, the Spanish dress extends to persons of considerably high rank, and to persons, who, according to our German customs, dress almost in the same style as the first class of society. The black silk *mantilla* or veil, which ends, before, in a crape, and covers the face, sometimes entirely, sometimes in part, a short and generally black petticoat, like the veil, adorned with fringe or Vandykes, which, like that, does not entirely conceal the figure, constitute the peculiarity of this dress among persons of easy circumstances. Their shoes were at this time worn with high pointed heels; but the upper-leather, according to a fashion borrowed from the rest of Europe, was of a different colour. Their hollow but black and fiery eyes, their slender and somewhat too meagre shape, the absence of a fresh and ruddy bloom, the yellow hue which assumes its place, and their legs, which are often bare up to the calves, give them altogether an unpleasant, but at the same time a licentious look.

The inhabitants of Spain are not so fond of promenades as the French (who have one in every small place), but more than the Portuguese. Every large town has its *alameda* or promenade,

so called from the *alamo* or poplar, with which they were originally planted. The poplar has in all ages been a favourite tree of the poets, by whom it has been much celebrated, perhaps because no tree of equal beauty grows so easily and rapidly in this climate. The poplars along the banks of the Manzanares are well known to the readers of old Spanish poetry. The *Prado* is now the usual promenade, where in the morning persons of high rank are seen both on foot and on horseback; but after the *siesta*, or afternoon-nap, the whole is filled with splendid equipages, which, according to a custom peculiar to Spain, daily perform the same dull round, following each other during an hour or two, up one mall and down another, in a slow and tedious procession, without seeing any one but foot passengers of inferior condition, or the other coaches which happen to be in the opposite rank, and forming the most irksome amusement that possibly can be imagined: nor did I, after the first time I had experienced it, ever consent to endure it again. Sometimes a few coaches are seen without the gate, between the rows of trees on the road to Aranjuez. But who could be the bold adventurer, who first braved the laws of etiquette by taking his pleasure without the gate!

Madrid appears a very dead place except at the time of the promenade in the Prado, or in the morning,

morning, at some part where a celebrated mass is to be read. A great city, situated on a brook in an ungrateful country, where manufactures only flourish by means of extraordinary exertion and encouragement, and where the court resides but a few weeks in the year, is great but by force, and that force is every where perceived. At Madrid there is a great scarcity of amusements, which are therefore supplied by devotion, and its sister passion love. In Spain, the stage is very poor; and at both the theatres at Madrid, in general, bad pieces are performed by miserable players. One, however, of the actresses, who was not a bad performer, at this time shone in heroic parts. In this respect the Spaniards are even inferior to the Portuguese, and have nothing to compare with the excellent opera at Lisbon. Spaniards seldom invite company to dinner, and more rarely, if ever, to supper. They confine themselves to tertullas, where tea is given, and that great quantity of sweetmeats devoured, at which Bourgoing expressed so much surprize. But that writer is mistaken in applauding the temperance of the lower orders, and asserting, that no man but a foreigner is ever seen drunk at Madrid. I have seen many Spaniards drunk; and the wallon soldiers may in some measure be excused for this vice, when, instead of the sour wine of Germany

and Italy, they can purchase the fiery La Mancha for a trifle.

The climate of Madrid is in general very agreeable, the air being warm, and rain uncommon; for the frontier mountains of Castile seem to keep off the clouds, which I frequently saw, when the wind was north, resting upon, and hiding their summits, before they descended to the adjacent country. In summer the air is burning hot, no sea-breezes lending their aid to cool it, and in winter uncommonly cold; I have often seen the Manzanares covered with ice. This extreme cold, in so southerly a latitude, undoubtedly arises from the high situation of the town, as the constantly low state of the barometer and the continual descent to approach the banks of the Tagus, which from Aranjuez to Lisbon has also a considerable fall, sufficiently prove. New Castile is a terrace or mountain-level formed by the castilian mountains, as Old Castile is by those of Biscay. Notwithstanding this great degree of cold, we only found, even in the houses of the great, a *brasero* or pan of charcoal. They are also very fond of smoking *sigarros* (a leaf of tobacco rolled up), which, among the common people, are passed from mouth to mouth; and they sometimes smoke fine cut tobacco in rolls of paper. The English having captured  
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during the present war great quantities of *figarros*, they are now become more common than formerly in Germany.

The country round Madrid is not particularly pleasant, the plain being naked and open, full of bare hills, destitute of trees, except the olive, which is not much adapted to enliven any prospect. Near the town some of the roads are planted with trees, of which, however, there is much want in the gardens round it. Ascending the Manzanares, we soon came to a wood of evergreen oaks, extending as far as the Prado, a royal pleasure-house, which the late king frequently visited. This is unquestionably the pleasantest spot close to Madrid, which the steep and lofty mountains here approach, forming a fine contrast with the plain. Some shade also is found, and the park is enriched and adorned with numerous herds of deer; but the hunting feat makes no great appearance.

The high mountains principally consist of naked fractured rocks, adorned only toward their bases with single evergreen oaks. Their elevation is considerable, and the highest peaks must be eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, for snow is found on them during the greater part of the year. This wild mountain is the abode of numerous wild beasts, and lynxes are here by no means uncommon. One of these animals, which

was shot there, may now be seen in the collection of Count Hoffmannsegg. Toward the north-west, the mountains rise considerably, and form the *Puerto de Guadarrama*, from which, travellers often call the whole range of mountains *Guadarrama*.

At the foot and on the declivity of this mountain is San Lorenzo, or the Escorial, in an open country, which constantly descends toward Madrid; but lying considerably high, the climate is very cold, nor is any thing more common than those storms which rage on plains that are adjacent to high mountains. The immense pile of stone that forms at once the palace and monastery, which is great without taste, and may serve as a sample of the temper Spain received from Philip II. is inhabited by the royal family from September to December; a season almost entirely employed in the practices of devotion. On the northern declivity of the Guadarrama is the royal *sitio* of San Ildefonso, or la Granja, built and laid out by Philip V. in the taste of Versailles. The high mountains along the northern declivity of a high range of mountains, renders this palace peculiarly adapted for a summer residence; the royal family stay there from May to September. The third palace of Aranjuez lies in a very different country south-west of Madrid, in a beautiful valley on the Tagus, among gypsum-mountains,

tains, and excels both the former in situation. Here the royal family spend the winter and the spring. As these palaces have often been described, it is unnecessary to speak of them more at large.

The plain round Madrid consists of gypsum and clay-hills covered with granite-ratchill brought down from the frontier-mountains of Castile. These fragments are known on account of the *avanturines*, which are not uncommon here. They consist of a reddish granite interspersed with fine gold-coloured mica, which is very beautiful when polished. About a league to the southward of Madrid, near the village of Vallecas, a clayey stone of a peculiar kind is found in a hill. While in the earth, and when recently taken out, it is of a whitish grey, breaks earthy, is fragile, very soft, and feels somewhat greasy; but after drying, becomes almost perfectly white, extremely difficult to break, and so light, that it resembles mountain-cork. It is found in large strata, and used for building, for which it is particularly adapted by its solidity and lightness.

With regard to mineralogy, the saxon ambassador, baron Forell, is extremely useful both to Spain and to science. He is a man of great mineralogical knowledge, possesses an excellent collection of spanish minerals, and is still endeavouring further to explore the great mineralogi-

cal treasures of that country. He has prevailed on a very clever German, Mr. Herrgen, formerly belonging to the austrian embassy, to translate into spanish Wiedemann's mineralogical pocket-book, which that gentleman has performed in a manner that does him honour. His connection with Don Clavijo, the superintendant of the royal museum of natural history, still farther assists his exertions to advance this branch of science. Don Clavijo is an amiable old man, though perhaps too far advanced in years to make himself acquainted with new systems of natural history, especially of mineralogy. He is known to the Germans by having accidentally afforded materials for Göthe's tragedy of the same name. But, though Don Clavijo knows that he has appeared on the german stage, he does not understand the language of that country, where he is less known for the services he has rendered to spanish literature. His translation of Buffon's natural history is a master-piece of the kind; for no other translation has so nearly attained the strength of the original. No language, however, is so well adapted as the spanish to express the pomp and energy of that work. Don Clavijo is perfect master of the spanish language, though a native of the Canary-Islands; and shews in every thing that surrounds him a fine and delicate taste. Hence he was extremely well qualified to suppress that tendency

to bombast, to which this beautiful language naturally leads. His notes also on this work are valuable, and shew the accurate observation and literary knowledge of the author.

The royal museum is situated in a handsome building in the calle de Alcala; but another very handsome building is to be erected for it in the Prado, so that in this respect it will hereafter be one of the most splendid museums in Europe. It contains very excellent specimens, especially in mineralogy, some very fine and uncommonly large grains of gold-sand, a very large specimen of hornsilver, and pure silver, all from South America; a very large piece of emerald set in the ore by art, which would otherwise be invaluable: in short, this collection, even if we only consider the articles of magnificence, is a truly royal collection. There is also a fossil skeleton of some unknown animal, which, however, is put together with art. We were much struck with an undoubted specimen of a very regular column of basalt, from Catalonia; that mineral being very uncommon in Spain. There is, however, no regular gradation, nor can this museum be deemed rich in variety; it also wants a better arrangement, and, excepting the above-mentioned specimens of show, is inferior to that of Paris, though far more interesting than the British Museum.

The

The botanic garden is very pleasantly situated in the Prado; but though pretty large, is in the greatest disorder. The plants that grow in the open air are extremely confused, have no labels, and, upon close examination, most of them are common. Besides, there are so many of each sort, that the whole number cannot be great. Having procured the catalogue of them of Señor Ortega, the superintendant, I enquired for many of those set down, but always in vain. In the green-houses, which, when compared with the whole of this establishment, are very small, and contain but an inconsiderable number of plants, are certainly many new species, the seeds of which have been sent from America, but fewer than might be expected. The climate of Madrid is unfavourable to a botanic garden, being too cold in winter, and too hot and dry in summer. The chief superintendant is Don Casimir Gomez Ortega, an astonishingly corpulent, chatty, complaisant man; who may perhaps be very learned, but knows nothing of plants. His *Descripciones novorum aut rariorum stirpium horti regii Madr.* a number of which appears every decade, is written by his son-in-law Ruiz. His Carta de un vecino de Lima, on the new genera of Cavanilles, shows that he can be envious and malicious. He had the superintendance of the expedition sent by the

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king

king to Peru and Chili, to make discoveries in natural history; and I doubt not, if less was accomplished than might have been, it was his fault. His son-in-law, Ruiz, and a Mr: Pavon, a worthy sensible man, are writing a description of the plants there collected; but they were sent out, as Pavon himself confessed, at a time when they possessed little botanical knowledge. A man like Ortega, who has acquired in the country where he lives the reputation of being deeply skilled in a branch of science of which he is ignorant, is always a very dangerous person; and represses instead of advancing true knowledge. The second superintendant, Barnades, is too much occupied with the practice of medicine to be much skilled in botany, in a country where it is difficult to procure access to foreign works.

Of the Spanish botanists, Cavanilles is undoubtedly the first; and what botanist has not heard of his fame? He is from Valencia, as are his friend Muñoz, that excellent historian, and the late Bayer. He was tutor to the duke of Yefantado, with whom he continued a long time in Paris, where he acquired his knowledge. At this time he lived in a comfortable style (which indeed is necessary to accomplish any object of importance) in the duke's palace. He is not only a learned botanist, but a man of genius, possesses an acute understanding, is a worthy amiable man,  
and

and a pleasant companion. We were indebted to him for a great number of attentions. It is unfortunate, however, that he cannot divest himself of the two great faults of Spanish writers; for he is fond of disputation; so that every remark which opposes a passage in his writings, gives birth to a polemical reply, and his Spanish works, particularly his excellent description of the kingdom of Valencia, are written in a bombastic style, by which he shows himself to be a true Spaniard.

The government pay great attention to the arts and sciences, in a manner which does them great honour. But this virtue is accompanied with the error of paying but little attention to men themselves, who are the soul of every establishment and regulation. Hence the choice of persons for such offices is generally ill made, from causes that may easily be guessed. In a country, where learned men are so rare as in Spain; where few of them write books, and perhaps still fewer read them, no literary reputation can be acquired, and therefore the only mean, by which places can be obtained, are good connections. Men of great learning are but little known, as may easily be imagined; and I had some difficulty to convince a man of good understanding, that my respect for Cavanilles was real, and not mere politeness: for, in general, Spaniards pay attention only to external show, and not to essentials, as may be perceived

in



in every public work, as their roads and canals. In England, every thing is so egotistical that it benefits no one; and in Spain, so insignificant that nothing can be completed. In France alone is general utility consulted in public institutions. When will a peaceful government restore that unhappy country to its rights!

## CHAP. X.

*New-Castile.*

THE high plain of Madrid extends through a considerable part of New-Castile, inclining downwards toward the Tagus; the face of the country being constantly very open and naked, we saw wide-extended corn-fields, though by no means well cultivated; for many bushes of broom (*genista sphaerocarpa* and *monosperma*) and of *Daphne gnidium*\* are seen, not only on fallow land, but on cultivated fields. The broom often grows six feet high, and even more, consisting of long rod-formed branches without thorns and almost without leaves. The vetch-like flowers of the one kind (the *sphaerocarpa*) are yellow, growing in small clusters, and those of the other (the *monosperma*) pure white with an elegant red calyx, and very beautiful. The latter kind flowers in February, March, and April, the former somewhat later. I have described this plant the more at length, because New-Castile and Estremadura are full of it, and in the Prado it covers the ground as far as the park extends. It has also a very great effect on the general prospect, nor can

\* This genus (*Daphne*) is the spurge-laurel; *Daphne gnidium* is the flax-leaved Daphne. T.

a just notion be formed of a spanish view without having an idea of it. This is also the case with the *Daphne gnidium*. This plant, which some think is the Cassia of the antients, grows to the height of four or five feet, being slender, thick of leaves, with white flowers in clusters, which appear toward Autumn and are followed by small red berries. Besides these fields, the wide-extended pastures are covered with many bulbous plants, as, for instance, the *Asphodelus ramosus* \*, &c. so that these plants alone, which abound more or less, or appear sometimes single, give a peculiar character to the views of Spain. In these fields, according to a beautiful fable of the antients, the shades of the dead wandered †. There are few forests in New-Castile, except here and there a small wood of evergreen oaks. The villages lie far apart, but are large and well built, being often surrounded with olive-trees and vineyards, which are here situated on plains.

The road from Madrid to Badajoz passes through Naval Carnero, a market-town where some dragoons were stationed, and thence to Santa Olalla, a large and very well-built village, the inhabitants of which appeared opulent. From

\* The asphodel or king's spear. T.

† — αιψα δ' ικετο κατ' ασφοδιλον λιμνα

Ειθα τι γαιεσι ψυχαι, ιδωλα καμοιτων. Odyss. Ω. 13. 14.

this place to Talavera de la Regna the country is pleasant, and the road passes between vineyards and olive-trees, or over green pastures covered with bulbous plants; and to the right is the lofty Puerto del Rico, which is a continuation of the mountain of the Escorial. Talavera, is very pleasantly situated on the Tagus, being a large populous place, though mostly full of small houses, like all manufacturing towns. Here are manufactories of silks and of gold and silver cloth, which are in a flourishing condition. The promenade on the Tagus is very pleasant, as is the road beyond this town, which on this side is concealed by a wood of olives, and surrounded by vineyards. On the left the Tagus traverses a pleasant valley, and its banks are adorned with woods of pines. The spring had at this time covered every thing with blossoms; the beautiful *Fumaria spicata* \* flowered in the fields, and the humble *Antirrhinum amethystinum* Lam. † in the vineyards. The road then ascended to an open plain, which extended on the right to the foot of the high steep broken mountains of *Sierra del Pico* and the *Montana de Griegos*. On the left also we now discovered the mountains, in the valleys of which the Tagus concealed itself, namely, the *Sierra de Toledo* and of *Guadalupe*. At an inn called *la venta de pelave-*

\* Fumitory.

† The name of this genus is snap-dragon or calves-snout. T.

*negas*, in a wood of evergreen oaks, the *montaña de Griegos* appears very near, forming a majestic contrast to the plain from which it suddenly rises. The mountain is very wild and bare, and I was assured, that lynxes, bears, and wolves, as might be expected, abound there. This mountain appeared to me higher than the Guadarrama, behind the Escorial.

We now came to a number of places in succession, all belonging to the duke of Alba, *viz.* Torre alba, Oropeza, with a castle of the duke and a collection of monasteries, La Gartera, and Calzada de Oropeza, a well-built village. All these places are situated along and upon a range of hills, are surrounded with olive trees, and form a contrast with the rough hills over against them. We then came to low uncultivated hills used as sheep-walks. At the village of Nabalmoral the country becomes more woody, and announces the province of Estremadura.

Hitherto the whole plain is clayey, and covered with ratchil brought down from the neighbouring mountains. To a mineralogist this ratchil is very interesting; and we saw regular pieces of a kind of porphyry-slate formed like basalt, a beautiful pitchstone with Chalcedony in green marl, previous to our arrival at Nabalmoral, &c. At Oropeza we remarked at first lime-stone hills; but

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these

these chains of hills became granite toward Estremadura. Here considerable tracts of land lie uncultivated, and serve for sheep-walks; and where the land is cultivated, but little care is bestowed upon it. The soil is excellent, and the ratchil lies in single pieces, and not so thick as to prevent the land from being fertile, to which there can be no other natural obstacle than the want of water in summer. New Castile, however, produces much corn; nor can it be said that the villages have an appearance of poverty: they seem tolerably thriving, unless indeed we compare them with the neatness of those in England. With many parts of Germany the comparison will also hold. But this tract of country might be much more populous; for the villages are so wide asunder, that the traveller often imagines himself in a desert, whereas the hills of Oropesa appear so pleasant around it, because there, one village follows another.

In the inns near Madrid the traveller still finds nothing but a room with wretched furniture, few beds, and still fewer as he proceeds. These beds are, however, extremely good. Bread and wine he must purchase: besides these, nothing but rice and mutton can be procured. The traveller therefore should provide himself with hams, which he may purchase in the towns, or with rabbits,  
which

which are offered him in great abundance on the road, though more plentifully in Estremadura than here. The common wine is often excellent, even in the villages. No country possesses wines so strong, and yet so sweet; of which, however, extremely little is exported, or even known in foreign countries. The inhabitants of New Castile are inactive, and for that very reason curious and inquisitive; by which they recommend themselves to strangers who know little of Spanish. Men who sought for plants and insects, which they described and drew, were, in this country, somewhat singular and remarkable; and we were soon surrounded by a crowd of people, who examined us, officiously offered us a great quantity of flowers, of which they told us the names and powers, agreeing with the greatest botanists in one respect, namely, that they differed and disputed relative to both. On a botanical excursion near Oropesa, a peasant accosted me, and asked many questions relative of my country. I praised it as far superior to Spain; to which he had nothing to reply, but a repeated complaint I had often heard in this country, that he could find no work; till at length he bethought himself to ask me, whether olive-trees grew there. I answered too hastily in the negative; upon which he burst into a hearty laugh, that any man could

love such a country! With this he continually upbraided me, and asked me in sport, whether oil was cheap and good there; and when a third person came in, renewed the conversation, praising Germany, and ironically adding, *es una tierra muy bonita, toda esta cubierta de olivos*, it is a fine country entirely covered with olive-trees.



## CHAP. XI.

*Estremadura.*

THE frontier mountains of Castile run chiefly east and west, forming the *Guadarrama*, the *Sierra del pico*, the *montaña de Griegos*, and the *Sierra de Gata*, by which it unites with the Portugueze *Serra de Estrella*. To this the range of mountains we now approached runs parallel, forming the bank of the Tagus, the *montañas de Toledo*, the *Sierra de Guadalupe*, the *Puerto del miravete*, and then proceeds to Alcantara, where it enters Portugal.

Low hills, the forerunners of this high range of mountains, conceal them so much, that we could only now and then perceive them through the openings. At length we came to Almaraz, a small market-town situated on the same plain. Beyond it the road wound among the hills, which continually approached, crowded together, and rose till we suddenly came to the bridge over the Tagus. Here the view is very fine. In a deep bed filled with rocks the Tagus rushes along; a bridge supported by two bold and lofty arches stretches over it; and on the other side appear a few small houses, which form the *Venta da Almaraz*. Every thing around is wild and romantic;

the hills are every where covered with *cistus ladaniferus*; and on the other side the river, appears the lofty *Puerto del miravete*; so that the whole view affords a singular and characteristic appearance. In the evening the *cistus* yields a very balsamic smell, which was very pleasant to us till we grew tired of it, and of the wild scenes where it grows.

These *ventas* usually consist of the inn itself, and another small house, where wine and other provisions are sold; as though it were improper that provisions should be found in an inn. The *Venta de Almaraz*, however, was newly built, and better than the generality of *ventas*.

Beyond this house the *Puerto de miravete* immediately rises, being a very high steep mountain, which the road ascends in a zig-zag. The mountain is covered with bushes, and we saw various heaths, particularly the wild strawberry-tree (*Arbutus Unedo*), in great abundance, among which was saffron in flower (*doronicum plantagineum*), the daisy (*bellis sylvestris* Cyrill.), and many others. On the declivity is a small miserable village, and on the summit a small house garrisoned with soldiers. What a prospect! On one side a bare naked range of mountains every where covered with *cistus*; at a distance up the *Tagus* summits still covered with snow; on the other a black forest of evergreen oaks impenetrable to the eye,  
and

and beyond it at an immense distance the castle of Truxillo on an eminence. This was the first of these solitary desert spots we meet with; but after we passed the Tagus they often occurred, though without these extensive oak-forests. I have already frequently mentioned the evergreen oak; but it requires a short description to give a full idea of the peculiar character of a Spanish view, which depends on them so much. This tree seldom grows high, generally about the size of a moderate pear-tree; the stem is thick, and covered with a thin fissited bark, with a head formed by short branches crowded together. The leaves are not deciduous, and are of the size of those of the pear-tree, being of a dark green above, whitish below, and curled upwards. The trees generally stand at a distance from each other, so that their tops do not touch, and they are wholly destitute of the fine effect of long waving interwoven branches. The short thick stems often afford an appearance of great age, the curled leaves have a very thirsty appearance, and the wind often exposes their lower sides, which look dried up. Here a gentle breeze can scarcely be perceived, whereas in our woods it creates a general rustling. The soil is parched and bare, and there is scarcely enough shade to render even a German summer tolerable, much less that of Spain. Here too reign silence and solitude, which accord

well with some states of the mind; but the darkness of our woods, and the murmur of thick interwoven branches, lead it into that melancholy, which must here spring from the spectator. Nothing conceals the gay spanish sky, which, however, in solitary deserted spots affords some satisfaction and repose.

The wood continues to a small wretched place called Jorayciego; and in one part are ruins of an old castle. Before arriving there we came to a true portugueze heath, consisting of rosemary, erica australis, &c. This miserable village retains the vestiges of antient gates like those of the villages in Old Castile; and many circumstances show, that this country was not formerly so desolate as it now appears. We had scarcely quitted it before we entered another large forest, which continues till within a spanish league and a half of Truxillo, and where there is some danger of robbers.

Before we arrived at Almaraz, we found along the hill to the northward of the Tagus, flaty granite; on which, nearer the venta, a clay-slate mixed with much mica rests. But here we found toward the Puerto a great change in the kinds of stone, such as clay-slate with mica, sandstone-slate, green marl, and between these, strata of carbonates, and traces of phosphates, of lime-stone, which is also found in strata in these mountains farther

farther to the westward. Higher up the Puerto the sandstone is less flaty, and the summit is covered with ratchil. On the other side, toward Jorayciego, the clay-slate and sand-slate continue to the neighbourhood of Truxillo, the country round which is entirely granite.

Truxillo is a town of moderate size, on a flat naked eminence, among dispersed granite-rocks. The streets are narrow, ill-paved, and dirty; the houses generally small, and the castle, which is pretty large, is falling to decay. Some old houses, however, shew that this town was formerly in a much more flourishing state.

This country is ill-cultivated, the cause of which will soon appear. Immediately after quitting Talavera we found many wandering flocks of sheep, which come down from the frontier mountains of Castile and pass the winter here, where it is the finest season of the year. Round Truxillo the country was full of them, as also farther on along the banks of the Guadiana. These ill-looking animals, whose fine and costly wool forms a dirty crust full of cracks round their bodies, are thickly spread over the open wide-extended fields, fill the air with their bleatings, and convert the country into a vast common, where they leave nothing but a few poisonous bulbous plants, the broom and the gnidium. It is utterly false that fragrant plants abound here,  
that

that may be the cause of their fine wool; which entirely arises from their race, and profuse sweating. On this subject the reader may refer to Bourgoing's travels. In this naked country no habitations are seen; but a few huts made of earth, in which the shepherds live, and which are announced at a distance by the barking of the great dogs that never leave them. The shepherds, however, are not those of Virgil and Theocritus. A dark sun-burnt countenance, a sheep-skin thrown over their shoulders, and an old rusty gun in their hand, rather excite the idea of a robber than of a warbler of love songs. They generally sell rabbits to travellers, as they kill a great many on these commons.

Across rocky hills and bare sheep-walks, we came to the mountains of Santa Cruz, which do not rise very high above the plain, but are steep, and belong to a range of hills, which, in detached parts, where all connection often fails, approach the Guadiana. The range of mountains of Santa Cruz is full of pointed rocks, and therefore at a distance had nearly the appearance of mountains of basalt. It consists of granite, which here and there on the declivities changes to mica-slate. The north side of this mountain, especially in this part of the country, afforded a very charming view. Two small villages are situated close to each other along the declivity, and surrounded

rounded with gardens and fields extending high up the mountain. We were surprised with the beauty of the almond trees in bloom among the fissures of the rocks. Cultivation seemed to have fled before the desolating sheep, and taken refuge on the mountains. Yet it appeared but as an island amid an ocean of desert, and the south side of the mountain was naked and burnt up.

From this part to the banks of the Guadiana, the ground grows flatter. In the neighbourhood of Meajadas, a market-town, which, however, appears in a thriving state, cultivation seems more improved, and some of the fields are sown with flax; but beyond Meajadas the country again becomes very forlorn and deserted, especially round a single inn, called la Venta del despoblado. It stands in the middle of an extensive forest of evergreen oaks, which in some parts are rendered almost impassable by the thickness and closeness of the cistus. This part of the country is reckoned the most dangerous in regard to robberies, from Madrid to Badajoz; which the loneliness of the place, the thickness and extent of the wood, the bad police prevalent in Spain, and the character of the inhabitants, render but too probable. At Meajadas, two men whom we had seen in the houses at Puerto de Santa Cruz, were mentioned to us as robbers; but though it was well known who they were, and we were warned of them,  
they

they were suffered to go at large; which would not have happened in Portugal. We did not, however, fear them, as we were armed; and even sometimes separated considerably in search of plants. We often met also French sailors who had been brought to Lisbon by English privateers, and were now sent home. As they travelled in large parties they rendered the country very lively, and were extremely happy when they happened to meet any one who spoke french and came from France. From these men we had nothing to fear, though one of them, who spoke better spanish than french, seemed to have an inclination to plunder me as I was alone seeking for minerals, which our company coming up prevented. These frenchmen gave us new occasion to remark the national hatred of the spaniards toward that country, of which we had already seen many examples since we had entered Castile, where every foreigner is taken for a frenchman. But on explaining that we were germans, and making a few religious signs, we often obtained apartments and beds, which had at first been denied us. This nation indeed have sufficient reason to hate them; for, out of their own country, they are even far worse republicans than at home. In Spain, democracy more generally prevails among the nobility and the higher orders, than among the common people.

At



At Meajadas we saw sand-flate and clay-flate ; but round about the venta del despoblado began the ratchil, which, at a village called San Pedro, formed rocks of a kind of breccia. These rocks extend along the Guadiana as far as Merida, from which we pursued the course of the river through plains or between gentle hills as far as Badajoz, excepting rather a high granite-mountain on the south side of the Guadiana, near Merida. Soon after, follow hills of a kind of sand-breccia, and at length a sandy plain as far as that city.

How beautiful would the banks of the Guadiana be, were they but well cultivated ! But the destructive ravages of the sheep converted every thing into a naked common, which is at first not unpleasant, but at length fatigues the eye. Merida is situated very near the banks of the Guadiana, being an open town of moderate size, full of small miserable houses like Truxillo, and like that place shows traces of having once been more thriving. The ruins here render this place remarkable ; the remains of a Roman aqueduct are still seen, and of a wall describing a circle in the open fields ; part of both are still in good preservation, and they greatly enliven this open and chearful country. At Merida we passed the Guadiana over a handsome stone bridge. Over a few open pastures at the foot of the last granite-mountain, we came to a market-town called Lobon ;

bon; which, with its ruined castle, is situated on some hills at a small distance from the river, and concealed amid olive-trees. The Guadiana winds along fertile but uncultivated plains. At this time spring rendered the whole prospect charming, and the Mandragora (*atropa mandragora*) flowered along the road. Here also began a beautiful iris, which is still more common about Badajoz and Elvas. L'Ecluse was acquainted with, and described this plant two hundred years ago; but found it only at Badajoz; after which period it remained long unobserved, till Poiret discovered it anew in Barbary, and called it *iris alata*.

Between Merida and Badajoz, on the plain which borders on the Guadiana, is another small town full of small wretched houses, and called in the maps Talavera la real, but in the *Guide des couriers* Talavera del arroyo, but by the inhabitants Talavuela, a name far more appropriate than either of the former.

Badajoz is a considerable town, being the capital of Estremadura, and a frontier-fortress toward Portugal. The streets are clean, in part straight and well-paved; but there are few large houses. The town is, however, adorned with some handsome churches and towers. The Guadiana flows close to it; and a handsome stone bridge, which, as the inscription states, was built by Philip II. leads

leads to a *tête-de-pont* and some empty outworks. All around is flat. The town itself stands on a very gentle frie, which on one side is covered with olive-trees, and on the other side of the Guadiana are some fortified hills. Badajoz was at this time weakly garrisoned; a proof that the spanish court had no serious intentions against Portugal; nor had any steps been taken, but to send M. de Wittè, a swiss, as commandant of the place, apparently with an intention of his doing something. The spanish military, however, consider Badagoz as a place of banishment, being itself very dead, distant from other towns, on the frontiers of a nation they hate and despise, and in summer an unwholesome situation.

But let not the traveller expect to find in this capital of Estremadura better inns than in any large village. In the best, or as the governor expressed himself, the least bad, every thing must be sent out for as in the smallest village; as nothing was to found in the house.

The road from Madrid to Bajadoz is one of the best I ever saw; more magnificent than the English high-roads, and better than most of the french. It has only a few small holes. The principal cause of this advantage was the congress between the king of Spain and the prince of Brasil at this place. Notwithstanding this excellent road, very few carriages are seen in this

neighbourhood; only in Biscay were small carriages used, like those in Portugal: in the other provinces every thing is carried on asses and mules, which are fastened together in great numbers, and bear their appointed burthen. Wine is carried from one place to another in goat-skins, which give it a particular taste always perceivable by those who have a delicate palate. The mule driver, or *arriero*, follows his pack-mules, or mounts the first of them, and is always armed, having a gun slung in the belt that supports the load.

Both the mule and ass of Spain are particularly handsome, and I have seen the latter so large and beautiful, as to excite my astonishment. The exportation of the male ass is prohibited by law under penalty of death. Regular post-houses are not yet established \*, the mode of travelling being in coaches drawn by six or seven mules, and going but a small distance *per* day. Persons of small fortune travel on mules, and often wear shoes of white undressed leather, which have two advantages over ours, namely, they do not show the dust, and in hot weather are less oppressive. The inhabitants of this peninsula have also a peculiar and very excellent kind of stirrups, being a very stiff wooden clog open behind. The two

\* Excepting on one or two great roads for travellers on horseback. T.

principal pieces of wood form a sharp point before, and the two sides are closed by triangular pieces. The opening is so wide that the rider cannot be entangled if the animal stumble, nor can his foot be crushed, or hurt, if he fall on his side. It is indeed surprizing, that these useful stirrups begin to be less esteemed than the more ornamental stirrups imported from abroad. In Spain and Portugal, single travellers are often accompanied by a servant, who sometimes rides on an ass, but more frequently runs on foot; and I know that these runners go eleven or twelve miles in this manner. I have also seen caleferos, or chaise-drivers, for several hours running beside their mules, and continually in a trot. It is indeed surprizing what fatigue the Spaniards and portuguese can bear, how temperately they live, and what heat and cold they can endure; nor must we expect to find among the south-europeans any weak effeminate men; for, on the contrary, they are perhaps more enterprising and more persevering than the inhabitants of the north, as they would no doubt shew, would but their governments permit.

## CHAP. XII.

*Entrance into Portugal.—Elvas.—The Portuguese Military.*

THE portuguese frontier fortrefs of Elvas is but three spanish leagues from Badajoz, from before the gate of which it is seen upon its hill very distinctly. A small brook called the Cayo, which may be forded in dry weather, forms the frontier, which is in few places marked by nature, but is therefore more clearly drawn by art. On this side, the approach to Portugal appeared uncommonly pleasing. Instead of wide-extended open sheep-walks, and far-dispersed villages, the country is adorned with detached houses here and there, which seem to indicate a superior state of cultivation. Before we came to Elvas we saw the first orange-garden, lying open along the road, though a great quantity of this fruit is grown round Badajoz. The dress also even of the common people is better; dark brown or black vests and hats are more usual than the black spanish jacket and cap, and the women are more friendly and communicative than those of Castile. They wear their hair, like the women of Biscay, uncovered and only lightly bound with a ribbon, or handkerchief. The politeness, and the easy, gay,

gay, and friendly manners of the common-people prejudice a stranger more in favour of the portugueze than of the spaniards; nor is this judgement altered, so long as the traveller is only acquainted with the lower classes, though he forms an opposite judgement as soon as he begins to know the higher orders.

Löfling, in his travels, however, gives a directly contrary account of the face of the country. The open fields and close-built villages of Spain, were to him more pleasing than the heaths of Portugal, which he happened to see in autumn, when they were parched up; whereas the sheepwalks of Spain were covered with flowers of bulbous plants. So much do temporary circumstances influence the judgement of travellers.

We had scarcely passed the Cayo, before the singular tone of the portugueze language began to sound in our ears. Most of the words are nearly the same as spanish, but the pronunciation is extremely different, that of the portugueze being a full, deep, guttural tone, while that of the spaniards is a light blowing lisp; the former consisting of long, elegant, high-sounding words, the latter of short, broken, chattering sounds. In Badajoz we heard no portugueze, and at Elvas no spanish; but, whoever has accustomed himself to various pronunciations of the same language,

language, and has a competent knowledge of the spanish, may easily understand portugueze without learning it.

On entering the inn at Elvas, we found the apartments and furniture similar to those of both the Castiles, and of Estremadura; nay both were perhaps still worse. The houses are generally better, and more convenient in Spain; but here we had no occasion to send out for what we wanted, or perhaps ourselves to fetch every piece of bread or glass of wine, as both food and drink are supplied in every portugueze inn, provided the traveller is contented with portugueze fare. A dainty person might indeed find many things not suited to his taste; but the inconvenience of having these trifles to attend to, after a long journey, is inconceivable. We met with good and ready attendance, decent fare, and our pretty and good-natured landlady had that animation of manner, that speaking intelligence of countenance, and that well-bred politeness, which are so striking in this nation. What a difference between Badajoz and Elvas in this respect! I shall often have occasion to speak of the common people in Portugal; and I often look back with pleasure to the many happy hours I have spent with that friendly nation. But the reader will find my judgement of them very different from that of  
other



other travellers, who either were only acquainted with Lisbon, or never gave themselves the trouble of learning to speak the language.

Elvas is a city (in portugueze cidade, in spanish ciudad). Villa, in both languages, signifies a market-town, though some villas are larger than many cities, as for instance, Madrid. Aldea, in both languages, signifies a village, though there are market-towns that from their origin retain the name of *aldea*. Spaniards generally call a village *pueblo*; the parallel portugueze word, povo, is only used in the north of that country, for in general the inhabitants, in speaking of villages, call them *lugar*, which corresponds with the german word *ort*, a place. The common expression for what the germans call *ort* is in spanish *poblacion*, or population, in portugueze *povoação*, which is pronounced *povoasaong*. Elvas first acquired the name of a city in the reign of Dom Manuel, although it is said to be rebuilt by Dom Sancho II. who granted its foral \*. It has four parish churches, six religious houses, besides a monastery of capuchins without the gate. The town and district (*termo*), contain twelve thousand inhabitants. The streets are narrow, irregu-

\* Foral, as defined by a portugueze lawyer, signifies as leis ou titulos da creação e das condiçoēs, com que os povoadores acceitaraō as terras, the laws or titles of creation, and of the conditions under which the settlers accepted the lands.

lar, and so full of dirt, that it is difficult to wade through them even in dry weather. The Spanish towns, even Badajoz itself, are in general much cleaner and neater. The country is pleasant; the hill on which the town stands is covered with olive-trees, and in the neighbourhood are a number of kitchen-gardens and orchards of oranges. The aqueduct, which is a very fine work, and a Portuguese league in length, consists, in the neighbourhood of the hill of Elvas, where it passes through a valley, of four rows of arches, one upon another, of a considerable height. It is called *os arcos de Amoreira*, because it begins near a mulberry-tree, *amoreira*.

Elvas is governed by a corregedor, a provedor, and a juiz de fora, being the chief town of a *corregimento*. I will here endeavour to explain these terms, as the subject is not properly explained in books of geography, or even in statistical works. Originally every town and village in Portugal had its particular judge, who pronounced sentence in the first instance, and was chosen by the inhabitants. These judges are still found in some villages and market-towns in remote parts, as for instance, near cape St. Vincent's, &c. and are nearly the same as the German *dorfschulzen*, or bailiffs. They are called *juizes da terra*, or country justices. But by small degrees, as the power of the crown increased, and these officers perhaps  
giving

giving occasions to some disturbances, judges were appointed by the crown, at first in the great towns, and then in the small, and even in great villages. These judges were required to have studied at some portugueze university, and were called *juizes de fora*. All civil causes are in the first instance brought before them; and in small places they also have cognizance of criminal processes; for which, in the larger towns, a *juiz do crime* is separately appointed. Portugal is divided both into provinces and districts, which last are commonly called *comarcas*, or *corregimentos*; in the chief town of which is a *corregedor*, before whom civil and criminal processes are brought in the second instance. He has also the superintendance of the *juizes de fora*, whom they can suspend from their office. If the *corregimento* depends originally from the crown, it is called *correição*; but if from *donatarios*, it is called *ouvidoria*. Thus Braganza is still an *ouvidoria*, the dukes of Braganza being the original *donatarios*; and as most of the *ouvidorias* depend on royal houses, the distinction between those two kinds of *corregimentos* is only attended to in official papers, nor is the word *ouvidor* ever used in common language, but *corregedor*, and in official papers *corregedor ouvidor*. The seat of the *provedor* is also in the chief town of the *comarca*; but he is totally independent of the *corregedor*, and has not only

the superintendence of the execution of wills, guardianships, &c. but of the royal revenues in the district. Under him also in the great towns as to what regards the former, is a *juiz dos orfaõs*, or judge for orphans, from whom appeals lie to the *provedor*. These are the most important judicial officers in the capitals of provinces, under whom are a variety of inferior officers, such as *alcaldes*, *vereadores*, *meirinhos*, and *escrivaes*.

Elvas is the first and most important fortress in the country. The town itself is strongly fortified, and defended by two citadels situated on neighbouring hills; one called *o forte de S. Luzia*; the other erected by the Count of *Lippe Bückeburg*, and from him called *o forte de Nossa Senhora de graça de Lippe*. The prince of Waldëck, who is allowed to be a good judge, declared that the latter fort is a master-piece of fortification, and superior to any thing of the kind; nor is a foreigner permitted to enter it unless he be in the portugueze service. In the town every thing as far as could be perceived was in good order in the spring of 1798; the fort was strongly garrisoned, and new works were carrying on. In Badajoz on the contrary all was empty and forsaken, and it was evident that Portugal was in fear but not Spain. The troops at Elvas, especially the officers, had a truly military appearance; and a prussian officer who should see them on guard would

would almost have taken them for colleagues in service, whereas the Spanish troops at Badajoz he would probably have disowned.

This improvement in the Portuguese army is entirely the work of the count de Lippe, an extraordinary man who lives in the remembrance of every inhabitant of the country: for who has not heard of *o conde de Lippe* and *o gran conde*? The whole nation held him in unbounded veneration, considered him as the creator of their army, and felt, more than can be conceived on this side the Pyrenees, that he was a true knight, according to the ancient sense of that phrase. Having heard a great deal of this nobleman in Portugal, I read with uncommon pleasure what Zimmerman says of him in his work on solitude, where he pronounces an excellent judgement on him in his best language. The count of Lippe rendered it very difficult for those who followed him to live in Portugal happily and free from mortification. The count of Oeynhausen consented to change his religion, but this did not recommend him to the greater part of the nation, who are by no means bigots. The prince of Waldeck, the most amiable man Germany could send to Portugal, was reported to have gone there to retrieve his finances; for which reason the Portuguese could not bear him. He had the imprudence to serve under the duke of Lafões, which

which though that nobleman was of royal blood cost him many mortifications. Being unacquainted with Portugal, he hoped to acquire by amiable manners what is there only obtained from the higher ranks as it were by force. He died at Cintra in consequence of his bravery at Thionville where he lost an arm, which probably through the reflux of the lymphatic humours brought on a dropsy of the lungs.

The portugueze troops are far from bad, and I know regiments that exercise and fire extremely well even when compared with the troops of the various nations I have seen reviewed. To me the regiment of *Gomez Freire* at Lisbon appeared to perform their exercise better than that of Dillon, which originally consisted of emigrants, but afterwards of English. The six regiments which in the last war opposed the french in Roussillon certainly did their duty without blame, and being once surprized, though without being in fault, fought bravely. Both the emigrants under the marquis de St. Simon and the spaniards unanimously agreed in giving them this praise. In short the soldiers only want such officers and generals as Albuquerque, Pacheco, and Da Cunha, under whom I am convinced they would follow their leaders. Among them are brave and excellent officers; for the times when officers waited at table are still more passed and forgotten in Portugal than elsewhere.

But it cannot be denied that the officers are not yet respected as they deserve in a country which has so long kept its ground by its military energy. It is true, commandants of fortresses who reside at Lisbon and have at most seen their forts once in their lives, and generals who are never with their regiments, do not much contribute to this improvement, and still less the young french emigrants who are pushed in every where, and only excite hatred without doing any good. For when a nation is to be reformed or improved it must be done by the natives themselves, foreigners only serving as models till they chuse to imitate them.

The uniform of the portugueze infantry and cavalry is dark blue; that of the hussars light blue; the marines green; and the sailors are dressed like the English. But the blue or red cloth breeches of many of the regiments, and the black Manchester breeches of the officers, have an unpleasing appearance. Generals and other officers wear a suit of scarlet richly embroidered with gold. The cavalry, like that of Spain, ride stallions; but their horses are in better condition. They do not ride ill, but their uniforms ill become them. The soldiers are but poorly paid: a private receives two vintains, or forty rees (about two-pence sterling); from which something is deducted for clothing. This is extremely miserable  
pay

pay in so dear a country as Portugal, particularly at Lisbon. Bread, a fardine, and bad wine, are the constant and daily food of these men, who seldom or never taste meat or vegetables. In the year 1798 many young men were pressed, and many of the regiments increased by five hundred men; they were torn from the fields and kidnaped every where, and the government promised rewards to the juizes de fora who should send them most recruits. In consequence of this, whole troops of considerable length were often met travelling like criminals with their hands bound. It was painful to behold these unfortunate people, who perhaps could live happily and comfortably at home on the fruit of their labour, now brought by force to starve in the towns. At Lisbon I have often been solicited in an evening for charity by men among the guard at the barracks of the regiment of *Gomez Freire*, who had the greatest claim to my compassion. But can any man blame the natives of this country for shunning military service under such circumstances?

The names and number of the portugueze regiments are as follow :

Infantry. Two regiments of Elvas, two of Olivença, two of Braganza, two of Oporto, the regiments of Peniche, Setuval, Cascaes, Campomayor, Estremoz, Penamacor, Serpa, Lagos, Faro, Moura, Castello de Vide, Almeida, Chaves, Vianna,



Vianna, Valença; all which are so named from the places mentioned, but the following from their commanders, namely, the regiments of Lippe, Freire, and Lancaestre. The first regiment of Braganza and those of Moura and Estremoz were at that time in America.

Cavalry. The regiment of Kay, in Lisbon, (do Caes), the regiments of Alcantara, Evora, Elvas, Tavira, Moura, Castello branco, Almeida, Miranda, Olivença, Chaves, and Bragança. The regiment of Mecklenburgh alone takes its name, not from a place, but from the reigning duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz. To these must be added a legion of light-horse (huffars).

Artillery. The regiment of Lisbon (da Corte), those of Algarvia, Estremoz, and Oporto; to which must be added a corps of engineers.

The service of guarding the royal family is performed by the regiments at Lisbon, namely, those of Lippe, and Kay.

In the colonies are the following regiments:

Infantry. Two regiments of Bahia, the regiments of Rio de Janeiro, Maranhão, Rio negro Para, Santos, the island of Catharina, Olinda, Recife, Macapá, Angola, Mosambique, of which, however, the officers in part reside in Portugal, and perhaps also the privates; two regiments of Goa, and two legions of seapoys.

Cavalry.

Cavalry. The regiments of Minas geraes, the volunteers of the captainship of St. Paul; the dragoons of Rio grande, the light-horse of Rio grande.

Artillery. The regiments of Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Goa.

To these must be added the three regiments, which, as mentioned above, are in America.

The duke of Lafoës is Marechal geral junto a real pessoa de S. M. or general in chief, and the prince of Waldeck had the singular title of Marechal dos exercitos de S. M. or Marshall of his Majesty's armies.

It is impossible to give the exact number of the troops in the pay of Portugal, as many of the regiments were indefinitely increased. This arose in great measure from the squadron the french were fitting out at Toulon, supposed to be destined for *Algarvia*. As soon as intelligence was received of their arrival in Egypt, the eagerness to recruit the regiments was abated, but did not wholly cease. Each regiment of infantry, however, cannot be estimated at more than twelve hundred men: to these may be added the country militia, divided according to the districts, each of which has a colonel.

But enough of the portuguese military. The hill on which Elvas stands is formed of a granite consisting of white quartz, felspar, and mica,  
and

and in some parts containing steatite. On the declivity, this granite is covered with a whitish, grey, foliated, lime-stone, in which are interspersed sulphurous pyrites and fahlerz. The vegetation here is similar to that of Spain. We saw every where the beautiful *antirrhinum amethystinum*, first described in Lamark's Encyclopædia; and the beautiful *iris alata*, which we had already seen near Badajoz.

## CHAP. XIII.

*From Elvas to Estremoz.—Arrayolos.—Montemor o novo.*

THE beautiful country round Elvas soon deserts the traveller. Most of the towns in Portugal lie like islands, not unfrequently like enchanted islands, in the midst of a desert sea. Not far from Elvas we climbed a naked, barren mountain, where we saw a few single houses, but no villages. Farther on, toward the *venda do senhor jurado* (*venda*, in portuguese, signifies a detached inn), the mountains are covered with *cistus ladaniferus*, and consist of slate, with veins of quartz. This slate, which is extremely common in Portugal, is often clearly a sandstone, and not unfrequently bears traces of its origin from granite, and grains of mica and felspar; sometimes it approximates to clay-slate, and changes wholly into that substance. It forms gentle not high hills, which often show signs of containing ore.

The slate-mountains have always an arid barren appearance; and are usually, in the southern parts of Portugal, covered with *cistus ladaniferus*, a plant, without being acquainted with which, it is impossible to form an adequate idea of the appearance

appearance of these parts. It is about four, and sometimes six, feet high, the leaves have nearly the form of those of the *oleander*, are of a shining dark green, and not deciduous in winter; a very sweet-smelling gum covers the young buds and leaves, and diffuses, particularly in the evening, a very pleasant fragrance that seems to fill the air. These plants do not form a very close bush; but stand so close together, that it is difficult to force through them, and thus cramp the growth of every other plant. Hence it is very rare to find any beneath them. The flowers are uncommonly beautiful; but scarcely blow before they fall off. Each of the petals is almost three inches long by two broad, pure white, and some way in on the under side have a dark purple-red spot, resembling a drop. The whole plant is also uncommonly beautiful; but its uniformity, and the lonely deserts it forms, render it at length extremely irksome. It serves for nothing but fuel and charcoal; though, were this country populous and industrious, the gum perhaps might be employed in various ways.

The *venda* is a very small and miserable house, in a wretched country, and, indeed, a *venda* may in general be expected to be surrounded by a kind of desert. Beyond this spot we came to a wood of cork-trees, which is seldom seen in the middle of Spain. Toward Estremoz, which is

seven leagues \* from Elvas, the country becomes more pleasant, is better cultivated, and bears more olive-trees. The mountains rise again, and a whiter, or even a blacker, foliaceous limestone, which produces a very good marble, is seen in rocks in large quantities.

Estremoz is a small fortified town, and *praça de armas*, which has therefore a governor, but belongs to the *corregimento of Evora*. The number of inhabitants may amount to six thousand at the utmost. It is an ill-built place, but in the middle has a large cheerful square. There is a castle on an eminence, and the town has also some out-works. In other respects it has been a considerable place, as the number of religious houses shews, there being five in the town, and a sixth in the neighbourhood. There are a hospital and a *casa de misericordia* in almost every considerable town in Portugal; but generally in such a state that they are of very little use. The country, particularly on the side toward Lisbon, is very pleasant, and well cultivated, abounding in orange-gardens and laurels. This continues as long as the soil is lime, but we had scarcely again ascended the mountains, which consist of flaty granite, when all cultivation ceased, and nothing was seen

\* The portuguese league is various in different provinces, but always exceeds the spanish which is three thousand rods or fathoms.

but deserts covered with *cistus ladaniferus*. Three leagues from Estremoz we came to an inn called *A venda do duque*, where however no duke could lodge. Here are tracts grown over with broom, as in Spain, which in general is not common in Portugal. Nor did we perceive any cultivated lands till within a league of Arrayolos\*, an open villa with about two thousand inhabitants, a large monastery in which reside the canons of St. John the Evangelist, and a monastery of Franciscans. This place is six leagues from Estremoz, yet not a village is seen throughout that distance, nor any but single houses. The soil is sometimes granite in masses, sometimes flaty granite.

From Arrayolos the road lay through Montemor o novo, which is three leagues farther, over naked mountains, and then through a cultivated vale. After this we ascended high granite mountains covered first with evergreen oaks, and then with myrtles. The myrtle is not here a beautiful shrub, for where it covers a large tract of ground its growth is diminutive and ugly. It is only beautiful by the side of brooks, where it grows taller, and is extremely charming, when covered with its beautiful white flowers. Here all the myrtles are of the large-leaved kind; the small-leaved we only found on the heaths of Alentejo, near Azeytaõ.

\* Not Arraidos, as in some maps.

Toward Montemor o novo the country again becomes more cultivated. This open place, or villa, is very gay and lively, containing above four thousand inhabitants, four religious houses, and being very pleasantly situated on fertile granite hills. On this side we approached the town by a large and beautiful meadow; to the left we saw on a high hill an old ruined castle; and on the other side, toward Lisbon, many gardens, followed by woods of ever-green oaks; a tree which constitutes the riches of the neighbouring country, and affords food to a great number of men. A great number of swine are also fed there, and afterwards driven to Aldea Gallega, where they are shipped for Lisbon. These acorns are preferable to all other for mast, forty alqueires of these being equal to sixty of those from the cork tree. They are also roasted for the use of man, and have by no means an unpleasant flavour, but are only consumed by the poor. No attention is bestowed on the cultivation of this tree, but its propagation is left entirely to nature: a strange neglect of so important an object. The wood is reddish, solid, and good, but is chiefly used by cart-wrights; the charcoal is also much valued. I have mentioned this tree when speaking of the woods of Spain, where their fruit is likewise used as mast, and consumed by men. I would here remark, that the tree does not at all differ  
from



from the *quercus bellote* of *Desfontaines*; but *Linneus* classed it, together with another variety of which the leaves are less convex, under *quercus ilex*. In portugueze it is called *azinbeira*, and the fruit *bolota*.

