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A STEAM-BOAT SKETCH



Drawn by Lady E. S. W.

Look on this Picture,



See page 171.

And on THAT

TO

PORTUGAL AND MADEIRA.

BY THE

LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.



LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

1854.

LONDON:
Printed by G. BARCLAY, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

No
167 923

TO

THE DOWAGER LADY WHARNCLIFFE

The following Pages are Dedicated,

BY HER

MOST TRULY AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,

THE AUTHORESS.



CHAPTER I.

I WILL not inflict on my readers the ordinary details of our departure from England, the most prominent incidents of which were those leave-takings that an old French song (a very liberal translation of which, of mine, I append) animadverts upon as rather supererogatory sufferings:—

1.

If we must then depart,—
As we turn us away,
Can it soothe the sad heart
An Adieu thus to say?

2.

Ah! felicity vain,
That the heart dares not seize;
Still too, too near to pain,
To have power to please!

3.

It can wound — can it bless?—
That l'arewell of our friends?
Too much certain distress
With th' uncertain joy blends!

4.

A strange luxury seems this,—
 On our sorrow to dwell! —
 'Tis a dark, baleful bliss,
 Tho' deep, faltering Farewell!

5.

'Tis a bitter-sweet joy,
 Worse than grief's tutor'd calm,—
 So much certain annoy,—
 So uncertain a balm.

6.

It enhances our grief,—
 It drives home the keen dart; —
 'Tis a doubtful relief
 To condense thus the smart!

7.

Ah! felicity vain,
 That the heart dares not seize;
 Still too, too near to pain,
 To have power to please!

8.

Please?—Farewell!—sad Farewell!—
 Thou'rt a death,—thou'rt a doom,—
 Yet we dream thy brief spell,
 Can shower light through our gloom.

9.

A false solace thou art!—
 Must our own tongues then tell
 That dark tale to the heart,
 Which is breathed in "FAREWELL?"

We arrived at Lisbon on the 31st of October in 1851, after a tolerably prosperous voyage, during which we experienced only a proper amount of tossing in the Bay of Biscay, just enough for the said Bay to keep up its character, and for those

passengers who wished to be considered good sailors not to lose theirs.

We had made the same voyage once before; and when we came to the charming Bay of Vigo, its pretty features smiled upon us like those of an old acquaintance, and the scene enacted by the different occupants of the numerous boats that surrounded our steamer seemed so exactly the fac-simile of the one we had previously witnessed in that pleasing locality, that it appeared as if the same shrieks were calling forth the same echoes,—as if the same identical tongues were wagging, the same hands waving, heads bobbing, throats stretching, arms extending, locks streaming in the wind, oars dripping, handkerchiefs fluttering, feet stamping with impatience, noses poking out with curiosity, eyes starting from their sockets with eagerness, and fruits glittering in the sunshine, in those dancing boats, as had greeted us when we first, some years ago, entered the harbour. Nay, one could have almost believed (so precisely similar were scene, sound, and everything) that they had never left off, but gone on uninterruptedly, gleaning, wagging, dripping, poking, fluttering, waving, stamping, shrieking, stretching, and staring there. And did not that especial particular quarrel take place before?—that exact chorus of screams and yells?—that self-same scramble from one boat to another?—that very collision among the wee barks, and that pitched battle of hair-tearing, which threatens to end in an exchange of scalps? We depart, and leave them all at it still: if we should visit Vigo a dozen years hence, I feel convinced we shall find the same scene going on uninterruptedly—aye, to a hair, or, at any rate, to a handful of it. Our steamer was rather crowded.

Among the passengers was Lady L—— T——, who is one of the most extraordinarily gifted amateur female artists I ever met with, besides being a charming person, of whom any other artist would have been delighted to make a sketch as she stood with her scarlet handkerchief most picturesquely twisted among her dark, burnished locks, *à la Española* (for I am told the women wear it so in some parts of Spain).

At length the lovely little castle of Belem gladdened our vision,—that tiny, delicate building (at least so it looked from the steamer), which the Queen of Portugal might almost have had put under a glass case and sent to Hyde Park, to be put under the other glass case there. Such a toy of a fortification as it is! One should think its cannon must be loaded by nothing more awful than peas, such as children wage war with.

After this, we soon found ourselves on *terra firma*.

The Custom-house at Lisbon has a bad name, and deserves it: what a cruel institution it is! We should not boast too much of our superiority over what we are pleased to call the dark ages: they had their grand Inquisition—we have the Custom-house. It is not only racked muslins and calicoes that suffer there, thumb-screwed gloves, or dismally dislocated caps; who can deny that harmless travellers are themselves put to the torture, thus bereaved of the dearest lace, and torn from the tenderest cambrie? A Scotchman and his wife—the former in very ill health, who had come to Lisbon to pass the winter months by the advice of his doctor,—were our companions in the boat that took us to the shore. The poor Scotch lady had almost all her things seized, and loud and bitter were their com-

plaints. Yes! she declared she had lost shawls that had wound themselves (frequently) closely about her heart, and friendly pocket-handkerchiefs that had dried up all her bitterest tears. However, it was whispered the Custom-house had some slight reason for these arbitrary measures, and that the trunks of the travellers from the Land of Cakes were not altogether immaculate trunks, and that their strong-looking boxes were not quite "pure as unsunned snow" and impervious to imputation and suspicion, whatever they might be to salt water. So even the Lisbon Custom-house might for once be justified in its stern decrees and practices; and it is certainly true, as says the Portuguese proverb, "*Não he o demo tam feio como o pintão;*" or the English one, "The lion is not so fierce as his picture."

We secured charming apartments at the Braganza Hotel, and were delighted with the beautiful view from our numerous and extensive windows, and our very pleasant balcony, looking over the Tagus and the city. A brief account of the latter may not, perhaps, be uninteresting.

Lisbon is a very ancient city, and little is known of its first founders and inhabitants. It is thought by some who have studied the subject to have been originally founded by Ulysses, and named "Ulyssipo" after him. Lisbon in former ages could not have failed to attract the notice of the Carthaginians, who were masters of the sea for such a vast number of years, and who could not have overlooked the advantageous situation of this city, with its superb river and safe harbour.

I believe that Gruter and Pliny affirm that the original name of Lisbon was "Olisippo," or

“Olisipo,” a Phœnician term signifying “Pleasant Bay,” and having reference to its position. On this city the title of “Felicitas Julia” was bestowed by the Romans under Augustus (Beja was distinguished by the denomination of “Pax Julia”); under that emperor, too, it enjoyed the privileges of a Roman *municipium*. From the reign of Augustus to that of Honorius nothing remarkable took place here. Then legions of barbarians fell, like clouds of destructive locusts, on the fertile territories of the Peninsula, passing over the natural barriers of the Pyrenees, after overrunning and blighting the best and loveliest portions of France and Italy. Uncultivated and uncivilised as were the tastes of these savage hordes, they were not insensible to the charms and fascinations of fair Lisbon. The inhabitants, seized with a profound panic, adopted the temporising policy of which imperial Rome had set them an example, and they were, in their turn, subjected to a corresponding ill-fortune. They bribed the enemy to depart by pouring out enormous treasure at his feet; he vanished, and in the course of a brief twelvemonth reappeared, and the devoted city was then thoroughly sacked and pillaged.

In neighbouring Iberia every considerable city suffered the same destruction. The Goths maintained their savage sway over Lusitania for a couple of centuries. It was at the commencement of the eighth century that these barbarians were compelled to yield before the superior might of the Mussulmans, who, flushed with victory and triumph, had crossed over from Mamritania into Iberia. The name of the present capital of Portugal was changed by the Arab conquerors from “Lispo,” or “Ulissipo,” to “Lisboa.” The reason of this, says Castro, among

other writers, is that in the Moorish alphabet the letter *p* is not found.

Don Alfonso, king of Asturias and Galicia, first disputed and shook the Arabian sway in Lusitania. With the aid of Charlemagne he entered Portugal, and invested Lisbon in the year 798. After an obstinate resistance, the besieged yielded to the arms of their gallant foes. For nearly three hundred years the Moors and the Christians kept alternately and transitorily an insecure possession of the place, till the latter became finally tributary to Alfonso of Castile, sixth of that name, in 1093. They continued in this subjection under Count Henry, the founder of the Portuguese monarchy, but rebelled against his successor, Alfonso Henry, the first Christian monarch of Portugal. This sovereign made numerous attempts to reduce the capital, but was constantly baffled. From the Cintra mountains he one day observed a fleet of nearly two hundred sail, French, Flemings, and English, under the command of William Longsword, making for the river. This fleet was on its way to the Holy Land, but required water, and touched here for that purpose, and to repair some damages they had suffered. They agreed to a proposal of alliance, submitted to them by the Prince; and the troops in their ships, numbering 14,000, were drawn up before Lisbon, together with the Portuguese forces. The siege lasted five months; and the loss on both sides was very considerable. On St. Ursula's day the confederate hosts made a fierce assault, and, sword in hand, succeeded in carrying the city. Faria says that 200,000 Moors fell on that day. The most ancient church in Lisbon, "Nossa Senhora dos Martyres," was built over the collected remains of all the foreign troops who were slain

during this famous assault. Crowds repair still to that church every year, to assist at the "Novena;" and from its altar the devoted courage of the Christian warriors is recalled to remembrance. The Novena precedes the celebration of the festival of Our Lady of Martyrs. Dom Alfonso bestowed Almada and Villa Franca on his English auxiliaries (the greater number of the warlike adventurers were from the Anglo-Saxon shores). It is supposed they called Villa Franca "Cornualla," in affectionate remembrance of the British Cornwall, whence many of them originally came. It is asserted that the first Bishop of Lisbon was an Englishman, who had accompanied the before-mentioned fleet, and who remained in Lisbon: he was noted for his worth, piety, and learning. Few events of importance after this marked the history of Lisbon, till the accession of Ferdinand, about the termination of the fourteenth century, when a terrible fire almost entirely destroyed this capital. It was the work of Dom Henrique, a claimant of the crown, who took possession of the lower portion of the city, but, failing to reduce the castle of St. George and its strongly-fortified environs (the sole part not already in his hands), he determined to draw off his troops to some distance,—before doing this, however, he razed the rest of the fortifications, and then lit the incendiary flames. Some writers, indeed, say that, anticipating the patriotic, self-sacrificing deed of the Russians at Moscow, the inhabitants set the city purposely on fire, to deliver their country from the abhorred invaders. Peace was declared after this; Ferdinand agreeing to the terms dictated by Dom Henrique.

