A SPRING TOUR
IN
PORTUGAL.

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NARRATIVE

OF A

SPRING TOUR IN PORTUGAL.

BY

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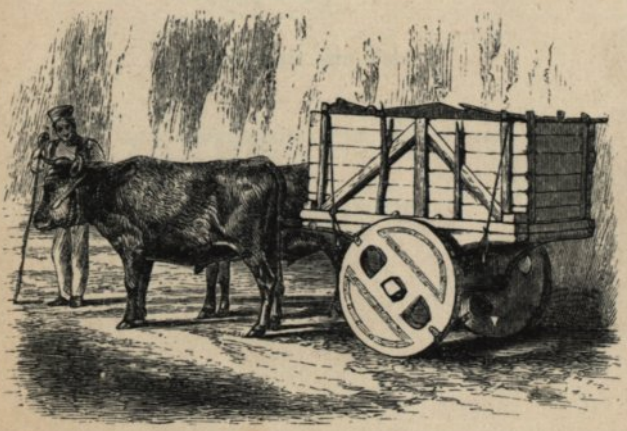

PORTUGUESE BULLOCK-CART
(from a Photograph by Rev. A. Smith).

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1870.

TO

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER

I Dedicate this Volume

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF MY MOST SINCERE

AFFECTION AND ESTEEM.

PREFACE.

If anyone will be at the pains to look back twenty years, and compare the amount of foreign travel in which our countrymen at that date indulged with the touring which prevails at present, he can hardly fail to be surprised at the enormous, rapid, and continued rate of increase in the development of what now may almost be called a *passion* of the English nation.

The immediate cause which has so violently excited British restlessness, and so vehemently promoted foreign travel, has unquestionably been the extension of railways, which now form a network over the principal portions of Europe, and which offer such great facilities to tourists; and which, by diminishing the inconveniences and fatigue of travel, have, to a great extent, annihilated time and space, and enabled the infirm, the delicate, and even the confirmed invalid, to encounter distant journeys, without alarm at the demands on physical endurance, which even a slight trip used formerly to entail.

Hence, the Continent of Europe is not only inundated during the summer and autumn with vast troops of pleasure-seekers, who systematically court healthy relaxation for mind and body amid foreign scenes, and for which I, for one, heartily commend the good taste of my countrymen; but there are also periodical migrations of

large bodies of English to warmer climes as the winter draws near; and again, these bodies are reinforced by the addition of considerable flights of their congeners, who, though braving the frosts and snows of winter, yet, as the cold winds of spring begin to blow over our island, depart for the sunny south, there to bask in warmth and comfort till the easterly gales have subsided, and they may venture to return home.

With regard to the first-mentioned English tourists, those who go abroad for pleasure alone, I shall not need to say many words in proof of my assertion, that their numbers have been increasing to an astonishing extent during the last few years. Anybody who has chanced to be staying at Dover or Folkestone, or any of our southern ports, and has watched (as seaside loiterers are apt to do) the arrival and departure of the daily steamers, will not need to be reminded of the continual stream of travellers passing to and from the Continent without intermission, while the addition of so many steamers on the principal lines of route within the last few years is sufficient confirmation of the increase of travellers. But it is not only in the more beaten tracks that such evidence is apparent; in less-frequented districts, and to more remote countries, the same remark holds good. With Norway there is now constant direct steam communication, and the fjelds and fjords of that wild but interesting country are annually overrun by hundreds of sportsmen, anglers, and tourists; whereas, when I visited it in 1850, there were no steamers from England at all, and we had to make our tedious way through Belgium and northern Germany, and then by the Baltic and Copenhagen; and the total number of English-

men who, during that year, reached the capital, amounted to twelve, as I was informed by the excellent British Consul at Christiania. With Spain again, since the opening of railways within the last few years, communication is now easy and direct, and we must, in returning from our recent tour described in these pages, have encountered therein twenty British tourists for every one we met in 1861, when we worked our way painfully and laboriously through the length and breadth of Spain, in those most uneasy and ponderous of vehicles, the old-fashioned, clumsy Spanish diligences.

But I need not multiply examples. The famous Peninsula and Oriental Company has found it necessary to charter a steamer every week from Marseilles, as well as from Southampton; though there are several other lines of communication lately opened with the east, by way of Brindisi at the Southern extremity of Italy, as well as by Trieste and Corfu; and the same multiplication of steamers (the surest proof of increased traffic) may be observed at almost every port at home and abroad.

But if this is the case with regard to the general summer tourist, it is tenfold more apparent with the winter and spring migrants, to whose periodical movements I have alluded above. Twenty years ago, the few who, dreading the cold winters to which the majority of English districts are exposed, thought it necessary to seek a warmer climate, were contented with the very slight advantage in this respect, which the milder atmosphere of Torquay and other sheltered parts of the Devonshire or Cornwall coasts were able to offer; whilst others, more susceptible of cold, and desiring greater warmth than could

be found at home, but in all amounting to an insignificant number, either made a voyage to Madeira, or a land journey to the then Italian city of Nice, these being almost the only sanitary stations frequented by our countrymen in the winter. But what a change has come over their habits now, and how rapidly that change has been developed! And in order to appreciate to the full the extent of these winter flittings, let me direct the attention of my readers to the two southern districts nearest home, and most accessible, and therefore most resorted to by English invalids. I allude to the coast of south-eastern France, on the Cornice, and the coast of south-western France, at the foot of the Pyrenees; and let me call particular attention to the extraordinarily rapid increase of the many sanitary stations in both those districts, to which I can bear testimony from my own experience.

In 1851, I traversed the whole of the Cornice from Genoa, passing a night at the small and wretched inn in the centre of the little town of Mentone, where I saw no indications of the residence of a single Englishman; and driving through Cannes, where, with the single exception of the villa of Lord Brougham, there was nothing to foreshadow British occupancy. In 1864, I spent the winter at various parts of the Cornice; even Marseilles was not without its quota of British sojourners; Hyères sheltered a little colony; but Cannes already boasted eight or ten hotels and *pensions*, and many villas and lodgings, with its English church and chaplain, and about five hundred English visitors. I say nothing of Nice, and its suburb of Cimiès, with their crowds of English, and two English churches, because, though very much

more frequented than formerly, this has long been a favourite winter resort. But I pass on to Mentone, which already contained a large English colony on either side of the town, in the numerous hotels and *pensions* which had sprung up on the eastern and western bay, and was resorted to by our countrymen to the number of from six to seven hundred; while farther on, Bordighera and San Remo were beginning to attract attention, each with its single hotel generally crowded. Here we have a conviction suddenly awakened in the minds of the English nation, that the climate of the Cornice offers advantages for winter resort which are not to be neglected. But we will not only contrast with the former absolute ignorance of that overlooked district its sudden growth in British favour and popularity, five years back; let us compare the present position of its chief places of resort, and we shall find that they have, one and all, continued to increase with unprecedented rapidity, and are now thronged by a very considerable British population. Thus I am informed by trustworthy friends, who passed last winter n those districts, that, as nearly as could be ascertained, the English at Cannes amounted to about one thousand; at Nice, to about two thousand; and at Mentone, to about eighteen hundred; while the smaller colonies at Hyères, Bordighera, and San Remo, are proportionally increased. These facts and figures outweigh all argument, and with such statistics we can only marvel at the remarkable development of regular periodical migration in our countrymen, which must have been in abeyance and lying dormant in their system for a long period; but now, when opportunity has arisen, has burst forth with an uncontrol-

lable violence, and to such an extent as will require the pen of a Darwin to explain.

Turning now for a moment to south-western France, it will be enough to show that very much the same rapid growth has characterised the places resorted to by the English during winter in that district. Twenty years ago, it is not too much to say that the very name of the little fishing village of Biarritz was quite unknown in this country. When I first saw it in 1861, it was beginning to be recognised as a winter resort for the English, as well as a summer residence for the Imperial family, and hotels and *pensions* expressly prepared for the habits of our countrymen, were in course of erection. But when I visited it lately, though aware of its immense increase, I was astonished to find so large a town and suburb, extending over so great an area, and frequented by the English in such numbers that it was little else than a British colony; and the same continuous increase, though hardly perhaps to the same extent, is said to be observed at Pau and other sheltered spots beneath the Pyrenees.

Now, one of the natural results of this flocking of the English to certain favoured localities is the very rapid increase of prices, which (I am told) have more than doubled within the last five years, both on the Cornice and at Biarritz. That of itself is one considerable disadvantage, which repels many from the districts thus Anglicised; but again, I for one (and there are many others of my mind) do not desire, when we go abroad, to plant ourselves in an English colony, where everything that strikes the ear and the eye reminds one of St. John's Wood or the suburbs of Cheltenham, or Bath, or Brighton; but with every feeling of respect and all due appreciation for the

sterling good qualities of our fellow-countrymen, prefer, when we are in a foreign land, to associate with the natives, and to cultivate the society of John Bull exclusively at home.

On these grounds it becomes to many of us a serious matter of perplexity, when intending to escape from the March winds of England to a warmer climate, to decide where we shall go. And as all the more accessible parts of Europe are being rapidly overrun, and occupied by Englishmen, this is a difficulty which increases every year. It was therefore with no little satisfaction that, in poring over the map of Southern Europe, we espied the hitherto neglected and little-known kingdom of Portugal—so accessible both by sea and land, at so short a distance from home, with a climate notoriously warm, and yet so seldom visited by tourists. When we had once bethought ourselves of Portugal, everything seemed to impel us in that direction. We had soon mastered the contents of Murray's 'Handbook for Portugal,' which by the way, is nearly the only book of modern date which we could discover to give us any practical information regarding the country we were about to visit, but which furnished us with ample instruction to enable us to form our plans, and propose our route. We found that the spring months of April and May were those especially recommended to tourists in that country, when the winter rain had passed away, and the fierce heat of summer had not yet set in. We anticipated great enjoyment in exploring the wild and very beautiful heaths for which Portugal is famous, as well as the hills and valleys of its northern provinces, in all of which our anticipations were more than realised. In short, though we started on this expedition with very high expectations

of satisfaction, we returned from our two months' tour heartily gratified with the result, and eager to make known to our countrymen what a delightful field for tourists, hitherto fresh and unhacknied, lies within easy reach of England, at the south-western corner of Europe.

My dear father was my companion, as in all my best foreign tours in former years, and will again be designated in these pages as F.; and whereas I again carried a gun and a double field-glass, and all the apparatus required by an ornithologist, for obtaining and preserving specimens of birds, he was provided with his camera, and all that a photographer needs for a successful campaign amidst the most striking objects of interest; and so great was his perseverance, and so determined his attacks, that he carried away forts, churches, and cloisters at the camera's mouth, and his portfolio remains as ample proof of his prowess, both within and beyond the strong lines of Torres Vedras, in this second, though bloodless, Peninsular war.

Perhaps it may be advisable to say one word on the subject of expenses, which, however vulgar and prosaic, does nevertheless demand the attention of most travellers. The calculations which we had made from the pages of the Handbook, previous to our start, proved to be exactly correct, and may be roughly defined thus:—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
For each tourist, passage out by steamer; everything included	12	10	0	25	0	0
Journey home by land, by rail, first class, (hotels *not* included)	12	10	0			
Hotels; seven weeks, at an average of about six shillings per day	15	0	0	25	0	0
Journeying through the country, by rail, diligence, mule, or boat	10	0	0			
				£50	0	0

With these preliminary remarks on the advantages which the sunny little kingdom of Portugal offers, and with the desire to make known the delights which we have experienced there, so that others of our countrymen may be tempted to go and taste for themselves; and under the belief that this outlying corner of Europe has been strangely overlooked, and as much neglected by authors as travellers, I venture to send forth this narrative of our tour, trusting it may meet from an indulgent public the same favour kindly accorded to my travels on the Nile.

A. C. S.

Yatesbury Rectory :
Feb. 1870.

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A SPRING TOUR

IN

PORTUGAL.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE MORNING was as cold and chilly, the east wind as keen and cutting, the sharp icy sleet which beat against our faces as unpleasant as misanthrope could desire, as we made our way across the Southampton docks to the little steam tender which was to convey us some three miles down the river; for the huge Brazilian steamer *Shannon* (which already, at that distance, looked a very Leviathan amidst the many crafts of all sizes which thronged the Southampton water) had dropped down the river with the tide at early morning, there to await the arrival of her passengers, and the mail bags which were to come on board at 2 o'clock.

Miserable indeed were our feelings, blue and pale were our faces, and thoroughly depressed our spirits, as the pitiless sleet and rain and the searching cold wind penetrated to our very bones; and, as we bade adieu to the inhospitable climate of old England, our only consolation, wherewith we hugged ourselves beneath our wrappers and cloaks, was that we were on the wing for the balmy air and brilliant skies of the sunny south; a feeling of exul-

tation and joy, however, which was somewhat chequered at the pang of leaving home, and damped by the recollection which would continue to intrude upon our minds, that a weary voyage of four days at least, at a season alarmingly near to the spring equinox, and over a sea proverbially liable to storms, intervened, ere we could hope to reach that warm and delicious climate, now more than ever appreciated as we shivered in our misery on the deck of the little vessel which carried us and our fellow-passengers from our native land.

At length that tedious transit was effected; and as we made our way amidst a crowd of cargo boats, luggage boats, provision boats, and others which hovered round the *Shannon*, and looked at her vast proportions as she loomed large, and black, and heavy, on that lowering morning, a very whale among the minnows, and as steady as a rock amidst her dancing, bobbing satellites, we thought we had never seen so enormous a steamer, a conclusion which was not dispelled, when, on mounting the stairs and entering her side, we found ourselves between decks with long vistas of cabins, stretching out in endless succession on either hand, and staircases innumerable, conducting upwards to the main deck and downwards to other tiers of cabins and the spacious saloons.

No sooner on board than our luggage and our berths first claimed our attention; for, like experienced mariners as we were, we knew that the comfort of our voyage depended in no small degree on securing such articles of the former as we needed whilst at sea, and in appropriating to ourselves the cabin which we had been at so much pains to select, as near as might be amidships, where the roll of a vessel in a heavy sea would be less sensibly felt, and yet so far forwards as to escape the churning noise of the engines as well as the powerful odours which reigned supreme in the neighbourhood of the kitchen. It was no

easy matter to watch that mountain of luggage, which, consigned to the agents the previous evening by rigid order of the Company, was now arriving on board in great masses; and it required all our eyes to watch every article as it was passed rapidly from the ship's side to the gaping hold which yawned beneath, if we desired to rescue our own particular bag or portmanteau for present use. And as we stood by that bustling throng, and admired the activity of the sailors, and the order, even in the midst of so much confusion, which the officers maintained, we seemed to be suddenly brought face to face with another hemisphere, as we read the destination of the great bulk of baggage which was being passed so rapidly into the hold; and as we saw painted in large letters on the several cases, 'Bahia,' 'Monte Video,' 'Pernambuco,' 'Rio de Janeiro,' 'Buenos Ayres,' we seemed indeed to be breathing another atmosphere, and South America stood out more vividly before our minds than ever before.

And now, having duly witnessed the interment of our more bulky impedimenta in the great grave which gaped below, and having secured our smaller effects and deposited them in our pleasant and airy, albeit diminutive cabin, we proceeded to reconnoitre our position, and to ramble over the great vessel which was to be our temporary home for some days. No wonder she seemed colossal from the shore and from the river; no wonder we felt bewildered as we climbed her many staircases and traversed her many decks; for the *Shannon* is the largest of all the ships on the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's list, and even the smallest of the Brazil boats is of greater tonnage than the biggest in the employ of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. I will not say that the *Shannon* is a trim, taut, handsome ship; I will not compare her, for elegance and finish, with her sisters which ply between Southampton and the East; but this I will

say, that for a thorough sea-going, steady, trustworthy, vessel wherein to cross the Bay of Biscay in doubtful weather, commend me to the *Shannon* and its excellent commander, Captain Jellicob. Of 3,472 tons burden, of 800 horse-power, with a crew (including engineers, stewards, cooks, butchers, &c.) numbering 130, with ample accommodation for 350 passengers, with ventilation both in saloon and cabin exceptionally good, this really fine ship, from her great size and appearance of solidity, inspires confidence in her strength and endurance, and is better calculated to reassure timid passengers who are about to cross the wide Atlantic, than are the brighter, smarter, more elegant, but smaller and less substantial steamers which sail from the same port for the calmer waters of the Mediterranean. Nor will the traveller regret that the Brazilian mail packets make no pretensions to compete in the numbers they carry with the large steamers which ply between New York and Liverpool; for these latter are sometimes crowded with 800 passengers, who (as I have been assured by a suffering eye-witness) were necessarily herded together like cattle, with scarcely room to move. Whereas the officers of the *Shannon* informed me that the greatest number ever conveyed by their vessel on one occasion amounted to 450, who, from some political reason, hurried back to Europe *en masse* from Brazil.

Our tour of inspection round our floating home brought before us indeed the more salient points of her construction and arrangement; but so bewildering were the many staircases and tiers of cabins, that it was not till we had been a day or two on board that we could find our way without difficulty to saloon, and cabin, and deck. The large saloon is admirably constructed deep down in the after part of the vessel, with two tiers of cabins and a gallery running round. By this arrangement there is

plenty of space over head, and ample ventilation is provided from the lofty skylights, a matter of no small importance in any climate and in any vessel, but of the greatest necessity, when it is considered that the numbers congregated therein daily for meals amount to several hundreds, and also that the ship's destination is always across the equator and within the tropics.

Another great advantage which the construction of the *Shannon* offers is her flush deck, which extends from stem to stern without a single step or obstruction of any kind, and thus offers an admirable promenade to the Englishman at sea, who is notorious amongst all nations for the pertinacity, the diligence, the endurance, and the speed with which, of grave face and dejected mien, he paces up and down the allotted space, as if impelled by some avenging Fury, or as if, like a leopard caged in his den, he must perforce make the most of the little room for exercise at his command.

We found our ship well furnished with animals for food, including a stye of pigs, several pens of sheep, amounting in all to about a score, poultry of all sorts and in great profusion; and, above all, the cow, which was to supply the milk at breakfast, that never-failing subject of interest to idle passengers, round whose stall a group of smokers generally congregated every day.

But that which most frequently arrested our steps as we wandered carelessly over the great ship, and afterwards often attracted our admiration and wonder, was the colossal size of the engines, which, though working so easily and gently and smoothly, seemed powerful enough to tear away from all opposition, and to work their way against all antagonists, and do desperate battle with the winds and waves even of the great Atlantic, though proverbially the stronghold of those mighty elements. No wonder that the furnaces which acted as the jaws of those huge monsters

consumed a vast amount of fuel: such force was not to be maintained without a proportionate supply of food; but yet it was startling to be assured, and the assurance seemed almost incredible, that from eighty to ninety tons of coal were the daily average rations of which our huge engines easily disposed.

Our fellow-passengers were a motley set: the greater part South Americans, of Portuguese and Spanish extraction, their dark sallow complexions proclaiming at once their nationality; but there were many Germans as well, on their way to Brazil, and a small sprinkling of French, as well as about thirty of our fellow-countrymen. And as national peculiarities are never so conspicuous as at meals, and all the passengers required their respective tastes to be considered, our dinners, and more particularly our breakfasts, had a remarkable character, which had reference to the habits of no country in particular, but were a medley of East and West, North and South, German and Brazilian, English and Portuguese combined.

With regard to daily routine: the watches, the bells, the officers' uniform, the hours of meals, to which we were summoned by trumpet,—all were arranged on very much the same system as that which prevails in the boats of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, with which I was already familiar, and which I have described elsewhere.

We had ample time for exploring our vessel, and making ourselves acquainted with its general arrangement before we weighed anchor; for, though carried on board by the steam tender at 11 A.M., it was 3 P.M. before the mails were shipped; and then, when unmoored from the buoy which held us, it was a long and tedious business to turn our unwieldy ship within the narrow channel of Southampton water; but, once under weigh, we soon steamed down the river, and past the Isle of Wight and the Needles, and long after dark descried at a distance the

lights of Portland; and that was the last glimpse we had of the English coast, as we held our way down the Channel, the cold north-east wind forbidding us to remain on deck, and compelling us to seek shelter below.

The following morning found us off the French coast, and before mid-day we had passed Ushant, and soon after lost sight of land altogether. As this was Good Friday, I offered myself as chaplain, and proposed to have service for the crew and the English passengers on board; but the captain pleaded that, in consequence of meeting so many vessels in the Channel, all the officers and the greater part of the crew had been on duty all the previous night; that all was in confusion the first day at sea; and that most of the passengers were sea-sick, and therefore begged leave to decline my offer, which, however, he would gladly accept for Easter Day.

And now, during this and the following day, we were fairly in the Bay of Biscay, by common consent allowed to be the home of the storm, and the focus where the largest waves and the highest winds congregate. The east wind, which had followed us from Southampton, gained a little more courage as we advanced into the Bay, and the waves were certainly of grand dimensions, and smaller vessels which we passed or met were labouring heavily, and pitching in a most uncomfortable way; but here our fine large paddle-wheeled vessel showed to advantage, and we could afford to admire the great waves of the Atlantic as they rolled in, and to speculate on their size and height, undeterred by fear of the ill effects which they so frequently produce. I had once, indeed, been assured by a gallant admiral, who for years had cruised in these waters, that the Bay of Biscay was the most maligned spot in the world, and that the popular tales of its frequent storms and the terror which its very name inspired in the breasts of timid landsmen were delusions founded on libels; but now I

heard a very different tale from those who traversed the Bay at all seasons of the year. A violent storm was often encountered there in the middle of summer; while, on the other hand, a dead calm would sometimes prevail there in the winter months. One gentleman averred, that in the month of July he was kept three days in the middle of the Bay in a storm, without moving or attempting to move: the steamer was simply allowed to roll with the waves; for, as she could with press of steam scarcely make half a knot an hour, the captain preferred waiting to expending his fuel to no purpose. And all allowed it to be a most stormy spot, and that there were no such waves as the Atlantic waves, and that three waves may always be seen together, and that they came into the Bay of Biscay with surprising force and violence.

Now, we experienced what would be considered favourable weather and a good passage; and yet we saw quite enough to tell us that the Bay of Biscay amply deserves the character it has gained. From the time we entered the Bay until we rounded the Spanish coast, being the greater part of two days, the cold north-east wind froze our bones, the large, long, rolling waves made themselves felt, and for those two days we saw neither land nor bird nor fish, and but very rarely a sail in these inhospitable, deserted waters. I never before saw so desolate a sea, and the officers of the *Shannon* assured me it was always so there. Moreover—sure proof of rough weather—our plates and dishes and glasses and bottles were confined within mahogany frames, and strapped to the table at dinner, for we ventured to make our appearance regularly at meals, the winds and waves and the Bay of Biscay notwithstanding.

When we went on deck on the morning of Easter Day we found a thorough change of atmosphere. We had suddenly jumped during the night from winter to summer; we had passed within sight of the lights of Cape Finisterre;

we were beyond the malice of the Bay of Biscay, and under shelter of the Spanish coast. We had exchanged the biting north-east wind for a warm, soft, southerly breeze; the great waves had disappeared, the sea was already beginning to calm down, and the glorious sun shone out with a brilliancy and warmth that spoke unmistakably to our feelings of the sunny south; and though some, in their marvellous obtuseness to the delights of heat, had an awning stretched overhead, and crept into the shade, we were rather disposed to enjoy it to the full, and we revelled in its cheering beams, and we basked in its bright rays to our hearts' content.

At half-past 10 A.M., or, to speak more nautically, at five bells, the whole ship's company was mustered on deck, where they stood in close file from stem to bow, 130 in number; the officers also appeared in full uniform; and when the quartermaster had dressed the ranks, the purser walked down the line, calling over the names, followed by the captain and chief officer, who closely inspected all hands, beginning with the seamen, firemen and engineers, and concluding with stewards, butchers, cooks and boys. Then the captain ordered those on duty to remain on deck, and all the rest to go down to the saloon to prayers. I found my place prepared in the middle of the long table, the cushions which supported the large Bible and Prayer Book being covered with the Union Jack. The crew occupied the benches at the farther side of the saloon from one end to another, the officers and English passengers those on my right and left; while many Brazilians, Portuguese, and Germans witnessed our service from the galleries which ran round the saloon above. As soon as the captain and chief officer came down from a careful inspection of the ship, I began the morning prayers. F. read the lessons, and a more well-behaved congregation I never saw. I preached a short sermon on the great event of the day,

and what with the attention of the men, the recollection that we were celebrating the greatest festival of the Christian year under circumstances so novel to myself, and the many nations and creeds and languages represented at it, I felt that I had never taken part in any service so peculiarly interesting, albeit the roll of the vessel in the Atlantic waves necessitated continual caution and a firm hold of the table to enable me to retain my balance, as I stood to proclaim the Resurrection of our Lord on that Easter morning.

The afternoon of that day proved thoroughly hot, and the delicious warmth coming upon us so rapidly after the bitter winds which had followed us from England, was all the more welcome and more duly appreciated, from the contrast; and it was positive enjoyment to sit on deck and drink in the balmy air of the south, and ruminate as day-dreamers at sea are apt to do.

There were plenty of subjects to crowd in upon the mind as we traversed those waters, so prolific of glorious enterprises, grand discoveries, and disastrous losses. Here sailed, in far distant times, those hardy mariners the Phœnicians, creeping out of the Mediterranean beyond the Pillars of Hercules and coasting northwards towards the Cassiterides, undeterred by their ignorance of what lay beyond, or even by the fearful rumours of dangers which prevailed, and still venturing onwards till they reached the shores of Britain. Hence, long ages afterwards, went forth the bold discoverer, Vasco de Gama, the first to double the Cape of Good Hope and open out the way to India. Over these waters sailed the invincible Armada, that vast squadron which started from Lisbon with such confidence of success and such determination against England, but which the winds and the storms of the Bay of Biscay and the valour of our countrymen so signally defeated. Hither, too, in later times, came our own fleet, and hereabouts

were gained so many of our famous victories, which the names of Corunna, Vigo, and Trafalgar call up before our minds. But, far above all, to these waters came direct from Genoa the far-seeing Columbus, big with the project he had not yet divulged; and as Portugal was at that period the country to which adventurous spirits from all parts of the world resorted, as the great theatre of maritime enterprise, his first proposal was made to King João II. to sail under the flag of that monarch, and to seize for the crown of Portugal that land beyond the Atlantic, of whose existence his courageous heart never suffered him for one moment to doubt. And now, as we sat on the deck of the *Shannon* and watched the great waves rolling in from the west, it was interesting to think with what a full heart, and with what powerful feelings of hope and expectation, the great discoverer must have set out on his voyage after all the tedious delays and bitter disappointments which beset him; and with what triumphant feelings of deserved success he must have returned to Lisbon, to the delight of his generous patron, Isabella of Spain, and to the intense mortification of the King of Portugal.*

We slackened speed as we ran down the coast, for we could not cross the bar at the mouth of the Tagus till daylight; and our captain had no desire to increase unnecessarily his enormous consumption of coal, and before sunset the sea had subsided into a perfect calm, and our last evening on board the *Shannon* was as peaceful and pleasant as we could desire.

* Prescott's *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, vol. ii. pp. 141, 154.

CHAPTER II.

LISBON: GENERAL VIEW.

THE HANDBOOK had prepared us to expect a fine view of Lisbon as we steamed up the river; so we were early on deck to witness the entrance of the Tagus, and to mark the first specimens of Portuguese buildings, and rocks, and people which offered themselves to our sight. In every first glance at a new country, and more particularly when it is approached by sea, there is a great deal to interest the traveller; for every country has its own specialities, and there are certain broad characteristics, even in the general outline, which is all one can gain in passing up the middle of a river, which speak for themselves and impress themselves indelibly on the mind; and those first impressions, however corrected by after experience and modified by greater familiarity, are in a certain sense never effaced. At least, that is my own experience, and amidst the recollections of many foreign scenes, sharply and prominently stand out in my mind the first view of Belgium, as seen on entering the Schelt; of France, as seen many years ago at Calais; of Denmark, from the Baltic; of Norway, from the fjord of Christiania; of the East, on entering the harbour of Alexandria; of Syria, on approaching Beyrout. And these sudden impressions seem burnt in on the memory with tenfold distinctness, partly perhaps by reason of the eager expectation and interest with which one naturally approaches a new country, partly too from the

abstinence from all views, and the blank in this respect which a sea voyage necessarily creates, so that, as he approaches land, the traveller is on the eager look-out, and keenly alive to whatever presents itself to his observation. The first view of Portugal was no exception to this rule, and as we crossed the bar on a bright morning, and entered the Tagus between its two outlying forts and steamed slowly up the river, the few leagues which intervened between its mouth and the capital, we had quite enough to occupy our atteution; the bright green vineyards on the one hand and the red glowing rocks on the other, betokening at once that we had reached a southern clime, while the buildings which were dotted here and there on the hills or on the shore looked strange and peculiar, half Italian, half Maltese, but exceedingly white and dazzling in the full sunshine. And now we have passed the picturesque tower of Belem, conspicuously projecting into the river, and the whole view of Lisbon bursts upon our sight. It is a noble view, and worthy to be compared with that of Genoa or Naples from the sea; and I do not think we were at all prepared to see so large or so magnificent a city. Built, like all the other large towns of Portugal, on steep hills, the houses rising tier above tier from the water's edge to the extreme summit, and stretching along the river's bank for nearly five English miles in length, the whole city is comprehended in a single glance, and so looks very imposing and much larger than it really is. Doubtless the brilliant sunshine must be taken into account as we appraise the value of our picture, for even Lisbon would not show to advantage in a London fog, but then no such phenomenon peculiar to the Thames has ever appeared upon the Tagus; and we may take it for granted that the brightest and clearest of skies is the normal atmospheric condition of the Portugese capital. Even the cynical Childe Harold, who is by no means flat-

tering to this country, was forced to exclaim, as the brilliant city burst upon his view:—

> What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!
> Her image floating in that noble tide
> Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold.

As soon as we had cast anchor, we took our leave of the courteous Captain Jellicob, as well as the purser and the other excellent officers of the *Shannon*, and leaving our baggage to the tender mercies of the custom house officers, we entered one of the many boats which by this time had surrounded us, and pulled ashore. Then, after the usual wrangle with the good-tempered boatmen, which I find is become the universal accompaniment to setting forth on shore in a strange land, we climbed up the steep streets to the Hotel Braganza, glad to breakfast on *terra firma*, and to secure rooms in that comfortable house. As we made the Braganza our head-quarters for several weeks, it was pleasant to find ourselves in a central position, and yet high up above the river; so that not only our windows commanded a magnificent view of the city, the Tagus crowded with shipping, and the hills on the opposite shore, but we enjoyed the signal advantage in a hot country of pure air and the sea breeze, which was daily wafted up the river. It was the business of a morning, even with the help of an English resident in Lisbon, who most kindly volunteered his services as interpreter, to pass our baggage through the custom house, for Portuguese inspection is still as minute, and Portuguese curiosity quite as intense, as in the old days we remember so well at Calais and at Dover. So we not only had to unlock every box and unstrap every portmanteau, but the rigid search for contraband articles required a lengthened investigation of the contents of every package, which is always very annoying and somewhat humiliating to the owner. But this ridiculous search to gratify curiosity (for it did not appear that

anything was liable to duty) became somewhat more than annoying when, on opening F.'s large box of photographic apparatus, wherein chemicals were nicely stowed away, and rows of little bottles packed in sawdust, proclaimed their intention, these wise men in office desired to overhaul such stores, and even examine the prepared glasses, to which the admission of a single ray of daylight would be fatal. Then we had to argue, storm, and bluster in a variety of languages, but our indignation generally found most vent in our mother tongue; and as we persevered in our remonstrances, the enemy at length, if not convinced, at all events gave in, as will generally be found to be the case if the traveller will but stand firm with that 'dogged obstinacy' for which the Englishman is fortunately famous.

At length the examination was completed: the box of chemicals was relocked, my gun-case had been subjected to a severe scrutiny,—stock, lock, and barrel had been separately inspected, and no smuggled goods detected therein; boxes of arsenical soap and implements of taxidermy had been examined with many doubtful and suspicious glances at me as the culprit implicated in such pursuits; above all, my india-rubber bath, my faithful companion in Eastern travels, had been withdrawn from its canvas case and closely investigated; and, as I explained its object and intention, had evidently drawn down on my devoted head the character of an eccentric madman; and then our goods were released, and we were free to remove them to our quarters. To this end we enlisted the services of four Gallegos, who crowd in swarms round the custom house and quay, and these stout porters worked in pairs, like beasts of burden as they are, and in a very short time conveyed our formidable and really heavy baggage up the steepest of streets to our hotel. Their mode of carrying heavy burdens is very ingenious: each man is provided with a tightly-made straw collar covered

with cloth, and shaped like a horseshoe: this he places round his neck, the open part in front; then, when they have collected the heavy goods they are about to carry, it may be a cask, or a large bale of merchandise, or four or five large boxes, these are rapidly tied together with cord, and suspended from a pole, which pressing upon their straw collars, is carried slowly along between two Gallegos; and it is astonishing what heavy weights these sturdy porters will convey up and down the streets of Lisbon, where waggons and carts are still almost unknown, and where, within a very short time, wheels were seldom seen. But though all kinds of goods are thus conveyed on the shoulders of the Gallego, his principal business is to carry the water from the fountains throughout the city. Now, there are many noble fountains scattered about the town, but as yet there is no system of supplying the houses by means of pipes and cisterns and taps, no water company to ensure a constant supply of that invaluable element. Therefore, around all the fountains, and from early morning to night, the stranger will be interested to watch crowds of these patient Gallegos sitting in rows on their gaily-painted water casks, chatting in merry mood, and scrupulously waiting their turns to fill their casks, and then trotting off with their burden on their shoulder, upon which a white cloth has been previously doubled, some of them to supply private houses, and some to cry '*agua*' through the streets, amidst this water-drinking people, not unlike the *Sakka*, who, with goat-skin on back and brass cup in hand, sings '*moia*' in the streets of Cairo.

Now, these Gallegos are in reality Gallicians from the North of Spain; but, like the Swiss of old, they expatriate themselves with a view to collecting money, and have voluntarily become the 'Helots' or the 'Gibeonites' of Lisbon, veritable hewers of wood and drawers of water; nay, so thoroughly have they assumed this position, that the

proud Portuguese beggar disdains to interfere with an occupation fitted only for slaves, and, as he shrugs his shoulders, exclaims in the well-known proverb, 'The Almighty made the Portuguese first, and then made the Gallego to wait upon him.' Methinks, however, that the despised Gallego has the best of the argument, as he pockets the affront and jingles the money he is collecting wherewith to retire to his native mountains and end his days in comfort, and whispers to himself, *sotto voce*, in the proverb he knows so well, 'We are God's people; it is their water, but we sell it them.'

I have said that there are few carts in Lisbon, but nothing will rivet the attention of the newly-landed traveller more than the sight which will soon catch his eye of some antiquated *plaustrum* moving slowly through the streets. These ancient and most clumsy but picturesque vehicles can never have altered their shape since the days of Virgil, and assuredly, from the indescribable groaning and squeaking they emit in all other places save the capital (where such music is now forbidden under the penalty of a heavy fine), they still deserve the epithets bestowed by that poet, '*Stridentia, gementia plaustra.*' Their peculiarity consists in the ponderous axle, to which heavy solid wheels without spokes are firmly fixed, and which revolves with the wheels, not without labour and pain; add to this a few planks for the bed, with or without sides as the case may be, a long pole and an elaborately carved yoke, a pair of cream or dun-coloured oxen, and a picturesque carter, armed with a long ox-goad, and dressed in various coloured garments, and we have before us the identical cart which not only Virgil and Juvenal have described, but which Homer too has portrayed, and of which we may see an exact representation taken from a bas-relief at Rome, and equally applicable to the antique wain of Homer and Virgil, or the modern cart of

Portugal, under the head 'Plaustrum' in the 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities' by Dr. Smith. It is strange, indeed, that these most clumsy machines should still continue, when it is considered how heavy must be the draught, and what a waste of power such construction entails; it is still more strange that the creaking, grinding, groaning which accompanies every turn of the axle should be tolerated, when not only that most horrible noise might be immediately obviated, but with it the wear of material and additional labour of the oxen be sensibly diminished by the application of a little oil or grease, as in fact is now made compulsory in Lisbon; but I was told that the drivers resent such interference with their privileges as atrocious tyranny, and that they enjoy the music of their carts, as more educated ears delight in the harmonies of an orchestra, while they affirm, with the tendency to superstition for which they are notorious, that such noise avails to the driving away of evil spirits and hobgoblins, which assuredly it may, if at least the fairies they dread be fairies of good taste.

Possibly it may be for a similar reason that the street cries of Lisbon are so harsh, so discordant, and withal so continuous. Never was a city so bescreamed; and as you walk through it, morning, noon, and evening, the same continual chorus of cries in voices of various tones of shrillness and harshness assails your ears. Every conceivable article of sale is cried by the seller, as he or she marches through the middle of the streets with the basket or bundle of wares poised on the top of the head, or held beneath the arm. And such a jumble of articles! meat and muslin, water and wood, furniture and fish, milk and millinery, all seem mixed up together in this strife of tongues, and the shriller the voice in this contest for custom the better the chance that the article thus shrieked will find a purchaser.

We had, I acknowledge, expected to find Lisbon and the Lisbonites unsavoury and unclean, for they have long had this reputation, and we had not forgotten the poet's description—

> Whoso entereth within this town,
> That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
> Disconsolate will wander up and down,
> 'Mid many things unsightly to strange e'e;
> For hut and palace show like filthily.

Doubtless this was the case not many years ago; but as we wandered through the handsome streets, and admired the elegant buildings, the squares and the public gardens, we simultaneously exclaimed that we knew no foreign town which had such a general air of cleanliness, and we were agreeably surprised to find how remarkably bright and fresh and sweet the whole city appeared to be. Subsequent observation only corroborated these first impressions, and I now unhesitatingly declare that no town of Southern lands, not even Turin, which in some respects it resembles, presents a cleaner, fairer appearance than the much-maligned city of Lisbon. To this no doubt the steepness of the streets in great measure conduces, for the seven hills on which it is built by no means resemble the seven hills of Rome, such gentle slopes as to be scarcely traced by the diligent enquirer; but these are real sharp inclines, such as would not disgrace the city of Bath, so that to walk over Lisbon was a laborious task in hot weather, and one interminable ascent and descent, with the very rare relief of a little flat ground, which was immediately seized upon for a 'Praça' or 'Largo,' or a public garden. Now, in a warm climate there is, next to good drainage and cleanliness, nothing more essential for the health as well as the comfort of a town than large open spaces which may act as reservoirs of air, or, as they have been well called, 'the lungs' of a city, and with these

Lisbon is admirably provided. The public squares are generally planted with trees which are invaluable for shade, and well provided with seats, and as the whole population seeks the open air as the coolness of evening draws on, the nightly assemblage in these squares was very great, just as is the case in the Alamedas and Prados of the cities of Spain. But still more valuable and far more beautiful are the 'public gardens,' which, situated in the heart of the city, and planted with rare Brazilian flowers and shrubs which thrive with extraordinary vigour in this climate, are always open to the people, and with their fragrant scents, delightful shade, and the perpetual splash of fountains, invite the passer-by to seek repose for a while.

But four days back we were shivering in England; our teeth chattering under the influence of the cold east wind, and the sleet driving in our faces and freezing us to the bone. Now we were basking under a southern sun, or spending our evening in the public squares and gardens—generally in the pretty little Largo de Camoẽs, which we frequented almost every night. At mid-day the thermometer in the shade stood at 86°, so that many remained within doors while the fiercest heat prevailed, as is the wont of southern peoples; and here we found the gardens glowing with flowers, and early potatoes and green peas and strawberries already in profusion, which certainly astonished and pleased our northern minds not a little.