The granite mountains continue a league beyond *Montemor*, and then lose themselves in a plain which extends to the banks of the *Tagus*, and is every where covered with sand and ratchil.

## CHAP. XIV.

*Heaths in the province of Alemtejo.—General remarks on that province.*

THE province of Alemtejo derives its name from *Alem*, beyond; and *Tejo*, the Tagus. It is to be lamented that the natural frontiers of this province from the river to the range of mountains which divides Algarvia are not the same as the political; for several corregimentos on the south side of the Tagus belong to the province of Estremadura. I shall however frequently, when no statistical object intervenes, use the name of Alemtejo according to its natural limits, and then I may divide the whole tract into three parts, the high or mountainous, the flat or heathy, and the *serra da Arrabida*.

We had now arrived at those great heaths which extend as far as the river, along it upward to *Salvaterra*, and downward to the sea. To the southward they extend as far as the Algarvian mountains, and to the Eastward to Beja and Evora. In the midst of this plain is the Serra, or high range of mountains above mentioned ending in the cabo Espichel above Setuval. These heaths, like that of the Lunenburg heaths, consist of innumerable small hills which give the whole an undulating

dulating appearance. The soil in some places, particularly near the river and the sea, is so sandy that we sunk deep into it; but in others, on the contrary, it is covered with coarse gravel and ratchil, which render it very solid. At some depth the sand gives place to a red solid clay containing iron, as appears in the bank of the river. Here and there also are seen beginnings of Rase-neisenstein. Swampy places are very rarely found, for in general the great aridity of the soil is the cause of the barrenness of this extensive tract of country.

We entered upon these heaths in the finest part of the year, the beginning of spring. The beautiful varieties of heath-plants, and the charming cisti of the south of Europe, were all in their highest bloom, and the mild exhilarating air was full of innumerable perfumes. Were a man suddenly transported from Germany to such a heath he might perhaps at the first view think it extraordinarily beautiful, and would not for a moment compare it with the heaths of Lunenburg, or even of England. The variety of shrubs is uncommonly great, and their beauty far excels that of our northern plants; besides which they are ever-greens, and most beautiful in winter. One species of heath, the *erica australis*, grows to the height of six feet or more, and is entirely covered with large pleasing red flowers; another called *erica umbellata*, is

indeed smaller, but the redness of the flowers is more lively. Among these are the yellow-flowered cisti, *cistus helimifolius*, *lasianthus*, *libanotis* on the yellow ground of which purple spots are often found, *cistus sampsucifolius* another with large red rose-formed flowers, *cistus crispus*, and another somewhat more rare with pure white tender flowers and of delicate growth, *cistus verticillatus*. We then came to places adorned with the violet-form flowers of the \* *lithospermum fruticosum*, mingled with the sweet-smelling *lavandula Stocchas*. Either a bush of juniper, *juniperus oxycedrus* and *phanicea*, suddenly appears, or rosemary and myrtle, or the creeping-oak, overruns all (*quercus humilis Lam.*) to say nothing of a number of beautiful bulbous plants, and other beautiful and very often rare or even unknown plants. In short the plants appeared and disappeared one after another as in a pageant, affording a most charming variety till some elevated tract covered with cistus set bounds to their beauties and formed a uniform waste.

But notwithstanding this variety of plants these heaths soon become irksome, even where they are most beautiful: for without some cultivation no country can be pleasing, unless it be sublime and romantic. How often, amid these forlorn and solitary wastes, has a row of bee-hives delighted me!

\* *Lithospermum* is gromwell; *Lavandula*, lavender. T.

Here

Here and there in these parts are seen woods of pines, especially in the neighbourhood of Lisbon. In the south of Europe two varieties of the pine are very common, the first, *pinus pinea*, a very fine tree, the stem of which grows high, straight, and stiff, and the branches bend upward, so as naturally to form a thick, large, round crown. The leaves are longer than in our *pinus sylvestris*, and its green colour is much darker. The other variety is the sea-pine (*pinus maritima* Gerardi) which never grows so high as the former, or as our german pine, has straight branches not bending upward, and therefore forms a pyramid like the fig-tree instead of a crown. Its leaves are longer and greener than in our pine, and it wants its red bark. But although it does not grow so high and handsome, yet this last property gives it a preference to ours, the small blueish-green leaves and its red bark giving it a dead and melancholy appearance. Both these trees are very useful; their wood is good, and yields a great deal of rosin, for which reason, in consequence of an order of the present active minister of marine, they have of late been burnt for tar, which never was done before. The fruit of the pine contains a pleasant almond-like kernel which is very commonly eaten and used in cooking. Another use is also made of this tree, which however, being injurious to the woods, is prohibited; but the prohibition,

hibition, as usual, is not attended to. The fishermen of Seixal, Costa, and Trafferia, tear up the roots of the young trees to give a brown colour to their nets.

Four leagues from *Mortemor o novo* we came to a small villiage called *Vendas novas*, where is a hunting seat of the prince of Brasil; three leagues farther we met with another very small village, called *Os Pegoës*, both of which were first established when Philip II. came to Lisbon\*; and five leagues farther we reached the bank of the river, where, at a market-town called *Aldea Gallega* †, it is usual to embark for Lisbon. We had travelled eleven miles over incessant heaths without seeing any thing but shrubs, pine-woods, and a few fields in the neighbourhood of the small villages. On an eminence a league from *Aldea Gallega* is a church dedicated to *Nossa senhora da Atalaya* (our lady of the watch-tower), to which the negroes in Lisbon annually make a pilgrimage, and a great concourse of people go there to see this black procession.

I hope my readers will be glad here to find an extract from a treatise on the province of Alentejo, written by Antonio Henriques da Silveira contained in the first volume of the *Memorias economicas* of the academy of sciences at Lisbon.

\* Zeileri Itinerar. Hisp. — Norimb. 1637. p. 279.

† The Gallician village. T.

This paper shews an accurate knowledge of the country, and throws light on the general state of Portugal; but is written in so pedantic a stile, and loaded with so much verbosity, that an abstract of it will perhaps be more acceptable than the treatise itself. It begins with the advantages of cultivation, mentions the emperor of China, who guides the plough himself, Ancus Martius and Cincinnatus, and when he comes to speak of the want of population, introduces a short history of Portugal.

“ Alemtejo, says he, is the least populous province of Portugal; for though thirty-six leagues long, and nearly as broad, it contains only four cities, one hundred and five towns (villas), three hundred and fifty-eight parishes, and about three hundred thousand inhabitants\*. The towns are very populous, comparatively more so than the rest of Portugal; but there is a scarcity of villages, which generally contribute most to cultivation, many of the inhabitants of towns leading idle lives. One cause of the thin population of this province arises from its having always been the theatre of war between Spain and Portugal. It also contains a great number of fortresses, maintains ten regiments of infantry, and four of cavalry, which are constantly recruited there, and form a fourth part of the military establishment of the

\* According to the last lists they amount to 339,355.

whole country. Every town and village in the province, except these fortresses, now contain fewer inhabitants than in the beginning of the last century, and in all of them are empty houses. The troops should also be recruited from other provinces.

“ The best means of improving this province would be that the crown should establish small villages of about twenty houses, or grant permission to private persons to form such establishments, granting them the manorial rights and privileges.

“ To this proposal it is objected, first, that there is a scarcity of water ; but this is by no means universal, and might be obviated by sinking wells, as is already practised in many places in this province : secondly, that the soil is too bad ; but wherever it will afford pasture for cattle, corn may be produced, at least rye and even maize, especially on the banks of the rivers : thirdly, that the population is too scanty ; but the province of Minho is so populous that many of its inhabitants annually emigrate into other provinces ; how easy therefore would it be to employ those men in such establishments : fourthly, that the quantity of cultivation would not be increased if these men were settled on lands already cultivated ; but if these lands were divided into small lots or parcels, the soil being nearer their habitations would be

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be better manured and cultivated, and would not be suffered to lie fallow two following years, being sown only once in three years, as is now practised, but would be sown during the two years, and fallowed the third: fifthly, that no one would be willing to embark the capital requisite for establishing such villages; but so much money is spent in pursuits of luxury and distinction that it cannot be doubted that many would be willing thus to employ some part of their money in purchasing the title of lord of a village. To raise a company of cavalry costs eight thousand crusades, in consideration of which the king grants a captain's patent (or commission), and yet when it was known that five companies were to be raised in Algarvia no less than one hundred and fifty-four candidates offered.

“ The lands in Alemtejo are far from being well cultivated. In that province are three kinds of soil; fruitful black solid fat earth is found in the red clay of Elvas, Campomayor, Olivença, Fronteira, Estremoz, Beja, and Serpa; a lighter earth mixed with a little sand forms the soil round Evora and Arrayolos, where the bad kinds of wheat, barley, and rye succeed very well, and cork trees and evergreen oaks also grow; and a sandy barren soil forms the heaths of *Cantarinho*, *Ponte de Sor*, *Monte Argil*, *Tancos* and *Vendas Novas*, a tract of country about thirty leagues in circumference.

cumference. They were once full of cork-trees, but these have been sold to the charcoal-burners, and thus the woods have been destroyed, excepting at a distance from the rivers. These heaths serve only as pasture for goats, and yet at a depth beneath the surface lies a solid stratum of clay, which might be brought up by the plough, and the soil thereby rendered more fit for cultivation. More pines also should be planted, and defended from goats, though not in the neighbourhood of the roads on account of robbers. Further on are marshy tracts near *Rio frio*, *Relva*, and *Barroco de Alva*, which might be drained. A large tract of land in this province is grown over with cistus, particularly round Aviz, which is usually cut down every eight years and burnt, and the ground sown with corn. This produces at most eight fold, but the chace is thereby destroyed, and the burning often consumes both woods and crops. It is true those who cause these damages are liable to fines, but they are generally too poor for prosecution.

“ The rivers in Alemtejo, particularly in winter, are very rapid, and do much damage. The banks therefore ought to be planted with trees to confine them in some measure within their beds.

“ The south side of the Serra de Ossa is very fertile but almost entirely uncultivated; the north  
side

side is quite naked, but might be planted with chefnuts.

“ The commons in this province are generally covered with *cistus*\*. In some parts where it is used to heat ovens, as in the neighbourhood of Estremoz where the field-bakehouse for the soldiers is situated, it must be preserved, and in other parts it serves as pasture for cattle. In other parts the commons ought to be divided into lots, but none of these lots should be given to the rich, as they would be sure to have the best part.

“ The whole province is full of vagabond beggars who beg or steal by day, and at night sleep in the huts of the husbandmen. At a wedding or christening from eighty to a hundred often appear, and through a mistaken piety or vanity the rich peasants feed them, while others who perceive the absurdity of these prejudices likewise feed them through fear, lest they should set fire to their corn. Hence these vagabonds are very coarse and rude. The good old laws of Dom Juan III. and Dom Sebastian against beggars ought therefore to be renewed, and it would be extremely well if those that go about with holy pictures to collect charity, and the pilgrims of St. Jago de Compostella were also put under some restrictions †.

\* By *mato* in this work is always meant the *cistus ladaniferus*.

† To which however the queen herself sent costly presents.

The nobility have too large herds of small cattle as sheep and goats, for which reason they do not have the heaths cultivated, but hire other lands besides their own which are thus likewise deprived of cultivation. Some of these, who do not possess pasture for above eighty sheep keep above a thousand, the land of their neighbours supplying the deficiency. The law indeed endeavours to prevent these robberies by appointing sworn watchmen; but this only increases the evil, as these men always have an understanding with the offenders, and the poor neighbours cannot obtain justice against criminals of rank and power. The nobility generally find various means of evading the penalties which the poor are obliged to pay. In the war of 1762 many of the peasantry who had only two carts were stripped of both, whereas from the nobles who had many not one was pressed.

“ The luxury of the peasantry\* is another impediment to the prosperity of this province. The Spaniards sell us thin silks, which cost little and do not last; but satisfy the vanity of those who wish often to appear in new dresses. The trades-people of Badajoz annually import to the value of more than a hundred thousand crusades. A sumptuary law might prevent this. The farmers<sup>‡</sup> also too of-

\* The German author uses throughout the work, the same word for peasants and farmers (*lauer*) from which the word *loor* is derived. †.

ten send their sons to universities and bring them up to the church.

“The numerous fast-days are also very prejudicial. Permission ought to be given to work after mass, as the bishops of Coimbra, Lamego, Portalegre, and Oporto have done, and certainly without committing any crime.

“Many estates belong jointly to several proprietors, one of whom called the *Senhorio* or *Posseirõ* has a right to make all the contracts, and to let the estate when and how he pleases, and the other proprietors (*quinheiros*) only receive their share whether fixed or contingent. Meanwhile they are bound to pay a fourth part of all necessary expenses in proportion to their shares, but not to any disbursements, the object of which is to improve the estate. This regulation is evidently prejudicial. It is an old custom to dispense with some part of the taxes in bad years; but with this regulation it does not take place, as the copartners are willing to participate in the profits, but not in the losses.

“Hence these lands are generally covered with cistus (*mato*): In 1773 the whole of this regulation was abolished; but in 1777 this law was re-established on account of the abuses that arose. A law would be extremely useful and necessary, whereby the joint tenants should be paid off by a fixed sum or yearly rent.”

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Thus

Thus spoke this bold and excellent man; but I must be permitted to add a few remarks. Many parts of Alemtejo are ill adapted to growing corn, as for instance the heaths along the banks of the Tagus, the soil of which is a deep fine sand. The above-mentioned writer advises that the stratum of clay which lies beneath it should be brought to the surface; though I doubt whether it would produce a good effect, the clay being very hard and mixed with iron, nor would any be left to plant with cork trees, firs, and sea pines; besides which, the heaths are so well adapted for bees, that Portugal might supply foreign countries with wax and honey; but this branch of husbandry is neglected because the bees destroy the grapes.

There are also hills covered with *cistus* that are incapable of cultivation, there being too little mould in the soil, which consists of a very coarse sand. Here too bees might perhaps be advantageous, as might the cultivation of the kermes-oak, were the population more numerous, both on account of the cochineal and of the sweetness of its fruit. On the other hand a quantity of land which is covered with *cistus* in the corregimento of Ourique, between Mertola and Serpa, and in other places, clearly shows that with good cultivation the soil will produce corn, and in this case the proposals of the above-mentioned author should be maturely considered.

considered. But he forgot two circumstances; as long as numerous monasteries oppress and drain the country with continual contributions, no improvements can be expected. This every portuguese well knows, and even confesses in conversation; though no one dares to print it. The ambitious mind of Pombal was too much governed by little passions; or he would have opposed the priesthood with more spirit, and the nobility with more manhood. The other impediment arises from the badness of the roads; a great part of Alemtejo round the Campo de Ourique being wholly destitute of carriage-roads; which, where they exist, are extremely wretched. The small districts round Beja and toward the Serra de Monchique, where the traveller to his great astonishment suddenly meets with high-roads, are so small as scarcely to deserve mentioning. The prince of Brasil, when he met the king of Spain at Elvas, patiently bore the jolting of this wretched high-road into Spain, instead of having a royal road made for his royal father-in-law. The upper Alemtejo would export, and consequently grow, much more corn, if there were but roads for its conveyance. The count of Obidos complained much to us, that through want of roads he had no market for his produce, his estate being seven leagues from the river; and that the danger of sailing out of the harbour of Setuval,

and of entering the Tagus, was too great to be incurred.

The high roads toward Spain should therefore be repaired, and another road should be made from Beja to Mertola, of which the roads to Setuval and across the Campo de Ourique to Monchique and Algarvia might be branches. Among the heaths is the Serra de Arrabida, which would supply great abundance of stone for this purpose; an advantage not to be found in the heaths of many other countries.

Throughout Portugal travellers are uncommonly safe from robbery, excepting that a part of Alemtejo, particularly on the frontiers of Spain, and especially the high road into that country, had acquired a bad character in this respect. The danger however is by no means so great as in many parts of Spain.



## CHAP. XV.

*Lisbon, description of that city.*

THE view of Lisbon, if the traveller pass the river either from Aldea Galega, Mouta, or Casilhas, is uncommonly fine; nor do I know any large town that forms so majestic an appearance. The vast expanse of water, a river in many parts more than two german miles\* broad, the great number of ships, the wide-extended city adorning an amphitheatre of hills that lie contiguous to the river, together with a crowd of churches, cultivated heights covered with country-houses, monasteries, churches, gardens, and olive-trees, are certainly an extraordinary assemblage of uncommon beauties. At a great distance, where the limits of the town can scarcely be distinguished, the whole bank of the river seeming as it were one city, the majestic, pointed, rocky mountains of Cintra form the back ground of the landscape, after the lofty Serra de Arrabida among the heaths on the south side of the river have already surprised the spectator. But as he approaches he at length more distinctly perceives the town which

\* A german mile is about four and a half English miles. Fifteen german miles are equal to a degree, or sixty-nine and a half English miles. T.

covers the hills to the top, the beautiful Praça do commercio, or Merchant's-square, the new streets, the arsenal, and the corn-market. He perceives the river narrowing toward its mouth, and pouring its waters into the sea between the hills, which here also rise on the south bank, though elsewhere flat, while large ships cover its surface. He admires these hills, which, on the north side, are adorned by the villages of Belem, Ajuda, and its brilliant churches, together with the royal menagerie; and on the south by a market-town called Almada, whose church stands on the summit of the first hill. Such is the view of Lisbon; nor can we blame the portugueze when they speak of it as the handsomest city in the world; they have a proverb which says, *Que não tem visto Lisboa, não tem visto cousa boa*. He that has not seen Lisbon, has seen nothing that is worth seeing. And in fact there exists not perhaps elsewhere so fine a view.

According to the last observations\* Lisbon is situated in  $38^{\circ}. 42'. 58''. 5'''$ . north latitude, and in  $11^{\circ}. 29'. 15''$ . west longitude from Paris, being nearly in the same parallel as Messina in Sicily. The portuguese compute the length of the city at two leagues; and indeed the distance from Belem to the eastern extremity appeared to me a full

\* Vide *Memorias da Academia de Lisboa*. Lisb. 1797. vol. I. p. 305.

german mile. This distance renders it necessary to add that every computation of latitude and longitude is taken from the Praça do commercio in the middle of Lisbon. The breadth of the town is very various, often but small, and sometimes quite inconsiderable, not exceeding one street, but never much more than half a league.

The population is here, as throughout Portugal, very difficult to ascertain. Only the number of houses is accurately known, and the number of inhabitants must be thereby calculated; for that of communicants (*peçoas de communhão*) is very uncertain, as many frauds are practised in this respect. If enquiry be made in the small towns of the *juizes de fora* or corregedores, they give a round and generally exaggerated number, in order to magnify the consequence of the place where they live. According to the last decennial census in the year 1790 the forty parishes of Lisbon contained 38,102 fire-places or hearths; a number which is repeated by Murphy without adding, as he ought, that it includes the suburbs of Junqueira and Alcantara, but not the villages of Belem and Campo-grande; though they also, particularly the first, are connected with the town, being in the termo of Lisbon. The number of persons however assigned by Murphy to each house, namely six, is certainly too small. If therefore we reckon Belem, a market-town which

completely joins Junqueira, the population may be estimated with confidence at above 300,000, exclusive of the military.

Lisbon is quite open on all sides, having neither walls nor gates, nor even any fortifications, except a small castle in the middle of the town, and a number of batteries or small forts on the river. The ground is very hilly, and, according to the portuguese writers, the city stands, like ancient Rome, on seven hills; an absurd division, which, however, the moderns are very fond of imitating. I shall consider it as standing on three, and divide my observations on the city accordingly.

The first hill, or rather mountain, begins at the bridge of Alcantara, forming the proper western limit of the town, and extends to the *rua de San Bento*, or St. Benedict's street. This hill is unquestionably the highest, being much celebrated for its salubrious air, for which reason one of the streets bears the spanish name of *Buenos ayres*, instead of the portuguese words *Bons ares*. At the western extremity it is but little cultivated, but farther to the eastward up to its summit, forming also to the eastward a plain, on which stands the new monastery. In many parts it is so steep that it is a labour to walk the streets, and even the lower street, which runs along the river, rises and falls considerably. During the heavy rains the water rushes down the streets with such

violence

violence that they are often impassable, and at the bottom of the *calçada de estrela* some *gallegos* \* post themselves at these times, and convey the passengers for a trifle. Instances have occurred of men and horses being carried away by the torrent and almost precipitated into the river. This inconvenience however is attended with the advantage of washing away the filth, and cleansing the town. Immediately after the earthquake this hill was more built upon, as the shocks were much less severe there. Foreigners also prefer these situations, both on this account and for the salubrity of the air. Hence many handsome houses are interspersed in various parts. The streets are irregularly built, ill paved, often narrow, and not unfrequently full of new but small and wretched houses. Hitherto the hill is but scantily covered with them, and we are surpris'd to meet, not only with gardens, but considerable corn-fields amid the buildings, which, with the dirtiness of the town, and the badness of the police, give it an oriental appearance. On this hill the queen has built a church and convent (dedicated to the heart of Jesus), to which she is much attached. It is generally called *o convento novo*, or the new

\* Porters; literally Gallicians, because vast numbers of the lower classes in that province emigrate to all parts of Spain and Portugal, and act in that capacity. T.

convent. The church is handsome, its excellent and beautifully white limestone giving it a very cheerful appearance, though the architecture is in a bad taste ; for it is overloaded with ornament. Not far from this convent, on the other side of a square is the protestant burying-place, in which are many monuments, particularly that of Fielding, who died here. This cemetery is planted with cypresses and judas-trees (*cercis siliquastrum*), a combination much used for such situations in the south of Europe, and originally an oriental custom. In spring the last-mentioned tree is covered with red \* papilionaceous blossoms, and forms a beautiful contrast with the dark hue of the cypress. In this country the proud palm or date-tree (*phœnix dactylifera*), bears its lofty crown high above the houses. Not far from thence, leaving the houses behind us, we came to a pleasant plain, called Campo de Ourique, separated from the neighbouring hills by deep vallies, and used at that time as a place of exercise by a regiment of emigrants which was lodged there in handsome barracks, having been first occupied by Dillon's regiment, and afterwards by that of Montemar. It was also used as a promenade by the lower and middling classes.

\* Or rather of a fine purple. T.

The second hill is only a continuation of the first, from which it is separated by a valley of no great depth. It extends from the *rua de San Bento*, to the valley in which are the three new streets built by Pombal. Excepting a few of the principal streets, the rest are crooked, narrow, and wholly destitute of regularity; the small streets leading to the bank of the river are horridly dirty, the filth being heaped together so that the passenger must be well acquainted with the narrow paths that run among these heaps, to be able to walk the streets. At the foot of the eastern side of this hill the earthquake did great damage, in consequence of which many handsome new built houses adorn it, and here, as in many other places, traces of that convulsion appear in ruined churches and monasteries. On this eastern declivity is the opera-house and the residence of Quintella, the great dealer in diamonds and richest merchant of Lisbon. Above the public promenade beyond the *Praça de Rocio* this hill rises to a considerable height, and is very steep toward the next valley. The view from this eminence is uncommonly fine. In the valley beneath appears the best part of the town; to the left are olive-gardens interspersed with country houses, monasteries, and churches; opposite is the high steep hill on which the castle stands, and to the left the Tagus covered with ships. This spot

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is very much used in such a manner that it is impossible to approach it without disgust.

This hill is succeeded by an even valley of considerable length and breadth, which forms the broadest part of the town. This valley was totally destroyed by the earthquake of 1755; after which it was entirely rebuilt. It is somewhat singular that the limits of the effects of that convulsion should be so strongly marked; for on the steep declivity of the mountain the streets and houses remained. The priests attributed the destruction of the play-houses to the finger of God; but Pombal answered, with some point, why then did the earthquake so signally spare these streets of brothels? On the bank of the river the valley begins with the large and handsome square called *Praça do commercio*, formerly the terrace or parade of the royal palace (*terreiro do paço*), which is six hundred and ten feet by five hundred and fifty. The quay and the groups of people where the ships and boats are landing and taking in their cargoes, are objects that far excel the quays of London and Paris. The east side is formed by a large building with an arcade ending, toward the water, in a pavilion which is used as an exchange. Opposite to it is a similar building unfinished and without a pavilion. The ends of the three streets which terminate in this square are also unfinished, nor does there appear any probability of their  
being



being completed, as they have been long neglected. In the centre is an equestrian statue of Dom Joseph in bronze, on a pedestal of stone adorned with various symbols. It is well known that Pom- bal had a figure of himself introduced on the pe- destal, but this was removed after his fall, and re- placed by a medallion with two ships. The artist who made the model was *Joaquim Machado de cas- tro*, and the founder *Bartholomeo de costa*. To me the statue appeared to have but very little merit, both the horse and rider are stiff, the symbols in my opinion are ill chosen and ill disposed, and the whole overloaded. Nor must the spectator compare it with the masterly workmanship of the bronze equestrian statue of Philip II, at Buen re- tiro. The three principal streets which were re- built since the earthquake lead from this square to that of Rocio. They are straight and broad, pro- vided with causeways; and not built as separate houses, several of them forming large buildings which make a very handsome appearance; but the upper stories seem proportionably too small, the windows too narrow, the panes of glass too diminutive, and the balconies are an impediment to a beautiful form. In the middle street *rua Au- gusta* live the gold and silver-smiths, and in the two others the artisans of other metals, who, as is usual in the south of Europe, work on the ground floor close to the door, and therefore make a most intolerable

intolerable noise. The line that divides east and west Lisbon, which is an ecclesiastical distinction, (the former belonging to the bishoprick of Lisbon, and the latter to the patriarchate \*), passes through this part of the town. The praça de Rocio (neither recio nor roscio), is large, and like the praça do commercio unpaved in the middle; but is much more incumbered with filth and puddles. Here is the great palace of the inquisition: A narrow street leads from this to another small square used as a promenade, and forming a moderate-sized garden, with several avenues of various kinds of trees, purposely intermingled, and some clipped hedges, though the place is very small: nor is it much frequented, the portuguese not being fond of walking, and this spot not very charming. In a narrow street behind this garden are the portuguese playhouse and the square used for bull-fights. To the east of the praça de Rocio is a large market-place, called *a Figueira*, to the westward of the praça de commercio is the fish-market, and near it another square, called *a ribeira nova*, which is much more frequented as a promenade than the praça do commercio.

\* John V. who vied with Lewis XIV. in luxury, applied to the pope for permission to erect a patriarchate; the patriarch and prebends of the patriarchal church, who have the title of Monsenhores, were to represent the pope and his cardinals. Pombal much diminished the revenues of the patriarchate.

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The third hill begins with an eminence, on which is the castle of Lisbon, called *o castello dos Mouros*, from which it continues, with some interruptions of plains, to the eastern extremity of the town. The castle is a small fort, and could only serve to defend the town against a sudden attack. This part of the town also consists of narrow, irregular, ill-paved streets, with a neat house here and there. It appears from the style of building that this is the oldest part of Lisbon; the houses being narrow, but high, containing many stories, and bearing gothic ornaments; a mode of building which has been justly exploded in a country where earthquakes are so frequent. We must not look for models of architecture in any part of Lisbon, either among private houses or public edifices, though many may be called handsome. The interior disposition of the apartments is as bad as in Spain, and the entrance no less shocking. Even among the churches there is no one particularly distinguished, and a constant noise of little bells and wretched chimes renders them still more unpleasant.

Following the river to the eastward of Lisbon small houses continue almost all the way, and one village succeeds to another. To the west Belem so nearly joins Lisbon that it is difficult to discover the separation, and the suburb of Alcantara is only divided by a bridge over a small brook which  
here.

here falls into the Tagus. This suburb is only separated by an artificial boundary from that of Junqueira \*, as is the latter from the town of Belem. A foreigner, however, going to Belem, would not suppose he had quitted Lisbon. It is a considerable market-town where many persons of property and tradespeople of the higher classes have houses. Formerly the royal family resided there, but the castle being burnt they removed to Queluz. A royal castle is to be again built there, which at least will stand on firm ground, and have an excellent view of the harbour and the sea; advantages which they perhaps justly prefer to mere elegance and taste in architecture. In Belem is a monastery of Hieronymites instituted by Dom Manuel, the architecture of which is very striking, for instead of endeavouring to preserve symmetry the greatest pains have been taken to avoid every external appearance of regularity, one pillar being made intentionally different from another, and it is evident that in those times the portuguese only sought for something new and uncommon. The adjoining church however is in a gothic but grand style, and gave me no unpleasant impression. There are besides in Belem two new-built neat and very handsome churches. Near to one, that of Nossa Senhora de Ajuda, is the botanic garden

\* Junqueira is not a fortification, as Büsching says, but an open suburb.

and museum, and farther on a royal garden, (*a quinta da raynha*), with a menagerie at the entrance and several aviaries. It is opened for a trifling fee to persons of condition as a promenade; but in itself, like the menagerie, is very insignificant. Beyond Belem is a park of considerable size belonging to the prince, the trees and bushes of which are olive-trees and broom (*spartium sphaerocarpon*): The chace on the north of the river is confined to the prince, but that on the south is free for the public.

The Tagus washes the foundations of the houses throughout Lisbon. Toward the eastern part it is about two leagues broad, or, if the breadth be taken to the end of the reach, three leagues. The opposite bank consists of the heaths above described. To the west, and nearly opposite to the praça do commercio, it grows narrower, and as far as its mouth is only about a league broad: the opposite bank, at the same time, rises, forming steep precipices toward the stream. The river is often entirely covered with ships, and large men of war may lie opposite the town, the views in many parts of which are uncommonly fine; the spectator beholds at his feet a majestic river covered with ships, and can often trace its course as far as the sea: the dark heaths are seen at a distant part of the opposite bank, which, as it approaches,

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forms

forms gay, populous, and cultivated hills; and the market-town called Almada, with its church on the summit of the hill, and the English hospital at the foot of it, give life and interest to the picture. It was a majestic view to contemplate the city relieved by the river, and the river by the ships; but all this arises from a circumstance which renders either walking or riding extremely irksome, the steepness of the hills on which the city is built.

## CHAP. XVI.

*The Country round Lisbon.*

THE side of Lisbon toward the country consists entirely of hills, from which are seen only the highest edifices of the town, and the traveller suddenly arrives in the city before he is aware of it: The greater part of the country round Lisbon; particularly on the east and north sides to a considerable distance from the town, are covered with large gardens surrounded with high walls, between which it is insufferably tedious to travel; sometimes for leagues, without seeing any other object, and in continual danger of mistaking the road. This morose oriental moorish taste arises probably from jealousy and passions of a like nature, which seem to desire a fortification rather than a garden. These large gardens are called in Portuguese *quinta*; they are often of considerable extent and laid out rather for use than pleasure, generally containing plantations of orange and olive-trees, and sometimes even corn fields and vineyards. A pretty large garden-house is attached to them, and families are accustomed to spend a part of the summer there. The Portuguese language abounds in words for gardens; besides

*quinta*, a garden behind a dwelling house is called *quintal*, a garden for any particular object *jardin*, for instance *jardin botanico*, and a kitchen-garden, whether open or inclosed with hedges, *borta*. Of these there are few on the north side of the river, but more on the south. The quintas are often very pleasant though little art is employed, and frequently no other traces of it appear than a natural or artificial stream, bordered with laurel trees which here grow tall and slender, to the height of twenty or thirty feet, or poplars and similar trees. Quintas laid out for pleasure are very rare, and in these the new French taste is imitated. One of the best gardens of this kind round Lisbon is that of the Marquis de Abrantes, in a market town called Bemfica. The gardens round Lisbon please strangers on account of the plants they produce, those which with us are reared with great pains in pots and houses, grow here wild and high. The stately magnolium, the date-palm, the banana-tree, are lofty and covered with flowers, the stork-bill from the cape, and various kinds of cereus from America form the hedges, and *Mesembryanthema*\* hang a long way down the walls, which seem covered with a thick texture of flowers.

Beyond the western part of Lisbon the country is not so well cultivated, and there are naked and rocky hills. But where these are not too stony

\* Fig-marigold.



they are luxuriantly fertile, and render the flora of the capital the richest throughout the country. This particularly applies to the hills of basalt; a stone which moulders into a fertile clay, and this being drenched in winter with rain water, produces in the spring the most beautiful blossoms. On a small hill beyond the powder-mill at Alcantara, we found no fewer than sixteen kinds of trefoil, and seven of lotus\*. Here grows the stately scilla† hyacinthoides, the native soil of which is not yet known, the Ornithogallum ‡ Arabicum, the Allium§ speciosum, and the iris || juncea. L'Écluse who herborised there more than 200 years ago celebrates these hills for their botanical riches. In the beginning of April the convolvulus tricolor covers these fields with its sky blue flowers, which seemed to rival the clear firmament of this happy climaté.

The hills form the meadows of Lisbon. Meadows such as the inhabitants of northern climates may suppose, and covered with grass, are rarely seen here, thick verdure being uncommon in the low and hot countries of the south of Europe. The blades of grass stand single and scarce, but on the other hand the soil is covered with various kinds of trefoil and similar plants. But our common clover is here very rare.

\* Schotenklec. † The squill. ‡ Star of Bethlehem.  
 § Garlic. || Flower de luce, or flag-flower.

The soil round Lisbon consists of lime-stone and basalt; the former lying at top, and being here and there very white, close, and excellent for building, but breaking too coarse for the statuary. Another singular species of lime-stone, which only form a mass of petrification, appears at a depth in both banks of the river, lying beneath the other strata. The basalt begins at the bank not far from the sea, and then proceeds through Quelus toward Bellas; meanwhile a branch of the basalt mountain extends beyond the city by the aqueduct, and unites with the fore-mentioned chain toward Bellas. From thence the basalt country extends as far as Cabeça de montachique. It properly forms only one mass of basalt, which is here and there covered with lime-stone. It is particularly striking that basalt is only found in those two parts of Portugal, Lisbon and Cape St. Vincent, where the earthquake of 1755 was most violent; and this circumstance is thought to confirm the opinion that basalt covering great strata of coal furnishes materials for subterraneous fires, and thus gives rise to earthquakes and volcanoes; but it must not be forgotten that Belem, which partly stands on a basalt hill, suffered less from that earthquake than some parts of the town evidently founded upon lime-stone; perhaps the basalt had at some former period been forced up from these parts by a similar

milar convulsion; and the shocks which Lisbon has felt from time to time are attempts of nature to raise other similar hills. But it is evident this is one of the innumerable hypotheses that have been thrown out without proof on this subject. Portugal however is rich in warm springs, which are doubtless the effect of subterraneous fires. Such springs are found even in Lisbon, though the warmth is very slight; also, at Cascaes a few miles from Lisbon.

Close to the north side of the town, is that bold and grand work of art, the aqueduct called *os arcos*, by which water is brought from several springs situated at a distance of three leagues and near the village of Bellas\*, being in some parts conducted under ground. Near the town it passes over a deep valley, and the works are planned with great magnificence. It rests on several bold arches, the largest of which is 230 feet 10 inches French high, and 107 feet 8 inches broad. The view is singular when the spectator stands beneath it, and its pointed arches seem changed into a majestic vault that re-echos every sound. The whole length of the aqueduct is 2400 feet. In the middle is a covered arched way, of seven or eight feet, where the water flows on each side through a tunnel of stone. Without this arched

\* Not near Cintra, as M. Tilesius in his appendix to The newest Picture of Lisbon more than once asserts.

way and on each side is a path, where two persons can conveniently walk abreast with a parapet, over which they may look down to its base. The small towers perhaps disturb the general effect, but could not be dispensed with, for they serve as ventilators.

The water enters the town at a place called da Amoreira, where it divides into several other aqueducts, and supplies the fountains (or chafarizes) which are often very ornamental, though in a bad taste. Here the gallegos draw water in small barrels, and cry it about the streets. The water is very good, containing a portion of oxygenated calcareous earth, its sources being in limestone hills\*. The Portuguese being inhabitants of a warm climate, cannot be blamed for loving good water, but the ridiculous accounts of Costigan and other travellers on this subject are much exaggerated. In summer, water is sold by the glass throughout Spain and Portugal, in the public squares and promenades; and among both these nations an excellent method is used, to keep water and other liquors cool in summer. Earthen vessels are made of clay containing lime and iron, so as to be very porous, but without glazing. These vessels which are called *bucaros* or *alcarrazes*, suf-

\* To those who are contented to read a very bad chemical essay on this water, I would recommend a paper by Bandelle, in Vol. 1. of the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences at Lisbon.

fer the moisture to pervade their substance in the form of a fine dew, which is continually evaporating, and thus producing cold. At first they give the water an unpleasant earthy taste, which however it soon loses by use \*.

The trees that grow here on the north side of Lisbon, are chiefly olive and orange-trees; but other fruit-trees are more scarce, and even almond-trees are not numerous. Cypresses, judas-trees, elms, and poplars, appear here and there. Of oaks, beeches, and linden-trees, there are none, and willows are extremely rare. From these particulars may be perceived, how different is the character of a Lisbon view from those of Germany. The orange-tree is most striking, although near Lisbon it does not grow very high; there are many plantations of it, both in quintas where it sometimes forms little groves, and in open spots. It requires much water, which is supplied to plantations by channels, which are filled by water-wheels †. The earth is heaped up at their roots,

\* Of this, more will be said in the 2d chapter on Coimbra.

† Probably as in Spain by a perpendicular wheel, bearing a revolving rope of small buckets, which much exceeding the circumference of the wheel on which it hangs, takes the water from any depth. These as they pass over the wheel pour their contents into a tunnel, which supplies the channels. This machine is worked by a horse, who by means of a shaft turns an horizontal cog-wheel, locking into the former. A similar contrivance is used in Persia. T.

and

and the water conducted between these heaps. They are propagated by seed and afterwards grafted. In December and January, the oranges begin to turn red, and at the end of January, and in February, before they are ripe and sweet they are gathered for exportation. Toward the end of March, and in April, they are very good, but delicate persons will not eat them till the beginning of May; at which time they begin to be perfectly sweet and well flavored. They continue throughout June and July till August, and at length become scarce and over-ripe. At the end of April and in May appear the blossoms, the fragrance of which extends far and wide; the quantity of golden fruit amid the dark branches, and relieved still more by the white blossoms, which at the same time adorn them continually, excite new admiration, though the same object daily recurs. One tree frequently bears 1,500 oranges, and examples are not wanting of their bearing 2,000, and sometimes though rarely, 2,500. Those from Lumiar are particularly good, and some knights of Malta have assured me that these, and the oranges from Condeixa near Coimbra, are by no means inferior to those of Malta. I have also found those of Vidigueira in Alemtejo, uncommonly delicate. At Lisbon they are not cheap, but in the provinces excellent oranges may  
be

be bought for about half a farthing sterling each. Oranges are sold wholesale on the trees, and there are people who understand how to appreciate the number they bear. They are then gathered, carefully packed in chests, and shipped. The greater part are sent to England, or conveyed in English vessels to other parts, but some of the rich merchants who have long dealt in them, assured us that they do not yield any great profit, and often leave a loss. Other acid fruits, as for instance lemons, are scarce at Lisbon, but more abundant in the colder regions of Portugal.

Besides the orange groves, strangers are particularly struck with the hedges of American aloes (*agave Americana*) and the indian figs (*cactus opuntia*) in the southern parts of Spain and Portugal; both of which are easily planted, forming hedges impenetrable to cattle, but easily destroyed by men, though difficult to confine within bounds. They will grow also on an extremely bad sandy soil. In July and August, when the aloes are in bloom, these high stems covered with flowers form a very beautiful object, whereas in Germany, a single aloe in bloom is publickly advertised in the newspapers. It is called in Portugueze *pita*, but round Lisbon they are only used for hedges. The Indian fig, in Portugueze *figo do inferno*, so called on account of its prickles, forms a worse hedge,

hedge, but grows on a worse soil, is very ornamental through its yellow flowers, and bears an esculent fruit sold in Lisbon, and by no means unpleasant. In these hedges are found great numbers of pomegranate-trees, of which the beautiful blossoms are more esteemed than the fruit:



## CHAP. XVII.

*Climate of Lisbon.—Provisions there.*

THE climate of Lisbon is very salutary and pleasant to those who are accustomed to it. The winter, as to vegetation, is the end of July, the month of August, and the beginning of September; at which time every thing is parched up, not a green blade of grass to be seen, and the foliage of the evergreens is shrivelled up and has a melancholy appearance. The heat continues incessantly with the sky almost always serene, though it is much relieved by sea-breezes. In summer the north wind prevails in Portugal, but its direction being changed by the mountains of Cintra it becomes a North-west, which considerably cools the air. In September the evenings are frequently cold, though at noon the air is proportionately too hot. The greatest heat always accompanies the east wind; and in the summer of 1798 Fahrenheit's thermometer rose to  $104^{\circ}$  ( $32^{\circ}$  of Reaumur). A heat equal to  $96^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit is not uncommon in Portugal; and from comparative observations it appears, that the climate is hotter there than in Rio Janeiro in Brasil, though the heat does not continue near so long. From  
 Midsummer-

Midsummer-day to the middle of September rain is extremely uncommon, and even in the beginning of that month very scanty: the drought often continues much longer. Immediately after the first rains follow the autumnal flowers, the meadow saffron (*colchica*, two species but little known), saffron (*crocus sativus*), the autumnal snowdrop (*leucojum autumnale*), the sweet-smelling *ranunculus bullatus*, and many others. These appear in the higher lands round Cintra, where the rains are earlier than in the lower parts round Lisbon. Immediately after the autumnal flowers come the spring-plants, owing to which the interval between spring and autumn is scarcely perceptible. In October the young grass springs up and the new leaves shoot out, rendering it the pleasantest month of the year. In November and December fall heavy rains with frequent storms. Days of perpetual silent rain are very rare; for in general it comes down in torrents. The brooks round Lisbon, which it was a little while before easy to step over, and which wholly disappear in summer, now rush like torrents down the hills. This swelling of the streams renders travelling difficult at that season, and would retard the operations of war as much in winter as the drought in summer. In January cold clear weather often prevails; but becomes milder in February, which is generally a very pleasant month. We passed at  
Lisbon

Lisbon the greater part of the winter of 1798-9, which in Germany is still remembered with horror for its length and severity. It was certainly cold there also, froze on the mountains before the town, and before sun-rise ice was even found in the fountains of Lisbon, though it was soon thawed by the sun. The cold was frequently sensible, and many tender people had fires in their chimneys, which, however, are only found in the houses of foreigners; nor is even the brafero of the Spaniards common. That the cold is more severe to strangers than might be expected arises from the sea-breezes, and from the sun giving too much warmth at noon, so that the change in the evening and in the shade are more striking. Snow is so extremely rare, that, fourteen years ago, some happening to fall, the common people were so alarmed that they ran into the churches, and thought the end of the world was coming. In the winter of 1798-9 the cold began on new-year's day, as if it had been a week in travelling from Germany, where it began on Christmas-night. It came also with a north-east wind. A short walk in the fine clear air was, however, sufficient to overcome the cold: the weather was in other respects very fine; and I remember with pleasure that, among others, the solstice was a true May-day. I breathed with pleasure the perfume of the narcissuses that covered the hill of Belem. In

February

February the sun becomes strong, and thus causes a great many severe catarrhs, called by the Portuguese *constipações*. The equinox is followed by heavy rains accompanied with storms, as if all nature were falling in ruins. From this time till June is the most changeable season of the year. The weather is sometimes rainy and cool, sometimes dry and hot, till the accustomed heat and drought that follow midsummer-day complete the circle. Storms scarcely ever happen in the middle of summer; they are confined to winter or the equinoxes, but are then violent, and the lightning is sometimes destructive.

I had no opportunity of experiencing an earthquake at Lisbon, though they are not uncommon, and constantly threaten the town with the same fate it experienced in 1755. They only happen in winter, from October to April; and it is generally remarked, that they accompany the first rains that follow a great drought or sultry weather. The shocks are often very slight; and I have often heard accounts of such as have resembled the sound of a dog galloping over the ground, or the rumbling of a cart through a gateway under a house; but in later times they have often been so strong as to move tables and chairs.

The genial temperature of the air is very favourable to agriculture, and it depends entirely on the quantity of rain whether the year be fruitful

ful or the contrary. Wheat is commonly sown in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, but rye is scarce and only grown for cattle; barley is also sown, but I never saw any oats. The usual variety of wheat is that with long-pointed calices, named by Haller *tritium siculum*\*, which requires the best soil. The *trigo anafil* and *Gallego* are inferior varieties. The fallows are ploughed in autumn, *para decruar as terras*, a second time in May, and lastly at seed-time, after the first rains in autumn have rendered the earth soft. Light earth is dug, but the heavy is ploughed with oxen, which throughout this peninsula attain a size, strength, and beauty, I have never seen in France, in England, or in Germany. The harvest is in May, and the corn is threshed as with us; but in some parts is trod out by horses or oxen, for which purpose a floor is made in the fields. Manure is not commonly used, or at most putrified plants are laid on. Rye is often in ear in February and March, but is cut down before it is ripe generally for fodder. From these few particulars may be seen how defective is the husbandry of this country, how little attention is paid to manure, and how unwisely a species of corn, which would easily grow on indifferent soil, and on the heaths of Portugal, I mean oats, is wholly neglected. It is said in excuse, that in this climate oats are too heating

\* Nov. Comment. Soc. Reg. Gotting. vol. V, p. 13.

for horses, as if horses alone ate oats. The maize which is grown on the south side of the river does not compensate the want of oats, as it requires more attention and moisture; but I shall have other occasions to speak more at large of these and other objects of portuguese economy. I will only add here, that low carts drawn by oxen are used with thick small wheels, cut out of a single piece of wood, which, being never greased, make a dreadful noise, intended to drive on the oxen. The driver walks before the beasts, and governs them with a stick furnished with an iron point. These carts are also used in Biscay and Asturia. The bad roads in the country render this conveyance perhaps necessary; but merchandize are carried as in Spain, every where upon mules.

The portuguese live principally on meat and fish, but are not fond of vegetables. In Lisbon the bread is generally bad. It is usually made of wheat-flour, sometimes of maize, but never of rye. Water-mills are not used; but wind-mills are numerous, and, being furnished with triangular sails, form a singular appearance on the hills round Lisbon. Potatoes are not at all cultivated, but imported from England and Ireland. However, Spanish potatoes (*helianthus tuberosus*, in portuguese *batatas*\* *vermelhas*), which are far less nu-

\* *Battatas* are the Spanish potato, which is a species of the convolvulus. *Vermelho* signifies red. *Helianthus* is the sun-flower. The common potato is *solanum tuberosum*. T.

tritive, are grown here and there. In March young green peas and beans are eaten, but in these warm climates are not so well flavoured as with us, having always a dryness and insipidity. A small kind of beans\*, broccoli, and cauliflowers, are very common, also lettuces (*alface*) and succory; but other species of cole are more scarce, and brown-cole is not to be found. The chick-pea (*cicer arietinum*, in spanish *garvanzos*), which constitutes the chief food of the lower classes in that country, and is certainly preferable to dried peas, is but little cultivated near Lisbon. The common people eat lupins (*lupinus albus*, in portugueze *tremoços*) in great quantities. These are sown in fallows, and the pulse are soaked in running water to destroy their bitterness before they are dressed. On days of procession, bull-fights, and similar occasions, they are sold in the market-place, boiled, but cold, to the common people, who eat them out of their pockets. They have a mealy insipid taste, but are very cheap. Rice is also, both in Spain and Portugal, a very common species of food, and much liked by all classes. It is imported in great quantities from Brasil, and sold at a reasonable price, but is not much cultivated in Portugal except in a few places, as, for instance, here and there in the marshy lands of the province of Alemtejo, along the banks of the

\* Vicebohnem, or vetch-beans.

Mondego and of the Vouga. Great quantities of gourds (*abobaras*) are consumed; and from one variety the fibrous internal part is cut out and preserved with sugar. Some of the convents prepare this sweetmeat extremely well.

Butcher's meat is very good; but calves are not allowed to be slaughtered in order to preserve the cattle, so that veal is very rare. It may be easily imagined, however, that this law contributes as little to its object as other similar restrictions, and therefore is not obeyed. The oxen, as I have already said, are, throughout the peninsula, of a size and beauty seldom seen elsewhere. Pork is also very good; and the portuguese hams are much esteemed. The swine of this peninsula are of a particular kind, being short-boned, broad-backed, and having thin black hair, which forms no bristles on the back: in short, they in some degree resemble the chinese breed, only wanting their pendent belly. The mutton is the worst kind of meat. Game is rare, except rabbits and red partridges (*tetrao rufus*), which are extremely common, but not so tender as ours. It is remarkable that in Portugal no fresh butter is made excepting in a few private houses in the country, Irish and Dutch butter being commonly used. Dutch cheese is also most common and cheapest; and milk is nowhere found but in great cities, excepting goat's milk upon some of the mountains. There



is no doubt that, were the breeding of cattle more attended to, it might, owing to the great plenty of pasture, constitute a considerable part of the riches of Portugal; and though the drought is great during two months, yet in other countries, which are famous for their breed of cattle, deep snows not unfrequently continue for months.

Fish constitute the principal nourishment of the common people and the delicacies of the rich. Both consume great quantities of bacalhao, of which the English export thither to the value of a million and a quarter of dollars. There are immense warehouses of this fish, which on fast-days supply the tables of the rich and poor. In consequence of the war between England and Spain, great quantities were sent over-land to that country; but the stock-fish simply cured, which in Germany is the most common (*peixepaõ*), is not so usual in Portugal. Another fish, which is taken in immense quantities on the coast of Portugal, is the *Sardinha*, or pilchard (*Sardinia cluæa sprattus*, Linn.\*), which is the food and comfort of the poor. It is often also given as food to swine. Bread, wine, and sardinhas, form the dinner of the common soldiers, labourers, and similar classes; and I have often seen beggars rub their

\* In this name I have followed Bränniche and Vandelli, though I do not believe the sardine of the south to be the same as the sprat of the north.

children's bread with a *fardinha* to give it a taste. Were this fishery properly carried on, it might supply the place of *bacalhao*, and would even supply Portugal with fish-oil: but of this I shall say more in another place. The other kinds of fish eaten here are the *linguado* or sole (*pleuronectes solea*, also called *linguatula*), the *rodovalbo* or turbot (*pleuronectes rhombus*), the *favel* or shad (*clupea alosa*), the *ruivo* (*trigla cuculus*\*), the *sasio* or conger (*muræna ophis*), the *pescada*, a non-descript species of *gadus*, though less esteemed, the *cavalla* or mackarel (*scomber pelamis*), the *peixe espada* or sword-fish (*trichiurus ensiformis* † *Vandelli*), &c. some of which are very good ‡.

Among the spices used for culinary purposes I shall only mention cassia from Brasil, which supplies the place of cinnamon, and the pichurim-bohne, which is used instead of nutmegs; the taste is pleasant, somewhat resembling that of fennel, but very different from nutmegs. *Pimentaõ*, or cayenne pepper (*capsicum annuum*), is not so

\* *Ruivo* signifies roach; *trigla cuculus* is red gurnard.

† The proper name of the sword-fish is *xiphias*.

‡ Tilesius, in his appendix to his new Picture of Lisbon, gives a list of the fish sold there, great part of which is accurate; but it is inconceivable how the author could take the fish called *pescada* for stock-fish and haddock (*gadus callarias* and *eglefinus*), which are well known to be strangers to the south of Europe. But this is not the only error in natural history the above-mentioned author has committed.

common in Portugal as in Spain. In summer many dishes are dressed with *tomates* or love apples (*solanum lycopersicon*), which gives them a pleasant acid flavour; it also makes a good salad.

The fruits most common are oranges and grapes; melons and water-melons are also extremely common in summer; but the latter are seldom very large, and the former often bad. The figs on the south side of the river, especially from Almada, are very good; the dried figs are brought from Algarvia. Plumbs, cherries, and peaches, are scarce and bad; apples and pears very good, but dear and scarce; they are mostly brought from Colares, a market-town not far from Cintra. Excellent chestnuts are roasted by women at the corners of every street, and are sold fresh and hot. They would entice a German to eat if there were not close to them a pot of sardines frying in stinking oil, or if the women (who are called *frigidairas*) did not likewise stink. Chestnuts are also sometimes brought from Colares, but mostly from Portalegre. The dried fruit from the north of Portugal sold here is very bad. The olives are small, and give a better oil than those of Spain; but they are generally pickled quite ripe, in consequence of which they have a disagreeable brown colour, and an unpleasant disgusting taste.