On Ferdinand's death, his widow, Donna Leo-

nora de Telles,* assumed the direction of affairs, as regent for her daughter, Donna Beatrix, who had been married to the Castilian king. Dom João, however, the son and heir of Peter and the unfortunate and lovely Inez de Castro, was at this juncture proclaimed in the capital. The ill-fated Dom João, upon this, was seized and incarcerated in Spain; and, a little while subsequently, the King and Queen of Castile were proclaimed by Leonora, to the universal dissatisfaction of the population, in Lisbon. This Leonora de Telles, who was noted for her wickedness, by her infamous conduct and iniquitous administration, and her constant and evident partiality for foreigners, heightened the exasperation of the Portuguese to a pitch of ill-disguised fury. It happened that a rumour spread suddenly through the city to the effect that Dom John, brother of the deceased king, and Grand Master of the Order of Avis, had assassinated, or caused to be assassinated, in the palace, one of the favourites of Donna Leonora (her chief counsellor, a Spaniard, named João Fernandez Andeiro, whom she had made a Count): the people of Lisbon flew to arms, and, encountering the Bishop Don Martinho, a Spaniard, and another creature of the profligate queen, they hunted him to the cathedral. He ascended the tower and rang the bells, hoping to summon the soldiers to hasten to his aid; this so infuriated the excited populace, that, breaking tumultuously into the cathedral, they dashed him savagely from the top of the tower, where he had vainly sought for a refuge. They

* This Donna Leonora was his second wife, his first, whom he repudiated, having been the daughter of Dom Henrique.

afterwards hastened to the palace of Don John, and by acclamation elected him Regent. The King of Castile on this entered Portugal with numerous forces, and besieged its capital by land and sea. The Regent, though reduced to great straits,—wanting both men and money,—exerted himself indefatigably to defend his cause and country. Through his skill and energy, great success attended his various efforts. The Prior of Crato, whom he entrusted with a commission to assemble troops in the north and invade Castile, was victorious in sundry important engagements. A powerful squadron, equipped in Oporto, took several of the hostile ships, and ultimately blockaded the fleet of the Spaniards in the Tagus; and the foe, wearied at length of the siege, and disheartened by a dreadful pestilence which broke out in his camp and impoverished his forces,—alarmed, too, by the report that a considerable body of troops, under the command of Alvarez Pereira, the Lord High Constable, was advancing from Evora,—with disorderly precipitation broke up the siege, and retreated ignominiously, with the wretched remains of his once noble army, into Spain. The Regent, by a solemn act of the Cortes, in the commencement of April (1385), was selected to succeed to the crown (held to be vacant by the incarceration of the ill-fated Dom João in Castile), and which was pronounced to be forfeited by the Castilian sovereign, owing to his hostile invasion. This king, who reigned as Dom John I., soon afterwards gained the memorable victory of Aljubarrota, in which 30,000 Castilians are said to have been defeated by a handful of Portuguese.

In the year 1496 took place the discovery of the passage to the East Indies by way of the Cape of

Good Hope. After some insignificant expeditions, followed by more adventurous but unsuccessful attempts, on the 20th of March, 1497, an inconsiderable squadron sailed from the Tagus under the orders of Vasco da Gama; he succeeded, after arduous efforts and many perils, in doubling the Cape, and arrived prosperously at the city of Melinda, which he found inhabited by a partially civilised population, carrying on commercial relations with many nations of their coast, and also with distant countries of the Asiatic continent. Aided by their pilots, he crossed the Indian Ocean, and landed on the Malabar coast four months and two days after he had quitted the Lusitanian shores. His ships arrived in the Tagus two years after they had started on their highly-successful expedition, freighted with various commodities from the last-mentioned coast, and also with rare and costly productions of the more eastern portions of India; and the enterprising Vasco da Gama and his gallant followers disembarked amidst the enthusiastically-expressed gratulations and greetings of his admiring countrymen. The Portuguese deserved their triumph; their spirit of enterprise had been cautious and wary in its early operations, but had soon gained force and power. After going beyond the farthest limits of ancient navigation, and finding that the torrid zone was peopled—by some it had been pronounced uninhabitable—and that the African Continent, in lieu of spreading in breadth (according to Ptolemy's judgment) towards the west, seemed to contract and bend in towards the east, they felt inspired by fresh zeal, and hopes were awakened in them of reaching India, by holding on the same course: the upshot of this was their final success,

through the instrumentality of their famed navigator. The important discoveries made by Vasco da Gama during this momentous voyage paved the way to all the mighty results which the enterprise and energy of later days have achieved; and great were the advantages almost immediately secured to the Portuguese nation by them,—advantages which, ere this, they had not ventured to form a hope of possessing. The sumptuous treasures of the superb and luxurious East through this new channel were for centuries poured in an uninterrupted stream, and lavished on the enriched banks of the Tagus, and Lisbon rose with almost unparalleled rapidity to shine as one of the most splendid and commercially important cities, and one of the most crowded and busy ports of Europe. King Emmanuel built the fine church and monastery of St. Maria de Belem, as a sign of gratitude for the happy issue of this famous voyage.

The revolution which ended by placing the house of Braganza on the throne, first burst forth in Lisbon on December 1, 1640. The Spanish dominion was overthrown, and Dom John, eighth Duke of Braganza, proclaimed King of Portugal. This important event, which gave the crown to the present reigning family, is commemorated by an annual procession in the capital on the 1st of December. It is said, so well were the measures of the patriotic conspirators concocted, and so promptly and vigorously were they carried into execution, that the whole active revolution took only three hours to bring to a successful termination. Had it been in the present day, they might almost have dared the Mexicans to a revolutionary race, with some chance of competing with those accomplished insurrectionists. The

somewhat slow Spaniards could have had hardly time to finish the cigars they were actually smoking, or to put on their "sombrosos," and begin to prepare, before the mighty scheme was accomplished. After this, the succession to the throne was quietly settled, and well that it was so; for, at one period (after Cardinal Dom Henrique's death, who had succeeded Sebastian), there were no less than five candidates for the crown.

Let us say a word on the conspiracy of 1760, which took place under the administration of the Marquis of Pombal. This statesman was execrated and abhorred at home and abroad for his Machiavellian dissimulation, almost unparalleled atrocities, enormities, and barbarities. Few Christian administrations have been distinguished by a course of such flagrant crimes and cruelties. State prisons, built by himself for the purpose, were crowded with innumerable miserable wretches who had unfortunately fallen under his displeasure, and who were immured there, without a shadow of justice or the least apparent reason. He gathered together immense sums out of the confiscated possessions of his unhappy victims; he swayed the counsels of the sovereign, King Joseph, with unbounded power and influence; every situation about the court, in the army, or in the civil services, was given to his followers and friends. The nobility were crushed under his iron heel; the people groaned under his arbitrary power; oppression, injustice, avarice, and tyranny, were rampant and unbridled, and nothing seemed too vast or high for his ambition, or too mean and debasing to glut his thirst of vengeance, and favour his schemes for personal power, aggrandizement, safety, or emolument. The feigned conspiracy

I have adverted to, is generally looked upon as one of the darkest stains on his character, politically or morally considered. In the year 1760, on the 3d of September, the King, on passing at night a lonely place near his country palace in the neighbourhood of Belem, was attacked by a knot of wretches, and with difficulty escaped assassination. The cunning and reckless minister thought this a good opportunity for immolating on the shrine of his vengeance all those noble families who were secret objects of his detestation or jealousy, and whom, from various causes, he had not been able to destroy previously. He has been said by some authors to have owed his long tenure of office to the discovery of pretended conspiracies; and he lost no time in assuring the King on this occasion, that he had detected and unravelled a hideous and far-spread treasonable plot, of which this regicidal attack was the fruit. He named several illustrious families, who, he declared, tired of obeying and submitting themselves to the paternal government of their sovereign, had determined on freeing themselves from the royal yoke, by the death of their indulgent master. The feeble-minded monarch lent a willing ear to these atrocious insinuations. He was the more ready to put faith in these vile fabrications, as his nerves had been shaken, and his imagination excited, by the danger he had so narrowly escaped. Soon after, every distinguished family that was obnoxious to the Marquis was condemned to see its chief members, both male and female, thrown into foul dungeons or banished, its name branded by undeserved infamy, and its possessions and treasures confiscated and seized. The minister, by the barbarous application of horrible tortures,

endeavoured to drag from his high-born victims false confessions of their knowledge of, or participation in, the alleged, pretended conspiracy. When he could not succeed in his abominable designs, he fabricated outrageous statements, which he caused to be bruited about as the confessions of those unfortunate nobles, and which, hoping to impose on the people as he had imposed on the credulous king, he denominated evidence. Of course, the so-called conspirators were each and all condemned to death. No mercy was shown;—the sentences were rigorously executed, and they perished on the quay of Belem on the 13th of January, 1761, in the midst of appalling torments. Their remains were consumed by fire or flung into the river, and their palaces and houses razed to their foundations. The most illustrious of the families who were the victims in this hideous and tragical farce (for such it was well known to be throughout the kingdom) were those of Aveiro and of Tavora. The first was destroyed; the second was deprived of its titles for ever. This last family was said to have aroused the implacable enmity of the Marquis by one of its members presuming to decline a proffered marriage with his son. Some say that persons still exist in the city who have actually beheld the descendants of this once exalted house begging for a bit of bread in the public streets, and yet the innocence of these miserable victims of oppression and hatred, after a strict and lengthened inquiry, was authentically and authoritatively declared in a solemn manner subsequently to the fall of the hated and guilty minister.

Pombal was, as might be expected, exceedingly jealous of the power and wealth of the Church.

Together with the defamed nobles, three Jesuits (for he saw, through *them* he could strike a sharp blow at ecclesiastical supremacy and influence) were seized and accused; however, in the Portuguese dominions, the Pope's nuncio alone had then the privilege of pronouncing judgment on the members of the priesthood. Pombal, resolutely bent on accomplishing his end, appealed to the Pope to dispense with this sacred right. An immediate answer was not returned to a demand considered presumptuous, probably, by the higher authorities of the Church; and the Marquis formed the determination of dealing with the difficulty in his own unscrupulous way. He, straightforth, issued a decree condemning to perpetual exile all the Jesuits from the realm of Portugal, and confiscating the whole of their property for the benefit of the crown. Shortly afterwards he ordered the nuncio to quit Lisbon, and at the same time recalled the ambassador of Portugal from the Papal court. This was not sufficient to show his defiance of the spiritual authority and influence of Rome; Father Malagrida, whom he had unsuccessfully endeavoured to implicate in a charge of high treason, he caused to be arraigned for heresy, condemned, and burnt publicly in an *auto-da-fé*. Voltaire even ridiculed this charge against the Jesuits of Portugal, so utterly unfounded was it, and so manifest were the motives which led to its fabrication;—and this, notwithstanding the fellow-feeling he might be reasonably supposed to entertain for his co-conspirator against social order and religious authority, and the natural tendency to sympathise with him, in his unworthy object. He evidently considered it, what in

the language of diplomatical criticism has been pronounced even "worse than a crime—a blunder." "If," said he, "there was never a more sanguinary and atrocious falsehood, there never either was a clumsier nor a more ridiculous one!" It was at the death of King Joseph, over whose mind Pombal exercised such a lamentable sway, that he fell into profound disgrace, the object of almost universal national execration and hatred. The Queen spared his life, but banished him from the capital. A number of captives, amounting to some hundreds, were released from the prisons. These were the poor remains of an army of prisoners, probably embracing many thousands. He had also exiled vast numbers to the East and Africa. In the year 1782 he expired at his country palace of Pombal, at the age of eighty-three.* His descendants are, I believe, as remarkable for their upright conduct and excellence as he was for his contempt of all laws human and divine. Atrocious as was his moral and political character, justice must be done to his talents for administration, and the perspicacity of his mind. Had his principles and actions kept pace with his intellectual endowments, he would have been one of the noblest statesmen, perhaps, that had ever conducted the affairs of an administration in Europe, or ruled the destinies of a Christian nation. As it was, he left a name behind him which is covered with opprobrium and shame, despite his fine administrative talents, and some acts of reform which deserved contemporaneous approbation and the gratitude of posterity. He, however, fell into a common misap-

* His unsepulchred remains are, I believe, still to be seen in the monastery of Busaco.

prehension,—the error of conceiving that violent and sudden changes are the necessary concomitants of a liberal and progressive course of policy; sage moderation and gradual modifications and ameliorations he disdained.