The very first afternoon we spent in Lisbon we found a crowd of men surrounding a public building, who, with loud voices and angry faces, were gesticulating fiercely, while a small guard of soldiers watched hard by. On enquiring the cause of our interpreter and guide, whom we had employed in that capacity from his knowledge of our tongue, but whose English was very limited, he told us that it was an 'insurrection,' and that the rebels, who were

poor and hungry, would put down the Ministers, and 'wanted much fight.' However, as we visited the same spot again and again during the evening, and only found the same rather excited crowd, and horse and foot soldiers patrolling the streets, we thought it was a very well-ordered and gentle *émeute*, and would recommend it as a model for imitation to all other nations that way inclined. It is somewhat remarkable how frequently F. and I have come in for insurrectionary disturbances in various countries. On the first occasion of our visiting Switzerland in 1839, as we drove into the town of Zurich, we saw groups of excited men standing at the street corners, and when we asked our voiturier what was doing, he coolly replied, 'Rien du tout, messieurs, rien du tout: seulement le gouvernement en bas;' and such indeed proved to be the case, as we afterwards learned from the landlord of our hotel, whose brother, with ten others, had been killed in the affray not an hour before our arrival. Again, in December 1851, when Louis Napoleon made his grand *coup d'état*, as we drove from Italy into France by the Corniche, and as we entered the turbulent department of Var, perfectly ignorant of French politics, we suddenly found ourselves surrounded by Red Republicans at Draguignan, the carriage stopped, and ourselves marched off as prisoners before the self-constituted council; and when released, after many enquiries, it was only to be arrested again at the next town or village, to hear the *Marseillaise* shouted in our ears, and be marched afresh before the tribunal of *ouvriers*, while we saw the magistrates, priests, and gens-d'armes on their way to prison with their hands tied behind their backs. Nor did we escape from that most disaffected district until we were provided with a Republican passport, which I treasure to this day as a very curious document, and which says in the briefest of terms, 'Laissez passer citoyen Smith,' but which had the

effect of opening our way to Lyons, where we were glad enough to arrive, and to witness the unwonted spectacle of 60,000 troops bivouacked in the squares and streets in a foggy night in winter.

Far more alarming was the insurrection in Egypt, the particulars of which I have elsewhere described, which occurred in the spring of 1865, and which was a very formidable outburst of Muslim fanaticism against Christians, native and foreign. And now, to crown all our experiences, was this gentle Portuguese disturbance; which, however, never advanced beyond angry expressions and loud murmurs and complaints, and, as a treasonable movement, was not to be compared for a moment with the loudly-expressed determination for a revolution which we heard openly declared both at the table d'hôte in the great hotel at Madrid and in the Puerta del Sol, as we passed through on our way home, threats too which did not prove to be empty and unmeaning, but very soon to ripen into action, and successful action too, as we all know now.

To return, however, to the Portuguese capital, and to sum up our general impressions of it as it struck us on our arrival. Imposing in size, clean in appearance, handsome with regard to its buildings, steep with reference to its streets, warm as to its temperature, civil, orderly, and gentle as to its inhabitants: such were the epithets we at once bestowed upon Lisbon; and the good opinion we formed of it at first we retained to the end of our visit, and still our verdict is altogether in its favour, and we are quite prepared to echo the praise bestowed upon it by its earliest founders, when it was called 'Olisippo' or 'Olisipo,' a Phœnician term (as Pliny informs us), signifying 'Pleasant bay,' which its Roman conquerors in the time of Augustus exchanged for the scarcely less complimentary title of 'Felicitas Julia.'

CHAPTER III.

LISBON—*continued.*

As we climbed and descended the everlasting hills of Lisbon, or as we sat in her many squares or amidst the semi-tropical plants and shrubs in her beautiful public gardens, the thought would often recur to our minds, that a whole city and people were buried beneath us; and we could not help picturing to ourselves the awful catastrophe as it must have suddenly overwhelmed that fated spot. But little more than a hundred years had elapsed since the world-renowned earthquake had in a few minutes, and without previous warning, laid the entire city in ruins, destroying the houses, which crumbled up, it is said, and disappeared in dust, burying the wretched inhabitants beneath the *débris*. It is difficult to imagine such a visitation. The morning of November 1, 1755, was fine and calm; the sun shone out in full lustre, and the whole face of the sky is reported to have been serene and clear; and there was nothing to betoken any unusual event, no warning rumbling to herald the impending calamity. The city stood in its accustomed sunshine, and the inhabitants rose to their every-day occupations, never dreaming of the general destruction hanging over them. Then of a sudden the first shock began, rapidly followed by other and more severe shocks, till, in the short space of fifteen minutes, the greater part of the city was destroyed, and the great bulk of the inhabitants overwhelmed. Nor

was the heaving, cracking earth the only element which fought against the devoted city. On a sudden a huge wave rose from the troubled river, mounting fifty feet above the water level, and sweeping over the banks on which a terror-stricken crowd was congregated for safety, away from the falling houses, drew them all into its bed, together with all the ships and boats in the harbour, and so effectually engulfed them that no vestige of them was ever seen again. Fires, too, breaking out in many parts of the city, some say in a hundred places at once, raged with great fury, and, unchecked by the inhabitants, consumed the greater portion of what the earthquake had left; while a brisk breeze arose to fan the flames and join in the work of destruction. Thus all the elements combined against Lisbon, and the result, so far as can be ascertained, was that no less than fifty thousand human beings perished in that catastrophe, while the value of the property destroyed has been estimated at two million pounds.

As we stood on the spot where all this occurred, and called to mind that fearful day, the length of time which had elapsed since the earthquake did not seem to diminish the appalling nature of the catastrophe, but it made our hearts shudder and our very bodies tremble, and the recollection would come upon us again and again. Moreover, there were ruins yet remaining here and there, which had never been rebuilt or removed, such as the church popularly known as the Carmo, though properly 'Nossa Senhora do Vencimento,' and others, which serve as mementos to remind any who would forget, and which still rear their broken roofless walls on high in attestation of the injury they suffered. But as to the greater part of the city, without doubt its present uniform handsome aspect is in great measure due to the earthquake, which, as was the case with the great fire of London, swept away com-

paratively mean streets and humble buildings, and made way for the more spacious thoroughfares and more imposing houses by which they were replaced: so that, as it is an ill wind that blows no good, even that dire catastrophe, the earthquake, might assume to itself the boast of the Roman Emperor Augustus, 'Where I found a city of brick, I have left a city of marble.'

As during the few weeks of my sojourn in Lisbon, I spent a considerable portion of each day in rambling over the city and was never tired of exploring its farthest corners, I made myself tolerably familiar with many of its details, as well as its general aspect. For the latter, one has but to climb to one of the many commanding positions which abound at all points, and the whole city lies mapped before you. Conspicuous amongst these elevations stands the Castello de S. Jorge; and it is well worth the labour to thread the narrow streets which lead to its summit, for the sake of the view of the older and more eastern portions of the city which nestle beneath the protection of this fort. Possibly the enterprising traveller who penetrates some of these uninviting streets may demur to the character for cleanliness which I have ventured to impute to Lisbon; but then it must be remembered that an exception proves the rule, and also that this portion of the city was least injured by the earthquake, and so offers the best sample we have of the original town. Not, however, that in that general catastrophe any part came off unscathed; for, I suppose, scarcely a single building escaped scot free, or without more or less injury. At all events the Sè or Cathedral, which stands immediately below the castle, and is slightly raised above this older part of the city, was in great degree demolished by the earthquake, and then suffered still more from the fire which burst out amongst the ruins. Whether it had at any time any pretensions to beauty I cannot say, but it is

now as unpretending and unadorned a structure as may be met with in any capital in Europe; it is, however, of considerable size, and specially venerated as containing the bones of the Spanish martyr, S. Vincente, who was broiled in the Diocletian persecution, and buried at the wild and stormy promontory at the extreme south-western corner of Europe, to which he has bequeathed his name; and whose translation to Lisbon, as well as previous interment, was duly watched over (so the legend runs) by two ravens which followed the relics of the saint; and if anyone should be so sceptical as to doubt this history, let him repair at once to the venerable Sè at Lisbon, and there he may see the living ravens, or their descendants, still tended in the cloisters as he might have seen the bears at Berne or the eagles at Geneva; and if that is not enough, let him examine the city arms, and there again he will find the faithful birds immortalised, and presiding over the fortunes of the town.

I am not about to describe the churches of Lisbon, though I entered the greater part of them, because they are very fully and admirably detailed in the Handbook, and I have nothing to add to that report; but I may as well observe here that the churches of Portugal generally are wholly different from those of Spain. Sombre and gloomy they are in some measure, as would be obviously desirable in so southern a clime; but they have none of that intense darkness, that almost total absence of light, which one experiences in so many of the Spanish churches, which results from the diminutive size of the windows, their position immediately beneath the roof, and the dark colours of the stained glass with which they are filled; a dim light which prevailed to so great an extent on a dull day in autumn at the Cathedral of Seville, that when I attended a service at mid-day, at which there was a crowded congregation sitting closely packed on the floor

to hear a celebrated bishop, it was impossible to discern more than the bare outline of the preacher, and it was difficult to find our way through the building.

Portuguese churches, again, are very much plainer, and, for the most part, though there are exceptions, are wanting in the magnificent marbles, the copious gilding, and the innumerable pictures and statues with which Spanish churches are decorated from ceiling to floor. Neither is their arrangement as in the sister country of Spain, but rather savours of the churches of Italy or France. There is no walled-in *coro* with its *trascoro*, blocking up the nave and concealing the high altar. But above all, the dedication of the cathedrals, as well as the chief post of honour in the high altar, is here devoted to our Blessed Lord, and not (as is almost, if not quite, universally the ease in Ultramontane Spain) given up to the Virgin, perhaps, commemorating her Assumption, but still oftener her immaculate Conception, that last and most extreme dogma of Rome, in which Mariolatrous Spain especially delights.* Now, this divergence between the two sister countries of the Peninsula in the general aspect of the interior of their respective churches, and still more in the dedication of their cathedrals, suggests at once that the tenets held by the two nations are not identical, and such in fact we find to be the case. For whereas Spain is proverbially the stronghold of all that is extreme in Romish doctrine, and in this respect 'His most Catholic Majesty, the eldest and most dutiful Son of the Church,' as he was officially styled, ruled over a nation far more obedient to the fiats of the Holy Roman See than the subjects of the Pope himself, the Portuguese clergy are entirely opposed to such opinions; indeed, to so great an extent do they

* That most of the cathedrals of Spain are dedicated to the Virgin, see Ford's *Handbook for Spain*, *passim*, especially pp. 59, 495, 844, 908, 910, 912, 913, 942.

show their aversion to them, that in the University of Coimbra, where theology especially flourishes, several of the text-books employed in the schools are said to be in the 'Index Expurgatorius' of Rome. Neither do the Portuguese clergy resemble the Spanish priests in appearance more than in doctrine, for in dress they more nearly approach our own clergy, being habited in black, and of no peculiar ecclesiastical cut, while the hat they universally wear exactly resembles what we denominate the wide-awake, and which, light in weight, and shading the neck as well as face, is admirably adapted to a southern climate.

There is one church, outside the city indeed, but scarcely beyond its suburbs, which is of so remarkable a style of architecture, so richly though quaintly decorated, and withal so interesting, that I paid several visits to it, and always found some fresh point of attraction, so singularly does it differ from all other ecclesiastical buildings in Lisbon, and so entirely does it occupy the first place amongst the architectural lions hereabouts. It was a pleasant excursion by river, on board one of the steamboats which ply every half-hour between the quay and Belem, or it was an equally agreeable drive through the extensive suburbs in one of the many public carriages which may be at any time hailed, and I have more than once extended my walks to this suburban district. The church is said to have been built to commemorate the glorious voyage of the great Portuguese naval discoverer, Vasco de Gama, and to occupy the site of a small chapel, wherein he and his brave companions, like God-fearing men as they were, spent the night in prayer before they set out on their adventurous voyage. It is built of a limestone of a remarkably fine grain, dug in the immediate neighbourhood, for I accidentally stumbled upon the quarries. This limestone, when first quarried, is of a most clear and dazzling

whiteness, but exposure to the air gradually tinges it in great part with a brilliant yellow colour, which again here and there tones away into a rich brown. The effect is extremely good, and the elaborate carving of the exterior, the peculiar mouldings, and the handsome though quaint tracery of the windows, derive very considerable advantage from the rich hue which has overspread the whole. So remarkable is the architecture of this church, and withal so highly finished are the decorations with which it is covered, that we were never tired of examining its many peculiarities. To very severe connoisseurs indeed, who see nothing attractive in ecclesiastical buildings which do not come up to their standard of what is absolutely correct, and who despise everything but pure Gothic, this anomalous style may doubtless appear debased, and be rejected as of little merit; and, indeed, I have heard the church of Belem decried by such enthusiasts for Gothic work. But, in face of such adverse criticism, I venture to think that the few examples we possess of this style are of exceeding interest, inasmuch as they appear to belong exclusively to the Portuguese, and are not to be met with beyond the limits of that country. How to define this Portuguese style I know not, for we can neither describe it as Moorish or Saracenic, nor flamboyant. By some writers, indeed, it has been styled 'modern Norman Gothic;' but I venture to think that such a designation is hardly correct. However, whatever may be its title, there can be no question that, whether we pause over the exterior with its magnificent porch, so richly adorned with sculpture, and the battlements such as I had never seen before; or whether we examine the interior, with its tall and slender columns sculptured from top to bottom, the well-groined roof, and the deeply-cut mouldings and decorations of a variety of forms, we were always impressed with the elaborate finish and the exquisite beauty of the whole; and this feeling of

general admiration was doubtless not a little enhanced by the pleasure of finding something distinctive and peculiar to the country in lieu of a style prevalent elsewhere. In entire agreement with the architecture of the church are the really elegant cloisters, which have attracted the admiration even of those who see little meritorious in the larger fabric. So delicate and exquisite is the tracery, so well-proportioned and charming the arches, so unique and satisfactory the general *coup d'œil*, including a graceful palm tree which occupies the centre of the quadrangle, that you stand entranced as you pass through the door, and utter an exclamation of admiration as well as astonishment; nor do you retract your first impression as you more minutely examine the details, and observe the wondrous variety of pattern as well as elaborate finish of the work. But I must not linger over the beauties of Belem, which have been fully described in the Handbook. Suffice it to say, that to us it was the most attractive point near Lisbon, and we visited it again and again, and always found new beauties to admire. On one of these excursions we entered the *Casa pia*, or orphan establishment, adjoining. This was once the convent to which the exquisite church belonged; but now the good fathers are gone, and the orphans occupy their place. We found the children, some 700 in number, just finishing their dinner in the refectory; they were clean and neat, and the boys were remarkable for their closely-cropped heads, which, after the manner of the country, were so effectually deprived of hair, that they involuntarily suggested inmates of a lunatic asylum, whose heads had been recently shaved. However, they looked bright and merry, and, in addition to a tin cup, plate, knife, fork, and spoon, each child was furnished with an immense napkin, all which apparatus seemed somewhat disproportionate to the ration of soup and bread which formed the dinner on that occasion.

In the same hamlet or suburb of Belem, jutting out on a promontory where the Tagus contracts, and standing out in the river, so as to be a promineut object from, as well as to command the approach to, Lisbon, the picturesque tower which forms the fort claims attention. It has the appearauce of anything but strength; but the projecting window at each corner, the castellated look, and the quaint device of knots of cable, carved in stone, which form stringcourse, ornament, and finish throughout, combine to render it a most striking object, whether seen from the river on the approach to the capital, or from the land after plodding through the deep beds of sand which intervene between this isolated tower and the suburb.

High above Belem, and to be reached by a broad but very steep road, stands the enormous and most conspicuous palace of the Ajuda. It is a vast, rambling edifice, not without a certain air of grandeur, and is flanked by a lofty detached campanile, which serves also as a clock tower; but, as in so many other cases in Portugal, the conception was grander than the power of accomplishment, and the result has been a vast, unfinished building, which adds another to the long list of royal palaces, which already seem out of all proportion to the wants as well as finances of the sovereigns.

But of all the works in the environs of Lisbon, that which is the most conspicuous, as well as the most useful, is the very well-constructed aqueduct, which, winding over valleys on lofty arches, or creeping along the sides of hills, or burrowing through their recesses, conveys a perpetual stream of excellent water a total distance (as I was repeatedly assured by the *custode* in charge) of seven leagues, though the Handbook says two leagues; and who will verify the exact distance I do not know. In one place, where a deep valley must be crossed, the aqueduct is carried on arches at an immense height overhead; and

the spectator is astonished at the magnitude of the work. Nor is he less favourably impressed with this grand design as he follows the long succession of arches to the capital, and there examines the huge reservoir into which the water is poured, and then, ascending to the top, enters the aqueduct itself, and finds himself in a lofty passage or gallery, and while he walks through this spacious enclosed corridor, he sees at his feet two open pipes, one at either side, of which the one is always full of flowing water, and the other acts as a reserve; and so each takes its turn for six months at a time, while its fellow is cleaned and repaired.

I must not omit to mention the English church as I speak of Lisbon, for this, with its cypress-planted cemetery, is no unimportant spot on the Estrella, and, overhanging the very beautiful Estrella gardens, is a conspicuous point in a general view of the city. Moreover, it is no small matter to have secured so spacious a church and so large a burial-ground in any southern capital for our much abused, though in reality most catholic, Church of England. As regards the building, indeed, I cannot congratulate my countrymen on its ecclesiastical aspect; for anything more mean externally, or more ill adapted for our services within, it would be difficult to conceive. Without vestige of chaucel, meanly furnished with altar, and with square, well be-curtained boxes on either hand for his Excellency the English Minister at this court; with towering desk, and still more towering pulpit, the great, ugly room which does duty for our church, but is in reality the counterpart of some of our meeting-houses at home, offers to the inhabitants of Portugal but a sorry spectacle of our ecclesiastical arrangements. It is deplorable, indeed, that such should be the case, and that, with perhaps a natural desire to exhibit to our countrymen the contrast between our simple services and the

more elaborate ceremonious services of the Romish faith, those who built our English fabric at Lisbon have run into the disastrous extreme of erecting, as a sample of Anglican church architecture, the very barest, baldest, coldest, I will even say most hideous building, which gives no opportunity for the exercise of our ordinary ritual, and in no way resembles our ecclesiastical buildings at home. What wonder that in this, as in so many instances throughout Europe, the members of another Communion, more profuse than ourselves in artistic accessories to public worship, turn away from our services in derision as well as disgust, despising the bare white walls and the cold, unadorned structure which, from east to west, shows no token of Christianity, no single sign or emblem that it does not belong to the Socinian or the Jew. It is true that perfect freedom of design with regard to the exterior of English churches is not always permitted by Governments devoted to the Romish faith; but many instances might be adduced where this difficulty has been overcome with great success, even as regards the exterior; while, whatever the outward aspect, the interior could of course be satisfactorily arranged in accordance with the services as appointed in our Prayer Book, and generally celebrated by the church at home. During one of the Sundays which we spent at Lisbon, a confirmation was held in the English church by the ex-Bishop of Labuan (Dr. MacDougall); but the miserable arrangement of the altar and its rails, and the general seating of the church, rendered the holy rite anything but impressive—indeed, prevented a large proportion of the congregation from witnessing it at all; and I felt quite vexed to think how poor an impression of that solemn service must have been carried away by the Portuguese spectators, many of whom were on that occasion attracted within the walls of our church.

Great indeed was the contrast to emerge from the bare

white walls of that forbidding building into the brilliant sunshine; to wander beneath the deep shade of the dark cypresses in the cemetery; to stroll through the beautiful gardens of the Estrella, gay with a hundred flowers; or even to saunter through the streets, where the good taste of the colour-loving south has covered the faces of many of the houses with glazed tiles of porcelain, sometimes of a red or brown hue, but far more frequently of a blue colour, and always in a pretty pattern. This is known as *azulejo*, and imparts a remarkably bright finish to the houses; and when (as is often the case) several adjoining buildings are thus decorated, the appearance is extremely pleasing.

CHAPTER IV.

LISBON—*continued.*

DURING OUR STAY at Lisbon the Cortes assembled, and as we witnessed the arrival of the representatives, our minds were duly impressed with admiration at the gay liveries and smart equipages of the senators, and at the gorgeousness of their court robes. The royal carriages, drawn by six horses, together with their coachmen, footmen, and postillions, were a perfect blaze of scarlet and gold; and if matter-of-fact Englishmen are inclined to grumble (as they are sometimes apt to do) at the unwonted dress they are called upon to assume, when in attendance on their sovereign, let them study the costume of state in which the Portuguese senator must appear, and they will be more satisfied at their own comparative immunity from that burden. When the opening of the Cortes had been pronounced complete, the event was celebrated by the parading of troops in their gayest uniform, through the principal streets of the city; reviews of cavalry in the larger squares, with bands playing and colours flying; continual firing of guns from the men-of-war in the harbour, all of which were decked with flags, and in fine, such a din of military bands from the heart of the city, such deafening salutes from the river, and such an expenditure of powder as savoured more of the bombardment of a besieged city than the announcement of the opening of a peaceable Parliament. But then the southerner delights in sensation, and his ordinary mode

of expressing his approbation is with a noise and a din which would seem to our more phlegmatic countrymen extravagant, and out of proportion with the occasion; so different is the temperament of those who inhabit different climes.

Hitherto I have said little of the Portuguese, beyond an occasional casual remark on their behaviour; but now this seems a fitting place to express my unqualified admiration of their general character. I had expected to find them partaking of the disposition of their Spanish neighbours, and I confess that I am not an admirer of the Spaniards. I am well aware that it is the fashion to extol the lofty bearing, the noble air, the proud self-respect of that haughty race; but I fail to see on what solid foundation such superior, and somewhat defiant pretensions rest. In my humble judgment, such excessive self-laudation, and self-appreciation, to the exclusion of the whole world beyond, savours rather of empty conceit and ridiculous arrogance; and this becomes the more apparent, when one examines the ground of such boasting, as inordinate assumption of superiority seems to challenge us to do. Now, after travelling through the length and breadth of Spain, and after frequent contact with her people of every class, I should be disposed to pronounce that they are below the average in most of those attributes which chiefly redound to the credit of national character. Mr. Ford, in his admirable Handbook of Spain, tells us that the 'so-called lower orders are superior to those who arrogate to themselves the title of being their betters.' If this be so, then I can only say that bad indeed are the best, for it is to the lower orders, the people generally, that I allude, when I denounce as most objectionable that vast assumption of self-importance, the effect of which is first to despise all other nations, and then to treat them not only without courtesy, but without common civility; and I am obliged to own

that I know no other people who delight, on all occasions, to assert their pretended superiority, not only by a loud and boisterous free and easy tone, at every opportunity, but by positive rudeness and studied impertinence: and that this is no exceptional character, appertaining to but a few individuals, but general throughout the nation, I have a very decided opinion, an opinion, too, confirmed by a second and recent journey through Spain.

Now to all this the Portuguese character is an exact contrast: indeed, I know no nation which recommends itself to the stranger so much at first sight as this remarkably civil, obliging, respectful, deferential race. Not indeed by any hyperbolic phrases or extravagant pretensions, as when the Spanish noble puts his palace and all its contents at your disposal, without the slightest intention of bestowing on you one single maravedi; but I have invariably found that the Portuguese, of all classes, will at every opportunity undergo any trouble, take any pains, submit to real inconvenience, to show a kindness to the stranger, while there is not to be found throughout the country any of that false pride, that hateful hauteur, that abominable assumption, which prevail to so great an extent across the border. These, it is true, are but superficial and inferior traits of character, but as, on the one hand, they are very apparent to the traveller, so, on the other, they form a tolerably correct index of what is more hidden from view. Thus the Portuguese is not only far more truthful, from having no cause for concealment and no desire of self-laudation, but he is far more open and honest, less liable to take offence, and consequently less vindictive. As we journeyed through the country we saw little disposition to impose on the foreigner, though this may probably be in some measure due to the rare appearance of the foreigner amongst them. As regards their religious feelings, I do not think that I am in a position to

form any decided opinion; though, strangely mixed up with a great deal of gross superstition and irreverence, they certainly showed upon occasion a considerable amount of earnestness and devotion; and the churches were often crowded with worshippers of both sexes, so that, as regards the male population, outwardly at least, they appeared far more attentive to their religious duties than the men of Spain. Neither are they so bloodthirsty and cruel as the Spaniards, and in proof of this I would adduce the bull-fights of the respective nations. I did not indeed witness a bull-fight at Lisbon, though the season began soon after our arrival, and several *fiestas* took place during our stay; but I had seen enough of that horrible exhibition in former years at Madrid, and did not desire to renew my experiences. But the Portuguese bull-fight is far less brutal, inasmuch as the baited animals are not killed; neither, as their horns are tipped with large wooden balls padded and covered with leather, are the horses mangled and slain, which is the most sickening spectacle in the Spanish arena. Still, even under these more humane conditions, which declare at once the more gentle spirit of the people, (for how would Spanish spectators endure such emasculation of sport!) serious accidents do sometimes occur. A friend, who attended a *fiesta*, saw one of the chulos badly hurt; at another time a matador was reported mortally wounded; and on several occasions the maddened bulls leaped the barriers which divided them from the spectators. Still, these were only legitimate accidents, which must occasionally attend such rough sport, and there was nothing here of the deliberate cruelty, the brutalising, demoralising shedding of blood, which is the necessary accompaniment of the Spanish bull-fight, and without which indeed the Spanish populace would not be content. So that, whether or no the *fiesta de toros*, as practised in the latter country, tends to render its inhabitants savage and bloodthirsty, as

has been stoutly affirmed and as vehemently denied, the result remains the same—that their character *is* fierce, truculent, and cruel to a degree which can by no means be imputed to the Portuguese. There is yet another and more decisive proof of the milder nature of these latter, in the very infrequent use of the knife, and those dark deeds of violence so rife amongst the hot-blooded, quarrelsome Spaniards. In short, the more I compare the disposition of the two nations which inhabit the Peninsula, the more convinced I am that the advantage lies very decidedly in favour of the Portuguese, for whom indeed I have learnt to entertain a very sincere regard, and an admiration which I am very far from feeling towards the Spaniards.

As I am well aware that the opinions I have ventured to express, in contrasting Portuguese with Spanish character, are altogether opposed to the laudations of everything connected with Spain (save and except Spanish bonds) which some enthusiasts have lately proclaimed, I desire to fortify my own assertions with the judgment of unexceptionable witnesses, who seem to bear me out in my views. Now, the late Duke of Wellington will be allowed to be as sound and unprejudiced a judge of character as may readily be found, and he had ample opportunities during the long Peninsular war for forming a decided opinion in regard to both nations; but throughout his despatches, and notoriously in his estimation, the Spaniards were altogether disagreeable and distasteful, and are generally mentioned with marked disapproval and dislike; whereas to the Portuguese he became more and more attached, as experience made him more familiar with their national character. And herein I do not speak of their respective merits as soldiers, though in that capacity too the Portuguese were immeasurably preferred by the Duke to their Spanish companions in arms. The testimony of the great captain of modern times is almost conclusive;

but with regard to the Spaniard, I may add the verdict of Mr. Ford,* than whom no one is more competent to speak on this subject; of Miss Eyre, who can scarcely find words throughout her volume to express her detestation of their insolent rudeness;† of Mrs. Byrne, who is more gently, but yet unmistakably indignant with their selfishness, idleness, and arrogance.‡ While in favour of the Portuguese I can point to the opinion of the late Earl of Carnarvon, in his most interesting volume;§ and would call attention to the following passage in an admirable essay by one who knew them well:‖ 'The rural population of Portugal are as simple in their character as in their requirements; they are by no means the vindictive revolutionary people that they are so often, but so unjustly, represented to be. They look wretched, because they are poor, ill-clad, and miserably fed; but they are cheerful, contented, shrewd, generous, hospitable, honest, hard-working, unaspiring, sober, suffering, and persevering.'

Now the result of this diversity of temperament in the two nations which inhabit the Peninsula is, that they hate one another with a mortal hatred. The Spanish empire has always coveted the dominions of its western neighbour, and looked with an envious eye on its long line of coast, and its valuable rivers, and over and over again has attempted to seize the rival country, and consolidate under one head the two kingdoms; and sometimes has, for a longer or shorter period, succeeded in these enterprises. But against such attempts at annexation the Portuguese have always offered the most strenuous resistance; their national

* *Handbook for Spain*, pp. 392, 546, 558, *et passim.*

† *Over the Pyrences into Spain*, pp. 243, 244, 264.

‡ *Cosas de España*, vol. i. pp. 20, 21, 76.

§ *Portugal and Gallicia, passim.*

‖ *Prize Essay on Portugal.* By John James Forrester. London, 1854. Page 5.

pride has been aroused by such encroachments, and so great has been their courage and determination that they have never relaxed their efforts till they have shaken off the hated yoke. Thus to this day they are always looking on one another with suspicion and distrust: they stand at bay, rather in the attitude of combatants during a truce than of friends and neighbours; and if the Spaniard expresses for the Portuguese the same contempt which the Englishman of the last century was wont to heap upon the French, the Lusitanian is not a whit behindhand in bitter feelings of aversion, as well as in ridicule and mockery with which he in turn regards his Spanish brother.

But enough of these 'odious comparisons.' Let me now pass on to those daily rendezvous, where not only the people may be best studied by the stranger, but the productions of the country, animal and vegetable, game and fowl and fish, flowers and fruits and vegetables, may be examined at leisure; I mean the markets, which I regularly attended every morning, and where I learnt more of the general appearance and habits of the peasants, as well as of the fauna and flora of the country, than I gained after many long and laborious excursions, gun in hand, through her mountains and rocks, and forests and fields and gardens, and along the banks of her rivers, and on her sea-shore.

Now the great market of Lisbon (for there is a smaller and a very inferior one near the quay, which I may at once pass over) occupies the whole of the Praça da Figueira, near the great Praça de Dom Pedro, more generally known as the Rocio. The peculiarity which at once strikes the stranger as he first makes its acquaintance is, that the area is occupied by colossal white umbrellas, of homely make and rough aspect, tethered above the stalls they protect from the scorching sun by small ropes, and in every stage of dilapidation. These huge canvas coverings stretched over the flowers and fruits and vegetables which occupy

the centre of the square remind one of booths at a fair, but scarcely, I think, as was suggested by a friend, of a military encampment, so rough and ragged, and withal disorderly, do they seem. However, they fulfil their purpose in warding off the destructive rays of the sun from the perishable goods beneath, and they certainly add vastly to the southern aspect of the scene, and so are in perfect harmony with the vegetable productions they shelter. Along the sides of the square, at the houses provided with projecting sheds, are exposed the fish and game and fowl with which Lisbon is daily supplied: and of these I will now say something, correcting the opinions I formed in my daily visits to the markets with what I learned elsewhere, and adding such information as I gained from subsequent experience in the country, as well as from sundry sportsmen and naturalists whom I was so fortunate as to encounter.

The fish market first claims our attention, and here the traveller will naturally halt to examine the strange forms which will immediately arrest his notice. Foremost of all he will be struck with a long, thin, narrow fish, which, I believe, is called the *becuna*, and which resembles nothing so much as an elongated flexible strap: with sharp-pointed snout of pike-like aspect, of silvery white and blue-green hue, not unlike the mackarel in colour, this coarse species, which is very abundant here, and eaten by the lower orders, measures from four to five feet in length, but for those who value quality more than quantity it is by no means held in esteem. Far more to the taste of gourmauds are the red mullets, which are very plentiful here, and of great size. The same may be said of the John Dory, the epicure's fish, and renowned as the species from whose mouth St. Peter took the tribute money, whence its real name of *janitore*, corrupted into 'John Dory,' after the manner of the thoughtless Briton: just as the underground artichoke, which is

a species of sun flower, and is distinguished from its namesake as *gira sole*, has been absurdly dubbed the 'Jerusalem' artichoke, as if it had been on a pilgrimage to the Holy City. Then again, of tempting appearance and excellent shape, the so-called Tagus salmon demands notice, but it shows to more advantage in the fish market than at the table, for its flesh is white and full of bones, and in no respect tastes like salmon; moreover (though by no means to be despised, and not at all coarse), it is somewhat insipid. Passing on from the true fish, of which there is always a vast variety exposed for sale, including turbot, whiting, sardines, soles, &c., and also an immense quantity—for the whole coast of Portugal swarms with fish—we almost recoil from the disgusting cuttle-fish, and wonder how human stomach can venture to receive that odious mollusc. But the peasantry of Portugal are not particular; '*O dura messorum ilia!*' all is fish that comes to their net; and even these soft-bodied invertebrates are devoured with gusto. Very different is our verdict, as we examine the magnificent prawns, which here attain a size, and, I may add, a flavour far exceeding anything I have known elsewhere: moreover they are very abundant, and we had the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with this crustacean of colossal size every day at the hotel breakfast.

I do not think I need particularise any other of the fisherman's spoils, which I daily overhauled in my wanderings through the market; so I pass on to the game which was exposed for sale at the poulterers' stalls. Of ground game, rabbits were exceedingly plentiful, hares extremely scarce; but, doing duty for venison, kids were evidently considered of great price, and very young lambs imitated the kids to the best of their ability. Of feathered game, amidst a multitude of chickens of every size and breed, ducks closely packed in baskets, geese and turkeys, and an innumerable multitude of pigeons; the little bustard,

here called a 'pheasant,' was occasionally seen; red-legged partridges were in abundance; wild duck and teal in tolerable plenty; quails in immense profusion; while bunches of larks, pipits, finches, and warblers of all sorts, soft-billed and hard-billed in the same *bouquet*, and all tied by the neck, adorned the various stalls from one end to another. And here, too, delicacy of taste was not regarded, for on one occasion a kestrel hawk, and on another a common buzzard, were amongst the tempting dainties offered me for sale; and I was especially bidden to observe how fat and plump they were. However, '*de gustibus non est disputandum*:' and the Lisbonites only share, in their taste for rank game, with their neighbours on the other side of the Pyrenees; for there too, and even in Provence, renowned for its *cuisine*, I have met with the common buzzard at the poulterer's stall, and recommended too, as an especially dainty dish.

But we must return to the fruit and vegetables, which I have already said occupied the great area of the market, and here the productions of a southern climate are especially conspicuous. Of course, all the world knows that Lisbon is famous for its oranges, and certainly the perfection to which that excellent fruit attains can scarcely be rightly estimated but by those who eat them in the sunny land where they are grown, and soon after they are gathered from the tree, and before the freshness and delicate aroma are worn off. Moreover, the profusion of oranges was something marvellous; such mountains of rich golden fruit piled on the ground, such huge baskets of the choicest sorts picked out for a higher price; but even then it was glorious to see what a quantity could be purchased for a penny; and I recollect, during a short railway excursion one day from Lisbon, how we filled all our pockets with most magnificent *naranja*, and our hands as well, and all for three half-pence, which we

were afterwards assured by a fellow-traveller was far more than we ought to have paid. Then, again, though only early in April, green peas were as plentiful as with us at the latter end of June, and the mountains of those vegetables almost rivalled the orange heaps in size; whilst the good women who presided over these delicacies spent all their spare time in shelling the peas, at which pastime they had from practice become wondrously expert. Strawberries, too, were just at the height of their season, and that not the small, tasteless fruit one so often meets in the foreign market, but of great size, and of a flavour such as only a continued brilliancy of sunshine can impart. More strange to the English eye, but not nearly so inviting to the English palate, were the *yams*, which I have also seen at Malaga and other southern ports of Spain. And here we first became acquainted with the *banana*, a long, thick, curly, pod-like fruit, which is peeled from the top downwards, and is fleshy, but not juicy: it has a very peculiar flavour, which is extolled by some; but as it is said to require an apprenticeship in order to appreciate its excellence, quite as much as caviare or the olive, I suppose I did not persevere long enough over the task, for to me it seemed a sickly, woolly, insipid fruit.

I have not of course enumerated one-quarter of the natural produce of the country, which was daily brought into the market, whether fish, flesh, or fowl, fruit or vegetable. I have merely touched upon a few items which seemed most striking to foreign eyes. And now, in connection with the fauna and flora of Portugal, I would say a word of the charming gardens and quintas within which the villas in the suburbs of Lisbon are enshrined. With such a climate and in such a latitude, luxuriance of vegetation would naturally be expected, but we were certainly not prepared for the magnificent tropical

plants, the glorious creepers, and the gorgeous flowers, which exceeded anything of the kind I had ever seen before. Doubtless the connection which Portugal has long had with the Azores and the Brazils will account in great measure for the profusion of tropical and South-American plants and shrubs with which the gardens are filled. Then these exotics are carefully tended and duly supplied with water, and the almost continual sunshine which prevails does the rest. The result is, that many a species which we cherish in a hot-house thrives here in the open air, and attains a size and perfection of which we had little idea. Amongst these the graceful palm-trees, of many varieties, are conspicuous; araucarias of several species become useful for the deep shade they afford; and the orange-tree, though one of the commonest, yet at the same time one of the most charming, is ever an ornament which pleases the eye, while its delicate blossom scents the air; and the lemon and citron diversify the groves or avenues in which these most valuable trees usually figure. Among the many creeping plants wherewith the walls of the houses as well as gardens are often covered, is one which at once attracts the notice of strangers, from the huge masses of brilliant colour which almost dazzle the eye, as it hangs in a rich mass, and completely conceals its support. This is the *Bougainville*, a plant not unknown in England, but only recognised as a diminutive exotic, which feebly exists under glass. Here it flourishes in the utmost luxuriance, and a single root will produce an infinity of shoots, which climb over the wall to an incredible distance, and completely occupy its face. There are three varieties—the maroon-coloured or purple, the dark red, and the light red; perhaps the second is the most attractive, but all are gay and pleasing, and to the very end of our stay at Lisbon we found ourselves continually stopping to admire anew some

fresh specimen of this very beautiful climber. Of course the magnolias were here in perfection, aloes of all sorts, and, in short, almost everything which florists could desire—with the exception, however, of camellias, for which we had heard that Portugal was renowned; but we learned that Lisbon is too hot for that handsome shrub, but that we should see it in cooler districts, as, indeed, we afterwards did at Cintra, and still more memorably at Oporto, of the largest size and in the greatest luxuriance, as shall be related further on.

CHAPTER V.

CINTRA.

In the last chapter I was at issue with Lord Byron in regard to the general character of the Portuguese: not less do I dissent from what appears to me his most exaggerated praise of Cintra. To be sure, a poet is allowed a great deal of licence, and perhaps it is unfair to take his description *au pied de lettre;* still, as I believe that half the English world has received its impression of Portugal in general, and Cintra in particular, from 'Childe Harold,' and has therefore the very highest idea of its superlative beauty, I desire to state what I consider the unvarnished truth, as it strikes a matter-of-fact, prosaic traveller. In the first place, however, all due allowance must be made for the disappointment which is certain to ensue, when expectation has been strung up too highly; and doubtless we, in common with the rest of our countrymen, drove over from Lisbon to Cintra with anticipations in regard to the scenery of the latter place which were not likely to be realised. The carriage which conveyed us was a narrow chariot, not unlike an old-fashioned English post-chaise, and our horses were a pair of rough, sturdy cart-horses; the driver a good-humoured, jovial fellow, who was twisting up cigarettes and smoking them through the whole journey. Twice we stopped to bait our horses, which was a very marvellous proceeding: they were not taken from the carriage, but the bits were removed from their mouths, and

then slices of coarse black bread, dipped in red wine, were given to each animal in due order. So far the bait was intelligible enough; but now our coachman proceeded to pour a cup of red wine over the backs and loins of the horses, which, he assured us, gave them great refreshment and courage; and when we still appeared sceptical on the point, he reiterated his assertions with redoubled violence and at the top of his voice, in all of which he was well seconded by an old lady who did duty as the ostler. It is a journey of about five leagues, or sixteen miles, from Lisbon to Cintra: the first league through the interminable suburbs of the capital; then we reach the large hamlet of Bemfica, which, however, is now connected with Lisbon by an unbroken succession of houses; and now, for another league, villas with their gardens and quintas, and high stone walls shutting in the retreats of the more wealthy Lisbonites, line the road on either hand; for the third and fourth league the road traverses the open corn fields, brown, scorched, and treeless, ugly and uninviting enough; though, as our first introduction to rural scenes in Portugal, we found ample objects of interest, and an occasional glimpse of the aqueduct spanning a valley or creeping along a hill-side diversified the general monotony of the scene. And then, as we drew near to Cintra, the rocky mountains and forest-clad hills seemed to bar all approach, and it was pleasant to exchange the dazzling sunshine and the glaring road for welcome shade, as we drove under huge oak and plane and cork trees which met overhead. And now, as we crawled up the steepest inclines, and descended terrific hills at a furious pace, with villas and palaces and their respective gardens on either hand, we were fairly in the long straggling town of Cintra; but we traversed it from end to end, till after a more than ordinarily steep declivity, galloped down at a greater speed than before, our merry driver pulled up his horses with a jerk, and we

were deposited at the hotel of our compatriot, good Mrs. Lawrence.

We spent a week at Cintra, and during that time I wandered, gun in hand, through forests and valleys, climbed up all the higher mountains, and very thoroughly explored the whole district, so that I flatter myself I am somewhat better qualified to pronounce an opinion on its merits than the great majority of my countrymen in Portugal, whose habit generally appears to be, to drive over in the morning from Lisbon, dine at Cintra, and back to the capital in the evening; or, if they should be very enthusiastic sight-seers, they will devote two days to the excursion; spending one night in rural retirement, and returning the following day.