This is a short description of the provisions of Lisbon. A foreigner will find a very good table at some of the inns, unless, as often happens, his national taste be so strongly impressed that he is determined to find fault with every thing because it is not so good as in Old England, Paris, Cadiz, or Hamburg.

## CHAP. XVIII.

*Police of Lisbon, and Description of the Portuguese.*

THE first object that must strike every foreigner on entering Lisbon, is the badness of the police; the filth of the streets lies every where in heaps, which, in the narrow streets where the rain does not wash it away, require great skill in walking, to avoid sinking into them. In one of the most frequented streets on the river leading to the Ribera nova, there is only a narrow path winding near the houses; and the reader may form an idea of the number of people who daily use it, the gallegos with their very heavy burthens, which a passenger cannot avoid; while the carts pass as near to the houses as possible, that the horses may not go in the deepest part of the mud; and thus all the dirt and filth is blindly splashed upon the passengers, in the worst manner conceivable. As to the night, the city was formerly lighted, but now this practice has ceased; and, as the window-shutters are shut early, there is no light to diminish the darkness of these dirty, narrow, ill-paved streets. A host of dogs without masters, and living on the public, wander about like hungry wolves; and, still worse than these, an army of banditti. Our friends often expressed their astonishment

nishment at our venturing into Portugal in these times of war; but I assured them it was by no means so bold an undertaking, as to go at midnight from Belem to Maravilhas, at the eastern extremity of the town. How can a nation among whom are a number of enlightened men, bear such an abomination, which degrades Lisbon even below Constantinople?

The government is said annually to appropriate a considerable sum to cleansing the streets; but how this money is disposed of is best known to the intendant of the police of Lisbon and of the whole kingdom, Dom Diogo Ignacio de Pina Manique. Nor must the reader be surprized if I should relate much evil of Dom Diogo, his unjust imprisonments, and the wretched manner in which he feeds the prisoners; but this I will relate in few words, to shew that Dom Diogo is by no means beloved, though a traveller ought to be very cautious and moderate in forming his judgement.

The amusements of the carnival are always governed by the ruling taste of every nation. Of what then should they consist at Lisbon? Both high and low delight in throwing all kinds of dirt and filth on the passengers, who in conformity to custom, and to avoid quarrels, must bear it patiently.

The high walls of the quintas in the town, the vacant and deserted grounds, invite to robbery and  
murder,

murder, which are still farther favoured by the badness of the police. These crimes are always perpetrated with knives, though all pointed knives are prohibited.

Murders generally arise from revenge or jealousy; robbers are generally contented with threats. The spring is the most dangerous time, and I have known every night marked with some murder. The boldness of the assassins is astonishing. On a fast-day, in a procession in honour of St. Rochus, a man was murdered in open day in the throng, at five o'clock in the afternoon. In the summer of the same year a man was robbed at noon, between the walls near the prince of Waldeck's, who was witness to the transaction. The robbers were even so bold as to attack coaches. But the criminals almost always escaped, the compassion of the Portuguese being such, that every one assists him in his flight. They exclaim *Coutadinho!* or *alas, poor man!* and every thing is done to assist him. The punishment of death is entirely done away, and the culprit is sent to the Indies or Angola; a punishment which by no means gives the impression of death, though the climates of both are so unwholesome that destruction is certain.

A great part of these robbers are negroes, of whom there is a greater number here perhaps than in any other city of Europe, not excepting London. Many of them get their bread as tradespeople,

not unfrequently become good and respectable citizens, and instances occur of their arriving at a high degree of skill as artisans. A larger portion are beggars, thieves, procurers, and procureesses. Every negro who has served his master seven years in Europe is free, and then not unfrequently becomes a beggar unless he has had a very good master. Great numbers of them are employed as sailors, and I do not see any reason why they are not also enlisted as soldiers; but Mr. Jungk's assertion, that one fourth of the inhabitants of Lisbon are negroes and creoles, like many other assertions of that author, is much exaggerated.

There is a great number of vagabonds in Lisbon, for all idle people from the provinces come in torrents to the metropolis, and are permitted to live in the open town without impediment. Hence arise the immense number of beggars, who partly rove about, and partly remain in fixed places, crying out continually, and promising to mention this or that person to Nossa Senhora in their prayers. A physician might here meet with an uncommon number of remarkable cutaneous disorders; I have often observed a true leprosy, and endeavoured by observations of this kind to render myself insensible to the disgust they inspire. These beggars receive a great deal in charity, through a mistaken sense of piety prevalent in catholic countries. They also often practise artifices  
to



to obtain charity. I remember an old man who fell down before us through hunger, as he afterwards said, and thus immediately obtained from my youthful companion a considerable piece of gold; while I, somewhat colder, remarked his theatrical performance, withheld my charity, examined into the affair, and found my suspicions grounded. Another class of begging is that for souls in purgatory. The religious fraternities, to whom it properly belongs to collect these alms, and to have masses performed in a certain church for that purpose, farm out this employment to certain people, who post themselves in the neighbourhood of this church to beg; for which they generally pay eight milrees annually, and by this contract frequently gain one hundred milrees a year. Every thing is done in Portugal *pelo amor de Deos e pelas almas*, (for the love of God and of the souls). The monasteries send their fruit, usually grapes, to be sold in the streets as it were by auction, in order to perform masses for the money. They are cried about the streets as *uvas pelas almas* (grapes for the souls); and when the price is asked, the answer is generally considerable. In the *calzada de estrela* sat a beggar, who always cried snuff for the souls. Snuff is a great article of necessity for all ranks, for both sexes, for every old man, and in short for the whole nation. Nor is it difficult to obtain the partiality of

of

of any of the common class of people, if the traveller but offer him a pinch of good snuff. I saw a heggar-woman put some snuff to the nose of her child who was still in arms. On a botanical excursion near Lisbon I met a well-dressed lady, who asked me for a pinch of snuff, as she had lost her box; and when I told her that I never used one, she replied, with an expression of the most violent grief, *estou desesperada* (I am quite in despair). Nor can we blame Alphonso IV. for giving the english soldiers, who had fought so bravely for him at the battle of Ameixial, two pounds of tobacco each. The smoaking of tobacco is, however, very uncommon; nor are even cigarros, though so customary in Spain, used by any but sailors.

The porters, water-carriers, and most of the servants, come from the spanish province of Galicia, and are called Gallegos. These useful men leave their poor native country, emigrating partly into the other provinces of Spain, partly into Portugal, to earn money by the severest labour, and, in many provinces of Portugal, assist in the harvest. They are extremely laborious, and, though avaricious, honest. This character, however, is not entirely unspotted. Sometimes they settle in Portugal, and open small tippling and eating houses, or grocers' shops, but generally return home with the money they have gained. I

have

have often seen pictures of portugueze, which, instead of natives, represented Gallegos, whose dress is somewhat different. The vignette of the *New Picture of Lisbon* has the same fault.

The dress of the common people is a vest of various colours, as blue, black, dark brown, &c. over which they wear a mantle with hanging sleeves, like the Spaniards, but a three-cornered hat, and not a brown cap, which is peculiar to the Gallegos. Young ladies also wear a similar mantle, as do both men and women of considerable rank, only that they wear them of various colours, and often figured. Beneath this mantle a fashionable dress is often concealed, similar to that of London or Paris. Great coats and round hats are quite unusual among the natives. Women of the lower classes wear a handkerchief wound round their head so that a corner hangs down behind; some wear the spanish net (*rede-silla*) but never the spanish veil. Among the rich, who in other respects pursue european fashions, we here and there saw one with her hair tied flat behind with a riband. The female peasants round Lisbon come to town in a red jacket and a black pointed velvet cap.

Murphy, who in his travels into Portugal has many very just remarks, is truly ridiculous in others. He says, for instance, fruit-women wear pointed caps, though he might, however, have easily

easily convinced himself of the contrary. Having also, perhaps, once seen some servants playing at cards while waiting for their masters, he sets this down as a general characteristic; but, with his permission, I have also once seen the same in London. On Sunday, he says, that the hair-dressers go about with their swords and chapeaux-bras; this also may have happened once, but is by no means customary. Fires seldom happen in Lisbon; but in the winter of 1798-9 they occurred very often, and a house was burnt down in which a young girl lost her life. He says much in favour of the common people, and praises the great politeness of the portuguese; adding, that they constantly give the right-hand to strangers in walking. Just the contrary: it is singular that, in direct opposition to the customs of other nations, the portuguese through politeness give every one the *left-hand*. His knowledge of the language cannot be great, for he says a portuguese never fails to say, "I am dying with desire to see you;" which he translates, with a violation of all grammar, *morro com saudades de o ver\**.

What is said in praise of this nation by Murphy and other writers is very just; but what they say against them is not unfrequently exaggerated. They who would judge of the nation by Lisbon

\* He should have said *de ver a ver*. T.

run the risk of committing frequent errors; for this city is a rendezvous for all the vagabonds of the whole kingdom, and a great part of the foreigners of the lower ranks are also the scum of their nations. I know that these last are sometimes very docile, and easily fall into the custom of hiring themselves as banditti; for I know certainly of serious proposals of this kind being made. But I must confess that, notwithstanding the numbers of bad people among the lower classes, and the unworthy manner in which foreigners often act toward the inhabitants, examples are not wanting of true and disinterested hospitality among the common people. Round Lisbon and in the villages, however, the true portuguese character not unfrequently again appears, to which I have already borne testimony of my full approbation.

Both the higher and lower classes are very fond of a profusion of compliments, which flow in a torrent from every mouth. A common peasant meeting another takes off his hat quite low down, holds him a long while by the hand, enquires after his health and that of his family, and does not fail to add, I am at your commands, and your humble servant (*estou a seus ordens, seu criado*). This is not a remark taken from a single instance, for I have heard it extremely often from afs-drivers and others of similar classes. The portuguese

language indeed, even in the mouths of the common people, has naturally something well-bred and elegant; nor do they ever use oaths and indecent expressions, like the english, french, and spanish low execrations, though the lowest classes indeed sometimes mention the devil. All the portuguese are naturally talkative, and sometimes very insipid. The rich are said to conceal a false heart beneath a profusion of polite expressions. I have nothing to say in defence of the higher classes; they are as inferior to the spaniards as the common people excel them. The want of science and taste, which perhaps arise from the total want of works of art in this country; a government which never had wisdom or opportunity to bring into action the nobler passions of mankind, the constant and oppressive neighbourhood of the english, who justly feel their superiority, and the total decay of literature, are, I conceive, the chief causes why the portuguese nobles are formed of worse materials than any european nobility.

The male sex are not handsome; and a tall man is rarely seen, the generality being short, fat, and square-made. Their features are also seldom regular, turned-up noses and projecting lips being so common as to suggest an idea of a mixture with negroes. The difference between the spaniards and the portuguese is extremely striking, the latter being fat, the former meagre, the noses  
of

of the latter turned up, those of the former arch-  
ed downward, so that they only agree in their  
yellow complexions and black eyes. Of the fair  
sex, the author of the *New Picture of Lisbon*, who  
was a Frenchman, and his german editor at Leip-  
zig, Tilesius, differ; the former praising, and the  
latter censuring them. In fact, they have the  
same defects as the other sex, being of too low a  
stature and inclined to corpulency; but their  
countenances are expressive, and their manners  
animated and friendly; which, with very fine  
eyes, long and uncommonly strong hair, very white  
teeth, full breasts, and extremely beautiful feet,  
form, in my opinion, a charming assemblage, and  
compensate other irregularities. Although in Lis-  
bon, as in every other great city, there is no  
scarcity of courtesans, and though, as their doors  
stand open, every one may enter, yet they are far  
less importunate than in London, or the palais  
royal at Paris; but the description of them in the  
*New Picture of Lisbon*, though in some respects  
true, is on the whole exaggerated. But to return  
to ladies of condition. Those softer graces which  
adorn the beauties of the north are rarely seen in  
Portugal; and perhaps they might as ill become  
the fire of Portugueze eyes as a burning climate  
can give them birth. Great beauties, however,  
may be seen in Lisbon, particularly when the  
slender northern shape and the white fine skin of

those climates are united with the advantages of the south, producing as it were the most beautiful work of nature.

From this charming subject I am obliged to pass to the uncleanness of the portuguese. On leaving England and entering France every species of uncleanness becomes greater and greater in proportion as we travel southward. The apartments grow constantly more dirty, the privies are more horrible, or totally disappear, and a host of vermin of all kinds swarm round the traveller in his sleep\*. The removal of many of these inconveniences has been attempted in the new german and english inns at Lisbon; and in this respect that city is preferable to Madrid. It is necessary to speak of lice, because too much has already been said of them by others; as that they serve the soldiers instead of cards; that they are commonly bitten between the teeth, &c. It is certain, however, that persons of condition are not ashamed openly to kill them, or suffer others to do it. It is said that the wife of a minister of state does this not unfrequently at cards in very large companies. This indeed I did not see; but

\* This was always so. See Zeileri Itenerar. Hispan. p. 280, Lisbona. They (the extractor does not say who) lodged there with an Italian, and had tolerably good fare, but bad wine, and were molested with so many fleas, that, as the author says, they were almost in despair.



at Caldas in Gerez, a place resorted to for its warm baths, I saw the sister of the bishop and of the governor of Oporto, a charming young widow of an ancient noble family, in an afternoon, before her door, laying her head in the lap of her waiting woman to be loused; and I know for certain that young ladies, when they visit each other, reciprocally perform this office by way of pastime.

## CHAP. XIX.

*The amusements of Lisbon.*

THE society of Lisbon is dull and melancholy, especially when compared with that of large spanish cities. The inhabitants neither walk nor ride; there is no Prado where a man may daily shew himself to the public, nor any public gardens or houses to which he may form parties; even the fine stream that washes the town is unenjoyed. In all respects there is very little luxury, nor are there any fine equipages; and the coaches, which every rich person keeps, are made on the ugly spanish model, and drawn by mules. The desire of keeping many servants, that species of luxury so destructive to every country, here also prevails. They are, however, poorly clad and ill fed, having rice almost every day. The rich keep within the circle of their own families, and the tranquillity of their courts is scarcely ever disturbed. They spend a part of the year in their quintas; and in August and September go to Cintra, where they see more of each other. It is a trait of their character, that at places, where the richest part of the town assemble together, they dance to one violin. In general the portuguese are not fond of dancing, which is seldom  
seen

seen among the common people, except in the market-places sometimes a *fossa*, or spanish *se-guedilla*\*, is danced, and by travellers mistaken for the fandango. For foreigners and the principal Portugueze, as for instance the ministers, a public assembly-room is built, where is a dance every thursday. But this is rather an amusement for the foreigners, who form here a separate class of society; the lower orders assemble in coffee-houses, (*lojes*) of which there are several in every street, and often a considerable number. They are small, dirty, and ill contrived, and afford wretched coffee, bad punch and other refreshments. The chocolate is bad throughout Portugal, and mixed with a disgusting fat. In short, it is infinitely inferior to that of Spain. There is only one tolerable coffee-house, which is visited by people of condition, and where at that time every thing that could be desired might be had, and of excellent quality. The lower classes resort to the numerous wine houses (*tavernas*), where a red wine is sold, which round Lisbon is very bad. I have both here and in Spain observed that the inhabitants do not accustom themselves to drinking wine, but are intoxicated by a quantity which a German or an Englishman, after a short residence in this country, would scarcely feel.

\* Probably the Author means a *bolero*; a dance substituted for the fandango, which in the large towns of Spain women of strict manners refuse to dance. T.

One of the principal amusements of the rich is the Italian opera, which is not supported by the court, but by private individuals. It was at that time in all respects excellent, and the singers have rendered every other opera to me insipid. The best of these performers was added to it at the time, when the French occupied Rome and turned out the Castrati from the great opera. Crescentini eclipsed all the rest; but I should only name him to those who knew Italy, which is the mother of music, before the late troubles. In Lisbon unmarried women are not allowed to perform at any theatre; and here, where their places are supplied by Castrati, little more is lost than an illusion of the imagination, which perhaps misleads the judgment. The opera was my principal amusement at Lisbon. The house is large and handsome, the disposition of its parts excellent, and the attention of the manager, that every one should be in his proper place, very exemplary. Sometimes also Portugueze operettas are performed, generally farces, as afterpieces, in which the Portugueze language has a pleasing effect in the Italian mouth of Zamparini.

Besides the opera-house called *teatro* de Carlos, there is a portugueze play-house called *teatro do salitre*, situated in a narrow little street behind the public promenade: it is much less than the opera-house, very narrow, and is but little visited by persons

persons of condition. Under such circumstances little can be expected. Here also no women perform, their parts being filled by men who can scarcely conceal their beards. The players are frequently artificers. A shoemaker who had been at work all day performed among other comical old characters, and was not the worst of the actors. The pieces represented are generally translations from the Italian, less frequently from other languages, and still more rarely original. But I have never myself seen or heard announced even on this stage, the portuguese merryandrew who is called *gracioso*. All the tragedies and serious plays are bad or ill-performed, nor can any thing be more wretched than the principal lovers. The after-pieces are wretched farces, almost more so than the spanish *saynetes*; but the *tonadilla* is not at all known. Among their greater pieces, however, some are not without merit; the nation in general have a strong inclination to wit and satire, and the language is particularly calculated for the expression of humour. I saw with great pleasure, an imitation of *the brother of Jamaica*. It is also imitated in German, under the title of *the father from Lisbon*. This piece, which bears the inscription of 1798, is a lively representation of a distinguished, but ruined family in Lisbon, is full of striking allusions, abounds in humour, and though avowedly an imitation, is quite local and original  
in

in its allusions. Many of the parts were extremely well played. But it is perhaps no proof of a great advancement in the stage, that comic parts representing servants and chambermaids are well performed.

Near this theatre is the place used for bull-fights. It is moderately large, quadrangular and surrounded with wooden balustrades and benches. On one side are boxes for persons of rank, and one for the corregedor, who has the superintendance of it; the rest of the seats are divided into two parts, the shady, and the sunny side, the former of which is the dearest, and consists of wretched wooden benches rising in an amphitheatre above each other. I have often been present at this exhibition, but I must confess that the number of persons of rank was very small, and that of unmarried ladies inconsiderable; the place being filled with the middling and lower classes. In summer there were bull-fights almost every Sunday, from twelve to fifteen beasts being killed in an afternoon. In winter this amusement entirely ceases. A few days before they commence, the managers announce them to the public, by processions on horse-back, like the professors of horsemanship in Germany. A short time before the bull-fight, they make various processions in the square, with soldiers in masks, and managed horses who bend their knee and perform other tricks; also,

also, several bulls are previously driven over the place of combat, which they teaze and irritate, but without killing them. The bulls intended for the fight are previously enraged and made wild, in a place at the entrance of the square. The points of their horns are guarded with knobs, so that they can seldom do mischief; notwithstanding which, a bull hurt one of the combatants so severely that he died some time after. At the beginning of the combat, a man opens the door so as to stand behind it. Meanwhile the beast rushes forward, and immediately attacks the *torreador* who is on horseback, and has placed himself opposite to the door, but being accustomed to avoiding him according to art, gives him a stab with a lance. In one instance I saw the beast receive it in his neck, and instantly fall down dead. If he misses this blow, he must not kill him, but another combatant on horseback, and a great many on foot, irritate the beast on all sides, thus preventing him from pursuing any one in particular. This is a cruel amusement. They stab him with pikes, and hang oblong pieces of wood with sharp iron hooks on his body, and frequently in such numbers, that the blood rushes from him like a torrent. There is nothing fine in this exhibition, but the rushing forth of the enraged beast, or the pauses he sometimes makes in the middle of the square, where he tears up the earth and roars aloud as in defiance; but nothing is

is more disgusting than to see a tame and cowardly beast, that can scarcely be provoked to combat. At length the president gives a signal to kill the beast: a *capinho* (so called because his *capa* or cloak is of important use to him), attacks the beast on foot with a drawn sword, endeavouring to provoke him to combat, as he must not kill him in any other way, and every thrust in the side or behind would be dishonourable. He waves the red cloak before the bull, who rushes at and bends his head down to vent his rage on the cloak, at which moment he receives the fatal blow in the nape of his neck. This however seldom happens the first attempt. Sometimes the *capinho* leaves his cloak behind him. In general the assistants contribute to his security, by throwing handkerchiefs or other things toward the bull, upon which he attacks these and leaves the man\*.

Now that I am speaking of amusements, I must not forget the religion of the country, which throughout this peninsula constitutes an important part of these. For in fact people go to mass because they have no other walk, they love the ceremonies of religion as a pastime, and follow processions as they would go to an opera. In every book of travels in Portugal we find accounts of amours, to which the mass has given occasion,

\* When the beast is killed, a horse is brought out with tackle, and drags him off. T.



and as usual this is also exaggerated. As young women scarcely ever go out but to mass, it is natural to suppose that love would not neglect this single opportunity, and it is equally natural that the female heart should be attached to those places, where it first experienced the pleasing emotions of passion, and of devotion. In the country the object of an evening walk is frequently an image of the virgin, where people kneel down to pray, then rise up, and laugh and joke as before. In general the portugueze very strictly observe the external signs of religion, even perhaps more than the spaniards; and none eat meat on a fast-day, but those who are considerably enlightened. I was once much amused at hearing a question agitated, whether it was a greater sin to eat meat on a fast-day, or to violate the sixth commandment; when the general answer was, that the latter was a trifle, compared to the former. Notwithstanding this, neither the nation nor the common people are so fanatical as in Spain. Of this I could relate many individual tracts, but will content myself with a few. I was present at a procession at St. Ubes, where two captains of ships, a dane and an englishman, suffered the host to pass them, without taking off their hats. Of this no one took notice, except a portugueze sailor, who asked who were those people with their hats on. The answer was *saõ Inglezes fideputas*, (they are english sons

sons of b——s), and nothing more was said. When the Prince of Waldeck was buried, I heard one of the common people say, “he was a heretick, but a very good man,” *hum muyto bom homem*. Upon this I mixed with the crowd, and heard nothing but praises of the worthy prince, who was even carried to the heretic cemetery. I heard also, that he had refused on his death-bed the accustomed solicitations to become a catholick, and found, to my great astonishment, his conduct generally approved, “because every one should live and die in his religion.” The portugueze consider every foreigner as a heretic, yet are polite, and ready to serve them, and even express surprisè when they meet with a foreigner who is a catholick. This trait shows how much of their antient bigotry this nation have lost, owing probably to their commerce with the english.

The inclination of the portugueze merely to observe the ceremonies of religion is evidently the cause of this diminution of fanaticism, and also of several good customs that prevail. Whoever has any money buys a permission to work on fast-days, in consequence of which the fields and vineyards round Lisbon are full of labourers on some rather important fasts. In regard to public business, sunday is observed much more strictly in London than in Lisbon. This inclination, indeed, of the people is attended with much greater disadvantages;

advantages; for, hence they continue always ignorant, and are the dupes of an equally ignorant priesthood. The late government of a weak superstitious queen has contributed greatly to increase their power; and it can only be attributed to the spirit of the age and of the nation, that the fury of the inquisition has confined itself, as formerly, to keeping the priesthood in chains and punishing some unprotected authors. It now is, perhaps, the wish of the government, through fear of revolutions, that the people should be in the hands of the priesthood; but they ought to remember that both Portugal and Spain have their *Chabots*.

To those who are not completely enlightened nothing is so dangerous as partial information. Would it be believed, that the most learned monks in Portugal, the Fathers of the Oratory (jocosely called *manugreco*s), are the most violent persecutors and heretic-makers? as though they would monopolise all knowledge, and therefore endeavour to keep the rest of mankind in brutal ignorance. The queen's confessor, Dom Francisco Gomez, is of this fraternity, and is well known.

## CHAP. XX.

*Public institutions at Lisbon.*

LISBON is by no means destitute of literary institutions. The first and most important is, doubtless, the academy of sciences, founded by the present queen immediately after the beginning of her reign, that she might contribute something to the advancement of literature, which Pombal had not. The president is the Duke of Lafoës, of the royal house of Braganza, generalissimo of the forces, and one of the first personages in the country. The duke has travelled abroad, is a favourer of learned men, and, although he has many peculiarities, is by no means unenlightened or destitute of talents. The secretary is Dom Jose Correa da Serra, now in London, where I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him, and found him to be a man whose science, talents, and enlightened mind, do honour to his country. With these qualities it was natural he should have quarrels with the inquisition, in consequence of which he thought it more prudent to live abroad. He continues, however, to enjoy his office, and his substitute is Dom Francisco de Borja Garção  
Stockler,

Stockler\*, who also had some trouble on account of his eulogium on D'Alembert, which was too free and too well-written for this country. The academy have already done much for the advancement of science, and have published six volumes of *Memorias da Litteratura Portugueza*, consisting in great measure of papers on the history and laws of Portugal. Then follow three parts of *Memorias economicas*, among which are many excellent papers, and two parts of prize memoirs, the first on the method of cultivating and manuring land, and the second on the vine. For some years past these publications have been interrupted. In 1797; appeared the first volume of their larger treatises, in quarto, very handsomely printed, in which are several papers that deserve attention. Added to these, the academy have in their printing-office several works for publication, of which I shall only name the *Flora Cochinchinensis* by Loureiro. All books treating of scientific subjects are printed at the expense of the queen, the number of readers being too small for any book-

\* I mention all these names, though in foreign countries they are generally suppressed in common conversation: but as in company the first name alone is generally used, it ought never to be omitted. The rest are surnames, shewing the connection of families. Mr. Jungk unjustly considers it as ridiculous that Barbosa's library is catalogued according to these first names; for surnames are not much more various.

feller or printer to gain by them. Hence literature is in its infancy, little being written, and literary fame unknown; nor can any thing serve literary men but family or other connexions\*.

In January, 1799, was instituted a geographical academy, particularly relative to Portugal, the members of which have already completed a new map of that country now ready for publication. All the maps of Portugal are extremely defective; even the large chart by Lopez, in eight sheets, is equally so with the rest, and consequently those published in Germany, even the last by Mannert, being all taken from it.

The college of the nobles, in a very handsome and extensive building, founded in 1761; the *academia real das guardas marinhas*, founded in 1782, the *academia real da marinha* in 1779, and the *academia real da fortificacaõ* in 1790, have also their professors, called *lentes*; but all these institutions are in a weak and lingering state. Besides these there are, at Lisbon, professors paid by the government for the instruction of youth. There is in fact no want of means, the defect is in the

\* The academy consists of, 1st, honorary members, as ministers of state, and persons of high rank in Lisbon; 2d, foreign members; 3d, socios veteranos; 4th, acting members, who are divided into three classes, viz. natural history, mathematics, and literature; 5th, free members, and a great number of corresponding members, of whom Kästner is at the head.

choice of them, the requisite taste for knowledge not having yet been found, and no one knowing how to impart it.

There are public libraries in Lisbon, which, though far from ranking in the first class, are by no means so bad as some travellers would describe who have merely taken a cursory view of them. But it is very unjust to complain because we happen to be too much alarmed at the voluminous *Acta Sanctorum* to take the trouble of asking for any other book. The principal of these libraries, which is in the large building in the praça do commercio, contains many works of importance, and even some papers on natural history. I am better acquainted, however, with the library in the benedictine monastery of Nossa senhora de Jesus, as I lived nearer to it. Here is a very complete collection of portugueze and modern spanish literature; nor is there any want of french works, as, for instance, a complete set of the *Encyclopédie par Ordre des Matières*. German books are not to be expected in any foreign part, though Wolf's latin works, Brucker's History of Philosophy, and other books of that period, occur in every portugueze library. Next to french literature that of Italy is most abundant, still more, though it might not be expected, than the english, which the portugueze seldom learn, though they are always reading french. In short,

both these libraries may be compared with many of the public libraries in considerable towns in Germany. A third library, that of the monastery of San Vincente de fora, is indeed not open to the publick; but it is sufficient to be once introduced to be always admitted. It contains a very complete collection of even the smallest portugueze works.

There are many booksellers' shops in Lisbon, the masters of which, however, have no foreign business. I shall only name the widow Bertrand and son, near the church of Nossa Senhora dos Martyres acima do Xiado. New portugueze works are easily procured there, and at the prices marked in the printed catalogue. Each book has a price prefixed, and the bookseller is contented with a moderate profit. Mr. Jungk's complaint, in his preface to his portugueze grammar, is no longer just in the present times.

If we may trust the Court-calendar, there are in Lisbon a considerable number of collections of natural history, chemical laboratories, and botanical gardens; but we must not suffer ourselves to be thereby misled, as many of them do not deserve the smallest notice. If the garden of the Marquis de Abrantes is a botanical garden, many towns in Germany abound in them. The son of the minister of war, Dom Luis Pinto Maxiimo, in-

fected



ferted his collections and laboratory in the Court-calendar merely for a joke\*.

The royal museum at Ajuda deserves also to be seen. It will not, indeed, bear a comparison with that of Paris, or even that of Madrid; it is small, not a single class is well stocked, and it contains fewer specimens from Brasil than might be expected. There are, however, some curious specimens; and, among others, one very singular of copper ore, found in a valley two leagues from Cachocira, and fourteen from Bahia. Its weight, according to Vandelli, is 2616 pounds, its greatest length being 3 feet 2 inches, its greatest breadth 2 feet and half an inch, and its greatest thickness 2 feet 4 inches. The upper surface is uneven, being here and there covered with malachite and iron ochre, and on one side it is foolishly polished, and bears an inscription. Hence mineralogists will perceive how singular this specimen is of its kind. There is also a large piece of elastic sand-stone covered with lime-spar crystals. In the same building is an inconsiderable laboratory, and behind it a bonical garden.

This garden is charmingly situated, commanding a very fine view of the river and of the sea, as that of Paris commands part of the town. It is

\* It is merely through politeness that Tilesius, in his appendix to his *New Picture of Lisbon*, speaks in praise of them.

by no means large, and the green-houses are uncommonly small; but there is a basin for water-plants. It is kept apparently very neat, and is very interesting to botanists, who may here make some discoveries; for whatever happens to be received is planted, and the care of preserving and bringing them forward is left to nature. It also happens, that several curious plants are sent hither from the Brasils and other places. At this time some spice-trees were growing in order to be sent out to the Brasils, and planted there. But it must not be supposed that any thing is done here with great accuracy. Vandelli turns over the leaves of Murray's edition of Linnæus's *Systema Veget.*; and if he finds a description that at all agrees with the plant, he immediately gives it that name without any farther consideration.

Doctor Domingos Vandelli, a native of Italy, is well known to the lovers of natural history by some works he has published, and through his connexion with Linnæus. In his youth he must have been an active man, of an enterprising turn, and desirous of fame. In botany, Pontedera was his instructor. Under Pombal he was invited from Padua, together with his countryman Della Bella, to be a professor at Coimbra, from which place he came as first inspector of the royal museum and royal botanical garden at Lisbon. Besides this, he was an assistant in the *Aula do commercio,*

*mercio*, and had the address, by various manœuvres, to obtain a pension of 800 crusades a year. He has not, however, improved as he grew old; for he no longer knows the plants he has formerly described, and is still more ignorant of others. He is equally ignorant of mineralogy; and his chemical treatises, in the transactions of the academy, have rendered him ridiculous. All this might be pardoned were he not intolerant toward those who know more than himself.

The second inspector of the museum and of the garden is Dom Alexandre Rodriguez Ferreira, of whom suffice it to say, he has long resided in Brazil, and has the palsy.

Besides the royal museum, that of the Marquis of Angeja contains some specimens worth seeing, especially some diamonds from Brazil embedded in argillaceous iron-stone as near as I could judge. There is another museum in the monastery of S. N. de Jesus, chiefly consisting of shells, but containing many specimens of value. I proceed to other institutions.

There are observatories in the monastery *das necessidades*, in both the academies of the marine, and in the castle; but observations are seldom taken in any of them. There is also a want of instruments.

The royal hospital of San Jose is a very good institution, and the sick are well attended. In the

beginning of 1797 there were, according to the Court-calendar, 1088 patients; during that year, 14,818 persons were brought in, of whom 13,235 were dismissed cured, 1579 died, and 1091 remained. Besides the account of it in the Calendar, which must not always be trusted, it has in its favour common report, even that of foreigners, who generally complain of every thing in Portugal. There are, besides, an english and a danish hospital supported by individuals of those nations.

Every physician must have studied at Coimbra, and procured a licence from the protomedicus of Lisbon to practise physick in Portugal; but it is not requisite to take a doctor's degree, which they seldom do. In Lisbon itself, as usual, they are less strict than in other towns, and foreign physicians are suffered to do as they please. Edmund More, an english physician, was at that time in the highest repute. It must not, however, be supposed that all the portugueze physicians are altogether ignorant, for here and there is a clever man, and the university of Coimbra is not entirely barbarous. Many also pursue their studies at Paris, and, of late, even at Edinburgh. It is ridiculous to assert that the arabian system of physick prevails in Portugal; for the portugueze physicians know as little of the Rhazes and Mesue, &c. as we Germans. Almost in every street

street is a small apothecary's shop; but these are under no regulations, and frequently very bad. Many of them, however, after trials I have made of them, did not deserve the censures which some travellers have, without examination, bestowed on them.

## CHAP. XXI.

*Villages round Lisbon. Quelus, the royal residence.*

ON the south side of the river, notwithstanding the sandiness of the country, and the continual succession of heaths and pine-forests, one village follows another, being generally situated on creeks of the river, and supported by the traffic carried on by that medium with Lisbon. Round these places is a great quantity of garden-fruit, and very good wine is grown here and there, which, with attentive cultivation on the sandy plains of this warm country, succeeds very well. It is to be lamented, there is no access to these places but by water, and that during the ebb several swamps appear, which, particularly in summer, corrupt the air. Barroco de Alva is well known for its insalubrious air, nor is Couna by any means a healthy place. On the last creek to the eastward, is a market-town called Aldea Galega, of which I have already spoken, and on a creek not far from thence a market-town called Mouta, through which lies the road to St. Ubes a considerable place though not so closely built as the former. Farther along the bank of the river itself are the beautiful market-towns of Alhosvedros,

vedros, Lavradio, celebrated for its good wine, and Barreiro. Here begins a second creek, which extends to the market-town of Couna, through which is the road to Azeytao. Near this place quicksilver has been found in the sand, which here alternates with strata of clay containing some iron, for which reason trenches are cut, and it is intended to make some farther attempts of this kind.

It is believed, nor is it at all improbable, that these strata are connected with the neighbouring Serra de Arrabida, which is rather a high limestone mountain. Then follows the last creek, with the market-town of Seixal, which is the least of all, and through it lies the road to Cezimbra, a town which supplies Lisbon with a great quantity of fish. In the angle where the stream grows narrow, is the market-town of Casilhas, the usual landing place in going up the river from Lisbon, as the landing is always good there without waiting for the flood. The market-town of Montella, and the small town of Almada, are only a quarter of a league from Casilhas. Thus in a space of five leagues, or about four german miles, are no less than ten considerable well-built and populous market-towns, without reckoning the numerous villages and hamlets; from which an idea may be formed of the lively scene the banks of this river afford.

Below

Below Almada on the bank of the river, is a large english hospital for sailors, particularly for the fleet, and a considerable magazine of wine. From hence the bank continues high and hilly, the towns and villages lying in the hollows between the hills. A tower strengthened by a few cannon and soldiers, called *torre velha* or old tower, answers to the opposite tower of Belem. A village called Porto Brandaõ, the landing-place in crossing the river from Belem, lies in another hollow; but the houses continue for a league inland to Caparica, where good wine is also produced. Close to the mouth of the river is the great fishing village of Trafferia, and round the point the village of Acosta consisting of only small houses, which have the appearance of wooden sheds, and are dispersed along the beach. The inhabitants are a bold half-wild race of fishermen, who venture far out to sea, and are considered at Lisbon as the refuse of the nation. I have no reason however to complain of them, though on my botanical excursions I expected to find less civility there than elsewhere. From the point, a sand-bank, which is covered at flood, runs out into the sea as far as a large fortified tower, which with the opposite fortification covers the entrance into the harbour. It is properly called the fort of San Lourenço, but generally the *torre de Bugio*, serving as a place to  
keep



keep prisoners, till they are sent to the Indies or Angola.

To Aldea Gallega, Mouta, COUNA, Casilhas, and Porto Brandaõ, daily packet-boats take passengers for a trifle. In windy weather, this conveyance is very dangerous, as the stream is very rapid, and the boat-men uncommonly careless; so that misfortunes frequently happen. On a stormy morning in November 1798, a boat from Santarem with forty passengers, ran against the cable of a ship, upset, and only four persons were saved. But only these great misfortunes are known to the public; of the smaller no notice is taken, the life of a portugueze being considered as a trifle.

The north bank of the river extends much farther into the sea before it forms the cape, or cabo de Rocca. The following are, the principal places along this bank; below Belem is a square tower called Torre de Belem, fortified with cannon, which no vessel must pass till it has been visited. Near this tower are several batteries, as also along the bank from hence to fort San Juliaõ. This small irregular fort, commonly called San Giaõ, is built on a rocky point, and extremely well covers the entrance of the harbour: the passage into which is difficult, being very narrow, and a bank of stones called os cachopos, lying obliquely before the entrance; but if the

forts and batteries are not very strong, nature has done much for the protection of the harbour. A quarter of a league from it, inland, is the small town of Oeyras and, two leagues farther down, the small town of Cascaes, rather a considerable and not ill-built place, standing on a strip of land under which ships may lie. Near this town is the small fort of San Antonio; but from hence a considerable way to the northward, is a high broken rock without any landing place: the bank to the southward is skirted with considerable sand-banks.

Fort San Juliaõ, and fort San Antonio, are the only two of any importance round Lisbon. These are sufficient to prevent a fleet from entering, but, if it once entered, it would have all Lisbon at its mercy, and might with perfect ease level it with the ground. It is therefore somewhat singular, that both these, and the towns of Oeyras and Cascaes, should be garrisoned by english troops, or such at least as are in the english pay. In general all the emigrant\* and english regiments are collected in and about Lisbon; the regiment of Dillon was last at Cascaes, an english regiment of infantry at Oeyras, english dragoons at Belem and Oeyras, a swiss regiment in the english pay and the royal emigrés at Belem, the regiment of

\* There is but one emigrant regiment in the portuguese pay, together with some artillery, of which the commander's name is Roquelet.

Montemar and Castres at Lisbon, after the departure of general Stuart with many troops for the expedition against Minorca. Many political events in 1797 and 1798 may be explained by these circumstances; for hence appears the reason why Portugal could not ratify an advantageous peace with France, Lisbon and its harbour being in fact in the hands of the english. It appears singular that the portugueze government should thus suffer its hands to be bound; yet it must be allowed that with great address they bound the hands of the French during that critical period. Certainly, however, to leave Portugal, that most important country to England, in peace was the greatest of the follies the French at that time committed.

Between Oeyras and the village of Carcavelos, the sweet wine is produced which in England is called Lisbon, in Germany *portugieszwcin*, and in the country itself wine of Carcavelos. The vineyards are enclosed in quintas, on a gentle declivity toward the sea, and the must is generally sent to Lisbon, where it is made into wine. This wine which is generally white, and best of that colour, is drunk in the country in great perfection, nor can the adulterated liquor sold in foreign countries under that name be compared with it.

Two leagues beyond Belem among high hills, in an enclosed solitary vale, is the royal residence  
of

of Quelus. Neither the castle, nor the adjoining quinta are worthy of remark, but the road is planted with magnolias, geraniums from the cape, and similar plants, which here succeed well. There are a few small houses round the castle, which, however, do not form a village. Here the court resides in the greatest tranquillity, excepting on a few fixed days, which are days of gala: but the queen at this time, in consequence of the melancholy state of her mind, no longer appeared. The prince regent was not brought up for the throne, of which he first came to the expectation on the death of his elder brother, a prince who was much beloved and lamented, and who died of the small-pox. No one doubts the natural good qualities of the prince of Brasil, but his talents are questioned, and it is feared that he will not escape the yoke of the priesthood, by whom his mother is so much oppressed. He has no striking passions or inclinations, except, perhaps, that for the chase. The princess is a good-natured woman, of whom it can only be said, that she is very prolific, and seems therewith to be content.

Of political affairs I speak unwillingly. It is said every minister acts as he pleases in his own department, in which he is a little despot. If any one wish to hear a great deal against them, let him read the *New picture of Lisbon*; but he must remember that the author was extremely angry with  
with

with them, and therefore exaggerates almost every thing \*. The minister of the foreign department, Dom Luis Pinto de Soufa Coutinho, is generally esteemed a clever shrewd man. He was formerly ambassador in England, is extremely attached to that nation, a pleasing well-informed man, and as far as possible a protector of the learned. The old minister of finance, the marquis de Ponte de Lima, was a man of consequence, having constant access to the queen. The minister of the interior Dom Jose de Ceabra da Silva was continually losing his influence; and, as I learned by letters from Lisbon, the prince of Brasil, soon after he declared himself regent, sent him out of the country. He had already been

\* Tilesius the editor corrects the author, especially in what regards the minister of war, but as appears to me is not quite accurate himself. That the above mentioned minister loves money too well cannot be denied. The author of the *New Picture of Lisbon* speaks among others of some republicans, who had entered the country as emigrants; and names L'Eglife, Erhard, &c. These persons Tilesius endeavours to defend; but is mistaken in regard to Erhard, taking another man for him. The Erhard of whom he speaks is a physician with the rich Mr. Beekford, and is certainly a singular man, L'Eglife who could make no great progress in Portugal, and cannot much like that country, had the misfortune of many rational emigrants, that of considering his countrymen as brave men. Hence the abuse of other emigrants, especially of those in the army.

R

sent

fent to Africa by Pombal, but the queen recalled and made him minister of state. The minister of the marine and of the colonies, Dom Rodrigo do Soufa Coutinho, is an active enterprising man, who undoubtedly has in view to improve and advance his country, but he appears too hasty and vehement, and though he may have a good head, is deficient perhaps in knowledge. This minister has the following portugueze titles, *Ministro e secretario de estado dos negocios estrangeiros e da guerra; Ministro e Secretario de estado da repartiçãõ da fazenda; Ministro e Secretario de estado dos negocios do reino; Ministro e secretario de estado dos negocios da marinha e dos dominios ultramarinos.*

Half a league from Quelus is a market-town called Bellas, with a pleasant quinta belonging to the Conde de Pombeiro and a very good inn. Beyond this place, toward Cintra, are some mineral springs, near which is a house for the reception of invalids. A quinta serves as a promenade; but very little use is made of it. The whole country round is basalt or lime-stone; sand-stone also appears, and from these the springs arise, which, from the opportunities I had of trying them, appeared vitriolated, without having much oxygen. These springs are enclosed that they may not be used to procure abortion, as has sometimes happened.

On,

On the opposite side of Bellas, at about a league distance, amid lime-stone hills, the water for the great aqueduct of Lisbon is collected from various sources within the same building. These hills are very dreary and barren.

## CHAP. XXII.

*The mountains of Cintra.*

TO the north-west of Lisbon rises a high range of mountains full of peaks, forming the background of a charming landscape. These are the mountains of Cintra, which lie North-east and South-west, ending in the Cabo de Rocca. The distance from Lisbon to the market-town of Cintra is four leagues. The country on this side of Lisbon is far from pleasant, the road lying across arid stony hills of lime-stone or sand-stone. The range of mountains itself consists of granite composed of clear-white quartz, a somewhat reddish felspar, and black mica, against which leans a white or foliaceous lime-stone, or a proper stink-stone. The south side toward Lisbon is arid, naked, parched up, consists of bare heaped-up rocks, and affords a wild, desert, dreary prospect. But every thing is changed when we pass round the mountain to the north side of this range, and enter Cintra. Here the whole declivity is to a certain height covered with country-houses and charming quintas, forming a shady wood of the finest trees, such as oaks of various kinds, pines, lemons, and other fruit-trees. Every where streams  
issue



issue from the rocks, and form cool mossy spots. Toward the summit of the mountain naked rocks are wildly heaped together. On one of the high points, floating as it were in the air, is seen a monastery, and on another the ruins of a moorish castle. Where the quintas cease begins a thick but low coppice of strawberry-tree (*arbutus unedo*), privets (*phillyreas*\*), alaternus†, and the rare faya (*myrica faya*‡), which, with other vegetable inhabitants of the island of Madeira, have strayed hither. A fine prospect of the well-cultivated valley of Colares, of the great monastery of Mafra, and of the sea, complete the beauties of the scene.

The houses at Cintra lie dispersed in a picturesque manner over the declivity of the mountain. Here also is a royal castle, formerly the residence of several kings. Cintra is the summer residence of the rich inhabitants of Lisbon, but especially of the foreign merchants, and of the portugueze who are connected with foreign houses. Here also are seen a great part of the ministry, and other diplomatic persons of high rank. The months of August and September, when every thing is parched up round Lisbon, are passed here on mountains that abound in water, verdure, and shade. It would not be believed that art has done

\* Mock-privets. † Or rhamnus—buck-thorn.

‡ Gale, or sweet-willow. T.

any thing to render this abode agreeable, nor has it, except in forming shady quintas. The country-houses are very indifferent when compared with their inhabitants, being generally small and inconvenient for persons of rank. The promenades alone are formed by nature. Plays, balls, concerts, and all the amusements found in the smallest watering-places of Germany, are never thought of here, but every one endeavours separately to amuse himself to the best of his power.

In warm climates, mountains and countries like these produce a pleasing temper of the soul. The lofty and shady trees of the north of Europe unite with the fragrant orange-groves of the south. Shade and brooks are incomparably more charming in a country where a powerful sun burns up all vegetation, where even the view of cool running water is refreshing, than in our colder climates; and the spectator almost imagines himself in an enchanted island, when from this romantic spot he looks down upon the parched-up plain below. Cintra is the abode of love; for in the midst of summer the coolness of the nights is charming, and the dispersion of the houses, the rocks, gardens, and woods, afford innumerable opportunities for amorous solitude. Cintra is less celebrated in portuguese poetry than might be expected; but foreigners love it very much, and have laid out the best spots. Camoens (*Camoens*)

*moēs*) speaks of this mountain with a miserable conceit: "Cintra," says he, "where the concealed naiads fly from the sweet bonds to the cool fountains, where love, however, softly binds them in his net, and lights up flaming fire-brands even in the water."

To the west of Cintra, at the foot of this range of mountains, is a market-town called Colares, celebrated for its orchards, chesnut woods, and wine. A great part of the fruit that is consumed in Lisbon comes from hence. Apples are particularly abundant and good, and the best table-wine is produced there. Parties of pleasure are frequently made from Cintra to this place. Upon this lofty mountain, to the westward, is a small monastery of capuchins, built between rocks\*, and called Cork monastery, the rocks being cased with cork. The loneliness of the scene, the naked and dreary range of mountains, from which the spectator has an extensive view of the sea, and this poor little monastery, sometimes entice foreigners away from Cintra; and hence it has undeservedly acquired its reputation. Its elevation and vicinity to the sea cause a great accumulation of clouds and moisture, to remedy which the coating of cork upon the walls is very useful. In winter snow is not unfrequent here, though it never lies. Toward

\* Not hewn out of the rocks, as has been said (excepting some parts of the church), but built between them.

Cabo de Rocca the mountains become lower and lower, ending in a flat, desert, naked, lonely ridge, which forms the cape. The height toward the sea is from 50 to 80 feet, being broken straight off, and consisting of granite. Near the extremity is a light-house, and not far from it a small chapel. On this naked plain the storms rage with great violence, the sea bursts with vehemence against the rocks, and is very deep in their vicinity. From hence are seen the mountains of Mafra; and opposite is the corresponding cape, Cabo de Espichel. As we sailed round this cape for England, I fancied to myself the fine view an ancient temple of Isis must have offered to seamen; for the ancients called the mountains of Cintra *montes lunæ*, the cape *promontorium magnum*, and, it is said, a large temple adorned the point.

Farther to the northward is another chain of mountains, parallel to those of Cintra, with which it unites by high and detached mountains, the Cabeça de Montachique and others. From the sea these mountains appear like a lofty amphitheatre. This chain of mountains consists of thick and foliaceous lime-stone. On the part which runs toward the sea is the castle of Mafra with its immense monastery. It was built by John V. a prince in the highest degree attached to religion, to pleasure, and to magnificence; but, though it  
cost

cost immense sums, affords no favourable idea of the taste of the architect. Of the size of this edifice an idea may be formed from the quantity of metal used in every tower for bells, bars, &c. amounting to 14,500 arrobas\* for each tower. How much better might John V. have employed the treasures of Brasil had he raised a formidable fleet, which would necessarily have rendered Portugal great and powerful!

\* An arroba is 32 lb.

## CHAP. XXIII.

*Journey to St. Ubes, Alcacer do Sal, Grandola.—Description of the Serra da Arrabida.—St. Ubes.*

IN April, 1798, we crossed the river to Couna, which is generally considered as a distance of three leagues, and thence proceeded to the small town of Azeytaõ. The road lies chiefly across sandy heaths and pine-woods, the soil being better cultivated only round the town. There are many cork and olive-trees, and at length vineyards and fields. The town consists of small houses, has a manufactory of cottons, a dyehouse, 552 houses, and 2342 inhabitants, or less than five to a house.

I cannot forbear here to introduce a remark on the population of Portugal. According to the last lists, the present minister of police found the number of houses in Portugal to be 744,980. In Lisbon and Oporto alone can we reckon five or more inhabitants to each house, in the maritime towns generally about five, but in the inland towns certainly not so many. The small houses of these country towns are occupied only by one family, frequently consisting only of a man, his wife, and one child; nor are the com-  
mon

mon people very prolific, not having the means of supporting many children. Of this Azeytao is an example. It is a manufacturing place, which also carries on a considerable trade in wine and oil, being situated between the two harbours of Lisbon and St. Ubes; yet the population is very small, not being sufficient for the harvest, for 118 labourers come annually from Aveiro in the province of Beira, to assist them.

At Azeytao is no inn; but in the small village of Aldea dos Mouros is a very good one; and that place seems in a thriving state. Close to it rise pleasant hills covered with a grove of laurel and laurustinus (*viburnum tinus*), upon which are also the remains of a ruined castle. Here the Serra da Arrabida appears in front to the southward rather as a high, steep, and naked range of mountains. The valley between these hills and the mountains is a heath of the better kind, entirely covered with beautiful tall cisti and other rare plants. The foundation of this hill and heath is a coarse flint-breccia, which surrounds this high range of mountains on all sides. The Serra da Arrabida rises to the eastward, at Palmella, very rapidly out of the sandy plain, takes a due westerly direction, forming the Cabo Espichel, and consists of a grey close lime-stone which breaks in shivers. The part beyond Aldea dos Mouros is the highest. On the north side the  
mountains

mountains are steep and not covered with rocks, but, like most lime-stone mountains, with small loose stones, which render the ascent extremely difficult; nor is any fine and luxurious vegetation seen excepting in the hollows where the brooks take their rise. High laurel-trees, the *laurus-tinus*, which also grows to be a tree, the southern oak (*quercus australis nob.* a new variety), the maple (*acer campestre*), and the strawberry-tree (*arbutus unedo*), the latter being underwood, form a dark shady grove, in which we had the good fortune to discover two hitherto unknown plants of the family of the orchides. The south side rises straight out of the sea, is entirely covered with coppice, and has likewise in the hollows pleasant groves, which are here rendered still more charming by the carob, or St. John's bread-tree (*ceratonia siliqua*). Here is the monastery of Arrabida, from which the range of mountains and the province take the name of these Franciscans\*. This high mountain, covered with trees and thickets, rising immediately out of the sea, forms a singular and novel view; and the prospect from the highest point is very magnificent and surprising.

The lime-stone from this part is very marbly, and was employed in building the monastery of Mafra. The north side of the mountain furnishes

\* Probably the reverse. Arrabida is not a portugueze word, and may be a corruption of the latin name of this promontory, Barbaricum promontorium. T.



pasture for goats and sheep, but was formerly a chase, as the south side is now. These flocks of sheep are considered as the cause of the want of cultivation. Formerly this mountain was known for the kermes it produced, which was gathered in large quantities, and exported. The kermes (*coccus ilicis*) is well known to be an insect, which, after it has deposited its eggs, withers over them, and dies. The kermes are still collected, the season for which is in May; but they are no longer exported, as the true cochineal has entirely superseded their use.