I will not say anything of the modern history of this city and its environs,—it is too thoroughly well known: and such a task would be but a work of supererogation. Before I conclude this slight account, however, I will mention that the Portuguese claim as visitants to their country in olden times (besides the illustrious heroes of antiquity already enumerated), Osiris the Egyptian; the Theban Hercules; Atlas; Bacchus the son of Semele; Cacus; and Nebuchadnezzar!—(Nebuchadonozer); at least, so it is asserted in their chronicles,—this last, not succeeding in his attempt to subdue Lusitania, abandoned its shores, leaving behind him many Israelites; and hence, say the Portuguese, arose the original settlement of the Hebrews in this country. They allege that their land was first peopled by Tubal, founder of the city of Setubal. The name of Lusitania (given to the region of country between the Guadiana and the Donro), according to them, was originally bestowed by Lucius,—or in honour of him,—who reigned 1500 years B.C. Portuguese historians, if not in all instances veracious, display a considerable ingenuity in their derivation of the names of peculiar localities and tracts of country.

CHAPTER II.

THE metropolis of Portugal boasts of having given birth to many distinguished sons.

Luis de Camoens (or De Camões) was born at Lisbon in 1517. He was the descendant of a noble family that originally came from Spain. His father perished by shipwreck. When old enough, his mother, though her means were scanty, contrived to send him to the university. In course of time, his talents caused him to be favourably noticed at court; but, subsequently, some rather injudicious satires and some amatory indiscretions occasioned his banishment from the capital. While living sequestered at Santarem, he began his far-famed "Lusiad;" but wearying of a state of comparative inactivity, he took part in an armament that Dom John III. had fitted out, in order to succour Ceylon; and in an engagement with the Moors he had the misfortune to lose an eye. He laboured at the continuation of his fine work while in the camp; and as he himself tells us in his inspired strains,—

"One hand the pen, while one the sword employed."

The gallantry he exhibited on several occasions in the field at last won him back that proverbially capricious and uncertain possession—court favour; but intrigue once more, with its vile machinations,

opposed his advancement, and materially affected his position and prospects. At length, in 1553, irritated at the continued injustice displayed towards him, he took his departure from Lisbon, addressing it in the touching language of the epitaph of Scipio Africanus, — “Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea!” He went to India, where, also, he soon afterwards again lost, by his satirical philippics, the favour his undoubted talents there gained for him. He was banished to China, and at a later period was appointed to a commissariat in Macao. He then and there prosecuted peacefully those literary labours which were destined to be so highly appreciated by posterity. He left this place, and sailed for Goa, after having managed to possess himself, by care and economy, of a moderate fortune; but Mischance and Disaster dogged the steps of the poor poet: the vessel foundered, and the ill-fated bard saved nothing but his great poem—yet fortunate, indeed, in preserving that. Like Cæsar of old, he swam with his left hand, while his right held above the greedy waves the precious production of his genius, and he reached in safety the banks of the Mahon. Subsequently, at Goa, he succeeded in conciliating the esteem and friendship of Don Constantine da Braganza, who was the Viceroy; and during his administration, Camoens, perhaps, enjoyed some of the most tranquil and pleasurable days of his existence. But a new Viceroy succeeded Don Constantine, and again did the evil star of Camoens prevail—he was pursued by malevolent spites and jealousies, denounced and imprisoned; and when he was able he took leave of the East, carrying with him the only wealth he possessed—his noble poems. His “Lusiad” was

published in Lisbon in 1572, and dedicated to King Sebastian, who gave the bard a pension of 4000 reals; but he was soon deserted by his changeful fortune, and not long after, he had to rely upon the casual bounty of the charitable. A devoted black servant, who had faithfully attended him abroad, collected alms for him, and on these he lived. Misery and the bitter sense of the world's injustice shortened his eventful life, which terminated in 1574. Thus perished a distinguished warrior, and a true poet, one of the many examples of the ingratitude of mankind and their blindness to contemporary merit. Camoens was to the last a warm-hearted patriot. He wrote to a friend, "Em fim acabarei a vida e verão todos que fui afeiçoado á minha patria."

Many other celebrated individuals have first seen the light in Lisbon. Among those distinguished for their disinterested and ardent zeal for religion, and for lives that offered a pious model to all who existed in their country at the same time, were, Anthony, surnamed of Padua, Alvaro de Cordova, Bartholomew de Martyribus, Pedro Negles, Thaden, styled sometimes the Apostle of the Canary Islands, Don André d'Almada, Fr. Francisco Foreiro, and Fr. João de St. Thomas, some of whom have given the world learned works on moral and scholastic theology; and Alex. de Gusman, Manoel Bernardes, and Manoel Guilherme, reverend fathers who are renowned for a profound knowledge in mystic and ascetic theology; and among eloquent orators, both at the tribune and in the pulpit, may be mentioned as particularly distinguished, P. Antonio Vieira, and Fr. Timotheo de Ceabra; among lyrical poets may be

cited Francisco de Mello, Antonio Perreira, Dom Estavão Rodriguez de Castro, Antonio Barbosa Bacelar, Manoel de San José, &c.

Some of the first Portuguese historians were born in this city,—namely, Diego de Conto, Antonio P. Veigas, P. Balthasar Telles, Fr. Bernardino da Silva, and, latterly, the Visconde da Santarem. Lisbon and its vicinity may also boast of having given birth to two illustrious musicians, D. John the Fifth and D. Pedro the Fourth, whose harmonious and scientific compositions have been much admired by competent authorities; the “Hymno da Charta” of the latter, is, I believe, universally admitted to be a really fine and spirited piece of music. Pope John the Twentieth or Twenty-first (according as the anti-pope John the Eighteenth is or is not reckoned among the Roman Pontiffs) was born in this capital, and was the second pope Portugal produced. Among more modern celebrities, we must inscribe the names of Almeida Garrett and of Antonio de Castilho: the first is of Hibernian extraction: he is a poet, and also, I believe, is distinguished in oratory; he is said, too, to be a very high authority in histrionic criticism, and to be altogether both erudite and accomplished. The latter, Antonio Feliciano de Castilho, is almost, if not entirely, blind; he has never been enabled to learn to read, and yet he has acquired a just fame by his brilliant productions and intellectual achievements and attainments. He wrote a work entitled the “Letters of Echo and Narcissus;” a poem called “A Nonte do Castello” (the Night of the Castle), and other compositions. The first of these had an astonishing sale for Portugal; it went through four editions in about as many years. A romantic incident is con-

nected with this work, which I will briefly relate here. For the purposes of education, a young lady had been placed under the care of the Benedictine nuns at Varião, four leagues from Oporto. She remained in the retirement of the convent even after her education was completed, being passionately devoted to study. Here she perused works of the classics, ancient and modern; and the effusions of Castilho happened to be among the number of books she read. She was so delighted with the "Letters of Echo and Narcissus," that she indited an epistle anonymously to the author at Coimbra, laconically couched in these words:—"If you encountered an Echo, would you prove a Narcissus?" The reply of Castilho but deepened the sentiment the perusal of his charming production had awakened. The fair Echo corresponded uninterruptedly with the poetic Narcissus, while the latter remained in profound ignorance of the real name of the recluse of the Benedictine convent, which was a tolerably long one, being "Donna Maria Izabel da Buenna Coimbra Portugal." At length he found his happiness hung so entirely upon the continuation of this correspondence, and that his affection for the anonymous one was so deep and ardent, that he determined to pop the question, declaring his earnest attachment, and entreating his beloved correspondent to say "Yes." In her character of Echo, what could she do otherwise? The last syllable was duly repeated, and the enamoured poet besought an interview, entreating to know if he might at once set forth on his happy pilgrimage to the feet of his beloved, and when and where. Possibly Echo still maintained her fictitious character, and answered "where:" and it was surely

quite enough for the delighted son of the Muses : doubtless he lost not a moment in specifying time and place, or in persuading the shadowy nymph to " echo " all his prayers with equal fidelity. They were quickly united, and while hoping she ever responded exactly to all his sentiments and affectionate expressions, we trust she did not insist always, like her viewless namesake, in having the last word : we may conclude not, as their union was reckoned a felicitous one. Perhaps she copied the example of the Beloved of Narcissus in one desirable respect, and became that rare piece of excellence—a woman that never speaks but when spoken to ! Their happy marriage was of brief duration ; poor Echo died three years afterwards, and Castilho embalmed her sweet memory in a graceful and plaintive poem, worthy of its pathetic subject. The blind poet afterwards espoused a lady of the name of Vidal, who is said, like Milton's daughters, to act as secretary to the sight-bereaved bard.* Poets (who can see) and poetry ought to flourish in this fair city, so lovely and charming is its situation,— few capitals in Europe can approach it, in the picturesqueness of its natural position ; and the white city itself, extending in imposing proportions before the spectator's beauty-bewildered eye, is exceedingly noble and striking in appearance. It boasts a stately crowd of palaces, churches, houses, and ancient monasteries, which vie with each other in princely splendour. Then there is the superb aqueduct over the Aleantara Valley ; the animated hosts of stirring windmills on the neighbouring hills, and the far-famed lines of

* Besides his other acquirements, Castilho is said to be thoroughly acquainted with French and other modern languages.

Torres Vedras in the background, forming together a magical assemblage of interesting objects. The visitor to Lisbon should see it from the opposite side of the river. The river itself, however, is the chief feature of this brilliant scene; crowded with shipping, sparkling in the beaming sun, or silvery moon, it is ever beautiful and attractive. The approach to Lisbon by the Tagus is wonderfully charming, and it unfolds its charms, too, part by part upon your gaze, so that few of the exquisite details can escape you; and while it seems as if there was no end to the tide of loveliness that keeps pouring into the mind through the eye, gratified Expectancy, still on the stretch, calls in her willing sister Imagination to her aid, and the result altogether is assuredly enchantment itself.

Imagine the newly-arrived voyager gliding along the river, while the warm rays of a glowing sunset are softly beautifying every object,—not a gorgeous sunset, (like some I have seen in the tropics,) that draws off the fascinated attention entirely to itself, but merely a rich suffusion of blushing hues that adorn everything, and display the whole lovely and lively panorama to the most surpassing advantage. First, you behold the rock of Lisbon—the blue hills of Cintra presenting a noble appearance in the background of the landscape; then the entrance of the Tagus, which is highly picturesque; while orange and olive groves adorn the coast; and numerous villas, or quintas, and hamlets and straggling villages of peasants' huts, diversify the scene; dismantled forts, too, are seen on the banks. On the right side arise the Arrabida mountains, reaching along the far-off horizon to the main, and to Cape Espichel. Then you have the fort of Belem, with its antique towers,

so intimately associated with the names of Vasco de Gama and Emmanuel the Great, and, in more modern times, the gloomy prison of the Duke of Aveiro (the last of his name) and the Countess of Tavora. Then comes the Cardinal's palace, or a building that once was called so, turreted and of imposing dimensions. After this appears the stately and loftily-situated, but unfinished, palace of the Ajuda, hinting of days of greater royal opulence, or of more reckless royal extravagance; and the fair heights and hamlet of Almada, — all are seen to succeed one another speedily; and soon enchanting Lisbon spreads its whole splendid panorama before us, built, like Rome of old, on a swelling and imperial-looking amphitheatre of seven hills, entirely covering the valleys that intervene, with its profusion of convents, palatial houses, churches, towers, and terraced gardens, and public buildings, rising one over the other, in shining tiers, and in striking pomp of architectural display. It is certainly a superb sight—a most impressive object, beheld from the dark-blue Tagus, which here and there is reflecting richly the crimson tints of the slowly-fading sunset. In some respects Lisbon is far inferior to Naples, but in others is, perhaps, superior.