I need scarcely say, that such a hurried glimpse conveys no real notion of the place, for Cintra nestles amidst a collection of hills, and extends over a considerable area. Indeed, its great charm is, that it affords a cool retreat in summer from the oppressive heat of Lisbon; and its grateful shades, deep forests, pleasant groves and gardens, as well as pure air and abundant springs, must seem delightful after the perpetual glare and dust of the capital in the dog-days. And so the villas and private houses and country seats of the wealthy occupy every inviting nook for a league or more on every side of the little town, each embowered in its quinta, hidden amidst the dense foliage which is so highly appreciated, and striving with all its might to escape from the vertical rays of the sun. For certainly no sun-worshippers are the Portuguese at Cintra: the one aim and object of these veritable giaours seems to be to shut out their fierce enemy; and with this end in view, they build their houses in some odd corner, where an overhanging rock casts perpetual shade, and their gardens and pleasure-grounds resemble intricate groves and well-kept shrubberies, where the one requirement is shelter from the sun. Amongst the innumerable villas which occupy every

available position, but always with this chief essential of shade prominently in view, there is one which more especially deserves notice, not only as the renowned creation of the luxurious author of 'Vathec;' but still more as rebuilt by its present proprietor, and the gardens and grounds laid out anew with consummate taste, it bears away the palm as, in all respects, the most lovely of its compeers. This is the famous Montserrat, and it is indeed a little paradise: perched amid swelling knolls on the hill-side, surrounded by gardens and shrubberies, where oriental palms and Mexican palms vie with one another, where araucarias of many species, Brazilian shrubs of great rarity, and whole groves of tree camellias flourish side by side, and scent the air with the perfume of a thousand flowers. Then it is flanked by groves of orange, lemon, and fig trees, and backed by deep woods of gigantic cork, and olive, and chestnut, and dark fir trees, beneath whose branches reigned so impenetrable a gloom as to defy even the mid-day sun; while, high up overhead, rose the bare and broken crests of the rocky mountains which formed the shelter on the south; and far away to the west we could see the broad expanse of the Atlantic, never at rest even in the calmest weather, but always breaking on the shore with a surf which whitened the coast-line with a broad fringe, discernible for many a league. Montserrat is in truth exceedingly lovely, and if it might do duty as a sample of all Cintra, then I should think no praise could be too great for its deserts; but I am bound to add that it stands quite alone, and that no other quinta comes near the perfection of this favoured spot. Moreover, not only is the English proprietor, Mr. Cook, evidently a man of refined taste, but his excellent head gardener, Mr. Burt, knows how to make the most of the position; and with sun and shade, and springs of water to any extent at his command, he has so mingled the wild and the cultivated, so arranged the shrubs and plants of both

hemispheres, that as you lie on the soft turf, under the shade of a gigantic magnolia, you seem in enchanted ground, so surrounded are you with the most flourishing specimens of a hundred tropical plants and shrubs, never seen before. No wonder that, having obtained permission to wander at pleasure with my gun through its extensive walks and woods and quintas, I spent a considerable part of several days within its precincts; and I always came back to it with fresh appreciation of its beauties, and renewed convictions that it formed the jewel of Cintra. But my rambles extended amongst many other properties, and many a pretty glen and many a charming nook did I stumble on; and most kind and obliging were the inhabitants, who freely invited me to enter their grounds, and walk where I pleased; though there was one great drawback to such trespassing, in the lofty stone walls with which each quinta was surrounded; so that, once within the ring fence, it was generally imperative on the intruder to return to the gate by which he entered. Now these villas and quintas, surrounded each by its own wall, and backed by its own woods, succeed one another all along the slopes of the hills on which Cintra stands; far below them lies the red, scorched, glowing plain, far above them stand the bare jagged rocks, which seem so strangely distorted, and look so uneven and rough, and whose summits reach two thousand feet above the sea. To me these heights were a great attraction, and almost every day I climbed to one and another peak, now wandering out westwards to the point which overhangs the mouth of the Tagus, now ascending to the point crowned by the Penha palace, now choosing some intermediate height for my mountain scramble. From all, the view was in most respects the same: the rocks themselves the strangest collection of boulders, thrown together in huge masses, like an immense stone heap on a gigantic scale. Immediately below lay the town of Cintra, with its long suburbs of villas,

and gardens, and woods stretching along the hills on both hands; to the north the flat, interminable, treeless plain, glowing in the sun, and abounding in cornfields and vineyards, with Mafra four leagues away, showing its vast pile of buildings like a second Escorial, colossal in size, even from here; to the south the hills of Alemtejo, stretching far away into the clear distance, and, perhaps, as some report, in the extreme horizon, even the mountains of the little southern province of Algarve; to the west the broad Atlantic, of whose waters I had never seen at one glance half such an expanse before; to the east the Tagus, winding up towards the capital, and extending into a broad bay above it, though Lisbon itself was hidden from view by the lower hills which intervene. There was always a fresh breeze blowing on the top of these elevated ridges, and there was always an unclouded sky and the very brightest of suns, and it was difficult to decide which of the many peaks was the highest, for each in turn, as seen from some fresh point of view, seemed to claim the right of precedence. However, leaving others to settle that knotty point, we may affirm of all of them, that they boasted the same glorious prospect, that they were all equally rugged and barren, and that here silence and solitude reigned supreme, broken only by the occasional tinkle of a sheep-bell, or the shrill reed-pipe of a goatherd, for in these upland rocks the Arcadian herdsmen thus beguiled the monotony of their lives. Nor was animal life much more abundant than the vegetation: for of the mammalia I saw not a single specimen; of birds, a colony of choughs and an occasional raven monopolised the upper rocks, while larks and pipits contented themselves with a lower elevation. But the reptile world was better represented; for brown and green lizards basked on the glowing rocks, and darted in and out amidst the huge boulders, and on one occasion I succeeded in shooting a fine specimen of the beautiful 'eyed' or 'great spotted' green lizard (*La-*

certa ocellata), which measured nearly two feet in length, and was of the most vivid green hue, speckled and spotted with deep black or bright blue. Subsequently, I saw several of this gigantic species, but on no occasion, not even in the museum at Lisbon, did I meet with so large a specimen as in the rocks above Cintra. If, however, I might credit the assertion of an unscientific witness, who certainly had no wish to exaggerate, but related what he believed to be true, my large lizard would appear to be but a mere pigmy; for I was repeatedly told of a gigantic green lizard which haunted some rock terraces at Montserrat, which measured about four feet in length! but this, I take leave to say, was an unintentional over-estimate.

Pre-eminently conspicuous on one of the highest summits stands the Penha or Peña Convent, once (as its name implies) a monastery, but now the palace of the enlightened Dom Fernando, father to the present king. Now, if it be the case, as the ancient Persians thought, that 'a palace ought to have a lofty site, and look down on the habitations of meaner men,'* then, undoubtedly, the Penha Palace is most admirably situated, for by many hundred feet it out-tops all other buildings in the place. Otherwise, notwithstanding the excellent carriage road which winds up to the castle gate, methought it was somewhat inconvenient to have one's dwelling so high in these peaceable times, when strength and security from attack are not the first considerations in choosing a dwelling-place. Moreover, perched on the extreme summit, this semi-regal palace is exposed to every wind which blows, and though it is well to feel a gentle breeze stirring, when the heat below is almost tropical, it is another thing to be exposed to such frequent hurricanes and rude blasts, as coming in direct from the wide Atlantic, seem to haunt these heights

* Rawlinson's *Ancient Monarchies*, vol. iv. p. 239.

with a pertinacity which reminds one they have had nothing to worry for many a thousand miles, on their course across the ocean. With this trifling exception of situation (which however has its advantages in a sultry clime), the Penha Castle is a pleasant residence: it is built after the Moorish style, with horse-shoe arches, and the walls glitter with bright blue glazed tiles or *azulejo*; and it is castellated, turreted, and balconied at every possible point. It is also provided with ramparts, drawbridges, porcullis, and mock defences, and cannon pointing in all directions, to frighten away Moors or other would-be invaders, in case they should think it worth while to climb so high. From the Penha turrets conspicuous on one side is a colossal statue of the great discoverer Vasco de Gama, armed with lance and shield, who stands on the very summit of an elevated peak; and on the other side the ruins of two Moorish towers, which crown other heights, and which must have been impregnable fortresses in troublous times when such elevated positions were of real advantage. Below the Castle are gardens and shrubberies, admirably laid out and beautifully kept; and here we strolled without hindrance, for all here is liberally thrown open to the public; indeed, Dom Fernando is in all respects a liberal, generous man, and much beloved by people of all ranks.

There are other lions to be visited at Cintra, which are all duly chronicled in the Handbook, and on which I need not enlarge. There is the royal palace, which attracts the eye before you enter the town, and is always a prominent feature in the view, remarkable for its tall, sugar-loaf chimneys, which remind one of glass works, or other factories, rather than of a king's summer residence. There is a large, rambling villa, of no external beauty, but interesting as the spot where the famous Convention of Cintra was signed. There is an unpretending quinta, once the humble

possession of the famous João de Castro. There is the Cork Convent, so called from the lining of cork wherewith the walls are cased in this semi-subterranean monastery. And here I am reminded that I must not take leave of Cintra without special mention of the cork trees, which grow here in greater profusion and to a larger size than I have ever seen elsewhere. Moreover, all parts of the tree—trunk, limbs, and branches—are fringed with the elegant maiden-hair fern, which seems to get a footing in the rough bark and cling and grow in the most surprising manner. The general aspect of the cork tree is very much that of the oak—the same fantastic twist of the branches, the same rugged bark, the same expansive spread, overshadowing a large space of ground; and with the luxuriant undergrowth which prevails here, it is one of the most picturesque, as well as one of the most umbrageous trees of the forest. Next to the cork, the olive is the most conspicuous tree at Cintra, and it is preserved and tended with considerable care; and, under the favourable conditions of sufficient heat and an ample supply of water to the roots, it attains a size as well as a vigour which cannot be surpassed. English travellers are apt to decry the olive as of a dull, dusty colour, and with no pretensions to beauty; but I have long learned to see infinite attractions in this singular tree; and those who have lived in sultry weather near an olive-yard know what a grateful shade from a glaring sun these distorted trees offer, and how pleasantly their silvery leaves shimmer in the lightest breeze, and rustle and murmur with a soothing, gentle whisper, very conducive to repose.

Both the cork and olive, as well as the chestnut, abound throughout the length and breadth of Portugal, but nowhere do they reach a greater degree of perfection than at Cintra, which is essentially the home of these southern trees, and where soil and climate combine to supply the

conditions required. For the same reason, the gardens and shrubberies here are so flourishing, for the scorching rays of the sun are tempered by the cool breezes, and copious springs burst from the mountain side, and trickle down the hills in every gully; and so camellias and many other kindred shrubs, which cannot exist in the scorching climate of Lisbon, thrive here with a luxuriance that astonishes the Northern traveller. And herein, indeed, consists the real charm of Cintra, the profusion and magnificence of its vegetation, which produces plenty of cool shade and a delightful retreat, which can only be duly appreciated by those who have been parched, and fried, and powdered by the intolerable summer heat, and glare, and dust of Lisbon.

During the latter end of April, which we spent in these mountains, the sun was by no means overpowering; indeed, though the days were hot enough, the nights were almost chilly; and as I came out to Portugal for the express purpose of gaining a good store of caloric, I was not sorry to find myself on the 1st of May on my way back to Lisbon, on the top of an omnibus or diligence, when we had a most amusing journey, and on as splendid a morning as one could desire. For, to our great satisfaction, a large fair was held midway between Cintra and Lisbon; and the consequence was, that the road was thronged by country people, all in holiday attire. It is true, there was no Jack-in-the-green, such as one may see on May-day in England; but the costumes of many of these good folks were strange and picturesque enough. Their variety, too, was charming; and the airs and graces adopted by those most elaborately dressed added much to the quaintness of the scene. Everybody was on horseback, if that term may be applied generically to those who bestrode mules and donkeys as well, for by far the larger number was mounted on these inferior animals; and though droves of cattle,

cows and calves and bullocks, horses, mules, and donkeys, blocked up the road at frequent intervals, these were almost universally consigned to the care of the drudges, the women and the boys; while their lords and masters flourished on in front on elaborately worked saddles, the trappings and cloths and bridles of their animals as gorgeous and gay as their own many-coloured garments. But when we stopped at the half-way station, to bait our horses, after precisely the same form as that adopted by our driver before, including the liberal libation of wine over the back and loins of each horse, in order to give them courage and strength, it was grand to see one and another of these fair-going dandies gallop up to the door of the inn, tie his richly-caparisoned mule to an iron ring, after the genuine fashion of a Spanish bait, and then strut in and out of the door of the hostelry, and swagger and comport himself with the most ridiculous pretensions; and all because his velvet hat was peaked and adorned with a feather, his bright blue jacket was frogged and braided and garnished with silver buttons, his boots were adorned with tassels, his saddle-cloth was scarlet, and his large, flat, wooden stirrups studded with silver nails. It was amidst crowds of such gaily-dressed farmers and dealers, and amidst a string of carts and carriages of marvellous shape and colour; and, above all, amidst a general holiday look, and real jollity and merriment conspicuous in the faces of all, as if they were out for a day's pleasure, and meant to enjoy it, that we drove back to the capital, which we found in a glowing heat, with the thermometer at 86° in the shade, notwithstanding a gentle breeze, which blew almost daily up the river from the sea.

CHAPTER VI.

EVORA AND SETUBAL.

One of the most interesting excursions which we made during our tour in Portugal was to the ancient city of Evora. This is the capital of the large province of Alemtejo, and is distant from Lisbon some seventy miles; it was also the most southern, and with one exception, the most eastern point which we reached. Now, no part of Portugal is thickly populated, at all events, in the English sense of the word; nay, I may even go so far as to say that Portugal is one of the most thinly inhabited countries of Europe; and I quote the author of the 'Prize Essay' for the assertion that 'Dame Nature farms one half the country, and the other half is but imperfectly cultivated;' * but at all events, by very far the least populous of all the six provinces into which the kingdom is divided, and the least interfered with by man, is this said district of Alemtejo. Partly perhaps on this account, and partly from the vast uninhabited heath or desert which separates it from Lisbon, both the city of Evora itself and the country which we had to traverse to reach it, were more charmingly Portuguese, and more unsophisticated, and less altered by recent contact with other nations, than any other portions of the land which we visited. And yet Evora is now connected by railway with the capital, or at least with Barreiro,

* *Prize Essay on Portugal.* By John James Forrester. London, 1854.

which lies on the opposite bank of the Tagus; but then it must be owned that one train per day, which is at present found to be amply sufficient for the requirements of the people, does not imply a very numerous or very bustling population; indeed, the only marvel to everyone who has traversed this line is, not why more trains are not added, but how this single diurnal train can possibly pay through so sparsely peopled and so unproductive a district; even when we take into account the very level nature of the ground, and the extremely low figure at which any quantity of land might be purchased by an enterprising company. However, our business was not to speculate on the small dividends of this railway, whose proposers and directors must have been men of marvellous spirit and enterprise, but to make use of it for our excursion, which we did with great satisfaction during the few days of our trip to Evora and Setubal.

Accordingly, at a very early hour in the morning we were astir, and had breakfasted, and had reached the eastern suburb of Lisbon, and by 6.30 A.M. were on board the river steamer, which was to convey us across the broad belt of the Tagus, which here swells out into an imposing lake, irreverently styled by British sailors 'Jackass Bay.' There is certainly nothing hereabouts suggestive of the boiling of a pent-up river through a narrow rent or gorge or chasm (*tajo*), from which many have derived the name of Tagus, and such as indeed it appears as it flows by Toledo; neither could the most imaginative mind of modern days, with any truth, describe it as the poets of old loved to delineate its excellences, as rolling its transparent waters over the golden sands with which its bed was declared to be paved. Either we live in more degenerate days, when the river has deteriorated in purity, or those writers of ancient days embellished their subject without scruple, and drew largely on the credulity and ignorance of their

readers. At all events, it was through water more than usually muddy, spread out into a large lake or basin, that we made our way to the opposite shore, and a good half-hour had elapsed ere our steamer reached the pier at Barreiro, and then we had to trudge a quarter of a mile to the railway station, which would be annoying enough to those laden with baggage or during a heavy shower. Here we were met by the English director of the traffic, Mr. Fenn, who had most kindly prepared for us a letter of introduction to Dr. Manoel Villosa, the librarian at Evora, and who placed us in special charge of the conductor of the train, and showed us every attention. We were fortunate also in having as our companion Mr. Mackenna, the chief of the locomotive department, who was most obliging and useful, and subsequently acted as our guide and interpreter at Evora.

We had scarcely left the station at Barreiro before the country assumed an uncultivated aspect; the soil appeared to be altogether sand; sand and forest, sand and heath, sand and rough grass; these were the ingredients of our landscape, diversified, however, by the most brilliant wild flowers I had ever seen; the railway banks were quite covered with mesembryanthemums of red and yellow and brown hues, and a very great variety of most beautiful plants literally carpeted the fields and wastes; then cactus and gigantic aloes formed impenetrable hedges wherever cultivation had been attempted, and occasional patches of wheat, and beans, and potatoes, and peas, were to be seen at intervals on either side of the line. These, however, were but mere morsels rescued from the forest and heath, which, though succumbing to cultivation in the immediate track of the railway, asserted their independence farther inland, where they luxuriated in their primitive wildness. Thus we passed over the first ten miles, making a show of stopping at two intervening stations, where, however, none

left us or joined us, and where the station-master and single porter seemed to be the only inhabitants; and as our engine puffed through that uninhabited region, I was forcibly reminded of the famous steamboat expedition of Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley to the backwood settlement of Eden, so graphically and cleverly described by Mr. Dickens. Then we reached Pinhal Novo, the junction for Setubal, where our train divided into two portions, and we were left to pursue our course to Evora, a very curtailed and somewhat mean fragment of what was at starting a very respectable train. And now for the next twenty or twenty-five miles we traversed a true Portuguese heath, and if one rode through the whole country a better sample could nowhere be found. It would require the pen of a Stanley to describe it accurately, and to do justice to so singular and so beautiful a scene. It was indeed the acme of all that was wild in nature and yet brilliant in colour. Far as the eye could reach on either side, through winding valleys and over undulating hills, for leagues upon leagues, all was waste and barren, save that the whole country was thickly covered with aromatic bushes and shrubs and plants of various kinds. There were literally miles upon miles of juniper, lavender, myrtle, laurel, rosemary and broom; miles upon miles of heaths of every species; of the fragrant thyme; of the beautiful cisti of various colours, the yellow, the pink, the white, and the purple; of the handsome hibiscus, and many another flower which I could not identify. But the result was, that the eye was almost dazzled with the brilliant patches of purple, and red, and blue, and yellow, which completely carpeted the ground. It was a scene over which a botanist would have gone wild with excitement, and I heartily wished I had been a painter, and could have accurately represented that gorgeous picture in water colours or in oil. For many consecutive miles not

a tree was visible, not a house, not a man, not a beast, rarely even a bird; but the smell of aromatic shrubs pervaded the atmosphere, and the 'silence of solitude' reigned supreme in these deserted wastes. Then we would come to more wooded districts, where the trees were naturally clumped as in the Australian bush, or as they are planted in some large park at home. First umbrella-headed pines diversified the landscape; then forests of cork trees, and lastly groves of olives; and so we reached the station of Vendas Novas, a mere wooden shed, though the prineipal place in this wild region; and a hamlet of a dozen houses was no unimportant village in these unfrequented parts. Moreover, here is collected the merchandise of the district for exportation to the capital. Here, too, we met and passed the single 'up train' to Lisbon, as we should say; the '*Comboyo descendente*,' as it is more correctly styled here. And now we leave this tiny centre of civilization, and steam forth again into the wild uncultivated heath, stretching out in uncontrolled freedom over hill and dale; where the magnificent hibiscus covers whole leagues of land with its splendid white blossoms; and the ground is rent with many a deep and meandering watercourse, true nullahs of the south, which the heavy rains, so frequent and so copious in these latitudes, eat out for themselves in the sandy soil, but which are now completely dry, save here and there beneath some overhanging bush, where the water stands in a dark pool, and where beast and bird resort to quench their thirst. Then we came to Casa Branca, a hamlet which, so far as we were enabled to judge, consisted of two houses, but nevertheless, a very respectable hamlet for this district; moreover, it is a junction, for our line bifurcates here, one branch running southward to Beja, the other eastwards to Evora. Here we changed carriages, and after another hour's journey through a district not quite so wild and uncultivated as

that we had just traversed, reached our destination at mid-day, or rather I should say, we reached the railway station of Evora, which lies in the plain below the town nearly a mile from the heart of the city, and from which, in this unsophisticated district, the traveller must make his way with his baggage as he best can, for neither omnibus, cart, or carriage, have hitherto found custom enough to attract them to await the arrival of the one train from the capital.

Let it not, however, for one moment be imagined from this circumstance that Evora is a place of little importance, for such would be a most erroneous conclusion; and the use of wheeled carriages, at no time known to any extent in the Peninsula, is only now beginning to be recognised as a necessity in more fashionable localities; whereas a simple and primitive people are still contented with the horses, mules, and donkeys which their ancestors employed. Indeed, Evora was once the capital of Portugal, and standing on a hill, as is the case with all the larger cities in this country, has a very imposing appearance; there is, too, a great air of antiquity about it, and a remarkable quietness and even dullness, such as is wont to hover round our own cathedral cities in England; and it was through narrow streets almost deserted, and by *largos* and *praças* completely empty and grass-grown, that we walked to our humble hostelry, the best hotel indeed in the city, but of most unpretending and, perhaps I should add, unprepossessing exterior, which bore over its doorway the lengthy title 'Hospedaria Eborense vulgo Taberquina,' but which in reality was known as 'Hospedaria Taberquina,' or 'Taberquinas inn,' for such was the name of our well-meaning and obliging landlord.

We had the advantage of our kind friend Mr. Mackenna's guidance in our examination of Evora, and as he was thoroughly acquainted with the city, and had passed a

considerable time here, most valuable to us was the information he gave. As Evora is an archiepiscopal see, the cathedral was naturally the first object of attraction, and hither we bent our steps through the narrow, silent, tortuous streets: the exterior presents a remarkable appearance from the many lanthorns which rise from the tower, as well as from the strongly-barred and heavily-grated windows, which remind one of troublous times, of which indeed this city has experienced its full share; and the result was that this House of Prayer bore a strange resemblance to a castle or fort, and doubtless would on occasion, before the use of gunpowder was known, stand a siege; and shelter for a time the ecclesiastics against the turbulent populace, who were notorious for their frequent insurrections for one and another cause;

Half Church of God, half castle 'gainst the Moor.

The interior is striking, and on the whole pleasing; the nave is lofty, the aisles narrow, and the proportions are good; but what attracts immediate attention is the peculiar colour of the stonework of which nave, aisles, and pillars are built. The material is a hard stone of extremely dark hue, and a broad band of white cement is conspicuous between every course. Now undoubtedly this principle is, on the face of it, heartily to be condemned, but in this particular instance I am bound to confess that the result appeared in my judgment satisfactory. Perhaps this may have arisen from the relief which the light-coloured bands gave in a somewhat dark church, but scantily furnished with windows, as is universally the case in southern climates; and where, but for such relief, the peculiar hue of the stone would have necessarily imparted a gloomy aspect. At all events, the nave, aisles, and transepts of Evora Cathedral possess a peculiar and not unpleasing character; and, moreover, leave upon the mind an im-

pression of solemnity and even of imposing grandeur, all of which is in no way marred by the incongruity of the furniture of side chapels, which so generally occupy Roman Catholic churches, and where tawdry ornament and gaudy tinsel so often offend the eye of the man of taste. But if the rest of the building depends more on its admirable proportions, its considerable height, and its general architectural features for its claims to our notice, the choir may well challenge a critical inspection for the rich decorations with which it is provided. It is literally lined and roofed with polished marbles of great variety, many of which are of no little rarity as well as exquisite beauty; this is more especially the case with regard to the columns of marble at the east end, and the marble figures which form a spirited group admirably executed by no ordinary sculptor. And even the picture over the high altar, which has been so unfortunate as to attract adverse criticism from certain connoisseurs, appeared to me of very great merit; but here I would speak with diffidence becoming one who is venturing on dangerous ground, and who does not feel equal to run a tilt with fastidious art critics. In short, the general impression with which I left the building amounted to this, that it was a cathedral of no ordinary interest; and that while making no great pretensions to merit, either as regards the architecture of the building or its decorations, it combined a harmony of detail, an elegance and a finish, and in the choir a richness of material and a display of artistic skill, which might be searched for in vain in many more renowned churches.

Hard by the cathedral, upon which indeed it abuts, stands the palace of the Archbishop, and into it I was conducted by a verger through a side door from the cathedral itself; my object being to see the library of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, of whose varied treasures I had heard glowing reports, and for which I was armed with a

letter of introduction from Mr. Fenn. Unfortunately Dr. Manoel Villosa was absent from Evora, but I found two sub-librarians, busily employed in making a catalogue of the books; and as they most kindly left their occupation and conducted me round the library, pointing out everything worthy of notice, and bringing out all the treasures one by one for my examination—as, moreover, one of them possessed some knowledge of French, I had no cause to regret the absence of the chief librarian; and certainly nothing could be more courteous and civil than my two attendants, who grudged neither time nor trouble in my behalf, but for above an hour devoted themselves to gratifying my curiosity by exhibiting the valuables they had in charge. The pictures, of which there is a large collection, are, with very few exceptions, but wretched daubs, and though many have been attributed to the Portuguese painter of chief renown, I might almost say the only Portuguese painter of any renown, Gran Vasco, my conductors assured me that the library did not possess a single specimen by that artist; to which they laughingly added that every picture in Portugal was generally attributed to Gran Vasco, though in reality very few of his paintings exist. One treasure alone they considered a gem, and even that they hesitated to designate a Guercino; but it is undoubtedly a very beautiful picture, and quite in the style of that master: the subject represents our blessed Lord bearing the Cross. Of the rest, portraits form by far the majority: portraits of kings and princes of Portugal; portraits of Archbishops of Evora; portraits of saints and of monks of every order and in every habit; and all of true Portuguese type of feature and face. Amongst others, one looked with interest on the portrait of the famous Pombal, than whom no man has ever been more execrated on the one side and extolled on the other;

the powerful minister, who, however unscrupulous and cruel in the means he employed to effect his object, as his enemies bitterly assert, at all events by his decisive energy and active measures worked such reforms in the middle of the last century, and, as his admirers triumphantly declare, by his own unassisted courage and consummate prudence saved the country from anarchy and destruction. Another picture singled out for my particular observation was the well-known face of our Charles I., though my conductor was impressed with the conviction, of which I found it difficult to disabuse his mind, that this portrait represented 'Charles III. d'Angleterre.' As regards the books, they number 30,500 volumes, exclusive of manuscripts; and are (as might be supposed) almost entirely confined to theological works, inasmuch as here are congregated several of the libraries of the suppressed convents. A great many Bibles of very early dates were successively handed down for my examination, and I have little doubt that, as I was assured, the shelves contained many valuable and scarce works on the history of the country; but abstruse speculations of churchmen and the minute points of doctrine on which the Schoolmen loved to contend, seemed to comprise the great bulk of the heavy tomes which lined the walls on either hand. However, both pictures and books were apparently held cheap by my conductors in comparison with treasures of another kind, which were carefully produced from a cabinet at the extreme end of the room. Here I was desired to be seated, and then one by one these valuables were taken from the cloths which enwrapped them, and exposed for my admiration. I need not linger over these, which formed the ordinary sample of the objects usually collected in such places; as for example, a triptych of Limoges work; several beautifully carved ivories; some exquisitely painted miniatures, and other highly-prized objects of art; but I

pass on to what really was of very great interest, and which is seldom shown to strangers, the large 'Flag of the Holy Inquisition,' which was uncovered with peculiar care, and unfolded and spread on the table for my inspection: it is about twelve feet in length and eight in breadth, and is composed of crimson silk of great richness and thickness, and in the centre the arms of the Inquisition are worked in gold, surrounded with the very expressive motto 'Exsurge, Domine, causam Tuam judica.' This was evidently regarded with great reverence as a memento of days when the Church was all-powerful, and the sub-librarian openly lamented that those days were gone by. Doubtless that banner had witnessed many a cruel death, and had floated over the procession at many an *auto de fé* but amidst the enormities of which the Holy Inquisition was undoubtedly guilty, it was the cause of one glorious effect, which remains to this day, that dissenters from the Church have never gained a footing in either Spain or Portugal; so that, while I could scarcely repress a shudder as I thought of the fearful tortures and the wretched victims of which it reminded me, and felt thankful that such a tyrannical court of enquiry had never penetrated our more favoured country, I could not but admire the unanimity in the faith to which in the Peninsula it has given rise, an unanimity from which we at home are apparently so distant; but which, if only it could be attained, would be the greatest blessing religion in England could know. There is, moreover, this to be said with regard to the Inquisition in the Peninsula, that though nothing can excuse or palliate the injustice, the guilt, the cruelties, and the judicial murders it caused, and the monstrous abuses to which it gave rise, its original intention, however ill-founded and unlikely to succeed, was merciful, as conducive to the salvation of souls; and as such, in an age of bigotry was accepted and fostered by some of the most

humane and pious prelates and sovereigns the world has ever known, amongst whom I need but mention the saintly Cardinal Ximenes and the gentle and accomplished Queen Isabella of Spain, than whom I know no brighter example of consistent piety, wisdom, and courage; in short, no more perfect character, when considered in every aspect, throughout the whole range of secular history.

And now my conductors passed on to a small cabinet of antiquities and foreign curiosities—Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, South-American, &c.—the latter of no particular merit; but my attention was at once attracted to eight or nine stone celts, of large size and of unmistakable antiquity, some of which were beautifully shaped and partially polished, and all of which, I was assured, had been found within the stone temples and other Druidical remains, of which (said my informant) Portugal is full. Then he showed me a bronze celt of exactly similar shape, but flatter and of course thinner, and then what be designated a bronze sword of Celtic origin, but of somewhat later date than the stone implements. These were all dug up in the neighbourhood of Evora, and are but samples of what the unexplored country contains; for when we take into consideration the enormous tracts of waste land, as compared with those portions which are under cultivation, we shall readily understand that the days of the exploring archæologist are not yet come, but that at some future period there will be a rich harvest of antiquities to be exhumed, when the all-exposing ploughshare shall penetrate those wild solitudes, which now are so seldom trodden even by the shepherd's foot.

Taking a very cordial leave of my kind friends at the library, and thanking them, as I did very heartily, for their most obliging civilities, and amidst a shower of compliments and expressions of mutual esteem, as is the custom

in the Peninsula, I now descended the stairs of the Archiepiscopal Palace, and sought out the Roman remains, of which the city is full, and for which it is said to be renowned above all other places in the kingdom. At a very short distance from the cathedral stands the celebrated temple of Diana, upon which the most excessive praise has been bestowed. It is undoubtedly an elegant building, and tolerably perfect: the fluted columns and their well-worked capitals are certainly admirable, and they are now connected by curtain walls of masonry, which will doubtless tend to their preservation; but, however good a specimen of genuine Roman work, this temple has no pretensions to such extraordinary excellence, and does not in any degree deserve the extravagant praise which has been lavished upon it: indeed, I will venture to remark, that the habit indulged in by so many travellers of magnifying the merits of the objects they describe is not only reprehensible, as exaggeration under all circumstances must be, but also tends to general disappointment, and consequently a feeling of indignation against those who have raised expectation to so high a pitch and upon so slender a foundation. The temple of Diana possesses, however, one excellence, viz., a most commanding position, and the view from the terrace hard by must not be passed over; for not only does the eye wander over the wide-spreading uncultivated heath, stretching away to the horizon, and glowing with a purple hue, but, looking out towards the east and north-east, one can see almost to the confines of Portugal and towards Elvas and Badajoz, names which cause a thrill of admiration and triumph to every true-born Briton, as he thinks of the heroic deeds of his countrymen before those almost impregnable fortifications.

There are many other morsels of Roman work, of more or less excellence, in various parts of the city, and conspicuous amongst them is the famous aqueduct, which to

the present day conducts water to the thirsty city from a distance of seven miles. Outside the walls this aqueduct forms a very marked feature in the landscape, as in many parts it stands high upon arches, and so stretches over the valleys and from hill to hill.

And now that I had seen the chief attractions of Evora, including various fragments of Roman work and several old-fashioned churches, I was free to start off with my gun for a long walk into that wild heath which surrounded it, and through which I had resolved to wander from the first moment of approaching the city. I was very soon beyond the walls and the fields and gardens which encircle them, and within an hour was threading my way through the thick bushes and scrub and amidst the broken ground and innumerable watercourses with which the heath is beset. Now, there is a charm in every wilderness in my eyes, which it is impossible to express in words: whether it be in an African desert, an Alpine snow field, a Swedish forest, a Norwegian fjeld, or an English down, it is indescribably sweet to stand face to face with nature, and to see no trace of man on any side. So it was in this Portuguese heath: the ground was by no means level, nor was it smooth and easy walking; indeed, it was astonishing how many deep dips and rapid rises one had to scramble over in apparently a level plain; then one had to thread a tortuous course amidst the bushes, many of them armed with very formidable thorns. The soil was everywhere sandy, but in some parts rocky as well. Bees and flies buzzed and hovered over every bush; caterpillars of strange form and gigantic size, as well as of gay colour, crawled on the ground; and of birds, larks of two species, buntings and goldfinches and stonechats, were abundant, while the pretty yellow Serin finches flitted by in little flocks, and gave me a better opportunity than I had ever had before of watching the movements and flight of these brilliant

denizens of Southern Europe. And so I rambled on for hours through the many-coloured heath, admiring the gay flowers which bloomed in such profusion; and the sun was sinking very low towards the west before I could tear myself away from those enchanting solitudes redolent of heath and aromatic shrubs, the very Elysian fields of a naturalist's dream.

We took leave of our humble hostelry at a very early hour in the morning, and we shall always remember the 'Hospedaria Taberquina' as our first experience of a genuine unsophisticated Portuguese inn, where we were the source of unbounded astonishment to all the inhabitants, and where the dishes at our meals were unmistakably Portuguese, though that by no means implies that they were appreciated by English taste. Then we hurried through the deserted streets, out of the gates of Evora, and ran down the hill to the railway station, urged on to such exertion by the frantic ringing of the station bell, and the recollection that to miss the early morning train implies of necessity to be detained till the next day. However, we were in ample time, and this was but the national habit in conductors of public carriages as well as station-masters, as we afterwards experienced on more than one occasion, to obtain punctuality in their passengers, if possible, by practising every ruse and stratagem in their power to decoy them into the belief of an early start.

We had the same pleasant journey back through the wild heaths and plains; again changed carriages at Casa Branca, where we joined the train from Beja; again stopped for ten minutes at Vendas Novas, where we passed the *down* train; but when we reached Pinhal Novo, the junction for Setubal, we left the main line, and throughout the ten miles which intervened before that city was reached, we passed through a country of great beauty, running under the castle and hill of Palmella, and entering Setu-

bal amidst such quintas and gardens and orange groves as we had not seen elsewhere. This, however, was only what we expected, inasmuch as all the best oranges of Portugal are grown in this locality; nay, so highly is the fruit of Setubal esteemed, that connoisseurs are said to make expeditions hither in order to enjoy the full flavour of the orange, which loses some of its superlative excellence by the short transport to Lisbon. Probably this is but an unfounded fancy; but, at all events, Setubal stands embosomed in orange groves, where the trees were loaded with magnificent fruit, and of its very excellent flavour we took care to qualify ourselves as experienced judges. As regards the town of Setubal, I must declare it to be the very acme of all that is dullest, ugliest, most desolate, and uninteresting. We wandered through it in every direction, but there was nothing to admire or to interest; the squares were grass-grown, the streets deserted. Even after Evora, it seemed a city of the dead. And then we came down to the sea-shore, and here a little life was stirring; for quite within the harbour a shoal of porpoises was gambolling, attracted doubtless by the small fry thrown overboard by the fishing boats; and within a few yards of the beach two fishing smacks were moored, which had just arrived with their last night's haul. So here we sat, looking over the bay, and admiring the surrounding hills, while we watched the expressive action, the loud talking, and the violent gestures with which the barter for fish was carried on between the dealers on shore and the fishermen in the boats, until at length, basket on head, men and boys waded through the shallow water to the vessel's side, and bore away their purchase in triumph. We found the town so intolerably dull and uninteresting, and the harbour and bay so much more to our taste, that here we spent the greater part of the time we had devoted to Setubal; and then we took train, and once more by

Pinhal Novo to Barreiro, whence we crossed the broad bay of the Tagus in something more than an ordinary gale of wind, and our little steamer had hard work to make head against the big waves ere she landed us once more in now familiar Lisbon.

CHAPTER VII.

ALCOBAÇA.

We left Lisbon with regret: not only on account of our very pleasant sojourn there, and the great kindness we had met from many friends whose acquaintance we had made, and the extreme courtesy and general readiness to oblige which seem to be distinguishing traits of Portuguese character amongst all classes; but also because we had contracted a real liking for the beautiful city, its streets, its gardens, its squares, and its suburbs; and we were sorry to bid adieu to the 'golden Tagus,' whose waters, at all events, sparkled daily in the golden sunshine before our windows, if its sands are not now covered with gold, as in the days when Ovid sang,* and whose name, if not derived, as suggested above, from the *tajo* or chasm in the granite mountains through which it boils beneath Toledo, and in its earlier course, may be, as Dean Stanley tells us, the same as Dagon, the fish god of the Philistines,† and so may record the renown it has enjoyed for so many ages for the excellence and profusion of the finny tribes with which its waters abound.

However, our route now lay northwards towards Oporto; but, as we desired to see something of the intervening country, and more especially to visit the famous monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha, we proposed to deviate

* *Metamorphosis*, ii. v. 251.

† *Lectures on the Jewish Church*, vol. i. p. 361.

from the direct line at a short distance from the capital, and leaving the railway which now connects the two largest cities in the kingdom, to make our way by road, and by a somewhat circuitous route through Cercal and Caldas de Rainha.

Now, in all southern countries, the universal practice is to travel by night; and this custom, which is intelligible enough in the hot weather, when a railway carriage becomes like an oven under the fierce rays of a midday sun, is so engrained in the habits of the southerners, that all the arrangements for the starting of public carriages, whether by rail or road, are made upon this principle for all seasons of the year; so that, even if the railway journey might be contrived by a morning train, the diligence, or omnibus, or sociable, which begins its journey from any station to some distant town, is certain to start at night, and he who would take advantage of such convenient and inexpensive conveyance must perforce accommodate himself to the national custom, and plan his journey accordingly. At the same time, as such a practice is altogether fatal to the purpose of the tourist, who desires to see something of the country through which he journeys, he will generally find himself debarred by this unfortunate arrangement from taking advantage of the public carriages, of which otherwise he would gladly make use.

However, as our proposed journey was a long one, and would occupy some eighteen hours (for there was nothing of special interest to detain us till we reached Alcobaça); as, moreover, a full moon, shining in the clearest of skies, promised to light up the landscape for our advantage, we made arrangements to start by the latest train; and, just as the sun was setting on a beautiful evening in May, we took leave of Lisbon, and, after something more than an hour's journey, were landed on the platform of the deso-

late station of Carregado, where we fondly expected to find a so-called diligence, but in reality a small sociable, starting for Alcobaça. Now, our knowledge of the Portuguese tongue might be accurately described as infinitesimal, and I must confess that we felt somewhat at a loss, and stared at one another in rather blank dismay, when, on looking around us in all directions, we could see no sign of a carriage of any kind. So here we were, benighted travellers indeed, cast away by the train at a deserted station in apparently an uninhabited district, with but very feeble powers of making ourselves understood, and at nine o'clock at night. Then, if ever, we felt ourselves to be 'lone, lorn wanderers,' as the ever famous Mrs. Gummidge would say, fairly stranded on a foreign shore, and no means of advance or retreat discernible. However, 'there is a remedy for everything under the sun but death,' says Sancho Panza, and 'fortune always leaves some door open in misfortune to admit a remedy,' and 'a good heart breaks bad luck.' So we philosophically consoled ourselves with these pithy maxims of the Peninsula, and began to search for any escape which might offer itself from this dilemma. Accordingly, while F. remained to guard the luggage and interrogate the station-master, I started off down the moonlit road in search of some *hospedaria* or *estalagem* where we might procure either beds or a carriage. Within less than an hour I was fortunate enough to find a roadside inn, which, though uninviting enough, and not for a moment to be thought of for night-quarters, was able to furnish a dilapidated but roomy old chariot, and a pair of sturdy black mules; for which, after an immense amount of bargaining, conducted more by dumb show and unintelligible monosyllables than by argument and reason, we concluded our arrangement: and so behold us, at 10 o'clock at night, beginning our fifty-mile drive to Alcobaça. The moon was so brilliant

that we could not regret our night journey, though our route lay through a district of great natural beauty, and through valleys and over hills in part highly cultivated, and in part abandoned to wild flowers, rocks, and shrubs. And so we travelled on, seldom much beyond a foot's pace, for which we roundly upbraided our driver, but which subsequent experience taught us was the general speed of Portuguese coaches; up and down a succession of hills, and seldom on level ground; till at length, at half-past 3 in the morning, we reached the village of Cercal, where the mules were to be rested for two hours; during which time we slept soundly in our carriage, and were glad enough to do so, as the rough stony roads we had traversed had altogether prevented sleep during our progress from Carregado.