At the eastern extremity this range of mountains rises, as abovementioned, suddenly with the round and almost conical mountain on which is the considerable monastery of Palmella, of the military order of Santiago, with a village, and is seen at an extraordinary distance on this for the most part naked mountain. The prospect from this eminence is very extraordinary and singular in its kind. At the foot of it lies St. Ubes with its harbour and extremely-well cultivated plain; directly in front is a high, naked, stony ridge of mountains; to the right is Lisbon, with its river, harbour, and rich high bank; and, if the spectator turns round, he discovers the black desert waste of Alemtejo. Such a range of mountains, with two considerable harbours, a desert, and very fertile tracts of country, form a most striking contrast.

This

This range of mountains extends from hence still farther to the westward, between St. Ubes and Azeytao; then between Aldea dos Mouros and the sea onward. To the southward of the last-mentioned place, along the north side of the mountain, lies the fine estate of Calheriz, the owner of which, Dom Alexandre de Soufa, contributes much to the improvement of rural economy. The overlooker is an Italian priest, brought by the owner from Italy, where he was ambassador at Turin. We also saw fields of trifolium incarnatum, which is certainly an excellent fodder for these parts. Near this estate attempts have been made to find coal.

Still farther to the westward, but on the south side of the mountains, in a hollow surrounded by steep rocky naked summits, and close to the sea, is the small town of Cezimbra. The harbour is small and ill-protected, and close behind the town, on a mountain, is an old castle, which is seen far and wide. This part is uncommonly naked and barren. The town is supported by the fishery, and sends a great quantity of fish to Lisbon. The sardinhas (*Clupea Sprattus*), a small kind of herring, come annually to this coast, and are taken in great quantities; but complaints are heard, and not unjustly, of the failure of this fishery. There is a want of all conveniencies, especially of boats, the nets are good for nothing;  
nor

nor are the best kinds of bait known. There is often a want of fish, or they do not approach the coast. In this case the misery of the poorer classes is very great; for there are no vessels that can go in search of them farther out to sea. Frequently they are caught in extraordinary quantities, but are left to rot, without even procuring train-oil from them. In former times, Cezimbra was more considerable; as the lists of the middle of the fifteenth century show.

The higher summits of the mountains here consist of limestone, then follow strata of rounded quartz, or large-grained sand and slate-clay, in which appear coal, pyrites, and native sulphur.

This range of mountains ends in the Cabo de Espichel, which with the Cabo de Rocca forms the mouth of the Tagus. The height of the former cape is much more considerable than that of the latter; but it is only on the south side, broken off quite abruptly. On the west side the declivity indeed is very steep, but may be ascended, and is covered with bushes and rocks. On the farthest point, besides the light house, is a small church, with a miraculous picture of the virgin. This church, dedicated to Nossa Senhora do Cabo, forms the centre of a building, from which long wings extend on each side, consisting of two stories, and containing a great many small apartments, furnished with wooden chairs and tables,

tables, but without windows, for the use of the devout, who come hither as pilgrims. In the beginning of May, every year, there is a procession of them from Belem to Porto Brandaõ, and thence through the desert heaths and pine-woods; and sometimes the prince of Brasil takes part in these pilgrimages, passing his time in hunting. This cape indeed is the pleasantest in Portugal, the country round is well cultivated, single houses being every where interspersed, the hills cheerful and gay, and the naked summit adorned with the above mentioned building.

Here also the upper stratum is entirely limestone, and beneath is a stratum of sand-stone, in which, especially on the declivity toward the sea, we found abundance of charcoal. Under this is lime-stone with substances appearing like petrifications, as also happens at Porto Brandaõ and even on the north side of the Tagus round Lisbon.

We examined the mountains on this journey twice, and with great care, throughout its whole extent from east to west; we also went there a third time in the autumn, and our labours were repaid by the discovery of many rare and hitherto unknown plants.

St. Ubes\* is situated at the eastern extremity of the Serra da Arrabida, on the south side, where the

\* In portugueze Setuval. The ancient name was Cetobrica. T.

country is very pleasant through the variety it exhibits. To the westward the mouth of the Sado\* is so wide, that it appears a considerable bay formed by a strip of land on the opposite side, which, with this high range of mountains, also constitute the narrow entrance of the harbour. As far as the eye can see, a high steep declivity, covered with thickets and woody hollows, extends along the sea. To the north-east, toward the charming mountain of Palmella, is a fertile spot watered by brooks and adorned with quintas, plantations of orange-trees, and vineyards. Black heaths and pine-woods to the southward and eastward increase by contrast the charms of this rich prospect. We passed the easter of 179S in this country, when we had hot summer-days, beheld vegetation in its finest bloom, and the yellow lupins which grow wild here in great quantities filled the air with their perfume.

A fort, called San Philipe, covers the harbour,

\* Almost all the maps of Portugal, for instance those by Lima, Lopez, all those taken from them, and consequently all the German maps, are extremely erroneous. The great bay is the mouth of the river, in which the latter by no means falls on one side. A narrow arm extends to Comporta, which is situated on the west, not on the east side of the bay. I have written *Sado*, though geographers, and after them Murphy, write *Sadaõ*, or *çadaõ*. We were told very distinctly, that the river was called *Sado* at its mouth, but, farther up, *Sadaõ*.

and a tower fortified with cannon, called Torre de Outaõ, together with a light-house, are situated in the hollow of the mountains, besides which several bastions are raised here and there. The entrance is also difficult, and the channel very narrow, so that the fortifications may fully answer their purpose. The town is small, consisting of narrow dirty streets and small houses; but the strand is broad and neat, being adorned with superior houses occupied by the rich inhabitants, who mostly reside in this part, and provided with a good pavement along the water's edge. The walls of the old town and its gates still remain. St. Ubes would be a more considerable place, if it were not so near Lisbon and the trade carried on through Lisbon-houses; for here are only 15 considerable mercantile firms. St. Ubes is the seat of a corregedor, and contains five churches and nine religious houses; a large number in proportion to not much above 2000 houses.

The trade of St. Ubes consists in wine, which is here very good, and various kinds of it are exported. Good muscadel is also here produced. Oranges are likewise exported; but the best trade of St. Ubes is in salt, which is taken principally by danish and swedish ships. The salt-pans lie in great numbers along the Sado and its branches, being called in portuguese *marinhas*. They are dug square, about three feet deep, and salt-water is

is introduced on one side from the sea, at flood, through canals which extend in innumerable branches, and are shut when the pans are full. The water is often previously collected in large reservoirs, called *governos*, from which it is afterwards distributed into the *marinhas*, where, being evaporated, the salt is collected in the month of June, and kept either in wooden sheds or in heaps, which are protected against the rain by rushes. Of this salt a considerable quantity seemed to be in store. It is large-grained, becomes but little moist in the air, and excels in purity the marine salt collected in other provinces of the south of Europe, or in other parts of Portugal. Thus a quantity of salt is prepared on the banks of the Tagus above Lisbon, round Aveiro, &c. The salt-trade to Brasil is farmed by the government to a merchant\*.

It is singular that in Portugal soda, or barilla (*salsola soda* and *fativa*) is not cultivated, though the Spaniards have set them an example. This plant grows wild in great quantities, and would succeed well in the neighbourhood of St. Ubes and Aveiro. A young Portuguese, Francisco Xavier Constanço, has published a small guide to the culture of soda.

\* See *Ensaio sobre o Commercio de Portugal*, por Joaq. Jose da Cunha, p 7, § 7.

The fishery of St. Ubes was formerly much celebrated, but has since much fallen off. In former times the towns of Sinos, St. Ubes, and Alcaccer were much connected in the fishing trade. In 1353, the inhabitants of Lisbon concluded a convention with Edward III. of England for permission to fish off the coast of Brittany\*. But how much are the times now altered! Brittany is french, and the Spaniards under the Philips have ruined Portugal.

In the year 1796, the following ships entered and sailed from the port of St. Ubes, *viz.* 71 Americans in, 72 out; 4 from Bremen in, 3 out; 145 danish in, 147 out; 1 spanish inwards; 10 Hamburgers in, 6 out; 46 english in, 45 out; 8 Lubeck in, 7 out; 8 Oldenburg in, 6 out; 13 portugueze in, 19 out; 68 prussian in and out; 4 from Papenburg in, 3 out; 2 ragusan in and out; 177 Swedes in, and 173 out.

In 1797, the following ships entered Lisbon: 154 american and one man of war in, 161 out; 30 from Bremen in, 11 out; 218 danish in, 229 out; 1 french in and out; 9 genoese in, 13 out; 43 Hamburgers in and out; 3 spanish in, 4 out; 1 imperial in and out; 533 english in, 466 out; 223 english men of war in, 225 out; 9 from Lubeck in, 10 out; 9 from Morocco in, 2 out; 4

\* See Memor. econom. da Acad. de Lisb. II. 392.



neapolitan in, 3 out; 6 from Oldenburg in, 8 out; 2 from Papenburg in and out; 268 portugueze in, 309 out; 61 portugueze men of war in, 79 out; 80 Prussians in, 86 out; 22 Ragusans in, 23 out; 135 swedish in, 148 out; 19 venetian in, and 24 out. From these *data* the trade of St. Ubes may be compared with that of Lisbon; and thus it appears that the former is not inconsiderable; but the number of portugueze mercantile houses in Lisbon exceeds 200, and that of foreigners exceeds 150, while there are only 15 in St. Ubes.

Were there a good road from Lisbon to St. Ubes, both these towns might contribute still more considerably to each other's profits. Not, however, merely bad roads, but foolish laws of police, called *posturas*, restrain this commerce. From many places nothing can be carried out without permission of the magistrates, and in many only a certain quantity of garden-land can be cultivated. The *camara* of Palmella forbid the carrying wine through their territory from Azeytao to St. Ubes; and, though this *postura* was annulled in the last reign, yet the inhabitants of that place were deterred by private threats from availing themselves of their liberty. In the present reign, the academy of sciences began to expose these often prejudicial and little known *posturas* to light, but without effect.

In Portugal internal commerce, which alone gives life and vigour to a country, is almost entirely neglected. The foreign trade of some individual towns is certainly considerable; and, though it is said that the trade of Portugal is in the hands of foreigners, this expression is very vague. Their european trade is mostly carried on in foreign ships, but that of Brasil exclusively in those of Portugal. Foreigners are prohibited from trading with the colonies; and, though the portugueze houses may, in some instances, lend only their names to foreigners, who in fact carry it on, this is by no means general; for, though there are considerable foreign houses in Portugal, yet none of them have very large capitals, whereas there are many very rich portugueze houses. This fact is so well known and so certain, that every one who reflects on it must acknowledge its truth; and yet, in all accounts of that kingdom, the trade of the portugueze is spoken of with contempt. In a certain sense, however, there is some justice in these observations. It is not merely because London and Amsterdam trade to all parts of the world that England and Holland flourish; but it is their inland trade that has raised both these countries to a degree of opulence that is the astonishment of the world.

Opposite

Opposite St. Ubes, on the narrow strip of land that forms the entrance of the harbour, are the remains of an ancient city called Troya. Many walls are still seen, and a number of square pavements, formed of small angular stones bound together with cement, being probably either the sites of houses or the courts belonging to them. Similar ornamental paved courts are found in the remains of old moorish buildings. Tradition says that this place was buried in sand through the impiety of its inhabitants, and that only a single church, called Herinita, remained. It is certainly probable that the place was deserted on account of the sand, and that the inhabitants went over and built St. Ubes on the opposite side. Lima, in his map, lays down a place called Vanda in this spot, and places Troya on the other side of a creek that does not exist; in which he is followed by Lopez and other modern maps. For this Vanda we enquired in vain.

We ascended the Sado to Alcacer do Sal (or Salt-castle) the banks of the river being full of salt-pans, and cultivated to some distance, behind which the desert heathis begin. The town or village of Alcacer consists of about 650 houses, but mostly small. It has only a juiz de fora, and belongs to the Comarca of St. Ubes. Travellers generally pass through this place to Beja and Algarvia, as they can go from St. Ubes to Alcacer,

a distance of eight leagues, by water. Much corn also from upper Alemtejo is shipped here, for St. Ubes and Lisbon. A good road from hence to Beja would soon raise this place into consequence: for in the middle of the fifteenth century it was more considerable than at present. Near this town are the remains of a castle much spoken of in portugueze history. The country is flat excepting a few hills of sand-breccia.

From hence to Grandola, we had three leagues of desert sandy heaths and pine-woods, and very little cultivated land. This town (or villa) is said to contain 800 houses, but these, excepting two, are small and bad, and this place, compared with Alcacer, is very dead. Some wine and oranges however are produced in the neighbourhood. Beyond the town, the Serra de Grandola proceeds in two ranges, one behind the other, from east to west, forming the last mountains as far as the frontiers of Algarvia. This Serra is not high, but extremely arid, and consists of a fine-grained argillaceous sand-stone, which often breaks flaty. On the second range, not unfrequently are found copper pyrites and red-copper-ore, whence this range of mountains is called in the maps *Serra de minas de cobre*, but by the inhabitants Serra de Grandola. At the time when we found these mountains as laid down, we had been seeking in vain for a lake placed in the maps between Alca-  
cer

cer and Grandola, under the name of *Lago Alva*, of which no one throughout the country could give us the least intelligence. Equally in vain we sought in this country for the *Montes azules* of Lopez, which not an inhabitant knew, and the place of which is occupied by a sandy heath. Such errors regarding countries at no great distance from a capital, and in laying down a place of trade so well known as St. Ubes, are very striking.

From Grandola we followed the sea-coast for some distance over very tedious heaths covered with deep sand to Comporta, a place consisting only of a church, a large but bad inn (*estalagem*) and a few small huts. The surrounding country is marshy, and the inhabitants have begun to dig turf here, which is very uncommon in Portugal. Comporta is situated close to the sea, a small arm of the Sado, which at flood is navigable, comes up to it, but not as Lopez and many others say, on the east side of an imaginary bay. From this place we returned to St. Ubes, having travelled over a most dreary country, from which we derived no other benefit than a few fine plants, and some corrections for the map of Portugal. Along the shore at Comporta bloomed the majestic variety of the *antirrhinum lusitanicum* of Lamark, with myrtle-leaves; which is certainly one of the most beautiful of european plants.

## CHAP. XXIV.

*Journey into the northern provinces. From Lisbon to Caldas da Rainha.*

WE left Lisbon in May 1798 to explore the northern provinces of Portugal, and directed our course to Torres vedras, and the baths of Caldas.

The country beyond the eastern part of Lisbon I have already described; but Campo grande, a suburb of Lisbon, Lumiar, and Carnide also deserve mention. We only saw hills with short interruptions, and covered with olive-trees, on the plain ground orange-gardens, along the brooks meadows full of oaks and poplars, and here and there corn-fields. The oranges of Lumiar are in high esteem. Equally charming is the valley of Loures; where the hills rise still higher, the valley itself becomes wider, and one village succeeds to another. The traveller may go through Bemfica, Campo grande, Carnide, and Lumiar for several miles constantly between houses, without perceiving he has quitted Lisbon.

Beyond Loures the level of the country rises considerably, and we ascended the high chain of mountains, which extends to Mafra, consisting of basalt covered with lime-stone; but on the heights,

heights, and on the north side, a compact fine-grained sand-stone appeared. The first shelf is formed by a mountain called Cabeça de Montachique; after which the level is lower, as far as a village called *a Pova*; the road was on both sides lined with the southern oak, a non-descript tree of the south of europe, although its size and beauty give it a very distinguished rank among them. It approaches to the valentinian oak described by Cavanilles, but is larger and has a much broader leaf. The road, though paved, was bad every where, and had doubtless not been mended for a century; the towns and villages are uncommonly small and wretched. Round Pova are many fruit-trees; a proof of a high and cool situation. Beyond that village the mountains again rise, and become bare and dreary with a quinta only here and there. On these mountains is the village (villa) of Enxara, with a fine estate of the Conde Redondo. Toward Torres vedras the mountains again cease, and we travelled between cheerful hills; but the little cultivation that appears shows the distance from Lisbon. The hills consist of a coarse-grained sand-stone, here and there is basalt, and sometimes strata of rounded flints.

Torres vedras is a small town, seven leagues from Lisbon, surrounding a hill on which are the ruins of an ancient castle. It contains somewhat above 600 houses, four parish churches,  
and

and three religious houses without the town. These give it an appearance of greatness, which we afterwards found it did not possess. In ancient times it was a celebrated fortification, and is still the chief town of a Corregimento. The country round is pleasant and well cultivated, being particularly full of gardens and vineyards, and watered by the small river Sizandro, which is bordered with alders and willows. On one side sand-mountains and pine-woods soon again begin, while on the other are only gay lime-stone hills covered with coppice. At the foot of these rises a luke-warm spring containing some carbonic acid gas. Coal is also found here in a stratum of clay.

From Torres vedras to the neighbourhood of Obidos, a distance of five leagues, we passed through an ill-cultivated desert country, exhibiting, first pine-woods, then heaths, and only a couple of wretched insignificant villages. The mountains every where consist of sand-stone and ratchil. Round Obidos the prospect is pleasanter and more varied, being full of short hills formed of a close yellowish lime-stone, frequently rough and rocky, covered with cheerful coppice and surrounded by brooks. Low lime-stone hills are generally pleasanter than sand-stone hills, their vegetation being richer and more various, and by the failure of this the traveller may discover at a distance, where the sand-stone again begins.

Obidos



Obidos itself is a small insignificant town built round a hill, on which are the ruins of an ancient fortification celebrated in history, and the walls of which are still kept in very good order. Within it, amid ruins and rocks, are some houses inhabited by persons belonging to the police.

A league from Obidos is the small town of Caldas, much frequented for its sulphureous waters. The town is small, being built in an irregular quadrangular form; but is continually increasing. The houses are small, generally consisting merely of a ground-floor, and only a few have windows. The flooring is very bad almost throughout, and those who would have other furniture, than bad wooden tables and chairs, must bring them. As to beds, table cloths, and other conveniences, they are wholly wanting; in short every article of furniture must be provided. The inn will accommodate but few people, and would be called wretched in England or France, though here it passes for tolerable. The company who come to bathe always live in private houses. Such are the accommodations prepared for the rich merchants and principal nobility of Lisbon, who visit Caldas twice a year; namely in May and September. As to balls, concerts, plays, and such amusements, they are not to be expected here, and those who seek these enjoyments in places resorted to for pleasure in Portugal, must themselves form them.

The

The company however visit, give tea-parties, play, and at most make small parties to visit some neighbouring place. These are their only amusements. It is however the fashion to go to Caldas. The rich pass the hot season at Cintra, and travel from thence to Caldas; for which reason the company are frequently more brilliant in autumn than in spring.

In the middle of this place over the warm spring, is a spacious and handsome bathing house, founded in the reign of the late king, and close to it a hospital for poor patients. Besides the spring used for drinking, three others supply four baths; that for the men is thirty six feet long by nine broad, and two feet eight inches deep. The soil is covered with a white clay and washed sand. The company undress behind a curtain, put on bathing cloaths, and sit upon the ground in the bath, so that the water reaches their neck. There are frequently twelve patients in the bath at the same time, and though the water is constantly flowing it is unpleasant to be obliged to bathe in company, especially to those who come last, to whom the water arrives after washing the rest. It is also unpleasant that strangers are admitted. Nothing however is paid for bathing, except a small present to the attendants. The poor are not suffered to bathe till about noon, when the other company are gone. The rest of the baths, even those appropriated to

the ladies, are regulated in a similar manner, except that the water in the bath for men is the hottest and of the strongest quality, being from  $92^{\circ}$  to  $93^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit, (from  $26^{\circ}$  to  $27^{\circ}$  of Réaumur). The water from all the springs joins and turns a mill near the bathing house.

On entering this house the company come to a large floor, which serves for a promenade after bathing, and is generally full of people running to and fro with great violence. Here also is an apothecary's shop, and in the back-ground the spring used for drinking, the warmth of which is  $91^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit.

The country round is well cultivated, but sandy and full of pine-woods. The place itself is situated on the western brow of hills very much flattened, consisting of a soft brownish sand-stone containing iron, and probably covering coal, from the combustion of which the heat of the water may arise. The sea is only three leagues distant, and the lake or lagoa de Obidos one league. This vicinity to the sea and the flatness of the country are the causes of the strong and cold winds, which prevail here, particularly in spring, and of changeable weather. The heat also in summer is uncommonly great. Every where are seen the Berlengas \*, islands which resemble much the two islands of Helgoland and form hills in the middle of the sea. Except a quinta, there is no promenade at Caldas.

\* The Burlings.

We have a short treatise on the use and abuse of the baths of Caldas, by Tavares, formerly professor and dean of the medicinal faculty at Coimbra, under the title of *Advertencias sobre os abusos e legitimo uso das aguas mineraes das Caldas, da raynha por Fr. Tavares*. Lisbon 1791, 4to. but it is very singular that the author should say it is of little use to know the constituent parts of mineral waters. Mr. Tavares should recollect that even to render rules for the use of the water practicable, it is necessary to analyse it; without which it cannot even be classed among medicinal springs. Like many ignorant physicians in Germany, he imagines certain effects are expected to arise from the analysis, whereas its use is merely to complete the knowledge of the physician, who ought to know whether the water belongs to the carbonic-acid, or sulphureous class. He complains of the great minuteness of chemical analyses, and does not reflect that they are expected from every writer on objects of chemical enquiry. He justly blames excess in the use of these waters, the silly running to and fro after bathing, the leaving off the portugueze custom of constantly wearing a cloak of cloth, and substituting the light english dress, which is not adapted to a hot climate. In this we cannot but fully agree with the author. The portugueze, instructed by experience, wears his cloak in the hottest summer,  
but

but is almost undrest beneath it, so that he can wrap himself up from every cold breeze. In hot weather the skin is always covered with perspiration; and every current of air, by favouring evaporation, produces a degree of cold, which the air itself will not effect.

But there is another more important treatise on this subject, by a well known learned Englishman, named Withering, with a chemical analysis of the water, published at Lisbon in 1795, in portu-  
gueze and english, under the title of analyse che-  
mica da agua das Caldas da raynha, por Guil-  
herme Withering. (A chemical analysis of the  
water at Caldas da raynha, by William Wither-  
ing, sixty one pages, 4to.) The analysis is good,  
as might be expected from so skilful an author;  
but the bad apparatus he was obliged to employ  
renders the most important of the results doubtful;  
as for instance the proportions of the various kinds  
of air. In 128 ounces he found of

Fixed air,	- - - - -	4 dr.
Hepatic air,	- - - - -	6 oz. 4 dr.
Calx aerata,	- - - - -	12 gr.
Magnesia,	- - - - -	3½
Ferrum hepatis alum.	- - - - -	2½
Argillaceous earth,	- - - - -	1½
Magnesia salita,	- - - - -	64
Selenitic salts,	- - - - -	44
Common salt,	- - - - -	148

T Siliceous

Siliceous earth, . . . . . 64 gr.

Glauber's salt, . . . . . 64

The iron might as well be dissolved in the carbonic acid, as in the sulphurated hydrogen; but I pass over the remarks that might be made on the proportions of the constituent parts, in which, as the author himself says, the analysis could not be exact. It is enough that he has contributed something to this object, for which he deserves the thanks of the world.

## CHAP. XXV.

*From Caldas to Coimbra, through Alcobaca and Batalha.*

WE set off from Caldas for San Martinho, a small market-town (villa) two leagues from Caldas, over low hills, and through a sandy country, and pine-woods. Close to the sea, rise hills consisting of sand-stone and lime-stone with a small quantity of gypsum. Between these is the narrow entrance into the harbour, which is a pretty, large, almost completely round basin, which has a very fine appearance, but only small ships can enter, and we counted but three two-masted vessels. Most of the inhabitants are supported by the fishery, and carry on a coasting trade.

To the eastward of San Martinho, a chain of sand-stone hills runs parallel to the sea. The summits and western declivities are naked, but the eastern sides are covered with frequent and considerable pine woods. The country also becomes more mountainous. At the northern extremity, concealed in a valley, so that it can only be seen on a very near approach, is the rich Bernardine monastery of Alcobaca, together with a market-town. This monastery was founded in 1148, by the first king of Portugal, Dom Affonso

Henriquez \*, who was so partial to it, that it became the richest monastery in the country. The church is large and built in the gothic taste, which is called the new normannogothic. Those who desire a description of it may refer to Murphy's travels through Portugal, who, being an architect, was qualified to form an adequate judgment of it; but I must confess that owing to the magnitude of our gothic-built german churches, it struck me less than him, as a whole. A number of curiosities (but of no great importance) were there shown us. I was only struck with some articles made of the first gold from Brasil, and an excellent black sculptured marble from Porto de Moz. The monastery is a large simple well-built pile, and the apartments have the air rather of a palace than of a monastery. The once celebrated archives were taken away by the spaniards, when they conquered Portugal, and carried to the Escorial. The library is far from bad, and among the books pointed out to us were the *Encyclopédie par ordre des matieres*, the *Description des arts et des metiers*, and many other new french works relating to natural history. We also saw here a magnificent copy of the english translation of Camoens's *Lusiad*, which was presented by lady Buto

\* The termination *ez* is a patronymic of like signification with the Slavonick *vicz*: thus Henrique is Henry, Henriquez Henry's son. The portugueze say Affonso, not Alfonso.



to this and other institutions in various parts of Spain and Portugal, as a token of remembrance. In short this library did not at all resemble most German monastic libraries, and a new and excellent apartment is now preparing for its reception. When these circumstances are compared with those related by Murphy, a great difference will appear; but that writer perhaps did not take the trouble of examining into the real state of the library. If Murphy were inclined to enter so minutely into a description of the interior, the magnificent kitchen, which is one of the finest that can be seen, afforded him sufficient opportunity. He found the farmers here in a very thriving way, saw a number of the poor daily fed by the monastery, and asks whether any rich individual in any part of the world so liberally assists his indigent neighbours. In this too I must contradict him. Those who are under this monastery are much oppressed by excessive taxes, and poverty assumes the place of abundance. The giving alms is a miserable compensation for making men poor. Here also he might have investigated his subject much better.

Alcobaça is a very considerable market-town or villa, and carries on various manufactories, the oldest of which is in the monastery, where Pombal established it, probably in order to turn the monastery to some account. Cambrics and other

fine linen manufactures are made here, but the woollen manufactory is more important, as also one for spinning wool, belonging to Messrs. Guillot, natives of France. That part of it which can be done by machinery is so performed, such as carding, spinning, &c. and the ingenious construction of these various machines excites general admiration. This manufactory enjoys a good sale, although woollens are also made in Lisbon, and a spinning manufactory is established at Tamar. The Guillots are a respectable house, both here and at Lisbon.

The common people have a great talent for fine delicate works; and imitate with the greatest accuracy. We saw here extremely fine thread, spun at Santarem, which M. Guillot showed us as extraordinary in its kind.

Alcobaça is surrounded by mountains. To the south-west, and to the northward, sand-stone mountains press close round it. To the westward rises a high naked range of mountains, which for a considerable distance runs parallel with the coast, being connected, though by detached ridges, with Monte junto to the south-east, and Loufaõ to the north-east. A part of this range is called Porto de Moz, and affords excellent marble. The country however round Alcobaça is cheerful, containing much coppice and meadows, and being also far cooler than the flat lands to the southward.

ward. We found here a few northern plants, which seldom occur in other parts of this kingdom; as for instance *ferratula arvensis* \*, *lychnis flos-cuculi* †, &c.

From Alcobaça to Batalha, a distance of three leagues, we approached the chain of mountains to the eastward, where they become higher, more crowded together, and in many parts covered with pines. Here first appears a fine species of heath (*erica cinerea*) not seen in the south of Portugal, but extremely abundant in the north. We now came to a market-town (villa) called Aljubarota, on the long flat summit of a mountain. It is a pretty large place, but consists entirely of very small houses. Here, in 1386, John I. gained a great victory over the Spaniards, by which he maintained himself on the throne. He was a natural son of Dom Pedro his predecessor; for Dom Fernando the last king having only left a daughter who married the king of Castile, this was sufficient ground for a jealous king of that country to make war with Portugal. It was this battle that, together with that of Campo de Ourique, established the independence of Portugal. Camoens, in the fourth Canto of the *Lusiad*, minutely describes this battle in beautiful and truly picturesque language. Nuno Alvarez Pereira distin-

\* Corn saw-wort or way-thistle.

† Cuckoo-flower *lychnis*, commonly called ragged-robin. T.

guished himself in it, having previously engaged the great men of his country to support their new king. In memory of this victory, his majesty founded the monastery and church *da Batalha*, but at some distance from the field of battle, that it might enjoy a convenient situation and plenty of water.

The mountains near this monastery are indeed lower, but it is so much concealed between hills that we did not perceive it till we approached very near. The singularly-built and open transparent tower strikes the eye, and pleases by its noble proportions.

Murphy speaks much at large of this church, which is a master-piece in its kind; and, as he is an architect, I shall not decide after him. No one can deny that on the whole a nobler and better taste reigns through the pile, than could be expected in the age when it was built; but the quantity of ornament destroyed this impression, at least in me. Murphy praises it for not being overloaded with ornament; but I cannot conceive how this can be said of a building, where both pillars and arches are covered with carved work. It is true, that on a narrow inspection this is executed in a light and tasty manner, but still it is misplaced. Murphy adds that the church is built of white marble; but an architect ought at least to know so much of mineralogy, as  
to

to perceive that it is not marble, but a calcareous species of sand-stone. This kind of stone appears in all parts of the surrounding mountains; while marble is not found for a considerable distance. Besides the edifice is unfinished. Under the present Queen, who is a great friend to all churches and monasteries, it was in agitation to complete it, but the undertaking was too expensive.

This monastery is inhabited by Dominicans, and is rather poor than rich. The abbot was a polite friendly man, but wholly destitute of science, and a mere monk. It is surrounded by a small villa, to which Lima assigns 600 houses; a number which certainly exceeds the truth.

Toward Leiria, the hills are still lower, consisting of sand-stone, and bearing olive-trees. At the foot of them, on a plain between the small rivers called Liz and Lena, and two leagues from Batalha, is the city of Leiria with its suburbs. The number of houses does not amount to much more than 1000; but there are some neat houses, and many persons of easy fortune reside there. It is a very old city, was formerly much celebrated, and though it has considerably diminished since the year 1417, it still continues the capital of a Corregimento, and the seat of a corregedor and bishop. It consists of two parishes, and contains four religious houses. On a hill is a once much-celebrated castle, and the city has been the residence

residence of some of the kings, especially of the wife Dom Diniz, whose palace still exists. The surrounding country is pleasant, the valley fertile and well cultivated; and old venerable pine-woods adorn the hills.

Near Leiria, a german named Sperling, had at that time established a manufactory, for bleaching with hyperoxygenated muriatic acid. He showed me many processes, but would not permit me to see the most important, as he asserted he had introduced new methods. He declared that the war forced him to leave off business, which I am informed he has since done. Perhaps he had fallen into the error of many manufacturers, that of beginning with too small a capital. He told us he was once in danger of falling into the hands of the inquisition, having with german vivacity often bowed to the sun that he might favour his process, which was represented to the bishop as idolatry: the bishop, however, Dom Manuel de Aguiar, was too rational to adopt this opinion, and therefore accepted his explanation.

The wise king Dom Diniz, the law-giver of Portugal, who favoured agriculture and manufactures in a manner then unprecedented, ordered even in the thirteenth century a pine-wood to be planted at no great distance from Leiria, which still continues, and supplies the glass-house of *Marinha grande* with a great quantity of wood.

A Mr. Stephens, an englishman, is the master of this manufactory, which is incontestably the largest in the kingdom and the only one of its kind. The glass is very good, though it does not possess all the lustre of the english glass. This manufactory supplies a great part of the kingdom, foreign glass being at present subject to high duties, though a great quantity is still imported from Bohemia. Formerly, however, this trade was far more considerable, and drew many germans into the country. Mr. Stephens has built himself a palace, made roads, cultivated and peopled the surrounding country, and planted new woods; in short, he is the Mango Capac of the place.

Here we had an opportunity of seeing a bull-fight (as did Mr. Murphy), to which the inhabitants of the surrounding country came, and the spectators filled the houses and benches, round the spacious square where it was exhibited. The fight was here far more dangerous than at Lisbon. Before the bull was let out, a number of persons in masks, merry andrews and dilettanti, appeared in the square, which only a part of them quitted when the beast came out, the rest taking a pleasure in provoking and irritating him. It happened not unfrequently that these inexperienced and unskilful combatants were seized and severely hurt by the bull, who however had knobs upon  
his

his horns. One of them was tossed over the bull's back, and another, who had made himself a large belly, was caught just as he was going over the balustrade by the bull, who gave him several severe thrusts, but he was fortunately helped over the fence quick enough to save him. At one part, however, were once no balustrades; here, before the passage through a house, stood a number of peasants with no other defence than clubsticks, with which, if the bull approached, they all fell upon him, crying aloud, and thus with the provocations of the combatants generally made him retreat. Once however a bull made a desperate attack on this crowd, threw them all into confusion, and would have certainly done great mischief, had he not been frightened by the attack of the Capinhos, and probably the cries and confusion of the people tumbling over each other, by which he gave them an opportunity of escaping through the house. Some of them however received considerable hurts. If the bull falls, every one rushes upon him, and they dispatch him by all possible means. The cowardly conduct of the populace, who took a pleasure in tormenting the dying animal, was truly shocking; they jumped upon him, beat him, and one fellow irritated his wounds with a prickly aloe leaf; at which I felt so much indignation that I almost rejoiced, when one of the beasts sprung up and furiously attacked  
his



his tormentors. In short, the bull-fights of the provinces appeared to me incomparably more injurious than in the capital, and I often reflect that the love of pleasure stupifies the people, and renders them insensible to every other feeling.

Barren heaths covered with ratchil, and here and there with pine-woods, continue as far as Pombal. During these five leagues we did not see a single village, and only a few detached houses; but were much surpris'd at finding in some parts a good road, which is a striking and a novel sight that always reminds the traveller of the name of Pombal. The market-town (villa) of Pombal, contains some neat houses, and is situated on the bank of a river in a well-cultivated and very cheerful country. A capuchin church with a very celebrated miraculous picture of the virgin, the ruins of an old castle on a hill, and the palace of the famous marquis of Pombal, which is a neat but not a striking edifice, are the principal objects that deserve notice.

Here the marquis of Pombal ended his days, as it were in banishment. Of the travels of the Duke de Chatelet, which do not shew much knowledge either of the country, the nation, the language, or indeed of any thing else, the author's visit to Pombal, where he speaks of that fallen minister, forms the most interesting part. The marquis is still called by the common people *o gran marques*, a phrase

phrase also used solely by some foreign merchants, not english, while every one else expressed the greatest hatred for his memory. The rich speak of Pombal's reign as a system of terror, during which, when the minister's approach was announced at a distance, every window and door was shut. It is not to be doubted that he was a minister who wished the good of the country for the sake of his own reputation; but it also cannot be denied, that he seldom employed the best means of accomplishing that end. Of this the miserable remains of his hat-manufactory at Pombal is an instance, while another at Braga has a considerable sale. But how was it possible that a manufactory should succeed in this unpeopled country, where agriculture requires all the hands that can be found, and even more? and why did Pombal never bestow his attention on roads, bridges, and canals, excepting for a few yards round the town of his name? Whence those trifling provocations of the priesthood, which contributed nothing to enlighten the people, and procured him implacable enemies? At first he was desirous of establishing manufactures every where, then changed his object to agriculture, and then to the fishery; in short he began every thing at the wrong end. Ever despotic, proud, and cruel, he never attained the object of his improvements, and even the common people, whom he favoured

now

now and then, no longer remember him with the feeling of love, but on the contrary rejoice at his fall. Such is the result of the conversations I have held relative to him with many of the portugueze of various ranks.

But nothing gives probability to the idea, which Mr. Jungk I believe first published among us, that he himself formed a plot against the king's life, in order to sacrifice a part of the nobility to his resentment. This idea certainly prevailed, was seized with avidity by the nobility and clergy, and the queen herself who believed it busied herself in her delirium with the innocence of those who had been condemned. But had this suspicion been founded, there would have been no delay in restoring every thing to its former state. Nothing however was done to remove this disgrace from the memory of the condemned, though a son of the duke of Aveiro lives in retirement, and the son of the marquis of Pombal in great style at Lisbon. I have been told by very credible persons, that after a revision of the proceedings, it was found best to leave this affair in peace. The column of disgrace on the site of the house of the duke of Aveiro at Belem still remains, though some shops have been erected beside it to hide the inscription; a just symbol of the conduct of the nation on this subject, for what they cannot alter they strive to conceal.

Similar

Similar hills to those from Leiria to Pombal continue from thence to Condeixa, though not so entirely barren, and better cultivated. We also came to a market-town called Atouguia, a place of some consideration, but consisting of small houses. At length we approached the high naked mountains to the eastward, which extend hither, and consist of a whitish-grey limestone. In some parts is found red iron-ore, which might be very well smelted into iron. On this road we quitted the province of Estremadura and entered that of Beira.

Condeixa, which is five leagues from Pombal, is situated near that chain of mountains in a very pleasant and cultivated country. The place itself is larger than Pombal, gay and lively, and many persons of rank reside there. The oranges of Condeixa are celebrated for their excellence and cheapness, and it is called a fruit-basket; a pleasing name for a pleasing place. The young women here appeared extremely beautiful and freer than they generally are in small portuguese towns, the cause of which may be the vicinity of the students of Coimbra. Here also the ancient Colibria or Colimbria, from which Coimbra took its name, is said to have stood.

A fertile hilly country watered by brooks, well peopled and cultivated, continues as far as Coimbra, which is but two leagues from Condeixa.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXVI.

*Coimbra. The university. Causes of the backwardness of portuguese literature.*

COIMBRA, like almost all great cities in Portugal, is built on the declivity of a hill, which in this instance is considerably steep; only a small part of the town being situated on the plain. The Mondego in its wide bed winds along in front close to the hill, and over it is a long stone bridge. The traveller does not perceive the town till he descends into the valley; but then it forms a fine and surprising view, in the midst of a charming country, which it adorns with innumerable monasteries and churches, along the declivity of the mountain. But he has no sooner entered Coimbra than all his expectations are reversed: for the streets are extremely narrow, crooked, and full of angles, ill-paved, very dirty, and frequently so steep that it is difficult to climb them. There is a single broad street on the plain; but even that is not inhabited by the rich, because it is deemed unhealthy in summer. The Mondego swells in winter, overflows its banks, and in summer leaves marshes, which, as in all hot countries, produce unwholesome vapours. There is not a single open

place in the whole town, nor any promenade, but such as nature offers. The great quinta of the Augustines is alone used as such, and those who wish to see indian laurels from Goa (*laurus indica*) in their greatest perfection, should visit this spot. But this is not all. In no large town throughout Portugal are the inns so bad, strangers being lodged in wretched apartments with miserable beds, and food, the dressing of which requires the appetite of a herboriser to overcome. Hence perhaps it is, that all travellers hurry through this place, observe it but cursorily, and give little or no information relative to its very celebrated university.

The farther northward the traveller proceeds, the better disposed and more industrious are the common people, and robberies and thefts are here very uncommon. Neither sex however is beautiful; and the female far from pleasing, compared with their neighbours of Condeixa. The lower classes of women wear on their heads a long black cloth, as in some german towns, for instance, Hildesheim, or resembling the spanish mantilla, but without the neat border and decoration of crape or vandykes of the latter.

Coimbra is a very old city, and had suffered many sieges, previous to the time when Count Henriquez took possession of Portugal. The towers and walls still remain; but in other respects  
the

the place is quite open. Since the year 1419, Coimbra has declined. It is however the see of a bishop, who is always count of Arganil, not only in name but in reality; also of a corregedor, a provedor, and a juiz de fora. It consists of something more than 3000 houses, being divided into eight parishes, and has no less than eight monasteries and eighteen endowments.

The most important object at Coimbra, is the university founded at Lisbon by Dom Diniz in 1291, but transferred hither after a period of sixteen years. It was afterwards again removed to Lisbon; but in 1537, John III again transferred it to Coimbra, where it has remained. Under Pombal its regulations were considerably altered, and certainly much to its advantage. But regulations are not all, and will not supply the want of an animating spirit; for where that fails, the sciences cannot flourish. They require liberal funds, encouragement, and a just estimation of their important uses; means whereby an inferior constitution will produce more effect, than the best regulations in the world. But as the state of this university is little known, I shall here speak of it more at large.

This university is under the government of a rector (reitor) nominated by the king, but not from among the members of the academy. He is

generally a priest, and from this office is promoted to be a bishop; being only appointed for three years, but after the expiration of that period, almost always continued till another promotion. Above him is the reformator, but both these offices are united in Dom Francisco Rafael de Castro. The rector presides in the *concelho dos deanos*, consisting of the dean of faculty, two fiscals (syndicos), viz. the conservador and ouvidor, and the secretary; which council has jurisdiction over every thing relating to the academy. All transactions relative to the money and property of this very rich university belong to an auxiliary council of finance, called *junta da fazenda*, consisting of three deputies, viz. a professor of theology, a professor of law, and the professor of calculation, besides the treasurer and a clerk. To supply the place of the rector in case of need, a vicerector is also appointed.

The chancellor of the university is the principal superintendant in matters of learning. He confers the degrees at all promotions, and presides at the examinations of students. This place belongs to the prior and chief of the augustine canons regular at Coimbra. It is impossible to refuse our approbation to these regulations; but this superintendance of a monk, especially of an individual, over the mode of instruction, is very striking to a  
german,



german, nor can we wonder, that those who might accomplish much do nothing.

The number of degrees is twice as great as with us; and it is a very wise measure to divide the vast field of philosophy into several departments, even should the portugueze classification not merit our approbation. It is as follows; 1. theology with eight seats or chairs (*cadeiras*); 2. canon law with nine; 3. jurisprudence with eight; 4. medicine with six; 5. mathematics with four; and 6. philosophy with four. In the latter we must not expect to find logic, metaphysics, and similar studies, which are never thought of at Coimbra; the four seats being occupied by a professor of zoology and mineragoly, one of experimental philosophy, one of chemistry, and one of botany and economy. Of all the sciences properly philosophical, the law of nature alone is taught by a *professor canonum*. The professors are called *lertes* from *ler*, to read, the word professor signifying a schoolmaster; and, besides the ordinary lecturers, as with us in Germany, there are *lertes substitutos* and *demonstradores* in the branches where any thing is to be demonstrated.

The lectures do not as with us continue only half the year, but longer, and only one course is gone through in the year. They begin in autumn, and, after the conclusion of the session in the month of

May, follow the public examinations, to which every one must submit, till the month of July; after which follow about three months of vacation. The public examinations, since the time of Pombal, have been in portugueze, and must be very severe, for many of the students have run away from them through fear. The lectures also are in portugueze, and in other respects resemble ours, except that they are not paid for. Every student, whether in theology, jurisprudence, or medicine, must study here a certain number of years, attend certain lectures, and perform his annual examinations, before he can hold a place or exercise his profession. The time appointed for physicians is five years, but this is not necessary; for only those take a doctor's degree, who would become tutors at the university, in which case they must dispute publickly, but write no inaugural dissertation. Hence the title of doctor is uncommon, but therefore very honourable. Bachelors and masters of arts are now scarcely ever made.

Theological students may also pursue their studies in other parts, as for instance at Evora and in various monasteries, but with them little depends on the sciences. Professors of law must all go to Coimbra, and as there is a juiz de fora in the smallest towns the number is very great. All physicians and surgeons must there go through a course; for we germans are still far behind the portugueze,

portugueze, where the surgeon, the bleeder and cupper, and the barber, are three very different persons. Under such circumstances, the number of students cannot be small: we were told it exceeded 800, which is certainly somewhat less than that related in some portugueze books, which speak of them as amounting to 2000, and some to 8000.

Both the students and the tutors wear a long black plain cloak, without sleeves, bound behind with bands, and adorned before from the neck to the foot with two rows of buttons set on very thick. Over this is another long black cloak, with sleeves exactly similar to that of protestant priests in Germany. Every one carries a small black cloth bag in his hand, in which are his handkerchief, snuff-box, &c. as their dress has no other pockets. The students always go bare-headed, even in the burning heat of the sun; the tutors and graduates only wearing a black cap. The cloth used being very thin, this black dress must be extremely inconvenient in summer; but neither rank, nor age, nor business can excuse them from wearing it. For whoever is seen in the town without it is fined for the first offence, and afterwards imprisoned. Hence the streets are constantly full of men with these black dresses, which gives the town a melancholy and monkish appearance. Pombal wished to abrogate this custom,

but it was represented to him that much expense was thereby saved in dress, which indeed here costs a mere trifle. The tutors and students live as with us in private houses, not as in many old universities, and even in England, in one building.

Various public institutions now occupy the buildings of the ancient college of the jesuits, which Pombal gave to the university. It is situated like all the other university-buildings in the highest part of the town. The museum is inconsiderable, containing but few remarkable specimens, which Vandelli when he superintended this institution entirely arranged, even the minerals, according to the linnean system. But the collection of philosophical instruments is good and considerable, including many entirely new, especially from England. Those made in Portugal are chiefly of very fine brasil-wood, adorned with gilding, and so arranged, that this collection is one of the most brilliant of its kind. In mechanics it is very rich, but extremely poor in electrical apparatus. The chemical laboratory is also very good, capacious and light, and, besides the objects generally found in such establishments, there is a pneumatic apparatus, and a collection of chemical preparations according to the new nomenclature. This building also contains a collection of surgical instruments.

The public library fills a small church, the interior of which is very little altered; but it is not  
easy

easy to judge of a library without studying the catalogue. The number of volumes is considerable; and from the description of the professor of botany, Brotero, it seems not to be deficient even in new works. Accordingly it is much visited and used by the students.

The observatory is well built in an excellent situation, in the upper part of the town, and is very convenient and neatly arranged. It only wants instruments.

The botanic garden is not very large, and the green-house is small; but through the industry of its superintendant, the professor of botany Dom Feliz de Avellar Brotero, is excellently regulated. This garden is without comparison more interesting than the royal botanic garden at Lisbon. Beside every plant is a stick bearing its name, as in the garden of Paris, and at first sight the spectator might almost imagine he is viewing its counterpart. Besides many exotics, there is a considerable collection of plants indigenous in Portugal, on which this excellent superintendant has made a number of very important botanical remarks, and no botanist can visit it without instruction.

In short the various institutions of the university of Coimbra are far from bad. It far excels the Spanish universities, not excepting that of Salamanca, if I may judge from what I have heard, both in Spain and Portugal, from the  
best

best judges. There are indeed very many universities in Germany, which in this respect are far inferior to this their portugueze sister, whom they despise.

I became acquainted with various professors, but could not judge of the abilities of those employed on different branches of science from myself. I have found among them several clear-headed, quick-sighted men, whose portugueze politeness rendered them still more amiable. They were acquainted with both french and english literature, but to know german was too much to expect even from an englishman or a frenchman. In the library of friar Joaquim de Santa Clara, a benedictine, a professor of theology, and a pleasant shrewd man, the german literature concluded with 1730. I could have wished I had been a universalist, in order to become more intimately acquainted with this gentleman. Dom Feliz de Avellar Brotero, professor of botany, became my particular friend. He possesses great botanical knowledge, has become acquainted with the plants of Portugal by travelling through the country, and transplanted a great part of them into the botanical garden; so that I seldom asked him a question without receiving a satisfactory answer. I should be unjust to this gentleman, if I did not class him with the best botanists I personally know, (for without that it  
is

is impossible to judge of a botanist) whether Germans or others; his botany indeed is more deeply ingrafted in him than in men of far greater name, who can only answer in a true German way from their folios, or only know the orders, genera, and species, and then publish a book. Brotero's introduction to botany, written in Portuguese\*, shows equal knowledge and more skill in seizing new objects, than all our German introductory works of that class. He is also acquainted with the writers of Germany and reads our *Hedwig*; but then he has studied eight years at Paris, and was not brought up at the university of Coimbra; for which he is upbraided by his colleagues. He is also afflicted with hypochondria, which, together with vexation and disappointment, robs this otherwise active man of his powers. Vandelli removed him from Lisbon, because he possessed too much knowledge, and procured a place, far better adapted to *him*, for the ignorant Dom Alexandre. I still reflect with pleasure on our botanical excursions at Coimbra, where we had scarcely conversed with him half an hour and shown him our collection of plants, when he

\* It is entitled *Compendio de Botanica ou noções elementares desta sciencia, segundo os melhores escriptores modernos, expostas na lingua portugueza; por Feliz Avellar Brotero.* Paris 1787, 2 vols. 8vo. 471 and 411 pp. The author was still at Paris when he wrote this work.

immediately

immediately proposed a botanical walk. It was a pleasure to see and to feel our mutual and unexpected friendship and esteem daily increase. I have since heard that my friend is recalled to Lisbon, and that the Conde de Caparica has again placed him in an active situation, and given him encouragement.

The professor of physic, Dom Constantino Boffelho de Lacerda Lobo, is no Brotero. He talks much more, but is superficial, and has a very moderate degree of scientific knowledge. On the other hand he labours much, and not without success, in œconomics. In Portugal, this and similar branches of science are most attended to, because they promise immediate profit; but the muses love not venal souls.

Dom Thome Rodriguez Sobral, the chemical professor, and a very clever man, is acquainted with the french improvements in this branch, teaches chemistry according to the new nomenclature which he has translated into portugueze, and is about to publish a chemical manual, which was much wanted in this country. I doubt not it will answer his purpose.

In short, there is no want of persons acquainted with the present state of literature, or of heads capable of improving it; but there is perhaps a scarcity of profoundly learned men, who pursue the sciences for their own sakes. Why then doe  
this



this university generally effect so little? The answer is obvious; that where works must be printed at the expense of the author, without any prospect of a recompense, or where he can only procure them to be printed at the expense of the crown with great labour and difficulty, there can be no writers. But it will be asked perhaps how it happens that the sciences are so little loved, that the sale will not pay the expenses of a work? A strict censorship of the press, and the inquisition which is still the terror of learned men, are certainly sufficient motives for keeping down all spirit of enterprise, and as all the sciences are connected together, they share each other's fate. Had not men collected inscriptions from old monuments, moss would not now be sought there, nor would Dr. Black have discovered oxygen gas, had he not doubted the categories as well as the elements of the Stagirite.

## CHAP. XXVII.

*The Country round Coimbra. Inez de Castro. Agricultural Economy.*

THE country round Coimbra is uncommonly beautiful, and though mountainous extremely well cultivated. The mountains are covered with small pine-woods and even german oaks, the valleys watered by brooks, and full of gardens, quintas, neat summer-houses, and even monasteries, and adorned with olive-trees, orange-trees, and the beautiful portugueze cypress in abundance. The Mondego winds before the city; and on both sides of it is a narrow and very fruitful vale, which this rapid stream inundates in winter. In the distance on one side are seen the high mountains of Loufaõ; and on the other the high mountain of Buffaco, whose solitary summit is adorned with a celebrated monastery of Carmelites, and its quinta with high shady cypresses. Those to whom the ascent is not too laborious, will here find the richest variety. Opposite to Coimbra, on the bank of the river, is the *Quinta das lagrimas*, or garden of tears, with a fountain of the same name, which rises at the foot of a hill shaded by fine portugueze cypresses. Tradition says that Dona Inez de Castro lived there, and was there murdered. This lady,

who was a castilian by birth, Dom Pedro son and heir apparent to Alphonso IV. loved, and is said to have secretly married, at Braganza. He gave her this spot for her residence, frequently visited her, and she bore him three sons and a daughter. The passion of the prince at length transpired; and his enraged father, instigated by his courtiers, came suddenly, while the prince was hunting, from Montemor o velho, not far from Coimbra, where he happened to stop, and caused her to be murdered. When Dom Pedro came to the throne, he gave orders to disinter the object of his passion, and with his own hands placed the crown on her remains. He was very severe toward those who had stimulated his father to commit this murder, and even continued this severity throughout his reign; from which circumstance he was called o justiceiro, signifying, not the just which is *justo*, but the severe. This appellation was particularly used by the priesthood, who were unfavourable to him. Inez and Dom Pedro showed great taste in the choice of this little spot, where Coimbra with the charming country around displays itself to the eye. In the romantic valley of the Mondego, the quinta of tears forms a spot, over which fancy seems to hover in all her sportiveness, and if poetry has ever sent forth a few sparks of radiance in Portugal, it has been the offspring of this charming vale.