The famous river on which this city is built, is said to be the noblest body of water in the old European continent; it washes the foundations throughout the entire length of the capital; towards the east it expands into an ample bay, properly named "Cova da Piedade," and improperly nick-named by nick-name-loving English Jack, "Jackass Bay;"—most likely from the crowds of that much-abused race which are to be seen ready saddled and bridled at the extreme

point of the said bay, in order to convey travellers and tourists to the country. The city is said to be about eight English miles in length from the fort of Belem to its farthest eastern extremity. Quintas and mansions, of all sorts and sizes, succeed each other with their monotonously, but brilliantly and beautifully white, exteriors, to the river's bend, leaving the inexperienced stranger in doubt as to where the shining, stately city terminates exactly. In breadth this fine town is particularly irregular; it rarely exceeds a mile and a half; and in some places is so inconsiderable, as barely to stretch beyond a square or a couple of streets. Barriers guard the principal thoroughfares (the city is not surrounded, as in former times, with walls); and, apparently, Lisbon is intended to be regarded as fortified by a line of defences that were hurriedly thrown up to obstruct the forces of Dom Miguel in 1833, in case they should take it into their heads to attempt to return. One peculiar feature of this capital is that green fields (not churchyards, O effluvia-empoisoned Londoner!), cultivated and flourishing, are to be seen in the heart of the city. It has, however, no parks, properly so called. These verdant, wide-stretching fields and spacious gardens, attached to many of the town mansions of the opulent, contribute to give an appearance of vaster size to the city than its population would seem to warrant; for it certainly appears disproportionately extensive for so comparatively inconsiderable a number of inhabitants.

Lisbon is no longer so unsavoury a stronghold of dirt and squalor as it must have been formerly, to judge by the unanimously recorded verdict of its numerous visitors; but there is ample

room for improvement still. There is a municipal regulation which forbids that anything should be thrown from the window into the streets till after nightfall; but then the curfew of Cleanliness is rung, and she must retire incontinently. After ten o'clock let any inexperienced wayfarer beware; the authorities, indeed, command that the proper warning shall be given three times, like reading the Riot Act, and bidding unheeding stragglers disperse. Woe to the wretch who disregards the summons! Besides this, the municipal regulations are not always scrupulously obeyed, and not only by night but by day you had better thread the streets of Lisbon with a cautious step and an occasionally upward-looking eye. Turn not a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer, when she *does* condescend to utter forth the shrill "Agoa vai," from a four-pair window. Kitchen refuse is carried away in carts, the conductor of which rings a tinkling bell to give notice of his approach. Macadamising and draining have improved many of the more important thoroughfares (some, however, find fault with the former system here, saying the streets are too dusty and dry for it); and the municipal chambers have certainly made a fair beginning towards improving the condition of the metropolis as regards decency and cleanliness.

Our drawing-room in the Braganza Hotel was a charming apartment, spacious and lofty, with several large windows that "gave," as the French say (the Spaniards sometimes use "fall" in this sense), on the broad blue Tagus, and with a wide balcony reaching the entire length of the extensive room. It was really delightful; but the sleeping apartment in one particular exceeded it: it had three very

large windows, one commanding a superb view of the river, while the other two (also showing the river) were on the side towards the glistening, towering city, which looked magnificent from that point of view. We had not been very long established at the Braganza (which I was told—I know not how truly—is a royal possession, and let by the Queen to the present proprietor, the stable still being retained by the crown, and densely inhabited by royal horses and mules), when one day a sudden stir seemed to run through the whole house, like a wind through a forest in full foliage; there were those indescribable symptoms of something extraordinary happening which are sure to excite female curiosity,—doors banging, voices whispering, dresses rustling, steps sounding hastily along the passages, windows rapidly flung open! What on earth could it be,—fire or earthquake? Lisbon has known the latter—so had we at Malta once, and it is not easily forgotten; but we neither heard nor felt the earthquake—neither saw nor smelt fire or smoke. At last we succeeded in getting a rational answer from one of the flying, rushing troop. “Fire or earthquake, indeed! no; it is the King.” And the King it was, who had come to pay a visit to a Spanish dignitary who was staying at our hotel, which dignitary had been declared by some of the gossips who had collected to catch a sight of the regal countenance, to be Spanish ambassador to China. However that might be, there was no doubt but that the King with an aide-de-camp or two, and accompanied by two of the youthful princes, had come to visit the Castilian gentleman aforesaid.

We caught the infection of curiosity and interest,

the fever of which spread so rapidly through the house, and all the more so did I, as I heard the party were mounted on beautiful horses, for which I have always a weakness. We took up our positions at one of my spacious windows, which overlooked, in one part, some building-ground belonging to the Braganza property, which the King and his sons and suite had gone to inspect. We saw the illustrious party at a distance, and they shortly afterwards returned, and we had a close and excellent view of them. The King and princes, accidentally looking up at the window, saw us; on perceiving that we were observed (a little discomfited we were to be thus caught peeping at the royal party as at a raree-show) we curtsied properly to his Majesty, who, taking off his hat, made us a profound and graceful bow, accompanying the salutation with a particularly pleasing smile, and the young princes immediately followed his example. The King appeared to be very handsome and very pale, though truth obliges me to confess, that great part of his face was shrouded in the inextricable mazes of an immense beard, trimmed, or untrimmed rather, in the American fashion; the line of face appeared classically fine and regular, and of statuesque beauty, and I detected a resemblance to his Majesty's cousin, Prince Albert. The King is fair and extremely tall, with graceful and slender figure, and is very commanding-looking, besides having a most agreeable and attractive countenance. I hear that he has a singular voice in speaking. The heir-apparent to the throne was somewhat like his father, tall for his age, and slender; he appeared to have the same graceful manners, and had that indefinable high-bred look and air which reminds

one of an Arab horse of the very purest blood and pedigree. The younger prince was not so striking in appearance, nor did he exhibit in the same degree the peculiarity I have last alluded to; he was far shorter and stouter, and the expression that most characterised his youthful countenance, as far as I could judge from this brief single view of him, was a not unnatural, merry, schoolboy love of mischief and mirth, that contrasted greatly, however, with his brother's grave repose of feature and intellectual—rather melancholy—cast of countenance. The horses we saw not, after all; the King and princes entered the court-yard (on which our windows looked not) and galloped off at once on their return.

The names of these young gentlemen and the rest of the royal family are not remarkable for brevity. A specimen may amuse the reader; the elder prince's style and name runs thus:—The Most Serene Lord Dom Peter of Alcantara Maria Fernando Miguel Rafael Gabriel Gonzaga Xavier João Antonio Leopoldo Victor Francisco d'Assis Julio Amalio de Saxe Coburg Gotha, de Bragança e Bourbon, the Hereditary Prince. This young prince was born in September 1837, and was, consequently, about fourteen when we saw him. Another of the royal youths, most likely the one who also on that day accompanied the king-consort, is called The Most Serene Lord Dom John Mary Fernando Pedro d'Alcantara Miguel Rafael Gabriel Gregorio Leopoldo Carlos Antonio Francisco d'Assis Borja Gonzaga Felix de Bragança e Bourbon, Saxe Coburg Gotha, Infante Duke of Beja. He is about eleven years old. The Queen was first married to Augustus Charles, Duke of

Leuchtenberg, who died not many months after his august nuptials. The following year Donna Maria espoused her second husband, the present King, Dom Ferdinand Augustus Francis Anthony, Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha. The Queen is of immense size and weight. V—— met her Majesty the other day, who was taking an airing in a rather small carriage, which seemed too light and too tight by far; in short, disproportionately diminutive and of almost perilous unsubstantiability. The people respectfully greeted her Majesty. I have heard several Portuguese lately saying, the Duke of Saldanha tyrannises shamefully over the Queen, and that he rules in everything; and those whom I have heard mentioning the subject seemed to wish Donna Maria da Gloria had more power and the Duke of Saldanha less. I hear the Queen has quite lately issued a decree, which I suppose the severe minister, not caring much perhaps for appearances, has permitted to pass,—no beards are to be allowed in the army or at court; the King was the first to fall beneath the shears of Fate and Figaro—(this must have been soon after we saw him)—and since this clearing has been effected, and the stately forest of hair has been swept away, and the sun allowed to shine on the (chief) face of the land, his handsome countenance has, doubtless, been much more appreciated and admired. The royal residence at Lisbon is, as is well known, the Palace of the Necessidades; perhaps the little *jeu d'esprit* that appeared some time since in one of the Lisbon journals is not so currently known. It must be premised that Costa Cabral was then Prime Minister, and that he lived in the Travessa dos Ladrões, or 'Thieves' Lane, and that the chief cemetery of the metropolis is de-

nominated the "Alto dos Prazeres," or the Height of Joys. "What possible good," asked the writer, "can be expected in a country where the sovereign resides in the Palace of Necessities, the minister has fixed his abode in a Lane of Thieves, and where, alas, the Height of Joys belongs exclusively to the Dead?" He might have added, what I think it was a French writer originally said, and "Where the one-half of the population is looking out for the advent of the Messiah" (Jews), "and the other half waiting for the return of King Sebastian." The Empress, generally called the Duchess of Braganza, who was in England with her stepdaughter the Queen, and who is granddaughter of the poor Empress Josephine (she is the widow of the late Emperor of the Brazils, Dom Pedro), resides in Lisbon; but not much friendly intercourse is said to be carried on between the Duchess and her royal stepdaughter.*

I have already mentioned the palace of the Ajuda: this, if completed on the original plan, would probably be one of the most enormous architectural piles in Europe. Of this vast fabric, it is said, not a third is yet built; it has, however, been

* The poor ex-Empress has lately had to deplore the death of her only child, a charming young princess. I believe the imperial mourner lost her husband, Dom Pedro, to whom she was most deeply attached, after only three years of wedded life. Her near relative, Prince Augustus, the Queen of Portugal's first husband, died after a very sudden and brief illness, having only been married to his august consort a few months. She lost a beloved brother lately, and now the loss of her only and adored child has left her alone on earth. She seems universally respected and beloved. The late Princess Amelia (half-sister to Donna Maria) was reputed to be very accomplished and amiable.

inhabited by the royal family, during the reign of Dom John VI. A temporary palace, constructed in a hurried manner, of wood, stood for a little while on the site of this imposing edifice; which slight building was thus speedily run up to serve as a shelter for the houseless royal family after the famous! earthquake that desolated Lisbon,—it subsequently fell a prey to fire. Donna Maria's grandfather laid the first stone of this palace: the southern façade, which was intended to be the chief one, displays two orders of architecture, the Composite and Tuscan; the eastern side, which is nearly finished, has a ponderous vestibule, flanked by no less than three porticoes, upheld by columns, in which appear allegorical statues, the work of Portuguese sculptors. There are two wings on this side, which are loftier than the other parts of the building; these are enriched by balustrades, and severally decorated by twelve trophies.

Part of the interior is said to be handsomely finished (I did not enter the building); and some good frescoes are, I believe, painted on the walls of several of the apartments. The prospect from the highest stories of the palace must be exceedingly fine and extensive. The German Prince Lichnowsky pronounced a severe opinion upon the edifice: I believe this prince was the one who was so barbarously murdered during the revolutionary fury in Germany, an accomplished, eloquent, high-minded, and noble-spirited youth, who had travelled much, and had penetrated into different parts of Spain—dangerous enough at that time—in the disguise of a guerilla; speaking the language so admirably, and keeping up the character so cleverly, that he

was taken for a Spaniard by Spaniards themselves, and not recognised by an Englishman who had met him and been well acquainted with him in the gay circles of Paris. Poor young gallant Lichnowsky! I remember a touching story being told after his death. It was said a lady, to whom he was deeply attached, had made a vow she would never rest till she had discovered, or caused to be discovered, the perpetrators of this diabolical murder. She went, robed in the deepest mourning, from town to town, from land to land, wherever she thought there was the slightest hope of accomplishing her purpose, and devoted her whole time and energies to this solemn duty, and arduous undertaking: whether her indefatigable exertions have ever been crowned with success, I know not. The following are the remarks (translated in a little English work) of Prince Lichnowsky on the Ajuda Palace, in his book entitled "Recollections of 1842:"—"What possible interest can I take in this enormous and cold mass of stone, abandoned to blank loneliness, without a past and without a present? Unfinished, modern ruins, which offer nothing and recall nothing to recollection; the vile taste and style of the last century, the ugly statues, the chill, dull marble;—all this cannot please me, merely because eighty millions of cruza-does were spent on the work, or because it would be a great work were it completed properly."