The villages which we passed were of a primitive order, and the cottages were generally composed of the material denominated *cob*, or a mixture of straw and mud; and the glimpses of Portuguese peasant life which we caught from time to time, caused us involuntarily to exclaim—

O duræ tellus Lusitaniæ!

but the glorious sun spread its golden mantle over their wretched dwellings, and lit up their dingy hovels, and ennobled their poor abodes, and the people looked cheerful, contented, and happy. Moreover, the country was charming, and the admiration of Childe Harold was continually before our minds—

It is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!

From Cercal to Caldas de Rainha, there was no great attraction in the scenery, except that the country seemed more wooded, and, if possible, more hilly. Very long

and tiresome were those endless mountains, up which we crawled so deliberately, and down which we descended scarcely more rapidly; and we were heartily glad when at 9.30 A.M. we entered Caldas, and drove up to the clean but unpretending *estalagem* of José Paulo, of deserved renown in the Handbook, where we halted for breakfast.

Caldas de Rainha, or 'The Queen's Hot Baths,' contains (as its name *Calidas* implies) one of the many highly esteemed hot mineral springs and baths for which Portugal is remarkable; and in which indeed that country abounds, in comparison with its extent, more than any other portion of Europe, though beyond the limits of the kingdom they are wholly unknown. Hither come the rheumatic, the gouty, the dyspeptic, and if one may credit half the assurances we heard regarding the efficacy of these waters, then without doubt it is strange that their value should be so overlooked by the medical world beyond the Peninsula; and at all events, it would be worth while for some whose limbs are stiffened by exposure in our catch-cold climate to make further enquiry at least, if not a trial of these baths; which I have repeatedly heard pronounced *infallible* (!) in rheumatic affections; where one single bath is declared to give relief, and where five or six baths are *said* to be a certain cure in ordinary cases, but a course of six weeks no less positive in the most inveterate attacks. There is au admirable hospital built here for the use of the poorer patients; but indeed I may say that generally throughout Portugal the care bestowed upon the needy and the sufferers of all kinds struck me as being exceedingly great, and the charitable provisions against distress as most highly praiseworthy.

Our driver left his carriage and mules at Caldas, and we proceeded in another equipage of the same generic character as the last, a long and very hilly stage to Alcobaça. The country hereabouts was extremely pretty,

very well wooded, and in many parts highly fertile. The road was admirably constructed, though not always kept in perfect repair; and we wound round the hills, and occasionally resorted to zigzags, after true Alpine fashion, in descending the steep side of the mountain which separated us from the green and fruitful valley in which Alcobaça lay: indeed, the latter portion of our route was through a succession of orchards and fruit trees, and amid such a profusion of big chestnut trees and enormous olives as we had not seen since leaving Cintra. This was no more than might have been expected, for founders of monasteries generally selected the most eligible spots for their religious houses, and certainly the approach to Alcobaça betokened the good judgment with which the site of that vast abbey was chosen; for I do not know when I have seen a more rich and luxuriant and smiling scene than the beautiful valley by which we entered the little town: towering above which, and conspicuous on all sides from the surrounding hills, stood the great Cistercian monastery, which at one time contained a thousand monks, and was notorious as the largest and probably the most wealthy religious house in the world.

We found tolerable quarters at the unpretending little inn close by; and here by the greatest good fortune we chanced to meet a gentleman, who not only could talk English fluently, but most kindly put himself at our disposal, and accompanied us afterwards in our inspection of the monastery; and not content with this, drove over to Batalha, when we had finished our stay at Alcobaça, and spent the greater portion of a day in lionising us over that magnificent structure. To him, indeed, we are indebted in great measure for the very complete and satisfactory examination which we made of these two most interesting buildings, and in recording the name of our most obliging and courteous friend, Señhor Manoel Gimes

Ferreira da Costa, I mention one who was not only of inestimable service to us, but who is as polished and well-informed a Portuguese gentleman as we met with throughout our tour.

Under his guidance, then, we sallied forth to see the great monastery of Alcobaça, for the details of which I must refer my readers to the Handbook, where a very full and accurate description will be found. To ourselves it was of exceeding interest: in the first place, it was the largest and most splendid monastery in Christendom, containing none but monks of noble, or, at all events, gentle birth;* who were very seldom to be seen on foot, but rode abroad on excellent mules.† Then it was governed by an abbot-general, who was elected amongst the brethren for three years, enjoyed episcopal honours, and was also chief of the whole of the members of the Bernardine Order residing in Portugal.‡ It had indeed been suppressed a few years back, in common with all other religious houses in Portugal; and previous to its suppression it had been barbarously consigned to the flames by Massena in the retreat of the French from Portugal; but though the conflagration lasted twenty-one days, and consumed the greater portion of the cloisters and cells of the monastery, yet the principal buildings escaped, and they remain to this hour just as they stood when peopled with monks, and so they offer an admirable sample of what an abbey was in the olden time. Already, however, neglect is beginning to work its never-failing results, and as at the departure of the monks there were none left to execute repairs, these magnificent buildings are gradually beginning to fall into decay; and doubtless, ere long, heaps of ruins and crumb-

* *Historical, Military, and Picturesque Observations on Portugal.* By Colonel Landmann. London, 1818. Vol. ii. p. 235. *Portugal and Gallicia.* By Lord Carnarvon. Page 20.

† Landmann, ii. 236. ‡ Ibid. ii. 237.

ling walls, and ivy-grown arches will alone remain to attest the position of one of the proudest monasteries of Europe. And so looking onwards to the future, and the destruction which every year is sure to entail; still more, looking back to the past, and the crowds of holy brethren who once peopled its courts, we strolled into every corner, and examined every nook, and passed on from church to library, and kitchen, and refectory, and through cloisters and corridors of interminable length; deserted now, and from their very vastness looking doubly desolate and forlorn, but speaking volumes by the solidity of their structure for the strength and endurance which monastic buildings usually affect, but which here appear to be carried to an extreme I have not seen elsewhere; for some of the outer walls, which I measured, were no less than ten feet in thickness, and doubtless the monastery, if need were, could have stood a siege in its palmy days, defended by the stout arms of a thousand monks, who would fight lustily for their home, their possessions, and their Order.

The ground plan of this vast pile of buildings may be roughly described as an irregular square, measuring in round numbers some 700 feet on either face; but it is again divided by the church and other buildings into four smaller squares, each planted with orange trees and surrounded with galleries and cloisters.* I have already said that the principal buildings bear no traces of the fire by which the bulk of the abbey was consumed: these are comprised in the church, the library, the kitchen, the refectory, and the hospedarium, or strangers' wing, and to each of these in due order we turned our attention.

We first visited the church, which stands in the centre of the long western face of the monastery, and which is

* Landmann's *Observations on Portugal*, vol. ii. 235.

approached by an imposing flight of broad steps which lead up to the west door. Its architecture is generally designated 'modern Norman Gothic,' if that term may suggest any definite idea to my reader's mind. More aptly it is styled by Fergusson not unlike the Cistercian abbey of Pontigny in style, and is characterised by that author as at once 'simple and grand, and as belonging to one of the most splendid monasteries in the world.' * Externally the church has a lofty and noble aspect, towering up as it should above the secular buildings with which it is surrounded, but the west front appeared to me massive and heavy. On entering we were much struck with the great height of the nave, and doubtless it is exceedingly lofty; but the many large pillars of excessive dimensions which support the vaulted roof, and the very narrow arches they form, and the narrow nave and still narrower side aisles, enhance the appearance of height in a great degree. The side chapels and altars bear traces of more elaborate decoration in carving, painting, and gilding than are usually to be met with in Portugal; but the great objects of attraction are the richly-carved but now much-mutilated monuments of Dom Pedro the Cruel and the far-famed Donna Ignez de Castro: these splendid tombs lie in the south transept, and are examined with deep interest by the visitor, not only for their really beautiful workmanship which is much to be admired, but far more from the very romantic history which appertains to that deeply-attached but most unfortunate couple, of whom one hears so much and sees so many pictures, and for which I again refer to the Handbook (page 111). From the church we went to the gardens, now a simple meadow, but wherein the remains of statues and obelisks, broken flights of wide steps, and well-carved stone balustrades mark how daintily the

* *Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*, p. 836.

walks and terraces were laid out and to what a distance they extended. Hard by stands a small chapel, rich in carving and gilding, and surrounded by a cemetery wherein the servants of the convent were buried, for the monks themselves were interred within the church.

And now we re-entered the monastery on the south side and ascended to the library, which is one of the finest rooms I ever saw. It is of immense size, lofty, and with a wide gallery running all round; with a marble floor, an elaborate ceiling, and three roofs, one above another, in order to exclude all possibility of damp from rain. Here too the walls were of enormous thickness, the windows large and admirably contrived for light, but well-fitting, and provided with ample shutters; and all to ensure a dry atmosphere for the books, and at the same time an even temperature for those who used them. Here indeed was an inviting reading-room for the studious monks! on the sunny side of the monastery, and looking out on the beautiful gardens and down the green valley, we may imagine as quiet and peaceful retirement as the most fastidious student could desire. The walls were now empty, and only the shelves remained to mark where the treasures had been; but there was a time when few monasteries could boast so large a catalogue of books and manuscripts, and none could show so large and well-proportioned a room wherein their collections were contained.

From this provision for ample supplies of food for the mind let us now turn to the place whence daily issued the enormous supplies of food for the body, which even holy brethren needed; and perhaps the kitchen struck us as the most remarkable portion of the monastery, for it appealed to our senses in unmistakable language, and no words were needed to tell on what a colossal scale the preparation of monastic dinners was carried on there. We are told by the statistical Murphy, that it measures one hundred feet in

length, twenty-two in breadth, and sixty-three in height;* and in the midst of this great hall, placed, not near the wall, but where it is accessible on every side, stands the huge fireplace, twenty-eight feet long by eleven broad; the chimney of which forms a pyramid or cone, and is supported on eight massive iron columns; and one could not but think that the fires which would fill that hearth must have scorched the cooks who stood near it. Of similar proportion and of similar solidity were the immense ovens, which were built on one side; then there was the old chopping-block, of extraordinary thickness, and bearing in its hacked surface undoubted evidence of the cleavers of monastic cooks. Then again there were two massive stone tables, on which the meat was laid preparatory to roasting, each of a single slab some twelve feet in length by eight in breadth, and above a foot in solid thickness. On the opposite side of the kitchen, and occupying its whole length, was a succession of large tanks or reservoirs, each provided with its own fountain; and, more striking than all, there was positively a clear and rapid stream, or, as our Portuguese companion described it, a *river*, running right through the kitchen, in at one end and out at the other; and which, by being simply dammed back at the exit, would soon overflow, and thus wash the whole floor. Here indeed were lordly preparations for a vast banquet, but daily to feed a thousand hungry monks required both space and appliances of gigantic dimensions; and the extreme solidity and vastness of everything which had impressed us throughout the building were especially observable in the cooking department.

Beyond the kitchen lay the buttery, and immediately beyond that the refectory, but of this last we could see but little beyond the noble size of the room; for if other

* *Travels in Portugal in* 1789. London, 1795. Page 93.

portions of the monastery are left untouched this has indeed undergone a transformation which would have astonished and perhaps horrified the good monks not a little could they see the desecration; for it is now occupied as a small theatre, and the interior fittings completely block up and hide its proportions.

Other courts outside the main building contained the offices and the stables, all on a very large scale; and I have said nothing of the many long corridors and quadrangles, which, indeed, comprise no small portion of the existing monastery, though they have in great part been consumed in the fire. Moreover, there are farms and outbuildings of every description dotted about in various positions in the landscape, and all connected with the great Cistercian house—the centre of the district, which for many miles round employed the labour of the people, and supported those who required help.

Perhaps we are scarcely in a position to appreciate the tremendous blow which the suppression of such a monastery as this must have dealt on the poorer classes of the extensive circle to which the influence of that great community would have reached. We can scarcely realise the amount of dependence upon it for their daily bread which crowds of the more indigent habitually and openly acknowledged. Such a dependence had grown with their growth, and become engrained in their convictions as a second nature; and in the too common event of sickness or trouble or want, the thoughts of the poor would at once turn to the monastery for succour, which was seldom refused. Then they were the best and most enlightened landlords of the period, most considerate for their tenants, most ready to expend capital on improvements: foremost, too, in all works of public utility, they were the road-makers, the bridge-builders of their time. Then they were the only schoolmasters of their age; to them alone

was due the education, so far as it went, of the children all around them. Who, again, in those days of general ignorance had such practical wisdom, as well as such scholarship and learning, and therefore could give such good advice, as the monks? And so, in a well-conducted monastery such as Alcobaça is said to have been, they were looked up to, and deservedly esteemed by the whole country-side, as the great benefactors of the district; and the abbey was the *point d'appui* on which all classes leaned, and to which all eyes turned, when they needed assistance. I give no opinion as to the advantage or disadvantage of such institutions in the present day: perhaps the spirit of the nineteenth century is hardly calculated for their success, and possibly the grave objections which are urged against their revival more than counterbalance the benefits they would still confer. But, be this as it may, I must contend that the amount of good they have effected in past times is incalculable. Unquestionably there were occasional instances, as in every community on earth, of corruption and disorder; and doubtless every authentic case against a religious body was made the most of, as at this day, by the irreligious and worldly. Still, no unprejudiced enquirer into mediæval times can deny that, as a body, they were anything but the lazy, idle, sensual drones which a puritan and uncharitable age has portrayed; and even we at this present day owe a large debt of gratitude to the monks for the preservation and advancement of much that we enjoy, and for the enlightenment and civilization, may I not say, of the religious faith and the morality of our times.

At present a small corner of the extreme north-west wing of Alcobaça is occupied by a small band of thirty soldiers. This was once the hospedarium, to which the guest was always received with welcome, and from which none were turned away. Here, too, are certain rooms

fitted up as prisons, to which, amongst eight or nine commoner felons, several noblemen have just been consigned, to await their trial for the foul murder of a rich baron, whose possessions were the envy of the assassins; and foremost among these was the brother of the murdered man. A strong guard of soldiers encompassed this prison day and night, and beneath its windows, looking towards the street, a double guard was always patrolling, as from the rank and position of the prisoners awaiting their trial an attempt at rescue was apprehended.

Certain other portions of the building are more worthily employed in preserving the municipal archives and documents connected with the province; but otherwise the great monastery is deserted and empty,—a noble house without a tenant, a promising shell without a kernel, a fair rind without but rottenness and decay within, a magnificent casket with no contents,—a glorious shrine, but unoccupied, hollow and barren.

CHAPTER VIII.

BATALHA.

THE BED-ROOM which I occupied in the little bumble *estalagem* of Alcobaça was not by any means over-luxurious. It measured just seven feet by nine; it had no window whatever, but a large square opening above the door admitted such fresh air as the passage outside could command, but at mid-day it was perfectly dark. It was a mere cupboard of a room, and would have been heartily despised by the most self-denying monk in the monastery: moreover, the bed never pretended to be more than a mere mattrass of straw, and the pillow was a wisp of straw in a calico covering, so that if I chanced to move ever so little, the crackling beneath my head was quite startling and even electrifying, from its novelty. However, it was all beautifully clean, and, thanks to the jolting I had experienced through the previous night, I slept soundly till daylight. Partly perhaps from the cell-like aspect of the room, but doubtless much more from the examination of the various parts of the monastery with which we had been so much interested the previous day, I dreamt that I was on a visit to the Abbot of Alcobaça and his thousand monks, with whom I was peopling the monastery all night long. Now we were wandering in the spacious gardens, where the cowled and tonsured brethren were sauntering two and two, according to the habit of their Order; now we were in the library, watching the labours of those inde-

fatigable copyists, as they were busily employed in reproducing, with marvellous quickness and dexterity, an exact facsimile of one of their precious manuscripts, or artistically painting in brilliant colours and gold the quaint design which formed some initial letter. Anon we were standing in the great church, admiring the reverence and devotion of that large body of worshippers, all clad in the same dark robes, all moving simultaneously as if actuated by one impulse, all singing the responses in a chorus of deep hoarse voices. Or again, we were passing through the long corridors, no longer deserted, but well filled with the sombre figures of the monks; or we were partaking of a frugal meal in the refectory, where all voices were hushed save that of the reader, who was chanting out a chapter of the Vulgate in a high key. And again, in my dream I was visiting the kitchen, and beholding those huge appliances for cooking which had so astonished us the previous day, now in full use. And it was not only for one single night that such visions of the good fathers haunted my slumbers, but so impressed had I been with this very spacious and very perfect monastery, and of such absorbing interest were the habits and the daily life of its occupants, vividly brought before my mind on the spot, that for several days and nights, whether awake or dreaming, I could think of little else but the great abbey and the monks as they were at their most flourishing period. Indeed, there was something singularly touching and sad in the recollection of their past grandeur, the undoubted good they effected in their district, their noble aims and intentions, and their present total abolition, while all their vast buildings remain. Never before had I felt such a sympathy for the brethren, and yet I had been their guest on several occasions. I had often encouutered them in former years in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy: I had become familiar with all the principal branches—grey,

black, and white; Franciscans, Dominicans, and Carmelites; and I had observed the Eastern fathers as well, Greek and Syrian and Coptic. But the great empty shell at Alcobaça spoke of high aspirations come to an end, of lives devoted to God passed away; and all the reflections connected with this great abbey, as perfect as human design and skill could effect, were of a melancholy nature, for they spoke only of the past, without any reference to the present or the future.

It was in the very midst of these memories, and while indulging in this dreamy retrospect and resuscitation of days long ago passed away, that we drove away in a *char-à-banc* with a pair of raw-boned mules to the rival Dominican monastery of Batalha. Our route lay for nearly a league up a succession of steep hills, from which we enjoyed an admirable bird's-eye view of the great monastery we had left, towering above the town of Alcobaça. Then we passed through the long straggling street of Aljubarrota, renowned for the famous battle fought in that neighbourhood and to which it accordingly supplied a name, and which is still proudly referred to by the Portuguese as one of the greatest victories which their arms have ever gained: moreover, their opponents acknowledge their defeat to have been overwhelming, the flower of the Castilian nobility to have been slain, and the King of Castile to have worn mourning to the day of his death in commemoration of the disaster.* Thence we drove over pine-clad hills and through perfect forests of olives, till, on winding down the mountain side into the valley below, we suddenly found ourselves drawing near to the incomparable flower of all monastic buildings at Batalha, a single glance at whose elegant fabric was enough to show to what a height of perfection its elaborate details of decoration had been

* Prescott's *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, vol. i. p. 220.

carried, and withal what a charming and graceful collection of buildings was offered to our admiration.

Now, Batalha is indisputably, so far as architecture is concerned, by very far the first ecclesiastical structure in Portugal: nay more, it has no rival which can compete with it for a single moment; it is something more than *facile princeps* amidst its brethren of Belem, Alcobaça, and Mafra. And yet to the ordinary English ecclesiologist it is scarcely known even by name, whilst among British travellers in Portugal, and still less amongst the educated inhabitants of the country, you can scarcely find one in a hundred who has thought it worth the fatigue and trouble to deviate but a short day's journey from the direct line which connects the southern and northern capitals of Lisbon and Oporto, in order to see this beautiful monastery, built in so peculiar a style, but so rich and striking in its exquisite details.

It is singular that it should be so overlooked, because of the few travellers who have visited it scarcely any have refrained from proclaiming loudly their unqualified admiration of this lovely gem; though it would seem that their several assertions have met with little credence or have excited but little curiosity, for Batalha is still a name almost unknown beyond the limits of the district in which it stands. So long ago as 1795 the architect, Murphy, published a folio volume of plans and elevations of these buildings, to which he laudably devoted much time and pains on the spot. They are certainly by no means accurate, but they are sufficiently attractive, one would have supposed, to provoke enquiry; but I have been unable to discover any other engraving or picture of this remarkable monastery,* with the exception of a ground-plan of the

* Since writing the above, I have seen at the Kensington Museum a very handsome volume of twenty large photographs of this monastery, by the late Mr. Thurston Thompson, published about a year ago by the Arundel

church, given in the single page which alone treats of Batalha, in Mr. Fergusson's 'Illustrated Handbook of Architecture:' and even this ground-plan is copied from Murphy's book. Of descriptions indeed there are several, the most accurate and exhaustive of which is the admirable account given in the Handbook, to which I beg to refer my readers for more detailed information than I can give.

We spent several days at Batalha, whilst F. made quite a large series of photographs of the church, the cloisters, the Founder's Chapel, the *Capella imperfetta*, and many other lovely morsels which demanded the attention of the camera, so that we had ample time for examining this wondrous work of art. Moreover, we made our grand tour of inspection under peculiarly favourable circumstances, for on the day of our arrival our excellent friend, Señhor Manoel Gimes Ferreira da Costa, drove over from Alcobaça with two companions and acted as our interpreter, and pointed out to us everything worthy of observation; and with him and his friends we rambled over every portion of the buildings, even to the roof of the cloisters and church and to the top of the spire. Nor were we left to our own unaided investigations when our most kind guides had driven back to Alcobaça, for hard by the *estalagem* where we lodged dwelt the architect or engineer in charge of the restoration (for here, too, the liberal, large-hearted, enthusiastic Dom Fernando, the father of the king, is carrying on the work of restoration so far as his limited resources will allow); and whenever we required advice, or became hopelessly entangled in the labyrinths of the Portuguese tongue, this excellent Paladin, well versed in the French language, was summoned by mine host to the rescue, and well and promptly did he obey the summons and deliver us from our slough of despond. Thus we could

Society. To this I would refer my readers for admirable details of this very elaborate building.

congratulate ourselves that we had left nothing unseen in our examination of the monastery, and we rambled at pleasure in and out among the buildings, and up and down from floor to roof, undeterred by official, whether sexton, verger, or lay brother.

Compared with Alcobaça, Batalha is but a diminutive monastery, as in lieu of the thousand monks which the former could accommodate, this was provided for little more than forty brethren, officials and laymen connected with the religious house included. Then, again, it was comparatively poor, for its revenues produced but 2,000*l.* per annum, while Alcobaça in its palmiest days possessed landed property which alone yielded an annual income of 30,000*l.** It was founded by João I., in commemoration of the victory which he obtained over the Castilians in 1385 at the battle of Aljubarrota, to which I alluded above; and also as a thank-offering in accordance with a solemn vow he had made during the heat of the fight; and it is the last resting-place of himself and of his English wife, Donna Philippa, of Lancaster. The style of architecture is described as 'modern Norman Gothic, with an occasional dash of Arabian intermixed,' and this blending of arabesque with Gothic, Mohammedan, and Christian architecture seems quite peculiar to Portugal. It reminds us of the firm grasp with which the Moors contrived to hold their own during several centuries in this kingdom; and even when they were at length and with difficulty expelled, it shows what an impress the artistic taste of those refined and skilful workmen left in the country of their sojourn. But indeed throughout the Peninsula we encounter at every turn memorials of these pioneers in art, and whatever remains of ancient work seemed remarkable for the grace and elegance and finish of design, they were sure to be traced to the hands of the Arabs. Nor need we

* Landmann's *Observations on Portugal*, vol. ii. p. 236.

in England sneer at this, for we too are not uninfluenced in several respects by their early civilization: for example, even now, despise them as we may, we copy their ancient inimitable scroll work; we make use of the numerals which they have long since disearded as obsolete; we adopt their expressions in the most skilful of all games when, however ignorant of its meaning, we exclaim at chess 'check-mate,' which is no other than *Sheikh-mat*, 'the king is dead;' and other instances might be adduced of our unacknowledged adoption of what has been introduced into Europe by that polished and clever race, the Arabic, or Saracenic, or Moorish nation.

The material of which the monastery is built is generally said to be 'marble, similar to that of Carrara,' but it is in reality a peculiarly close-grained limestone, of pure and dazzling whiteness when first extracted from the quarry, but which has become mellowed by time and weather into the richest yellow and brown hues, imparting a singularly warm and pleasing effect. I will not attempt to describe the various portions which comprise this famous pile of buildings: I will not even touch upon many of its more salient points, to which I have already referred elsewhere: but I desire to direct attention to a few details, which attracted my own admiration, and which may be of similar interest to others.

Our first gaze is naturally directed to the church, which, in proportion to the size of the monastery, struck me as of very ample dimensions. Its form and arrangement seemed peculiar, though Fergusson tells us the plan is that of an Italian basilica, viz., a three-aisled nave terminated by a transept with five chapels occupying the entire eastern end. I would submit, however, that it does possess a choir, though a very short one, and which indeed is little more than an apse or recess from the transept wall, flanked by other chapels almost rivalling the choir in

length. What struck us most on entering was its loftiness, the narrowness of its aisles, the grand simplicity, and solidity of the whole; moreover, there were no side chapels and no tawdry ornaments to detract from the general effect, and the proportions were admirably preserved.

The great western doorway deserves particular notice. It is approached by a broad flight of steps, which lead down to the church from the higher ground above; and as the art of draining has been altogether neglected here, or the drains have become choked, in the not very unusual event of a thunderstorm and during heavy rain a goodly stream rushes down the steps, and reinforced by copious additions which pour from the roofs above, flows unrestrained into the body of the church, which it very soon inundates to the depth of two feet. However, dry weather prevailed previous to and during our visit, so that we could examine the magnificent western portal at our leisure, without the necessity of wading knee-deep into a bath. And indeed the exterior of the great western doorway deserves careful and close inspection, so exquisitely finished are the several series of figures in alto relievo which adorn the deeply-carved mouldings with which it is beset; each figure (and there are in all no less than a hundred) standing on its own light, ornamented pedestal, beneath a canopy of most delicate workmanship. In the centre, above the door, the blessed Saviour is represented, attended by the twelve Apostles and presiding over the Court of Heaven; and the saints which comprise that celestial court are ranged in order, in seven rows on either hand. To the four Evangelists is given the post of honour, next to the Redeemer; and then in due course stand the arch-angels, the angels, the confessors, the kings, the martyrs, and, lastly, the virgins; in an order of precedence we should scarcely have expected amidst a nation so keenly appreciative of etiquette in rank. High above all the

subject includes the coronation of the Virgin by the Eternal Father. I feel utterly at a loss in attempting to describe the delicacy of carving, the admirable finish, the amazing perfection, which this sculpture shows. There is nothing rough and coarse and intended for effect at a distance, but every face is a portrait, every feature is a study, every profile is an embodiment of bliss.

But I must not exhaust all my vocabulary of terms of praise in describing the western doorway, or how shall I fare when I arrive at the eastern extremity, the famous *capella imperfetta*, the acknowledged gem of the whole pile of buildings? Moreover, there are other and very exquisite points to be touched upon midway.

At the south-western corner of the south aisle stands the founder's chapel, a building itself of no ordinary size and of great architectural merit; and in the very centre of this splendid mausoleum, and raised on high, are the colossal tombs of Dom João I. and his wife, Donna Philippa of England, and round the walls stand the tombs of their four children. Everything here speaks of magnificence, careful and costly preparation, and the royal will carried out to the very letter; and surely no better resting-place could be desired by the most puissant potentate than that which the founder of Batalha has here succeeded in obtaining for himself, his queen, and family; for be it observed, that it is one thing, even for the most mighty prince, to prepare his sepulchre whilst alive, and quite another to occupy it when dead: the latter a result which history tells us has been very often denied even to the most powerful monarchs, and of which some of the most famous tombs in the world are a standing evidence to this day. We could not repress a momentary feeling of pride which involuntarily arose in our breasts, when we saw the leopards of England quartered with Portugal upon the tomb of Philippa, and were reminded thereby what an influence our countrywoman undoubtedly exer-

cised in the founding of this glorious monastery. All honour to both the noble founders for the princely design, right royally carried out to completion!

The great cloisters, examined separately and apart from the adjoining buildings, present perhaps as attractive and pleasing a view as any to be found herein: indeed, they can scarcely be too highly extolled; in general architectural design resembling those at Belem, they are both very much larger and far more elaborately carved. Every arch is filled with tracery of the richest description, and the restoration of those parts which have fallen into decay has been accomplished with a care and a finish which leaves nothing to desire, and which redounds to the credit and to the taste of the munificent Dom Fernando. The tracery of scarcely two arches is alike, and the fertility of invention of pattern and the elaborate execution of an intricate design equally strike one with astonishment. At one corner of this cloister stands a fountain of remarkable elegance, and this is perhaps the most favourable point for grasping in one *coup d'œil* the most telling picture of this fairy-like scene.

The little cloisters demand no special comment, and I pass on to the chapter-house—a square room, with stone-vaulted roof, of such large dimensions as to impress us with astonishment how it could be thus spanned by a heavy stone roof. By such rough measurement as I was able to accomplish, I found the diameter of the room to be about ninety-eight feet; but if this is not quite accurate, at all events it is nearer the true figure than that of Colonel Landmann,* who, though he speaks of it as a masterpiece of architecture, calls it a square of sixty-four feet; but, in truth, it is an enormous breadth to be thus vaulted over with stone without the support of a central column, as is the more general form we adopt in chapter-

* *Observations on Portugal*, vol. ii. p. 239.

houses at home. Moreover, that it is a *bonâ fide* vault, and neither upheld, nor supported, nor assisted by any unseen contrivance, we are enabled to assert, inasmuch as we mounted above it and there beheld the rough stones, the construction, and the great key-stone of this enormous roof. There, too, we beheld an outer gabled roof projected over it, though nowhere impinging upon it, formed in three steep ridges and covered with tiles, and effectually protecting it from the weather.

We spent above an hour in wandering over the various roofs of this pile of buildings, picking our way over the great tiles laid in cement, and reminded at every step of the stone roof of Milan Cathedral, though this was rough and rugged walking, whereas the Italian *duomo* is covered with smooth slabs; and we could not but admire the good taste and judgment of the restorers, who had begun their praiseworthy efforts by repairing all the dilapidations in the roof and excluding the rain, thus rendering the fabric weather-tight before they began the more interesting and telling work of renewing the decayed mouldings, the intricate tracery, and the exquisite sculpture of the interior. Then we climbed to the top of the spire, and looked down upon the monastery below as on a large ground-plan, and took in the relative positions of the several portions, and comprehended the general arrangement of the whole. Hence too we had an admirable view of the pretty country around, hilly and well wooded, and withal well watered and productive, as the precincts of a religious house are almost invariably found to be.

And now it only remained to visit the *capella imperfetta*, a mere unfinished fragment, a sample of a noble design never completed, but nevertheless, without dispute, the gem of the whole building. So we descended from the roof and made our way to the east end of the church, where this marvellous jewel holds the position which in our cathedrals is generally occupied by the Lady Chapel.

It is of later date than the rest of the building, having been intended as an addition, and to serve as a mausoleum for himself and others of the Portuguese kings, by Dom Manoel, who lived one hundred years after Dom João I. In form it is an octagon, and each of its eight sides was designed as a chapel and a royal tomb. Nothing can exceed the elaborate ornamentation, the deeply carved moulding, the lavish profusion of sculpture with which every arch and window is adorned. It is a perfect study of the extent to which decoration can be carried, when an architect of correct taste has *carte blanche*, and funds are forthcoming, as was the rare case in Portugal when Dom Manoel sat upon the throne; and the East just opened out by Vasco de Gama, and the West just discovered by Columbus, were already pouring their wealth into the treasuries, and exciting most romantic expectations in the two nations which inhabited the Peninsula. But the work of this gorgeous chapel, so nobly designed, so auspiciously begun, and already more than half completed, was suddenly arrested by the untimely death of the architect; and when a successor was found to carry on the building, so incongruous were his designs, and so inharmonious his plans, that Dom Manoel, with the good taste he evidently possessed, put a sudden stop to the work, until a more worthy architect could be found; and the result was, that it has remained to this day as its first designer left it, and is still the *capella imperfetta*, the lovely fragment, so exquisite that none have ventured the attempt to finish it; and so it has been for three centuries and a half, and so it is now. There are still to be seen the recessed chapels, each a marvel of decorative art; the stone tracery of the windows, of wondrous elegance and finish; even the great buttresses more highly adorned than ever buttress was before; and nothing finished. A sudden spell arrested the mason's chisel as complete as in the fabled palace, where for a hundred summers everything slept, and thought and time were

arrested; and carrying on the metaphor, we may hail Dom Fernando as the disenchanting spirit who shall awaken those long dormant beauties, and continue the work.

> Here all things in their place remain
> As all were order'd ages since;
> Come Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
> And bring the fated fairy Prince.*

I had ample time, during our stay at Batalha, to wander, gun in hand, through the vast pine forests which stretch away, over hill and dale, for many a league. Now a Portuguese forest answers in many respects to an African desert: it contains the very essence of solitude; silence reigns there supreme, and the ground is usually sandy. In parts there is an undergrowth of fern, heath, shrubs, and a profusion of flowers; but for wide districts, the pine trees are the sole vegetation which the hungry soil can yield. Few birds are to be found, except on the outskirts; the insect world seems banished from its recesses; an occasional lizard might be seen darting across a patch of sunshine, where a gap overhead admitted some straggling rays of light: but, beyond these, not a living creature disturbed the universal stillness; even the wind was hushed, and not a breath of air whispered in the tree tops. At intervals I came out upon a patch of cultivation, of considerable extent, where the timber had been cleared for the purpose, and where a greater depth of soil promised compensation for the labour: but even here no outlying cottages were to be found; the wide forest shut in on every side these little oases in the desert, and I was reminded of the back-woods of America, where the pioneers of civilization open out the nucleus of future farms by diminutive clearings of the mighty forest, to be subsequently enlarged and extended till the whole district is reclaimed.

* Tennyson's *Day Dream*, vol. ii. p. 156.

CHAPTER IX.

COIMBRA.

Our mules had enjoyed a good rest at Batalha, and were ready for a day's journey to Pombal, where we were to join the Lisbon and Oporto railroad on our way to Coimbra. Accordingly, we made a very early start one fine morning; and, with many a backward glance at the magnificent abbey, as we wound up the hill, and until we were shut in by the forest, we began as singularly wild a drive, and through as deserted and uncultivated a country as one may often see. Sand and forest, sand and heath, were the prevailing elements of the landscape, though the valleys we crossed and those we looked down upon from the hills we traversed were in many places verdant enough with corn, and highly productive in olive and fruit trees. Our first stage was to Leiria, a quaint old-fashioned town, to which we descended by a long hill, and which nestles beneath a fine old ruined Moorish castle, perched on a rock above, in as commanding a position, and of as picturesque form as the well-known castles overhanging the Rhine, the Moselle, or the Danube. Here the mules were to rest for a couple of hours, so that we had ample time to exhaust the lions of Leiria. Indeed, when we had wandered through its narrow streets, visited the *Sê velha* or old cathedral, which deserves no special notice, but which we found furnished with the very best of adornment, to wit, a large sprinkling of worshippers engaged in private prayer; when we had sauntered by the

banks of the transparent Lis, and eaten the magnificent oranges we had purchased in the market, we should have been at a loss how to fill up the remainder of our stay but for the fortunate circumstance that, on emerging on the praça, we discovered that a cattle fair was just about to be held there; and now we had ample employment in watching the arrival of the peasants in holiday costume with their yokes of oxen for sale, which rapidly poured into the wide expanse of the praça from all sides. The oxen were universally of diminutive size, and generally mouse-coloured with dark muzzles. They always came in pairs, wearing the yoke which united them in their daily labour, and their drivers were sometimes young boys and sometimes old men, or in other cases young girls, and occasionally old women; but all were evidently bent on merry-making, and by their smiling looks and gay demeanour, as well as by their holiday clothes, showed unmistakably that they shared in the feeling so universally entertained by our good country folk in merry England, regarding the fun and general jollity of a fair. Then the buyers and sellers and lookers-on began to arrive, some on sleek mules, some on raw-boned horses, many on foot, but by far the majority on donkeys, which shuffled into the praça in swarms, and of which we met a continued stream still jogging on towards the town for a good league or more as we journeyed away from Leiria. This was all interesting enough, and a fair is the very rendezvous of costume such as the stranger desires to see; but besides this, we were so fortunate as to witness more than one Portuguese deal or barter, when the assurance of the superlative excellence of his goods on the part of the vendor, the depreciation of the same on the part of the buyer, the excitement, the expressive action, the incredulity, the indignation, and finally the bid from the buyer, the refusal from the seller, and their subsequent agreement, were worthy of such transactions in the East, the

true home of the bargain, and in which all Orientals are finished adepts.

The drive from Leiria to Pombal was through a country still wilder and more desolate than that we had hitherto crossed. The forest stretched away to the horizon on either hand; the sand was more continuous and unproductive; the hills were more barren and bleak; and the few villages we passed at long intervals were but wretched hamlets, formed of mud houses of unprepossessing exterior, and where the struggle for existence must have appeared so hopeless to the forlorn inhabitants—if, at least, they had become converts to the Darwinian theory—that they must have given up the attempt in despair. Let us hope, however, that they did not hold with those terrible views: and, indeed, I must do the Portuguese peasant the justice to say, that he is not one easily depressed; but, under apparently the most adverse outward circumstances, bears himself with a freedom from care and a hilarity that would have drawn down the approbation of the renowned Mark Tapley.

At length we reached the straggling town of Pombal, also crowned with a ruined castle, but otherwise of no pretensions architecturally; though the name has derived great notoriety from the title which the town bestowed on the famous Marquis who was born there, and who during the middle of the eighteenth century played so conspicuous a part in his country's annals as statesman, reformer, and absolute minister. I have already said that great difference of opinion exists with respect to the merits of this powerful nobleman; and it can scarcely be denied that his means were oftentimes unjustifiable, and his actions unscrupulous and unjust towards individuals: but it is equally certain, that the results of his energetic measures were, that the commerce of the country was restored, the finances were re-organised, the frontiers were

fortified, manufactories were established, education was promoted, the Jesuits were expelled, *autos de fé* were suppressed, the Inquisition was restrained; and, in one word, Portugal shook off the stagnation and apathy which were beginning to overpower her, and arose invigorated and refreshed. And this happy change was mainly due to the vigorous administration of her great statesman, the celebrated Marquis of Pombal.

We dismissed our carriage at Pombal, and took the train to Coimbra, an hour's journey by express through a dull, uninteresting country; and then suddenly, as we emerged from the hills into a broad valley, the University of Portugal was disclosed to view, covering the steep face of the cliff on which it is built, and stretching along the northern bank of the river Mondego, and rising from the water's edge in terraces to the very summit, which is worthily crowned by the buildings of the University. It was a fair scene to look upon, and as it shared to the full in the peculiarity of all the larger Portuguese cities of being built on the face of a precipice, one could take in the whole of the houses at a single glance, like so many martins' nests, clinging in successive tiers to the hill-side; and the first glimpse from the railway gave a general idea of the aspect of this famous old city, long celebrated as the Athens of Portugal:—

> From Helicon the Muses wing their way,
> Mondego's flow'ry banks invite their stay;
> Now Coimbra shines, Minerva's proud abode;
> And, fired with joy, Parnassus' blooming god
> Beholds another dear-loved Athens rise,
> And spread her laurels in indulgent skies.*

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* Camoens' *Lusiad*, book iii. Translated by Mickle. This famous poem, the chief work of Portugal's most admired poet, entitled *Os Lusiadas*, is altogether in praise of the Lusitanian people. But the Portuguese nation cultivated poetry, and particularly romances, quite as early and quite as

So sang the poet; but, be that as it may, we matter-of-fact prosaic travellers had no leisure yet for such soaring fancies; for the railway station lies at the distance of a mile from the town, and we were conveyed to the city in the most rattling of 'busses, and driven round the lower streets, before we were finally deposited at the door of the Hotel de Mondego, or (as it is more usually called, after the name of its proprietor) Hotel *Lopez*, here pronounced *Lops*. Taking into consideration the charges made and the accommodation provided, this hotel is certainly the very best and cheapest I ever entered in any country. We were admirably lodged in the cleanest and airiest of bedrooms, overlooking the gently-flowing Mondego; amply served at dinner, where the viands were good and the wine excellent; and provided at breakfast with all we could desire; and for the day's board and lodging, including lights and service, and every item wherewith landlords are apt to swell the sum-total of bills, one thousand reis, or four shillings and sixpence, each, was the sum charged. Now, I have had some experience of inexpensive accommodation at hostelries, as, for example, in unfrequented parts of Germany, where a thaler per day covered every charge; in mountain *pensions* in Switzerland, at four francs per diem; and, above all, in Norway, in the good old days, when no steamers ran from England, and few Englishmen had penetrated its fjelds, and half-a-crown was the utmost that the most extravagant spendthrift could disburse in a single day. Still, in all these cases, the lodging was rough, and the fare was rougher; moreover, the prices were accommodated to remote districts, uninfluenced by the vicinity of large towns or markets. But here we were in the third city of Portugal, a flourishing town and a University, containing about one

eagerly as their Castilian neighbours. See Hallam's *Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 238, and vol. ii. p. 205.

thousand students; and the most fastidious could desire no better entertainment than that provided by mine host Lopez, while the charges were so infinitesimally small. Let me commend this little statement to the notice of hotel-keepers in Oxford and Cambridge, and let them compare their demands with the figures I have given above, and mark the contrast, and learn a lesson they sorely need from the moderation of their brother landlord at the University of Coimbra.