It

It is singular that these beautiful materials have never highly succeeded in poetry. Strong endeavours have been made to produce from it a tragedy, to which however the subject is by no means adapted without considerable alterations; for the whole transaction is confined to the moment, when the beautiful, the tender, and the happy Inez is murdered without the knowledge of the prince. Such a conspiracy against a peaceful woman living in retirement at a distance from the court, attacked and murdered during the absence of her lover, offers but little opportunity for the intricacy of a plot. There are however several portugueze tragedies of this name, most of them not without some happy, and some laughable passages. La Mothe's Inez is deservedly forgotten; a german tragedy on the same subject, it may be hoped, will also soon sink into oblivion; the worst of all is an italian opera, in which Inez is not killed, but the king on intercession being made, pardons her. Poesy has seldom produced so miserable a piece. I saw this opera in London, where Madame Banti, the favourite of the public there, made a very wretched Inez. Even the episode in the *Lusiad*, among some excellent passages, contains a speech of Inez to Alphonso, which could not have been worse. But we forget the faults of this great poet, when  
we

we read the lines in which he paints her happiness  
canto three, st. 20. 21.

“ Estavas, linda Inez, posia em socego,  
De teus annos colliendo doce fruto,  
Naquelle engano de alma ledo e cego,  
Que a Fortuna não deixa durar miute,  
Nos faudosos campos do Mondego,  
De teus formosos olhos nunca enxuto,  
Aos montes ensinando, e as ervinhas,  
O nome, que no peito escrito tinhas.

“ Do teu principe alli te respondiam  
As lembranças, que na alma lhe moravam,  
Que sempre ante seus olhos te traziam,  
Quando dos teus formosos se apartavam,  
De noite em doces sonhos que mentiam,  
De dia em pensamentos que voavam;  
E quanto em fim cuidava, e quanto via,  
Eram tudo memorias de alegria.”

“ Thou, O nymph, the while,  
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,  
In tender scenes by love-sick fancy wrought,  
By fear oft shifted, as by fancy brought,  
In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,  
Languish'd away the slow and lonely hours :  
While now, as terror wak'd thy boding fears,  
The conscious stream receiv'd thy pearly tears ;  
And now, as hope reviv'd the brighter flame,  
Each echo sigh'd thy princely lover's name.  
Nor less could absence from thy prince remove  
The dear remembrance of his distant love :  
Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,  
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow :

By night his slumbers bring thee to his arms,  
 By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms :  
 By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,  
 Each thought the memory or the hope of joy."

MICKLE'S *Lusiad*.

But it is difficult to convey an idea of the beauties of the original, and of the elegant language in which it is written. The three different terms to express the charms of person, all sonorous and pleasing to the ear, add richness to the description. How elegantly does *lindo* express beauty of a softer kind, *leto* a gayer species, and *formoso* the general idea handsome! and who can convey in a single word the sense of *saudoso*, which signifies *heart-awakening*, or who can translate with equal force these two lines of the above passage, which are not inferior to Virgil's *Te dulcis conjux*, &c. and can only be truly felt in the original.

"De noite em doces sonhos que mentiam,  
 De dia em pensamentos que voavam."

Surely those who do not class Camoens with the first of poets, know neither that author nor the language in which he wrote\*.

\* Mr. Jungk, in the preface to his portugueze grammar, has translated the whole episode of Inez de Castro in order to criticize it; but, after finding a few faults, he confesses it contains many graces, as he expresses himself. That is, Mr. Jungk censures every thing that is portugueze without exception. His translation, however, is by no means faultless; and, which is particularly striking, he has translated the article *o*, at the beginning, by the interjection *O!*

I have

I have already sometimes mentioned the portuguese cypress (*cupressus lusitanica* l'Heritier), but I must say something more of this most beautiful tree, which is so little known in Germany. It was first brought from the high mountains near Goa, to Buffaco, where it still grows in abundance in the quinta of the monastery. It is now found only in the middle and cooler parts of Portugal. Round Lisbon it is scarce and small, and in the south of Portugal unknown, but on the other hand, the more common pyramidal, and far less beautiful cypress there abounds. The portuguese cypress succeeds in England and France far better than the common, and the small plants of it, which I have brought with me from thence, thrive very well here in Mecklenburg. Most of the pine-wood trees, notwithstanding their beautiful foliage, have a stiff form which at length fatigues the eye; and I only know two varieties that unite this advantage with an easy growth, like our wide-leaved trees; the cedar of Lebanon and the portuguese cypress. My readers, who have seen the majestic cedars of Lebanon in the botanic garden at Paris, will not deny me their assent relative to the beauty of this tree. The portuguese cypress resembles these so much in its growth, that the first high cypresses I saw of this kind at Alcobaça I mistook at a distance for cedars of Lebanon.

The mountains round Coimbra consist partly of a coarse-grained sand-stone, alternated with a grey lime-stone. At a distance began high slate-mountains, and here also a yellowish grey argillaceous slate changes to a sand-slate, and this to a mica-slate, which ends in a granite. The flora of this part is uncommonly beautiful. On the slate-mountains grow the plants of Entre-Douro-e-Minho, the majestic *antirrhinum triornithophorum*, the *cynoglossum lusitanicum* \* *Tournef*, and the small *Sibthorpia europea* † covers the rocks and walls. In the pine-woods and sand-mountains are found the plants of the portuguese heaths, and on the lime-stone-mountains an abundance of orchides, and of the plants of the Serra da Arrabida. When we came to the oak-woods, we fancied ourselves in the smaller forests of Germany.

The land is well cultivated; better than elsewhere, except in Minho. Much oil in particular is produced here. The olive-tree, indeed, is very common all over Portugal, from the northern frontier-mountains of the serra de Gorez to Algarvia, but most abounds in these midland parts, where the traveller may sometimes pursue his way during whole days without seeing any other tree. There are several varieties of it; but in general the portuguese oil is better than that of Spain,

\* Portuguese hound's tongue. † Bastard money-wort.

though



though the olives are smaller. The olive-tree is planted by sets (*tanchoes*), or it is grafted on the wild olive (*azambujeiro*), which is by no means scarce in many parts of Portugal. The latter method affords a more durable stem. The sets are cut off from old trees in autumn, from which time they are kept in moist earth, and are set from the beginning of January to the end of April, according to the situation of the soil. In the first years they are hoed, to destroy weeds, and the land is sowed with corn; but this method of cultivation is not common except in Algarvia. While the trees are young the superfluous branches are cut off; but the olive-tree bears very late, not till its fifteenth year. Hence appears how injurious war is to this branch of agriculture, and how horrid the revenge recorded in sacred history of cutting down the enemy's olive-trees. The olives are ripe in December and January, at which time men climb the trees and beat them with long poles, while the olives are received in extended cloths, or gathered up from the ground. It would certainly be better were the olives plucked by the hand as in the south of France. Some press them immediately on their being brought home in baskets; others shoot them down in heaps, throwing salt between them, and suffering them to ferment in order to produce more oil, of which however the quality is inferior. The

presses are worked by oxen; but the want of cleanliness, both in these machines and throughout the whole process, contributes much to render the quality of the oil worse than it might be. In this country, where oil is used instead of butter and fat with all kinds of food, is burnt in large quantities in lamps, and soap prepared from it, besides other uses, that article is an object of great consumption, and is carried from Coimbra into the other provinces. The portuguese pickle only the ripe brown olive; but at good tables the large spanish unripe olives alone are seen, as they are every where preferred. The wood of the olive-tree might be very useful, being yellow, close-grained, and beautiful; but is only employed as fuel, the woods from Brasil having superseded all other kinds of timber.

The olive-tree is subject to two diseases, the one, called *a gafa*, arises in damp situations, shrivelling up both leaves and fruit; the other, called *ferragem* (or rust), is very prevalent in the midland and southern part of Portugal. In this disorder the leaves shrivel, are covered beneath with a black clammy substance, and a great number of insects belonging to the family of *coccus*, but not yet established as a separate species. Hence the tree sickens, and bears smaller fruit and in less quantity. Complaints are every where made of this disorder, which employs the attention of the  
learned

learned and of economists as much as the dry-rot or the caterpillars, called *nonnenraupe*, occupy the german naturalists and foresters. The academy of Lisbon once offered a premium for the best tragedy; but, when the sealed paper was opened, which accompanied the successful piece, a petition was found, instead of the name of the writer, requesting that the premium might be given to the author of the best treatise on the means of preventing the rust in olive-trees; a just and delicate reproof to the academy. Hitherto no other remedy has been discovered than cutting off the infected branches, which is too severe a mode of cure; for probably this insect, like all such animals, has its period, and would at length cease of itself. In the economical treatises of the academy, vol. I. p. 8, Vandelli has given his opinion, that the insect is a *coccus*, and advises, besides cutting off the branch, to sprinkle the tree with salt-water. In vol. III. p. 154, another method is proposed on this subject by Antonio Suares Barbosa, who first gives the natural history of the insect, with a description not strictly according to the rules of science, and then proceeds to show that the black clammy substance does not arise from the insect, but from an overflow of sap (*chymomania*). The author is indeed no bad observer, but the inferences he draws from his observations cannot be approved. I have often observed this species

of rust, to which the name is indeed but ill adapted, and have seen it not only in olive-trees, but in the cisti, particularly the *cistus balimifolius*, and other shrubs, and must agree with this author, that the black substance does not immediately arise from the insects; to me it seems much rather to be a vegetable. It does not however thence follow, that the insects are not the remote cause of it, as their sting may cause the sap to flow out, and the disease of the tree may give rise to these cryptogamic parasites, diseased trees being more apt to produce mosses and fungi, than the healthy.

Round Coimbra are grown various kinds of wheat, white, red, and summer-wheat (*trigo tremz*), but the latter only when the Mondego, as often happens, rots the seed in the ground. It is sown from November to March, at three different times. When it grows in fields amid olive-trees, the ground is turned in winter, if not in May, and it is ploughed only once in October after the first rains. The plough used here has two wheels, a share, a mould-board, and a coulter, which may be raised and lowered. Barley is also sown; but no oats, and little rye. In general, Coimbra is obliged to import wheat and barley from other provinces. Rice is grown in the marshes along the Mondego, but not in any considerable quantity.

Maize

Maize or indian-corn is very commonly cultivated here, and throughout Beira, where it is produced in larger quantities than in the southern provinces, in which the soil is too dry, and too light. The land is ploughed fourteen days before sowing time, which continues from April to the end of May. When the young plants have four or five leaves, the ground is hoed, the superfluous plants destroyed, and immediately afterwards the earth is heaped up round those that remain. In the fields it is harrowed fourteen days after, by which the leaves are torn off, and the young plants frequently quite covered with earth, which makes them thrive better. The maize when ripe is cut, and great numbers live on the bread made of it, called *brã*, which is of a fine yellow colour, but heavy and sweetish. The maize-bread in the south of France is far lighter, but much dryer. Maize also affords good fodder for cattle, and is grown round Coimbra in such abundance that great quantities are exported to other provinces. It is called *milho*, and according to the portuguese writers was first imported from Guinéa. Millet (*panicum miliaceum*) is called *milho miudo*, and italian pannicle (*panicum italicum*) *milho painço*.

The oranges produced here are excellent, and are exported to foreign countries, even from the small harbour of Figueira at the mouth of the Mondego.

Mondego. The wine is moderate, yet is sent into other provinces. Garden-fruits are produced in great abundance, and of a very good quality, especially common beans, and another kind of beans, called *feijão fraydinho* (monk's beans), which are met with in great quantities all over the kingdom. These beans much resemble the common beans, but are smaller, and do not taste quite so good; yet the cultivation of them is said to be very productive. This plant is the *delichos catjang*, Linn. which is much cultivated in the East Indies and in China, where its beans are eaten. I do not know that they are grown in any other part of Europe, or that our botanists are informed of their cultivation in Portugal. Some flax is also grown round Coimbra.

Notwithstanding this good cultivation, the common people are very poor, the cause of which strikes the eye of the traveller, even before he approaches the town, in the number of monasteries and churches it contains. The town itself is supported by the university, its trade being inconsiderable. The Mondego is a bad river; for in winter it inundates the country, and in summer creeps slowly along its bed. This is a great obstacle to navigation, and though many proposals have been made to render the river navigable, they have never been adopted, and at its mouth is so dangerous a bar, that only small vessels can enter.

enter. Along the whole coast from Buarcos to Figueira are numerous traces of coal in the same manner as at Cabo Espichel; but at that time they were not worked. In the town and surrounding country are manufactured a little linen, and in the latter thin woollens. In the lower town are some manufactories where a bad kind of pottery is made, and others of red earthenware, the clay for which is brought from a place called Alcarrazas. This red ware is made both glazed and unglazed. Pitchers of a red clay without glazing and very porous are used in all parts of Portugal for cooling water in summer; the transudation and evaporation of which, constantly producing cold, have been above described \*, as also the argillaceous taste imparted by the vessels while new. Notwithstanding this the invention is not only of great use in a hot country, but might be imitated in more northern climates, where the summers are warm †.

In the economical treatises of the Lisbon academy, vol. I. p. 254, is a physical and economi-

\* P. 184.

† Of similar vessels used in Spain, and called Alcarrazas, an account is given by Casteirie in Scherer's chemical journal vol. I. p. 251, where he says the porosity is partly caused by a mixture of sea salt. Of this, however, I heard nothing in Portugal, where that quality was ascribed merely to the vessels being but little baked.

cal account of Coimbra and the surrounding country, by Manoel Dias Baptista, where all that relates to natural history is uncommonly bad, and a catalogue of the animals and plants round Coimbra is not only very incomplete, but full of errors. Of the economical information some is useful, and of this I have made use above; but I have myself made the same observations, and he is silent on many very striking objects.



## CHAP. XXVIII.

*Aveiro. Oporto.*

THE cheerful hills of Coimbra accompanied us only a league, when the country grew flat, and we travelled over low land with ratchil and sand, covered with heath and pine-woods. Near to Aveiro, which is nine leagues from Coimbra, the soil is better cultivated, but we only met with two small villages, Sendas novas and Ballhaza.

The city of Aveiro is situated in a flat and very marshy country, at the mouth of the Vouga. It is the capital of a corregimento, has a corregedor and provedor, contains about 1400 houses divided into four parishes, and six monasteries. The old walls still remain, but the town extends beyond them; the houses are generally small, and there are very few rich people. The river Vouga flows through the town where it is still very narrow, but is adorned with a handsome quay. Near the town it divides in two branches, one to the left and southward running to the sea, the other northward to Ovar. Its trade is inconsiderable, only small boats coming to the town; nor indeed could any but small ships pass the bar, which is continually shifting. The fishery alone is worthy  
of

of notice; for Aveiro chiefly supplies the province of Beira with fardinhas. Large troops of mules are continually seen carrying them into the higher parts of the province. Much salt is also here produced, though not so good as at St. Ubes and Lisbon.

No town in Portugal is surrounded by so extensive plains, and so large marshes of fresh water. Hence the town is very unhealthy; which is immediately perceived in the haggard pale countenances of its inhabitants. Agues are very common there, and, as in all warm countries, more dangerous than in cold. Putrid disorders are also not unfrequent.

We went from hence by water to Ovar. This arm of the Vouga, which is properly a lake, is pretty narrow for three leagues, then becomes much broader during a league, forming a true lake, and at length ends in a narrow channel a league long, which ceases close to Ovar. Hence it appears how erroneously in respect to its breadth this lake is laid down in the map of Lopez and all others. The water is nearly fresh, though we were often only separated from the sea by downs. Water-conveyance in small boats on a shallow stream, where in many parts vessels are pushed on by poles, through a flat marshy country, is very unpleasant. Ovar is a considerable town or villa, containing 1300 houses, many of them large and handsome.

handsome. We met with a very well cultivated country, and a method of husbandry, similar to that we afterwards saw in Minho. Here we first met with meadows formed by art, and remarked the english rye-grass (*lolium perenne*) which is sown here, and in these warm climates is an annual, whereas on the contrary the shrubs of southern climates are annuals in the north. Of this the drought is the cause by drying up the roots in summer. We also found a hitherto non-descript plant used for fodder (*ornithopus sativus nob.*) a very remarkable plant, which is not only here cultivated, but is used with great advantage throughout Minho, and in some parts of the country round Coimbra.

Not far from Ovar, and near a village called Sobral, began mountains of argillaceous slate, which soon gives way to a mica-slate, and introduces a high range extending with steep crowded mountains along the south side of the Douro as far as Lamego and beyond. It is seen in the distance even at Aveiro, but sinks as it approaches the sea. Here begins the province of Entre-Douro-e-Minho, called in the country for shortness Minho, a very small part being situated on the other side of the Douro. Here the harbingers of a better cultivation appear: notwithstanding the barrenness of the mountains, the vallies are cultivated with maize, cole, and flax, the hills are covered with  
pine-

pine-woods, and the vine climbs up the hedges and round the trees. The villages, which at first are bad, gradually improve and become more numerous, and the traveller suddenly finds himself surrounded by detached houses, till he arrives, without perceiving it, in a considerable place called Villanova do Porto, where he descends a steep street to the bank of the Douro, and beholds on the opposite declivity the city of Oporto.

When the traveller suddenly beholds a large city, with innumerable churches and towers, on the side of a steep mountain between rocks that seem torn asunder, surrounded by rude mountains adorned with gardens, churches, and other edifices interspersed with pine-woods, and looks down on a fine and rapid stream covered with ships, amid scenes of human activity, that occupy a spot designed by nature for the haunts of wild beasts, he is at once astonished and delighted with the prospect; the impression of which is rendered still more lively by his vicinity to the objects, as the stream is far from broad, and the valley very narrow. Lisbon strikes at a distance by its great extent and magnificence, Coimbra lies solitary and forlorn in the heart-awakening fields of the Mondego, and Oporto surprises by its elevated situation.

Excepting Lisbon, Oporto is the largest city in Portugal; being the chief town of a *Corregimento*,

mento, and the seat of a corregedor, a provedor, and a military governor, being a place of arms; it is also the see of a bishop who chiefly resides at Mezanfrio. Lima in his geography of Portugal, published in 1736, states the number of inhabitants at 20,737, and Murphy at 63,505. I know not what mistakes Murphy may have made, to swell the proportion to so large a number; but perhaps he included the surrounding concelhos; for it is certain the population is now about 30,000, as the corregedor himself assured us. An increase of 10,000 since the year 1737 is far more probable, than an addition of 40,000 at a time when the population of the country at large has not much increased. Oporto has four suburbs, seven parishes, and twelve religious houses. On one side the remains of the walls and gates still exist; otherwise the town is quite open and has no fortifications. It is also the seat of the high tribunal for the northern provinces (*relação do Porto.*)

The quay on the river is built without the least art; on one side is a street, the other side is walled and raised, though merely for the purpose of making ship's cables fast. From the strand rises a broad well-paved street with causeways on the sides, leading to an equally handsome oblique street. The rest of the streets along the declivity of the hill are narrow, crooked and dirty; but upon the hill we again found many

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fine

fine broad straight streets, with a great many new and handsome houses. We seemed almost to have quitted Portugal, and to be suddenly transported to England; so regular, so light, and neat are all the buildings. Generally speaking, Oporto is without doubt the cleanest town in Portugal, but we heard the same complaints as at Madrid, when Charles II. converted a filthy village into a handsome city; for the inhabitants told us that the part of Oporto, which owing to the new and broad streets is so much inhabited, has thereby become more unwholesome. Of this they assigned as one reason, that the sun enters the houses, while those in the narrow streets are shaded, and thus increases the heat and all its evil consequences. It is certain that the ancients and particularly the Arabs, in the choice of situations for their towns, paid attention to this circumstance, and that a traveller should therefore not too hastily censure the towns in the south of Europe in this respect. The steep declivity of the hill on which the city is built, renders walking and riding on horse-back or in carriages more laborious than in Lisbon. On the east side of the town are houses built against so steep a part of the declivity over the stream, that they can only be entered by steps cut out of the rock. This inconvenience is indeed compensated, at least to a stranger, by the romantic situation they enjoy, and the prospect of the opposite bank with

with its towns, villages, monasteries, and pine-woods.

At Oporto the manners of society are taken from the english, who are here more numerous and considerable, in proportion to the other rich inhabitants, than at Lisbon. They have a kind of casino in a handsome building, which is extremely well regulated, and very much contributes to bring foreigners together. Among the english merchants are several who possess both knowledge and the love of science, particularly a gentleman named Warre:

A short time ago a considerable play-house was built at a large expense; but the architect has unfortunately so contrived it, that the audience in the boxes cannot hear. In other respects it highly merits approbation. Here portugueze plays are performed by tolerably good actors. Thus it is not impossible that Oporto may soon have a better theatre than Lisbon. Another uncommonly extensive building, the royal hospital, was at this time in the same unfinished state as when Murphy saw it.

The trade of Oporto, which is well known to be chiefly in wine, has suffered much in consequence of the war. The vicinity of Vigo in Galicia, where the french privateers take refuge, have kept this place in great awe, and the harbour of Oporto is very ill-adapted to be a station

for ships of war, on account of the difficulty of its entrance. Hence French privateers have almost always been hovering within sight of it; and this circumstance has ruined many houses in Oporto, which can be said of very few at Lisbon. In front of the town the river is very deep; two-masted vessels can come to the town itself, those with three masts within a quarter of a league, and the great Brasil ships alone unload their cargoes in the road. In 1796 the following ships entered and sailed out of this port: 10 Americans in and 6 out; from Bremen 2 in and out; 51 danish in, 52 out; 2 spanish in and out; 36 hamburgnese in, 34 out; 88 english in, 99 out; 4 from Lubeck in and out; 35 portugueze in, 42 out; 27 prussian in, 26 out; 1 from Papenburgh in and out; 32 swedish in, and 29 out. From which it appears that the english trade to Oporto far exceeds that of all other nations.

The general appearance of the country round Oporto I have already described. There is a very pleasant walk up the river, which forms a principal object to the right; and to the left is a steep rocky declivity, part of which should be blown up by gunpowder and removed, to widen the path. On an eminence opposite to it is a monastery with its woody quinta. Several brooks rush down the side of the rock and lose themselves beneath moss, underwood, and other plants, that trickle with cool



clear water; and, where the rocks permit, a garden or a quinta is stolen from their barren sides. The country at a greater distance is very beautiful, and forms cheerful hills, where a short coppice of german oaks and hollies (*ilex aquifolium*) surprises by its novelty. Another pleasant walk of the same kind accompanies the river downward to the sea, which is but three-quarters of a league from Oporto.

The mountains suddenly cease toward the coast, and the land is lower at the mouth of the river; but here and there rocks rise out of the sand, rendering the entrance into the harbour extremely narrow and very dangerous. The sea also is very boisterous on these coasts during the rainy season, and the river very rapid. The sand which the stream brings with it is retained by the rocks, and thus more and more chokes the passage; so that, unless great and powerful means are employed, the harbour will at length be rendered totally useless. Endeavours, however, are made to keep the stream in one place, so as to wash the sand away; and something has already been effected by labour. On the whole, however, little has been done, and much more can and must be performed, if this important harbour is to be preserved. It is a fearful sight to behold a ship, when the wind is at all strong, winding its

way through this narrow part. A small fort, called San Joaõ de Fez, near which is a small market-town, covers the entrance; besides this, on the coast to the northward is a bastion on the beach; opposite to which on the south side is also a very small fort, called Santa Caterina, with a few other batteries.

The traveller should not climb the hills behind Oporto, for there the charms of this narrow romantic valley disappear: the soil is sandy, or full of granite-gravel, barren, and covered with dreary pine-woods.

Immediately opposite to Oporto, on the south bank of the Douro, is the appearance of a town not much smaller than Oporto itself. To the westward, along the declivity of a hill, are a number of detached houses forming the market-town of *Gaya*, a place remarkable both for its situation and name. Here in former times a place called *Cale*, of which the ancients speak, is said to have stood; but Oporto being afterwards built, as being more convenient for ships, by the greater depth of the water along that bank, it was called *Portus Cale*, or the harbour of Cale, whence was derived *Portugal*, and at length *Portugal*. Thus from this place the whole kingdom afterwards received its name according to this highly probable etymology, of which Resende is the author. Por-

tus

tus Cale was at length called o Porto\* (*the harbour*), which name the town of Oporto afterwards received. Advancing to the eastward, we came to a considerable and populous town or villa, called Villanova do Porto, inhabited by the lower classes of people, whereas the rich more generally live in Oporto itself. Between Villanova and Gaya, on a small plain along the bank of the river, are the immense magazines where wine is kept till exported. A monastery on a high, and, toward the river, very steep hill, completes the circle of this bustling view to the eastward. We were told that the number of inhabitants at Gaya and Villanova, including the detached houses reckoned as part of both places, was about 20,000.

The mountains along the north bank consist of granite in rocks, those along the south bank of stratified granite and mica-slate. Traces every where appear of metallic veins of copper, pyrites, malachite, and other metals; and along the south bank particularly a copper mine might be opened with great prospect of success.

The climate of Oporto is in winter damp and foggy in consequence of its mountainous and

\* This phraseology is still preserved, the articles *o* and *do* being always used before the name of this city: whence the english name Oporto; which is more accurate than to adopt the portugucze name *Porto* without the article. T.

woody situation ; whence also the air is cooler than elsewhere, though it seldom freezes. On the contrary in summer the heat is great both in this narrow valley and the town, which is situated on a southern declivity. Here as also along the lower coasts of Portugal regular winds prevail in summer, *viz.* in the morning the east wind, which toward noon veers to the southward, and then to the west ; which confers many advantages on navigation. The soil though well cultivated is not productive ; but oranges are brought from Braga and Barcelos, wine from the Upper-Douro, and, in short, all those productions which bear the name of this town are not grown round it though thence exported. The gardens round Oporto are beautiful and pleasant, and the plants of the Cape and of New Holland grow in the open air with gooseberries, currants, and other fruits of the colder countries of Europe, which are not seen round Lisbon. I have met with gardens which I much admired, where among german trees magnolias, the jasmin from the cape (*gardenia florida*), the sweet-smelling olive-tree (*olea fragrans*), the tea-plant and the stork-bill from the Cape, grow almost wild. Were it the interest of any commercial european nation to cultivate tea at home, the northern provinces of Portugal are excellently adapted to that object.

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The common people are more superstitious in these countries though not more fanatic than elsewhere. We happened to be at Oporto on Corpus-Christi day, and saw the procession: but what a difference between the levity of the portugueze and the devotion of our catholic peasantry! The former talked, laughed, joked, fell on their knees while speaking, and, when the procession had gone but a few paces from them, again put on their hats. In Portugal we were never upbraided with a suspicion of heresy, except that a drunken peasant not far from Ovar asked me whether we were christians or arians. Probably this man had recently heard a sermon against arians. In other respects the people are very good-natured; and Oporto was at that time directly the contrary of Lisbon, being a very safe place, where thefts and murders committed in order to rob were extremely uncommon. Instances, however, of affassination with knives through jealousy were not wholly wanting. The politeness and friendliness of the people is uncommonly great; and the language abounds with diminutives to an excess that is often ridiculous. Thus the women almost always instead of *a deos* (adieu) use the diminutive *adeosinho*\*. It is a peculiarity of all the northern

\* It is perhaps among the very few defects of our language, that it does not admit of these fascinating and tender elegancies. T.

provinces,

provinces that the *ch* is pronounced with a strong Spanish aspiration, whereas in the south of Portugal the pronunciation is similar to that of France. Their dress also somewhat differs from that of the southern provinces, wooden shoes being here very common, though not found farther to the southward.

## CHAP. XXIX.

*Journey to Braga. Province of Entre-Douro-e-Minho.*

THE granite-mountains, heaths, and pine-woods, with villages scantily situated, and detached houses by no means announce to the traveller in the neighbourhood of Oporto, that he is in that province, of which he has heard so much, and which he has so impatiently expected. Close to Villanova do fameliçãõ six leagues from Oporto, he at length beholds one of the beautiful Minho-vallies in which that place is situated. Here small fields of maize, and even of rye and barley, and more rarely of wheat, are surrounded by high german oaks, chesnuts, and poplars, artificially watered by brooks, every tree supporting a vine which spreads over its crown, and not unfrequently reaches the summit of the high oaks; while a cool refreshing shade every where abounds, adorning a cultivated populous country, and every valley resembles a fairy-land inclosed between rocky desert mountains.

Minho is the most populous of all the provinces of Portugal. Within a space of eighteen leagues in length and eleven in breadth, it contains three cities, twenty five villas, 900,000 inhabitants, and 223,495 houses. The whole province is a collection

lection of granite-mountains, the soil in the vallies being alone fertile, and the eminences bare granite-sand, but on the other hand extremely well watered, and therefore also well cultivated. The industry of the inhabitants is every where apparent: they dig with great labour for water, so that a stranger would suppose the ground to be full of shafts of mines, and they divide the water they find with great care among the fields and meadows. Maize is chiefly cultivated, being hoed twice a year, first when four or five inches high, and afterwards when the ears are set. This is called *sachar*. Their industry however is not always directed by much knowledge. They use, for instance, a very bad hoe, with a short and almost conical iron, and two pieces of wood which do the chief part of the operation, it is very heavy and makes furrows sixteen inches apart, only eight inches of which are removed, six inches at least remaining quite hard. The vine yields a very bad wine resembling vinegar, the grapes that are shaded by the tops of the trees not having sufficient sun: hence it is called green wine (*vinho verde*) or wine from hanging vines (*vinho de enforcado*).

Except some rich monasteries, very few large estates are met with in this province; but hence the peasants thrive the better, which ought to convince every portugueze, that under such an  
order



order of things alone an adequate population is practicable. Yet the increase of this industrious and chearful people is too great for their unfruitful soil, and a great number annually emigrate, some with an intention of finally settling elsewhere, and others to acquire property and return. These men help the farmers of other provinces in their harvest and other branches of husbandry, travelling about in considerable numbers under the command of a captain (*caputaz*) and living in huts (*ranches*). In this manner the inhabitants even of the northern part of Beira round Aveiro &c. emigrate. If the government paid attention to manufactures, which would here be properly placed, if the culture of silk in this province which is particularly adapted to it, were pursued and encouraged, these emigrations would probably be prevented, by which the province is now weakened, and the idleness of the remaining inhabitants increased. A great number also annually emigrate to the colonies, especially to Brasil. The natives of this province are superior to the rest of their countrymen, both men and women being extremely chearful, good-natured, and industrious, though both sexes, particularly the female, are not at all handsome. Travelling in Portugal is generally very safe, but most particularly here. The inns are no better in their external appearance than in other parts of the kingdom,

dom, but the traveller almost every where meets with a good dinner and a good supper.

On quitting the valley of Villanova, we again crossed arid mountains covered with heath before we came to the valley of Braga. Here we saw to the northward the high range of mountains that divide Portugal from Galicia, called the Serra de Gerez, with its high pointed summits. The city of Braga is situated in a broad open vale, as the Minho-vallies generally are, and like them cultivated and shaded by trees. Here are many cork-trees, and close to the town orange-gardens. The small rivers Cavado and Deste scarcely deserve the name, being mere brooks. Braga, the chief town of the province, is under the arch-bishop of that place, who enjoys a revenue of above 100,000 crusades; and appoints judges and two tribunals, the one spiritual the other temporal; so that this is the only city where the king does not appoint a *corregedor*, or a *juiz de fora*. In the *coutos*\* round the town, his sentence is final in criminal affairs, but not on the inhabitants of the town.

Braga contains about 13,000 inhabitants, five parishes, and seven monasteries. Several of the streets are broad, light, and open, but most of the houses are small, as in all inland towns in Portugal. Among the objects of curiosity here

\* *Couto* or *locus cautus* originally signified an asylum, or a place where a priest has jurisdiction.

is the large old gothic-built cathedral, with its antiquities and treasures; also the church and monastery of St. Fructuoso, containing a miraculous picture of the virgin, and rich in treasures and relics, stand on a hill without the town, so situated as to form a fine object, as seen from a broad handsome street. The origin of Braga is lost in remote antiquity; the romans called it Augusta Bracharorum, and roman coins are often found in the neighbourhood. Braga was a more considerable place in the fifteenth century than now. It has a hat-manufactory which supplies a great part of Portugal with hats for the common people; nor are the hats bad, though they do not equal the english. There is also a manufactory of knives which is inconsiderable. The women are every where seen knitting, sewing, or making linen, and signs of industry and activity every where appear. The rich inhabitants of Braga have a bad name in the other very social towns of Minho: they are accused of being quarrelsome, fond of scandal, and their manners are very much disliked.

We left Braga very soon in order to arrive the earlier at the frontier mountains that divide Portugal from Galicia, called Serra de Gerez, and visit that almost unexplored range of mountains at the most favourable season. A league from Braga we came to a small village called Ponte do

do Porto, on account of a stone bridge there, over the Cavado. This valley is extremely pleasant and charming: the distance appears like a thick wood of high trees, though these trees surround fields and gardens. The houses, which are dispersed and embosomed in thick shade, are concealed from the sight; but the number of well-dressed persons, and even of young ladies, we frequently met, announced their vicinity. We passed over granite-mountains to the Bernhardine monastery of Bouro, at a distance of two leagues. It stands in a hollow at the foot of the mountains, is very rich, the buildings are extensive, and by no means ill-arranged. Close to the monastery the monks have a large quinta full of orange-trees, the fruit of which is good, and is sent to Braga and other neighbouring places. On a mountain not far from Bourò, is a church with a miraculous figure of the virgin, to which many pilgrimages are made. It is called Nossa Senhora de Abbadia (Bouro being an abbey), not Nossa Senhora da Badia, as it stands in the maps. According to our barometrical investigations Bouro is situated 500 feet above the level of the sea, which is but a small height, and not too great for orange-trees to produce good fruit. This was our last barometrical observation. We had, without any accident, brought with us from Lisbon one of Hurter's travelling barometers to measure the height

height of Gerez and Estrella, and had protected it from every accident arising from the badness of the roads. But though it resisted the overturning of the carriage, we did not think of defending it against the awkwardness of the young monks, who crept to our room during our absence, and through their inordinate curiosity destroyed both the barometer and thermometer, which was one of the greatest misfortunes that attended our journey. The curiosity of these people had already frequently incommoded us.

As we suffered so great an injury from these monks, I may, at least, be allowed to make a few remarks upon their order. Though their ignorance exceeded every example, yet their idleness almost equalled it. Excepting their accustomed religious ceremonies, a feeble old abbé suffered all the young monks to run wild; which rendered them as ungovernable as they were ignorant; and a young lay-brother, the apothecary, was the only one who shewed any desire of knowledge. In all the portuguese monasteries, the monks eat an astonishing quantity, and we had always four courses at dinner. All their dishes, however, are dressed without art, and consist, in great measure, of joints of meat of various kinds. The whole nation indeed are fond of meat, and of eating much. The wine in most of the monasteries is very indifferent, and I never saw it drunk to

excess. We were, in general, greater wine-drinkers than the portugueze, the heat of the climate to which we were unaccustomed requiring an extraordinary quantity; and I even very frequently remarked, that a portugueze was intoxicated with a few glasses of wine, which a german, and still more an englishman, would scarcely feel.

Beyond Bouro we ascended the spurs or fore-runner-mountains of Gerez. As soon as we had, with great labour, climbed its rough sides, the road became uncommonly pleasant, leading along the declivity of high and rocky mountains, under a continual shade of oaks and chefnuts, with streams every where rushing down or spreading in artificial canals to water the meadows. On one side we had a deep valley, the steep declivity of which is converted with great industry into terraces, and extremely well cultivated; while between the thick trees houses are here and there discovered amid the foliage. Night surprized us in these scenes, the moon illuminated the valley, and rushing mountain streams, and the lights from the scattered houses, contributed to enliven the wildness of the landscape.

No traveller (but how many ever visited this spot?) could undelighted explore this province or these charming scenes, which amid the beauties of a warm climate afford all the refreshments of the north. Not far from hence, on the banks of the  
Lima,

Lima, the roman troops refused to follow their commanders, being unwilling to quit this happy country. The romans called it the River of oblivion. The Rio caldo, the Homem, the Cavado, and innumerable other rivers of this province, well deserve that name; for they cause our german groves, and still more those of England, to be forgotten.

From the declivity of this mountain we descended to a large village, called Villar de Veiga; and then followed the valley, which continues rising more and more. A roaring stream, called Rio das Caldas, pours down over rocks into the middle of the valley; the mountains become higher and steeper, and, after climbing them for a league, suddenly appears behind an eminence a small place in the same valley, consisting of forty houses, and celebrated for its warm baths; for which reason it is called Caldas de Gerez. Here we spent a week in order to study the natural history of the mountain, and this being the season for bathing the place was very gay.

This valley is extremely narrow. To the eastward the houses lean against the mountain, a stream waters them to the west and also the foot of another mountain; to the northward the valley rises rapidly up the heights, and an eminence to the southward before it descends completely incloses this dell. The mountains are very high,  
2 2
steep,

steep, and rocky, being chiefly destitute of wood; and trees are found exclusively on the banks of the river, viz. oaks, berry-bearing alders (*rubannus frangula*), azereiros (*prunus lusitanica*), and olives. Instead of trees, the mountains are covered with very thick bushes, especially along the brooks, growing from six to twelve feet high; namely, strawberry-trees (*arbutus unedo*), erica arborea, azereiros, and two hitherto non-descript varieties of cytiscus\* (*procerus* and *villosissimus*), which render the mountain impassable. On the high summits are single oaks of a singular kind. Farther to the southward down the valley, the mountains become very arid, and scarcely bear any thing but cistus and heaths, especially *cistus scabrosus*, Ait. *cheiranthoides*, Lam. and *erica umbellata*.

For some years past this spot has been more celebrated for its baths than formerly, and new houses are continually built; so that there will soon be no more room in this confined valley. The company come from the small towns of Minho, and many of the english from Oporto. As the surrounding country is very bleak, the inhabitants go in winter to Villar de Veiga, and return in May. The houses are of stone but ill-built, having but one story, small inconvenient

\* Tree-trefoil. The variety called *hirsutus*, or the hairy evergreen Neapolitan cytiscus, was already known, and is probably the same as the last variety here mentioned. T.



apartments, mostly without glass windows, and floors that can be seen through. The furniture consists of a rough wooden table and coarse chairs; every thing else, even to the smallest trifle, the company must bring. Nor must they expect either inhabitants or attendants; for in general an empty house is opened to the stranger, who is only put in possession of bare walls and of the tables and chairs above described. The place only affords young beef, or rather meat betwixt veal and beef, rice, oranges, sour wine of the country, sometimes Douro-wine which is better, and still more rarely fish. Sugar, spices, coffee, and every other necessary, must be procured from Villar de Veiga, which is a league distant, and even there not much is found. Even the apothecary lives at that place, and no watering-place-physician is to be here expected. A small square about 200 paces each way serves as the promenade, but in no part can the company ride. Feeble patients and young ladies travel hither, as in many other mountainous parts of Portugal, in litters borne by two horses, exactly as in Germany by men. Caldas being concealed among rugged mountains at the extremity of the kingdom, is as yet totally forgotten by the government.

The warm waters of this place rise to the eastward from a wall of granite rock at the foot of a

high mountain. There are four springs, each bearing a different name; viz. *da figueira*, a fig-tree growing over it out of the rock; *do bispo*, &c. Over each a square house is built, in the middle of which is a bath walled round, but only one person can bathe at a time, and instead of a door only a curtain is used, which, when down, indicates that some one is bathing: young ladies however do not trust to this veil, but place their maid-servant before the door. The water for drinking is taken from the place where it issues from the rock, before it has reached the bathing-place.

One of these springs evidently contains hepatic gas, but in small quantity; the rest have far less, and one of them shows no traces of it whatever. Nor had this water any perceptible effect on the few chemical tests we had with us; whence it appeared to be very pure. The warmth is also very various; one of the springs being considerably hotter than those of *Caldas da raynha*, and the weakest not so warm; nor does the heat exceed  $40^{\circ}$  of Réaumur, and the hottest may be used as a bath.

The bathing season continues from June till August. In this narrow valley the air is often very hot, though from time to time it is considerably cooled by the mists of the mountains. The company rise at four in the morning, bathe or  
drink

drink the waters immediately, and then walk till near seven. They descend the valley or walk along the road above the town, where many german beauties would become dizzy. The feeble and many young ladies ride on mules and asses, after which the company breakfast. At twelve they dine, and afterwards take a long sesta or nap. At four in the afternoon they again bathe or drink the waters, take a second walk as soon as the sun has left the valley, afterwards assemble at some tea or card-party, and at ten every one returns home to eat a light supper. Such is the mode of life at this remote and solitary bathing-place. The diet here prescribed, and which is promulgated by tradition, (there being no physician), is equally severe and ridiculous; for even here the pedantry and quackery of physic prevails. The effects of bathing are much boasted, and there is no doubt that so warm a bath may be a powerful agent; yet much must be ascribed to the exercise, dissipation, variety, and relaxation of the mind from business, to the pure (or rather impure, and therefore salutary) mountain-air\*, and to the above-described diet which is here forced on the company, because no other can be procured. Those who only drink the waters, probably improve in health from that cause alone.

\* It may be proper to inform many of my readers that the air of mountains contains less oxygen per cubic inch (or pure vital air), than that of lower situations.

The character and style of the company depend entirely on the persons who happen to be there. The nobility of Minho, who, though not rich, are numerous, generally constitute a great portion of the society. These are perhaps better than those nearer to the court, but, like all the portugueze nobility, are very proud; though their politeness is such, that this pride would be difficult to perceive during a first interview. Even in this small place persons of condition made a *noble* sacrifice of their own pleasures to maintain those barriers, which not unfrequently extrude the truly polished society from that which is only so called! A young lady of rank never goes out without an *escudeiro* \*, who walks at a distance of twenty paces before her, uncovered, and holding his hat in his hand. Thus a lady of consequence, who sometimes had vapours, ordered her servant to follow her with a smelling-bottle. On the whole, the society of this place is too small, and

\* Literally a shield-bearer; but this title is bestowed on the chief servant or steward. L.

*Escudeiro* was the title given in ancient times to noblemen, who are now called *fidalgos*, being originally that conferred on those who were knighted after a battle. See Monarch. Lusit. vol. V. p. 76, &c. *Escudeiro* now signifies an usher, esquire, or servant, that waits on a lady or gentleman, being formerly poor gentlemen, who attended on the nobility like our ancient esquires. The portugueze have also *escudeiros de linhagem*, esquires or servants, descended from other esquires or servants. T.

every

every one is too much observed by his neighbours to enjoy perfect freedom or comfort, and a portuguese wit once broke out in a pasquinade on most of the company; meanwhile many beautiful eyes seek to make conquests; in which they are not unsuccessful; for where the streams descend from the sides of the mountains, the azereiros often form so high and thick a shade, that amid the windings of the valley lovers may enjoy perfect security from every intrusive eye. Yet these charming girls, frequently of the first rank and the best education, whose tender feelings expand at the beauties of poetry, and at the tender verses cut in the bark of the azereiros\*, frequently amuse themselves in their select society in seeking the vermin in each other's heads.

The Serra of Gerez, generally speaking, extends from east to west, but sends out many branches to the southward. The valley where Caldas lies also pursues the same direction, rising continually toward the north, but only to a cer-

\* Among the epigrams I have seen on these trees, I accidentally read the following:

Falsas pastoras,	False jilting maids,
Seixo traidor,	Of trait'rous fame,
A mesma sombra,	E'en cooling shades,
Vos causa ardor.	To you are flame.

I could add many other examples, which show that the portuguese youth who write verses are much given to conceits.

tain degree, after which it again somewhat sinks toward the frontiers of Galicia, which are only three leagues from Caldas. It continually becomes narrower, more rocky, and more woody, till at length the traveller enters a thick shade of fine lofty oaks, while brooks murmur around, high abrupt walls of rock appear, the mountain becomes wilder, and at length assumes an appearance of sublimity. Near the Spanish frontiers, the river Homem intersects the valley obliquely and passes into another. Here are the ruins of a Roman bridge, with many remains of pillars here and there belonging to a Roman way. These traces of art in so solitary and wild a country make a deep impression, and the roaring stream has, during many centuries, vainly endeavoured to destroy the strong works of that powerful people. A narrow and difficult foot-path now leads by this singular spot into a foreign kingdom.

In a pass called Portela de Homem\*, where the ridges of the mountains leave a considerable opening, are the Spanish frontiers. The view of Galicia is far less beautiful than that of Minho; the mountains are still high, the vallies wider and more open, but not so well cultivated; the traveller however scarcely yet perceives, he has

\* In the map of Lopez it is laid down at a distance from the frontiers of Galicia, instead of which it forms the boundary.

entered another country, as he still hears the portugueze language, and beholds portugueze manners and customs.

The highest of the mountains of Gerez is to the eastward of Caldas toward the town of Montalegre. We climbed a very steep ascent up this mountain, which, however, was very easy, as the path winds round the blocks of granite, and thus is free from danger even to those who easily become giddy, excepting in one short space. But should the traveller lose the beaten path, which is very possible, he will either come to impassable thickets or extremely dangerous precipices. The highest peak is called *o Murro de burrageiro*, the origin of which singular name I have not been able to discover. In the valley of Caldas the road rises toward Portela de Homem, by a very convenient path leading to the heights, and a fine light oak-wood accompanies it three-fourths of the way up the ascent. Here as well as at Portela de Homem we saw a great many bilberries, which we did not find elsewhere in Portugal, with several other plants not common in that country. Toward the summit the scene suddenly changes; the oaks cease, northern trees alone appear, which are not found in the plains and lower mountains of Portugal, as the yew, the birch, the mountain-ash (*sorbus aucuparia*), and the mountain-juniper; which a north-countryman beholds

beholds with the greatest pleasure, as they seem to transport him to his native country. The highest peak consists of rocks heaped together. The prospect to the westward is extensive, commanding a great part of Minho and the sea with the downs that skirt it; but the view is not distinct, as the eye cannot penetrate into the beautiful but narrow vallies, resting only on the barren heights. Toward the rest of the horizon the view is bounded by mountains. The farther we advanced to the eastward, the more rough and wild we found this range, and we met with vallies consisting almost entirely of naked impassable rocks, where only here and there a small bush grows out of their crevices and fissures. They are the haunts of wild-goats. To the northward toward Galicia we came to a marshy mountain-plain, where we found a quantity of german plants which we had not for a long time beheld. From hence a steep and difficult path leads down the mountain to Rio Homem, but the traveller must beware of losing himself, for the mountains toward this valley, as also toward *Portela de Homem*, present many dreadful precipices. A sharp mountain-ridge here divides Spain from Portugal.

Every thing is granite along this range of mountains, as is usual in heaped-up rocks. Besides the usual constituent parts, it often contains bar-snoerl, and in the clefts, mountain-crytals, and  
smoke-



smoke-topazes: a fine rose-coloured quartz is more rarely found. The flora is a singular mixture of german and northern, of biscayan and pyreneean plants, of those belonging to the plains of Portugal, as for instance, the varieties of heaths, *asphodelus ramosus*, &c. and lastly of many plants peculiar to this range of mountains, being mostly non-descripts.

Wolves are here so numerous as to render this range of mountains dangerous; but the most remarkable animal is the Caucasian-goat, (*capra ægagrus* Pall.) which is extremely rare on other european mountains. We saw several skins of them; and at length a three-year old he-goat that had been shot, was brought to Caldas, where the count of Hoffmannsegg bought its skin, which was stuffed, and is preserved in his collection. This animal is larger, stronger, and more muscular than the tame goat, particularly in the shoulders and parts near the heel. The forehead is higher, the horns rise straighter up and bend backwards, and the tail is not so long; the hair is shorter and thicker, being a mixture of grey and brown, and very similar to that of a stag. A black cross runs along the back and over the shoulders. The male as in tame-goats is furnished with a beard, and the female has no horns. We carefully took the measure of this animal, which in other respects fully coincides with the description

tion of the writer on *capra ægagrus*. It is nowhere found in Portugal, except on the mountains of Gerez, nor have I ever learnt that it is found in Spain. Whether it be a degenerate and wild variety of the tame-goat, or the wild parent stock of the latter, cannot with certainty be discovered, but it is evidently different from it. The last of these hypotheses appears to me most probable. It is found not uncommonly from hence to Montalegre, is hunted in great numbers by the inhabitants, and its flesh is so much esteemed, that the hunter who willingly sold us the skin would not part with the carcass. The skins are here frequently used as covers for mules, and the horns are put up as ornaments in houses.

On these mountains are found great numbers of lizards and snakes. The first are generally of the small green variety of the *lacerta agilis* Linn; the large green variety more abounds in the warm plains of Portugal, where this large and beautiful animal not unfrequently runs about the roads, and boldly places himself in a posture of defence against his persecutors. The serpents of this country are the true italian viper (*vipera Redi*, not *Berus*), which is not uncommon and is much dreaded, the *vibora* of the inhabitants which is rarely found in other parts of Portugal, the beautiful coluber *Æsculapii*, and another harmless sort not yet described. On account of the number of  
these

these animals, the bushes are burnt every five years, by which young food for cattle is also procured, although the former motive is that always assigned. This burning has frequently thrown me into great difficulties. Near Portela de Homem a mischievous fellow from Galicia having set fire to the bushes on all sides of the road, flame and smoke enveloped us, nor was there any way to escape from this narrow valley, which was surrounded by steep rocks. At length we reached with great difficulty the Rio Homem, and were hastening to plunge into the river, but fortunately the air was very still, the fire did not extend rapidly, and soon entirely went out.

A considerable quantity of cattle are fed among these mountains, the young bullocks being brought there in spring, and remaining till autumn. The neat-herds relieve one another from time to time. Draught-oxen are brought to the low pastures, when not employed in work, or at least every Sunday. The vallies, especially that of Caldas, are highly cultivated, and where it is practicable a little land has been gained from the mountains, so that between the rocks, in almost inaccessible places, fields of maize are frequently seen. The land on the declivities is often formed into terraces, and carefully watered, so as to constitute artificial meadows, which here chiefly consist

sist of creeping soft-grass (*holcus lanatus*). Potatoes have also begun to be cultivated.

The greatest height of these mountains we could not measure for the reason above-mentioned. The snow does not lie long, but falls in such quantities round the Murro that poles and heaps of stone are set up to shew the road. We saw a number of these guides. The mountains rather appear steep, rough, and rocky, than high; and I should estimate the Murro at about 3 to 4000 feet; it is far lower than the Serra de Estrella.

The mountains on the west side of Caldas are also very steep, but not so high. The path that leads directly from Caldas over the mountain to the village of Covide is very rugged. After passing the mountain toward this village, appear ruins probably of an old mountain-fort, which however the inhabitants assert to be the ruins of an old city, called *Cbalcedonia*; but it is not probable that a city should be built among these rugged rocks on the declivity of a mountain, and the ruins are confined within too small a spot to be those of a city. We were unable to discover inscriptions or any thing of the kind, for we only saw ruined walls resembling those of our robber-castles; nor do I find in any writer, traces of a foundation for this popular opinion\*. The fine

\* Unless perhaps Cinnania, of which Valer. Max. speaks lib. vi. c. 4.

well-cultivated mountain-plain, which is surrounded with wooded mountains, on the other hand, every where shows clear traces of the roman road that passed through the Portela de Homem, beside which are many columns and mile-posts, with inscriptions. The large and pure quartz-rocks that start out from this granite-plain are worthy the observation of the mineralogist.