There is much truth in this; and the same criticism might be applied to some other buildings that travellers take the trouble to go and see, that strike the eye, but say nothing to the mind,—devoid of the interest arising from historical recollections, and

lacking the attraction of associations. The humblest fragment of a ruin consecrated by an ennobling remembrance—an inspiring legend, even—should be more worthy of the traveller's tributary visit, and leave more precious traces in his memory.

CHAPTER III.

VARIOUS nations had their representatives under the roof of the Hôtel de Braganza. Occasionally we encountered in the passages, or saw promenading about on the platform before the house, a Chinese, of most Tartarean aspect. He was servant, I believe, to the Spanish grandee I have before mentioned; and report said, an excellent one. There was a Spanish waiter and a German waiter, besides a Portuguese one, and, I believe, a French cook. A Brazilian gentleman had taken apartments in the hotel for five years, as the German waiter informed us; and Americans occasionally took up their quarters there. One day our dinner was not quite as punctual as it might have been; and on inquiring why we had been kept waiting, it appeared our German functionary had been at the bull-fight. "Very fine," he said; "and negro man rides the bull all one as any horse, saddle and all—quite one, and no difference. And no accidents happen in dese Portuguese bull-fights: only to-day one negro man got his leg broken, and was taken to de hospital—dat's all." I made inquiries afterwards, and found these poor black men, from time to time, hire themselves out to the proprietors of the bull-circus, and take a prominent part in the entertainments, particularly in enlivening a dull or pusillanimous animal. To the honour of the Portuguese be it said, no horrid spectacles of tor-

tured horses are seen on the arenas of their amphitheatres: the bull's horns are tipped with small balls, and danger to man and beast is, of course, thereby most materially lessened. But it would be well if those poor Brazilian negroes were no longer allowed to risk their limbs for the diversion and gratification of the unthinking populace; although, perhaps, they would think it a hardship to be prevented making a little money—(and but little, for they “go werry cheap”)—at the risk of a few contusions and lacerations. A Spanish company, one of the best in Spain, had lately arrived in Lisbon, and had asked permission of the authorities to exhibit the real, genuine, abominably cruel, Spanish bull-fight to the Portuguese, benighted,—as they contemptuously considered,—and kept in a state of pitiable ignorance of the real and racy delights of the true tauromachia. In short, this philanthropic company, benevolently compassionating the forlorn condition, and uncivilised, barbarous state, tauromachially speaking, of the ignoramuses at Lisbon, had actually come to enlighten and instruct them; bidding farewell, for a time, to the banks of their silvery Guadalquivir, to the stately amphitheatre of lordly Seville, the arena of Puerto de St. Maria, and the lashing Toros of Madrid; and they came, with all their appointments and accompaniments of muletas, engaños, devisas, and banderillas, besides capas and fireworks—and “perros” too, perhaps—in a spirit of the purest charity to their neighbours. Can it be believed? ungrateful Portugal refused the mighty benefit sought to be bestowed upon her!—Sunk in extraordinary apathy, she declined the offer; or, misguided by some inordinate prejudice, she could not be induced

to see the advantage of adding to the excitement of the representations that enlivened her "Praça dos Touros" by having poor, miserable horses done to death before the eyes of the spectators, amidst the most horrible and agonising torments: in short, the authorities positively forbade the Spanish company to perform in Lisbon, unless they would consent to perform in the usual Portuguese manner, and with the horns of the bulls tipped. The Spanish bull-fighters returned an indignant "no" to this insulting proposition; and so the matter stood at that time: the Castilians were prohibited from appearing before the Lisbonian public, and that "gentle public" were still condemned to remain in the dark as to the boasted superiority and much be-lauded merits of the Spanish "Corridas."

The Praça dos Touros, at Lisbon, is situated in the Campo de Santa Anna; it is constructed of wood, and was completed in the time of Dom Michael. In size it may challenge a comparison with the circus at Cadiz; it is furnished with about five hundred boxes, and is capable of containing some ten thousand spectators. It has not any pretension to splendour or beauty, and is allowed to remain in a rather dismal condition of dilapidation. It is inappropriately decorated along the loftiest tier of benches with rows of obelisks, urns, and trophies, with other ornaments, fashioned of wood, and destitute of merit. However, the real ornaments of all such places are the people; and it cannot fail to have an imposing effect when it is well lined with animated human features, and lit up by twenty thousand eager and sparkling eyes. On every other Sunday the proprietors indulge the public with a representation; and the art of puffing is not despised

in the Lusitanian metropolis. In flowery language do the announcements set forth the promised delights of the approaching combat :—"In the superbly constructed and elegantly-finished circus of the famous and well-known Campo de St. Anna, a terrible, fearfully-exciting, and delectable conflict will without fail take place, of at least thirteen most savage and stupendous bulls, to which, with the highest consideration, the honourable inhabitants of this celebrated capital are invited. Ardently desirous to answer, justly, the expectation of the illustrious and not-to-be-surpassed nation of Portugal,—constantly, in its high-mindedness and magnanimity, so liberal in patronising these famous spectacles,—the proprietors feel an immense satisfaction in announcing that they have gone to the greatest expense, and that, by the dint of indefatigable endeavours, they have assembled the above-mentioned transcendent monsters, which were the property of the most affluent proprietor of Riba Tejo, who boasts among his countless herds the most awful and grand of existing bulls. This gentleman has at length been persuaded to delight the public—so discriminating—of Lisbon, and has agreed to send these animals to this far-famed circus, where they will actually assist in the remarkable and much-to-be-in-future-renowned representations that will positively take place this very evening." But this is not all : a highly-spiced panegyric follows on the intrepidity of the bull-fighters, their unparalleled activity, agility, and presence of mind ; and then comes a poetical rhapsody of eight or more lyric stanzas, praising the courage and desperate ferocity of the animals about to appear, and describing the terrific power of their horns and the

imminent perils of the forthcoming combat. The announcement is at length brought to a brilliant close by a vivid description of the pyrotechnic exhibitions that are to crown the evening's festivities. As in the sister country, these combats always begin by a splendid display on horseback; but the pompous military evolutions which, I believe, are exhibited frequently in Spain, are discontinued in Lisbon. If the Queen honours the spectacle with her presence, one of her majesty's equerries appears as chief rider, or "cavalheiro," and then excellent and well-trained steeds, selected from the royal stables, always make their appearance. The equerry, mounted thus on a noble courser, performs the principal steps and proper evolutions of the ancient Castilian horsemanship, gracefully saluting the court and the spectators, which salutations are termed in Portuguese "cortezias do cavalheiro;" after which enters the bull, bounding fiercely into the arena, to be received by the gallant horseman who is awaiting his approach; but then the flag-bearers commence playing their part, and the most courageous and experienced of these instantaneously advance to attract him, with their gay capes and flags, and to irritate him with their goads. Occasionally they exhibit remarkable audacity and skill; but this is more, perhaps, the exception than the rule in Portugal. The people are happily growing too civilised to care as much as formerly for these savage diversions; and finished bull-fighters are therefore, for want of fostering encouragement, becoming scarce articles. So much the better; for, at the best, it is an amusement little calculated to minister to the gratification of an enlightened people, or improve their tastes. When the "tourno" is considered

deficient in courage, or does little to divert the impatient assemblage, or if the poor beast is wearied by his previous exertions, the negroes, or gallegoes, are put into requisition, and they are expected to enact the rôle the "perros" do in the adjoining part of the Peninsula when a bull is "blando" (or soft, tame). In the Lisbon bull-fights, the gallegoes invariably appear wearing hats of a round shape and quilted hides, and are generally seen bearing a species of fork with two prongs: from this they are denominated "men of the fork" (*homens de forcado*). They are usually stationed under the tribune where the Queen is sitting, and are formed in file there; so that if the bull, in the course of his erratic career, should venture to invade the royal neighbourhood too boldly, he is threatened by the line of forks, and, if he disregard the warning, they are quickly inserted in his flesh. Thus, poor fellow! he really almost presents the spectacle of those tempting fowls and chickens which were supposed to run about ready-cooked, with knives and forks stuck in them. Should the Portuguese, like the Spaniards, roast the unhappy beef with hissing-hot fireworks, the parallel would be more complete. Not far from these gallegoes is placed a kind of aide-de-camp, mounted, and accoutred carefully in the antique Spanish fashion, with the capa and hat covered with shadowing plumes. This worthy's office is to act a live electric telegraph, and to transmit, with all possible celerity and fidelity, to every part of the praça, the word of command emanating from the authorities. This is highly necessary; otherwise a dangerous and perplexing confusion might ensue in the midst of the tumult and excitement consequent on all such lively exhibitions. When

the proper order is given, the "homens de foreado" (fork-men) cast their weapons aside, and spring upon the common enemy. He that possesses the largest store of bravery and activity takes the post of honour and danger, exactly in front of the infuriated bull, and watching his opportunity—when, with head bent down and eyes for the moment shut, the animal is about to wreak his fury on him—he springs lightly between his horns; there he obstinately fixes himself, permitting the enraged bull to throw him about with great violence. His companions then advance and fling themselves on the animal, fastening themselves to him with extraordinary tenacity, like so many two-legged leeches; they grasp him firmly, and with the most desperate energy, by the horns, legs, and tail, or spring upon him, defying his maddened efforts to shake them off. He is frequently seen with a dozen of them clinging to him, tearing round the arena, presenting a most strange-looking, confused mass of arms, legs, heads, and bodies, writhing and twisting about: at length the angry and bewildered brute is forced to pause for breath. The Portuguese term this manoeuvre "taking the bull by the hoof;" and generally this is the part of the spectacle most appreciated by the public, and particularly by the humbler orders; and frequently during its performance their cries of encouragement and of ardent approbation are louder far than the roaring of the bull himself, and almost deafening to unaccustomed ears. After this, a troop of quiet cows, furnished with tinkling bells, are driven in, and the tired and half-tamed bull trots calmly after them, leaving the scene of his rage and discomfiture with a lesser opinion of his own prowess and powers, perhaps, than when, bounding and bel-

lowing, he had entered it in a fury. Like a warrior after a conflict, it is then submitted to surgical treatment; its wounds are looked at and doctored, and it is sent back to its proprietors, or possibly kept for some other similar entertainment. I understand that the black men do not always appear in the circus; and I am rejoiced to hear this. The poor fellows, when they do appear, are, as I before remarked, the "perros" of Portugal, as nearly as may be following the example set them by their canine prototypes in the sister country. They usually stick bright-coloured feathers upon their heads, such as the wild warrior kings of their native lands adorn themselves with; and they often hide themselves under curious figures of horses, constructed for the nonce of stiff pasteboard (and denominated, in the language of the country, "Cavallinhos de pasta"). Disguised thus, and thus grotesquely attired, they make their appearance before the bull, who attacks them invariably, and throws them to the ground with violence, often grievously bruising and injuring them. The people too frequently, in the hurry of their eager enjoyment, forgetful of the sufferings of these poor volunteers, insist on their re-appearance after they have retired maimed and disabled, and accidents of a more serious nature, on such occasions, from their condition of comparative helplessness, not unfrequently occur: this should undoubtedly be put a stop to.