We set to work systematically to explore the city and university.

> Here castle walls in warlike grandeur lour,
> Here cities swell, and lofty temples tower;
> In wealth and grandeur each with other vies,
> When, old and loved, the parent-monarch dies.*

There are two principal streets, containing the best shops, which run parallel to one another and the river; but the most frequented and fashionable lounge appeared to be on a terrace overhanging the Mondego; and here there was always a busy scene, from the arrival and departure of the picturesque, white-sailed fishing-boats, which set their two sails like large wings, one on either side, and floated away up the stream, or furled them when they came to anchor, like great birds alighting on the shore. Here, too, there was a continuous line of women fetching water from the river, which they bore away in huge jars on their heads, precisely after the manner of the women of Egypt.

But that which was of paramount interest to us at Coimbra, and naturally attracted our attention from the first, was the University and its scholars. We had encountered our first specimens of these latter at the railway station; we now saw them thronging the streets and

* Camoens' *Lusiad*, book iii. King Diniz is the monarch alluded to, who founded the University of Coimbra.

the river bank, and indeed the whole city was full of them. As a body they certainly bore a very creditable appearance, had a gentlemanly look, and were very well behaved; but they struck me as generally of slight form and diminutive stature. Very dark hair and dark complexions prevail, as one might expect in so southern a clime. Moreover, a considerable proportion of them are Brazilians. The academical dress consists of black trowsers and a long black coat, single-breasted, buttoned closely down the front, and strongly resembling a priest's cassock; over this they wear a long black gown, like a Roman *toga*, the right end of which they catch up and throw over the left shoulder, and thus envelop the throat and mouth, just as the Spaniard does with his cloak, and as none but a native of the Peninsula can do. As a general rule, they wear nothing on the head—indeed, I should say that ninety-nine out of every hundred were bare-headed—but here and there one might be seen with a black *gorro*, as it is called, closely resembling a fisherman's cap, or old-fashioned night-cap, and anything but becoming. This University costume is so far compulsory that they cannot appear at lecture if they deviate in ever so slight a degree from the prescribed colour and cut, and the result is, that they wear no other, and never lay aside their academical dress, as is so generally the fashion with undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge. The regular University course extends through five years, but, including the preliminary and the subsequent additions, no less than seven years are occupied in the student's full career, before he can take his degree. This will, doubtless, appear to some an unnecessarily protracted period of study; but when it is considered that the public school system, which is of such unspeakable value with us, is unknown in Portugal, and that the University must supply its place, in addition to its own more advanced re-

quirements, the time allotted for imparting knowledge will not be thought too great. I may add, that Coimbra enjoys a great reputation, as well for the learning as for the painstaking of its professors; and it is said that the standard of attainment aimed at and reached by many of its graduates will bear favourable comparison with that of any other University in Europe. To prove this assertion would of course be exceedingly difficult; but it is, at all events, not to be denied that the system pursued here is highly creditable to all concerned, and is crowned with most satisfactory results.

On climbing the hill to its summit, and entering the quadrangle, which comprises the greater part of the University buildings, we encountered several professors as well as large bodies of students just returning from lectures; and nothing could exceed the kindness and civility with which we were directed to the various points of interest, and invited to enter the several public rooms, and see for ourselves the arrangements and appliances in use. First we entered the Observatory, and were most courteously shown all the instruments with which it is supplied, and which, by the way, we noticed were almost entirely procured from London and Paris; as well as the Observatory library, which also in great part consists of English publications from Greenwich and elsewhere. Then taking leave of the professor, who had in the most obliging manner pointed out what was principally worthy of observation, we crossed the quadrangle, and entered the great library, a magnificent room, well proportioned, well filled with books, and furnished with the galleries requisite for reaching the upper shelves; and which also contained some twenty closets for quiet study, reminding us of our own Bodleian at Oxford. We were told that the number of books amounted to 60,000 volumes, a figure very much below that which is generally attributed to this library.

Then we visited the great hall where degrees are conferred, and our cicerones bade us observe the portraits of the Kings of Portugal, which adorned the upper walls of the building in an unbroken chain, and very kindly pointed out for our edification the more prominent and distinguished amongst them. We did not ascend the great clock tower, which occupies the highest point on this elevated spot, but contented ourselves with admiring the magnificent view from the terrace in front of the University; and surely no one could desire a more commanding position, whence to take in at a single glance the city, the river, and the plain at our feet.

On leaving the University proper, and making our way to its museum of natural history, I was so fortunate as to ask the direction of a student, who not only chanced to be a perfect master of the English language, but, evidently delighted at the opportunity of a conversation with Englishmen, volunteered to accompany us; and subsequently, after a short absence in order to make his excuses for non-attendance at lecture, returned to us and remained with us above an hour, lionising us over the buildings and giving us a great deal of information regarding the University. He was a most pleasing specimen of an educated young Portuguese, and he volunteered to visit us in England, an offer to which we very cordially assented, and sincerely hope he will some day fulfil. He rejoiced in the name of 'Francesco do Valle Coetla Calvas,' which he wrote in my pocket-book, and desired me by no means to forget. It was instructive as well as amusing to see how cordially he despised freshmen, and how he prided himself on his position as a student of nearly five years' standing; indeed, he naïvely remarked to us, that had he been of junior rank, he should not have dared to encounter the mockery of his companions by thus joining himself to foreigners; but as he was among the seniors, he could

please himself, and none would dare to 'make mock' at him.

I had heard that the museum of natural history was of superlative excellence; indeed Murphy * describes it as 'inferior to few in Europe;' so that my expectations were raised to a high pitch; but when I came to examine the zoological department I was woefully disappointed. There is doubtless a large collection of mammalia, birds, and reptiles, but it is a collection ranging over the whole world, and rich in no single class; not even in the productions of the Brazils and Azores, for which Portugal has of course had superior facilities. And then the specimens generally were so miserably set up as to be mere deformities and ghosts of the animals they represented. Of birds there were very few deserving of notice, and for the rarer European species, which one might expect in this southern corner of the Continent, I looked in vain for any examples; indeed, *Aquila Bonelli*, and *Porphyrio veterum*, were the only real Portuguese rarities which the museum contained; and there was not even a single specimen of *Otis tarda*, *Cyanopica Cooki*, and *Turnix campestris*; none of which are by any means rare in this country. Passing on to other rooms, there is undoubtedly an excellent series of geological specimens, and the museum is rich in mineralogy, and still more so in conchology. Moreover, there is evidently an active spirit of research, and a determination to increase the collections, kindled amongst the directors, fostered probably in no slight degree by emulation of the rapid strides in advance which the museum of the capital is making every day, under the active superintendence of Professor Barbosa du Bocage. Then, the building furnished by the University is all that collectors could desire, and ample space is provided for the several departments; so that, in all likeli-

* *Travels in Portugal in* 1789.

hood the museum of Coimbra will be in a short time very considerably increased; and with the advance of scientific taste, we may hope that most of the wretched and grotesque deformities which at present represent the various branches of the animal kingdom will be abolished, and more correct specimens be substituted in their stead. For certainly, from the present examples the student in natural history could carry away nothing but erroneous notions; and as to anatomical structure, that must have been wholly ignored, and lost sight of by those who arranged the collection as it now stands.

From the museum we descended the hill, by a succession of staircases, to the church and convent of Santa Cruz, which ecclesiologically stands at the head of the churches of Coimbra. It is indeed a quaint old building, rebuilt by the French in flamboyant style, with an imposing front; and internally is remarkable, not only for two superb royal tombs, for which see the Handbook; but also for the strange arrangement of a deep gallery at the west end, which contains the *coro alto*, and which, though in reality of considerable dimensions, and fitted with admirably carved stalls, lecterns, and other furniture for service, involuntarily reminds one of the old-fashioned western galleries, which we have been at so much pains to abolish from our churches at home. Some of the carved wood was very antique, very quaint and expressive, and had originally been gilt. But our guide was eager to hurry us on to what he evidently considered more attractive treasures; and leading the way to the sacrarium, triumphantly handed for our inspection case after case containing an infinity of relics; the tooth of one saint, a small bone or portion of bone of another, and all labelled, like so many specimens of rare fossils. One small glazed frame, measuring a foot square, must have contained relics of fifty saints, all in separate com-

partments, and the whole surrounded with jewels of real intrinsic value. As soon as, without shocking the reverential feelings of the custodian, we could withdraw him from this exhibition over which he evidently loved to linger, but which, to say the truth, was of no great interest in our eyes, we visited the chapter-house and then the cloisters; the latter very fine, and of the same general character, though by no means so beautiful, nor in any respect so highly decorated, as those at Belem. In the midst stood a handsome fountain, and another at one corner; and this arrangement, which we had also noticed both at Belem and at Batalha, denotes intention and a uniform plan, the meaning and use of which we did not comprehend, and were wholly unable to discover. To this convent the unfortunate Princess Joanna, the unsuccessful rival to the famous Isabella for the crown of Castile, retired in 1476, when, weary of the selfish schemes and miserable plots of which she was either the tool or the victim, she resigned all worldly ambitions and devoted herself to a religious life; and that, too, at a period when the court at Lisbon was celebrated above every other court in Christendom for its gorgeous magnificence, its luxury, and splendour; and so great a reputation did she gain for sanctity, that she was ever after known in Portuguese annals as 'the excellent lady.' *

Then we visited *Sê velha* (the old cathedral), which may shortly be described as a fortified church, and which, with its strong thick massive walls and solid sturdy buttresses, not only looks as if it could stand a siege, but with its handsome though dilapidated western doorway and window above, looks as if it had stood a siege, and that too a severe one. Indeed this quaint old church, which has several architectural peculiarities, fully detailed in the Handbook,

* Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, vol. ii. p. 309.

has witnessed many a stormy scene, as well as many an important event in the annals of Portugal; for hither in troublous times repaired more than one sovereign, including the famous Cid, when, for a short period, Coimbra enjoyed the proud position of capital of the newly erected kingdom of Portugal.

Of the new cathedral, which we also visited, I need say nothing, beyond recording the fact, that when we entered a service was being admirably sung by a full choir of sixteen men and boys, but not a single worshipper was present; so that England is not the only country in Europe where scanty congregations attend the daily service in cathedrals. It came on to rain heavily, as we wandered about Coimbra, and we took refuge during a storm in the covered fruit market. Here we found the usual fruit and vegetables displayed, such as we had seen at Lisbon, and huge piles of the finest oranges, which were to be bought for the veriest trifle, and which from their profusion seemed to be a drug in the market, but a very sweet and pleasant drug, though the supply was certainly greater than the demand; and that notwithstanding the pertinacity with which all classes attack this delicious fruit, morning, noon, and night. I would here observe, for the information of my readers, that though oranges begin to change colour in October, and are then picked for exportation, and left to ripen in the chests wherein they are packed, the rind becomes tough, and they lose their freshness during the voyage, and are by no means the same delicate juicy fruit as those which hang on the trees, mellowing in the sun, till the spring. Indeed, in Portugal they are seldom considered eatable before March, while they continue to improve in flavour till May, and even June. The heaviest oranges are invariably the best, and connoisseurs always select their fruit by weighing them in the hand, without much reference to their colour, shape, or appearance. This I

had learnt many years since at Barcelona, where oranges of the finest flavour I ever tasted, but mean-looking in the extreme, had been selected for me by a good-natured fruit seller, to whose choice I at first loudly demurred, but afterwards wisely (though not, I am ashamed to say, without suspicions of being deceived) assented.

In the market of Coimbra we first fell in with a small yellow, oblong fruit, in shape like a plum, but in general appearance, and especially at the top, like an apple. They grew in pairs, two upon one stalk, and in the middle of the fruit were generally two, but sometimes three round stones, resembling chestnuts: perhaps I should rather describe them as gigantic pips than stones; for though hard, they had no kernel. The market women called them '*nesperas*,' but we subsequently learned that they were the Japanese or Chinese apples: we found them pleasant to the taste, and very refreshing.

It would be unpardonable did I omit to mention, that immediately opposite our windows in the Hotel Lopez, and across the Mondego which flowed below, we looked out upon the convent of Santa Clara, famous for the *Fonte dos Amores*; and farther on stood the *Quinta das Lagrimas*, both so notorious for the touching and most romantic story of the Infante Dom Pedro, and his ill-starred bride Iguez de Castro; whose monuments we had seen at Alcobaça, and for the particulars of whose romantic histories, their mutual love, her barbarous murder, and his implacable revenge, I will refer those who can master Portuguese to the 'Lusiad' of Camoẽs, and those who cannot, to the excellent 'Handbook for Portugal.'

CHAPTER X.

OPORTO.

I LOOK BACK upon our visit to the University at Coimbra with great pleasure, aud I was quite sorry to bid adieu to the Oxford of Portugal. Perhaps, however, I am scarcely correct in that last expression, for Coimbra is rather the amalgamation and concentration of Oxford, Lincoln's Inn, and Edinburgh combined, inasmuch as divinity, law, and physic are not only nominally represented by their several professors, but all those faculties are carried out here to the end. There is a certain quietness and repose about the city, well becoming the haunts of learning; and there was a peculiar but unmistakable air of earnestness and application observable in the general demeanour of the students, which spoke for itself, and made it evident (as indeed we had previously been given to understand), that this was no resort of mere men of fashion, who came for companionship and society, but that the business of learning and mastering the faculties to which they severally applied themselves was the paramount object with, at all events, the majority of the members of this University. At the same time, there was no appearance of priggishness and pedantry, into which such universal application might easily degenerate, but we came away from Coimbra with a very high opinion of the manly, gentlemanly bearing, and kind and courteous and straightforward demeanour of the young men we had seen there. I do not know that I

can say so much in a general way with regard to the Universities of Germany, Italy, France, or Spain.

The journey by rail from Coimbra to Oporto occupied three hours by express train, and in that short distance we passed through as diversified a country as could well be imagined. First, through the interminable pine forests, then through rich and highly cultivated valleys; now through a large extent of swamp, in part inundated, in part drained to meadows of emerald green, or planted as rice grounds, as flat as Holland, and intersected by innumerable narrow but deep dikes, up which diminutive white-sailed boats made their way, and had all the appearance from a short distance of sailing on dry land. Then we reached the foot of mountains, which stretched away on the east to the horizon, and assumed quite grand proportions; and now we emerged on the sea-shore, with the broad Atlantic on the west, and on all sides sand, and nothing but sand, pure and simple, to be seen. This was towards the end of our journey, and soon we came to the terminus at Villa Nova de Gaia, high up on the southern bank of the Douro, on the opposite side of which we took in at a glance the imposing town of Oporto, its houses towering one above another, up the steep hills on which it is built, precisely as we had seen them at Lisbon and Coimbra.

The Portuguese custom-house is assuredly no pretence, and when baggage has to undergo examination, it is most rigidly and scrupulously searched, though not without extreme politeness on the part of the officials. This was the case at the terminus of the railway, before we were allowed to take our luggage into Oporto: but the suspicions, or rather I would say, the curiosity of the officers having been satisfied, we entered the very roughest of carriages, and then over the worst of roads, and with a jolt that nearly dislocated our bones, we descended the

hill at a furious pace, crossed the suspension bridge slowly under wholesome dread of penalty, and rattled through the narrowest of streets, with tall houses nearly meeting overhead, till we pulled up at the hotel, universally known as Hotel Mary Castro, after the name of the excellent landlady, who has presided over it for many years, and is an Englishwoman by birth; and though the hotel undoubtedly is distinguished by a regular name, I am quite unable to record it, having never heard it otherwise designated than as the Hotel Castro. Our rooms looked out upon the Douro, which is a river of good size and depth, and considerable velocity: and though the entrance to our hotel was in the darkest and dingiest and dirtiest of streets, and aroused unfavourable prejudices in the newly arrived traveller, we found the accommodation very satisfactory in every respect, and the Hotel Castro became our head-quarters, both during our stay in Oporto and whilst we made excursions in the neighbourhood.

We reached the northern capital of Portugal on Saturday evening, and scarcely had ensconced ourselves in our rooms, before we were startled by the firing of guns, the rapid discharge of rockets, and a constant succession of fireworks on the river. It did not, however, portend a second sack of Oporto, the fearful particulars of which, during the Peninsular War, by Soult and his lieutenants (the cruel Loison and the cowardly Foy), we had just been reading. Nor was it the beginning of a second siege, such as that memorable one it experienced in 1832 and 1833, when Dom Miguel sat down before the town to which Dom Pedro had retired with his brave little army, and besieged it without success; of which startling event in the lives of peaceful citizens we heard many interesting particulars from those who shared in the danger and the glory. The noise of gunpowder now, however, which saluted us on our arrival was but the harmless amusement of a gentle people,

who rejoice in these pyrotechnics, and who indulged their fancy almost every evening during our stay in the city. Nor was it only on the river and at night that fireworks were in vogue: in broad daylight, when the effect was altogether lost, rockets were frequently sent off. This was especially the case on the morning following our arrival, which was Sunday. We were surprised to find several streets decked with innumerable banners, the windows hung with bright draperies and flags and carpets, and soon a band was heard in the distance, and the head of a procession came into view. The road was lined on either side with spectators, who, however, did not seem very intent on the scene, inasmuch as such displays are of frequent occurrence in Oporto; but to our unaccustomed eyes, this was the strangest and most fantastic religious procession we had ever seen. First came the cross-bearer, with his attendants, all dressed in white; then a great number of men dressed in red silk cloaks, each carrying a large candle, and forming two lines, leaving a wide lane in the middle. Within this walked a little girl, dressed in the most extraordinary garments which (out of a pantomime) one could conceive; then at wide intervals apart, another child, and then another and another, to the number of ten or twelve. To describe the dresses of these little girls accurately is far beyond my power: but I may say generally that the very gayest coloured silks, profusely trimmed with lace, were the chief materials, and that by means of some stiff substance attached to the waist, the dresses turned outwards and upwards in points; while wings were attached to their shoulders, and they were literally loaded with the largest-sized specimens of cheap jewellery: huge ear-rings depended from their ears, vast necklaces encircled their throats, bracelets clasped their wrists, and their fingers were literally covered with the multitude of rings they wore. Then each little girl bore in her hand some symbol

or device: thus, one carried a dove, another a cross, a third a chalice, a fourth a crown, a fifth a plate of flowers, another ears of corn. They varied in age from about five years old to ten, and we could scarcely forbear a smile, which would have been wholly out of place in that solemn scene, when we were told that these gorgeously attired children represented angels. For, indeed, the yellow, red, and blue dresses, their peculiar shape, arranged for the most startling effect, the wings, the head-dresses, and above all, the prodigious display of colossal jewellery, did seem a most marvellous method of representing the blessed inhabitants of heaven. The road was strewn with leaves and evergreens, chiefly branches of box; and as the procession passed through many streets, some of the smaller children were evidently tired, and could scarcely support the finery they had to carry, or lift their tiny feet over the incommoding branches, so that, from time to time, one and another was obliged to be helped along by the men in scarlet silk cloaks who lined the path. And now came the real essence of the procession, of which the children had been but the advanced guard. This was no other than the Host, borne by priests beneath a gorgeous canopy, and as it came within sight, those passing even in distant streets uncovered their heads, and those near knelt upon the pavement. A whole regiment of soldiers followed behind, and closed the procession; meanwhile a military band was playing an inspiriting tune, and at various points, as the *cortége* passed, rockets were discharged, while the church bells rang merrily. I could scarcely believe that the cause of so novel a function was merely the procession of the Host to the sick, which I have again and again witnessed in other countries, attended with comparatively little pomp, but I was assured that such was the case; and it was added, that Oporto especially delights in such pageants, which are frequently parading the streets,

carried out in a form and to an extreme of scenic display seldom seen elsewhere.

The cathedral demands but little notice; it stands on high ground, and is chiefly conspicuous for its fine cloisters, and richly-gilt high altar. But, for an interior literally covered with gilding, and not without a certain handsome, though somewhat heavy effect, it is worth the traveller's while to visit the church of San Francisco; and I would also advise him to examine others of the Oporto churches, as good samples of Portuguese architecture and arrangement, undisturbed by modern innovation or improvement.

A walk through the city from end to end entails no little exertion, and may well be recommended as good practice for a member of the Alpine Club. You have no sooner arrived, breathless, at the top of some steep acclivity, after hard climbing, than you find the street you are following plunges down again into a deep valley, and then again you have to scramble up another hill at a greater angle of inclination and to a greater height than before. Thus you persevere, after the famous example of the French monarch, when

> The King of France, with twenty thousand men,
> Marched up the hill, and then marched down again,—

and so every pedestrian in Oporto pursues precisely this plan, wheresoever he directs his steps. Here and there he will come upon a well-planted *largo* or *praça*, generally ornamented with a creditable statue, such as those of Pedro IV. and Pedro V.; and throughout his walk he will admire the general order and cleanliness of the town, to which the steepness of its streets, and the frequent showers of heavy rain doubtless contribute not a little, as was long ago pointed out by the architect Murphy.* When he has attained the highest point of the city, he will have reached

* *Travels in Portugal in* 1789–90, p. 8.

the foot of the great *Torre dos Clerigos*, which has acted like a magnet to attract him towards it, or as a beacon to direct him on his way; for it is conspicuous from every part of the city, and is not only one of the highest towers in Portugal, but crowns the topmost heights of Oporto, much as the citadel of S. Jorge does at Lisbon, and the University buildings at Coimbra. It must, however, be acknowledged that the *Torre dos Clerigos* looks best from afar; for, graceful and elegant as it seems from a distance, it struck me as heavy on a nearer view.

The English Church at Oporto, though prohibited by law to bear an ecclesiastical appearance externally, is built with as good taste, and offers as good internal arrangement as circumstances allow; indeed, it is a very creditable building, and is well cared for, and is, in all respects, a marked improvement upon its fellow at Lisbon. The cemetery, which surrounds it, is planted with a variety of very luxuriant shrubs of many species, conspicuous amongst which are camellias, which here attain a height of some fourteen feet, and, loaded with red and white flowers, at once attracted our admiration; and, indeed, though we afterwards met with this graceful shrub in great profusion, we nowhere saw more magnificent specimens than in the English cemetery.

We were again so fortunate, very early in our stay at Oporto, as to make acquaintance with a most kind English resident, Mr. Wilby, who very courteously took us in tow, and pointed out to us many objects of interest, which, without his guidance, we should probably have missed. Amongst these, none pleased me more than the public library; not only from its size and completeness, for it contains 110,000 volumes, and occupied four sides of the quadrangle of an old monastery, but still more for its liberal rules, whereby everybody, without distinction, without ticket of admission, and without recommendation or introduction, is

invited to enter freely and read. Here, indeed, is an example worthy of imitation,—a free institution of public benefit, conceived in the spirit of true liberality,—a library which offers its treasures to the humblest student, and which is daily frequented by numbers, instead of hoarding its unread volumes, from which the multitude is excluded, as is too often the case with our libraries at home. We found readers of all classes and of all ages taking advantage of this great boon, from the mechanic who had economised time to refresh his mind in this great laboratory, to the schoolboy, in academical costume, who was pursuing his studies in this quiet retreat. The librarian was so good as to conduct us round the building, and point out everything worthy of attention, and bring out all the rarer books in the collection, of which there were many: but all these things seemed insignificant compared with the one grand feature,—that all this large library was accessible to everybody; and we came away deeply impressed with admiration at the unbounded liberality of its founders and directors. In the ground-floor of this building we walked through an extensive gallery of pictures, which, however, were of no merit, and need not arrest the traveller's attention for a single moment.

Mr. Wilby also conducted us to the new Crystal Palace, which, though of little interest to us, as it is a mere copy, on a small scale, of what may be met with in France and England in greater perfection, is to the inhabitants of Oporto that on which they chiefly pride themselves, and to which they conduct strangers with no little exultation, as a proof, which undoubtedly it is, of their advancement and energy. We found it to be a building of considerable size, of the uniform Crystal Palace aspect and shape, surrounded with a well-kept garden, laid out after the English fashion, but stocked with flowers and shrubs such as the English climate would forbid us to attempt to rear in the

open air. Combined with the floricultural exhibition there is also a small beginning of a Zoological garden, in the shape of four or five large cages, containing respectively eagles, hawks, cranes, and some other birds; and it is confidently hoped that in due course this little nucleus may develop into a more regular collection. On entering the building we found that one half was devoted to dramatic representations, and fitted up as a theatre; the remainder was occupied as a large bazaar, containing stalls of all sorts, after the manner of our familiar emporium at Sydenham. There were also added, at one end, conservatories and hot-houses, well filled with choice exotics, all in admirable condition, and betokening the good taste and judgment of the directors of this spirited company. The building crowns the summit of one of the higher hills which the city occupies; and as the brilliant rays of the sun are flashed back from its glassy surface, it may well be imagined what a conspicuous object it is from afar, and how the eye is dazzled on looking up to it from the streets below, or from the river which it almost overhangs. Not less does it command a magnificent view from the gardens which surround it; and more especially is this the case on the western side, whence you have a wide vista of the Atlantic, the course of the Douro a short league from the city to the sea, the harbour of Foz at the mouth of the river, and, above all, the famous bar, the terror of all skippers, which has often proved so destructive to life and property; for which all sailors and merchants entertain the most profound respect, amounting to awe, and over which, even from this distance, we could see the white surf rolling during the livelong day. The bar at the mouth of the Tagus was no trifling matter, and has attracted to itself due attention from pilots, and enforced caution on all who approach its limits; but the bar of the Douro is a far more formidable opponent, and when an adverse wind is blowing, is a

source of considerable danger to all who venture near, and has been the scene of many fearful shipwrecks, and the loss of innumerable human lives within a very short distance from the shore. A good road connects Foz with the city; and, as it is well shaded with an avenue of lime trees, and is the only flat ground near Oporto, and consequently the general rendezvous of those who rode and drove; as, moreover, it follows the bank of the river, where the constant arrival and departure of ships of all sizes afforded ever-varying objects of interest, it was our favourite evening walk, and we generally found ourselves strolling along the outskirts of the city in the direction of Foz; and in addition to the other attractions which I have mentioned, in these same suburbs we found the most picturesque samples of old Portuguese houses, though in dilapidated condition, which we had met with in the entire country.

Returning now to the eastern end of Oporto, and recrossing the river by the suspension bridge, over which we first entered the city, let me conduct my readers to another admirable point of view, viz., the ruins of the Serra convent, to which a steep path conducts the pedestrian, ascending immediately from the bridge. Here we find the monastic buildings literally knocked to pieces, the stonework demolished, the iron window bars torn and twisted, and the marks of the cannon balls over the whole face of the convent, just as it was left after the Miguelite attack: for so complete was the demolition of this rich and splendid monastery, that it was at once abandoned to decay, and it remains a monument of its former magnificence, and the cruel vicissitudes it has experienced in troublous times. From the terraces and gardens surrounding it we have not only the view down the river westwards to the sea, together with Foz and the broad ocean, such as we may see from most of the heights of

Oporto; but hence we can command a view, though limited in extent, up the river, where, shut in by perpendicular cliffs, and dark and sombre in its shaded channel, the Douro offers a sample of the wild and rocky scenery which characterises the greater part of its navigable course, and still more of its infant stream high up amidst the wild mountains beyond the Portuguese frontier, and seldom visited by the most enterprising traveller. As we looked upon it from the Serra convent, and marked its narrow bed confined by cliffs on either hand, we simultaneously exclaimed how close a resemblance it bore to the Avon just below Bristol, though on the banks of that latter stream we might look in vain for the orange groves, the olive yards, and quintas which surround the villas in the suburbs of Oporto.

In deference to common English usage, and from a natural repugnance to introduce any alteration which may seem pedantic, in the name of a place which has long been so familiar to English ears as Oporto, I have adhered to the customary appellation of that city, as adopted by my countrymen at home. I would here, however, remark that the name so given is altogether arbitrary, and has arisen from a misconception, Porto being the true designation of the place, and the prefix of the definite article O as unauthorised as if we were to insist on styling Portugal as Oportugal, and port wine as Oport wine; or as if the inhabitants of the Peninsula were to represent our Portsmouth as Theportsmouth. But the English nation has undoubtedly a remarkable knack of altering the names of foreign towns at random, and especially where the British sailor finds pronunciation difficult, he cuts the Gordian knot without compunction by Anglicising what he considers a barbarous title, till he has fashioned it to his taste, and till he can pronounce it *ore rotundo* in downright English, and without any of those lispings and mincings

for which he heartily despises all foreign tongues. The original name of the city was Portocale, *Portus cales*; and as in progress of time, when commerce increased, it became the most important place of trade in the kingdom, it gave its name to the whole country of Lusitania, under Ferdinand the Great in 1064; and this name, with a very slight alteration of letters, easily merged into 'Portugal.'

CHAPTER XI.

OPORTO—*continued.*

To PROFESS to write anything about Portugal, and above all about Oporto, and to omit all mention of port wine, would to many of my countrymen appear very much the same as undertaking to represent the play of 'Hamlet,' but omitting the character of the Danish prince. I therefore propose to devote a short space to this subject, of such paramount interest to Englishmen; and I am the more induced to do this because, from the ready kindness I met from merchants and others engaged in the wine trade at Oporto, I learnt a great deal that was new to me regarding the production of that excellent wine, and enjoyed unusual facilities for making myself acquainted with the process employed in bringing it to perfection. Let me premise, however, that I am not sufficiently versed in the subject to venture upon details, which may be gathered by the connoisseur from more trustworthy sources.* I will but offer a general outline of facts which I gleaned from several independent witnesses, checked and corroborated by what I saw with my own eyes.

Now it so happens that during the last few years, in my wanderings through various parts of Europe, I have acci-

* See especially an unpretending little volume which is full of information on this subject, entitled *Prize Essay on Portugal.* By John James Forrester. London, 1854.

dentally, and quite unintentionally, stumbled upon all the wine-growing districts which are most noted. Thus, on the banks of the Rhine and its tributaries, I have watched the process employed in preparing the Hocks and Moselles we esteem so highly in England. In Italy I have witnessed the vintage and the pressing out of the grapes which result in the rich, luscious wines for which that classic land is famous. In France I have visited the champagne district at Epernay, the Burgundy district in the Côte d'Or, and the claret district in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux; while in Spain I have rambled through the Val de Peñas, and, lastly, the native land of Amontillado and sherry, and have experienced the perfection to which those wines can attain, in the famous *Bodega* of the Messrs. Duff Gordon at Xeres. To complete the catalogue, therefore, it only remained to seek the home of the port, *the* wine *par excellence* of the Englishman, and which the connoisseur places far above all others, declaring indeed that all other wines would be port wine if they could.

Our kind friends at Lisbon had furnished us with letters of introduction to the house of Messrs. Sandeman, who are (I believe) the largest port-wine merchants in Oporto, and we paid several visits to their very extensive stores, or rather *lodges*, as the cool, dark sheds are termed, in which the rows of casks of the precious liquor are deposited. Moreover, we were in daily communication, during our stay in the northern capital, with some intelligent Englishmen, who were connected with various houses of business in the wine trade; so that we had ample opportunity for satisfying our curiosity on this head.

All the wines which we call port, without exception, come from the wild, half-civilized, little-explored province lying at the north-eastern extremity of Portugal, called Traz-os-Montes. This district is so entirely destitute of roads and of inns, is so rough and even savage, not only in

regard to the natural aspect of the country, but also with reference to its inhabitants, that it has proved almost inaccessible to travellers, and has seldom been visited by the most enthusiastic tourists. Here, amidst the most rugged mountains, and in a country notorious for malaria, and but very sparingly populated, the vines which produce the celebrated wine grow in dwarf bushes and in terraces one above another, not unlike the unpicturesque method pursued on the banks of the Rhine and Moselle, and in Central France. These vines are tended and pruned with the greatest care, and no labour is spared in bringing the fruit to perfection. Then, when the happy season of vintage is come round, the scene resembles that of our hop-gardens in Kent and Surrey. The indefatigable Gallegos flock in to take part in the work, and baskets of ripe grapes are carried to the wine-press, where, to the sound of music, and amidst the songs and shouts of the labourers, the juice is trodden out by the trampling of human feet, after the method pursued from the most ancient times in all southern and oriental countries.* Then ensues the fermentation, the straining of the liquor, the refining, and whatever process is employed before it is put into casks; and then it is shipped on board the wine boats and sent on its somewhat perilous voyage down the Douro amongst the rapids and sand-banks, and finally, (unless swamped and destroyed on the passage, as not unfrequently happens,) it is landed at one of the large 'lodges' in Oporto.

On presenting ourselves at the counting-house of Messrs. Sandeman, and handing in our letter of introduction, we were courteously received by the manager on duty, and

* For an exhaustive account of the wine-press, and the mode of treading out the juice of the grape, as practised of old, but equally applicable to modern Portuguese use, see the article 'Wine' in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, vol. iii. p. 1774.

under his guidance made the tour of the lodge. This, like the *bodegas* of Xeres, is above ground, large, roomy, well-ventilated, dry, and cool, but by what means the all-penetrating heat of the sun was excluded I was wholly unable to ascertain. Here were stored pipes of port wine in incredible quantities, and all in casks of uniform size, each containing a pipe. Bottling is wholly unknown in the wine trade at Oporto, and herein the lodges differ widely from the wine vaults of the great claret merchants at Bordeaux, where I have seen, in the cellars of a single firm (those of the noted Messrs. Barton and Guestier), no less than 250,000 bottles, stacked in long lanes, in addition to many goodly rows of barrels of imposing bulk and capacity. But here stood 5,000 pipes of port; nor did that large figure represent the whole stock of the firm; for in other lodges they possessed 4,000 pipes in addition, making a total of 9,000 pipes in all.

As I understood our conductor, who was not very fluent in English, all the wine brought down from the vineyards was in a rough state, and required a great deal of fining and preparing for the market; and, indeed, we witnessed the process of racking it off, and carrying it in pails from one cask to another, and in this work no less than 300 men are employed in this single lodge. In answer to my enquiry whether, with such excellent wine and in a thirsty climate, the temptation to imbibe on the sly was not sometimes too great to be resisted by those swarthy labourers, our guide replied, that overseers were continually on the watch to guard against that which, unless rigorously repressed, would be a very serious loss; but he added, with a grim smile, that, notwithstanding all the precautions employed, 'they can drink a leetle much.'

The cooper's department was in itself a considerable business; and hoops and staves were being converted into casks with wonderful rapidity.

Of course we tasted port wine of every character and quality; from the full-bodied, deeply-coloured, heavy wine, so attractive to the English palate, to the tawny-hued, lighter, clean-tasted nectar, forty years in age, but scarcely ten years in bottle; which, though not an article of commerce, is extensively consumed by the English residents in Oporto, and wherein they certainly show their good taste, for more exquisite flavour, with the colour of light sherry, and with the taste of superlative port, I never met.

We learnt from our good friends at Oporto, some in the wine trade and others unconnected with the business, many particulars which were interesting; and in this city, whose wharfs are redolent with port, everybody appears to be perfectly acquainted with the whole process by which that staple article of the trade of their district is brought to perfection. We were told that one great art consists in stopping the fermentation at the right moment, and this is effected immediately by the addition of brandy; and it was openly acknowledged that, in preparing port for the English and foreign market, it is absolutely necessary to add a considerable amount of brandy, without which the wine would not keep: but then it was explained that this so-called brandy is a spirit distilled from the port-wine grape, and so is not the addition or adulteration which at first sight might seem to be implied, but rather the mixture of a kindred material prepared after another fashion. No less candidly was it acknowledged, that log-wood was used in considerable quantities for the purpose of imparting the deep colour required; and for the same purpose elder berries, or rather the skins of elder berries, from which the juice had been expressed, and which had been dried and enclosed in a bag (like our washerwoman's homely blue bag), were frequently resorted to. But it was explained that this was never pretended to benefit the flavour, but wholly in deference to the consumers' taste, who de

preciate port wine unless deeply tinted; just as the dairy farmers of Gloucester and Wilts are obliged to add colouring matter to their cheeses in order to adapt their goods to the public fancy, although it is notorious that such colouring matter is generally a most disagreeable, and even nasty substance. For fining the wine, vast quantities of egg-shells are consumed; but the sulphur which is also largely imported, and about which many wild fables have been circulated, never approaches the liquor, but is merely the dressing wherewith the vines have been anointed, in consequence of the terrible disease which has raged amongst the plants for several years, and, at one time, threatened to destroy them as effectually as was the case in Madeira. It is, however, true that the sulphur, if applied in too large a quantity, will so impregnate the plant with its deleterious flavour as to taint the wine with its pernicious odour, to the manifest injury of its marketable value.

After this protracted discussion on the port-wine trade, the enquiry naturally arises whether there is any truth in the reports so current in England as to the adulteration of the wine before it is shipped for England, and as to the wholesale manufacture of some counterfeit article with which it is mixed. Now, it is difficult to rebut an accusation which has no defined data, but is a mere vague, though widely spread rumour. I may, however, confidently say that there is no such idea current in Oporto, but, on the contrary, it was unhesitatingly declared to be false by all of whom I made enquiry, whether they were themselves engaged in the lodges or not. And I cannot but think that the legitimate employment of log-wood, elder berries, and sulphur, as explained above, forms ample basis for the stories current in England, and will account for any number of tales, howsoever exaggerated, of the presumed adulteration of his favourite wine, of

whose purity the British epicure is inclined to be sceptical, and on whose genuineness he is apt to look with too jealous and suspicious an eye.

Certain it is, that the quantity of wine shipped from Oporto to England is enormous; moreover, almost the whole produce of Traz-os-Moutes finds its way into the British market. I have already shown that the stock of Messrs. Sandeman reached the vast total of 9,000 pipes; and I may add that 1,600 pipes had already been shipped by that one firm during the first four months of the year, previous to my visit; and there are many other large houses in Oporto, doing business on a similar gigantic scale. So that, at all events, I may conclude, without fear of contradiction, that a vast quantity of port wine is annually exported from the Douro to England.

I pass on now to speak of other vegetable productions of northern Portugal, for the vine is by no means the only plant which here attains a perfectiou seldom reached elsewhere. I have already casually remarked on the magnificent camellias in the English cemetery, which had attained the size of large bushes, and even trees, and, covered with blossoms, arrested our immediate attention and most profound admiration. We had seen nothing like them in size or luxuriance at Cintra, not even in the famous gardens at Montserrat; while at Lisbon the climate is too hot to admit of their existence; but in Oporto we found them growing in every garden and quinta, with a profusion which spoke plainly how well soil and climate were adapted to their growth. Indeed, they were quite common shrubs, and appeared to flourish in every aspect, and to require little care and attention; and some fine specimens which F. purchased, and sent home to England, were selected in a garden from an enormous stock of this graceful shrub of all varieties and sizes, just as, in England, we might choose amidst the innumerable species of the pine tribe,

in replenishing our shrubberies from the nursery gardener's stores.