Taking the road across this plain from Covide, to the frontiers of Galicia, we came to a large village called Villarinha do forno, close beyond which rises a range of rocky mountains, called Serra Amarella, which form the frontiers. Villarinha has many opulent inhabitants. Here we found much honey, which abounds on these mountains, as do milk and fresh butter, which are great rarities in Portugal. There were also many he-goats, whose skins are sold in Upper Douro, and used as vessels for wine. We were obliged to lodge with a peasant, to whose house our guide conducted us, there being no inn in the village. The house was tolerably good for Portugal, having one story and a floor through which we could see, but did not appear at all superior to the other houses, though nothing was wanting in it that might be expected in a peasant's. We found abundance of hams, milk, and butter, all very good, and had an opportunity of observing, that the numerous family this house contained

lived very comfortably, and so that many a german peasant would envy them. They prepared us very good beds, with clean white neat counterpanes taken fresh out of a trunk. We should not have expected this from the appearance of the house; but we had very frequently been thus agreeably mistaken, especially in this province; for a hasty traveller would certainly have called Villarina a miserable little village. We were still more charmed with the polite open and friendly reception we experienced, the freedom with which our hosts conversed with us, and the delicate attentions they paid us; attentions which would in our own country have been considered as proofs of a good education. At our departure the woman of the house would scarcely accept a piece of money, which might indeed compensate her for what we ate and drank, but certainly not for comfortable beds in such a country. She considered herself as over-paid, and came from time to time as long as we remained at Caldas, to bring us presents of fresh butter. This she did through pure good-nature, as she had nothing to expect in return: our guide had only served us once, knew nothing more of us, and we were certainly for a long time the first strangers who had wandered to this village, in search of a few plants and stones. Oh that my weak voice could sufficiently praise this worthy people, whom many proud and ignorant

ignorant travellers, and especially the english, have stigmatized and reproached !

The common people in and about Caldas are richer than in other parts of Portugal, and uncommonly gay and animated. At night the guitar was heard every where, though the performances are monotonous and rude. I here saw some dances accompanied by songs which I found in no other part of the peninsula, and which represented a kind of drama ; as for instance, a conversation between a father and his son, who, in a mimetic dance, confesses he is in love, for which he is reproved by his father, whose forgiveness he at last obtains : or it consisted alternately of singing and mimetic dancing, till the procession had meanwhile moved through the village. The audience show their approbation by clapping their hands. The same vivacity also appears in the oriental nervousness of their language. Thus our guide assured us, that on the Murro de Burrageiro we should see the whole world, and on our laughing at his assertion confined it to the kingdom of Portugal, as if he then only left out a trifle. His description of a couple of large oaks, of a marshy plain, and of a tree which no man knew, (it was the white-leaf-tree\*, *cratægus aria*) were all poetically exaggerated.

\* A species of the wild service-tree. .

Nations that are backward in civilization consider the country they inhabit as the best and finest in the world. Of this the portuguese as well as the spaniards are fully convinced, as I could shew by numerous anecdotes, were not the following sufficient. In an inn not far from Oporto, where I stopped on a botanical excursion and found nothing but dry bread and wine, I could not help uttering some curses against the country; to which the landlord replied, "Porem todos dizem, que o reino de Portugal, he a melhor terra do mundo;" (yet every one says the kingdom of Portugal is the best country in the world), and the corregedor of Viseu said to us "Portugal he pequeno porem he um turon de açucar," Portugal is small, but it is a loaf of sugar. The corregedor however must forgive us, if at Viseu we were of a different opinion.



## CHAP. XXX.

*Journey to Amarante. Serra de Maraõ. Pezo de regua.  
Remarks on the national drefs.*

FROM this range of mountains we returned to examine the second chief range of mountains in Portugal, Serra de Maraõ. We travelled directly southward through Villar de Veiga, where we saw uncommonly fine Minho-vallies along the river called Rio Caldo, and then through the village of Padrieros, Nossa senhora do Porto, a village containing a neat church and a miraculous picture of the virgin; to Fofe, a very large village, with many new-built and considerable houses, six leagues from Caldas. The vallies in this country are somewhat wider, and always excellently cultivated and well-peopled. Much millet is grown (*panicum miliaceum*, in portugueze, *milho miudo*) and fennel, (*panicum italicum*, in portugueze, *milho painço*): fruit trees are also here cultivated. The ancient town of Guimaraens\*, which is not far distant, and the surrounding country, carry on some traffic in dried fruit, especially plumbs, which however are small and bad. Round Lixe the vallies become opener, but far-

\* Formerly the royal residence. T.

ther on the mountains are more naked and arid. This town which is well-peopled increafes, and new houfes are built; but the inhabitants are ill-spoken of. After paffing Caldas the inns are good but dear. Before we came to Amarante, we had a view of this chain of mountains which run north-eaft and fouth-fouth-west, but appear far lefs pointed and grotesque at a diftance than the mountains of Gerez. Hence the traveller already conceives it muft confift of another fpecies of ftone than granite, which hitherto continues without ceafing.

Amarante is a confiderable town or villa, four long leagues \* from Fofe, fituated on the Tãmẽgã, which divides it from the fuburb, and over which is a handsome ftone bridge. This town belongs to the Corregimento of Guimaraens, but has only one juiz de fora. Lima in his geography affigns it 1108 inhabitants, a number far too fmall, the town and fuburb being faid to contain above 4000, and this is confirmed by the appearance of the place. There are many neat houfes, many noble families refide there, and the inhabitants praise the kind and friendly manners that prevail in the fociety of this place. The country is uncommonly pleafant, the valley like thofe of the

\* The leagues of Minho are much longer than in the other provinces, efppecially between Caldas and Fofe, where they may be reckoned fully equal to german miles. See p. 165.

Minho cultivated and shaded with wood, not only oaks and chefnuts, but pines, figs, and cork-trees appear, and quintas adorned with lofty portugueze cypresses, a fine river that animates the whole, and Amarante, both in a physical and moral point of view, well deserves its charming name \*.

Beyond Amarante we immediately ascended the spurs of the Serra de Maraõ, the summits of which are barren, but the vallies beautifully cultivated and enriched with shade. Here all is still granite. Beyond the village of Ovelha, we ascended the lofty Serra de Maraõ itself, and found the road steep, but not incommodious. The mountains are naked and destitute of trees or bushes, being only covered with an arid meagre turf, without projecting rocks or the brooks and clefts of Gerez, but on the contrary more rounded; in short these are quite a different kind of mountains from those, being also much inferior in natural beauties: the species of stone of which it is composed is also different. Beyond Ovelha, flaty granite is still seen, but is soon followed by black argillaceous slate, which is very coarsely slated and mingled with mica. On the summit it forms bare rocks, and loses its flaty fracture, so that it might be taken for trap. We there discovered

\* Signifying an Amaranth, a flower which does not fade till long after gathering; whence its name was formed by the Greeks. T.

in it a remarkable and hitherto unknown fossil which we called maranite. The prospect from the summit is extensive, but not remarkable. We saw a part of the adjacent province of Traz-os-montes, with its considerably high, but naked and arid chains of mountains\*. In height the Serra de Maraõ is not inferior to that of Gerez, but probably exceeds it. The snow frequently lies on the summit during a month, and was formerly collected in pits and cellars, which are still seen, and from which it was carried down the Douro to Oporto. This trade however has for some years ceased.

We descended the south side of the mountain, and came to a large village called Campean, on a small mountain-plain which lies considerably high. This village with its woods and fields forms a charming island amid these naked mountains. The soil is moist, for at a certain depth water springs in every part, the plain being almost entirely surrounded with considerable eminences. The small woods consist of chestnut, oak, and birch; trees, which, as I have already said, are only seen, in Portugal, on the highest ranges of

\* I must here notice an error in Lopez's map of Portugal, where the Serra de Maraõ is rightly laid down near Amarante as Serra de *Maram*, as it may also be written (the pronunciation being nearly the same), that to the north-east of this is a considerable range laid down as Serra de Maraõ, which is not known by that name.

mountains. We could almost imagine ourselves in the woods of Germany: an illusion which was kept up by a variety of plants, till other unaccustomed forms of vegetation, as for instance a new kind of broom from twenty to thirty feet high, reminded us of Madeira. Much millet and rye are cultivated in the fields. The cold in winter is very severe, snow falls, and even the summer-nights are for a long time very bleak.

From Amarante to Campean is reckoned a distance of only three leagues; but these leagues are very long. From the last-mentioned place we set off for Pezo da Regua. At first we met with fine chestnut hanging-woods along the declivities of the mountains; but afterwards about a league from Campean, at a small town called Santa Martha, began hills covered with vines, and continued two leagues without interruption, as far as Pezo, so that we almost imagined ourselves in the rich and hilly wine-country of Quercy.

Pezo da Regua which is a market town (*concelho*) celebrated as a depôt for port-wine, and itself producing some of the best quality, is situated on the southern declivity of a hill close to the Douro, which here forces its way between steep hills consisting of thin strata of argillaceous slate mixed with mica. We beheld vine-covered hills, as far as our eyes could reach, sometimes adorned with neat houses. The bed of the river is stony, and the

the stream in summer navigable only for small boats, though in winter ships of considerable size can ascend it. The wine-trade renders this place very lively, though it is but small, containing only 1040 inhabitants, and 315 houses \*. But the reader will readily conceive that many proprietors of vineyards and dealers in wine do not reside in the town, but in the houses dispersed about the country, where they certainly enjoy pleasanter situations.

This town belongs to a tract of land on the banks of the Douro called upper Douro (o alto Douro) commencing to the eastward at Villa real, or more properly San Joaõ de pesqueira, extending to the spot where the small river Teixeira falls into the Douro, and comprehending a tract of somewhat above four geographical miles in length, by three in breadth. In 1781 the population amounted to 44,660, there being 12,895 houses and 78 parishes. This is the tract of land that produces port-wine, the annual produce of which is reckoned at 90,000 pipes. In the third volume of the *Memorias economicas* of the Lisbon academy is a very minute but very ill-written topography of this country, by Francisco Pereira Rebello da Fonseca; the numbers stated in which were confirmed by the accounts we heard on the spot.

\* In Lima's time 915 inhabitants, and 306 houses.

The situation of Pezõ is very favourable to the vine. The steep hills slope to the southward, and consist of a blackish slate, which by its great heat contributes not a little to the general warmth of these parts, the valley is very narrow, the lofty Maraõ defends it from the north wind, nor can the sea-breezes reach it. In short this spot is very favourable to warmth in summer, as the neighbourhood of the snow-covered Maraõ is said to cause severe winters. It was then the end of July in the hot summer of 1798, and we endured a suffocating heat, which continued throughout the night; the whole atmosphere seeming as it were to issue from an oven. The badness of the water renders this spot still more unpleasant, and in the neighbourhood along the banks of the Douro are marshes caused by the inundations of the river in winter, which give rise to the agues that here prevail. Thus it is no wonder that the principal inhabitants do not reside in the town, but in their vineyards around it. We thought ourselves happy in this hot valley, which is adorned with a great number of remarkable plants, partly brought by the Douro out of Spain and sown here, and partly indigenous to the vale.

Here we had an opportunity to observe the effects of the heat on human society. At noon every thing appeared still and dead; at four the labouring-classes began to appear; and after sun-set  
the

the principal inhabitants were seen abroad. The night was occupied by a constant tumult; the women lightly dressed sat in their balconies to take the air, while their beauty was enhanced by the darkness. If a traveller may venture a general opinion, they seemed more amorous than in other parts of Portugal, having in this respect, like the flowers of their valley, somewhat of a Spanish constitution. But perhaps it was merely through chance that the author was witness to such steps, as he had never before observed young ladies of condition in Portugal to take so soon or so boldly. Yet why should we blame them? for how can they pass the night, when heat and noise render it impossible either to sleep or attend to any serious affairs?

The guitar was heard throughout the night accompanied by the elegiac, uniform, popular songs of the Portuguese, which continued till sun-rise. When these are heard at such a distance as not to distinguish the words, it is certainly far from pleasant to listen to their music. The first stanza indeed often surprises by its soft plaintive simple melody; but the hearer in vain desires variety; for the same notes are constantly repeated, and if the pipe of a beautiful woman excites some feeling, the screaming voices of the men totally overpower and destroy it; which is the more unpleasing, as the women are seldom heard, and the men constantly,

The



The common people in Germany excel the english in singing, still more the french, and very far exceed the spanish and portugueze. Even in Gascony we began to hear this monotonous screaming drawling kind of song, which in Spain and Portugal became very disgusting; and we have only to imagine to ourselves a guitar so bad as to resemble a knocking on wood, to have an idea of the tender songs with which lovers serenade their mistresses at night\*.

But this is not the case with the words. The character of the popular songs of France is too well known to require a description; it possesses much wit, particularly in the patois or provincial dialects, and a peculiar and very charming *naiveté*, which like that word is almost peculiar to the nation. An innocence that almost always deceives, a frankness that is but art, and a refined licentiousness, prevail both in the songs and conduct of that nation. We germans have no popular songs; but fine opera airs and the masterpieces of the

\* De gustibus non disputandum. The spanish guitar is strung with catgut and possesses many charms; as does the national music of Spain, which, while it preserves a general character, has sufficient variety to please and fascinate many an englishman, whose taste is formed on the model of the italian opera. But the author seems to have an equally inaccurate idea of spanish and of english national music. Of the latter he probably formed his ideas from the walls of Privy-garden, or the songstresses of St. Giles's. T.

first poets are nowhere so well performed by boys in the streets as in Germany. The popular songs of the english show a lively imagination, which indeed is more prevalent in the north than in the south, and they often abound in bold transitions of genius; but they are full of coarse obscenity, and neither possess naiveté nor plaintiveness. The spanish songs when serious are descriptive, solemn, and full of sentiment, while their comic songs abound in the keenest wit and satire, or the most licentious obscenity. The popular songs of Portugal are constantly plaintive, the subject being almost always the pains of love: they are extremely seldom obscene, and very rarely witty. Here wit is confined to prose. It has a singular effect to hear a common peasant, often in rags, singing such words as, "Oh hear my sighs, my plaintive strains," &c. in language differing less from that of the first classes of society, than in any other country. The full-toned termination of *aō* which so frequently recurs, especially in the word *coraçãō* (heart), receives a pleasing, plaintive, tender extension, and their *minha menina* (my dear), is the sweetest expression any language can possess. But here tenderness prevails even among the common people, who have been so much misrepresented by travellers. In the storms of November 1798 a ship was lost, on board of which was a peasant of easy circumstances, from the neighbourhood

bourhood of Cezimbra, whose young wife rejected all consolation, refused to eat and drink during eight days, and through pure love followed him unconstrained by circumstances into another world.

Whenever true knowledge shall beam upon this misrepresented people, then may their lot be sweetened by an increase of liberty, without the scaffolds of Pombal or the guillotines of France.

## CHAP. XXXI.

*The culture of the vine.*

THE culture of the vine is one of the most important means of support to the people of Portugal: for not only the wine from the banks of upper Douro, that of Carcavelos near Lisbon, and that of St. Ubes, are exported to foreign countries; but the other wines produced are either consumed in the country or shipped to the colonies. Portugal has by no means a proportionate variety to those of Spain, to which the wines of this kingdom are also inferior in quality. In the commonest wine-houses in Spain are frequently found good and sometimes excellent wine; whereas in Portugal it is generally very bad. The Spanish wine has naturally a great deal of fire; a quality which is only communicated to that of Portugal by means of brandy. Portugal might undoubtedly produce as good wine, but it cannot be denied that on the whole agriculture and industry are in a higher state of advancement in Spain.

The portuguese are moderate wine-drinkers, and even at good tables are contented with bad, or at least very moderate wine; and if any thing  
more

more is brought it is port. Carcavelos is set on table together with Madeira, and as the latter may be had in Portugal of excellent quality, it often supersedes the use of the former. The wine of St. Ubes is still more rarely drunk.

On the culture of the vine, several publications have of late appeared in Portugal. The second volume of the Prize-dissertations, *memorias premiadas*, of the academy is entirely occupied on this subject; and there is also a very good treatise on it in the second volume of the *Memorias economicas* of the academy, by Constantino Botelho de Lacerda Lobo, professor of physic at Coimbra; which treatises I have read and availed myself of them; though the greater part of what I shall say is the result of my own observations.

Here, as every where else, hills and mountains are preferred for the culture of the vine, and at Pezo they are so steep that the earth is supported by little walls, so as to convert the sides of the hills into terraces (*geios*). But the vine is also frequently cultivated on plains; where, if the soil is sandy they succeed very well. Shady vallies and plains or stiffer soil produce even here but moderate wine, and should never be so employed. The vine is commonly short, growing up poles, those in Minho alone excepted, where, as I have already said, they are planted beside trees, round the branches of which they twine. This renders

the country charming, but produces wretched wine. In the quintas they form covered walks, but even there they do not yield such good wine as the shorter vines, however pleasant and beautiful these walks may appear, the woodwork of the balustrades of which is called in portuguese *latada*, (in Minho *pareira*). In the province of Traz os-montes alone are the vines planted at a distance from each other, with corn sown between them; and on the south bank of the Tagus, at Lisbon, garden-vegetables are grown in the vineyards. It is also extremely common at the first establishment of a vineyard, to sow the land the first year with corn.

The number of varieties of the vine is as great in Portugal as in other countries, and their names are of Portuguese origin; but these names are various for the same variety in different parts of the country, while the same name is used in various places for different varieties. At Pezo, the best red wine is produced from a small red late grape, growing on a vine whose leaves are deeply indented and very rough. A great number of varieties are often mingled together, as for instance at Camego, where 67 varieties grow together; a method which certainly possesses some advantages, but also great disadvantages. The distance at which the vines are planted is very various.

One

One of the most important steps is to prune the vine (*poda*). The high vines in Minho which produce the white wines, (*vinhos de enforcado* or *embarrado*), are only cut every other year and sometimes seldom; whereas the others are cut every year; in cold situations in autumn, and in the warm in January and February. The manner of doing this is various, and depends much on the skill of the gardener. A short time before and after they are in bloom, or if they bear too many grapes, the superfluous branches are lopped off, which is called *esladroar*. In some parts the leaves are also taken off to expose the grapes to the sun, which is called *esfolhar*.

Here, in upper Douro, the branches are carefully bound up to one or more stakes, which is called *empa* or *erguida*. This is done just before and after the buds come out; otherwise the branches are only twined round the stem, and fastened or tied to it; but I have never seen them hang in festoons and propped with poles as in Bigorre. It is said, however, to be practised in some parts of Traz-os-montes.

Another very necessary annual labour is hoeing (*cava*), partly to loosen the earth, and partly to destroy weeds. This is done in spring before the leaves come out, at which time the labourers are seen in crowds in the vineyards, and repeated a short time before the blossoms appear, being then

called *redrar*. During the first three years a furrow is dug round each vine in autumn, a short time before the fall of the leaf. This is done in order to cut the roots and afford sufficient moisture; for which reason, in cold moist places, the furrows are filled up immediately, but in warmer situations much later. This process is called *escavar*.

In upper Douro and other mountainous parts the vines are manured as soon as they are full ten or twelve years old. Combustible materials, such as old faggot-wood, dry plants, &c. together with argillaceous earth, are spread, after which the whole heap is fired from below, and the ashes used as manure. This method is not bad and may deserve imitation; but in colder climates, where there is a scarcity of combustibles, it may not perhaps be practicable.

The vines are propagated by means of cuttings from the root (*lançar de cabeça*), or by layers (*mergulhar*), which consists of laying a branch in a furrow, leaving out only two eyes; a method well known in Germany. The young vines that arise from these are called *barbados* on account of their roots, and are used for planting new vineyards. But this method is generally used only for supplying vacant places, new vineyards being planted with slips without roots, called *bacelleiros*, which, when cut off, are covered half with earth  
and



and half with loose branches. These are planted from vintage-time to the end of January. The vines are also frequently improved by grafting, inoculation, and approach or inarching; operations which are performed as in Germany. I shall only add for the information of many translators, that *enxertar* signifies to graft, *enx. de cavallo* cleft-grafting, *enx. de sacada* inarching, and *enx. de borbulha* or *de escudo* scutcheon-grafting.

The vintage in upper Douro commences when the grapes begin to shrivel. In these parts it is very difficult and expensive to convey the grapes to the press, the whole district consisting of steep hills and narrow vallies. This process is performed by treading, and a great number of men are thus employed at vintage-time, but the population of upper Douro being insufficient, a great number of Gallegos come to assist them. To each vat are reckoned from 8 to 20 pipes. The proper port-wine is left 72 hours standing on the hulls, if intended for exportation, (*vinho de feitoria*) but only four-and-twenty if for home-consumption, (*vinho de ramo*). In only six districts is white-wine produced, which, however, is inferior to the former, but in some other parts of Douro, which properly produce no port-wine, good white wine is made.

When the must is put into casks the strongest brandy is added, forming even in wine of the best

quality a twelfth part. There is no proper port-wine (vinho de feitoria) free from it, nor is this addition by any means an adulteration of the wine-merchant, being originally added. Those who dislike this brandied taste must drink the wine of the country made for home consumption, which is often very excellent, and might probably by a delicate palate be preferred to all that is exported. It contains at least a much smaller quantity of brandy. The taste of the english, and their fondness for drinking to excess, is evidently the cause of adding so great a quantity of very strong brandy; but now almost all portugueze wines have at least some brandy added before they ferment. It is said to be impossible to preserve the wine without this addition; which may indeed be true, as there are no wine-cellars in Portugal, the wine being kept in warehouses above ground, where it is left to ferment. It is surprizing, no one has attended to this defect, and that no writer has ever mentioned it; for there is no doubt that this is the cause of many other evils, and that the portugueze are thereby disabled from exporting a light delicate wine like that of France, or which might suit the taste of other nations besides the english.

The wines grown here are as soon as possible sent to Oporto, where they remain in the magazine three years before they are exported.

I will

I will here describe the port-wine trade from a paper in the 3d vol. of the *Memorias economicas*. It principally regards the progress of the monopoly of the company of upper Douro, and in more than one point abounds with interesting information. I shall neither give an extract nor a translation of this treatise, but shall only avail myself of the facts it contains.

In 1681 the upper Douro was as yet but little cultivated and very poor. At that time the english as well as other european nations loved sweet wines, to which but few parts of this district are adapted. Lisbon then exported it in considerable quantities, nor did the exportation of port-wine increase immediately after the treaty of Methuen in 1703; but soon the taste for red-wine began constantly to increase, and the english who now settled in the country in great numbers encouraged the cultivation of the vine in order to have wine cheaper; which succeeded so well, that from 1750 to 1755, a pipe of the best wine was sold for only ten milreas. At this even the members of the english factory were discontented, and fearing so cheap a price might injure their trade held a meeting; but a shrewd merchant, named Stuart, prevented any increase of price, and persuaded them rather to direct their attention to a spanish merchant, Bartholomeo Pancorvo, and put him down. Pancorvo being a scheming man,

determined to open a direct trade with other northern ports; and therefore offered a higher price; but his money failing, he could not go through with his speculation, and became a bankrupt. The english then adulterated the wine terribly, mixing it with the four wines of Beira and Minho, coloured it, and in short at length destroyed its reputation.

In 1756, the company of upper Douro (*a Companhia do alto Douro*), was established by an order of the cabinet (*alvará*), which still continues in force, and has produced much good to the country, though its regulations and conduct are very faulty. It consists of a provedor or chief inspector, twelve deputies, six counsellors, and a secretary. These nominate a kind of tribunal, consisting of a *desembargador juiz conservador*, a *desembargador fiscal*, with their subordinate attendants, a notary; a *meirinhox*, a *caixeiros*, *feitores*, *administradores*, &c. an intricate and complex constitution, which annually costs 100,000 crusades. This company depends immediately on the king, and is not under the jurisdiction of any other tribunal; for which reason they ventured on many arbitrary acts. They were resolved to keep up the reputation of the wine, and that the price should be fixed. Their funds at first consisted of 1,200,000 crusades, which, however, were not destined merely for the purchase of wine; but

but to make loans to the peasants at three per cent. These however have very seldom taken place, evasions having always been used to avoid them.

The company have not indeed a complete monopoly of the wine of upper Douro. The members are bound to take wine from each grower at a fixed price\*. But if the grower prefers selling and transporting his wine elsewhere in the country, he may. This however must be done through the intervention of the company, who receive six per cent. It is evident these regulations necessarily give them a very considerable monopoly; but the restraint went still farther: a list was made of the produce of each vineyard for the last preceding five years, and no one was permitted to sell a larger quantity, either to the company or to any one else. Thus all increase of this species of agriculture is entirely stopped, and what is still worse, the company employ various evasions not to take all the wine grown, nor at the prices fixed.

The district of upper Douro was divided into such parts as were to produce *vinhos de feitoria* (factory or export wine), and *vinhos de ramo* (wine for home consumption), the former alone being destined for foreign parts, the latter being

\* A pipe of the best quality was at first fixed at 25 to 30 milreas, that of inferior quality at 20 to 25. In 1769, the price was raised, making the former 30 to 36, and the latter 25 to 30.

sent to the colonies and other provinces of the kingdom, but subject to the same restraints as the other \*. The division itself is not properly made; for there are districts which bear bad export wine, and others, as for instance, the parishes of Villarinho des Frêires, Alvaçoês do Corgo, Hormida, Abassas, Guiaês, Galafura, Couvelinhas, Goivaês, and others, where a wine is produced, which far excels most of the wines destined for exportation. The port-wine de ramo, which we drank in good houses, was so excellent; that I at first thought this was the name of the best port-wine, and was much astonished when I learnt the contrary, and tasted the common bad ramo-wine. Every possible precaution is now taken to prevent the adulteration of the export-wines with the vinhos de ramo. It was at first prohibited to send out of their districts the grapes for the export-wine, under penalty, that in that case they should pass for vinhos de ramo, in order to prevent every kind of fraud; which produced the ill effect of disabling the poorer farmers, who could not now carry their grapes to the press, from selling any factory-wine. But even this did not prevent all deceptions of this kind, which were often contrived with great art. Hence, in 1768, a list was

\* The company at first took almost all at 12 milreas the pipe, afterwards at 10½, which is an extremely small price.

made of the districts, where *vinhos de ramo* were produced; but this not answering the expectations formed, recourse was had to coercion, a military force employed, in consequence of which many families were ruined, and even the buildings employed for pressing wine in the neighbourhood of the districts of the *vinhos de ramo* were pulled down. Such a measure diminished indeed the frauds committed, but it yet remains to be seen how much it will contribute to the real improvement of this important production.

The care the company bestowed on the goodness of the wine, went too far. In 1757 manuring with dung was prohibited, because it tended to produce a large quantity, but of bad quality. Orders were also given to cut down every elder-tree within five leagues round upper Douro, to prevent colouring the wine with their berries. In 1771 this order was extended to the provinces of Beira, Traz-os-montes, and Minho; but no attention was paid to the *phytolacca*\* *decandria*, which is grown in large quantities in Beira for colouring wine, as I have often myself seen. At length in 1773 orders were given to root up every vine that bore white grapes and replace them with red, because the former give more, but worse wine. This measure was altogether prejudicial; for the difference between the prices of

\* Pokeweed or American night-shade. T.

good and bad wine being very trifling, little attention was paid to the choice of the cuttings, those which gave a greater quantity being preferred to the better varieties. The wine-growers also suffered by it considerably, a new planted stock not bearing its proportion of fruit till five years old. The company itself, says the above-mentioned author, must falsify the wine, since they export as much factory-wine as they receive, though it loses a ninth part of its quantity in the warehouses, where it is kept.

The company have the monopoly of all the factory-wine exported to foreign parts, but send it almost entirely to England. In 1780, the wise plan was first put in force, of freighting ships loaded with port-wine directly to Petersburg. This has been repeated from time to time, but the number is still insignificant. Portugal might certainly find a considerable market for her wines in all the northern states, and men would soon drink larger quantities of this excellent wine, which so far excels the common sour french-wine, were it not spoiled by that quantity of brandy, which none but the english can like. Perhaps, however, it was this brandied portugueze wine that first corrupted the taste of the english, who were almost entirely confined to this kind of wine. Six per cent for commission and shipping, and sixteen per cent profit are allowed this company.

The



The company had at first the monopoly of all wine, vinegar, and brandy, sent to the colonies; but so early as 1776 the ports of Bahia, Pernambuco, Paraiba, and all the asiatic and african colonies, had been opened for the vinegar and brandy of Estremadura. Under the reign of the present queen the free exportation of portugueze wine to Brasil was permitted, and the company only obtained the monopoly of the wines of upper Douro to Brasil and the other colonies, to which a great quantity of vinho de ramo is sent.

In 1760 they obtained the monopoly of brandy for the provinces of Beira, Minho, Traz-os-montes, and the colonies; on which account their funds received an addition of 60,000 cruzaes. From the year 1773 the apothecaries were also prohibited from distilling. The trade in wine for that purpose is entirely free of duty. Many of the ports of Brasil and the rest of the colonies, as I have already said, were excepted so early as 1776 from this prohibition, and still receive brandy from Estremadura.

The company have farther possessed, from their first erection, the monopoly of wine in the town of Oporto itself and the country three leagues round it, which distance was extended in 1760 to four leagues, in order as was given out to prevent all falsification of wine. This at first excited a tumult, which was suppressed by force, and the  
ring-leaders

ring-leaders of which were severely punished. The company still possess this privilege, and every tavern bears the words *Companhia do alto Douro*. Here also much *vinho de ramo* is consumed by the common people.

At length, in 1772, the company acquired the privilege of exclusively furnishing with wine the taverns in the districts of Pezo da Regua, Penaguiaõ, Mezaõ-frio, Barqueiros, Teixeira, Tou-raes, and Sabroso de Folhadella, likewise under a pretext of preventing falsification; whereas it is evident, that the real object was to increase the privileges of the company; Barqueiros and Mezaõ frio being districts appropriated to *vinho de ramo*, and Sabroso producing no other wine whatever. Neither did Teixeira belong to upper Douro.

Such is the history of an institution, in which the spirit of the founder Pombal very clearly prevails. His exertions to benefit the country are every where apparent, but every where the measures he adopted were precipitate and despotic. Absolute governments generally run from one extreme to the other. Some expedient was necessary to improve the wine-trade of Portugal, or at least partly to rest it from the hands of foreigners, which the erection of the company of upper Douro has undoubtedly done; but was it therefore necessary to exceed the proper bounds of coercion with so despotic

despotic a hand? The ministry of the present queen in many respects alleviated the yoke of the preceding reign through a desire to oppose the measures of Pombal; but they fell into a state of total inactivity, and only directed their attention to restoring to the priesthood with usury what Pombal had taken from them.

## CHAP. XXXII.

*Journey to Estrella. Description of that range of mountains.*

THE summer was already far advanced, the heat which was very great threatened soon to make the fields naked and dry, and we were obliged to hasten toward the Serra de Estrella, the highest range of mountains in Portugal. We therefore crossed the Douro by a ferry at Pezo da Regua, and on the other side immediately climbed the heights of the mountain. We continued rising as far as Lamego, an old city on the small river Balfamaõ. This is a considerable place containing about 5000 inhabitants, and appears quite opulent. It consists of two parishes, has four monasteries, and is the seat of a bishop, and a corregedor. Lamego is celebrated in history for the constitution which bears its name and forms the basis of the monarchy. It is asserted that the Lacobriga of Strabo was situated near it. The land lies very high, and near the town is barren, but considerable eminences surround it. This adds to the charms of the declivity of the mountain toward the Douro, which is one of the finest vine-mountains and produces excellent wine, of which the inhabitants of the town make  
their

their principal beverage. In some parts the road is excellent, and planted with trees. The slate of the Douro ceases on the heights round the town; after this all is granite, which is not without metallic veins, and on the eminences near the town brings with it plumbago.

On the declivity toward the Douro, are mulberry-trees. It is remarkable that in Portugal the breeding of silk-worms is entirely neglected, though soil, climate, and every other requisite, are there found. It would be particularly adapted to the populous province of Minho. In Traz-os-montes, especially round Braganza, great numbers of mulberry-trees might be cultivated, and silk produced in considerable quantities. The accounts given us of the present state of this branch of trade were very melancholy. The government took up an idea of favouring the culture of silk, and being, perhaps justly, informed that it was ill-spun, caused spinners to be brought from Piedmont, whom they ordered to instruct the manufacturers, and every portugueze spinner to bring a certificate from them of their ability. The consequences were very bad; the piedmontese seldom gave any certificates, and those were generally partial, endeavouring thereby to draw the whole manufacture to themselves; which irritated the people, who, instead of planting additional mulberry-trees, cut down those already standing.

This affords an additional instance to show, that governments often do best not to take certain branches of commerce under their protection. I cannot however answer for the truth of this story.

In these parts we met with the elm-leaved sumach-tree (*rhus coriaria*), both wild and cultivated, of which probably the former had run wild. It is cultivated here and there in Traz-os-montes, and especially in upper Douro. It is found on rocks and the worst kind of soil, grows uncommonly quick, and multiplies very much by suckers from the root. Its cultivation therefore requires but little care, and it is very easily increased. Its young rough branches are used for tanning fine leather; and near 900,000 pounds weight are annually exported from Oporto to England and the northern ports. The great want of materials for tanning should induce the portuguese to be more careful of this article than they have been hitherto.

Beyond Lamego to the southward, we climbed still farther up this high range of mountains, which here accompanies the Douro, but sends forth branches to the southward. As it has no narrow deep vallies, and the declivities are not very steep, a man of slight observation might estimate the height of the mountains at much less than the truth. The plants first show their great

elevation, which is confirmed by the recollection of the long and continual ascent the weary traveller has performed and of the view of it from the low country of Beira, where this tract of land appears as a high mountain-range. The soil is naked, being only covered with grass or short heath, and somewhat rocky. In the vallies we also found oaks and chefnut-trees, though not in great quantities. Rye is particularly cultivated here, which is a sign of a mountainous bad soil and a cold climate; it had been already harvested in the beginning of August. The villages between Lamego and Crasto, which is four miles farther, are extremely miserable, and the peasants appear very poor. Crasto is a large nunnery, with a small market-town, which lies somewhat lower; in consequence of which we again beheld vines and garden-fruits. I heard the name of this place pronounced exactly as I have written it, but do not find the place in the map, or in any portugueze or other work of geography; but merely a convent of Nossa Senhora das Landeas, which is laid down four leagues from Lamego.

From Crasto to Viseu the country becomes constantly lower and more cheerful. Near Crasto we passed the Vouga, which flows from hence to San Pedro de Sul (where are some celebrated and much-frequented warm baths) and at length forms the harbour of Aveiro. We passed through

chestnut woods and over mountains covered with high heath to a large village called Calde, where the country is better cultivated and the peasants appear opulent. We had here an opportunity of perceiving that we must not judge of portugueze houses by their external appearance; for we were received in one apparently bad, but found in it as much affluence as could be expected from a peasant, and that cheerfulness which may be always seen in Portugal. Our facetious landlady took us for smugglers, on account of our baggage; and a servant, who was a Gallego (these people are great jokers) endeavoured to keep up the deception. By this kind of pleasantry, which served to pass the heat of the day, we learnt the extent of the opulence of our hosts.

The mountains now grew quite flat, and at length formed a plain, on which is the city of Viseu; but though every thing here appeared flat, we perceived we were on a considerable height, compared with the coast and level of the sea. To the south-east the Serra de Estrella appeared very distinctly. Viseu is nine leagues from Lamégo, being a considerable place, and containing nine hundred houses, three parishes, and three religious houses; but consists of narrow dirty streets, and mostly bad houses. It is a very old city, and historians are very uncertain of its origin; but a city stood here in the time of ancient Rome, as

appears



appears by some remains of roman antiquity, especially two old towers. At present it is the see of a bishop and corregedor; but it is principally celebrated on account of the only great portuguese fair, which is here annually held. This fair, which is mentioned in no book of geography or statistical work, is certainly of importance, since proprietors of estates at considerable distances, frequently very rich, from the middle of Portugal, here provide themselves with objects of luxury. Many jewels are also here bought and sold; and the merchants from the middle of the country, who are nearer to Viseu than to any sea-port, take their merchandise from thence. As we were travelling near Thomar, at a considerable distance from Viseu, we met with many loaded carts going to this fair, but as soon as it is over Viseu is again a very dead place.

Instead of this fair, statistical works generally give an account of the tin-mines of Viseu; an interesting object, which we staid here to examine. The corregedor told us we should find none, though he had heard tin had formerly been here found. At length we procured a guide to conduct us to the deserted mines; but we only found that people had been digging for water. We then enquired for some old people, one of whom conducted us to a spot called *Burraco de Stanho*, or the tin-hole. But even here we found

no traces of tin, and continued searching all the day in vain. The whole mountain-plain consists of granite, which certainly contains traces of ore, but only of arsenical pyrites; and I must here remark, that throughout Portugal not a mine is worked, excepting the shaft of quicksilver at COUNA, and a place dug for coal at Figueira, of which no account can here be taken. To seek for ore is strictly prohibited, and we had special permission inserted in our passports for that purpose, as we could not otherwise have searched for minerals. I would therefore advise the dealers in minerals not to seek them in Portugal, as they may fall into the hands of portuguese justice, with which I shall hereafter make them acquainted.

The plains round Viseu are adorned with small chestnut and oak-woods, but also present many heaths. The soil is granite-sand. Close to the city many garden-vegetables are grown; in the fields are sown chick-peas (*cicer arietinum*), millet and fennel, (*panicum miliaceum*, *italicum*) maize and rye.

Not far from Viseu begin the forerunners of the Serra de Estrella. We passed over low mountains and through pine-woods to Mengualde, a large village two leagues from Viseu. The higher we ascended, the more lively, more cultivated, and pleasanter the country appeared. The village of Mengualde surprised us by the number of

new-

new-built neat houses, of which we soon perceived the cause; for we came exactly at the time of an annual fair which is very considerable, and at which a great traffic, particularly in cattle, is carried on. The roads were full of passengers, by which this otherwise populous country was rendered still more gay and lively. This cheerful appearance of the country continued as far as Coutances, another village; after which we climbed rough mountains, down which flows the Mondego, till at length, at the village of Penhanços, two leagues from Mengualde, we descended to the fine plain which skirts the mountains on this side.

This plain is one of the pleasantest spots in Portugal. It is properly a wide flat valley, inclosed on one side by the forerunners of Estrella, and on the other by that range itself, which on this side appears a high, but gently-declining and naked mountain; its forerunners lose themselves in hills. The plain is extremely well cultivated, containing fields of maize and rye, vineyards, and small woods of pine and chestnut-trees. A number of villages also surround it, which like all the villages after passing Mengualde were adorned with very neat houses and orchards. The fruit of this terra is also the best and most celebrated in the kingdom. We were much struck with the beauty of this country, of which we had

never read, and had heard but little. On the first plain of this serra, a league from Penhanços, is a very small town (or villa) called Cea, where many persons of easy fortune reside, as is the case in many small places in Portugal. At the extremity of this place, near the declivity toward the plain, on an open and beautiful spot, is the fine house, or rather castle, of Dom Luis Bernardo Pinto de Mendoça, the windows of which command a fine and extensive prospect. Here the spectator looks down on the charming plain that surrounds Cea, and beyond the forerunners of the serra discovers the plain of Viseu, which city he distinctly sees, as also the mountain-chain of Val de Besteiros, which rise in front, while to the left he perceives the serra de Buffaco, and the country of Coimbra.

Dom Luis Bernardo, notwithstanding his great riches, resides in the country, and seldom visits the town. Here he enjoys the pleasures of a country life in a fine situation and pleasant climate, passing his time in the midst of his family, and the economical care of his estate. His wife, Donna Maria, is a remarkable woman, and contradicts a common-place remark frequently made in the south of Europe, that as the beauty of women in those climates blossoms early, so it soon decays. She was at this time pregnant of her twenty-first child, and was still beautiful. Her  
make

make was portugueze, small and strong, but elegant, her beautiful countenance enlivened with black speaking eyes; and in her conversation and all her motions that fire and vivacity which distinguish and adorn the fair sex in this country prevail. At the house of this nobleman we passed a few very pleasant days, and observed the manners of an old portugueze family, where even the grown-up daughters inhabited separate apartments in a detached wing, never eating with their parents, and none but female servants attending in the interior of the house. We were daily in company with the principal people of this little town, where the young but half-speechless girls, and the young but cheerful married women, passed their time in a pleasant manner without play. General conversation prevailed, and they joined in a general chorus. We heard a number of soft plaintive portugueze songs, generally on the pains of love, and frequently on some charming shepherdes (*linda pastora*). Among these the *Brasileros*, or *brasil* songs, were distinguished by their great variety, gaiety, and wit, like the nation from which they spring. In the fine evenings we walked, not forgetting to call at some picture of a saint or chapel to drop a hasty prayer, without, however, interrupting the general mirth and gaiety of the party.

From

From Cea we immediately climbed up to the first plain of the Serra de Estrella. These mountains are covered with pines toward their base, but soon become very bare, and nothing is seen but a short grass then entirely parched up. When we had passed this first plain, we came to a valley, in which is the village of Sabugueiro, undoubtedly the best place to stop at in order to examine this range of mountains. The inhabitants of Estrella are not in this country reputed polite; which in comparison with the rest of the nation is perhaps true, though a low-german or an englishman would find nothing to complain of. At Sabugueiro we found the inhabitants gentle and kind, and resided there some time in a farm house to which Dom Luis Bernardo had recommended us. This house, like the rest, was indeed small and miserable, but we had no want of food or drink, had clean good beds, and every thing contributed to render the engaging politeness of the inhabitants still more attractive. Close to the village are some fields of rye, and as it was harvest time, all the inhabitants alternately assisted each other in threshing. The rye of this mountainous country is particularly excellent. A mountain stream, the Rio de Alva, flows near the village, through a valley, which in many parts is extremely deep and rocky. A part of the  
mountain

mountain around has a gentle declivity, and covered with grass; but steep rocky declivities, especially up the Rio Alva, covered with cistus and arboreous heaths, frequently render the country impassable. Here we found plants which only grow on the higher ranges of mountains of Spain and Portugal; also birches and service-trees.

The serra de Estrella, which is the Mons Herminius of the ancients, is indisputably the most extensive and highest range of mountains in Portugal; for in winter it is covered with snow frequently during four months and longer, and rises from a mountain-plain which itself is considerably high: it lies north-east and south-west. The northern part is lower, the mountains rising there gently and being less rocky, for which reason it is called *serra mansa*, the gentle mountains; but the southern part which is the highest, and in many parts very steep and rocky, is called *serra brava*, the wild mountains. In the middle rocky tracts we found cisti and heaths, but in the higher parts a short grass, and a great deal of coppice or mountain-juniper, which have a fine appearance, owing to their handsome round growth, resembling that of a tree cut by art. Here all is granite without exception. Although many large and small rivers take their rise in these mountains, as for instance the Mondego, the Vouga, the Zezere,

zere, yet it does not give rise to those innumerable brooks, which render the mountains of Geréz so charming. There are many populous small towns on this range of mountains, of which the principal are Covilhaõ and Momteigas. Below much rye and fruit are grown, but the upper part of the mountain consists of pasture, especially for sheep, which range about like those of Spain, descending in September to the plains of Alemtejo, and returning hither in May. Their wool which is excellent, and next to that of Spain the best in Europe, is exported to England in large quantities. In the villages round the Serra de Estrella an excellent sheep-cheese is made, which is sent all over the country, but is every-where very scarce. The royal family annually send some as a rarity to the court of Spain, and it greatly excels the sheep-cheese of Alemtejo. At Covilhaõ are woollen manufactories in a thriving state, but the portugueze cloth is bad, thick, and heavy; for which reason the rich constantly wear that from England.

To go from Sabugueiro to the highest summit of the mountain, we first ascended a declivity not very steep, where the road is easy and winds between cisti, heaths, and rocks. We now arrived at the ridge of the mountain, where the under-wood changed to a fine grass, and we pursued with great ease our road, which rose slowly to the  
southward



southward together with the mountain. High masses of rock soon began to appear, among which we suddenly perceived the first lake, called Lagoa redonda, or the round lake. These lakes so near the summit give great charms to the mountains. The lagoa redonda is the smallest of them, but its completely round form, the high rocks that surround it at a small distance, and the clear transparency of its water render it extremely pleasant. Still pursuing the ridge of the mountains, which is very pleasant, we sometimes discovered a group of rocks adorned with rare and beautiful hanging plants, as for instance *genista lusitanica* \*, sometimes a large plain or soft declivity covered with sheep, sometimes the juniper-tree, and sometimes beautiful flowers springing up from the soft greenward. Among these an extremely beautiful and as yet non-descript *silene* †, gave us much pleasure. The broad ridge of the mountain now suddenly grew narrow, on the east-side appeared a deep and steep valley to which a path lead, dangerous to those who are subject to be giddy, and near it a stupendous mass of rocks broken on all sides, and only connected with the ridge of the mountain by a narrow tongue of land. This highly striking and uncommonly fine mass has received the significant name of *cantharus*, or the

\* Broom of Portugal. T.

† Catch-fly, or viscous campion. T.

pitcher;

pitcher; because water streams down everywhere between the rocks, from which plants also hang, but cannot be reached even by botanists.

At length the ridge of the mountain leads to the highest summit, called Malhaõ de ferra, a large but gently arched plain of so great extent, that the spectator does not at all observe the rough rocky sides that surround the mountain everywhere excepting to the north-east. Here we found the remains of a pyramid erected by the geographers sent round the country by the government to construct a map of Portugal. The inhabitants of Estrella had destroyed it immediately after its erection, and the first anxious enquiry of every one we met on the mountain was to ask what was its object. These good people are perhaps not without reason jealous of their mountain-pastures, which constitute their whole riches, and might fear that the government was about to grant them to some great man, as they had hitherto belonged to no proprietor, nor were dependent on any place. But the government might in that case rely on a violent rising of these mountaineers, who are by no means cowards. The prospect from this eminence is uncommonly extensive, including almost the whole provinces of Beira and Estremadura, and to the east are distinctly seen the Spanish mountains called Sier-

ra de Gata, not inferior perhaps in height to that of Estrella.

Turning from the summit, and leaving the Cantharus to the right and to the east, we passed over rough rocks to the beautiful lagoa escura or dark lake, which is so enclosed between high wild rocks that we could not pass round it. This lake is deep and cold, and the water receives a dark shade from the reflection of the rocks and of the sky. The romantic situation of the lake among high wild mountains and its fine round form have given rise to many fabulous stories. It is believed even by the higher classes in Portugal that it has a connection with the sea, that it ebbs and flows with it, is rough and stormy at the same time, &c. That all this is false I scarcely need assert. Also some female saint, whose name I have forgotten, was drowned there. Few of the portuguese, even those of the surrounding country, are acquainted with the summits and lakes of these mountains, to visit which certainly costs some exertion. From this lake we passed, by an extremely difficult road, over fractured masses of rocks heaped upon each other to the third or great lake, called lagoa longa \*, or comprida. It is, however, the least beautiful though very long, occupying the middle of a valley of considerable

\* So the inhabitants call it though this word is not portuguese, in which language *comprida* signifies long.

length.

length. It is of unequal breadth often very narrow and has marshy banks. Hence it is the least striking, especially as it is situated in rather a broad valley. The whole of the south-west declivity of this range of mountains is very rough, wild, and composed of high heaped-up rocks, which render it difficult to ascend; nor does it begin to be easier and less rocky till farther on toward Sabugueiro and the northern part of the Serra.

This is that celebrated range of mountains of which travellers and geographers (see also Busching's Geography, vol. I. p. 58.) relate many fables and falsehoods. According to Twiss, (p. 50.) it is covered with perpetual snow. But if that were true, it must in this latitude be as high as *Ætna*. I estimate its elevation at 5 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and even that perhaps exceeds the fact. But the mountains of Spain and Portugal deceive the eye extremely through their broken rocks and wild appearance, which give them an Alpine character. Even at Lisbon men talk of the astonishing height and perpetual snows of this range of mountains. It is true, this snow is preserved near the summits in ice-houses, from whence it is sent to Albalade, and thence down the Tagus to Lisbon, which may have given rise to an opinion that snow is found here in the middle of summer. At present no snow is collected

lected there, but the practice is still pursued on the mountains of Loufaõ, which are much nearer to Lisbon.

The serra de Estrella is a branch of the high range of mountains that divide the two Castiles, and form the Guadarrama, the Sierra del Pico, and the Sierra de Gata. This chain of mountains itself sends out branches to Coimbra and Loufaõ, which then indeed only run off in great mountain-plains as far as Cabo de Rocca. It lies in the direction of most of the ranges of mountains of this peninsula, from NE. to SW. Though it appears higher than the Gerez, yet there are no traces of wild-goats; and wolves and other wild-beasts are also very rare; the cause of which is doubtless the number of towns and villages in the neighbourhood, and the early population and culture of the surrounding country.

## CHAP. XXXIII.

*Return from the Serra de Estrella to Lisbon. Portuguese justice.*

FROM Sabugueiro we descended to a market-town (villa), called San Romaõ, at the foot of the Serra de Estrella, and a league both from Cea and from Sabugueiro. At first we found corn-fields, then young plantations of oaks, belonging to Dom Luis Bernardo, and near San Romaõ a well cultivated foil and, which are very rare in Portugal, potatoe-fields : in many parts water had been dug for with great labour. But when we left the mountain, appeared a dry and little cultivated hilly country covered with heaths. A long league from San Romaõ is a small village, called Çaragoça, in which is an inn. Here the Serra presents its highest, wildest, steepest side, and its majestic appearance seems to place it in the class of Alpine mountains.

We were much struck at meeting with a fine road, which continues to Ponte de Murcella, and is said to form a part of the great Spanish road through Coimbra and Almeida. It was easy to make a road in these parts, where the concrete granite-sand almost forms one itself. This road, however,

however; obliged us to make a great circuit toward the west, as far as the neighbourhood of Coimbra, to get to Thomar.

The hot summer, the soil every where parched, and the uninteresting country through which we were travelling, induced us to accelerate our journey. We passed arid hills of granite-sand, covered alternately with erica umbellata and pine-woods; meanwhile the villages were large, and the soil round them well cultivated; to the left stretched out the continuations of the ferra de Estrella, and at first the Serra de Goes which is considerably high. We every where saw the heath on fire in order to procure young fodder; but frequently olive-trees were also in flames, as we observed in several places.

From Çaragoça to a large village called Gallizes is a distance of two leagues, thence to Venda do vallo, a miserable inn, two leagues, to the village of Moite one league, to the village of Sovereira formosa one league, and a league more to Ponte de Murcella, at which place we were but four leagues from Coimbra.

At Venda do valle the granite ceases, changing to a sandstone slate, containing veins of quartz and iron-ore. Not far from hence, at Arganil, the bishop of Coimbra has caused plumbago to be dug for.

Sovercira formosa (the beautiful cork-tree) is celebrated in history in consequence of the count of Lippe having in 1762 made it for a time his head-quarters. O'Reilly was the general opposed to him; but though the war was carried on for some time, it is well-known to have been very barren of events. The spanish troops according to the testimony of the portugueze who were still living behaved uncommonly well, better than the portugueze army, who were then ill-disciplined and in a degraded condition.

The inns on this road are in part good. At Ponte de Murcella, a village consisting of only a few houses, on the Rio de Alva, is an excellent inn, better than any we met with in country-places, and even superior to those of Coimbra and other towns.

As soon as we had passed the Alva over a large bridge, we crossed the range of mountains that goes from the Serra de Estrella to Coimbra, called Serra de Açor or hawk-mountain, which is moderately high, and consists of sandstone. The valley between this first and a second chain that follows is very well cultivated, and contains many villages, as Poyeres, Ponte-velha, and one particularly large called Foz de Arouce, in which is a fine house belonging to one Mendocça Furta-do. Here Guinea-corn (*bolcus sorghum*, in portugueze *milho sorgo*,) is cultivated. Arid sand-mountains



tains again close this pleasant tract of country to the southward. Beyond the village of Corvo, the mountains approach and crowd together from all sides, and close before the market-town called Espinhal considerable limestone mountains arise. To the right the high Loufaõ appears in sight, forming the highest range of limestone mountains in Portugal. These mountains supply Lisbon with ice, which is there preserved in ice-houses. The pieces of ice are packed in straw and brought in carts to Albalade, from whence a large boat conveys it twice a week to Lisbon. The parched appearance of the whole country deterred us from ascending the Loufaõ, but we learned from Brotero that in spring it is very rich in plants. We now again entered the province of Estremadura.

From Ponte de Murcella to Espinhal is a distance of six leagues. As far as Venda dos moinhos the road runs along a valley between high mountains, and at Venda da Maria two leagues from Espinhal the vallies open, the hills become lower, and are alternated with limestone and sandstone. These cultivated valleys and these alternated naked and arid lime and sandstone hills continue as far as Thomar. Here and there we saw cork-trees, and passed through a market-town called Cabacos, four leagues from Espinhal, and four leagues from Thomar, in a pleasant country.

This town is situated on a plain which is almost everywhere enclosed by hills on the river Nabaõ.