The finest square in Lisbon is unquestionably the Praça do Commercio, which the British tars have re-named Black-horse Square. Another denomination of this spacious place is "Terreiro do Paço"—Parade of the Court: thus it rejoices in several aliases. The latter name was bestowed upon it in

consequence of its having been at one time the site of a royal residence, which was destroyed at the time of the great earthquake. On the southern side of this handsome square flows the Tagus: the remaining sides display ranges of fine houses, raised in front over stone piazzas or arcades, and at the southern extremities terminated by a couple of salient wings, that overhang the blue stream. The Praça do Commercio is about 615 feet long, and 550 feet broad. On the northern side it is approached by three of the chief streets of the capital—Rua Augusta, Rua Anca (Anglicised by English residents generally into Gold Street), and Rua Bella da Rainha: the last is usually called Rua da Prata. East and west are Rua do Arsenal and Rua Nova da Alfandega. The large equestrian statue here, in bronze, of the first Joseph, is a well-executed work, and is the sole one of the kind ever erected to any Portuguese monarch. (It is this that gives to the place the name of "Black-horse Square," adopted by the English sailors.) It is placed on a pedestal between two fine colossal groups; and there is also a noble basso-relievo, displaying much merit, and skilfully finished. The arms of Portugal were placed upon the front of the pedestal, from which was suspended the effigy of the famous Marquis de Pombal, who was the chief promoter of this work. He was actuated by the double motive of doing honour to his sovereign master, and to himself. When he was deprived of his royal patron and his place, the portrait was contemptuously hurled from its proud position by men who had obsequiously courted the notice of the original but a few brief days before. Since then it has been restored to its former honours and place, and

beneath it is a rather long Latin inscription. A sculptor, named Joaquim Machado de Castro, made the model of this meritorious work; and in appreciating its excellence we should not forget the mean state of the arts in Portugal at the time, nor the many obstacles in the way of executing so considerable an undertaking, and bringing it to a successful termination. The Marquis de Pombal received the tidings of his effigy being promptly removed and cast aside, with philosophically cool imperturbability and indifference. "Indeed!" said he: "so much the better, for it really did not resemble me!" The figures above the pedestal in this group are considered to rank among the best productions of their kind; but perfection of detail is apt to be sacrificed in the foundry, and the last exquisite touches of the chisel seldom survive the final process: but, bearing this in mind, few will be found to deny that Machado de Castro has displayed great ability and power. He also both designed and executed the various emblematical groups that adorn the sides of the pedestal.

Bartholomew de Costa presided over the casting of this equestrian statue, and as he founded the whole in one piece, without any failure whatsoever, even in a single member, he also merits great praise. The process, I should think, was not understood then, as it is now. De Costa, besides casting the statue, conveyed it to its destination, and placed it on its elevated pedestal. The liquid metal contained the immense quantity of six hundred and fifty-six and a-half quintals of bronze (the quintal is equal to 128 lbs. English). There remained, after the loss of metal was subtracted (that was sustained in the course of polishing), five hundred quintals of bronze.

The armação, or skeleton of iron in the centre, weighed one hundred quintals, making the whole weight of this equestrian statue six hundred quintals of iron and bronze, or 76,200 lbs.

The sculptor and founder were both natives of Portugal: the former gained but little fame or distinction, to requite him for his labours and skill, but the latter was complimented and rewarded by having the rank and the pay of a brigadier in the service bestowed upon him. Machado, it is true, was knighted by the king at the time; but he was subsequently allowed to perish in neglect and oblivion in a miserable attic. It is narrated that he once emerged from his wretched obscurity to petition a high official personage to have the mouldering floor of his squalid cell repaired, I know not with what success. Well! perhaps, the high official personage's name is now obliterated from the memories of his countrymen, while, certainly, poor Machado's is honoured and cherished. Tardy justice! how common in this world. Some years since, it is also related, a public subscription was successfully got up to save the unfortunate sculptor's surviving relatives from utter beggary and starvation. The statue we have been considering was cast in October 1774. At its inauguration remarkable splendour was displayed, and costly fêtes given. The ceremony began on the 6th of June, the king's birthday, and was prolonged for more than a week. The first day was devoted entirely to the highly-impressive ceremonies of the grand inauguration, during which the nobility, the members of the orders of knighthood, the courtiers and the various civil and military bodies, paid their obeisances successively to

the image of the monarch. On the following day, the king and queen and their family visited the square in a grand state-procession: representations or emblems of the four quarters of the world, of the seas, of the sciences and arts, and of Portugal herself, were conveyed in this procession, on magnificently-decorated cars. After gazing on the splendid spectacle the Praça presented, the royal party withdrew to apartments expressly prepared in the Custom-house, where concerts and other entertainments were provided; and afterwards a most princely banquet took place, the cost of which, together with the other accompaniments of this regal fête, amounted to no less a sum than 91677. English. The remaining seven days beheld either continuations or repetitions of the majestic ceremonials of the first day of inauguration, while processions, illuminations, pageants, spectacles of various kinds, and brilliant concerts trod rapidly on each other's heels, to the delight of thousands upon thousands who flowed fast in from all quarters to join the general joy and gaze on the pompons jubilee. Lisbon was the great object of attraction to all the neighbouring provinces and people at that merry time.

The office of the Minister of the Interior, the Exchange, the Custom-house and its dependencies, and the Tribunal of Commerce, are to be seen on the east side of this fine square. The building at the southern extremity is occupied by the latter and the Exchange. The Custom-house, for its fitness to its purpose, its ornamental additions, its internal economy, and its great size and durability, can hardly, perhaps, be exceeded by any similar edifice in the world. A noble staircase of two flights leads to a splendid room 173 feet long by 69 feet broad, at

the four corners of which are corridors leading to the different offices and the store-rooms, each and all corresponding in spaciousness with the chief apartment. Including the India-house, the whole forms a square. Trees are planted in the interior, where a graceful fountain plays, which is surrounded by benches for the accommodation of visitors. A curiosity in this square is a little brazen cannon, so placed under three lenses as to discharge itself punctually at nine, twelve, and three o'clock, by the action of the rays of the sun concentrated in the focus.

The office of the Minister of Justice and of Ecclesiastical Affairs, the Junta do Credito Publico, the Supreme Tribunal of Justice, and Municipal Chamber occupy the northern side of the Praça; the west contains the Treasury, the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and that of the Minister of Finance, also the offices of the War and of the Marine Departments. If we walk through the Rua do Arsenal, the extremity of which forms the north-west entrance to this square, we shall find ourselves in the Largo do Pelourinho (Pillory Place). An ornamented stone pillar here is seen, upbearing an armillary sphere; formerly this column was crowned with spikes of iron, purposely to support the severed heads of malefactors after their execution. Similar significant pillars (or pelourinhos) are to be found in most Portuguese towns which boast judicial tribunals. Dom Pedro gave the order for the alteration—and very decided improvement—perceptible here. The Arsenal is built on the south side of the square. The Lisbon bank is on the east side of the Largo do Pelourinho. The office of the sole omnibus company here, is at the north-western corner of this

Pillory Place; and among its shareholders it has the honour to reckon the king consort, who lost no time after his arrival in the kingdom in offering a praiseworthy example to Donna Maria's subjects, with respect to engaging energetically in schemes of national progress and improvement.

The lower classes here, I think, seem very civil and obliging. In walking, sometimes we have been about to cross a street, and have seen, perhaps, a long train of mules advancing, they having suddenly emerged from some side-street; but the courteous conductor, rough-looking and coarsely-dressed as he was, would stop the whole of them, and motion us to pass first: the same thing occurred several times. The first time I did not quite understand this, and paused; still the man waited; and I found I was to proceed, which I accordingly did, with an "Agradeço a vnr,"— "Fico-lhe muito obrigado," or something equivalent, to the cavalheiro-like peasant. In the shops, the people appear also very urbane, and inclined to be attentive, but very indolent. I went into a shop where the man, though courteously disposed, seemed to think it a great fatigue to look for a few quires of small paper, and change them for others, as they were not exactly what I asked for, he having misunderstood me probably. It was not wonderful we should have misunderstood each other, for I talked to him in most horrible Portuguese, and he responded to me in most horrible English! It would have certainly been wiser had we each kept to our own language. At last he seemed quite overcome with the frightful fatigue of handling four or five quires of light thin paper, and languidly assured me one that he offered to me *must* be right, for it came from London.

Some of the streets seem much crowded, and have a tolerably gay appearance. One afternoon, as I was walking with my maid in one of the thoroughfares, we heard a great noise, and saw a large collection of people apparently engaged in some highly-animated discussion,—the plot thickened, the tumult deepened,—should we advance or retire? We paused a moment. The shrill notes of a lively young pig were heard; and it appeared the cause of the disturbance was a stripling of a porker, who had a slight objection to being cut off in the prime of his days, and obstinately refused to submit himself to the executioner's knife, defying the three fates and two pork-butchers, with a determined stubbornness of pighood worthy the illustrious example set by that celebrated curly-tail “who wouldn't go over the stile.” Who can wonder? His future smiled before him, adorned with many a cabbage-stalk. No drops of gall poisoned the brim of the overflowing trough of life to him—(that trough which, supposing it *did* contain wormwood, he could not “dash to the dust”—as bards, enraged, do their “cups of woe”—it being already there). He wished not to grunt adieu to the tempting gutter or the reeking mire, where a thousand attractions called him to wallow in the footsteps of his ancestors. He would fain linger long at the banquet, where all the delicacies of the season were spread forth for him in the way of offal and dregs. He had been the pride of the litter—“the rose and expectancy of the fair” sty—“the glass of fashion and the mould of form”—the very pink of porkers:—was he so soon to lie in the hot grave of the smoking dish, and hotter gravy? He cast his small glances

around, while, haply, pearly tears coursed down his snout: should not some of these Lisbonian citizens have a fellow-feeling for him? (Piggy-wiggy distractedly recalled the cry of "*Agoa vai,*" &c.) If they would but spare his life, he would wander forth a styleless being, and shake the dust of their city from the sole of his pettitoes; but, silly piggy! they want those very pettitoes—they cannot consent to their dinner thus making itself scarce. Some, perhaps, pleaded for the four-legged innocent, but others opposed their humane expostulations. Indeed, one or two might have wished, in their tender solicitude, to carry him off bodily, as the Frenchman did one of the same genus—that ingenuous Frenchman who, on being reproached for the act, said, "I did only propose to him, 'Come with me, my pretty little fellow, for von day;' but he cry, 'A-week! a-week!'—so I taked him for a week." Their perfect disinterestedness was somewhat doubtful, and might have reminded one, perhaps, of Mr. Barham's amended quotation:

———— "And ah! 'twill prove
 "What" pork "we doat on, when 'tis" pig "we love."

Piggy could hardly be said to be a bone of contention among them, so utterly plump was he; but the dispute seemingly waxed loud and fierce.

Lisbon pigs are not so pretty as Neapolitan ones, those roly-polies that are seen in the environs of sweet Parthenope, trundling about like so many little, round, black-satin pinenshions on castors. Our sty-lish small fat friend, however, as we before observed, was a decided sprig of farrow fashion and a model of lardish loveliness.

How the affair of the juvenile grunter ended,

I know not; perhaps poor curly-tail is still flourishing in pigdom—still gaily trotting through each “slough of despond” in this fair city—(that is a slough of delight to him)—as he so much aspired to do, in the pettitoe-steps of his great predecessors, like them doing the whole duty of pigs,—growing big, till, like theirs, his career and course shall wind up in honourable bacon (for *our* course), and the fame of his goodness shall truly be in the mouths of men;—all the glories of swinekind may now be lying spread before him,—the griskin—the fitch—the gammon,—ah! sad it were should he live through but half his days and never go the whole hog:—or, perhaps,—perhaps, after having had that squeak for his life, he has already been converted into ham, or crackling and delicate pork.

highly interesting!