But in speaking of shrubs and trees I cannot do better than introduce my readers at once to the luxuriant gardens of the English chaplain, the Rev. Edward Whiteley, whom we have to thank, not only for the most unbounded hospitality, but for repeated acts of kindness and courtesy shown us throughout our stay at Oporto, and for a large amount of very valuable information regarding the less frequented portions of northern and eastern Portugal, which his long residence in the country, as well as his adventurous spirit of exploring, and his ardent love of fine scenery have well qualified him to impart. Within the grounds of this highly esteemed gentleman are congregated some of the finest specimens of trees and shrubs which, I make bold to say, are to be found in the world, within so limited a space; indeed, two of them, a tulip tree and a magnolia, are amongst the sights of Oporto, which strangers seldom fail to visit, even in this land of luxuriant vegetation. Both are large forest trees, throwing out their branches laterally with great vigour, well grown and still growing, and overshadowing a wide extent of ground. With the assistance of Mr. Whiteley, I took an accurate measurement of these two trees, while F. took their portraits with his camera. We found the tulip tree, at three feet above the ground, to measure seventeen feet one inch in circumference, while it attained an altitude of ninety feet, and was literally covered with blossom. A perennial spring of water trickled near its roots, and, doubtless, this was the secret of its vigorous growth and rapid increase. The magnolia tree was, perhaps, even more extraordinary, as it extended over a larger area of ground, and some of its branches were huge limbs. It measures sixty feet in height, and thirteen feet four inches in girth at three feet from its base. It is in the height of

its vigour, and is annually increasing, though, during the siege of Oporto, it was struck by a cannon ball, which inflicted a severe wound on the trunk, and threatened extensive damage. By judicious treatment, however, it has recovered from the hurt, and, beyond an honourable scar, which it will always carry, is none the worse for the hard blow; indeed, Mr. Whiteley confidently asserts that it is the largest magnolia in the world. The buds were swollen, though no flowers were opened during the time of our visit; but we could well believe its enthusiastic owner's statement, with what delicious perfume the whole garden would be scented, and what a noble spectacle it would be when in full blossom, and no less than a hundred gigantic flowers blooming at once upon the tree.

In the same garden grew a very fine Judas tree,* a splendid pimento or pepper tree, some large shaddocks, and a Japanese apple, the fruit of which we had bought at Coimbra under the name of *nesperas*, though here it was known as *laconte*. Here, too, camellias, of every variety of tint and of great size, were abundant, while the garden was bounded by a belt of cork trees, which offered a grateful shade during the mid-day heat. I do not mention oranges, because they abound in every part of Portugal, of a size and flavour, and with a profusion, I have never seen elsewhere. But I must remark on the Oporto strawberries, which were very abundant in the market, and which we saw in perfection at Mr. Whiteley's table; they are of very large size, white in colour, and of excellent flavour, though, in my judgment, not to be compared with their exact contrasts, the diminutive, dark-red, mountain strawberries, which one meets with in Norway and Sweden.

It is not difficult to explain the cause of the luxuriant vegetation we found in this favoured garden; it is exactly

* The *Cercis siliquastrum*, the traditional tree on which Judas hanged imself: hence its English name.

the same cause as that which produces an oasis in the sterile desert. A trickling spring bursting from the rock, and conducted through the garden, is the secret which, in this splendid climate, works wonders in the vegetable world. And so we found throughout northern Portugal, in the rich province of Minho, an abundance of water was the true source of its fertility; and as no district in the country is so well furnished with brooks and streams, so none other is so fruitful. Even the famous vines of Traz-os-Montes, which notoriously can endure long continued drought, are at stated seasons carefully supplied with water; and, indeed I may close this botanical chapter with the aphorism well known in the thirsty, water-loving, water-drinking Peninsula, 'a perennial spring is the greatest earthly gift which God bestows on man.'

CHAPTER XII.

BRAGA AND BOM JESUS.

The province of Minho, which occupies the north-western portion of Portugal, is notoriously by far the most beautiful of all the six provinces into which that kingdom is divided. The full title of this district is 'Entre Minho e Douro,' inasmuch as it comprises the territory which lies between those two rivers, as they flow towards the sea; it is also at once the most fertile and the most populous. The whole proviuce is formed entirely of granite, and there is very little level ground throughout this district, but its principal features are composed of a succession of well-cultivated valleys and forest-clad hills, which towards the eastern limits assume the size and character of wild and lofty mountains. From these hills streams without number trickle, and, wandering through the vales, are the main cause of the luxuriance and verdure which distinguish the province. Here, too, we meet with the forests of gigantic oaks for which northern Portugal is famous; forests of fir and forests of chestnut, as well as the cork and olive in great profusion.

We had from the first proposed to ourselves an excursion into the heart of this inviting district, and we had not been long in Oporto before we proceeded to make enquiry with regard to roads and carriages, as we were naturally anxious to include within our circuit those portions which seemed to promise the greatest attractions of scenery. But here

we were baffled at the outset by the most contradictory and at the same time the most positive opinions from those whose advice we sought, and we had no sooner resolved on a route which was strongly recommended by some enthusiastic adviser, than it was loudly declared wholly impracticable by another: and even the question of the existence of roads at all (beyond the beaten track from city to city, to which we by no means wished to adhere) was warmly disputed.

Placed in this dilemma, and finding it impossible to obtain reliable information, we abandoned our original intention of hiring a carriage, whereby our free progress would probably be considerably hampered, and determined to begin the journey as far as Braga by public conveyance, and be guided in our after-movements by intelligence we received as we made our way from point to point. It was well that we did so, for the road we subsequently travelled came to an abrupt termination in the very heart of the most charming scenery; and had we been dependant on wheels, we must have returned by the same route we had pursued, a course in every case to be deprecated by the traveller, but not to be thought of for a moment, when wandering through the most lovely portions of Minho. I should explain that the difficulty of obtaining information on these points at Oporto arose, in great measure, from the stationary habits of the Portuguese, who seldom travel, and when they do leave home on business, either pursue the time-honoured custom of their forefathers, of journeying on horseback, or confine their wanderings between the large towns, where the formation of roads and the establishment of so-called diligences have within the last few years given them facilities to which, however, they have not yet become accustomed. But besides this, so little is the value of good roads understood, that some which have been laid down at great expense and admirably

formed have been already suffered to get out of repair, and are nearly useless for traffic.

But every allowance must be made for a people who are only just beginning to learn the use of wheels; who, within a comparatively recent period, possessed no roads at all; and who, within the memory of living men, knew no other conveyance than the bullock-cart, which I was assured by one informant he had himself seen in use in Oporto for the conveyance of ladies to a dinner party. Even now the coach service on the best of their roads is quite in its infancy, and would by no means satisfy the expectations of the English traveller with but an ordinary stock of patience, as the sequel of our experience in Minho will amply show.

We fixed on an early day in the week for our expedition, and took our places outside the diligence for Guimaraens; and, well cautioned to present ourselves in good time at the office, we had made a very early breakfast, and clambered up the steep hills of the city, and at 5.45 A.M. presented ourselves at the starting-point. Here we were amused to find our diligence, which was in reality a diminutive omnibus or sociable, drawn up in the street, loaded with passengers; the conductor in a nervous state of excitement, awaiting our arrival, and all ready for the start, with the trifling exception that no horses had hitherto appeared on the scene. However, we were soon ushered up to our seats, and our cargo being complete, after ten minutes' patient waiting in that somewhat ridiculous position, the horses were brought out, and as the clock struck six, amidst a great deal of noise from coachman and ostlers, and a loud smacking of whips, our sturdy team started up the street at a gallop, rounded a corner with a fearful lurch, and subsided at once into a mild trot, which was little more than a walk, and from which we never emerged again throughout the journey.

As our sole object was to see the country, and enjoy the views, we were certainly in no hurry, and had no cause to complain of the delay; and yet, as we dragged on at four miles an hour, and were passed by strings of peasants on their ambling mules and donkeys, and never made play even on the most favourable ground, it became somewhat tedious to crawl along the road at that snail's gallop, for we did not yet understand that this is the custom of Portugal; and why should this new-fangled coach outstrip the muleteer, the pedestrian, and the horseman, who have always been contented to jog along at that sober pace?*

The eastern suburbs of Oporto extended for a long distance, but did not impress us with their general cleanliness or appearance of prosperity; neither were the suburban villas particularly deserving of notice. Much more to our taste were the quintas and gardens and valleys and hills, amidst which we soon found ourselves, when we had shaken off the old city behind us, and were fairly emerged into the country. Now we were in the heart of Minho's beauties at once, and as we leisurely sauntered down the long hills, and patiently crept up the interminable ascents, we had ample time to admire the amazing luxuriance which prevailed on all sides; and to marvel at the splendid specimens of various forest trees, which in turn attracted our attention. Then there were the vines trained to pollarded oaks, after a manner we had never before seen in any country; there was the process of haymaking at its height, the grass being cut after a novel fashion with sickles, and very well and closely cut too; the primitive ploughs, drawn by four large oxen; Indian corn being sown broadcast, and some already sprouting; the rye

* 'The rate of postal travelling in Great Britain is about thirty miles an hour; and in Portugal three miles an hour.'—Forrester's *Prize Essay on Portugal*. London, 1854. Page 45.

nearly ripe; the wheat beginning to turn colour; and all this in the early part of May, while the scorching sun shone down upon our heads with a fierceness unknown in more northern latitudes; so that there was no lack of objects to interest us in our leisurely journey through Minho.

Neither must I forget the occasional halts to change horses at the road-side inns, where port wine of extraordinary excellence was the general beverage consumed; and though it seemed strange to be sipping port wine at a pothouse at an early hour on a brilliant morning, we thought it well to follow the adage of doing at Rome as the Romans do, and we too imbibed the port after the example of our fellow-passengers.

But now we found that our five horses were crawling over the ground so leisurely, that if we followed our original intention, of making a detour by Guimaraens, on our way to Braga, we should not reach that city till late in the afternoon, which would not at all square with our arrangements. So when we reached the bifurcation, whence the roads branch respectively to the two towns above-named, we transferred ourselves to the carriage for Braga direct, and abandoned the intention of visiting Guimaraens. Even then we consumed nearly eight hours in accomplishing the journey of thirty miles; and notwithstanding the lovely scenery, we were heartily glad to reach the long straggling suburbs of the dull old town of Braga, and to traverse the streets of that large slumbering city, the fourth in the kingdom in point of population, though assuredly the last in enterprise and trade, if one might judge from the superficial aspect it presents to the traveller.

We found tolerable lodging and very indifferent food at the Hospedaria 'Estrella do Norte,' and after dinner and a siesta, we sallied forth to explore the city and its churches,

on which I have nothing to remark beyond the fact, that we witnessed a peculiar and very elaborate religious ceremony within the church of Santa Cruz, which was highly decked for the occasion, and thronged with a crowd which extended beyond the doors far into the street.

Then we passed through the spacious Campo Santa Anna, and made the pilgrimage on foot to the famous sanctuary of Bom Jesus, distant one league from Braga, and conspicuously perched on the top of a hill. This is the great attraction for Portuguese pilgrims: no less resorted to by the inhabitants of that country than the shrine of S. Iago of Compostella by Spaniards, the shrine of Einsiedeln by the Swiss, and the House of our Lady of Loreto by Italians; indeed, it has been declared that no devout Portuguese can die in peace unless he has, at some period of his life, visited this national sanctuary.

We had heard a great deal of the elaborate stations leading up to the church, and of the representations, in painted figures of wood as large as life, of the scenes of our blessed Lord's Passion, as displayed in the several chapels conducting up the hill to the summit; and we had expected to see a counterpart of the famous *terra cotta* figures of a similar size and with a like object, which the tourist amongst the southern slopes of the Alps recollects on the Sacro Monte at Varallo in Piedmont: but when, after a hot and dusty walk, we reached this highly extolled sanctuary, whose merits the natives never cease to praise with rapturous enthusiasm, we were as much surprised as disappointed to find such wretched caricatures of the holy scenes as were positively grotesque, and, but for the reverence shown towards them by the people, would be perfectly ridiculous.

Now I am by no means disposed to cavil at any device which may assist the devotion of the unlettered; and I conclude that these ill-formed, ill-dressed models serve the

purpose for which they were intended, inasmuch as they have certainly attracted the general admiration of the Portuguese people: but it is almost inconceivable that, amidst a lavish expense of well-built chapels, wide stone staircases, deeply carved balustrades, and elaborate fountains, which extend from the bottom of the hill to the church on the top, the designers of the representations should be contented with such paltry figures, at the sight of which, notwithstanding the solemnity of the scenes intended to be depicted, it is almost impossible to repress a smile. At Varallo, on the contrary, the figures are not only generally well modelled, but many of them are really creditable works of art; and some of the scenes represented are so life-like as quite to startle one by the vividness with which the facts they recall are brought before the mind. At the same time it must not be forgotten, that in every nation, to the uneducated mind, wholly ignorant of art, the veriest daub will pass for a splendid picture, and, after all, the scenes at Bom Jesus are little, if at all, inferior to kindred representations in some other lands. Thus in Bavaria, I have at Christmas seen the 'Christ-kind,' as it is called, or the Nativity of the Holy Child in the stable, with all the accompaniments of ox and ass, represented in Munich (the home of the arts) with no little familiarity. At Mentone, I have witnessed on Good Friday the Burial of our Blessed Lord, enacted with a coarseness that was quite revolting, while at the neighbouring town of Monaco a far more elaborate ceremonial is annually introduced, exemplifying the entire history of the Passion of our Saviour, but all in so homely and familiar a style as to strike the unaccustomed stranger with disgust, and appear to him a burlesque closely bordering on the blasphemous; though so far from shocking the national mind, I have seen these coarse representations

draw tears from the eyes of the kneeling and adoring people.

This remarkable religious representation, reminding one of the 'miracle plays,' or 'mysteries' of the Middle Ages, appears to be so little known in England, and at the same time is so likely to be discontinued, that I have thought it might be interesting to append a brief accouut of the scenes enacted; which I prefer to record in French, and for that purpose have extracted the following description, partly from a printed programme which I obtained on the spot, and partly from the *Journal de Nice* of March 28, 1864.

'La procession du Vendredi-Saint avait attiré à Monaco une affluence considérable d'étrangers et de population des localités avoisinantes. Cette procession frappe toujours les étrangers par la naïveté de sa mise en scène, et malgré eux ils se sentent pris de respect pour les gens du pays qui ont conservé cette vieille tradition des mystères.

1. En tête de la procession marchait un centurion à cheval avec ses gardes.

2. Venaient ensuite le porteur du coupable pommier, Adam, Ève, et l'Ange, représentés par de jolis petits chérubins de huit à dix ans.

3. L'Ange et la Vierge. (L'Annonciation.)

4. Saint Jean.

5. Jésus au jardin des Oliviers, et l'Ange lui présentant le calice.

6. Les trois Apôtres, compagnons de Jésus.

7. Jésus sorti du jardin des Oliviers.

8. Judas avec des soldats et des Juifs.

9. Saint Pierre coupant l'oreille à un des serviteurs des grands prêtres.

10. Le coq.

11. Hérode avec ses serviteurs et ses gardes.

12. Jésus, les mains liées derrière le dos, entouré de gardes.

13. Les pontifes.

14. Jésus attaché à la colonne, ceux qui le frappent, et celui qui lui donne des soufflets.

15. *Ecce Homo* et les gardes.
16. Ponce-Pilate se lavant les mains.
17. L'Ange portant la croix.
18. Les porteurs de l'échelle, des clous, des tenailles et des marteaux.
19. Jésus portant la croix et sainte Véronique à côté de lui.
20. Le Cirénéo et les sacrificateurs.
21. Les vêtements de N.-S. joués au sort.
22. Le Crucifix en croix, et celui qui lui perce le cœur.
23. Les Madeleines et l'Ange du calice recueillant les gouttes du sang qui découle du cœur de N.-S. J.-C.
24. Les trois Apôtres portant le linceul.
25. Les docteurs et sainte Catherine.
26. Les Anges et les Saints précédant le corps de N.-S. J.-C.
27. Le corps de N.-S. escorté par les Juifs, ayant à leur tête le porte-drapeau à cheval.
28. Les chantres et la musique.
29. Les Apôtres.
30. La Sainte Vierge et les trois Maries accompagnées par les prieuresses.
31. Le chapelain et les prieurs de la confrérie.

L'attention de la foule était concentrée principalement sur le costume des Juifs, beaucoup plus soigné que celui des autres personnages ; elle se portait aussi sur l'excellente physionomie de Ponce-Pilate, qui se lavait les mains en homme qui s'y connaît. Les acteurs chargés de représenter Notre-Seigneur dans le cortége nous ont paru s'éloigner considérablement des peintures religieuses que nous ont laissées les grands maîtres.'

The above brief enumeration of the scenes represented at Monaco shows with tolerable accuracy the kind of rude religious drama still annually exhibited at that and other favoured places on the lovely Riviera. But such representations are not confined to the north of the Pyrenees. During Lent of last year a friend wrote me word from Barcelona, that he had just witnessed a miracle play at the Liceo, which was a most extraordinary performance, being nothing else than a *mystery* of the Passion of our

Blessed Lord, admirably performed by a first-rate operatic company, while he describes the acting and scenic effects, especially that of the Crucifixion with the darkening of the sun and rising of the dead, as perfectly wonderful; and the singing of a supposed chorus of angels as exquisite: and he adds, that the representants of our Lord and our Lady looked just as if they had walked straight out of one of Murillo's pictures. This was undoubtedly a refined adaptation of the rude miracle play of the Middle Ages to the tastes and feelings of the inhabitants of a large Spanish city in the nineteenth century, though to our English ideas such a representation at all seems quite shocking and profane; but my friend tells me that the audience at Barcelona, on the whole, behaved well, and some were even moved to tears.

To a still greater extent, but with far more homeliness, is carried the periodical performance, though at wide intervals of ten years between each representation, of the 'Ammergau Mystery' in the Tyrol, which is described, by those of our countrymen who have witnessed it, as something quite shocking and repulsive to the English mind; though, countenanced and indeed directed as it is by the ecclesiastics of the district, we cannot doubt that it has the effect intended, of rekindling the faith of the people, and bringing home to their understandings, and stamping on their hearts vivid impressions of some of the most striking events in the Passion of our Blessed Lord. Indeed, such is very much the verdict of an unexceptionable witness of the last representation in 1860, no other, we believe, than Dean Stanley, who, after a graphic description of the whole performance, sums up his reflections upon it as follows:* 'Any person interested in national religious education must perceive the effect of such a life-like repre-

* 'The Ammergau Mystery or Sacred Drama of 1860,' by a Spectator: *Macmillan's Magazine*, October 1860, pp. 463–477.

sentation of the words and facts of the Bible in bringing them home to the minds, if not the hearts, of the people. To those who believe that the Bible, and especially the Gospel history, has a peculiarly elevating and purifying effect, beyond any other religious or secular books, it will be a satisfaction to know that thousands of German peasants have carried away, graven on their memories, not a collection of medieval or mythological legends, but the chief facts and doctrines both of the Old and New Testament, with an exactness such as would be vainly sought in the masses of our poorer population.' Again: 'any intelligent spectator at this scene will feel it to be a signal example of the infinite differences which, even with regard to subjects of the most universal interest, divide the feelings and thoughts of nations and Churches from each other, and of the total absurdity and endless mischief of transposing to one phase of mind what belongs exclusively to another. We Englishmen are not more reverential than an audience of Bavarian or Tyrolese rustics: probably we are much less so. But from long engrained habit, from the natural reserve and delicacy of a more northern and a more civilized people, from the association of those outward exhibitions of sacred subjects with a Church disfigured by superstition and intolerance, we naturally regard as impious what these simple peasants regard as devout and edifying. The more striking is the superstition, the more salutary its effects on those for whom it was intended; the more forcibly we may be ourselves impressed in witnessing it, so much the more pointedly instructive does the lesson become, of the utter inapplicability of such a performance to other times and places than its own.'

All this, doubtless, applies equally well to the scenes represented at Bom Jesus: and I have made this long digression upon kindred displays in other lands, because I desire to point out that this method of instruction is by no

means peculiar to Portugal; nor are the rude scenes so coarsely and even grotesquely exhibited here, any mark of profanity or irreverence. In short, it must be remembered, that where the more correct taste and cold decorum of the educated Englishman suspects profanity and irreverence, the more simple mind of the impulsive untaught Southerner gazes on a scene which strikes him with awe, and inspires him with feelings of devotion and adoration: and as such we need not hesitate to believe that the strange figures of Bom Jesus, resorted to by rich and poor throughout Portugal, and gazed at with tearful eyes and stricken hearts, prove a valuable help to the pilgrims, in concentrating their attention on the holy exercises of faith and devotion they have come hither to follow out. Then again, it must not be forgotten that this is a relic of an old national custom; for, first of all nations to introduce the sacred mystery or miracle play was Portugal. Spain very early followed eagerly in the wake,* and very soon these rude dramatic representations became popular throughout Europe; but the honour, if honour it be, is due to one Gil Vicente, a Portuguese, who by his *autos* or spiritual dramas, totally unlike any regular plays, and very rude both in design and execution, led the way to the mysteries which prevailed to so great an extent, were so liable to degenerate into profanity, and were in consequence so often proscribed during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.†

But, however paltry and disappointing in an artistic sense, the chapels leading up to the pilgrimage church, we were amply repaid for our toilsome walk by the magnificent view which was gradually unfolded to our gaze, as we climbed higher and higher towards the top. And though we were not impressed with the solemnity of the repre-

* Prescott's *Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, vol. ii. p. 206.

† Hallam's *Literature of Europe*, vol. i. pp. 263, 442.

sentations, nor halted at every successive station, in admiration of the scenes displayed within; we certainly rested at the brink of the many fountains which garnish the massive flights of steps, and gazed long and ardently on the extensive view of mountain and valley which was displayed before us from this elevated spot. It was, indeed, an exceedingly noble prospect, for beyond the wooded hills towards the north and east, we now for the first time saw the lofty and rugged mountains of Gerez, which are allowed to form the wildest, the most inaccessible, and the most romantic portion of the kingdom. Few travellers penetrate into these fastnesses, or scale the granite rocks which seem to bar all further progress to the north-east: for as there are no guides to point out the path, no *châlets* or *hospices* for rest and refreshment, as in the Swiss and Tyrolean Alps, he must be a practised and enthusiastic mountaineer, and of an adventurous spirit, who cares to push on amidst those unfrequented mountains, and explore their almost unknown heights.

To the sportsman, however, and, above all, to the naturalist, who is strong and hardy enough to scorn all creature comforts, and to brave the elements, and delights to rough it in the true spirit of a mountaineer, these untrodden wilds must be quite enchanting. For here is the home of the wolf, which is still very abundant in Portugal; so numerous, indeed, in some parts of this country, that the inhabitants find it quite impossible to keep sheep: and of the depredations, ferocity, and even boldness of this destructive beast we heard many accounts from those who had encountered it, and in the museum at Coimbra we had seen several gigantic specimens from these mountains. One gentleman recounted to us how he had been followed in winter by one of these hungry animals, which drew nearer and nearer, and evidently sought to take him at a disadvantage; but by facing round suddenly,

and showing a bold front, he at length succeeded in scaring the creature away. This was corroborated by another gentleman, who was pursued on one occasion in Spain during a snow storm by a pack of five or six, and who thought himself fortunate to escape by taking refuge in a *venta*, which chanced to be near the spot.

Amidst the mountains, and in the valleys of the Gerez, also dwells the wild boar, which is the prince of ground game in Portugal, as the bustard stands at the head of the feathered list, and of which we had heard many a hunting exploit, and whose shaggy forms and formidable tusks we had also admired at Coimbra. One of our informants assured us he had killed several which had weighed over twelve score pounds; they will run at great speed for ten or twelve miles, but in Portugal they are never followed by mounted sportsmen as in India, but are simply roused from their retreats, and shot. When wounded and at bay, they are not to be approached by dog or man with impunity, for the wounds they inflict with their long, sharp tusks are often so severe as to cause the death of the rash assailant, whether canine or human.

Another wild animal which inhabits these desolate mountains is the southern or pardine lynx (*lyncus pardinus*), which must not be confused with the common European lynx (*lyncus virgatus*), which I have seen brought down by a hunter from the maritime Alps above Nice; but this is a far more handsome animal, spotted like a leopard, and withal a savage cruel beast, partaking of the nature of the wild cat, but even fiercer as well as larger and stronger than that daring marauder. Here too, as I am informed, may be occasionally found the beautiful and graceful genett (*genetta tigrina*), an active, supple-limbed, nocturnal marauder, which stealthily surprises its victims on the ground and on the trees, where it is equally at home.

But the great prize, *par excellence*, of the wild mountains of Gerez, which the sportsman will risk life and limb to obtain, is the ibex, wild goat, bouquetin, or izzard (*capra ibex*), which may be described generally as a sort of reddish-coloured chamois, the most wary and the most active of its tribe, which frequents the nearly inaccessible heights of the mountains, and is as difficult to hunt as the chamois of the Alps. There was also a rumour that an occasional specimen of the *mouflon*, or large wild sheep, might be met with in these mountain solitudes: but after diligent enquiry, I am obliged to conclude that the report had no foundation in fact; and that if this animal exists in the Peninsula at all, it is confined to the wilder portion of the Pyrenees, to which the bear, once so common in northern Portugal as well as Spain, is now restricted.

I have been tempted into this digression on the wild animals to be met with in the Gerez mountains, by the glorious view we enjoyed of that romantic district, as we sat at the fountains of the pilgrimage chapel of Bom Jesus; and it was not till the shades of evening began to draw in, that we descended the hill, and strolled leisurely back to Braga.

A very early start on the following morning in another diminutive diligence, drawn by two mules, and an exceedingly hot drive on one of the most scorching days I ever remember, through a rich country of surpassing loveliness, over wooded hills, and amidst smiling valleys, brought us at mid-day to the town of Ponte do Lima, where we were glad to adopt the national custom of a siesta after an early dinner, a luxury which is duly appreciated by those who begin their journey at the peep of day, and crawl along a dusty road with provoking slowness under the direct rays of a burning sun.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RIVER LIMA AND VIANNA.

Ponte do Lima is a small town of no architectural pretensions, but of true Portuguese type; with lofty houses, extremely narrow tortuous streets, and all to baffle and keep out that persistent intruder, the scorching sun. It is situated, as its name implies, on the banks of the Lima, and also commemorates the remarkable fact that it possesses a bridge across that stream, which is indeed an honourable peculiarity in this country. It is said, moreover, to be placed in the centre of the most beautiful scenery for which the Lima is distinguished, and some authors have been so carried away with ecstacy at its position, as to declare that language fails to describe its charms.

In my humble opinion these are somewhat exaggerated sentiments of approval; and it is enough to say that the town is pleasantly placed on the margin of a very pretty river, whilst the verdant hills which slope away from its banks, and the rugged mountains in the background, complete the picture very satisfactorily.

We had hoped to strike the river at a much higher point, by taking the diligence to Os Arcos, but we were deterred by the impossibility of ascertaining, with any degree of certainty, whether, in the event of there being no road from that point to Ponte do Lima, which was also

a disputed matter, we could make our way down the upper part of the river during the present season of low water. It was well that we did not make the attempt, for no sort of road connects the two towns, and there was not water enough in the Lima to render the passage of boats practicable far above our present point. However, we employed the afternoon on the day of our arrival in ascending in a little flat-bottomed punt as far as we could, under the guidance of two boys, who were evidently somewhat alarmed at their unusual occupation of conducting two foreigners into those little-frequented reaches above the bridge; and it required all our powers of argument, and even threats, in plain English as well as in our best Portuguese, to prevent those timid urchins from turning the boat homewards before we had explored the upper river to our satisfaction: and as it was, we disembarked at the end of our voyage long before sunset, having penetrated but a very short distance in the direction of the eastern hills. The distinguishing features of the Lima seemed to be its tranquillity and peace. It was on a splendid evening, succeeding a very scorching day, that we lazily and very slowly ascended its stream, stretched at ease on green boughs at the bottom of our boat, which was of the roughest description, and altogether guiltless of seats. The current was of the feeblest, and the water as clear as crystal, and for the most part exceedingly shallow. The air was soft and gentle, and the only sound which met our ears arose from the hoarse croaking of the frogs, or the splash of some rising fish; and it was certainly a most enjoyable termination to the day's journey, thus to follow the upward course of this meaudering river, so placidly wending its way amidst the luxuriant meadows and wooded hills, and we anticipated with great delight our voyage of the morrow, which would occupy the whole day in descending the river to Vianna: and for which we had bespoken accom-

modation in one of the boats laden with grain, several of which every day drop down the river to that town.

Accordingly, at an early hour of the following morning we laid in stores of provision for the day, consisting of sundry rolls of excellent bread, and a bottle of very superior port wine. In addition to this, we expended the sum of twenty reis, or one penny sterling, in the purchase of a large supply of oranges, and an equally extravagant sum in a small mountain of cherries, wherewith to beguile ourselves on board, but which we found it very difficult to convey to the boat, and which we could by no means consume, though we had but little else to do during our ten hours' voyage. Our vessel was large, flat-bottomed, furnished with a mast and a single square sail; loaded with bags of maize, and manned by a crew consisting of two men and two women. These good people grievously cheated us, by imposing upon us a fare which was at least three times the ordinary charge; but as they had carefully arranged the corn sacks for our accommodation, and thus provided eligible couches; as they had, in addition, built a bower of branches above our heads to act as an awning; as, moreover, the whole expense at last for this day's journey, and for a distance of some seven or eight leagues, amounted to but four *stunds* or twenty *vintem*, as these north country people term it, but in ordinary currency 400 reis, equivalent to tenpence English each, we thought the bargain on our side was not so very ridiculous, after all; and though the extortion was bare-faced, for threepence was the universal fare, we could not find it in our hearts to grumble, but, on the contrary, laughed with our tyrants at the imposition by which they had so shamefully victimised us.

We began our voyage gallantly, for a gentle breeze was stirring, and our large sail was set; and though I cannot say that we flew before the gale, which would have been

a rate of progress altogether hostile to Portuguese habits, and certainly quite inharmonious with the gentle movements of the Lima, we must have made at least a mile and a quarter within the first half-hour, which was a rate of progress we never again attained, for then the wind dropped, and our sail hung loose and idle; and though we all whistled at proper intervals, and courted the breeze in every other orthodox manner known to sailors of all lands, it was to no purpose; and if a slight breath of air gave us momentary hopes of more rapid advance, as it did occasionally, it always died away again in a few moments, and left us to float with the stream with what patience we could command. Now, the river Lima is for the most part exceedingly shallow, as I have already observed, and extends over a very broad bed, and is often divided into several streams by immense sand-banks, which at this season stand out, broad and dry, over large areas, but which betoken the occasional descent of a large body of water after the winter rain, and the change which can, under such circumstances, come over the spirit of even the gentle Lima, and the ungovernable fury into which even that usually so placid river can be lashed. So it is sometimes with men of the most amiable disposition: the sky may become overcast, the storm may gather in the mountains, and the evenly-flowing quiet temper may be roused into a furious torrent of passion; to subside again as quickly, when the cloud has passed away, and the sun shines forth again in an atmosphere generally so serene and fair. As far as our experience extended, the Lima was uniformly gentle, and the great difficulty which our crew experienced was to find a channel deep enough for our heavily-laden though flat-bottomed barge. Sometimes the main current ran under one bank, sometimes under the other, but very seldom in the midst of the river's bed. For a considerable distance our course lay beneath the southern bank, which

was fringed with overhanging trees and bushes, which dipped their branches into the water. Here we lowered our mast and sail; made all snug beneath the bulwarks of our boat, and crew and passengers crouched down beneath the protecting sides: and so in the deep water and in a stream more than ordinarily rapid, regardless of aught else, we fought our way through the superincumbent boughs, and lay still at the bottom of our vessel, until an angle of the river diverted the current to the other side; where for a short distance the same scene was enacted over again. But soon the deep stream beneath the overhanging bushes was left behind, and the river had become spread out over a wider surface, and the water was proportionately more shallow, and the sandbanks more extensive. Then began the real difficulties of the navigation of the Lima, which continued till we reached Vianna. Then, too, began the exercise of patience to passengers, who could do nothing but wait quietly and look on, though this was certainly no great hardship, on a most brilliant cloudless day, and in the midst of lovely scenery.

There had been a singularly dry season throughout Portugal for several months; indeed, a drought seemed imminent, and a general failure of the crops was apprehended from the absence of the rains at a very critical season: so much was this the case, that processions had been parading the streets, and prayers had been offered up in the churches of Lisbon and Oporto for rain. So the river Lima was unusually dry at this moment, and its stream was in many places fordable, and we saw bullock carts, as well as men and women with heavy burdens on their heads, wading knee-deep across its bed. Hence there was often a difficulty in pushing our clumsy boat over the shallows; and though our boatmen at the bow and stern worked hard with their long poles, and were ably seconded by the women, they could not always scrape their

craft over the sand; but again and again we heard the disagreeable grating sound beneath our feet to which we had become well accustomed in Egypt, and which always proclaimed that we were hard and fast upon a sandbank: and then, like the Arabs on the Nile, the whole crew, male and female, went over the side into the water, and with backs to the boat, tried by main force to urge her over the impeding bar. Generally, but not without considerable delay and hard work, their efforts were successful: but sometimes a more obstinate shallow than usual would baffle all their attempts, and then they would dig in the sand with a wooden scoop they carried for the purpose, till they had deepened a sufficient channel before the boat; and in this work two or more crews would sometimes combine (for other grain boats followed close upon our wake), and then the united efforts of many hands would force each vessel over the difficulty, and we would continue our course, till arrested again by another mishap like the last.

Thus we continued to crawl down the river, now floating with the stream, now punting slowly over the sandbanks; and for a dozen times or more our gallaut crew must have jumped overboard, and extricated us from the shallows; moreover the towers of Vianna, and the masts of the ships in the harbour of that port had long been visible in the horizon, and we were contemplating a speedy arrival, when on a sudden and with a swifter current than usual we grounded with such an impetus as to make our delay unmistakable, but the period of our detention and the time of our release in the highest degree problematical. Hitherto, I must do our boatmen and boatwomen the justice to say, they had worked manfully and well, but now at this last mishap they lost courage; and after a few feeble attempts to push off, and a good deal of wandering in various directions down the stream in the vain hope of finding a better channel, they gave it up in despair, re-

turned to the boat, sat down and smoked their cigarettes; and then came to us with the cool proposal that we should wade through the shallows some thirty or forty yards to the bank, and walk to the town, with our baggage in our hands; as they signified their intention of waiting as they were some five or six hours for the tide. This invitation, however, we resolutely declined, declaring our firm intention, like true mariners as we were, of sticking to our ship to the last: and then we urged them to renewed exertions, and pointed out another boat which chanced to lay near, whereby they might lighten the cargo, lessen the draught, and so float off their own vessel into deeper water once more. With this advice they at length complied; transferred a portion of their heavy bags of maize to the empty boat; then by dint of great exertions worked their own vessel over the shallow; re-embarked the corn; and, though the female portion of our crew had long since deserted us, and we had seen them march off to the town with large bundles on their heads, within little more than an hour we were beyond the sandbank, and floating away merrily down the stream to Vianna.

Such was the navigation of the Lima, as we had experienced it at low water: but unusually protracted as was the voyage, and though undoubtedly slow was our progress, we thoroughly enjoyed it, and far preferred it to both diligence and railway for comfort and ease. Then we were in the heart of the best scenery of Portugal: we could not raise our eyes towards the banks without seeing a combination of well-wooded hills and fertile valleys, which produced the most joyous landscape; while, looking back up the course of the stream, we found the east bounded by lofty mountains, towering above which and ever in sight, rose the lordly Outeiro Major, which ranks amidst its brethren as the highest peak in Portugal, not to be outtopped by the famous summits of the Estrellas. I have

already said that the day was delicious, one of those bright, balmy days in early summer, when to bask in the warm sunshine, and to breathe the pure air, was positive enjoyment. Then the atmosphere was redolent of the perfume of the rose and the honeysuckle, with which the banks of the Lima are sometimes fringed; and from the thick coppices a chorus of nightingales charmed us, as we floated by their retreats.

And so from early morning to the shades of evening, we gently floated down the river. It was a luxurious, lazy mode of travel, but the monotony in such a scene was not unpleasant, and we certainly carried out the *dolce far niente* system through the live-long day. Here we were 'lotus-eating' on the Lima, which was long ago known to the Romans as the Lethe of Lusitania, and was supposed to be as effectual as that famous river of Tartarus, for producing oblivion of home and family, through the lovely scenery which bounded its banks, and was on that account dreaded by the superstitious soldiers of the Empire, as if any contact with it must inevitably prevent their return home. Upon us, however, it had no such effect; but on the contrary, when we set foot on its banks at the end of our voyage, our farthest limit was attained: and from thence we turned round, and proceeded homewards, with a circuitous route indeed, but as expeditiously as possible.

We found Vianna do Castello an old-fashioned city of narrow streets, small squares, and with a considerable population crowded into a confined space. As a sea-port at the mouth of the Lima, it is a place of considerable trade, and there was an air of activity and bustle amidst its inhabitants, which is not to be found in the cities of the interior. Before reaching the quay where we disembarked, we passed under one of the arches of the longest wooden bridge I had ever seen; and I say this advisedly, though I do not forget the covered bridges of Lucerne: but here

the viaduct is carried on arches, not only across the extended bed of the river, but for a considerable distance over the plain, on the southern bank, which is often inundated, when the Lima is swollen by heavy rain from the mountains. It derives its name 'Vianna' or 'Viana' from a corruption of the original title Diana, to the worship of which goddess this town on the extreme west was once as addicted as was the more renowned city Ephesus in the eastern portion of the Roman Empire: and it received in latter years the distinctive addition *do Castello* from the strong fort which commands the entrance of the river, and at the same time protects the city; and which did good service to the Government in the last insurrectionary troubles, of which this unhappy kingdom has borne its full share.

There are several interesting churches here, which deserve the attention of the architect; but for these I will again refer my readers to the Handbook, which exhausts all that can be said on this head. There is also a primitive fish market on the quay, which is worth a visit from the icthyologist, as well for the copious supply and the variety as for the strange forms of some of the fish, which he will meet with here; but, indeed, Portugal is especially favoured in this respect, and the whole coast swarms with fish, while many of the rivers contain an abundant and apparently inexhaustible supply of the species which frequent fresh water.

We found good accommodation at the Hotel Viannense, and after strolling about the town and its outskirts, we began to make enquiry for a diligence, to convey us on the following day to Oporto; but we found, to our dismay, that the two public coaches which daily plied between this town and the northern capital left Vianna late in the afternoon, and travelled all night, as is so generally the case in southern countries. Now, this did not at all meet

our requirements, inasmuch as we specially desired to see the beautiful country through which our route lay; and moreover, I was bound to reach Oporto on the evening of the following day, which was Saturday, as I had engaged to preach at the English church in that city on the Sunday morning; so we renewed our application at the public office, and persuaded the very obliging clerk in charge (what would certainly never have been listened to for a moment in any less primitive country) to send round to all the passengers who were booked for the following afternoon for Oporto, and invite them to start at an early hour in the morning instead. This was, in fact, carried out, as there was no objection raised by any of our most accommodating fellow-travellers; and late in the evening, a message was brought to our hotel, that all had been arranged according to our desire, and one of the public coaches would start the following morning at 4 A.M. This was indeed taking us at our word, and we had hardly bargained for so early a move: however, we were on the alert at 3, and after a rapid breakfast of biscuits and milk, we were out in the square before the diligence office at a quarter to 4, where we found several other sleepy passengers assembled, but no vestige of coach or horses. We all walked up and down in the bright starlight, grumbled and waited, and in half an hour were informed by a hostler that 5 was the hour fixed for the start, but that, in order to ensure punctuality on the part of the passengers, it was usual to name an earlier hour. This explanation was not calculated to pacify our indignation, but as our Portuguese friends received the information placidly, and merely shrugged their shoulders in reply, we imitated their example, and walked about for another half-hour. During this time a church bell attracted our notice, and on making our way in the direction to which the bell guided us, we were surprised to find at that early hour,

while it was still dark, a considerable congregation assembled for the first mass, which was celebrated at half-past 4, for the accommodation of those whose business required their attendance before daybreak, but whose praiseworthy sense of duty urged them to a yet earlier religious exercise.