Here the hills again consist partly of sandstone and partly of limestone. The plain is almost entirely covered with olive-trees, which give it at a distance a monotonous appearance, though on a nearer approach it is much enlivened by the gardens on the banks of the river. On the whole, however, the country is very arid. This town formerly belonged to the Knights Templars, after the destruction of which order it was transferred to that of Christ. Thomar was formerly more considerable, but now consists of two parishes, contains four monasteries, and the number of its inhabitants is said to be from 4 to 5000. It is the seat of a corregedor. The streets are tolerably regular, well-paved, and have a gay and cheerful appearance, but most of the houses are small. On the south-side is a handsome open square on the river enclosed with a stone wall built, as an inscription on a column states, by order of the last king Dom Sebastian. On the hills that surround this square is a remarkable edifice, the chief monastery of the order of Christ. It is a very large compound pile, constructed in many various tastes, and is said to have been begun by Gulder Paes, master of the order of knights templars. Certain it is that the kings Dom Manoel, John V. and the Philips built parts of it. The taste of that age too much abounded in ornament; but it has something great and sublime,

blime, to which the architects of those days endeavoured to attain by the magnitude of their works. Here we saw many vestiges of a high antiquity extending beyond the time of Dom Manoel. In this edifice several tribunals are held, and the prelate is always the head of the order of Christ and a member of the council of state.

The order of Christ was established in 1319 by Dom Diniz after the suppression of the order of knights templars whose estates they received. It possesses no less than 21 towns and villages and 454 commanderies. The king and the queen are constant grand-masters, an office to which a revenue of 40,000 crusades is annexed. The order of Christ is certainly now made too common to be very highly respected, nor will I deny that valets sometimes creep into it: but this is not so general as some persons who are ill-affected toward Portugal maintain. This at least is certain, that even men of rank and distinction are not ashamed to wear the insignia of the order.

Senhor Verdier, a gentleman of French extraction but born in Lisbon, has established a manufactory here for spinning wool, for which he has imported the machines from England. He assured us he had a considerable sale, and that he frequently received commissions from Spain, which, however, he had as yet been unable to execute. He has built a very handsome house in

the above-mentioned square. With this gentleman we passed a few days with great pleasure: he is a member of the academy of sciences at Lisbon, possesses great mathematical knowledge, an excellent understanding, and is a very amiable man.

The road to Santarem leads at first over an ill-cultivated sand-hill; we then came to an extremely well-cultivated and extensive plain shaded with olive-trees, which accompanied the Tagus for a considerable distance and afforded a prospect, which, after having long seen nothing but hills and mountains, was uncommonly pleasing. The portuguese, too much accustomed to rocks and mountains, whenever they had occasion to describe a charming country, always begin by saying it is a large plain. The soil of this plain is uncommonly fertile, consisting of a fat mould mixed with sand and therefore very light; hence it is hoed with hoes which have a moveable mould-board and no point, but an iron edge two inches broad. On this plain is a market-town, called Golegam, which appeared very flourishing, and where we observed a number of new-built houses. Very low hills somewhat interrupt the plain at Ponte de Almonda, but it soon began again still more beautiful than before. Here it is almost entirely covered with vineyards enclosed within tall black poplars, and we already discovered, at

a con,

a considerable distance, Santarem situated on a mountain between olive-trees and summer-houses.

These vines Pombal caused to be torn up, because the land was peculiarly adapted for corn. But did Pombal expect to live for ever? On the contrary, after his death vines were every where again planted, and ever will as long as vineyards yield more profit than corn-land. The wine grown here is sent to Lisbon in great quantities.

The city of Santarem, which is eight leagues from Thomar, is divided into the upper and lower town, the former being situated on a mountain, the latter on the banks of the Tagus. Most of the rich, the corregedor, the judges, &c. reside in the former, the low town being reckoned unwholesome, and accordingly consisting entirely of small houses. The upper-town still presents here and there some remains of walls, and has an old citadel. The population amounts to about 8000. Of its former greatness and brilliancy its division into 13 parishes, and its containing 14 religious houses are proofs, and it is well-known that since 1417 it has diminished. It then held the 5th place on the first bench of the cortes, many assemblies of which have been held there.

The Tagus was here so shallow, that we could without inconvenience wade through it in half-boots, but in winter the contrary prevails; and, as a great number of sand-banks interrupt its course,  
it

it does much mischief. Hence there is no navigation on it, and the tide extends only up to Albalade, which is a league farther down, and where goods going to and from Lisbon are usually loaded and unloaded. All the hills here consist of ratchil, of quartz, sandstone, &c.

I cannot but here relate an incident which happened to us, because it gives an idea of the administration of justice in Portugal. At Thomar the count of Hoffmannsegg wished to embark for Lisbon. In this plan I found no attractions, and proposed to accompany a young Spaniard, the count's secretary, and the servants, by land. But here we met with a difficulty; for we had only one passport, in which the count and myself were mentioned, together with his suite\*. We therefore went to the corregedor's, but he being absent had entrusted his business to another person, who made no objection, saying the count might proceed with the portaria, to which he added a declaration why the count travelled alone and with-

\* It was not a mere passport, but a portaria, or order from the queen, signed by a secretary of state, to all magistrates and officers, to aid us in all things relative to our affairs and researches into natural history, which was particularly specified. Such a portaria is in that country much more comprehensive than a mere passport; and the judges were bound, in case of need, to provide for our lodging and conveyance.

out attendants, giving us at the same time a passport, in which he stated that he had inspected the portaria, of which he briefly added the contents. With this passport we went to Santarem, where two officers of justice (*escrivaes* \*) immediately appeared, a class of men who throughout the country justly bear a very bad character, and demanded our passports. They refused the declaration of the corregedor of Thomar, as every foreigner ought to have a pass from the intendant or a secretary of state. Both these men went to and fro, spoke secretly together, then came back to us, and, in short, I observed they wanted some money, which however I feared to give them, lest I should thereby render myself suspected. At length they examined our pockets, and unfortunately found in mine a pointed knife, which being prohibited in Portugal, they threatened me with imprisonment. All this, however, was not serious; they suffered us to eat our supper in peace, and did not come till ten o'clock to fetch us to the juiz de fora. This gentleman, having a large company with him, suffered us to wait a long time in his antichamber, whither he at length came, merely heard the *escrivaes*, who said, "here are foreigners who have no regular passport," and laconically replied, "to prison."

\* Notaries.

I requested him to read our papers, but he replied, “my orders are given—to prison.” Thither the young Spaniard and myself were taken amid the sport of the *escrivaes*, but no one troubled himself about our servants and baggage. At first we were put into a decent room; but the *escrivaes* spoke a few words softly to the jailer, who then obliged us to go down some steps into another chamber. This was a shocking place; a horrid stench attacked us, for the privy was situated there, and I soon perceived with horror, that we were in the same room with criminals. Even now, when I reflect on this wretched moment, I can scarcely restrain my feelings; and it particularly vexed me to be told, that it was contrary to good manners to wear my hat. At length I sent to the jailer to know if we could have another room by paying for it. This was all that was wanted; and we were now shown into a good room, our servants were permitted to attend us, and the jailer allowed us to go into his apartment. I was also permitted to send messengers to Thomar and Lisbon.

At first people seemed disposed to let us remain in prison. Among the prisoners were a number of Spanish merchants, who had remained there several weeks from the same cause as ourselves, and had only been once examined since their first imprisonment. A poor Italian, who  
 was



was ill, chiefly attracted my pity. He had been brought here because his passport did not agree with the last orders, his money was spent, the poor man was forgotten, and saw no means of liberation. A son of a citizen of Santarem said to us, with a dejected countenance, “you are fortunate, for you know the cause of your imprisonment, which I do not of mine; and I shall, perhaps, be sent for a soldier.”

Meanwhile we soon procured our liberty. I asked the young Spaniard to draw up a petition in Spanish, as I thought he would express himself better in that language, I then translated it into Portuguese, and asked a notary, who was one of the prisoners, to instruct me in the proper form. With this we applied to the juiz de fora, who referred us to the corregedor, and the latter demanded information of the two escrivaes who had taken us prisoners. The jailer now came to us, saying that the two escrivaes were very poor, that an unfavourable report from them would at least lengthen the affair, and, making the worst of the pointed knife \*, advised me to give them

\* I had bought it publickly at St. Ubes; for, though very strictly prohibited, such knives are publicly sold. L.

In Spain and Italy our English pointed knives are sold; but the purchaser usually breaks off about a sixteenth of an inch at the extremity, in order to be within the limits of the law. T.

money.

money. We therefore purchased a favourable report with a couple of crusades, upon which the corregedor liberated us; so that we remained only about eighteen hours in prison.

We had already met with an incident which may also afford some insight into the administration of justice in this country. We arrived one morning at Cezimbra, where a notary appeared as usual, read the portaria, and took leave of us very politely. Toward evening the count and myself, on our return from a walk to Calheriz, had separated a little way from the town, the better to examine the country, as we could not here lose our way; but the count had scarcely entered the town when some officers of justice met him and demanded his passport. He assured them he had it at the inn, whither they might conduct him and see it; but all he could say availed nothing, and he was taken to prison; where indeed he was placed in a decent apartment, but exposed to the curiosity of a multitude of spectators. Here he was examined even to his shirt, and two pistols being found in his girdle, he was declared a very suspicious person, though the portaria permitted him to carry all kinds of arms; nor till he was thrown into prison was a message dispatched to me to send the portaria. I did so, not doubting the count would immediately return; but with the utmost astonishment I heard the answer of the  
alcalde,

alcalde, that the juiz de fora being absent he could not decide upon this affair. Fortunately we had spoken with the juiz de fora, who was a good kind of man, at Calheriz, whither a servant was sent in the night with the portaria. Meanwhile I was informed, that if the servant did not return next morning, I must also go to prison. He returned at three o'clock, and brought positive orders immediately to liberate the count; but the officers of justice would not suffer him to go without paying them their fees, which the count gave them, declaring he despised these men too much to trouble himself any farther about them. The alcalde would also have kept the pistols, till the count declared that he would immediately send a messenger to Lisbon with an account of the whole transaction.

These examples show how much precaution is necessary to protect a traveller from portugueze justice; and that the alcaldes and escrivães are a class of men among whom are many rogues. They are indeed generally complained of, and the juizes and corregedores are every-where accused of great partiality to persons of rank. But I must add, for the honour of the nation, that in both the above instances every one took our part, compassionated us, endeavoured to shew us attentions, and loaded the officers of justice with abuse.

We

We continued a few days at Santarem, in order to send for a portaria from Lisbon by way of precaution; and our vexations were amply repaid by a great number of rare plants which we collected on the banks of the river.

The road from hence to Lisbon passes at first between the river and hills which here approach very near it but soon ascends the hills, which are very sandy, and, being covered with heath and pine-woods, form a striking contrast to the charming banks of the river. On these hills is Cortacha, two long leagues from Santarem, a very large village or market-town, with many new and neat houses, situated, notwithstanding the badness of the soil, in a well-cultivated country. The sandy heath-hills terminate toward Azambuja, a small town containing seven to eight hundred houses, on a fine and very well-cultivated plain on the bank of the river. Two leagues farther, still pursuing the river-bank, we came to a market-town call Castanheiro, where is a very good inn. Here we saw nothing but corn-fields, olive-trees, and gardens. Only half a league farther is Villafranca containing about eight hundred houses and situated on the river, where it forms a considerable landing place. Half a league beyond Villafranca is another small town, Alhandra, containing four to five hundred houses. Here we

2

left

left the river for a while, and ascended cultivated hills covered with olive-trees to a small town called Alveroa consisting of about four hundred houses, situated somewhat farther from Alhandra than the latter is from Villafranca; and two leagues from Lisbon. From hence we followed the river through a charming gay country full of gardens to Povos, a small market-town, containing two hundred houses. At the parts where the river overflows its banks much salt is made. At Saccarem, a village containing many neat houses, we passed a small river that falls into the Tagus on a bridge of boats. From this place we were accompanied by a continual succession of walls of quintas with houses interspersed to Lisbon, where the traveller may pass through several streets without knowing he is in the capital.

Independent of what I have here said, the reader will recollect how one small town follows another on the banks of the Tagus, and how cheerful and pleasant is the country along that great and broad river. I do not know a city whose vicinity is announced at so great a distance.

## CHAP. XXXIV.

*Journey to Algarria. Road through the province of Alemtejo.  
Serra de Monchique.*

IN the beginning of September 1798 we returned from the above extensive excursion through the northern provinces to Lisbon, where we continued till the beginning of February 1799. We then set forward again, crossing the river to Mourta, from which place, to Agua de Moura, an extremely wretched village, we passed over continual heaths, and during the whole distance, which is five leagues, only saw one single house. Agua de Moura is situated on a brook, which however supplies the means of some cultivation. The country now becomes more hilly, as far as Palma, two leagues from this place, and we saw a number of cork-trees; more indeed than I remember to have seen in any other part of Portugal. The cork-tree (*sovereira*) grows higher than the ever-green oak, (*quercus bellote*), and has somewhat slenderer branches; but their leaves are extremely similar, so that nothing clearly distinguishes them but the spongy bark of the cork-tree. This bark it throws off, if it be not peeled, which ought to be done, as its growth is thereby improved;

improved; and I remember to have seen many crippled trees; which seemed to have been stifled as it were in the bark: The red stem of the peeled tree thus exposed has a singular appearance. It should seem that sufficient care is not bestowed on this tree in Portugal; perhaps it is not often enough peeled; for the trees I saw on the heaths of Bourdeaux toward Bayonne were all much larger and finer. Besides the common and well known uses, the bark is also here employed for bee-hives, covering stables; and many domestic purposes. The wood is good, and the shells or calices of the fruit are used for tanning. Its fruit *landem* is excellent mast; and is of the greatest importance to the farmer. The cork-tree, however, is in this respect inferior to the ever-green-oak, nor is its wood so useful. It grows indeed faster; but is more exposed to sickness, and does not last so long. Besides, no attention is paid to its cultivation, which is entirely left to nature.

Palma is a considerable estate of the Conde de Obidos, who resides there some months in the year. The house is indifferent, nearly resembling the dwellings of the possessors of estates in Mecklenberg. The Conde has another building near his house, in which are rooms and beds for travellers of decent appearance, whom he receives for one night, the inns being at a great distance from this place. There is great hospitality in

Portugal; and persons of condition seldom pass the night at an inn, but with their friends. To the honour however of the conde, he not only receives his friends and relations, but total strangers. Yet it is almost to be wished, all hospitality were banished from the country, unless the inns were better.

The conde not only loves, but studies economy, especially in the writings of the french. We conversed with him on the state of husbandry in Portugal: he complained of the want of good roads and of population; and even threw out an idea, that men must be brought from those colonies, which had formerly robbed Portugal of its inhabitants. - He also said that negroes ought to be imported; and indeed there are many already in Lisbon, where, after their seven years of service are expired, they pursue various lines of business and handicraft trades. The conde seems desirous of appearing to treat his dependents well, which may perhaps be the fact; at least I know nothing to the contrary: for every evening at tea-time he orders some of the peasants who work in his house to come in, and gives them a dish of tea behind the door. Thus in all places the great suffer their inferiors to approach them but to make the distance between them more apparent. What an abyss lay between thus standing behind the door and sitting at the table! But this



dish of tea perhaps was intended to save the conde's beef and mutton\*.

The possessions of the conde are productive, and must be extensive, as they enable the proprietor to keep large herds of cattle on the heaths. The soil is sandy, but mingled with so thick red clay, that from six to eight oxen must frequently be yoked to the plough. The *panicum dactylon* is a very injurious, and very abundant weed. The Marateca, which in winter is a full stream and in summer a brook, also frequently does great damage. Round the conde's residence are some peasants' houses, but rural economy seems in a very backward state here, for neither the use of dung nor plants for fodder are known.

From Palma we passed over sand-hills covered with heath and cork-trees to Val de Reis, a large but very old and ruinous gothic-built house of the conde de Val de Reis, with a small village. The valley was cultivated like that of Palma. From hence the road passes over heath-hills to the river of Porta de Lama, the banks of which are likewise cultivated. Then follow hills of granite-breccia, with traces of sand-slate, instead of

\* In the original *to compensate the fowl in the pot*, an allusion, which has become proverbial in France and Germany, to a wish frequently expressed by Henry IV. that he might leave his country in such a state, that every peasant might have a *fowl in the pot* on a Sunday. T.

mere sand: The ever-green oak (*quercus bellote*), which we did not find in the flat sandy country round Lisbon, here first appears. Beyond these hills follows another valley watered by the Xarama, which here unites with the Sadaõ, and forms the navigable river Sado. In this valley is the village of Porto del Rey, and not far from thence a single house called Palhota, a name given in Alemtejo to single, and generally very bad inns, from *Palha*, straw. All the travellers are usually obliged to sleep in one room; they however find something to eat, in which respect these are preferable to similar inns in Spain. Extremely sandy heaths and a pine-wood separate this valley from another, where is the village of Quinta de Dom Rodriguez. Deserts of *cistus ladaniferus* now continued till we came near Figueira, rather a large village on an eminence, in a tolerably cultivated country. This however does not continue long, being succeeded by similar heaths, which did not cease till we came near Messejana, thirteen leagues from Palma.

I have conducted the reader rapidly through this tract of country, which is one of the most desert dreary parts of Portugal. We travelled constantly through wastes covered with heath and *cisti* in the manner I have above described; only on high and dry situations appear the wild olive-tree, the kermes-oak (*quercus coccifera*), and the

*cistus*

*cistus Monspeliensis*, which last begins in this place to be very common. Through the valleys, almost all of which lie east and west, a river generally flows, the banks of which are cultivated; and there the vegetation at this season of the year is extremely fine and luxuriant, especially in the thick-growing bushes. All these rivers take their rise in upper Alemtejo and fall into the Sado. In winter they swell astonishingly; we still saw the traces of their ravages, and of their fertilization, and found it difficult to pass some of them, as we met with very few bridges. They frequently render travelling in these parts wholly impracticable in winter.

Messejana is a market-town, which still has its old walls like some places in Spain, especially in old Castile. The level of the country here rises, consisting of hills of argillaceous slate, and is entirely covered with corn-fields, which continue as far as Pomoyas, a small market-town a league farther. Here we came to the celebrated field of battle called Campo de Ourique, a hilly and uncultivated country covered with *cistus ladaniferus* and *cistus Monspeliensis*.

The battle of Ourique was the commencement of the portuguese monarchy. Portugal, as far as it had then been conquered from the Moors, had been conferred on Conde Henrique, in consequence of his marriage with Teresa, daughter of the king

of Castile\*. His son Dom Affonso Henrique (or the son of Henrique), carried on war successively against his mother, the Castilians, and the Moors, and, on the 25th of July 1139, here gained a victory with 2000 men over five moorish kings, who according to history were at the head of an army of 200,000 men †. He now retained the title

\* Dom Alonzo king of Castile, apprehensive of the superior number of the Moors, with whom he was at war, demanded assistance from Philip I. of France and from the duke of Burgundy. According to the military spirit of that age, no sooner was his desire known, than numerous bodies of troops thronged to his standard. These in the course of a few years having shown signal proofs of their courage, the king distinguished their leaders with various marks of his regard. To Henry, a younger son of the duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Teresa in marriage, with the sovereignty of the countries to the south of Galicia, commissioning him to enlarge his boundaries by the expulsion of the infidels.

The spanish and portugueze historians differ widely in their accounts of the parentage of this gallant stranger. Some bring him from Constantinople, others from the house of Loraine; while the old Chronologist Galvan makes him a younger son of the king of Hungary. Fleury has however preserved a fragment of french history written by a Benedictine monk in the beginning of the twelfth century and in the time of Count Henry, by which it appears that he was a younger son of Henry the only son of Robert, first duke of Burgundy, who was the younger brother of Henry I. of France. T.

† Some fabulously swell the moorish army to 380,000, others to 480,000, and others to 600,000, while Dom Affonso's did not exceed 13,000. T.

of king, which he had assumed before the battle \*, and called himself Dom Affonso the first.

I went along to the top of a hill, and took a view of the country as far as I could see, when a peasant, seeing a stranger standing thus alone, approached me, and with portugueze politeness asked what I wanted. "Is this the field of Ourique, said I?" He said it was. "I came to see," continued I, "the place where that celebrated battle was fought." Upon this, he told me the whole story with a minuteness and such a description of the armies as if he had been present; not even forgetting to mention that it happened on the hot summer days. It is very pleasing thus to hear the history of events long passed from the mouth of the inhabitants. I must refer the reader, who wishes for a fine description of this battle, to the third canto of the *Lusiad*, where the arms of Portugal are poetically described according to this event †.

Leaving

\* He was proclaimed king on the field of battle; but the regal dignity and constitution were not settled till about six years after, at Lamego, where an assembly of prelates, nobility, and commons was called by the king for that purpose, and the independence of Portugal on Spain confirmed. T.

† The portugueze writers say, he changed the arms given him by his father, consisting of a cross azure in a field argent, for five escutcheons, each charged with five bezants, in memory of the five wounds of Christ. Others say he gave in a field argent, five escutcheons azure in the form of a cross, each

Leaving the town of Ourique to our left, we entered on a road that lies between hills of *cistus ladaniferus* to Garvaõ, a village situated in a very pleasant valley, and were very much surprised to find in a country so remote from all great towns a fine road extremely well made, which however only continues a league. The mountains rise from thence to Amoreiras and San Martinho, two small villages, (though laid down in the maps as one), on the declivity of a rather high chain of mountains, lying E. and W. before Serra de Monchique. They are mountains of grey argillaceous slate, and sandstone-slate, in great measure covered with *cistus ladaniferus*; but here and there we found single houses surrounded by corn-fields, which show how easily this mountain, like the Spanish Sierra morena, might be cultivated. We also saw round San Martinho some very well-cultivated spots, and even fields sown with flax. On the summit of these mountains, we beheld the whole range of Serra de Monchique before us in its direction from E. to W. being considerably high, but not so full of peaks as the mountains of Cintra and Gerez. The indented ridge of these mountains divides Algarvia from Alemtejo.

each charged with five bezants argent placed saltierwise, with a point sable, in memory of five wounds he himself received, and of five Moorish kings slain in the battle. T.

A large

A large but ill-cultivated valley follows the mountains of San Martinho. Here we saw only a small poor village, called Sancta Clara, and four short leagues from San Martinho we came to an inn (palhoia) beyond all measure wretched, being the worst in Portugal. At length we continued our way between low hills, after which we climbed the spurs or forerunners of the Serra de Monchique. This range consists of mountains thickly crowded together with short interruptions, formed of slate and sand-stone, and every where covered with the monotonous *cistus ladaniferus* and the *cistus populifolius*. The road winds along over these mountains, and is far from bad. The nearer we came to the highest part of the Serra de Monchique, which is called Serra de Foia, the deeper and narrower are the valleys; so that we saw nothing but an interminable desert without houses, men, or traces of cultivation. Leaving the summit of the mountain to the right; after travelling four long leagues through this desert, we suddenly found at the foot of the mountains a narrow valley with chestnut-trees, fields, and houses. This valley winds to the left, and we came to the south side of the mountain. What a prospect now opened to our view! Among chestnut-trees on the declivity of the mountain, concealed amid gardens of oranges and lemons, and surrounded by deep romantic valleys watered by murmuring brooks,

is

is the charming town of Monchique. Throughout our journey we never met with so great a surprise. For passing suddenly from a desert dreary waste, which continues almost from Lisbon to this place, we were suddenly transported to the most charming spot we had ever seen. Monchique is a considerable villa situated partly on the declivity of the mountain, where it is dispersed in a picturesque manner; the high serra de Foia raises its naked rocky head above it, orange gardens join chestnut-woods; and the majestic rhododendron ponticum\*, the most beautiful of european shrubs, shades the brooks that on all sides stream down the mountains. In this part of Portugal alone fragrant violets blow in chestnut-woods, the valleys and declivities afford pleasant and shady walks, and by only ascending a little above the town the spectator may behold the whole coast of Algarvia with its bays and rivers lying before him like a map. On the summit of the Serra de Foia, he will see not only the whole of Algarvia, but also a great part of Alemtejo.

Here great quantities of oranges are grown, being esteemed the best in Algarvia, and carried to considerable distances. A great quantity of similar fruits is also grown, in a greater variety than is

\* Pontic dwarf rose-bay. T.



usual in any other part of Portugal. To this place belong lemons (*limões*), sweet-lemons (*limões doces*), which have a very pungent smell but an insipid sweet taste, yet are eaten with pleasure by many persons; bitter oranges (*laranjas amargas*); sour oranges (*laranjas acidas*), which resemble the former but have a sour taste and are preferred to all others for lemonade; and, lastly, the *lima* or lime, which resembles the sweet lemon, but is shorter and broader, and has a very disagreeable taste, though it sends forth an extraordinarily pleasant bergamot-perfume. The chestnut-woods are particularly esteemed for masts; (hence the hams of Monchique are celebrated); but their fruit is not so good for the table as the chestnuts of Port-a-legre, being never grafted. The chestnut-tree is partly grown as underwood, being used in great quantities for poles in vineyards, hoops, and other similar uses. Quantities of staves of this wood are constantly sent on mules to Algarvia.

Round Monchique every thing is granite, as also on the serra de Foia which entirely consists of it. On the north side only does the slate rise to a considerable height. The serra de Foia is unquestionably the highest range of mountains on this side the Tagus, exceeding that of the mountains of Cimbra, and being perhaps but little lower or even a little higher than the serra de Maraõ.

Mariaõ. The next mountains on this side the Tagus, in point of height, are those of Mertola.

The warm baths of Monchique are situated a league to the southward of the town, the road to them lying over a mountain, which however may be avoided by going round it. They are on the south declivity of this mountain, but must be very inconvenient to patients, as they cannot walk a step but up or down hill, which is extremely irksome on account of the steepness and the great number of rounded flints. The whole mountain is covered with similar rocks and close thickets, but no traces of cultivation appear, except a small garden near the bathing-house. The open prospect to Algarvia is the only one that might be called pleasant, were it not constantly in view, and the bathing-house is the only building that enlivens this rude scene. It is of stone, and well and conveniently laid out. It contains the baths, receives the patients, and lodges a provedor, who has the superintendance of them, lets out the rooms, &c. There are four stone bathing-rooms, each prepared for one or at most two persons; the water is let in and out at pleasure by cocks. They are quite dark, being without windows, and the patient descends into them down several steps. The water, like that of Gerez, has not the least taste or smell, nor does the heat exceed 24° of Réaumur,

Réaumur, which is very inconsiderable. The springs take their rise from a greyish granite, of which the whole mountain consists. The season for bathing is in spring, and the baths are sometimes visited by the inhabitants of Algarvia. This, like all other portugueze bathing-places, is frequently visited by nuns, who certainly have great occasion for baths. It is to be lamented that they are not situated at Monchique, where it must be so pleasant to reside, that few other watering-places can be compared with it.

CHAP. XXXV.  
 Cape St. Vincent's. Lagos. Villanova. Loule. Preparation of thread from glass.

WE had scarcely quitted the high granite-country round Monchique, and descended to the low slate-mountains, ere the monotonous *cistus ladaniferus* again covered the soil as on the north-side of the mountains. At length we descended from these desert mountains, which now opened and embraced broad valleys. Being desirous of seeing Cape St. Vincent we quitted the road to Lagos, taking that to the right, and proceeding to the village of Bem Safrim. The plain had here quite an Algarvian appearance, and was covered with a number of plants very rarely or never found in other parts of Portugal. Among these in particular was the little palmetto or fan-palm (*chamærops humilis*\*), which is uncommonly plentiful throughout the whole of Algarvia, and which ceased as soon as we quitted that province †. It seldom grows above three or four feet high notwithstanding the thickness of the stem, and has a singular

\* A kind of dwarf-palm; the *chamærops gabra*. Linn. T.

† We had before only seen it in one place in Alemtejo, at Quinta de Doro Rodriguez.

appearance; its fan-shaped leaves are used for making the baskets in which figs are packed. For this reason they are not rooted up, and even corn-fields are sometimes full of them. I am acquainted with no other use made of them in Algarvia, though the young shoots are here and there eaten as vegetables. Jonquilles also decorated the meadows with their elegant and fragrant flowers, and various beautiful kinds of squills (*scilla*) adorned the eminences and thickets. Between the slate-mountains we had left on our right, and the limestone mountains on our left, we passed through the villages of Bem Safrim, Budes, and Raposeira, to a small town called Villa do bispo, eight leagues from Monchique, as the nearest place to the cape; but there being no inn, we lodged in the house of a rich peasant who dealt in wine, figs, and other trifles, and was a native of Minho. He received us with great readiness, and his lively pretty wife and daughter endeavoured to entertain us in the most agreeable manner. Here I was taken as usual for a practising physician, was asked for a prescription, and heard with astonishment that the wife was affected with vapours: for she had an equally delicate constitution and refined feelings.

The villages here have a singular appearance. They are large, stragglingly built on eminences, and the churches which are small and neat are situ-

ated at a distance from them. Such is the Villa do bispo.

Here we saw basalt in single mountains, surrounded as at Lisbon by limestone mountains; but the basalt was blacker, more compact and sonorous, than round Lisbon. Basalt is a rare stone in this pyrenean peninsula; I know no other traces of it in Spain except the specimen in the museum at Madrid, which was said to be found in Catalonia. The only parts of Portugal where it is found are those round Lisbon and Cape St. Vincent.

Of Algarvia I must here, for the sake of greater perspicuity, give a very brief and cursory account. This narrow tract of land is separated from Alemtejo by a broken chain of mountains consisting of sandstone and an argillaceous slate; granite only appears on the Serra de Foia. These sandstone mountains are arid, barren, and only bear the *cistus ladaniferus* with two other kinds of *cistus*. They begin here beyond Villa do bispo close to the sea-shore on low hills, and continue as far as the Guadiana. Here follows a chain of other limestone mountains, on the whole somewhat low, but rather steep, and only separated from the former by narrow vallies. These are also uncultivated, being covered with a quantity of loose stones, thickets of kermes-oak, and some other plants. Cape St. Vincent forms their commence-

mencement, and they end at Tavira. This mountain is at length succeeded by that narrow strip of cultivated land extending to the sea, on which most of the towns and villages of Algarvia are situated.

Toward Cape St. Vincent the hills constantly grow flatter, and that promontory itself is a desert plain, consisting of a grey limestone, so naked and rough near the point, that it is very difficult to travel over it. In other parts it is merely covered with sand. Here and there we saw some thickets of *cistus ladaniferus*, and many other plants we had found in no other part of Portugal; as for instance, the milk-vetch (*astragalus tragacantha*), the tree-violet (*viola arborëscens*), and many others. Toward the sea the rock is every where fractured, and about 50 to 80 feet high, being of equal height with Cabo de Rocca, which it in general somewhat resembles. At the utmost extremity in this desert country is a monastery of Capuchins. Ships can approach very near the rock, and the monks assured us that sometimes in fine weather they speak with them. They also related to us many particulars of the engagement between the Spaniards, and Lord St. Vincent, which they distinctly saw from the monastery. Such incidents alone can render a residence on this remote point of land interesting. On another point of the rock separated by a creek from the

extreme end is the small fort of Sagres, within which nothing is seen but the commandant's dwelling, the soldiers' barracks, and the works, which the commandant seemed unwilling to shew us, and even forbid our seeing. A company of the regiment of Lagos is stationed here, being from time to time relieved; and the captain is commandant of the place. Without the fort are only a couple of houses. When the great earthquake of 1755 destroyed Lisbon, the sea here also swelled, and pouring from a creek over the land laid the country waste.

At Sagres a great quantity of fish and muscles are taken, and small fishing-smacks lie at anchor under the rock in the creek. In these parts of Algarvia are eaten a kind of muscle, called by the inhabitants *perceves* (the duck-muscle, *lepas anatifera*), especially the part contained in the heel or spur. I thought them very good, but do not remember ever reading that they were fit for food. The edible cockles (*cardium edule*, in portuguese *berbigaõ*) and the eatable muscle (*mytilus edulis*, in portuguese *mixelhaõ*) are generally eaten on fast days in the maritime provinces of Portugal.

Near Sagres grows in great quantities the esparto-grass (*stipa tenacissima*), a very useful vegetable, of which in Spain, especially in La Mancha, cords are made, and of which considerable quantities are sent from thence into Portugal for



for the same purpose. They are here also used; and to prevent destroying them it is prohibited, under considerable penalties, to pluck them up before the month of May. But it is astonishing that no one has ever thought of planting this useful vegetable in other parts; at least on the barren limestone mountains of Algarvia. I am not aware that it is found wild in any other part of Portugal than the spot I have described.

To leave the cape we were obliged to return a long portion of our former way through Raposeira and Budes, after which we turned to the right to Lagos; here we traversed the stony uncultivated limestone mountains, and afterwards at Lagos descended that finely-cultivated declivity toward the sea. It was entirely covered with corn-fields, in which were a number of fig-trees in regular ranks, only here and there interspersed with olive and almond-trees. The figs are almost all of the white variety, but not of the best kind. They serve however for the ordinary support of the people, whose breakfast consists of bread, figs, and wine; their dinner concludes with figs, and their supper is the same as their breakfast, as we had already an opportunity to observe at Villa do bispo. The inhabitants appeared very healthy, and, which many would not suppose, have universally good teeth. The women have remarkably

fair complexions, and from Monchique charming countenances were not uncommon.

The city of Lagos, five small leagues from Cape St. Vincent, is properly the chief town of Algarvia, though no longer the residence of the governor of that province. It is situated on a declivity close to the sea, on the west side of a large bay; but is only of a moderate size, containing about eight hundred and fifty houses, three monasteries, and two parishes. The city was formerly more flourishing, and has decayed since the fifteenth century. It is surrounded by high old walls, which have only fallen in one place; and without the town is a small suburb. Many persons of condition reside in the town, which contains several neat houses, but many parts have continued vacant since the earthquake of 1755, when this place suffered much. Lagos has a corregedor, a governador, or commandant, and is garrisoned by the regiment of Lagos, from which however detachments are sent to Silves, Villanova, and Sagres. The castle of Penhaõ commands the bay, which, when the wind is north or west, affords excellent anchorage even for a large fleet, though less favourable with an east-wind, and not at all when it is south. Here lord St. Vincent cast anchor after he had gained his great victory over the Spaniards. A small part of the bay

bay forms a harbour, which however only small vessels can enter. Another arm of the sea extends inland, but is only navigable for small boats, and over it is a stone bridge. The sea-coast is here flat and sandy; and continues so along the south coast of Portugal throughout the whole of Algarvia, whereas the whole western coast is always more or less rocky.

In 1798 Portugal was much threatened by the French, because she was indisposed to ratify the treaty of peace concluded with that country. Spain at first protected her, and endeavoured to prevent the marching of a french army through her territories; for the cabinet of Lisbon might be assured, that of Madrid would not willingly suffer this march of troops which are better republicans abroad than at home. The equipment of a fleet from Toulon increased the alarm; for it was thought it might be destined for Portugal, and that a landing would be attempted in Algarvia, as rocks protect the coast in other parts. The prince of Waldeck therefore, in his journey to the fortresses of Portugal, also went to Algarvia, and, even in the delirium of his illness, busied himself with the means of preventing an army from landing. Certainly nothing could have been easier than to land in Algarvia, and especially here at Lagos, or at Villa Real: for in no part could the French have been repulsed by means of any consider-

able fortresses, and the dispersion of the portuguese army along the coast would have rendered all opposition vain. It was however by no means probable the French should commit this folly as long as one english fleet lay at Gibraltar and another blockaded Cadiz.

In 1798 the conquest of Portugal would have been very easy to France; provided they had gone through Spain, for that country must, through fear, have consented to all their demands. The wise old duke of Lafoës laughed in the council at the preparations made, and the trouble the prince of Waldeck took, (to whom indeed he was otherwise indisposed) saying, the French wanted nothing but pack-saddles (“naõ necessitam que albardas”). And why was not Portugal conquered? why did not the French strike this severe stroke against England? The answer is easy to those who are acquainted with the antecedent circumstances.

The Directory for a time permitted the ambassador Araujo to remain at Paris as a private person even after the ratification of peace was refused; when that minister happening to speak somewhat indiscreetly of bribes, was thrown into prison, but being soon liberated, was sent ambassador to the subordinate republic of Holland. Soon after a near relation of the minister at war went to Paris as mediator. All this passed at the time the harbour of  
Lisbon

Lisbon was in the hands of the English; but the venal government of France on one side stretched out their hands to plunder the innocent neutral powers, and on the other suffered themselves to be brought off from an important conquest of a very hostile country.

It is a bad excuse to say that France ought to spare Portugal, because the English might otherwise seize Brasil. Has England seized Havannah, Peru, and Mexico? and was it not known in France that the active, restless, discontented Brazilians were easier to revolutionise than the gentle submissive Portuguese?

In the neighbourhood of Lagos, Cape St. Vincent, and other parts of this coast, a quantity of tunny-fish is taken and salted in May and June; but it is not so commonly eaten fresh, on account of its fat. I found the salted fish, the colour of which very nearly resembles smoked beef, very good, and when properly soaked have eaten it with pleasure. A storehouse is opened at Lisbon for the reception of this fish, and it seems to be at length discovered, that it will in part supply the place of cod. Formerly, in the time of king Denis, there was a coral fishery on this coast; but it has since entirely ceased.

From Lagos to a small town called Villanova de Pertimaõ is a distance of two leagues, the road being circuitous in consequence of the creeks and  
small

small rivers, which at flood are full of water. Here we crossed the range of uncultivated limestone mountains. Toward Villanova the country becomes flat, is very well cultivated, and shaded with high olive-trees and fig-trees, which here, as at Lagos, grow in corn-fields. The town consists of about five hundred, mostly small, poor, houses, is surrounded by a high wall, beyond which is a small suburb, and is garrisoned by two companies. The river of Villanova flows close to the walls, is here considerably broad (next to the Guadiana, which is the largest in Algarvia) and discharges itself half a league from thence between high downs into the sea. Two considerable forts, St. John on the east side and St. Catherine on the west, cover the entrance. We only saw one ship in the harbour, of which the bar is dangerous and the sand-banks shifting. This harbour can therefore be of but little importance.

We passed the river in a boat, and pursued our way to Lagoa across a flat, pleasant, and extremely well-cultivated country. Lagoa is a market town situated on a small lake, from which it derives its name, two leagues from Villanova. The soil is here somewhat sandy, and we saw pine-woods. Some writers erroneously place here the ancient *Lacobriga*.

From hence to Loule, a distance of six leagues, the road varies in the manner it usually does in  
Algarvia.

Algarvia. At one time we crossed flat and well-cultivated tracts, where large high olive-trees, spreading fig-trees, and the charming carob-tree, (*ceratonia siliqua*), in the corn-fields, afford a pleasant shade; (there are very pleasant spots of this kind round a market-town called Pera, and a single inn called Nera); and at another time we climbed rough stony limestone mountains, without any traces of cultivation; the cause of which changes was, that we were now going from the sea, and crossed the branches that issue from the chain of limestone mountains, which surround Algarvia.

The high and beautiful carob-tree grows in great numbers toward Loulé, is a great ornament to this province, of which it is a native, and we found many bushes of it on the barren limestone hills. I consider this as the most beautiful of european trees; it attains to a considerable height, always forms a large wide shady vertex, and its beautiful feathered evergreen foliage, with small roundish leaves, gives it a charming appearance. The many pods that hang down from it have to us germans a singular effect. It is also a useful tree; the wood is hard and red, the ripe fruit is very commonly used as fodder for cattle, and especially as mast for swine, though inferior to that of the ever-green-oak. It is also eaten by  
men,

men, but chiefly for amusement, and to excite an appetite.

Loule is a small town containing about 1600 houses, and situated in a broad valley surrounded by the mountains of the limestone chain, which here attain to a considerable height. The Cabeça da Camara south-west of Loule, is one of the highest mountains of this chain. The town is surrounded with high walls, garrisoned by two companies, and the commandant (governador) is a major. Here are three monasteries and a convent for poor ladies of family, in which last the aloe-threads are dyed and manufactured with great delicacy and neatness into baskets, artificial flowers, and other articles, which are sent to all parts of the country.

The american aloe (*agave americana*, in portuguese *pita*), most commonly forms the hedges in the southern and midland parts of Portugal, where it flowers very frequently, and thereby greatly enriches and adorns the prospect. It is propagated very easily from the roots by young plants, may therefore be planted without trouble, and thus forms thick hedges, but spreads too far. The threads (*fio de pita*) are prepared only in Algarvia, and particularly here round Loule. The process is as follows; the largest and best leaves, which are free from spot or decay, are cut  
off,



off, the labourer presses a square board obliquely between his breast and the ground, lays the leaf upon it and scrapes it with a square iron bar, which he holds in both hands, by which all the juices and pulp are pressed out, and only the nerves of the leaves remain, which by this means suffer themselves to be divided into very fine threads. These are hung over a thin cord to dry, and sold for six vintains per lb. The thread is not strong, and easily rots in water, by which its utility is limited; but it may be employed for many purposes, as it consists entirely of straight threads. In Algarvia, where pasture is scarce, the leaves of the aloe are cut in thin transverse slices and given to cattle. Hence another kind is grown at Faro in the hedges, distinguished by its greenish, not blue leaves, its feeble flower-storks and smaller number of flowers; but it does not come under any known variety. As oxen do not eat the leaves of this sort of aloe, the proprietor incurs no danger of his hedges being cut for fodder.

## CHAP. XXXVI.

*Faro. Cultivation of the fig-tree. Tavira. Remarks on Algarvia. Villa real. Account of the fishery there.*

FROM Loule to Faro is a distance of only two leagues. At first the road passes through a pleasant valley along a brook between limestone mountains, where large and beautiful carob-trees grow in the fields. Toward Faro the country becomes flat and sandy, being covered with heaths and cisti, (especially the *cistus umbellatus* Aiton. nec Linn.); but in the neighbourhood of the town the numerous quintas and gardens enliven the country, which is otherwise unfruitful.

The city of Faro is situated on a plain, being a league from the sea, and on the bank of the river Da Quarteira. The town is quite open, being built with considerable regularity, and tolerably broad streets; but chiefly consists of small houses. This regularity arises from the english having landed here in 1596, when they plundered and burnt the town, except the part round the church of San Pedro, which is still distinguished by the gothic appearance of the houses. It is the see of a bishop, a governor, a brigadier, and a corregedor, contains two parishes, three monasteries, and

and 1200 houses. There is a handsome square, with some considerable buildings, situated on the narrow river, and on one side is a small citadel. Not very large ships can come up to the town, these being obliged to unload in the road or lower down the river, which after many windings forms the narrow entrance of the harbour, a league and a half below the town to the south-east, where it is covered by the fort of San Lourenço de Olhaõ on the east side of the river. Another narrow arm of the river, or rather of the sea, called *a Barreta*, forms an island, on which is the sandy cape of Santa Maria. This island is laid down in all the maps at too great a distance from the land. The country toward the sea is very marshy, and overgrown with marine plants; on the opposite side it is flat and sandy, and at a distance appear the mountains of San Miguel, which are rather high and steep, but well cultivated toward the base.

Faro still retains the greater part of the trade of Algarvia, and as long as lord St. Vincent blockaded Cadiz, much traffic was carried on between this place and the fleet. The most important produce exported from hence consists of figs, which the country people bring to town to the warehouses of the merchants who deal in that article. They are there thrown down in a heap in a building prepared for that purpose, where a syrup flows from them, which is used with advantage for

for making brandy. They are then spread to dry in the sun, in an open situation, where they are left a few days, in proportion to the heat of the weather; after which they are pressed into small baskets made of the leaves of the fan-palm, each containing 28lb., and sent off. The greater part of those grown here are of the white kind, but the red are better, among which the figo do Enchario and do Bispo are very excellent.

Greece and Algarvia are I believe the only countries where caprification is practised; for here are some varieties of figs, and those very excellent, that fall to the ground unmaturing, unless punctured by the gnats. To further this, another otherwise wholly useless variety of fig-tree is grown, wherein these insects, which are larvæ of an ichneumon, abound. These trees are called figos de toca from *tocar* to touch. From this tree branches are broken and hung upon that intended to be impregnated. Here the larvæ come forth, perforate the fruit, and the perfect animals place themselves on the figs of the tree on which these branches are hung, puncture them, and thereby advance their maturity. This method of ripening figs, which is certainly excellent, was known to the ancients, who called it caprificatio. It is also customary in the Archipelago, and is described by Tournefort in his travels. I have never seen the perfect animal, but have sought for

for the larvæ in the figos de toca, which I found to be female figs, and that from them no pollen is conveyed by the insect to the other figs, as Linneus imagined. I am fully convinced that the puncture of the insect only serves to give vent to the sap and stimulate its effusion, thereby not only preventing the falling of the fruit, but rendering it sweeter and better flavoured. It is well known that many fruits when punctured by insects ripen sooner, and thus not unfrequently acquire a sweet taste. The fig-tree requires very little other culture; it is propagated by layers, the trees produced from seed bearing uneatable fruit, and requiring to be grafted. This tree is contented with a dry bad soil; I have often seen wild fig-trees growing on naked rocks, or on walls where was no earth. It often attains the size of a pear-tree, and its vertex spreads so much that it almost seems to rest upon the earth. A species of coccus produces on this tree, as on the olive, a kind of rust, which does great mischief. Algarvia is the only province of Portugal from which dried figs are exported.

Not only figs, but oranges and spanish reeds (*arundo donax*) are also exported from Faro to England. The latter come from Tavira. In gardens are grown american potatoes (*convolvulus batatas*), and plantains (*musa paradisaica*).

G G

A merchant

A merchant named Lempriere, an englishman who resides at Faro, is possessed of a great natural curiosity, a young mule, being a mongrel between a mule and an ass. On the mountains of Monchique, a mule suddenly became pregnant, without any one knowing the sire, and produced a young one, which the proprietor, who was a peasant, carried about while it suckled its dam, and showed for money. The governor of Faro, Brigadier Connell, an irishman, who himself told us the story, being then at Lagos, purchased, and afterwards presented it to his friend Lempriere.

The road from Faro to Tavira, which is four leagues farther, continues always near the sea, and is uncommonly pleasant: only a few small spots near Faro are sandy, and a few limestone hills uncultivated. Elsewhere, especially in the neighbourhood of Tavira, the whole soil is exceedingly well cultivated, and adorned between the corn-fields alternately with olive, carob, and almond-trees.

Tavira is a neat city containing 1400 houses, four monasteries, some neat and clean streets and considerable houses, of which the principal is the governor's palace. Old walls divide the city from the suburbs; the river Sequa, over which is a handsome stone bridge, flows through the middle of it, and small vessels come up as far as the bridge. The surrounding country is one of the  
pleasanteft

pleasanteft in Portugal; hills of the chain of limestone mountains crowd close round the town, which they enclose as it were with a wood of high shady trees, in whose bosom it seems to repose; among these trees every little vacant space is cultivated either as a garden or a corn-field, the trees are varied in a pleasing manner, the bright and cheerful leaf of the almond relieves the obscurity of the olive, which here, as in general through Algarvia and Andalusia, attains to a great size and beauty, and the feathered and regular leaf of the majestic carob is beautifully opposed to the simple slender leaves of the other trees. It was now the beginning of March, and the hedges were full of *anagris* \* in bloom, of which the papilionaceous flowers are spotted with yellow and brown, and entwined with the *aristolochia* † *subglauca* Lamark. on which innumerable flowers hung like dark-brown cornucopiæ. Beans which were every where in blossom yielded a sweet perfume, and the fields were blue with the flowers of flax, while my native country was covered with snow and ice.

The road ascended the river, and was very pleasant, winding amid these charming hills, and in the upper part of the valley bordered by a thicket of oleander and spanish reed. The tide comes a league above Tavira. We had not gone two

\* Stinking bean-trefoil. † Birthwort.

leagues from the town, when we came to the chain of sand-stone mountains and deserts of *cistus ladaniferus*.

The mouth of the river is a league to the south-east of Tavira. The entrance of the harbour is narrow, shallow, and unsafe, owing to shifting sand-banks, and the quantity of shipping is much less considerable than that of Faro. This entrance is defended by a very small fort. Between Tavira and the sea are many salt-marshes, and the inhabitants here gather a grass called *murraça* (*dactylis stricta* Aiton.) which they sell in the marketplace of Tavira, and which constitutes excellent fodder. The fishery, particularly that of Sardines and Tunny, is considerable, the former of which we had an opportunity of seeing. A very large net is carried out into the sea by boats, and then drawn ashore by a number of men. The beach was crowded with women and children, the noise of whom, and the rejoicing of the men, with the quantity of fish jumping about and often springing very high, afforded a pleasant sight. A quantity of cuttle-fish were also taken, and the torpedo (*tremelha*), which the inhabitants say a man may boldly take with the left hand, though not with the right, without being struck by it; but when I saw it, the fish was too much exhausted to produce any effect.



Round Tavira many almonds are grown, more than are generally found in any other part of Portugal. Here also is much garden-fruit and flax; but only that variety is grown, which bears large blue flowers, and which the german œconomists call *klang-lein*. Tavira is the chief town of the small kingdom of Algarvia, where the governor of that province resides together with a provedor. The place of governor of Algarvia is one of the highest in Portugal, and was at that time filled by Dom Francisco de Mello da Cunha de Mendouça, in whose family the office of chief ranger (*monteiro mor*) is hereditary. All the other governors of the province are under him; and as most towns have garrisons, and are or should be fortified towns (*praças*, or places d'armes), in which the governor has the superintendance of the police, the government is military. This small kingdom (Algarvia) according to the last enumeration of the governor, the Conde de Val de Reis, in 1780, contained 93,472 inhabitants, of which 6521 were husbandmen, and 5575 labourers. It lies close to the sea, and is well-cultivated; but this cultivation generally extends scarcely two leagues inland, after which follow desert hills. Here are more wells than in other parts, probably the remains of moorish industry; that people having continued longer in this than in the other provinces. Corn is not grown in sufficient quantities for the de-

mand, yet excellent bread is made at Faro and Tavira, better than at any other place, not excepting Lisbon, and still less Oporto, where the bread is extremely bad. Oil is produced in great quantities, being considered as the best in Portugal, and exported. The wine of this province is white, contrary to the general custom of the country, but is good, and supplies a part of Alemtejo. Figs constitute the principal produce of Algarvia, but almonds are grown in considerable quantities, especially round Tavira, and are exported. Of the spanish-reeds I have already spoken: oranges are also grown, particularly round Monchique and Faro. The common people live principally on fish, and are very poor. The inhabitants of Algarvia are less refined and less polite than the rest of the portuguese, but their shrewdness and sharpness of wit are celebrated throughout the country. In this their neighbours the Andalusians, with whom they have much intercourse, strongly resemble them. They are also considered as the best mariners in Portugal; hence great numbers of them emigrate, and most of the boatmen at Lisbon are from this province. There is indeed no doubt that this province is capable of great cultivation, though hitherto extraordinarily neglected. In no part are the roads so bad, there being no high-roads, but mere paths for horses and foot passengers, excepting in the neighbourhood

hood of Faro, where alone are roads for carts. The inns are uncommonly bad, the whole house even at Tavira consisting of a small quadrangular room upon the ground, without windows or floors, with a stable in the neighbourhood. The landlord came every morning, and went home to his house in the evening, but provided us with food and beds. In such an apartment with a chair or two, did the count of Hoffmannsegg, though he bore especial orders from the queen to the governor, receive the compliments of the adjutant-general (*ajudante das Ordens*), in his gala uniform; but gala uniforms and dirty apartments are not so inconsistent in Portugal as in other countries.

From Tavira we went to Villa real, a town built by Pombal, four small leagues from thence. In the neighbourhood of Tavira the country continues very pleasant, but round Villa real is sandy and naked. This town is situated at the mouth of the Guadiana, which is here a broad and fine stream. It is built with perfect regularity, the streets in which are the handsomest houses being on the bank of the river, and the smaller houses at a greater distance. All the houses are perfectly alike and well planned, and behind each is a square court with a back-door exactly similar to that in front. In each street, except those leading to the river, the houses are built alternately four with the front, and four with the back-door

to the street. The pavement is extremely good, and in the middle of the town is a handsome square, in which the town-house stands. In short, nothing is wanting but inhabitants; for a deadly stillness reigns throughout the streets, a human figure is rarely seen looking out of the handsome houses, and without a company of soldiers the place would be quite empty. The greatest poverty every where appears. The country round the town is extremely sandy, the soil often consisting entirely of quick-sand; the downs are planted with fig-trees. An old ruinous ship lay in the harbour, the entrance of which is broad but not very deep. On the bank were a few cannon; meanwhile some new works were erecting. This place is supplied with every thing, even its daily bread, from Ayamonte, which thus generously nourishes a town intended to effect its destruction; for such was the view of its founder.