CHAPTER IV.

THE dogs still muster in very considerable numbers in the streets of Lisbon, though I believe some diminution of these hordes has taken place. They prove themselves occasionally very ill-mannered and disagreeable curs. My maid was alarmed by one the other day rushing out upon her, furiously snapping at her gown, and making such hostile demonstrations, that she was fearful he would tear her, or certainly it, to pieces. A benevolent tallow-chandler, or some person of that genus, hurried from his house to her rescue. The animal had discovered she was a stranger and a foreigner, and being illiberally brought up, or despising the doctrine of the brotherhood of nations and fraternity of races, had thus shown his currish prejudices by most ungraciously receiving the alien visitant to his street. Another day, when she and I were together, a dog, with a fearful barking, flew at us, and on being driven away by a man who took compassion on us, retired menacingly and growlingly enough. These dogs are as idle as their brethren of Constantinople, and more sulky and surly, I think. (I know not if, as is rumoured of the latter, they ever act the cannibal's part, and devour each other.) You may often see the carters, and even sometimes the omnibus-driver, stopping

in order to have the living barrier removed. The postilion of the clumsy calesas is not unfrequently seen to dismount,—carefully to deposit the animated stumbling-stone (which does not take the trouble to walk off, out of harm's way,) at the side of the street, and then full leisurely to clamber up on his gaunt mule or sorry horse again. These pauses are trying, indeed, to the patience of the inmates of the carriages, which do not travel much beyond a snail's hand-canter. We were told that, a little while ago, an uproar had been created at Lisbon regarding these dogs. It appears that King Ferdinand was riding along the streets one day, and that his horse tumbled over one of these canine plagues, and he naturally enough tumbled from his horse. It was thought to be a good opportunity to get rid of these noisy nuisances. Orders were given accordingly by the king, through the authorities, that all masterless dogs found in the street should be destroyed; and it was confidently anticipated that the numerical strength of this large undisciplined force might thus be most materially lessened; but this command angered the biped portion of the community very seriously. The populace love these dogs,—and useful scavengers they unquestionably are. They are wont to caress and feed them, the mongrels reciprocate their attachment; and the unpopular decree made more noise in Lisbon than the animals themselves.

Lisbon was, indeed, in an uproar. The public said to his Majesty, "Love me, love my dog!"—"Quem ama a beltrão ama a seu cão"—and declared the decree should not be executed—nor the dogs. A revolution was threatened; the insurrectionists, aided by the whole force of curs, might have proved

more formidable than Portuguese insurrectionists usually are. Things bore a menacing aspect. The army itself might be bitten by these dogs — I mean by this particular dog-mania, and it would not be safe to trust to it; and even if they escaped this infection, man and horse (by the way, some of the latter might, perhaps, not inappropriately be denominated dog-horses) might prove no match for man and dog when driven to such desperation. Doubtless a less severe sentence was then proposed to be substituted for the first one; a modification of the originally-contemplated measures was probably submitted to the irate and agitated populace: the dogs should not be exterminated, only perhaps decimated, vigesimated, or, milder still, possibly the idea of one of the Sultans of Turkey, under similar circumstances, might be adopted, and a project for the conveyance of the interesting quadrupeds to some spot hard by, where they could form a canine colony by themselves, might haply be conciliatingly laid before the agitators. This last offer even, — none — nothing, could have had the effect of appeasing the Lisbonians. What! exile those excellent citizens, whose lives were devoted to the purifying of their city, and to carrying out the views of the municipal authorities! — banish their indefatigable scavengers — their pet street-sweepers — their chosen reformers of all inmundicities — their favourite metropolitan police — (or the best part of it): it was not to be thought of! If the dogs were to go from Lisbon, Lisbon would go to the dogs assuredly. The clamour continued; so did the barking. It is said every dog has his day; but these dogs clubbed together, and resolved their joint days should be lengthened; that they should

not, at any rate, be prematurely shortened. Their defenders energetically continued to espouse their cause. At last the point was yielded: it was abundantly proved that if "a cat may look at a king,"—a dog may tumble one into the mire—even into the prodigious mire of Lisbon itself. So the matter was ended, and the mongrels were ended not. Thus the court and the authorities gave in; the order was withdrawn; the canine plagues were unshot—the public unbercaved—the king's life unsecured—the horses unrescued from foes that will not let them keep in the way they should go—and the highway still well provided with those snarling stumbling-blocks, which give to charioteering and equestrianism, possibly, a slight zest which a smoother path might lack, and which are to the streets of Lisbon, perhaps, especially by night, what the snags and sawyers are to the Mississippi.

The royal consort, I suppose, made a proper apology to Donna Maria's four-footed subjects:

"The king touch'd his crown,
The dog made a bow;
The king said, 'Your servant,'—
The dog said, 'Bow wow!'"

After this, in Lisbon, it must surely be taken as a compliment to be called a dog—to be treated like a cur must undoubtedly be, to be made much of,—and to say of one, "He is leading a dog's life," is of course a way of expressing he is living in lavender, honoured, respected, and beloved, and shielded from every caprice of fate and of fortune. 'Tis well it is no worse: had it come to open rebellion, as we previously hinted, disciplined horse and infantry might have proved nothing to undisciplined dog and foot.

There is a great deal of courtesy and elaborate civility in the manners of the Portuguese. If a stranger appears in company, he is instantaneously saluted and greeted by every individual present. If they are seated, they all rise with one accord to pay their respects to him. The host generally advances to the door to receive his visitor, and seems for the time converted into a mere master of the ceremonies: he, with great deference, ushers his guest into the apartment, remaining behind himself, and, with profuse bows, repeating, "A casa é sua: tenha a bondade d'entrar." (The house is yours; be good enough to go in.) When the visitor takes his leave, this order is sometimes reversed, and the master of the house walks before his guest: however, the usual way is for the latter to go first. If there are several, or many apartments, the affair becomes peculiarly tedious, and requires an iron perseverance and a pliable spine. The host watchfully follows the guest, after the preliminary "Adeos," and at the door of the first room a halt takes place, and some profound salutations are interchanged. At the door of the next room the same low bows have to be repeated; and these respectful recognitions and reciprocations are assiduously renewed throughout the long suite of apartments, at the threshold of every chamber—nay, if there are corridors to be threaded, at every turn of the passage, they must be recommenced: nor is there safety even in a slight—of stairs. Arrived at the banister, which a foreigner is apt to hope must be the goal and the termination of his trials (while he feels ready to hound down the whole staircase at a spring, rejoicing in his deliverance), etiquette demands and requires a fresh series of salutations;

and at the first landing-place it is indispensable to return to the charge: indeed, no matter how many landing-places, at each fresh one you must bow and scrape. Having descended the staircase, you may yet have, perhaps, a vast entrance-hall to traverse. If so, about every other step it would be considered pretty for you (especially if your visit is one of ceremony) to turn round and repeat the same profound inclinations, going through the hall in a sort of slow demi-waltz. Your partner, however, continues at a respectful distance, considerably more than at arm's length; still he so exactly copies your movements, you seem like two puppets pulled by the same string; and he contrives the wriggling and wagging, so that each obeisance shall take place just where your last did. Of course, near, and at the door of the house, you must prepare for a perfect tornado of civilities: you, on your part, barcheaded, must bow away as if for dear life—unintermittingly—bow upon bow, scrape upon scrape. If you all but walk upon your head you will be right, and, perhaps, it would be as well to turn round four or five times in the street, and certainly at the corner of it, whether walking or driving,—in case your host should be mid-mid-nodding still at his departing visitant.

On all these visits of formality the guest must thus precede the host, who takes care to follow the visitor leisurely, so as to give the latter time to get a little the start of him,—a little *law*, in sporting phrase,—and the former thus easily reaches the door of the first room while his acquaintance is bobbing and bowing, ducking and dipping, at the sill of the second, and so on till the terminus—the hall-door—is happily reached. However, these

elaborated courtesies are beginning to submit to change, and yield to the immutable law of mutability.

At the reunion of long-severed friends or relations, the cordial pleasure experienced is frequently exhibited by a hearty and honest hug, the one often actually lifting the other from the ground; and this, perhaps, four or five times running. A stranger to Portuguese customs is a little disconcerted by these earnest demonstrations, if haply a native thinks to show hospitality and kindness by thus greeting him. Ladies meet each other with equally ardent manifestations of delight, and kiss each other repeatedly. The same affectionate ceremony takes place at parting,—*minus* the delight, we may presume.

A well-bred Portuguese, like a Spaniard, inditing an epistle from his own house, does not omit to date it “from this, *your* house!”—(“*Desta sua casa.*”) A gentleman in Portugal never leaves a room in which one or more ladies are sitting, without turning round upon reaching the door, to repeat his courteous salutations to the fair dames, notwithstanding that he has previously taken leave of them, and they graciously return a slight bend to his homage. A man omitting this would be considered first consui to a bear.

The Portuguese pay great regard to the different distinctions of rank on addressing each other. Titles are nowhere, probably, more accurately determined. Every fidalgo must be addressed as “*Vossa Excellencia:*” and this style belongs to all who are the holders of any place or office of rank under the administration. A similar mode of address is applied to the bishops. Others of the clergy

are entitled "Vossa Reverencia." Ladies, when they are spoken to by persons with whom they are not on intimate terms, are usually addressed as "Vossa Excellencia." Persons of respectability expect to be called "Vossa Senhoria." "Vossa Mercé" is often used to an inferior. A master will use the "Tu" in speaking to his domestics; and this term is also employed as one of familiarity between equals of all classes and grades.

All persons who have a right to the "Excellencia" are, in epistolary correspondence, addressed as "Illustrissimo e Excellentissimo Senhor," or "Illustrissima e Excellentissima Senhora," and all others by "Illustrissimo Senhor," or "Illustrissima Senhora." If you are writing an epistle to one of superior station, it is the etiquette to sign your name at the very bottom of the page, in all humility and lowliness. Then in the direction comes, before the name, the never-to-be-omitted-or-forgotten "Illustrissimo" or "Excellentissimo," or both of these titles, attended by three or four conspicuous "et ceteras" beneath; and if the document is conveyed by a private hand, your own name ought to be inscribed at the bottom. Generally, the superscription is written in lines that run at right angles with those of English addresses. A rather curious peculiarity among their other customs is that, if a Portuguese offers a lady his arm, he is expected always to present his left arm to the fair object of his attention, on account of that being commonly considered to be the nearest to the heart; and it is looked upon here that this warm shrine of life and feeling should be brought into as close contact as possible with the gentle Senhora, for the brief space during which she is thus escorted

and protected, and acquires, temporarily at least, a right to the devotion of its owner.

Civility and ceremony are not in Portugal alone confined to the more educated classes: all carefully observe the recognised *convenances* of society. A rough Gallego even will ordinarily accost his comrade with much politeness, and will formally greet him, saying respectfully, "Salve o Dcos," or "Dcos lhe dê bons dias," doffing low his "shocking bad" cap. This is succeeded by a minute inquiry as to the health of the "Senhora" Gallega and all the infant Gallegitos and Gallegitas; and the proper compliments are ceremoniously repeated when they take leave.