We had secured the two seats on the box, and all the passengers had been ushered into their respective places some ten minutes before 5, precisely as we had been marshalled at Oporto, and then the mules were brought out, and we made a most imposing start with a clatter, a dash, and a noise, worthy of the occasion, and should certainly have created quite a sensation amidst the lookers-on at Vianna, if it was not for the slight drawback that it was dark, and moreover that there were no idle gazers at that early hour in the morning; and so our three mules galloped in reckless haste through the town, but pulled up into a walk as we approached the long bridge which we had to cross, and thenceforward our pace was destined to be of the most crawling, lugubrious description imaginable. We had a day's journey of just forty-five miles to accomplish, and we were fifteen hours *en route*, and as we made but very few and very short halts by the way, our pace was positively but three miles in the hour. Now, we were not particularly impatient, because the day was extremely fine and hot, and the scenery remarkably pretty, but it was somewhat trying to British endurance, as we wandered on mile after mile, on level ground, up hill and down a gentle declivity at a foot's pace, the six inside passengers fast asleep, notwithstanding the jolting of our carriage; our three outside fellow-passengers fast asleep, and in imminent danger of rolling off the top, where they were unprotected by a rail; our driver fast asleep, with his head sunk down on his chest, and the reins coiled round his arm; the three mules fast asleep, as they crawled on mechanically, with

noses drooped very near to the ground: and it was the more provoking, because it seemed to us, who were not accustomed to such a rough siesta, and who were wide awake all the time, as if those especial portions of the road which offered the best opportunities for expedition were selected for the most prolonged periods of the deepest slumber. Perhaps it will be thought that we should have done more wisely to follow the general example, and sleep away those weary hours of the journey too; but not only should we have found such an attempt difficult to accomplish, but it must be remembered that we were on our route through the length of beautiful Minho, whose charming scenery we had expressly come to admire. Moreover, our road was not generally conducive to slumber, by reason of the many and deep holes with which it was plentifully beset. Indeed, the contrast between the lavish expense with which the road had evidently of late years been made, and the lamentable state into which, for want of ordinary repair, it had been already allowed to fall, was a never-ceasing marvel to us, throughout that journey. Not, however, that this was peculiar to the highway between Vianna and Oporto; we had made the same remark on every road we had traversed in Portugal; but this was a more conspicuous example, inasmuch as it had been so recently constructed, and withal, with a finish and at a cost which seemed quite unnecessary. Thus, though the country which it traversed was extremely hilly, no labour had been spared in cutting through the tops of the hills, raising the road on embankments or causeways through the bed of the valleys, in many spots protecting it with a granite wall, edging it with well-worked granite posts at short intervals, and providing it with a granite drain, sometimes on both sides. But now, after a very few years' wear, and with what we should designate an inconsiderable amount of traffic, the whole surface is out of

order. There are such deep holes and ruts, and such sloughs of mud on the one hand, and such blocks of granite, when mending has been attempted, on the other, that we were reminded forcibly of the terrific diligence journeys in Spain ten years ago; and we could never satisfactorily determine which was most conducive to dislocation of our bones—the fearful shock of being hurled into a deep hole, or the no less formidable jar of suddenly encountering a boulder of granite. However, we accomplished the journey at last, by dint of occasionally taking it upon ourselves to awaken our driver, and mildly suggesting a trot on inviting ground, all of which, I will do him the justice to say, he took in good part; though both he and our fellow-passengers were manifestly amused at our strange impatience, and never could conceive why we were in such a hurry; for they, good easy folks, had never been accustomed to more rapid movements; and such is the force of habit, that they desired nothing more.

We passed through Barcellos, which is a considerable town, pleasantly situated on a pretty river, and here was the finest scenery of the whole route; there was a long descent into the valley before reaching Barcellos, and a distant view of hill and vale, all rich, and luxuriant, and well wooded. Thence we crawled over successive ranges of hills to Villa Nova de Familiçao, where we joined the Braga road to Oporto, by which we had previously travelled; and as we drew near the latter city, we met crowds of peasants returning from market; the men, for the most part, riding mules or donkeys, perched on high saddles, and sitting on innumerable rugs, after the manner of Spain, and with large flat wooden or metal stirrups, after the manner of Turkey, and all armed with great spurs and very long sticks; while the women, poor drudges as they are in this country, who do all the hard work, and carry all the heavy loads, were trudging along on foot,

with weighty baskets or other burdens on their heads—a great towering pile of crockery, or a huge bundle of fir-cones, or an immense cargo of lobsters, being amongst the most general articles with which they were laden; and all carried on the head, including water-jars, which they bear with as much ease and grace as do the women of Egypt, and wherein they are imitated by quite little children, who learn from very early years to carry jars proportioned to their size and strength.

It was with no little satisfaction that we found ourselves again established beneath the hospitable roof of good Mary Castro, where we soon slept away the fatigue of our excursion through Minho, and I was enabled to keep my engagement with Mr. Whiteley, on the following morning, at the English church of Oporto.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOURNEY HOME BY LAND.

If anyone will take the trouble to glance at a map of south-western Europe, it will at once be manifest that the direct route from Oporto to the nearest point of France, which is Bayonne, must undoubtedly be to the east; and this opinion will be very much strengthened when it is ascertained that from the town of Zamora, which lies very near the Portuguese frontier, and is in the direct line towards France from Oporto, the traveller joins the railway, which carries him without a break towards Bayonne. It was not then without a secret feeling of incredulity as well as expressions of unqualified surprise, that we received the assurance, from all whom we interrogated at Oporto, that to push over the mountains to Zamora was not only a most laborious and difficult journey, exposing the hardy adventurer to privations of every kind in a most unfrequented track, and over a most villainous bridle path; but that it would actually consume more time, and prove more expensive, as well as entail ten times the fatigue, than to take the train *viâ* Madrid. Now, that latter course required that we should return due south at least 150 miles towards Lisbon, then turn at right angles, and pursue an easterly course through Badajoz and Ciudad Reale for 350 miles, then turn again at right angles due north through Madrid to Valladolid 220 miles more; thus tra-

versing considerably more than three sides of a square, and journeying over 720 miles, instead of 150.

The *détour* seemed so enormous, and the proposal so preposterous, that for a long time we could not bring ourselves to entertain the idea at all. But when we began to study the map, and to scrutinise the details, and when we found that it required six days' hard riding to reach Zamora, and that the roughest roadside huts were the only inns where we could procure food and shelter, we were reluctantly compelled to abandon our scheme for a short cut homewards, and adopt the regular roundabout railway route *viâ* Badajoz, Ciudad Reale, and Madrid.

But this land journey through Portugal, Spain, and France to England, was a formidable business to contemplate; for no less than 1,800 miles of railway intervened between Oporto and our own homes in Wiltshire. However, we screwed up our courage to the task before us, allowed the greater part of a fortnight for the purpose, and divided the journey into four unequal portions, selecting those places for rest which we most desired to see.

The first instalment of our journey was by far the most fatiguing, inasmuch as we resolved to push on for Madrid without a halt, and this involved at least thirty-two hours' incessant travelling by express, which in reality was extended to forty hours: of itself no small undertaking, in a railway which, for smoothness, easiness, and general comfort, must not be compared by the untravelled Englishman with the Great Western or Great Northern at home. At the same time I have no desire to criticise too fastidiously the working of any line in remote districts of Europe, for I know, by experience in former expeditions, how thankful we have often been to reach some little-frequented terminus at last; and how glad we have been to exchange for the rudest of carriages, the roughest of lines, and the most dilatory of trains, the appalling jolting of a Spanish dili-

gence, which we have endured for two consecutive days and nights: so that I have always felt that, once upon a branch line connected with any main railway, we were fairly under way for home as direct as we pleased: and thus we were by no means disposed to sneer, either at the appointments or at the pace of the train which we found so serviceable to us, recollecting the well-known proverb of Sancho Panza, 'Never find fault with the bridge which carries you safely over the river.'

I have already remarked in an earlier page of this volume, that it is the custom in all southern countries to travel by night, in order to avoid, as much as possible, the terrific heat of the mid-day sun: and that, from long-continued practice, this habit is carried out during the cool months of winter, when its desirableness is not apparent, and even influences the hours of starting of railway trains; though such trains must necessarily extend their journey beyond twenty-four hours. Accordingly, we left Oporto for Madrid direct by the 4 o'clock train in the afternoon of a Monday, and fortified ourselves for our journey of 600 miles with a well replenished basket of provisions, not omitting a bottle of very excellent port wine, which we certainly procured here in perfection. For the first two hours we had the advantage of the company of the American Consul, whose acquaintance we had made at Oporto, and who was quite familiar with this part of the country, and very kindly pointed out to us many objects of interest, and especially the heights of Busaco, and the whole site of the famous battle, with all the local details, in which it was evident he was thoroughly at home. In due course, we passed Coimbra; and at midnight reached Entroncamento, or 'the junction,' where we left our train to go on to Lisbon, and exchanged into one which had just arrived from that capital, and was on its way to Madrid. All went well till we neared the Portuguese frontier at Elvas in the

early morning: and then, when within sight of that strong fortress, our engine broke down, and we came to a stand-still, which lasted two hours. We had ample time to look out at the fortifications of Elvas, and to admire its impregnable position; and we could well understand its boast, that it has never been taken though often besieged. Then once again under way, we soon entered the Spanish territory, where passports were examined, and luggage rigidly searched, and then we reached Badajoz, that mighty fortress which was stormed and carried under the eye of our great Duke, and whose very name confers imperishable renown on the British soldiers, whose indomitable courage and perseverance were never more severely tested than in that most tremendous assault. We naturally gazed at the walls of this strong city with a feeling of affection and pride, as if in some measure it belonged to us: and then we passed on by the side of the now diminished Tagus to the wide-spreading plain of Talavera la Real, which at once suggested other British victories, though in truth this is not the battle-field, for that was at Talavera de la Reina, at some considerable distance to the north-east, and nearer Madrid.

And now, with thoughts of military operations, and pondering on the fearful sieges and scarcely less destructive victories which our gallant army achieved in the Peninsular war; calling to mind, too, the consummate generalship and energetic actions of our conquering commander-in-chief, we drew near to the old Roman town of Merida; whose ruined theatres, walls, and aqueducts attracted our attention long before we reached them; for this has been called the Rome of Spain, and certainly contains more Roman remains than any other town in the Peninsula. We had a good general view of some of its more conspicuous ruins, as we approached and left Merida, but we lamented that we had not arranged to halt here for a day to explore them more thoroughly; regrets which were not diminished by the an-

noying information very quietly imparted by the conductor, that in consequence of the delay at Elvas, we could not now catch the quick train at Ciudad Reale, and therefore could not reach Madrid that night, but might hope to arrive there on the following morning.

So, with our journey thus unexpectedly prolonged, we advanced leisurely amidst the brown hills and arid plains of dry, thirsty, barren, tawny, burnt-up Spain; and while we steam away hour after hour through its most monotonous, uninteresting, interminable wastes of sand and rock, it seems a good opportunity to pause awhile, and review the general impressions I carried away of the sunny little kingdom I had been visiting: and possibly it may not be without interest to my readers, if I add up here, by way of supplement, such opinions of Portugal and the Portuguese as my rapid tour allowed me to form; and more particularly if I institute a comparison between the general features of the two countries which comprise the south-western Peninsula of Europe, and which seem isolated and cut off from all other nations by the vast barrier of the Pyrenees.

Now I think I may unhesitatingly assert, that it is generally supposed in England, though, as I maintain, quite erroneously, that Portugal is naturally, and to all practical intents and purposes, a portion of Spain; and, therefore, it is concluded that the general aspect of the country, her geological features, her fauna and flora, must be identical with those of her great neighbour. Yet this is altogether a mistaken conclusion, arising doubtless from a recollection of the relative positions of Spain and Portugal on the map, where I allow that they do appear obviously united: but no sooner does the traveller cross the boundary which divides the kingdoms, than he becomes sensible how great is the divergence between the two countries, and that not only in their natural aspects, but

even in the appearance, customs, language, and I may add religious opinions of their respective inhabitants. Thus, instead of the *Cordilleras* of Spain, those huge chains of mountains, which divide and subdivide that country into broad belts, we have elevated ground indeed in Portugal, but, with the exception of the Estrellas in the centre, and the Gerez in the extreme north, the hills seldom rise so high as to take the rank of mountains. Neither are there in Portugal any *sierras*, or abrupt serrated, or hog-backed ranges, for which Spain is so famous, and which frequently rise to so great a height, and present vast ridges of perpetual snow, unless again the Estrellas are excepted, which perhaps may be termed the 'backbone' of Portugal. So, too, while Spain is essentially the land of drought, and is sadly deficient in great rivers, Portugal stands conspicuous for its many and excellent streams; for, as the general inclination of the Peninsula is from east to west, the brooks which take their rise in Spain, and are fed from her snow-capped mountains, when they have increased in volume and become navigable rivers, with not many exceptions, flow through Portugal, ere they enter the ocean—as, for instance, the Tagus, the Douro, the Minho, the Guadiana; and there is a vast number of other streams, of more or less size, which fertilise the districts they water, and make fruitful gardens of what would otherwise be barren wastes. Then again, while Spain is notoriously treeless, and you may travel day after day in that singularly naked land, and the dusky olive will be the only species of tree which meets your eye, Portugal abounds in forests, in several parts extending over many leagues, covering whole chains of hills, and occupying a considerable area of the kingdom; forests of fir more particularly, though the oak, the chestnut, and the olive are abundant, and the cork flourishes to an extent I have never seen elsewhere. But above all, in lieu of the vast elevated plateaux of Central Spain, so arid,

so monotonous, so wearisome to the eye, Portugal offers wide-spreading, undulating plains indeed, but they are clothed with aromatic and other shrubs, and are brilliant with the most gorgeous wild flowers, as I have already pointed out in my never-ceasing encomiums of these many-coloured heaths.

So far as regards the general outline of the physical geography of the two countries respectively. Then in respect to the inhabitants of these two kingdoms, I have already remarked how infinitely superior, in my judgment, are the general manners, disposition, and character of the Portuguese to those of their Spanish neighbours. There is still a deadly hatred between them; and in scanning the past history of Portugal, we may see that the jealousy and dislike entertained at this day towards Spain are of no modern growth, but have existed from a very remote period. Nor in truth is such national feeling to be wondered at; for from the time when the Romans retreated from Lusitania, that western extremity of the Hispanic peninsula has been a tempting bait to one after another of the more powerful sovereigns of the independent states into which Spain was divided. Hence, until overrun by the Moors in the eighth century, a calamity which it shared with its rivals, there was perpetual feud along 'the stormy frontier of Lusitania:' and, though it soon recovered its independence, it was in the eleventh century divided between the kingdoms of Leon and Castile, and the Mohammedan states. During the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries it was continually engaged in war with Castile; and in proportion as any of those monarchs became more firmly seated on his throne, so uniformly did he cast a longing eye on the extended sea-board of Portugal, and show a strong desire, and often made violent efforts, to annex to his own dominions that valuable territory. This was most especially exemplified during the prosperous reign of Fer-

dinand and Isabella, when the crowns of Castile and Arragon became united on one head, to the very reasonable alarm and distrust of Portugal:* and the event justified that country's prognostications of evil; for though during the lifetime of those sovereigns no open annexation was attempted, yet their comprehensive scheme for consolidating the various kingdoms of the Peninsula was only delayed for a time, and opened the way to its eventual completion under Philip II., when Portugal was added to the broad dominions of Spain.† But though merged in Spain in 1581, no effort was spared throughout the 'sixty years' captivity,' as the period of Castilian usurpation is styled, to free their country from the hated yoke; and under Dom João IV. of Braganza, 'the restorer,' (the name by which he is honourably known in Portuguese annals,) the Spaniards were driven from the country, and in 1640 her independence was recovered. Hence, I think, we have no difficulty in accounting for the bitterness which exists in the breast of every Portuguese against his Spanish neighbour. But this feeling of enmity is mutual and heartily returned. The Spaniard indeed thoroughly despises the Portuguese, whom he looks down upon as an inferior order of being, and Childe Harold seems to share in the sentiment, when he says:—

> Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
> 'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

But possibly the Childe was a prejudiced enthusiast. Such, however, was not the great Duke of Wellington, perhaps the most practical, truthful, and withal correctly judging witness we could desire: and I have already reminded my readers what a far higher estimate of the Portuguese, as trusty, reliable soldiers, the Duke enter-

* Prescott's *Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, vol. ii. p. 328.
† *Ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 439.

tained, to that which he formed of the levies of Spain, which, throughout the campaign, were his constant annoyance and disappointment. Of the strength of Portugal, too, the Duke had a high opinion: indeed, so well did he think of the natural defences of the country, that he used to declare, 'if I hold Portugal, France cannot and will not hold Spain.' But there was reason enough for the affection he manifestly entertained for that kingdom. When he first arrived in the Peninsula, to take command of the allied troops, it was at Lisbon that he landed, amidst the acclamations of the people. Then the famous lines of Torres Vedras, a most masterly work, conceived by a master mind, stretching no less than forty miles across the country, and declared by competent authority to be 'the finest specimen of a fortified position ever effected,' reflected impenetrable renown on the British general, and gave him a secure basis of operations in the interior. Then every portion of the country was in turn the scene of his victories. At Roliça, where the first action in the Peninsular war was fought, he vanquished Laborde in 1808. At Vimeiro, very shortly after, the enemy was again defeated; while Junot was beaten before Lisbon. In 1809, Soult was precipitately driven with great loss from Oporto: and in 1810 Massena and Ney were routed at Bussaco. These are all glorious names imprinted on the memories of the British army: but enough of military matters; let us return to our reflections on Portugal under a more peaceful aspect.

With regard to climate, Portugal enjoys a very high reputation: for though the heat is at times excessive, it is always tempered by fine breezes from the sea; and at all seasons the weather is as mild and the air as healthy as may be desired. In this respect it possesses a very decided advantage over the interior of Spain, where want of shade and water render the soil so parched and thirsty,

and the atmosphere so dry as to be almost unbearable, and where occasionally the coldest winds sweep down from the mountains, bearing the seeds of disease and death on their wings. This does not, however, by any means apply to the southern and eastern coasts, the warm, sheltered, dry region, the *tierra caliente* as it has been styled by Ford, where the all-invigorating sun reigns supreme and cold north-east blasts are unknown; and which can scarcely be equalled by any other favoured spots in Europe.

With such reflections as these on the general aspect of the two countries, and the disposition of their several inhabitants, we traversed the vast uninteresting plains which stretch eastwards from the frontiers of Portugal; marking the contrast in the dry, parched, treeless district we were crossing, to the green valleys, extensive forests, and lovely heaths we had left behind us: but both meditation and observation tended to the same result, which was an infinite preference, in our judgment, for Portugal and her people over the land and inhabitants of Spain.

I have indulged in so long a digression by the way, that I must hasten to observe that in the course of the evening we reached Ciudad Reale, where we halted an hour: then on all night to Madrid, which we reached at 8 o'clock on the following morning, and were not sorry to leave the train after two consecutive nights as well as a day and a half, which is ample time wherein to discover all its enjoyments.

Madrid was at no distant date as notoriously ill-provided with hotel accommodation as was Marseilles: but now both the great French port on the Mediterranean and the Spanish capital are able to vie with any city in Europe in the excellence of the quarters they can offer to the traveller. We found the great Fonda de los Principes in the Puerta del Sol all we could desire, and very different

indeed, in this magnificent house, was our entertainment from that which we had met with, only five years before, in the principal hotel of Madrid at that date.

We resolved to devote the whole of our time during our two days' halt at Madrid to the unrivalled picture gallery, of whose superlative treasures we retained distinct recollections, but where we desired to feast our eyes, and refresh our memories. Now Portugal is wholly destitute of pictures, but whether this is a drawback or a boon to the tourist, I must leave it to everyone to determine for himself. To him, however, who has been more than satiated with the interminable galleries of Italy and Germany, it is almost a relief to be exempted for a time from the fatigue which a constant succession of museums entails: but then, when he arrives at Madrid on his way home, he will be prepared to enjoy the finest collection of pictures in the world, and he will bring to that splendid feast provided for him, eyes that are not wearied with a surfeit of good things, and a mind that is not clogged and overladen to repletion, but a keen and healthy appetite, which can appreciate the masterpieces before it. Moreover, the traveller who is returning from Portugal, will not forget that this Museũ Real at Madrid owes its origin to a Portuguese princess, for it was no other than the Queen of Ferdinand VII., generally known as 'la Portugueza,' who provided funds from her own private resources, collected the scattered pictures, and supplied a suitable receptacle; and in short, founded the original collection, which has since developed into so magnificent a gallery. So here we revelled in the grand works of Murillo and Velasquez, marvelled anew at the glories of Raphael, and more especially at the inimitable 'Perla;' and examined at our leisure the priceless works of the principal Italian, German, and Flemish masters, who are all well represented in this exquisite gallery.

We had no desire to revisit other sights of Madrid; so we spent both our days in the Museũ; we had once in our lives witnessed a bull-fight here, and the horrors of that cruel spectacle had haunted us so long, that the very name of a *fiesta de toros* recalls a scene of bloodshed and butchery, quite sickening and disgusting to contemplate. But we wandered about the streets of the capital, and we went, with all the rest of Madrid, in the evenings to stroll in the Prado, and lounge in the Alameda; and here we were vexed to observe the French costume so prevalent, and the national mantilla and the becoming veil, once so universal, fast disappearing before Parisian fashions. But that which astonished us most in this centre of monarchial Spain, was to hear the open and undisguised expression of opinion which none cared to conceal, with reference to the impending revolution; of whose speedy development everybody seemed well aware; and about which people talked in the streets and at the *table d'hôte* without the smallest reserve. It appeared, then, to be a mere question of time; and when it blazed forth a few weeks after our return to England, it was by no means a matter of surprise to us, for we had heard it coolly announced, over and over again, at Madrid.

Our next stage homewards was to the pretty French watering-place of Biarritz, on the shores of the Bay of Biscay; and we again began our journey in the afternoon, and travelled all night, reaching our place of destination at midday. We had a good view from the train of the vast pile of buildings at the Escorial, which we had thoroughly explored on a former visit, and where indeed we had been so fortunate as to witness the interment of an Infanta. Thence our line of railway wound at the foot of the Guadarama mountains by Avila; and subsequently, during the night, we passed Valladolid and Burgos; and

next morning, soon after daybreak, found ourselves winding through pleasant valleys, well amongst the mountains, now ascending at sharp gradients, now threading our way through tunnels, or running along ledges of rock, with frightful precipices below, as we crossed the Pyrenees. Through all this district we were now gliding smoothly in a large and roomy carriage, and at a rate of nearly twenty miles an hour; whereas, in our previous expedition into these parts, we toiled painfully and long in the most clumsy of Spanish diligences, and amidst the yells of our driver and conductor, the shouts of our postillion, and the thrashing of our fourteen mules by one whose business it was to run by the side, and belabour those unfortunate beasts in turn, we crawled along at scarcely four miles an hour, whilst our heavy machine, which held twenty people, and was reckoned, when loaded, to weigh from four to five tons, would occasionally subside into some deeper rut or hole than usual, with a crash and a jolt that threatened to dislocate every bone in our body; and at the end of such a journey of eight-and-forty hours we felt stiff and sore in every joint. The contrast was certainly in favour of the present system, and those who traverse the length and breadth of Spain in these days, as may be easily accomplished now by means of the well-connected system of railways, can have little conception what real hard work was involved in a journey through Spain but a very few years back, and what powers of endurance and physical strength were needed to travel by diligence those long and tedious journeys from the frontier of France to Madrid, and on to Cordova and Seville; or from the sea-coast of Malaga by Granada to Valencia and Barcelona on the eastern side.

When we reached the French frontier, and had passed our baggage through the custom-house, we had to transfer ourselves and goods to another train; and as we marvelled

at this apparently gratuitous piece of inconvenience and delay, which attended every through train from Madrid to Paris, we were assured that the Spanish authorities, from dread of some future French invasion, had forbidden their own line to be prepared of the same gauge as that of their northern neighbour: hence a daily vexation and annoyance to innumerable travellers; hence, too, no little ridicule of the alarm of Spain.

We found Biarritz enormously increased in size since we had last visited it, but as beautiful as ever, with its magnificent sea-view over the Bay of Biscay, and its honey-combed rocks, through which the surf was ever beating itself into foam, and dashing itself high into the air in spray, and forming ever new cascades of marvellous beauty; and here we spent a quiet Sunday, fascinated, as every one must be, by the charming views on every hand.

From Biarritz we passed through the Landes, and were disappointed to see no traces of the shepherds on tall stilts, knitting as they reposed on the third support, with which they used to be provided; but these relics of primitive days have passed away in the rapid march of time since we visited this spot seven years ago. Moreover, the pine forests, planted to consolidate the shifting sands, have marvellously increased within that short period; and we found a luxuriance of soil and a fertility of which there was no trace but the other day.

We halted for one night at Bordeaux, and were much impressed with the improvements of the city, which, (like all the other great cities of France,) has been renovated and almost rebuilt under the auspices of the present Emperor; and indeed, in proportion to their size, the great provincial towns of France are scarcely behind the capital in the beautifying they have undergone. But whether the inhabitants, who are very heavily taxed to accomplish this beautifying process, are altogether satisfied with the sys-

tem, was quite another question, which I could not answer, and into which it would be impertinent in a foreigner to enquire too minutely.

From Bordeaux our route lay direct to Paris, and thence to England was but an easy step.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BIRDS OF PORTUGAL.

The substance of a considerable portion of the following observations on the birds of Portugal I have already published in a recent number of the 'Ibis.'* They are necessarily meagre and incomplete, and will amount at the most to a very imperfect sketch—perhaps I should say a mere outline—as rapid travelling amidst novel scenes admits of little leisure for detailed examination; and every practical ornithologist is well aware that sufficient time and prolonged research alone enable one to arrive at any accuracy. Indeed, the only excuse which I have for submitting so indistinct a picture to the scrutiny of naturalists, is the general want of information which prevails with regard to this strangely-overlooked district; for, with the exception of a catalogue in Portuguese, published in Lisbon by Professor Barbosa du Bocage in 1862† (of which I shall make considerable use in this chapter), and a few short notes by Mr. G. F. Mathews, which appeared in the 'Naturalist' for 1864,‡ I am not aware that anything has been made known of the ornithology of Portugal.

I have already called attention to the diversified scenery

* Vol. iv. New Series; pp. 428–460.

† *Instrucções praticas sobre o modo de colligir, preparar e remetter productos zoologicos para o Museu de Lisboa.* Por J. V. Barbosa du Bocage. Lisboa, 1862.

‡ *Naturalist*, 1864, pp. 49–51, 69–71, and 88–90.

of Portugal; and it may readily be supposed that a country intersected by rivers, whose banks are clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation, abounding in wide-extending forests, as well as vast uncultivated heaths, or sandy plains covered with brush, with an open coast extending from north to south, washed by the waves of the wide Atlantic, furnished here with rugged rocks and there with cultivated fields, and all lying under a climate which, for unclouded brilliancy of sun, and almost tropical heat, can scarcely be matched in any other district of Europe, must possess an Avifauna which, if properly investigated, would yield a rich return to repay the exertions of the enquirer.

Moreover, it is not alone in rare species that the ornithologist would expect to reap a valuable harvest, but in the differences and shades of colour, and in the variation of size, which even the commoner birds offer in different localities, and more especially under different climates, that he would look for interesting results in this extreme south-western corner of Europe; and to this point my particular attention was directed before I set out on my journey.

Bearing this in mind, and resolved not to overlook the commonest species, I took every opportunity, during my few weeks' tour in Portugal, to examine all the birds which came in my way. To this end I wandered through plains and forests, by banks of rivers, and amidst the rocks and mountains, armed with double-barrelled gun and double field-glass—the latter, I take leave to add, quite as serviceable to the student in ornithology as the former. I also frequented the markets in Lisbon and other towns every day at early morning, and overhauled all the feathered *bouquets* composed of the smaller birds of all ranks and orders, which seem so attractive to continental epicures generally. Moreover, I visited frequently the excellent Museum at Lisbon, and the indifferent one at

Coimbra, which (so far as I can ascertain) comprehend all the natural-history collections in the country; and there I carefully examined, verified, and catalogued every specimen asserted to have been captured in Portugal. Lastly, I was fortunate in meeting with many intelligent men, who were not only willing to impart valuable information, but were able to do so in a language which I could understand: amongst these, I must especially mention Dr. Suche and Professor Barbosa du Bocage,—the former a fellow-labourer of Vigors, an experienced collector and preserver of some of the larger mammals and reptiles in South America; the latter, the scientific and indefatigable director of the Museum at Lisbon, with whom I had many pleasant interviews, and who pointed out to me the more remarkable objects in the national collection, which (thanks to his exertions) is already assuming considerable importance, and must, in the course of a few years, if the present admirable system is continued, become extremely rich, not only in home specimens, but in the productions of the Portuguese foreign possessions and of the Brazils.

I should add, that, since my return to England, I have submitted the small collection of Portuguese birds which I had time to preserve to the well-known ornithologist and author, the Rev. H. B. Tristram; and, as I have his permission to quote his remarks upon them, I shall freely do so, inasmuch as I am quite sure that the brief comments of such a master in ornithology will be of more real value than all my observations.

In the article alluded to above, which I published in the 'Ibis,' I enumerated 193 species, as identified by myself, either in the flesh or in the Portuguese collections at Lisbon and Coimbra; I also made incidental mention of fifty-seven others, as confidently asserted to be well-known in Portugal by those on whose accuracy I could rely. This made a total of 250; and I added that the catalogue

was still imperfect, and only laid claim to be an outline, the details of which I trusted would shortly be filled up by some competent observer.

But already, in a recent review of my 'Ibis' article, lately published in a scientific periodical at Lisbon,* Professor Barbosa du Bocage has been so good as to add a very valuable supplement, of which I shall largely avail myself, and which will extend our acquaintance with Portuguese birds to every species hitherto certified to have occurred in that country. The Professor, in the true spirit of a naturalist, has exerted himself to render my list more complete and valuable, and, with that view, has confined himself to the system I had adopted, by adding those species only of whose existence, within the limits of Portugal, he holds incontrovertible proofs, and of which authentic examples now actually exist in the Museum of Lisbon.

On examining this appendix, which contains forty-two species, and on comparing it with my previous list, it appears that of the fifty-seven species which I had already incidentally mentioned, as confidently asserted to be found in Portugal, but of whose appearance there I had no personal evidence, no less than thirty-six have now been identified, while only six species, of which I had heard no previous tidings, must be added to my total amount.

We have now then, to our former catalogue of 193 verified Portuguese species, to add a supplementary list of forty-two, no less carefully determined, which swells the total to 235; and if we reckon those of whose appearance in Portugal we have been assured, though hitherto they have not been positively identified, we arrive at a grand total of 256 species, which, though by no means professing

* *Jornal de Scientias mathematicas, physicas, e naturaes*, publicado sob os auspicios da Academia Real das Scientias do Lisboa. Num. vii. Agosto de 1869.

to be a perfect or exhaustive list, is submitted as a tolerable outline of the ornithology of the south-western angle of Europe.

I now proceed to enumerate the several species I have seen in Portugal, distinguishing the degrees in which I have identified them by the following marks:—(1) Those I have met with alive and wild, in my rambles through the country, and those which I have met with in the markets in the flesh, about which there can be no doubt that they are Portuguese specimens, are marked *; and (2), those which I have verified in the Museum at Lisbon, whose respective pedestals bear the name of the locality whence they were procured, and for whose authenticity and claims as genuine Portuguese birds I have the ample assurance of M. du Bocage, are marked †; while (3), those which I did not see at all, but which have now been added on the authority of Professor du Bocage, are distinguished, as enclosed in [ ]. There are, of course, many other species not included in this list, though undoubtedly belonging to the country, but which I did not happen to meet with, and of which the Museums do not hitherto possess a Portuguese specimen. Many such are included in the catalogue published at Lisbon, which I have already quoted; but as my remarks do not profess to extend beyond what I myself saw, or what actually exists in the Museums, they have manifestly no place in this list. I append the Portuguese name wherever I have been able to ascertain it; and it will be at once apparent how little knowledge the natives possess of ornithology, from the indiscriminate use of the same name applied to several species, which, in many instances, vary widely in size, form, and colour.

1. *Vultur fulvus (Gmel.), 'Griffon Vulture,' *Grifso*.

Said to be common in the southern districts, and seen by me on several occasions in the plains of Alemtejo.

2. †Vultur cinereus (Gmel.), 'Cinereous Vulture,' *Pica-osso*.

Sufficiently well known to enjoy a separate specific name in Portuguese, a distinction only accorded to those birds habitually met with. The title, however, which it has received seems by some mischance to be usurped from another species, and to belong of right to *Gypaetus barbatus*, at all events in the neighbouring country of Spain.

3. *Neophron percnopterus (Linn.), 'Egyptian Vulture.'

I failed to discover the Portuguese name of this bird, though I fell in with it on many occasions, and should call it common in suitable districts. There is but one specimen in the Lisbon Museum, an adult bird in miserable condition.

These three species of Vulture seem to be scattered in small numbers over the southern portions of Europe, as might be expected from the immense flocks one sees of them in Egypt and North Africa generally. I could hear nothing, on enquiry, of the 'Lämmergeier,' Gypaetus barbatus; though, as it is still found in the Pyrenees, and Don Machado* says that it inhabits the Sierra Morena in Spain, while Lord Lilford,† in his admirable papers on the Ornithology of Spain, speaks of it as almost common in favourable localities in that country, I should conceive it must occasionally be seen in the wilder parts of Northern Portugal, and in the savage regions of the Gerez mountains, where the Wolf and the Wild Boar abound, and the Ibex is still occasionally found.

4. †Aquila chrysaetus (Linn.), 'Golden Eagle,' *Aguia real*.

Said to be extremely common in all the mountainous districts.

5. †Aquila heliaca (Sav.), 'Imperial Eagle,' *Aguia imperial*.

* *Catalogo de las Aves observadas en algunas provincias de Andalucia.* Por D. Antonio Machado. Sevilla, 1854.

† *Ibis*: 1865, pp. 166–177; 1866, pp. 173–187, 377–392.

I entertained considerable doubts, when in Lisbon, whether the only specimen of this bird which I saw there was a genuine Imperial Eagle, inasmuch as I could not perceive a single trace of white on the scapulary feathers; and though Professor du Bocage, whose attention I called to the fact, accounted for it by declaring the bird in question to be immature, I always considered that this distinctive characteristic of the species was never wholly absent, though, doubtless, it is more conspicuous in adult birds. This observation I published in the 'Ibis,' when the learned editor, Professor Newton, added in a note that in his opinion the white spot was usually more conspicuous in the immature bird. In answer to this, Professor Barbosa du Bocage, in his recent review of my paper, points out that, in the early periods of its life, *Aquila heliaca* presents few, if any, traces of white in the scapular region, the large white spot whence it derives the name by which it is known of the Imperial Eagle, being a characteristic of maturity; and then the Professor supports his view with the testimony of Temminck,* and of Degland,† and Gerbe; and proceeds to prove that the specimen in question can belong to no other species. Moreover, he adds that, on a careful examination, traces of white may be distinguished on the scapular feathers, though they might easily be overlooked, and concludes that it is, without doubt, a veritable *A. heliaca*; a conclusion in which, on such strong evidence, I most unhesitatingly concur. There can, indeed, be no question that the bird is as well known in Portugal as it is in Spain; it is even said to be common in the provinces of Beira and Alemtejo, from the latter of which Professor du Bocage states that he has more than once received living examples.

6. †Aquila Bonellii (Temm.), 'Bonelli's Eagle.'

In addition to those in the Lisbon Museum, there are specimens of this species in the Museum at Coimbra, where it is said to be especially abundant.

* *Manuel d'Ornithologie*, tom. i. p. 27.

† *Ornithologie Européenne*, tom. i. p. 25.

7. †Aquila pennata (Gmel.), 'Booted Eagle.'

This species is said to be common generally throughout Portugal; and that it is so seems probable from its abundance (as Lord Lilford points out) in Spain. Indeed, the two last-mentioned species appear to be thoroughly at home throughout the Peninsula; whereas it seems doubtful whether the better known Haliæetus albicilla, though included in Professor du Bocage's list as a *probable* visitor, has ever been seen within the limits of Portugal.

[8. Aquila naevia (Briss.), 'Spotted Eagle.'

A specimen from Traz-os-Montes has been killed in the suburbs of Bragança.]

[9. Circaetus gallicus (Gm.), 'Short-toed Eagle.'

This species must be considered rare, for M. du Bocage has never been able to see but one specimen, which he received last summer, alive, from Alemtejo.]

10. †Pandion Haliæetus (Linn.), 'Osprey,' *Aguia pesqueira*.

Common in localities suited to its habits.

11. †Falco peregrinus (Gmel.), 'Peregrine Falcon,' *Falcão*.

It is strange that this cosmopolite should be described as of extremely rare occurrence in Portugal; but I was assured that it was very seldom met with in that country.

12. *Falco tinnunculus (Linn.), 'Kestrel,' *Francelho, Peneireiro*.

Abundant everywhere, as the fact of its possessing two local names would imply.

Falco subbuteo is also pronounced to be tolerably common; but I did not meet with it, whether alive or in the Museums. It is known in Portugal as *Falcão tagarote*.

[13. Astur palumbarius (Linn.), 'Goshawk,' *Açor*.

Sufficiently common: represented in the Museum of Lisbon by several specimens, which appear to have escaped my investigation.]

14. *Accipiter Nisus (Linn.), 'Sparrow Hawk,' *Gavião*. Common throughout the country.

Of Accipiter gabar (Daud.), the 'Little red-billed Hawk,' for which I made special enquiry, I could hear nothing; indeed, Professor du Bocage, to whom the species was well known as an inhabitant of Africa, assured me that it had never been seen in Portugal.

15. *Milvus ictinus (Sav.), 'Kite,' *Milhafre*, *Milhano*.

The double local name again marks pretty clearly the abundance of the bird which is thus honoured; and I met with this graceful species in Alemtejo and Estremadura.

I did not see my old Egyptian friends, Milvus Migrans (Bodd.) and M. Ægyptius (Gmel.), though both are said to occur occasionally in Portugal; they do not however appear in the Museums.

16. †Elanus cæruleus (Desfont), 'Black-winged Kite.'

Professor du Bocage pointed out to me, as a more recent addition to the Museum since the publication of his catalogue, a fine specimen of this beautiful little bird, which he said was the only one known to have occurred in Portugal, and he considered it to be a most valuable acquisition to the national collection.

17. *Buteo vulgaris (Bechst.), 'Common Buzzard,' *Tartaranhão*.

Once only did I see this bird; but it is reported to be extremely common.

18. †Circus æruginosus (Linn.), 'Marsh Harrier.'

This is the only representative of the genus which I found in the Lisbon Museum; neither did I meet with any of them, though all our three British species are said to be occasionally found in Portugal. Of C. Swainsoni, (A. Smith,) I could hear nothing.

[19. Circus cineraceus (Mont.), 'Montagu's Harrier.'

Common. There are specimens in the Lisbon Museum from Cintra and from Alemtejo.]

20. †Bubo Maximus (Flem.), 'Eagle Owl,' *Bufo*, *Corujão*.

Said to be common in the mountains.

21. †Scops giu (Scop.), 'Scops Owl,' *Mocho pequeno.*

Though by no means rare, does not appear to be so plentiful as I should have expected.

22. †Asio otus (Linn.), 'Long-eared Owl,' *Mocho.*

Common in all wooded districts. How this species, of all others, came to receive the designation of *Mocho* is wholly unintelligible to me, the meaning of that word being 'cropped,' 'dishorned,' though possibly it may allude to its power of depressing its horns at will. Asio brachyotus (Linn.) is also well known, and even abundant in some parts, but I did not chance to see a specimen, alive or dead.

23. †Strix flammea (Linn.), 'White Owl,' *Coruja das torres.*

By far the most abundant of all the Owls.

24. †Syrnium aluco (Linn.), 'Tawny Owl,' *Coruja do mato.*

Better known in the wild districts of Alemtejo than elsewhere, but nowhere common.

25. †Athene noctua (Retz.), 'Little Owl,' *Mocho.*

Professor du Bocage in his catalogue appends the following observation to this bird:—'É frequente entre nós a variedade *meridionalis* de Schlegel.'

26. †Lanius meridionalis (Temm.), 'Southern Gray Shrike,' *Picanso.*

This is the common greater Shrike of Portugal, though L. Excubitor, also called *Picanso*, is known to occur there.

27. *Lanius auriculatus (P. L. S. Müller), 'Woodchat-Shrike,' *Picanso.*

Extremely common, though not distinguished from its larger congeners by any name peculiar to itself. Of some examples which I sent to Mr. Tristram for examination, that gentleman writes—'they are dark in colour, darker than Algerian, but not darker than Palestine specimens.'

28. *Muscicapa grisola (Linn.), 'Spotted Flycatcher,' *Taralhão, Papa-moscas.*

Common everywhere.

29. †Muscicapa atricapilla (Linn.), 'Pied Flycatcher,' *Papa-moscas.*

Tolerably common in the large and central province of Beira.

M. albicollis is also said to be common in the northern provinces of Minho and Traz-os-Montes, more especially in the wilder parts of the latter; it is likewise known simply as *Papa-moscas.*

30. †Turdus saxatilis (Gmel.), 'Rock Thrush.'