On the opposite side majestically rises, proudly looking down on the hither side of the river, the elevated spanish bank, and on its declivity the large spanish town of Ayamonte with a number of handsome towers. A greater neatness and cleanliness instantly distinguish the towns of Spain from those of Portugal. Ayamonte was once the seat of great moorish kings. In former times the tournaments of Ayamonte were much celebrated, and in spanish poetry and romances the high-sounding

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ing name and example of the Guadiana often occur. Not far from thence and nearer the sea is a well-built and neat market-town, called Figuerita, peopled by Catalonians whom Pombal drove away, and now flourishing by the emigrations of the portugueze. It was easy to go over to Ayamonte with a passport from the juiz de fora at Villa-real, the spaniards at this time generally not being strict, which if they had been, the inhabitants of this place must have starved. By this channel much contraband trade was carried on with Portugal, especially in silk and fine cotton-manufactures.

The situation of Villa-real and the fishery on this coast are interesting subjects. The reader therefore will permit me to expatiate on them somewhat at length, taking for my groundwork a treatise in the third volume of the *Memorias Economicas* of the Lisbon academy, in the same manner as I have above made use of that on the commercial company of the upper Douro. It is written by Dom Constantino Botelho de Lacerda Lobo, professor of natural history at Coimbra, whom I have already mentioned, and who intends to write a work on the fisheries of Portugal, of which I anxiously expect the publication.

A league from Villa-real is Monte gordo, now consisting only of a few huts, from which, however, the whole coast and the fishery take their name.

name. Previous to the year 1711, the fishery was unknown in this part of the country. An inhabitant of Castromarim, named Antonio Gomez, first fished here for sardines in 1711 and 1712; he was followed by some Catalonians, who first built a few huts, and were joined by degrees by other Catalonians and Andalusians. These began to use better nets, and brought the fish to Ayamonte, where they were salted. At first the fishermen paid no duty at Castromarim, but afterwards they came to an agreement with the farmers of the customs, to whom the increase of the fishery was very beneficial, according to which they only paid about five or six per cent, whereas in other parts of the kingdom the regular tax amounted to thirty per cent. The fishery now increased very much, and in 1750 there were twelve large fishing-smacks belonging to Castromarim, and fifty to Ayamonte, San Lucar, and the Catalonians; and in 1774, the number of the whole amounted to a hundred, fifteen of which belonged to Castromarim. The streets of huts extended a league from the mouth of the Guadiana to the old town of Cacela, and though many of the fishermen only remained here during the season, viz. from the 24th of August to the 25th of December, yet many others had settled there. It is true, the Spaniards enjoyed the chief advantage of this trade, but many Portuguese still derived their

their support from it; and, although this object might require the attention of the government, it did not follow that the whole fishery should be destroyed, rather than concede a small advantage to their neighbours.

The excuse offered at Tavira for the measures of the government was, that the greater part of the inhabitants of Monte gordo did not live there on account of the fishery, but to carry on a contraband trade, and were also a very bad set of people. The last assertion might in part be true; but the common people of Spain are much worse characters than those of Portugal. Whether Portugal, however, ought to fear a contraband trade with Spain, when restrained by reasonable and good laws, I much doubt. Portugal receives its West-India produce much more conveniently from Brasil than Spain, and by her connections with England has an opportunity of conveying english goods into that country, besides which she has a trade to China, and with the indian continent, which Spain does not possess. Also, during a war between England and Spain, as long as the former continues mistress of the sea, the advantage is entirely in favour of Portugal; thus we found all the roads into Alemtejo full of trains of mules coming from Spain to fetch sugar and other West-India produce from Lisbon. But to return to my story.

Pomba!

Pombal took up this business hastily, and with despotic force, so that within five months Villa real de San Antonio was built by his orders, every thing that concerned the fishery and the fish trade transferred thither, and the huts at Monte gordo burnt. Many of the soldiers in the troops at Tavira, who were present at this expedition, assured us they were exposed to the greatest danger from the rage of these fishermen. The foreigners were driven away, and lost together with their huts all their little property. This measure was exactly in character with the maxims of Pombal, who, like our modern revolutionists, thought the end sanctified the means.

To all the inhabitants of Villa real ten per cent of the duty on the fish caught was abated for some years, viz. from 30 to 20 per cent (which however properly only amounted to between 5 or 6 per cent); on salted sardines nothing was in general paid, and nothing on exportation; but on the importation of foreign Galician sardines a heavy tax was laid. To prevent contraband trade, and enforce the payment of the duties, the minister employed much severity, and no mariner or fisherman was permitted to quit Algarvia without a passport from the chief inspector of the customs of the southern provinces or his delegate. To procure plenty of salt the minister ordered salt-

pans



pans to be dug at Castromarim, and the salt to be sold for 900 rees per bushel.

Eight companies were now formed, each of which were to have six great fishing-smacks with other small-craft. These companies were obliged to sell 1000 sardines for 300 rees, if no other purchaser offered; for though Pombal was an enemy to monopolies, he constantly gave them birth. Most of the members of these companies engaged in them to flatter the minister, were ignorant of the business, did not usually reside at Villa real, and were obliged to rely on their agents. Their ignorance was so great, that they began salting in May, without reflecting that sardines salted at that season will not keep; and in general their fish were so ill-managed, that they could not be sent out of the province. By high prices, bribes, and similar means, they soon excluded all the inhabitants of Castromarim and those who still remained at Monte gordo, who had till then been permitted to take and deal in fish. A competition however soon arose between these companies, who employed the same means to ruin one another, and the heavy duty imposed by Spain on foreign salt fish completed their destruction.

When Pombal fell, the losses, which the members of these companies had suffered, ceased. In 1777, from 48 fishing-smacks the number had

had diminished to 10; but from this time to 1782, the fishery again somewhat increased, in consequence of the duty in Spain being taken off. It again immediately sunk on the duties in Spain being raised; but as on fish not salted no duty was now levied in Spain, they were all brought to Figuerita, where they were salted. In 1783, no less than 800 portugueze fishermen emigrated thither, and in 1790, of 3000 fishermen at Ayamonte and San Lucar de Barrameda, 2500 were portugueze.

How long will the deathlike stillness of Villa real continue to be a memento of the unwise regulations of a government, which seems to desire the prosperity of the country, but will not relax any of the duties levied on the people! Would they but lighten the burthens of Villa real still more than has been done in Spain, they would lose nothing, because there is nothing more to lose, and Villa real would soon become a flourishing town.

## CHAP. XXXVII.

*Return from Algarvia through Alemtejo by Mertola, Serpa,  
and Evora.*

FROM Villa real to Castromarim it is usual to go by water up the Guadiana and a branch of that river on which it is situated; for by land it is necessary to make a great circuit of two leagues round another arm of the Guadiana, whereas this passage is performed in a quarter of an hour. The bank of the Guadiana on the portugueze side is marshy, and some salt is made. Castromarim is a market-town surrounding a hill, on which is an old ruinous castle no longer fortified. The houses are small, and the place poor and mean, but far more lively than Villa real.

Near Castromarim immediately rise mountains of the chain that divides Algarvia from Alemtejo, growing constantly higher as they approach the north. They consist of argillaceous slate, and a sandstone which has a very strong resemblance to the grey round stones found in the Hartz mountains in Germany, called *grauwacke*. Near the river Deleyte they crowd together, the vallies become narrow, and the declivities often uncommonly steep, though rounded above, but not

rough and rocky like most of those in this peninsula. They are chiefly covered with *cistus ladaniferus*, and the bushes near the brooks in the vallies consist of oleander and a non-descript variety of buckthorn (*rhamnus*). Here and there we saw cultivated spots, and passed through some villages before we entered Alemtejo. These mountains are the fore-runners of the Serra de Caldeiraõ, but the range of mountains which properly bears this name lies between Faro and Ourique. All these mountains are low compared with the Serra de Monchique, except perhaps the mountains round Mertola.

We now entered Alemtejo and came to the village of Espiritu Santo seven leagues from Castromarim, where, for want of an inn, we lodged with a peasant, with whom as with many others of the inhabitants we found appearances of wealth. Two leagues from thence is the small town of Mertola situated on the peak of a steep mountain, by the foot of which the broad and fine stream of the Guadiana flows through a deep valley. The prospect is extremely wild and dreary, every where consisting of naked steep mountains, among which the river flows, and a small town enclosed within high walls, with neither field nor gardens, except a single quinta near the town on another mountain. From the bank of the Guadiana the approach to the town is by a very steep ascent.

ascent. A brook falls to the southward of it into the Guadiana, and though so narrow that a man might jump over it, must be past in a ferry. The Guadiana often swells very much, the mountains are covered with its sand to a considerable height, and even up to the town itself. On removing to a small distance from the valley of the Guadiana, we found here and there well-cultivated and even fruitful spots, which produce excellent wheat. Mertola has a governor who holds the rank of major, a *juiz de fora*, about 3000 inhabitants, and belongs to the *corregimento* of Ourique. An excellent road leads from hence to Beja, but is not entirely finished. The road from Lisbon into Algarvia passes through Beja to Mertola, where travellers embark on the Guadiana for Castromarim, which renders Mertola a lively place, the road by land being very inconvenient.

On the mountains round Mertola we found many plants which are rare in other parts of Portugal, especially Spanish plants. The mountains consist of *grauwacke*, and are of a considerable height.

We crossed the Guadiana to go to Serpa, a town seven leagues from Mertola on the opposite side of the river. A more extensive desert does not perhaps exist in Portugal; at first we only saw a couple of houses and some fields, then another house half way, but every where else till

within a league of Serpa only hills and mountains of sandstone and argillaceous slate covered with *cistus ladaniferus*; nor did we meet any man in this desert. At a distance to the eastward we saw many chains of mountains which join the Spanish Sierra morena. It is difficult to communicate the impression made by such a view; the uniformity it presents exceeds every thing I have seen; yet the *cistus ladaniferus* spreads a pleasant balmy perfume, its majestic flowers charm the traveller, and the road is as hard and convenient as the floor of a room. It is a uniformity which with a clear sky and a serene mind imparts that pleasing sensation which we feel when far removed from the noise of the world.

Here and there we saw traces of former cultivation; for it is the custom in Portugal, as also in the fields of Spain that are covered with broom, to burn these plants or cut them down with a kind of sickle called *fouce roçadoura*, on good land every five, and on bad every eight years; after which it is ploughed and sown. The crop indeed is very poor; for the roots of the former plants remain in the earth, and soon vegetating again cover the soil. It then serves only for pasture, which however is very poor, but the extent of ground must compensate for the badness of the herbage.

In the single house in the middle of the road we witnessed the preparation of a kind of cheese, common in Alemtejo. The milk is curdled with the flowers of a thistle called (*cynara silvestris* Larmark); the cheese is made with the hand and salted. It is generally bad, but is better when made from fresh cream, and eaten with wine and sugar. It is then called *requejaõ*, and on genteel tables is served by way of desert.

To the left of the road is the Salto de lobo, where the Guadiana forces its way between narrow rocks. This name, which signifies the wolf's-leap, reminded us of the horse-leap in the Hartz mountains in Germany, though the Bude is an inconsiderable brook compared to the Guadiana.

About a league before we arrived at Serpa, the prospect changed. The cistus gave place to pastures and fine woods of ever-green oaks, and close to Serpa are fruitful corn fields. Serpa is an open cheerful place, much more populous than Mertola, contains 4000 inhabitants, and shows considerable signs of thriving. The trade with Spain and probably the contraband trade are the causes of this change.

We again passed the Guadiana a league from Serpa, where it winds among mountains which are lower and more gentle than round Mertola. At Serpa we came to the great granite plain, which extends from thence beyond Beja and Evora

as far as Monteior o novo, forming the best and most fruitful part of Alemtejo. The city of Beja is situated on a gentle hill in a fertile country rich in corn. It is a very old place surrounded with walls and gates, is the see of a bishop, a corregedor, and a governor. The bishop Dom Manoel de Cenacolo Villas Boas ranks among the men of learning in Portugal, and possesses a collection of antiquities found in the neighbourhood of Beja.

The country as far as Vidigueira still forms a fertile but elevated plain covered with corn-fields. Few villages are seen, but many single houses which are called *montes*, probably because they are generally situated on eminences. The houses, considering they are portuguese, are uncommonly neat, and the inhabitants in the interior of their houses and in their dress appear in very comfortable circumstances, and even show some luxury. The rich husbandmen of the upper Alemtejo are also talked of at Lisbon for their riches. They possess considerable estates, in a fertile country, which surround their houses. They generally have the privileges of small land-holders, together with an easy sale for their produce in the neighbouring large towns, and Lisbon itself takes a great quantity of corn from this country every year.

Vidigueira,



Vidigueira, which is five long leagues from Serpa, is a small market-town or villa, in an extremely charming country. On one side is the fertile plain, on the other immediately beyond and close to the town rise mountains, the valleys of which are adorned with quintas and orange-gardens, and a large gothic church on the foreground improves the gaiety of the scene. Every thing has a tranquil cheerful appearance, and the traveller is richly compensated for the desert wastes of the cheerful Alemtejo. The place itself is small, having little more than 2000 inhabitants. Whatever we found here was extremely good. The oranges are small, but uncommonly well-flavoured, and may be considered the best in the country, as is the wine also from the neighbouring Villa de Trades\*, and a fish called Guadiana Savel or shad (not the savel of Lisbon) is certainly the best flavoured fish I ever ate. When cut in pieces and broiled it was excellent. I afterwards heard at Lisbon of a fish from the Guadiana, which is reserved for the king's table, and which is rightly distinguished from the savel (*clupea alosa*).

\* In the *Sitio de Lisboa*, a work written by Luiz Mendez de Vasconcellos in the last century and now printed by the academy, where it is proved from Plato and Aristotle that Lisbon is the first city in the world, this wine is celebrated, as are those of Carcavelos and Caparica.

Beyond the mountains the high fertile granite-plain continues, and to the left appears the Serra de Viana consisting of low mountains in which were formerly silver mines. In the mountains of the upper Alemtejo the granite here and there shows traces of metallic veins, and there is no doubt spots might be found not unworthy of being worked, did not the want of hands and of wood render the government indifferent to these concealed treasures. To the right is the Serra de Osta, a fertile and on one side well-cultivated range of mountains, with a rich monastery of Paulists. Between this serra and Evora we saw Evoramonte on a high hill. We perceived Evora at a great distance, as it is situated on an eminence. The nearer we approached this town, the worse was the cultivation. But can this arise from the quality of the soil? or can innumerable monastic towers, that vainly seek to approximate to heaven, compensate mankind for the beauties of a rich cultivation?

Evora \* is the chief town of Alemtejo, and the see of an archbishop, a corregedor, a provedor, a juiz, &c. It is indeed surrounded by walls, which however are fallen down in many parts,

\* Evora is said to be seven leagues from Vidigueira; but we were previously told these seven leagues were not so long as the five from Seipa to Vidigueira.

but in other respects it is quite open. Coimbra, Oporto, and Evora, are the only towns throughout Portugal, where the passports of travellers are not demanded immediately on their arrival, while there no attention is paid to them. Here is a regiment of cavalry, and at this time the governor was an emigrant, duke of Montmorency Luxembourg. The town consists of narrow crooked streets full of angles, with high gothic buildings and a number of old gothic churches, by which it is much distinguished from most other towns in this kingdom, where the houses are indeed small and low, but by no means in that old style of building so common in Germany; so that the traveller may here imagine himself arrived in a german imperial town. The monastery of Franciscans particularly deserves notice in this respect. The cathedral church is situated in the highest part of the town, and has 25 prebends, each with an income of 5000 crusades. Adjacent to it is the Archbishop's house, and not far from that the shambles, an old roman building, whose well-preserved corinthian columns are now connected by a plaster-wall. The beautiful forms however are instantly recognized, and the eye reposes with pleasure on this animating object, after being fatigued with gothic angles and pointed arches. Murphy speaks at large on these remains of roman

grandeur, of which he gives a plate. On the north-side the aqueduct enters the town, and is commonly called the aqueduct of Sertorius, having been begun by him, though it is well known to have been entirely rebuilt by John III. At this time a large and massive edifice was building for barracks, which will certainly be unique in its kind in Portugal, when finished.

Evora was once a university, and still enjoys that privilege; but, since the time of Pombal, has totally fallen to decay. It was formerly a very celebrated place. Here the great antiquary Resende studied, and the brother of the founder John III. himself attended its lectures. But the same man here erected the tribunal of the inquisition, and made it the second in the kingdom. Evora is an old town, but has much dwindled since the fifteenth century, and now contains at most 12,000 inhabitants, of which the enormous proportion of twenty-three religious houses may be the cause. Its antient name was Eborac in the time of the Romans, and Viriatus and Sertorius, those bold Lusitanians, lived there. Julius Cæsar constituted it a municipium and named it Liberalitas Julia. The Moors conquered it from the Goths in the year 715, but in 1166 it was taken from them by Gerald surnamed the intrepid (Geraldo Sem-pavor). This man got into the  
town

town in the day-time, and in the evening went upon the wall where he cut off the heads of two centinels, then descended to the gate, and let in some troops stationed near it. Of this heroic act Camoens twice speaks in his *Lusiad*; the passage where Vasco shows the king of Melinda a row of pictures on subjects from the history of Portugal is very beautiful.

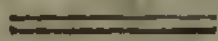
Olha aquelle, que desce pella lança  
 Com as duas cabeças dos vigias,  
 Onde a cilada esconde, com que alcança  
 A cidade por manhas e ousadias.  
 Ella por armas toma a semelhança,  
 Do cavalleiro, que as cabeças frias,  
 No maõ levava. Feito nunca feito,  
 Geraldo Sem-pavor e o forte peito.

CANTO viii. St. 21.

Lo, while the moon through midnight azure rides,  
 From the high wall adown his spear-staff glides  
 The dauntless Gerald: in his left he bears  
 Two watchmen's heads; his right the faulchion rears:  
 The gate he opens; swift from ambush rise  
 His ready bands, the city falls his prize.  
 Evora still the grateful honour pays,  
 Her banner'd flag the mighty deed displays;  
 There frowns the hero; in his left he bears  
 The two cold heads, his right the faulchion rears.

MICKLE'S *LUSIAD*, viii. 171, &c.

On the north side of Evora the hills rise, being round the town adorned with gardens, and on their summits with ever-green oaks. The road from hence to Montemor o novo, which is five leagues distant, passes over granite-hills partly covered with corn-fields and partly with fine woods of ever-green oaks and pastures, which give great variety to the prospect. From Montemor we returned by the road above described, to Lisbon.



NOTE.—These travels were nearly completed when the late change in the portuguese government took place. The prince of Brasil having declared himself regent, soon after dismissed the prime minister Dom Ceabra da Silva, who had a short time before signed the proclamation of that prince. The true change however consists in the removal of this minister; the prince having in fact long held the reins of government. Ceabra had before been banished by Pombal; but after the king's death was recalled. Of this man I have heard much evil. He was a great friend to the priesthood, very fond of persecution, and is said to be revengeful and false.

I have said that in Portugal no considerable mines are worked, except that quicksilver was lately sought for near Couna. Meanwhile an iron mill is already at work at Moz in Traz-os-montes. This province is rich in minerals. I have seen considerable quantities of plumbago from Magadouro, and iron ore is found in many places. The director of the iron-mill, a Biscayan, is said to be an active man, and works the ore in the biscayan manner. But as I did not visit this spot, I can only state the information I have received.

# A DISSERTATION

ON THE  
LITERATURE OF PORTUGAL AND THE SPANISH AND  
PORTUGUEZE LANGUAGES.

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*On Portugueze Literature.*

THE times are no longer so bad as Von Jung in his preface represents: for he complains that it was extremely difficult to procure books at Lisbon, that they were extremely dear, and the purchaser obliged to pay much more than the price printed at the beginning. There are now several booksellers in Lisbon, who indeed carry on no foreign trade, but are generally stocked with the new portugueze books, which they sell at the prices prefixed, except a trifling addition for the binding; all books being sold bound or stitched\*. Old books indeed are often sought in vain; but this may also be said of many considerable bookshops in Germany. In many parts of the town are book-stalls as at Paris, where both portugueze and many good foreign books, especially spanish, may be bought for a trifle. Nor must book-collectors forget to visit the bookbinders, where many old books may also be purchased.

Formerly every book must have a number of testimonials and permissions before it could be sold. In the first place permission was asked of

\* The printed price is expressly stated to be in sheets. —  
Foi taxado este libro em papel.

the inquisition; and when all the needful steps had been taken, a testimonial was to be obtained from each tribunal that the work was conformable to the manuscript. Pombal conferred the office of censorship on a particular college, in which many members of the government who were not priests were associated with the inquisition and the sacerdotal tribunal of the Patriarch (o Ordinario). The permission of this college of censure is now sufficient, and the title-pages of books therefore bear these words: Com licença da real meza da commissão geral sobre o exame e censura dos livros. Journals, newspapers, and similar publications, only require a permission from the Meza do desembargo do Paço, or the privy-council, which has the chief superintendance of the police. The printer is answerable for the conformity of the work with the manuscript.

In old portuguese books a protestation follows the title, in which the author declares he has not intentionally said any thing contrary to the catholic church, and some poets have thought it necessary to declare they did not believe in the heathen gods. A verse pretended to be written by the great Camoens is often quoted, in which he avers this; but the poem itself that contains it is like many others falsely attributed to that writer. Such declarations however have now ceased, and it is unjust to reproach the Portuguese with these  
abfur-



absurdities. It should be remembered, that in Italy Jacquier and Le Seur, the worthy editors of Newton's Principia, were obliged, so late as the year 1739, to declare they did not believe with Sir Isaac Newton, that the earth moves round the sun. Men have so often laughed at the expense of the Portugueze, that it is but fair to remind them of the follies of other nations.

The Inquisition was never very powerful in Portugal. During the last reign it was quite insignificant; being confined to disorderly monks. The temper of the queen certainly increased their power, and rendered them particularly formidable to an author. An auto da fe or corporal punishment it is true are no longer practised; but banishment is the more readily inflicted, being apparently considered as a trifle, and therefore inflicted when it is doubtful whether the accused is guilty or innocent.

Only one political journal is published in Portugal called the Gazeta de Lisboa, and all foreign newspapers are prohibited. Hence political news arrive somewhat tardily, and sometimes very late; but then their authenticity may be relied on, except when the dubious phrase *dizem* (they say) is added. Nor is any distinction made in regard to delay between favourable news and the contrary; for the intelligence of the battle of Aboukir was equally late with the taking of Malta.

It

It was also the fashion to be very impartial and discreet, but whether it was so always, or prudence at this time rendered it necessary on account of the connection of Portugal with Spain, I will not determine.

A court-calendar is annually published at Lisbon, which is by no means bad; but in March 1799 I could not procure that of the current year. Besides this there is the *Calendario dos Santos*, and some smaller. And Jose Maria Dantes Permira published by order of the Academy *Efemerides nauticas*, which are copied from the English ephemeris.

In this country are no literary journals, reviews, &c. new works being only briefly announced in the *Gazeta de Lisboa*, and printed bills of them posted up as in London and Paris. At the university of Coimbra and the numerous literary institutions at Lisbon no occasional publications appear. It is very customary however for a young man, who wishes to obtain a place that requires scientific knowledge, or to pursue his studies at the expense of the government, to write some short treatise or dissertation. Thus a wretched short sketch of anatomy was published by a surgeon who wanted to be appointed lecturer in anatomy in a new institution, and one Constanço, who studied physic at Edinburgh, and afterwards at Paris, at the expense of the government, wrote a short  
treatise

treatise on the culture of soda. Instead of numerous establishments and regulations the government should take care that more occasional works of this kind should be published in order to accustom the nation by degrees to reading books of science and information.

In a country where so little attention is paid to literature journals might not at first succeed. In Lisbon however is published a weekly paper called o Almocreve de petas, which is very much read, and contains amusing anecdotes, incidents, poems, &c. Almocreve in Portuguese, like arreiro in Spanish, signifies a carrier or a mule-driver who conveys goods from place to place, and peta is a bagatelle: the title therefore signifies the post of bagatelles. The incidents are generally flat, the anecdotes ill-chosen, and no better told; though it cannot be denied, that among a great number some few are very good. They are seldom without some personal allusion; and I perceive the author even ventures to be pleasant on a monastery here and there, and their trifling irregularities. The tales are nearly in the following manner. "A boy was sent by his master to the convent of Chelas (a convent so called near Lisbon). The nuns gave him a basket of sweetmeats, together with an unscaled letter saying, 'The present is for your criado,' (a word signifying both a servant and a suitor.) The boy  
being

being unfortunately able to read, thought the sweetmeats were for himself, and devoured them. His master flew in a passion," &c. Such are in general most of the tales, which are rarely enriched with any happy stroke of satire. The poetry excels the prose, and sometimes is not bad.

The taste for poetry is not yet extinct in this country. Portugal justly boasts of having produced the greatest poets of the peninsula, and is without all doubt superior to Spain. For what is Ercilla, what are all the epic poets of Spain, compared to Camoens, who may rival the first poets of Italy? Nor does Camoens stand alone, though he so far eclipses the rest, that these are seldom named in foreign countries. The Ulyssipo by De Soufa Macedo may still be considered as equal to Ercilla's Araucana. But this is not the place to describe the portugueze poets, whom our literary men have too long neglected. Even now half the works published consist of books of moral and religious instruction and poems. Young people are very much addicted to poetry; and the fair sex love both poetry and poets. One, two, or three verses are sometimes, by way of amusement, thrown out in company, to which an extempore composition is to be made, concluding with those lines. The concluding verses first produced are called *mote*, and the remainder *gloza*. Such motes and glozas are found in the  
col-

collection of Camoens's poems. In the new they sometimes occupy one half of all the sonnets. Even persons of condition are fond of poetry, and it will perhaps give my compatriots pleasure to learn that the dowager countess of Oeynhausen, daughter of the marquis of Alorno, and a native of Portugal, has very happily translated several cantoes of Wieland's Oberon into portugueze. It is only to be lamented that she cannot yet be prevailed on to make them public.

Epic, and in general all great poems, continually become more rare, and plays are scarcely ever original, most of them being imitations and translations from the French, and especially from the Italian. The English are less common, and worse executed. Neither are satires frequent. Except a few satirical sonnets, I know of no great poem of this class. Modern literature has however produced a comico-heroic poem, entitled, *Gaticanea, ou cruelissima guerra entre os caes e os gatos: Poema escrito por Joaõ Jorge de Carvalho. Lisb. 1794. 8vo.* This poem was much approved, and has many comic passages, but as a whole is too flat; nor are the points sufficiently delicate and striking. The most common species of poetry are sonnets, odes, songs, and pastorals. The sonnet however, as in Spain, is the kind of poetry chiefly in favour; most occasional poems and all extempories being of that class. The first attests

expressions of passion, every ebullition of the heart, which leaves no time for coolly deliberating on regular plans, the Portuguese throws into this form; and a considerable collection of excellent sonnets might indubitably be formed, as well from the new as from the old portuguese poets.

Bucolic poetry has ever been a favourite with this nation. Excellent examples of it may be seen in Camoens's collection, and with him are classed six other writers of eclogues, who though they do not entirely equal him, have produced some excellent specimens. Indeed I cannot but think that great master has led his country into a taste for this kind of poetry. Nothing is read but such amorous complaints as resemble those of Camoens, and the great uniformity, the constant repetition of the same or similar thoughts, render the readers insensible to many a beautiful description of later poets. That simplicity which gives such charms to this species of poetry is here always wanting.

Among the odes and songs, especially the soft tender sonnets, are some excellent pieces. Portuguese literature is also rich in blank-verse poems, and attempts are frequently made to imitate the metre of the ancients. In every collection Alcaic and Sapphic odes are rarely wanting. The translations of the ancients, of which there is no want, are always in blank-iambic  
verse

verse, owing to the restraint of translating into rhyme. The metrical art however of the Portuguese poets is not very far advanced, nor have they at all attempted hexameters. They mutilate the metre of the ancients, as did formerly our German poets, who imagined our language would not admit of a close imitation. Hence in their Sapphic odes they change the dactyl in the third cæfura into a trochee, and in the Alcaic make the fourth strophe similar to the third, and compose it entirely of iambics.—The following is an example of the last mentioned metre :

Mas tu, ditoso, placido espirito,  
 Entre os risonhos coros angelicos,  
 N' um turbilhão de luzes,  
 Sobes aos astros nitidos.

Those who would scan Portuguese verse must recollect that like the Spanish and Italian a final vowel is cut off when the next word begins with a vowel or an h. Thus *aos*, properly *a os*, forms but one syllable in verse.

Another poet thinks to succeed with mere iambics. He says,

Ja se transformaõ em montanhas rigidas  
 Do vasto pelago as campinas cerulas,  
 In Neptuno sanhofo  
 Mil bocas abre por tragar a terra.

It also appears that odes are called Alcaic if the strophes have nearly the proper length ; to the

long or short syllables no very strict attention is paid; the authors being satisfied if they do not too much violate the pronunciation of the language.

I have enquired of many Portugueze, which of their modern poets they prefer, and of booksellers what poems are most in request; upon this they first named the *Rimas de Manoel Barbosa de Bocage*, of which a new edition appeared at Lisbon in 1794. They consist of sonnets, odes, songs, idyls, and a few fables. The author, who is still living, was very poor, and had suffered several misfortunes which caused him, as formerly Camoens, to seek his fortune in India. It cannot be denied that he has great talents for poetry: he has a full command of the language, his expression is nervous, and, which is rarely united with these qualities, his versification harmonious. Of the soft, plaintive, and languishing, but most prevalent style in the portugueze songs he is not fond, and though in most of his poems a melancholy cast prevails, he always expresses himself with all the fire of indignation. The conceits of the Spaniards and Italians he happily avoids, and can only be accused of hyperbole, or of employing pompous language on subjects that require a different style. I will however add a sonnet, which is neither his best nor his worst, and which, as I have chosen it

merely



merely for the ideas it contains, may afford an opportunity to judge of his style and management of his subject. It is the thirty-second, on the taking of Diu, then the emporium of the east, by Alphonso Albuquerque, in 1515.

Por terra jaz o emporio do Oriente,  
Que do rigido Affonso o ferro, o raio  
Ao graõ filho ganho do graõ Sabaio,  
Envergonhando o Deos armipotente.

Cahio Goa, terror antigamente  
Do naire vaõ, do perfido Malaio,  
De barbaras naçoës—ah que desmaio  
Apaga o marcio ardor da Lusa gente!

Oh seculos de heroes! Dias de gloria!  
Varoës excelsos, que, a pezar da Morte,  
Viveis na tradiçaõ, viveis na historia!

Albuquerque terrivel, Castro forte,  
Menezes, e outros nil, vossa memoria  
Vinga as injurias, que nos faz a Sorte.

India's proud mart \* in ruins lay,  
By fierce Alphonso's † thunder won  
From great Sabaio's mighty son;  
His war-god sham'd at his dismay.

Fall'n is Goa, fear'd of old  
By vain Nahir ‡, and false Malay,  
And barb'rous hordes. What arts can slay,  
What havoc glut the Lusian bold?

\* The city of Diu.

† Alphonso Albuquerque.

‡ The title of noblemen in Malabar.

Ages of heroes ! glorious days !

Warriors divine, who in Death's spite  
Still live in Fame's recording lays !

May Albuquerque's fame in fight

And glorious thousands' fadeless bays

Repair the wrongs we owe to Fate and Night \* !

One of his poems on the immaculate conception would possibly, at first, excite a smile in some readers, but possesses true majesty, and perhaps even too much. In an anacreontic song to the Rose we find that soft and tender language, that rich variety of charming expressions peculiar to this nation when they speak of beauty. Hence it would lose all its excellence in a translation.

Next to Bocage the *Poesias lyricas de Medina*, Lib. 1797, were named. They contain excellent poems, but want the strength and richness of Bocage. In tender feelings and animated descriptions of beautiful scenes of nature he succeeds better, and some of the latter are excellent. The author is a native of Madeira.

Of prose writers in the belles lettres Portugal is totally destitute. The style that generally prevails in the prose works of that country is not indeed infected with that bombast which the Spa-

\* The above is intended merely as a literal translation of an indifferent original. T.

niards cannot renounce, but is intricate, obscure, full of repetitions and of digressions. Their best writers always begin with Adam or the deluge. The eulogium on Dalembert by Stockler in the quarto transactions of the academy at Lisbon is particularly distinguished by its beautiful language and animated description. In the *Memorias da Litteratura portugueza*, where writings of this kind might be expected, there is not one of which the style can be praised. Nor do I know any good prose works among the old writers. All the productions of the age of John V, and even the early part of the reign of Joseph, when many works were written, are only distinguished by a horrid and disgustingly bombastic style; for bad taste at that time reigned with absolute sway throughout Portugal. The absurdest of all absurd writers, Rafael Bluteau, was the author of this corruption. During the last quarter however of the century, this defect has much changed: the portugueze are going on in the right way, and would have left the spaniards far behind them, had not a too bigotted government and a war which enervates the arts like a slow fever retarded them.

There is no scarcity of portugueze translations, almost all the french works of merit in the belles lettres, where religion will permit, being translated, and some not ill executed. Bocage, for in-

stance, has translated Gil Blas very well. Adelaide and Theodore, the panegyrics of Thomas, and many others, will certainly contribute to the improvement of portugueze writing. Spanish works are rarely translated, the two languages being too nearly alike; perhaps also the irreconcilable national hatred may have some influence, as it is utterly impossible for a portugueze to bestow praise on any thing spanish. From the italian they have nothing but plays, nor do they often translate english works, except a few dramas, a few books of travels (as for instance Murphy's) and medical writings. I know of no books translated immediately from the german. Through the medium of the french they have in portugueze, as in almost all modern languages, two of our poems, one of the best and one of the worst. The reader will anticipate that I allude to Schnaich's Hermann and Gessner's death of Abel. Novels are still very poor, the portugueze being in this respect far inferior to the spaniards. Of translations they have only the old and bad french novels, and a few english which are also by no means the best. There is a collection of novels under the title of Lances da Ventura, Acafos de desgraça, e Heroismos da virtude; Novellas offerecidas a nação portugueza para seu divertimento, 5 tom. 1794. The title is sufficient to show in what style it is written, and with what

what ideas the collection has been made. The *historia de Carlos Magno, ou dos doze pares de França* is a favourite novel both with the higher and lower classes, and new editions of it constantly appear. Burlesque bombast appears to great advantage in this language, certainly as much and more than in Spanish, and the agreeable nonsense is perused with pleasure. The portraits of the twelve peers of France are always to be seen among the pictures sold about the streets for children, together with the formosissima Floripes, the giant Ferabras, the Duque de Borgonha, Rinaldo, and the rest of the knights errant.

The prints and pictures that are sold about the streets remind me of the caricatures. What is the object of these? In London the ministry and opposition; at Paris gaming, fashions, and fashionable amusements; and at Lisbon assassination; all which objects they are contrived to render laughable. I have one before me, where a man comes to another with a stiletto in his hand and demands the money due to him, upon which the latter is going to answer with the stiletto, and a third coming up says *agora accomodamse*, (Ah! now you are reconciled). Certainly a nation must be much depraved when assassinations become an object of mirth and satire.

From this short digression I return to portuguese literature. Even literary history itself has been  
much

much neglected since the celebrated work of Barbofa Machado; and the late *Summario da Bibliotheca Lusitana* is but a meagre extract from that work. In the *Memorias da litteratura portugueza* in 7 vols. published by the academy little or nothing is said of literary history, and a history of bucolic poetry contained in these treatises, afterwards reprinted in the larger *Memorias* of the Academy, is also extremely poor and meagre.

The *Memorias da litteratura portugueza* abound in papers on portugueze history, some of them composed with great industry and accuracy. Many ancient documents are there printed, and many elucidate the old and new constitutions of the country. They are therefore indispensably necessary to an historian\*. Except this the new works on the history of Portugal are inconsiderable, nor is there one that contains an animated description.

Philology is in a melancholy state. In Spain from time to time appear magnificent editions of the classics, but in Portugal only insignificant faulty impressions for school-boys. The profane translations made with the same view deserve no notice; the poetical versions are in part better, and here and there are passages extremely well transla-

\* To this must be added the *Collecçao de livros ineditos de historia portugueza*, &c. 3 vols. fol. likewise published by the academy.

ted, which it was the more easy to attain, because the portugueze is clofer to the latin than any other language. Friar Joaõ de Soufa is a good orientalist. His *Vestigios da lingua arabica em Portugal*, and his *Documentos arabicos*, are in the judgement of the learned and judicious counsellor Tychsen very good works.

The philosophy of the portugueze was for a long time the mere obscure cant of the schools; but Pombal banished it from the learned institutions, nor do even the professorships of logic and metaphysics remain at Coimbra. Since that time I scarcely know of a single publication in which any object of philosophy properly so called is treated.

On the theology of this country I ought not perhaps to presume to judge. Yet it is evident that nothing is or can be done in this class. We only find titles of religious books which are frequently very singular, as for instance *Prayers for young maids to their guardian angel*, or *Treatises de attritione* \*; How the name of Jesus is to be written when it follows Christ, &c. Meanwhile a new portugueze translation of the bible has been published by that prolific historical and theolo-

\* The catholics distinguish between contrition, or repentance through love, and attrition, or repentance through fear of punishment. The former is held sufficient to salvation, without confession. T.

gical writer, the Reverendo padre Antonio Pereira de Figueredo. The title is *Biblia sagrada que contem tudo o velho e novo Testamento, traduzida em portuguez, com doutissimas notas prefações e liçaõs variantes em 8vo. 23 vols.* Whether the notes are really *doutissimas* (extremely learned), or the *variæ lectiones* judiciously selected, I had no opportunity to investigate.

Neither was I able to judge of the state of jurisprudential learning in this country. I only know that in the *Memorias da litteratura portugueza* single objects of this class are very often discussed. The Academy have also caused to be printed *Paschalis Josephi Mellii Freirii histor. juris civilis Lusitani liber singularis 4to.* *Ej. Institutiones juris civilis et criminalis Lusitani, 5 vols. 4to.* also *Synopsis chronologica de subsidiis, ainda os mais raros para a historia e estudo critico da legislaçãõ portugueza ordenada por Jose Anastasio de Figueredo.*

On the state of medical knowledge the smallness of the country, as may easily be conceived, has great influence. Good physicians, and there are some, treat their patients in the english manner, and some have studied at Edinburgh. All the good medical works are translations from the english; and that prolific medical writer, Dr. de Paiva in particular, has published many, among which is Cullen's *materia medica*, nor have any of  
that



that author's works remained untranslated. The portuguese indeed have not done any thing considerable of their own ; yet it must not be inferred that their physicians entirely follow the ancients or the arabians, as is said in the *Tableau de Portugal* : for this is far from consonant to their national character, which in general pursues novelty rather than antiquity, and the greatest defect of which is that of being superficial.

Mathematics like all other abstruse sciences, that require close and continued application to first principles, are at a very low ebb. Stockler, the author of an introduction to the theory of Fluxions, is a good mathematician, though in that work he says nothing that is new to our german professors. In the *Memorias da Academia de Lisboa* are some good mathematical papers, though the Academy, in proposing mathematical prize questions too easily answered, somewhat exposed themselves to a charge of ignorance. Steph. Cabral is a good practical geometrician, but astronomy is totally neglected, nor have any observations been published, or perhaps made, since those in the *Memorias da Academia* ; and the *Efemerides náuticas* are copied. Their observatories are walls destitute of instruments. All the geographical publications since the great and celebrated work of De Lima are but meagre extracts from that book, and it is a disgrace that there

is no map of Portugal except that of Lopez, in which are great errors as to places most commonly known. This evil however will be corrected: for the prince-regent has sent out some geographers to make a journey through Portugal for the improvement of the maps. These gentlemen have begun to take observations on both sides of the Tagus, of Serra de Estrella, and Serra de Foia. The prince has also solemnly opened a geographical academy, the benefits of whose labours are still expected.

As to natural history great exertions have been made since the time of Pombal; but the best means have not always been employed. Of Vandellic's merits and demerits in regard to natural history I have spoken in many parts of this work, and the same judgment may be pronounced on his numerous writings. I have also spoken of Brotero and his excellent *Compendio de Botanica*. And this is all. The *Flora Cochinchinensis* of Loureiro is become much known in Germany. The author who is now dead showed an extraordinary zeal for the advancement of botany, and therefore deserves our praise. He had however too little knowledge when he left Europe, and possessed at Cochinchina only Linneus's *Species plantarum*. He also committed the great error of neither bringing home good drawings, nor an herbarium. Had he but laid the dried plants in his  
manuscript,

manuscript, he would not have published a work which now requires to be re-written.

The government sent one Feijão, author of some treatises in the *Memorias economicas* of the academy, to Cape Verd islands, to make discoveries in natural history. He remained there fourteen years, and is now sent on a similar object to Brasil. I knew this gentleman at Lisbon, where he had an herbarium not in the best state, and a collection of butterflies wrapped up in paper, containing several hundred specimens of each kind; together with seeds of several plants, though merely under the names given them by the inhabitants of those islands. The same plants may be seen in the botanic garden at Rostock, and chiefly consist of *Mimosæ*. He once read to me a description of a new genus, which a man of moderate knowledge might easily perceive was nowise different from the *Campanula* \*. He had a wife and children to maintain, and was very poor. What can be expected under such circumstances?

On mineralogy we may expect much from Senhor da Camara, who has now returned to Lisbon, and is an excellent mineralogist. Of a chemical manual by Senhor Sobral at Coimbra I have already spoken. De Paiva has not only translated Beaumé's chemistry, but in 1784 published a

\* The bell-flower. T.

manual of his own, in which he made much use of the french writers of that time. As to natural history, except some tolerably good treatises by Della Bella, formerly professor of natural history at Coimbra, nothing has been done. But he employed himself as does his successor more willingly and sedulously on rural economy than in natural history.

Rural economy is incontestably a branch in which most has been done in modern times. Of this the *Memorias economicas* and *premiadas* of the academy are sufficient proofs. I have already frequently spoken of them, and much lament that this useful collection has been discontinued since the war. If here and there an accurate knowledge of natural history, chemistry, and similar sciences, should appear to be wanting, it must be remembered that even our best economists deserve much blame in this respect.

Such is in few words the melancholy condition of the sciences in a kingdom the least known to us germans of all the countries in Europe. But melancholy as it is, I may be permitted to ask the reader, whether he did not imagine it still more miserable.

*A comparative view of the Spanish and Portuguese languages.*

THE Portuguese is one of those languages that spring from the Latin, to which most of its words belong, though it has assumed a totally different and northern character, like the Spanish, Italian, French, and even the modern Greek. Most of the words are but little different from the Latin; but the syntax, the auxiliary verbs, *to have* and *to be*\*, the use of the article, &c. are northern. The whole language very nearly approximates to the Spanish, but has a very different pronunciation, and many words peculiar to itself.

It is very difficult to compare two languages in regard to harmony, as this depends much on being accustomed to them; for we naturally consider that as beautiful, to which we have been habituated from early youth; while strange sounds are frequently unpleasant. Yet all nations agree in considering too many or too crowded consonants as a defect, and to gutturals most nations are particularly averse. Simple vowels have also on the whole a clearer and more pleasing sound than diphthongs; but on the other hand too many vowels and the want of diphthongs give too much uniformity, which is equally displeasing. Thus the language of Otaheite would appear ridiculous to most nations, and even the Italian has

\* The author probably means the using them as signs of tenses, those verbs and their inflexions being almost entirely Latin. T.

the same monotonous defect; the continual terminations in a, e, i, and o, being tiresome even in recitative. A language may also appear affected by too great an abundance of vowels or too soft a pronunciation of the consonants, as for instance, the Swedish, in which k is pronounced like tj (ty).

The Spanish possesses a high degree of harmony, having more sonorous terminations, and a greater variety of tones than the Italian. It has however few diphthongs, and less variety than the French; but its sonorous terminations give it a great preference to the latter, the terminations of which are mute and frequently cacophonious. It may be lamented that j and x are gutturals\*, unless the pronunciation of Estremadura †, where they are sounded nearly like h, were general.

I will here add a few remarks on the Spanish pronunciation, which I have vainly sought in grammars. The d between two vowels, as at the end of a word, is not sounded at all; for though

\* The author has forgotten that g before e and i is also an aspirated guttural: but provincial pronunciations and disfigurations are no real objections to the beauty and harmony of a language. The strong and numerous gutturals of the German, Irish, Welsh, &c. are a real deformity, especially when they terminate a word, as they frequently do in those languages, thereby rendering them wholly unadapted to music; but the softer and rarer gutturals of the Spanish, where they scarcely ever terminate a word, are rather an ornamental variety.

† Almost throughout Spain the gutturals are aspirated in good society but little stronger than h; and at most with one soft vibration of the throat. T.

this rule has been limited to participles in *ado* and *ido*, it is almost general. Mr. Fisher, in his travels through Spain, has remarked it of the words *Prado* and *Guadalquivir*; but it also applies to *Badajoz* *Merida* and others\*. The pronunciation of *ch* is hard like *tsch* † in German; the most refined Spaniards pronounce it nearly like *zi* in German, in a manner difficult to imitate. The *z* is almost always lisped, but in a much more refined manner than the english *th* ‡.

The spanish language may be accused of a species of affectation. The *t* is often coupled with *i* when it precedes an *e*, and an *e* in the middle of a word is often preceded by an *i*, as *tierra*, *tiniebras*, *tiene*. To the *u* an *e* is frequently subjoined §, as in *Duero*, *nuestro*, *puente*; also the conversion of the latin *pl* into *ll* and the

\* The author surely means that the *d* is pronounced in these words, such being the general practice, though in *Prado* it is oftener mute in familiar conversation. T.

† Or as in the english word *church*. The pronunciation, like the german *zi*, the translator does not remember to have heard in Spain. T.

‡ In the capital and where the language is the purest the *z* is pronounced like the english *th*, beginning with the tongue between the teeth, as is the *c* before *e* and *i*, or when thus written (*ç*) before other vowels. The *d* is also pronounced beginning with the tongue somewhat between the teeth. This is difficult to imitate, and induces a habit of lisping other languages. T.

§ Or rather the Latin *o* is changed into *ue*, particularly in the commencement of words. T.

pronunciation of the z may be included under this head. But when the ear is accustomed to it, all affectation diminishes.

With this affectation the Portugueze cannot be reproached, for the i is omitted every where, even where it appears necessary; ue is restored to o, and the z is not lisped. It is also free from gutturals, both j and x being pronounced like the french j, and the ch like the same letters in french. It also possesses a greater variety by means of various diphthongs. Thus ai is pronounced as in german, ei as it is pronounced by the Livonians, and aō final as aung; on the other hand, it has nasal sounds like the french, viz. aō, em, om, where the m is sounded like ng, which cannot be considered as pleasing. But it is a great defect to want those grand and full-toned terminations in which the spanish abounds; for the last syllables in portugueze sound mute, and as it were swallowed; and even when they end in a and o these vowels are pronounced so short, that a mere mute e is heard. To this may be added the ugly custom of pronouncing the s at the end both of words and of syllables as a weak sch (sh), thus mais is pronounced maisch, and Lisboa almost Lischboe. This pronunciation however is not so common in the provinces and among the lower classes as in the metropolis and among the higher orders; and seems to be originally a species of affectation. I was told this affectation is very recent, having  
been



been unknown twenty years ago, and that it originated from the English. As I received this account from a man of much information, I am convinced I may rely on its accuracy.

On the whole the portugueze, especially as it is now spoken, is not so sonorous as the Spanish. It is indeed without gutturals, but on the other hand abounds in nasal sounds, mute terminations, and too much sibilation.

From its cousin-german the spanish this language differs not only by many words entirely peculiar to itself, but by many striking alterations of words; as for instance not suffering an n between two vowels. Thus *vino* is changed to *vinho* (pronounced *veenyó*) *una* to *uma*, *ganado* to *gado*, and *general* to *geral*. L after a consonant is changed to r, as *branco* for *blanco*, *prata* for *plata*, &c. The latin pl and the spanish ll are changed to ch; thus *pleno*, lat. and *lleno*, span. are changed to *cheio*, portug. In general the portugueze is averse to the l, and hence probably the articles lo, la, were changed to the singular articles o, a; this o however is pronounced as u. The portugueze every where retains the f, which the spanish changes at the beginning of words into h\*, as *fabulari*, lat. *favellare*, ital. *hablar*, span. *fallar* portug.

\* This is a modern custom, the f being retained in old spanish books and writings. T.

For ease in conversation the portugueze is preferable to the spanish. It is shorter, the pronunciation requires less exertion, is far removed from all affectation, and resembles a sibillating whisper. To these advantages may be added a greater facility in addressing one another in conversation. The Spaniards express the word *you* by *usted* (pronounced *oostay*) which is a contraction of *vuestra merced*, and to omit this word is an extreme affront, similar to using *du* (thou) in german as a mark of contempt. Persons of rank are addressed with *ussia* (a contraction for *vuestra señoria*)\*. The portugueze has no such contractions; the words *vossa mercé*, *vossa senhoria*, *vossa excellencia* †, being always spoken at length, though pronounced with great rapidity; but then it is not polite often to repeat them, the third person being used without further addition, and these phrases only at the beginning of a conversation, or in some particular cases. This renders conversation very pleasant, whereas the constant repetition of *usted* in spanish encumbers it with needless redundancy; the portugueze is also especially formed for chit chat, for much may be spoken without saying any thing. Thus the connectives or expletives *pois* and *pois*

\* And *ussencia*, which is a contraction for *vuestra excellencia*. T.

† In addressing a portugueze who is not noble the phrase *vossa mercé* is used; to a noble without title † *vossa senhoria*; to counts, marquises, &c. *vossa excellencia*. More courtesy is however shewn to the ladies; every one who is noble though untitled being addressed with *vossa excellencia*.

† Like the german *vous*.

entaō (well, well then) are continually used, though merely to gain time; and when any one tells a story the words esta bom, esta feito (it is well, it is done) denote that it is concluded. Persons both of high and low birth constantly use these and other expletives, frequently very malapropos. Thus on enquiring of a woman after we had travelled some way into Algarve, whether we had yet entered that province, she answered pois entaō, Algarve, esta feito, esta aqui (well then, Algarve, it is done, it is here). It must be allowed however, that this kind of conversation, which is always intermixed with many forms and ceremonies, may in serious affairs become very fatiguing.

I have already said that the portugueze use very few oaths, words of abuse, or disgusting expressions. Caramba is said by Spaniards of rank, and various other words by the people; but the Portugueze never utter any such expressions, except diabo or merda, and these but rarely. In like manner the portugueze language is much chaster than the spanish, which even appears in the phrases of the most mercenary of women, those who deal in the charms of others.

If the spanish language has any thing with which to reproach the portugueze, it is the ambiguity of the latter, the same words having too many significations. Thus *a* signifies *the, there is\**,

\* *At, by, on, it, and many more.* T.

and is the sign of the dative case ; and *tem* signifies both *he has* and *they have*, &c. which not only renders the language difficult to foreigners, but prevents accuracy of expression.

The construction of the portugueze is in other respects entirely similar to the spanish, so that they may be mutually translated without altering the relative situation of the words. In both languages the declensions and conjugations are very similar. The portugueze however frequently use a poetical pluperfect tense in the indicative and conjunctive moods with great effect ; they also use the infinitive very much ; all which together with the greater shortness of the words renders the portugueze language more nervous and easy.

It is to be lamented that we have no good german portugueze grammar, as the knowledge of that language would be very useful to the lovers of the belles lettres ; to which may be added, that in many parts of Africa, the Indies, China, &c. portugueze is as necessary, as french in Europe. Mr. Von Jung's Portugueze grammar can no longer be used in learning the pronunciation, and even the conjugations are not accurate throughout. In this respect Mieldola's is better, though the catechetical form of question and answer in portugueze and german is extremely unpleasant.

F I N I S.