31. †Turdus cyaneus (Linn.), 'Blue Thrush,' *Solitario.*

32. †Turdus iliacus (Linn.), 'Redwing,' *Tordeira, Tordoveia.*

33. *Turdus musicus (Linn.), 'Song Thrush,' *Tordo.*

34. *Turdus viscivorus (Linn.), 'Missel Thrush,' *Tordeira, Tordoveia.*

35. †Turdus pilaris (Linn.), 'Fieldfare,' *Tordo zornal.*

36. †Turdus merula (Linn.), 'Blackbird,' *Melro preto.*

The seven species enumerated above are all common in their respective haunts, and most of them appear in the poultry market suspended by the neck in bunches, and in company with Finches, Larks, and Buntings.

37. †Turdus torquatus (Linn.), 'Ring-Ouzel,' *Melro de peito branco.*

Said to be very rarely seen in Portugal.

[38. Cinclus aquaticus (Bechst.), 'Common Dipper.'

By no means rare in the northern provinces.]

39. †Oriolus galbula (Linn.), 'Golden Oriole,' *Papafigos.*

Very common in summer, though, strange to say, it had not arrived when I left the country in the middle of May; and yet in the more northern and much colder district of the Riviera in north Italy, it had arrived at that date, when I was wintering there some years back.

40. †Accentor modularis (Linn.), 'Hedge Sparrow.'

By no means common, and, so far as I could discover, does not enjoy the privilege of a Portuguese name.

[41. Accentor alpinus (Gmel.), 'Alpine Accentor.'

Rare. There is now in the Museum of Lisbon a single specimen of this species captured last year at Cintra.]

42. *Erythacus rubecula (Linn.), 'Redbreast,' *Pisco de peito ruivo.*

Common here, as in most parts of Europe.

43. †Ruticilla cyanecula (Meyer and Wolf), 'Blue-throated Warbler,' *Pisco de peito azul.*

This is pronounced by Professor du Bocage to be a rare bird in Portugal, but perhaps it would be better described as sparingly distributed over the country, for I heard of it in various quarters. The only two specimens in the Museum at Lisbon have a white spot in the centre of the blue throat, without the faintest tinge of red, which is characteristic of the true *R. Suecica* (Linn.).

44. *Ruticilla tithys (Scop.), 'Black Redstart,' *Rabi-ruiva.*

I did not meet with our common Redstart, R. phœnicura (Linn.), alive or dead, but R. tithys I saw continually; indeed, in the very heart of the crowded city of Lisbon I often watched it on the house-roofs below my windows in the loftily situated Hotel Braganza.

45. *Saxicola rubicola (Linn.), 'Stonechat,' *Cartaxo.*

As you traverse the country by railroad, from south to north, (*i.e.* from Lisbon to Oporto); or from east to west (*i.e.* from Lisbon to Badajoz or Evora), you would undoubtedly say that there is but one bird really abundant in Portugal, and that is S. rubicola; for you seldom look from the carriage-windows but you see some of that species perched on the telegraph-wires; and indeed it is extremely abundant throughout the country.

46. *Saxicola rubetra (Linn.), 'Whinchat,' *Cartaxo.*

47. *Saxicola œnanthe (Linn.), 'Wheatear,' *Caiada.*

48. †Saxicola aurita (Temm.), 'Black-eared Wheatear,' *Caiada.*

49. *Saxicola stapazina (Linn.), 'Russet Wheatear,' *Caiada.*

These four species are all common, though by no means so abundant as S. RUBICOLA. With regard to a specimen of S. STAPAZINA which I shot and brought home, Mr. Tristram remarks,—'It is in an interesting stage of plumage, not having yet assumed the bright russet head of the breeding-plumage, but being in the winter state, in which I never saw a European specimen; but I have them in that stage from Africa.'

50. *PHILOMELA LUSCINIA (Linn.), 'Nightingale,' *Rouxinol.*

Though I cannot with truth assert, as some have done, that I have been kept awake all night, at Cintra, by the chorus of Nightingales which throng the lovely gardens and coppices of that much-lauded retreat of the Lisbonites in hot weather, yet I can say that I have listened to those birds in greater numbers there (unless it be on the banks of the Lima in Minho), than I have ever known elsewhere.

51. †SYLVIA ATRICAPILLA (Linn.), 'Blackcap,' *Tutinegra real.*

52. †SYLVIA CINEREA (Lath.), 'Common Whitethroat.'

53. †SYLVIA CURRUCA (Lath.), 'Lesser Whitethroat.'

54. †SYLVIA HORTENSIS (Gmel.), 'Garden Warbler.'

55. †SYLVIA MELANOCEPHALA (Gmel.), 'Sardinian Warbler,' *Tutinegra dos vallados.*

These five are all said to be common, and abundant in summer. I also heard of S. CONSPICILLATA (Marm.), 'Spectacled Warbler,' as undoubted, though only as an occasional visitor.

[56. SYLVIA SUB-ALPINA (Bonelli), 'Sub-Alpine Warbler.'

Appears to be most common in the southern provinces. There are specimens in the Museum from Algarve.]

[57. SYLVIA ORPHEA (Temm.), 'Orphean Warbler.'

Less common than S. ATRICAPILLA or S. MELANOCEPHALA.

Here, too, I must enumerate two species of Warblers which, though undoubtedly more or less common in summer, as I was assured they are, find no place yet in the Museums, and therefore cannot be included in

my list. These are S. SYLVICOLA (Latham), and S. BONELLII (Vieill.).

58. †MELIZOPHILUS UNDATUS (Bodd.), 'Dartford Warbler.'

There is a specimen of this bird in the Lisbon Museum, marked, as on the Continent generally, SYLVIA PROVINCIALIS; but whether it is common in the country or not I could not discover.

[59. HYPOLAIS POLYGLOTTA (Vieill.), 'Vieillot's Willow Warbler,' *Folosa*.

Common.]

[60. CALAMOHERPE ARUNDINACEA (Gmel.), 'Reed Warbler.'

May be frequently met with on the borders of rivulets. We have specimens from Coimbra and Collares.]

[61. CALAMODYTA AQUATICA (Bechst.), 'Aquatic Warbler.'

Not rare in the suburbs of Coimbra.]

[62. CETTIA CETTI (La Marm.), 'Cetti's Warbler.'

Common.]

[63. PHILLOPNEUSTE TROCHILUS (Linn.), 'Willow Warbler,' *Folosa*.]

[64. PHILLOPNEUSTE RUFA (Briss.), 'Chiff-Chaff,' *Folosa*, *Fuinho*.]

[65. AEDON GALACTODES (Temm.), 'Rufous Sedge Warbler.'

These three species are all common.]

66. †CISTICOLA SCHŒNICOLA (Bp.), 'Fan-tailed Warbler.'

This pretty little Warbler, which I had known well in Egypt and Nubia, is reported to be common in Portugal; indeed, Temminck first described it from skins brought from that country by MM. Link and Hoffmannsegg; but I never met with it, though I kept a sharp look-out in the most likely spots, being particularly anxious to renew my acquaintance with this most diminutive species, and to hail my African friend on the shores of Europe.

67. †REGULUS IGNICAPILLUS (Brehm.), 'Fire-crested Wren,' *Estrellinha*.

Abundant.

[68. REGULUS CRISTATUS (Linn.), 'Golden-crested Wren, *Estrellinha*.

Rare, though met with occasionally in the northern provinces.]

69. †Parus caudatus (Linn.), 'Long-tailed Titmouse.'

70. *Parus major (Linn.), 'Great Titmouse.'

71. *Parus cœruleus (Linn.), 'Blue Titmouse,' *Chapim*.

These three species are common.

72. †Parus cristatus (Linn.), 'Crested Titmouse.'

Very rarely seen in Portugal, though undoubtedly it does occur sometimes; but one would hardly have expected to find at all, at the extreme south of Europe, this hardy little denizen of Scandinavia and Russia.

73. †Parus ater (Linn.), 'Coal Titmouse.'

Though scarcely a rare bird, this species does not seem to frequent Portugal as it does some other southern countries of Europe; perhaps, however, there is a limit to its endurance of heat.

74. *Motacilla alba (Linn.), 'White Wagtail,' *Alvelôa*.

75. *Motacilla Yarrelli (Gould), 'Pied Wagtail,' *Alvelôa*.

76. *Motacilla boarula (Lath.), 'Grey Wagtail,' *Alvelôa amarella*.

77. †Motacilla flava (Linn.), 'Grey-headed Yellow Wagtail,' *Alvelôa amarella*.

These four species are all reported to be common; while our M. rayi, thôugh recognised as Portuguese, is considered extremely rare. There is a specimen in the Museum at Coimbra.

78. *Anthus pratensis (Linn.), 'Meadow Pipit,' *Petinha*.

79. *Anthus campestris (Bechst.), 'Tawny Pipit,' *Petinha*.

These are the common Pipits of Portugal. Of the latter species, a specimen which I shot and brought home fairly puzzled Mr. Tristram for a time, no easy matter in any case; for it showed so yellow a tint on the lower surface as to resemble none in that gentleman's collection from Spain, Algeria, Greece, and Palestine. Subsequently, however, Mr. Tristram wrote me word that he had 'come to the conclusion that the bird was in young plumage, a state in which

we seldom find it in Europe,' and that in this view he was 'supported by the fact that its congeners have a deep yellow tint when young, which is absent in the old birds.'

[80. ANTHUS ARBOREUS (Blyth), 'Tree Pipit.'

Appears frequently in the suburbs of Coimbra, and, in general, in the provinces of the north.]

[81. ANTHUS SPINOLETTA (Linn.), 'Water Pipit.'

Is not to be pronounced rare, though less common than A. PRATENSIS, A. CAMPESTRIS, and A. ARBOREUS.]

82. *ALAUDA ARVENSIS (Linn.), 'Sky-Lark,' *Calhandra*, *Laverca*.

Very common. In reference to a specimen which I sent Mr. Tristram for examination, he writes from Greatham,—'It is remarkably dark on the back: of a great series from almost every country of Europe, West Asia, and North Africa, I only find one exactly corresponding in the absence of a chestnut hue in the lighter portion of the feathers of the back, and that was shot here.'

83. *ALAUDA ARBOREA (Linn.), 'Wood-Lark.'

Local, and not common. Mr. Tristram writes of my specimen, that it 'is darker than continental specimens, and dark for an English bird.'

84. †ALAUDA BRACHYDACTYLA (Leisl.), 'Short-toed Lark,' *Carreirola*.

Said to be common throughout the country.

85. *ALAUDA CALANDRA (Linn.), 'Calandra Lark,' *Cochicho*.

Common everywhere throughout the open plains and fields, and the most favourite cage-bird amongst the inhabitants of villages and towns; one may count them by dozens in a single street, in their cages outside the windows and doors. Mr. Tristram remarks of two which I forwarded to him: 'The Calandra Larks are dark; one is of the ordinary size, the other *very small*, I presume a female; I have, however, one as small; and this bird varies in size to a remarkable degree.'

[ALAUDA LUSITANIA (Gmel.), 'Desert Lark.'

There do not exist any specimens of this species in

the Museum of Lisbon, though it may be frequently met with in Alemtejo and Algarve; and, indeed, from the latter province several specimens have been lately obtained by tho Ornithologist of Halle, M. E. Rey.]

86. *Galerita cristata (Linn.), 'Crested Lark,' *Cotovia*.

Very common everywhere. Of this species Mr. Tristram says, 'Your G. cristata, though not darker than Algerian lowland and marsh specimens, is certainly darker than those from France and Palestine.'

87. *Emberiza miliaria (Linn.), 'Common Bunting,' *Trigueirão*.

Exceedingly common, and figures in bunches in the market stalls at Lisbon more than any other species. Mr. Tristram writes of it,—'It is rather darker than continental specimens, more nearly approaching the English.'

88. *Emberiza cirlus (Linn.), 'Cirl Bunting,' *Cia, Cicia*.

Very common. Mr. Tristram's verdict, upon an examination of my specimen, is, that 'the yellow is extraordinarily deep.'

89. †Emberiza cia (Linn.), 'Meadow Bunting,' *Trigueiro*.

Said to be very common in the northern provinces of Portugal; but I never met with it in those parts.

90. †Emberiza schœniclus (Linn.), 'Reed Bunting.'

This is a rare bird in Portugal, and very seldom seen.

[91. Emberiza hortulana (Linn.), 'Ortolan Bunting.'

Still less common is this species, of which a single specimen only, captured in the suburbs of Coimbra, has been lately added to the Museum.]

While E. citrinella, our common Yellow Hammer, so abundant in Europe generally, and *conjectured* to appear in Portugal occasionally, and therefore added to the Portuguese list, is not positively known to have occurred there, and has never been identified in the country.

92. *Fringilla cœlebs (Linn.), 'Chaffinch,' *Tentilhão*.

Very common.

93. †Fringilla montifringilla (Linn.), 'Brambling,' *Tentilhão montez.*

This truly northern species is seldom found so far south, but has been occasionally met with in Portugal.

94. *Passer domesticus (Linn.), 'House Sparrow,' *Pardal.*

The common Sparrow of Portugal is identical with our own; but Mr. Tristram remarks of the specimen I sent,—'Your P. domesticus, by the intrusion of a few chestnut feathers on the crown of the head among the ash-coloured ones, seems to be approximating to *var.* cisalpinus, the head of which is wholly chestnut.' Strange to say, P. hispaniolensis (Temm.), the Spanish Sparrow, though conjectured to visit Portugal, has never yet been identified in that country.

95. †Passer petronia (Linn.), 'Rock Sparrow,' *Pardal francez.*

Very rarely seen, and the Museum of Lisbon has but one specimen only, of a female.

96. *Coccothraustes chloris (Linn.), 'Greenfinch,' *Verdilhão.*

97. †Coccothraustes vulgaris (Steph.), 'Hawfinch.'

Both species are common, the former abundant.

98. *Carduelis elegans (Steph.), 'Goldfinch,' *Pintasilgo.*

I never met with Goldfinches in such abundance as in Portugal; large flocks, small parties, and single birds abounded throughout the country; and no species is more common in the markets, where bunches of these pretty little songsters are strung up by the necks and sold for food.

99. *Carduelis spinus (Linn.), 'Siskin,' *Lugre.*

Common, but not abundant as the last.

100. *Serinus hortulorum (Koch.), 'Serin,' *Chamariz.*

Very common in flocks on the plains and dry banks; of some specimens which I shot, Mr. Tristram observes,—'The yellow is remarkably deep.'

101. *Linota cannabina (Linn.), 'Common Linnet,' *Pintarroxo.*

Very common. Of this species Mr. Tristram writes,—'Your L. CANNABINA is not so bright as continental specimens, but more resembles the English.'

102. †PYRRHULA EUROPÆA (Leach.), 'Bullfinch,' *Dom Fafe.*

Though seldom seen in the southern provinces, this species is common in the north.

103. †LOXIA CURVIROSTRA (Linn.), 'Crossbill,' *Trinca-nozes, Cruza-bico.*

Common. Mr. Burt frequently saw it in the pine woods near the sea-coast beyond Cintra.

104. *STURNUS VULGARIS (Linn.), 'Common Starling,' *Estorninho.*

Very common.

105. †STURNUS UNICOLOR (Marm.), 'Sardinian Starling,' *Estorninho.*

Of the abundance or scarcity of this bird I am unable to form any opinion, as, if common, it is doubtless frequently confounded with its better-known congener. I did not see it in the flesh, but I was fortunate in finding a good specimen at the house of the only taxidermist which Lisbon can boast. For the convenience of future enquirers I may add that his address, which I only discovered after several days' fruitless search, is 158 Rua do Moinho da Vento, and that over a diminutive shop, No. 47 in the same street, he has placed the encouraging announcement, 'Casa perparação de productos Historia Natural.' He is a most civil and obliging man; and as his daily business is to prepare objects for the Museum, practice has made him a tolerable performer on birds. There is also a second individual, who calls himself 'bird-stuffer,' living near the fruit market, and not far from the post-office; but his stock-in-trade consisted of about forty parrots, deformed to the last degree by his most unskilful hand. To return to S. UNICOLOR; that it is a distinct and true species I have no doubt; first, from the plumage, which, in all the specimens I saw, is wholly different from that of S. VULGARIS; and again, from its habit

of keeping in separate flocks, and not associating with its commoner relative; and this I was assured, on repeated enquiry, was its universal custom.

106. *Fregilus graculus (Linn.), 'Chough.'

107. *Fregilus pyrrhocorax (Linn.), 'Alpine Chough.'

I feel compelled to speak with a certain degree of doubt as to the last of these two species—though, when wandering with my gun, as I did for several days amidst the rocky heights above Cintra, 2,000 feet above the sea, and looking down on the broad Atlantic and the mouth of the Tagus, I fell in with several parties of Choughs, some of which were unmistakably distinguishable as the common Chough by the vermilion colour of their beaks; and others appeared to me, as I watched them through the glass, to belong to the Alpine species; at all events, both are known to inhabit Portugal.

108. *Corvus corax (Linn.), 'Raven,' *Corvo.*

109. †Corvus corone (Linn.), 'Carrion Crow,' *Gralha.*

110. *Corvus frugilegus (Linn.), 'Rook,' *Gralha.*

These are all common. Ravens are especially abundant on the extensive heaths, hunting over the low bushes, and searching for food. I never met with C. cornix.

111. †Corvus monedula (Linn.), 'Jackdaw.'

By no means abundant, and I scarcely think common.

I could learn nothing of C. monedula-nigra; supposing such a species to exist, which I very much doubt: at any rate, in this country, supposed to be one of the strongholds of the bird, the very name seems wholly unknown. Surely, it is but a variety of our common species.

112. *Pica melanoleuca (Vieill.), 'Magpie,' *Pega.*

Common everywhere.

113. †Cyanopica cooki (Bonap.), 'Azure-winged Magpie,' *Rabilongo.*

This beautiful bird was the chief prize I proposed to myself to procure before I started for Portugal, as I fondly

hoped, from Mr. Mathew's account, before mentioned, that I should have no difficulty in finding it. But though I wandered for days in search of it, in the most likely spots, I never saw it alive; indeed, Professor du Bocage assured me that, though by no means rare, it is very local, and of so exceedingly shy a nature that it is seldom seen, and that, though he has employed collectors to hunt expressly for it, he cannot obtain additions to the three specimens which the Lisbon Museum possesses. Thus, to my chagrin, I left Portugal without a single example, though, when on my return home through Madrid, I fell in with three skins and three eggs of this bird at the shop of Señor Sanchez, in the Calle de Alcala, with whom I had dealings years ago.

114. *Garrulus glandarius (Linn.), 'Jay,' *Gaio*.

Extremely common everywhere.

115. †Picus viridis (Linn.), 'Green Woodpecker,' *Pica-pau verde*.

116. †Picus major (Linn.), 'Great Spotted Woodpecker,' *Pica-pau malhado*.

117. †Picus medius (Linn.), 'Middle Spotted Woodpecker,' *Pica-pau malhado*.

All these species are said to be common; the two former abundant. Of P. minor I was unable to find any trace.

118. †Jynx torquilla (Linn.), 'Wryneck,' *Papa-formigas*.

119. *Certhia familiaris (Linn.), 'Common Creeper,' *Trepadeira, Atrepa*.

120. *Troglodytes parvulus (Koch.), 'Wren,' *Carricinha das moitas*.

121. †Sitta Europæa (Linn.), 'Nuthatch.'

122. †Upupa epops (Linn.), 'Hoopoe.' *Poupa*.

123. *Cuculus canorus (Linn.), 'Common Cuckoo,' *Cuco*.

The above six representatives of their several genera are all pronounced *common* in Portugal, though I suppose none

of them are very abundant. The Hoopoe is often met with in summer. I did not hear the Cuckoo until April 25.

124. †Cuculus glandarius (Linn.), 'Great Spotted Cuckoo,' *Cuco rabilongo.*

This is another old Egyptian friend, which I hoped to find in Portugal; but though not very rare in summer, it is a late visitor, and had not arrived when I left.

125. †Coracias garrula (Linn.), 'Roller,' *Rollieiro.*

Very rarely seen.

126. †Merops apiaster (Linn.), 'Bee-eater,' *Abelharuco, Melharuco.*

Very common throughout the summer; but this is the only species of the genus Merops, which I could hear of as visiting Portugal.

127. *Alcedo ispida (Linn.), 'Kingfisher,' *Pica-peixe, Guarda-rios.*

Common.

128. *Hirundo rustica (Linn.), 'Swallow,' *Andorinha.*

129. *Hirundo urbica (Linn.), 'Martin,' *Andorinha.*

130. †Hirundo rupestris (Scop.), 'Crag Swallow,' *Andorinha das rochas.*

131. *Cypselus apus (Linn.), 'Common Swift,' *Andorinhão, Gaivão, Ferreiro.*

132. †Cypselus melba (Linn.), 'Alpine Swift,' *Andorinhão, Gaivão, Ferreiro.*

These five species are all common in their respective haunts. I did not myself recognise C. Melba amongst the innumerable Swifts for ever careering before my windows at Lisbon; but I am assured, on the best authority, that it is very abundant.

133. †Caprimulgus Europæus (Linn.), 'Night-jar,' *Noitibó.*

Though pronounced common, I do not imagine that this

bird is very frequently met with in Portugal. In the Museum of Lisbon there is but a single specimen.

134. †Caprimulgus ruficollis (Natt.), 'Russet-necked Night-jar,' *Noitibó.*

Here is another species which I anxiously hoped to obtain in Portugal; but I found that it was extremely rare, very few specimens having ever been met with in that country.

135. †Columba palumbus (Linn.), 'Ring-Dove,' *Pombo trocaz.*

136. †Columba œnas (Linn.), 'Stock-Dove,' *Pombo trocaz.*

137. *Columba livia (Linn.), 'Rock-Dove,' *Pombo.*

138. *Columba turtur (Linn.), 'Turtle-Dove,' *Rola.*

All these are common. C. livia I found on the rocks about Cintra; C. turtur I shot in the beautiful woods of Montserrat.

139. *Perdix rufa (Linn.), 'Red-legged Partridge,' *Perdiz.*

This is the only recognised Partridge of Portugal, and is very abundant: the market was well supplied with them when I was there, even so late as May. Mr. Tristram writes of it,—'Your specimen is much brighter than our English Red-leg; the chestnut on the head and upper back is much brighter, and the ash-brown of the lower back much more distinct, and contrasted with the rufous above; the ochreous abdomen and lower tail coverts are much paler.'

140. †Perdix cinerea (Lath.), 'Common Partridge.'

This species is extremely rare in Portugal, and would not be admitted into this list but for the accidental circumstance that a specimen was killed and preserved for the Lisbon Museum just before my arrival.

[To this Professor du Bocage adds,—'Perdix cinerea does certainly exist in Portugal, though confined to the more northerly provinces of the country. All the examples of this species which we have seen come from the Marão range of hills, on the borders of the provinces of Minho and Traz-os-Montes.']

141. *Coturnix communis (Bonnat.), 'Quail,' *Codorniz.*

Excessively abundant, and the markets were always glutted with them. Of one which I brought home Mr. Tristram writes,—'The Quail is cleaner and brighter than English, but not so bright as Palestine and Algerian specimens.'

142. †Turnix Sylvatica (Desfont), 'Andalusian Hemipode,' *Toirão do mato.*

This pretty species is by no means rare in Portugal; indeed, Professor du Bocage assured me he had often eaten it like any other game, which, as an Ornithologist, he naturally considered the most decisive proof of its abundance. I was assured by sportsmen that it is found in wooded districts, and not in the sandy plains assigned as its habitat by Temminck, Yarrell, and others.

143. †Pterocles arenarius (Pall.), 'Sand-grouse,' *Cortiçol, Barriga negra.*

Common in the open districts.

144. †Pterocles alchata (Linn.), 'Pin-tailed Sand-Grouse,' *Cortiçol.*

Not so common as the last, but by no means rare.

145. *Otis tarda (Linn.), 'Great Bustard,' *Batarda.*

Wild Boar and Great Bustards are the lordly species of game, ground and feathered, after which the more ambitious Portuguese sportsmen hunt; and both are found of goodly size and in tolerable abundance in certain districts, more especially in the southern provinces of Alemtejo and Algarve. I was fortunate in procuring a magnificent male bird in the flesh, which was most liberally given me by an English friend, and whose body, after I had taken off the skin, for several days formed a large item in the bill of fare of the Hotel Braganza at Lisbon; the guests of every degree, at the *table d'hôte*, and in private apartments, partaking of the dish; from the British Minister and his family in the first floor to the cook-boys in the area. The bird weighed 30½ lbs. English, and is the finest example of the O. tarda I have ever seen. After being brought down with shot, the *coup*

de grâce had been given by cutting its throat with a knife, as is the approved method of Portuguese sportsmen; it had also been a good deal torn by dogs; but though thus ill-used, blood-stained, and damaged, it has been admirably cleaned and mounted by Mr. Baker, the well-known taxidermist of Cambridge, and, thanks to his diligence and care, now stands in my collection a noble specimen of the Portuguese ORNIS.

With the assistance of Dr. Suche, whose anatomical skill was of the greatest service to me, I spent several hours in examining the soft wattle-like protuberance which hung below the chin and throat, and gave the whole neck a thick puffy appearance; the result was, that I entertain no doubt whatever, and (what is of far more value) Dr. Suche was equally positive, that this male Great Bustard possessed a pouch of considerable capacity, or rather (as it seemed to me) a number of membrane-divided sacs, which appeared capable of extending to almost any dimensions, and the larger of which would apparently contain many quarts. I am quite aware that my own attempts at dissection were very poor, and I should not venture to speak thus positively on so disputed a point but for the able assistance in the work, and the positive conclusions deduced therefrom, by Dr. Suche. To this I may add, that on mentioning our work and our unanimous conclusions to Professor du Bocage, he not only cordially concurred with us, but declared that it was impossible for anyone to examine the throat and neck of an adult male OTIS TARDA without being convinced by his own senses that such a pouch did exist. Even previously to removing the skin of my bird, the position and size of the large goître-like excrescence standing out from the neck, though concealed by feathers, could be plainly discerned, and when handled at once betrayed the soft, yielding nature of its substance.

In regard to plumage, the most remarkable characteristic of this, as well as of the only other specimen of the Great Bustard which I could find in Portugal, a splendid adult male in the Lisbon Museum, consists in the extremely ruddy or dark chestnut hue which pervades the feathers of

the neck and back. In this opinion I am corroborated by my friend, the Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy at Cambridge, Mr. Alfred Newton, who has examined my Portuguese specimen.

146. *Otis tetrax (Linn.), 'Little Bustard,' *Cizão.*

This species appears extremely common; indeed it is constantly served at table under the title of 'Pheasant.' So plentiful is it, that the price I paid for a fine adult male in the poultry market amounted to no more than two hundred reis, which, however large the figure may seem, represents only tenpence half-penny of our money. In skinning this bird I found a considerable cellular fatty deposit very thickly covering the interior of the skin of the neck, more especially at the back of it. This I had to remove very carefully and patiently, bit by bit, with the scalpel. It gave the neck a very thick appearance, and, when felt from the outside, was soft, somewhat as in the pouch of O. tarda; but in this case there was no trace of pouch or bag.

147. †Œdicnemus crepitans (Temm.), 'Stone-Curlew,' *Alcaravão.*

148. †Glareola pratincola (Linn.), 'Pratincole,' *Perdiz do mar.*

149. †Charadrius pluvialis (Linn.), 'Golden Plover,' *Tarambola.*

150. †Charadrius hiaticula (Linn.), 'Ringed Plover,' *Lavadeira.*

151. *Vanellus cristatus (Meyer & Wolf), 'Lapwing,' *Abibe, Abecuinha.*

152. †Squatarola helvetica (Linn.), 'Grey Plover,' *Tarambola.*

These six species are well known in Portugal. Charadrius minor (Meyer) and C. Cantianus (Lath.) are also said to be often met with, and are also known as *Lavadeira*; but of these last I found no specimens in the Museums.

153. †Strepsilas interpres (Linn.), 'Turnstone.'

By no means common.

154. †Hæmatopus ostralegus (Linn.), 'Oyster-catcher,' *Ostraceiro.*

Common.

155. †Grus cinerea (Bechst.), 'Common Crane,' *Grou.*

Occasionally met with in the wilder and more unfrequented portions of Alemtejo and Algarve.

156. †Ardea cinerea (Linn.), 'Common Heron,' *Garça real.*

Common. A. purpurea is also said to be frequently seen and is also called *Garça.*

157. †Ardea garzetta (Linn.), 'Little Egret,' *Garça.*

158. †Ardea russata (Wagl.), 'Buff-backed Heron,' *Garça.*

159. †Ardea ralloides (Scop.), 'Squacco Heron.'

These three species are all represented in the Lisbon Museum by Portuguese specimens; but, with the exception of A. russata, are considered somewhat rare.

160. †Ardetta minuta (Linn.), 'Little Bittern,' *Garça pequena.*

161. †Botaurus stellaris (Linn.), 'Common Bittern,' *Gallinhola real.*

Though not common, both these species are frequently met with.

162. †Nycticorax griseus (Linn.), 'Night Heron.'

Seldom seen in Portugal.

163. *Ciconia alba (Bechst.), 'White Stork,' *Cegonha.*

Occasionally met with in Alemtejo.

[164. Ciconia nigra (Gesn.), 'Black Stork.'

More rare than C. alba. During two years Professor du Bocage has kept two live specimens, which were captured in Alemtejo.]

165. †Platalea leucorodia (Linn.), 'White Spoonbill,' *Colhereiro.*

Also occasionally found in Alemtejo.

[166. Falcinellus igneus (Gray), 'Glossy Ibis.'

An accidental straggler. There are in the Museum

two specimens which were killed on the left bank of the Tagus.]

167. †Numenius arquata (Linn.), 'Common Curlew,' *Maçarico real.*

168. †Numenius phæopus (Linn.), 'Whimbrel,' *Maçarico.*

Both these species are common.

169. †Numenius tenuirostris (Vieill.), 'Slender-billed Curlew,' *Maçarico.*

Frequently met with, though not so common as its congeners.

170. †Totanus calidris (Linn.), 'Common Redshank,' *Chalrêta.*

171. †Totanus hypoleucus (Linn.), 'Common Sandpiper.'

Both species common. These are the only representatives of the genus Totanus which I met with.

[172. Totanus fuscus (Linn.), 'Spotted Redshank.'

Rare.]

[173. Totanus glottis (Linn.), 'Greenshank.'

Almost common.]

[174. Totanus ochropus (Linn.), 'Green Sandpiper.'

Rare.]

175. †Himantopus candidus (Bonnat.), 'Black-winged Stilt.'

This species is undoubtedly common, as is also Recurvirostra avocetta (Linn.), known in Portugal under two names, *Alfayate* and *Frade*. I did not, however, meet with it, alive or dead.

176. †Limosa ægocephala (Linn.), 'Bar-tailed Godwit,' *Maçarico gallego.*

This species is pronounced common.

[177. Limosa lapponica (Linn.), 'Black-tailed Godwit,' *Maçarico gallego.*

Common.]

[178. Machetes pugnax (Linn.), 'Ruff.'

Common. There are now in the Museum several specimens in winter plumage from Ribatejo.]

[179. Gallinago major (Leach), 'Great Snipe,' *Narseja grande*.

Rare; but there is now a single specimen of this species in the Museum of Lisbon.]

180. †Scolopax rusticola (Linn.), 'Woodcock,' *Gallinhola*.

181. †Scolopax gallinago (Linn.), 'Common Snipe,' *Narseja ordinaria*.

182. †Scolopax gallinula (Linn.), 'Jack Snipe,' *Narseja pequena*.

All very plentiful, more particularly the last.

183. *Tringa alpina (Linn.), 'Dunlin.'

This is the only member of the genus which I met with, and all the species (the present included) are considered rare in Portugal Of the present, however, I am in a position to assert the abundance, as I procured several specimens at different times.

[184. Tringa subarquata (Güldenst.), 'Curlew Sandpiper.'

Rather common.]

[185. Pelidna Temminckii (Leist.), 'Temminck's Stint.'

Frequently found.]

[186. Calidris arenaria (Ill.), 'Sanderling.'

Rare.]

187. †Crex pratensis (Bechst.), 'Corn-Crake,' *Codornizão*.

Though the only member of the genus in the Museum at Lisbon, this species is pronounced rare in Portugal.

[188. Porzana maruetta (Vieill.), 'Spotted Crake,' *Frango de agua*, *Rabiscoelha*.

Common; represented by several specimens in the Museum at Lisbon.]

[189. Porzana Baillonii (Vieill.), 'Baillon's Crake.'

Rather common.]

[190. Porzana minuta (Pall.), 'Little Crake.'

Rare.]

191. †Rallus aquaticus (Linn.), 'Water-rail,' *Frango d'agua*.

192. †Gallinula chloropus (Linn.), 'Water-hen,' *Gallinha de agua.*

193. †Fulica atra (Linn.), 'Common Coot,' *Galeirão.*

The above three species are all common.

[194. Fulica cristata (Gmel.), 'Crested Coot,' *Galeirão.*

Common in the southern provinces of Alemtejo and Algarve.]

195. †Porphyrio veterum (S. Gmel.), 'Purple Water-hen,' *Camão.*

There are many specimens of this beautiful bird in the Museums of Lisbon and Coimbra, and on enquiry I was assured that it was by no means considered rare in Portugal.

196. †Anser cinereus (Meyer and Wolf), 'Grey Goose,' *Ganso bravo.*

197. †Anser segetum (Bechst.), 'Bean-Goose,' *Ganso bravo.*

These two species alone have been recognised in Portugal, though it is probable there are several others not yet identified.

198. †Tadorna Belloni (Steph.), 'Common Sheldrake.'

Occasionally though only rarely seen.

199. †Anas clypeata (Linn.), 'Shoveller,' *Pato trombeteiro.*

200. †Anas strepera (Linn.), 'Gadwall,' *Frisada.*

201. †Anas acuta (Linn.), 'Pintail,' *Rabijunco.*

202. *Anas boschas (Linn.), 'Wild Duck,' *Pato real, Adem.*

203. †Anas querquedula (Linn.), 'Garganey,' *Marreco, Marrequinho.*

204. †Anas crecca (Linn.), 'Teal,' *Marreco, Marrequinho.*

205. †Anas penelope (Linn.), 'Wigeon,' *Assobiadeira.*

These are the commoner species of Ducks which I was able to identify, all of which are declared to be common.

206. †Anas angustirostris (Ménétr.), 'Marbled Duck,' *Pardilheira.*

There is a fine specimen of this rare Duck in the Museum of Lisbon; but Professor du Bocage said it was very seldom found in Portugal.

207. †Œdemia nigra (Linn.), 'Common Scoter.'
Occurs frequently, but in no great numbers.

208. †Fuligula nyroca (Güld.), 'Ferruginous Duck,' *Negrinha.*
Rarely seen.

[209. Fuligula ferina (Linn.), 'Pochard,' *Tarrantana.*]

[210. Fuligula cristata (Steph.), 'Tufted Duck,' *Negrinha.*]

[211. Clangula glaucion (Linn.), 'Golden Eye.'
The last species is less common than the two preceding, which are to be met with in winter in abundance. There are authentic specimens of all these in the Museum at Lisbon.]

212. †Mergus serrator (Linn.), 'Red-breasted Merganser,' *Merganso.*
Common. This is the only species of the Mergansers which I can positively assert to belong to Portugal, though doubtless others will be added on further research.

213. †Podiceps nigricollis (Gmel.), 'Eared Grebe,' *Mergulhão.*

214. †Podiceps minor (Gmel.), 'Little Grebe,' *Mergulhão.*
Of the abundance or scarcity of the Grebes I could obtain but little information; the Museums of Lisbon and Coimbra are sadly deficient in them; but I am told that the two species mentioned above are common in Alemtejo.

[215. Podiceps cristatus (Linn.), 'Great-crested Grebe,' *Mergulhão.*
By no means rare; there are several specimens in the Museum of Lisbon.]

216. †Colymbus glacialis (Linn.), 'Great Northern Diver.'

217. †Colymbus septentrionalis (Linn.), 'Red-throated Diver.'
Of the former but few individuals have been seen on the

Portuguese coast in winter; of the latter a larger number: and it is confidently asserted that C. ARCTICUS (Linn.) occasionally makes its appearance.

218. †URIA TROILE (Linn.), 'Common Guillemot,' *Airo.*

Abundant in suitable localities; much more rarely, but occasionally seen is ALCA TORDA (Linn.), known to the natives as *Tôrda mergulheira.*

[219. †FRATERCULA ARCTICA (Linn.), 'Puffin,' *Papagaio do mar.*

There are three specimens of this bird in the Museum; all immature, and all captured in different years on the Lake of Albufeira, south of the Tagus.]

There is also a fine specimen in the Museum at Lisbon of ALCA IMPENNIS, the 'Great Auk;' but this has no pretence to Portuguese origin, as it was coaxed by the present king from his father-in-law, Victor Emmanuel, and was brought from Turin. I may here add that the late king, Dom Pedro, was an enthusiastic Ornithologist, and to his exertions, ably seconded by Professor du Bocage, the present very satisfactory state of the Museum at Lisbon is due. The late king's collection of birds is now incorporated in the national collection, of which the present king, Dom Luiz, is a munificent patron.

220. †PHALACROCORAX CARBO (Linn.), 'Cormorant,' *Corvo marinho.*

221. †PHALACROCORAX GRACULUS (Linn.), 'Shag,' *Corvo marinho.*

222. †SULA BASSANA (Linn.), 'Gannet,' *Ganso patóla.*

All three species found in various parts of the coast. PELICANUS ONOCRATULUS (Linn.), 'The White Pelican,' *Pelicano*, is also, from time to time, seen in Portugal.

223. †STERNA FLUVIATILIS (Naum.), 'Common Tern,' *Andorinha do mar.*

224. †STERNA MINUTA (Linn.), 'Lesser Tern.'

225. †STERNA CANTIACA (Lath.), 'Sandwich Tern.'

These three species are well known in Portugal.

[226. Sterna fissipes (Linn.), 'Black Tern.'
Is also common.]

227. *Larus ridibundus (Linn.), 'Black-headed Gull,' *Gaivota.*

228. *Larus rissa (Linn.), 'Kittiwake Gull,' *Gaivota.*

229. *Larus fuscus (Linn.), 'Lesser Black-backed Gull,' *Alcatraz.*

230. *Larus argentatus (Gmel.), 'Herring Gull,' *Alcatraz, Gaivota.*

231. †Larus marinus (Linn.), 'Great Black-backed Gull.'

These five species are all in the Portuguese collection of the Lisbon Museum; the four first are reported to be common, the last rare. I had a good opportunity while in Lisbon of watching the Gulls on the Tagus, from my windows in the Hotel Braganza, situated in a commanding position overlooking the river, and, with the glass, identified to my own satisfaction L. ridibundus, L. rissa, and L. argentatus.

[232. †Stercorarius pomarinus (Temm.), 'Pomarine Skua.'
Not common. There is a single specimen of this species in the Museum at Lisbon; it is an adult female, in winter plumage.]

233. †Thalassidroma Leachi (Temm.), 'Forked-tailed Petrel.'

234. †Thalassidroma pelagica (Linn.), 'Storm Petrel,' *Alma de mestre.*

Both species are considered rare in Portugal, the former more especially; and yet, if there be truth in the popular tale of the love of storms which these birds evince, unquestionably the proximity to Portugal of the tempest-tossed Bay of Biscay should attract the whole race of such boisterous spirits to its shores.

[235. Puffinus major (Faber), 'Greater Shearwater.'
Rare.]

Lastly, I would add that Puffinus Anglorum (Boie), 'Manx Shearwater,' is said to be well known in Portugal, and to be often seen on the Tagus.

I have but one remark to make in conclusion; and that is in reference to the extremely dark hue which almost universally seems to characterise the birds of Portugal. This peculiarity struck me on my first arrival in the country, and its existence was confirmed with every day's further observation, while the notes given above of Mr. Tristram, on the skins which I submitted to him, amply confirm my own previous impression. Whether such deepening of colour arises from the intense heat of Portugal, and, like the inhabitants of that sultry clime, they are simply sun-burnt and bronzed, or whatever be the cause, I must leave it to others to determine; enough for me to call attention to the fact.

And, as a last word, let me heartily recommend, not only to tourists generally, but especially to my brother Ornithologists, a trip to that same extreme south-western corner of Europe, now so accessible both by sea and land, and which offers so many and so various attractions,—a warm and dry climate to the health-seeker; unrivalled ecclesiastical and conventual remains, of a unique character, to the ecclesiologist and the architect; beautiful scenery to the artist; and novel customs, amidst an obliging and hospitable people, to the general tourist; while to the naturalist in every branch, the geologist, the botanist, the entomologist, the zoologist generally, there is a rich harvest of facts to be reaped in a field which, though so near our shores, and now so easy of access, is, perhaps, less known to the travelling public than any other region of Europe.

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