The Gallegoes are not, however, always such models of politeness, as the gallant author of "Rough Leaves from a Journal kept in Spain and Portugal" tells us. He had a Gallego to attend to his horse, and this functionary one day omitting to stand hat in hand when his master appeared, seriously offended, not the master, but the Portuguese idlers and children who happened to be present. The children called him hard names in their native tongue—very hard names; but those brickbats of words made no impression on him. They made mocking signs to him; and at length openly and peremptorily desired him to take off his hat. The Englishman rode hastily off, and left them to settle the matter in dispute amongst them. On his return, however, it was rather showery, and the discourteous or thoughtless Gallego still appeared hat on head. This was really too much for Portuguese politeness to endure: the lookers-on were horror-stricken; their own hats seemed to lift themselves up without the aid of

hands, for their hair quite stood on end. They came up in a body to the degenerate master who could put up with such an affront. They asked him how he could dream of retaining in his service one moment longer a man who could think of keeping his crown dry, and his cap on, in his presence. In vain did the indulgent master represent, first, that he was not so particular, and, secondly, that he could get no one else in those troubled times. These sticklers for the due observance of etiquette, and self-elected judges of manners, would hear nothing. They quietly took it upon themselves to discharge the man, and they afterwards provided the traveller with a fresh domestic, warranted to know to half a minute the exact time his hat and his head must part company, to fear not the pitiless pouring of the storm, and, in short, to act as if his head was chiefly given him to take his hat off from; which latter they taught him duly, was an article more intended for the hand, and far more becoming to it. This extreme is certainly much better than the opposite one.

The reverential deportment of children towards parents is generally considered striking in Portugal. Whatever station the family may occupy, the sons and daughters, no matter what their age may be, always salute their father and mother the first thing in the morning, by kissing their hand and begging for their blessings. At the conclusion of the afternoon's repast, and at night before retiring to rest, they repeat this touching testimony of love and filial respect: before strangers and visitors this custom is still observed, and even on occasions of a public kind. It is generally thought, however,

that a change in these respects is gradually creeping in.

Here and there graceful remnants of ancient and characteristic manners are being by degrees abolished, though, perhaps, the more simple-minded and unsophisticated of the population still cherish them, and preserve them in their practice, as they have intertwined them amongst their dearest associations. We are told that, scarcely fifty years ago, it was an invariable custom, on quitting the shore in a passenger-boat, for the man at the helm to beseech all present to unite in a solemn prayer for the repose of the souls of the departed faithful; and instantaneously every head was bare, and every lip muttered the humble supplication. The Portuguese then never passed a church, or an emblem of his religion, without saluting it; and when the Angelus bell was heard at morning, noon, and evening, every person joined in the brief, but impressive, memento of the awful mystery of the Redemption (as still in parts of South America). Much bigotry, much superstition, is, doubtless, put an end to; but it is possible that some good is swept away with the evil, and free-thinking and materialism may be making stealthy advances where fanaticism and intolerance have died away. Meaning but to "clear away the cobwebs, they have shaken the edifice itself," perhaps. It is a pity that people can seldom "drive the hens out of the garden without trampling down the beds," as the Germans say. Of one thing, I think, there can be no doubt, however; in former times the monasteries and convents were the abodes of sloth and indolence, and too often the haunts of vice and immorality.

When the French were in Lisbon, they seized the rubicund monks, whom they looked on as lazy hypocrites, gave them brooms instead of scourges, and turned them into street-sweepers; having transfixed the unfortunate dogs with the points of their bayonets. The Portuguese nunneries, I believe, were inhabited by really devout women, whose lives were pure and sanctified; at least in most instances.

To return a moment to those important personages at Lisbon—the dogs. I see it is mentioned by some writers that lately their numbers have been greatly diminished, and that a price has been set upon their heads; but I think, after what I have heard respecting the royal adventure with these four-footed citizens, that there must be some mistake there. Other authorities tell us the legislature formerly troubled its august self with canine concerns, and that it was not regardless of the accommodation and well-being of the noisy quadrupeds. There is an ancient law requiring particular trades to provide vessels of water at their doors, for the use and benefit of these homeless wanderers. Canine madness is said to be nearly unknown at Lisbon, fortunately, or hydrophobia might cut off a large portion of the inhabitants of the fair city. Generally, if one ill-conditioned cur chooses to set up a surly bark at an unoffending wayfarer, vast quantities of others rush from all quarters to help in the attack (so that one fool makes many, it seems, in the brute as well as the human creation). They are, we are assured, utter poltroons in general. They do not, however, care much for a stick, but a stone alarms them, and quickly puts them to flight. The good

citizens of Lisbon understand well how to use these last-mentioned missiles, which, from their earliest years, they are accustomed to throw. The four-footed freebooters well know this, and hurry off when they see a man stoop to pick up a stone to fling at them. These dogs behave worse to one another, perhaps, than to any one else. If a new one attempts to join their colony, he must make up his mind to go through a series of battles before he is admitted into their select company. They are exceedingly rigid preservers also. Should any dog be caught beyond the limits of his own province, he is very severely handled—or jawed, and is punished as a conscious trespasser. Cats are by no means wanting in Lisbon. Rats, too, are found in large numbers; and occasionally heves of cats, dogs, and rats may be seen all feasting away together in the most harmonious concord. A Coalition Ministry (with *its* rats) could hardly form a more peaceful Happy Family. It is said to be something peculiar in the atmosphere of Lisbon that prevents hydrophobia attacking the dogs, though they bask during the whole of the summer months in the hot sun that blazes over that fair city. I have been informed, indeed, that not a single instance has ever been recorded. Another peculiarity is supposed to be, that bruises or wounds on the head heal with extraordinary rapidity here, without medical assistance: while hurts and injuries in the leg are particularly dangerous, and excessively difficult to cure. I do not know whether pains in the face are very prevalent in Lisbon, but it is a common thing to see persons with their faces tied up. However, my maid declares, positively, that she has discovered that the Portuguese, whenever they are ill in any way,

directly tie up their heads. She says one of the servants in the hotel has gone about with her head and face thickly muffled up lately, because she has a sore throat, or something of that sort; and that another hurt her hand or foot, and tied up her head instantly. I certainly think Delphina, the housemaid who waited on us (and who, by some of the English at the hotel, was rechristened "Dolphin"), did adopt this singular fashion whenever she was ill. Poor Delphina! she had had a bad fever some time ago, and she made a vow then to some saint, that if he would cure her, she would light a couple of candles every night and pray before his image; and apparently she faithfully performed her vow: for occasionally, when the maid went to call her to bring some water and arrange the room, she would be found deeply engaged in her devotions before the two candles, ("rascally dips,"—sixteen to the pound), accurately placed on each side of the twopenny picture of the saint.

The procession of the *Vierge* to the sick is very impressive; it constantly takes place in the evening, or at night; and then it seems particularly solemn. After sunset's red glow had given place to the succeeding shades of night, we were one evening sitting, as was our wont, either at our open windows or on our balcony, I forget which, when suddenly, as if by magic, we saw a beautiful impromptu illumination, shedding a lustre on every object. In the different houses that were visible from our apartments, innumerable lights were conspicuously glittering. One mansion, of very considerable size and height, and handsome architecture, of which we had a good view, seemed almost in a sudden conflagration. There were a vast number

of windows, and every one of these was, it seemed, instantaneously and simultaneously illuminated; and altogether the spectacle was a brilliant and striking one. The tinkling of a bell was heard, and we soon knew the meaning of this array of lights—the passage of the Host.

Not very long ago a procession such as this passed by the St. Carlos Theatre during a performance; some of the assembled crowd in the building heard the bell, and caused the stage-business to be immediately suspended; and the entire audience rising, turned round in the direction of the sound, and remained standing or kneeling during the whole time that the sacred procession was passing by. On the eves of the Feasts of St. John the Baptist, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Anthony, the custom of spontaneously lighting up the windows, having fireworks, and kindling bonfires in the squares and streets, is no longer so closely followed as in former times; but still it is observed, though principally, perhaps, by the more youthful members of the community. At the doors of the churches may be often seen a scarlet hanging suspended: this is to announce that the Exposition, or "Forty-hours' prayer," is going on within the sacred building, where the Host is exposed for the homage and worship of the people upon an exalted throne, sparkling with the glittering lustre of a crowd of lights. The chief churches of the metropolis in turn take up this peculiar devotion, in such a manner that, before it comes to a termination in one, it is beginning in another, and thus perpetually and uninterruptedly it continues: indeed, it is called *Laus perennis*, or "perpetual praise."

We paid a visit, while at Lisbon, to the church

of St. Roque, or Roch: it is connected with, and is attached to the Misericordia, which is a charitable institution, dating its foundation as far back as the time of Emmanuel the Great. It is stated that more than two thousand foundlings are annually received in this fine hospital (the Misericordia): it affords a shelter and nourishment to the parentless child; alleviates the misery of the poor; extends the blessings of education to the young, who are deprived of favourable opportunities for acquiring instruction and developing their natural powers; it conveys consolation to the prisoner; administers assistance, spiritual and corporeal, to the suffering and dying; bestows decent burial on the neglected indigent; and offers prayers, according to the practice of their Church, for the repose of the souls of those whom it has benefited during their transitory sojourn below.

St. Joseph's Hospital is a dependency of this institution — (one of the apartments there, for the sick, is asserted to be the largest of the kind in the world). — An asylum for female orphans also forms a part of it, and a select number of these are furnished every year with marriage-portions, or placed as domestics in families of respectability. Advocates for penniless prisoners are also provided by this institution, and it gives alms monthly to sick people; and in addition to this, distributes among them medical aid gratuitously. It takes a deep interest, too, in the fate of condemned criminals, in petitioning for their forgiveness, or in preparing them for the great change. In old times this vast House of Mercy had the administration of its important affairs conducted by a brotherhood, the half of whose members were of high aris-

tocratical connexions, and the other half, men of a less exalted class: all rendered their services gratuitously. This establishment was considerably interfered with by Dom Pedro, and the administration of its affairs was taken from the brotherhood who had superintended them, and entrusted to a committee appointed by the Government. Great comfort, neatness, and order are said to exist in this institution.

The church of San Roque (with its adjoining building) was once in the hands of the Jesuits, given to them by Dom John III. St. Francis Borgia (the third chief of the Society) is supposed to have preached from a pulpit in this church, attired in a poor black robe or cloak, which he had carefully mended and patched up (for it is said it was probably done with his own saintly fingers) with *white* thread—showing questionable taste as a needleman: it is kept still among the reliques in the sacred edifice.

Some years since, a considerable quantity of ancient reliques, inclosed in different costly reliquaries and shrines, were found under some of the altars.

The most interesting and beautiful part of this church is the celebrated and splendid chapel of St. John, to which we easily gained admission. Dom John V. was the founder of this magnificent gem of architecture. We were told the monarch, on entering the church one day, remarked that the sacred recess dedicated to St. John the Baptist was far inferior to its sister chapels; and on being informed that every other chapel here had its own especial brotherhood to superintend its ornamentation, and bestow suitable embellishments on it, while that

of St. John was without any, the sovereign declared that, as the chapel was dedicated to the saint of his own name, it should from that time be taken under his own peculiar protection. He had the dimensions of the place forwarded to Rome, with instructions that a chapel should be constructed there of great magnificence; and that, "regardless of expense," the decorations should be made of all that was most costly and exquisite. Augustine Massuei, a celebrated painter, was entrusted with the designs of the three principal mosaics. It was erected in Rome, and placed in St. Peter's when finished. After its completion, Pope Benedict XIV. was the first who officiated upon its beautiful altar. After this it was carefully taken to pieces, and put into strong cases and forwarded to Lisbon, accompanied by the Italian artificers who were to superintend or assist in its erection. Dom John, when the chapel arrived, was stretched on his bed of death, and the work was not properly finished till after the accession of his successor, Dom Joseph I.

The floor of this *chef-d'œuvre* of art is in mosaic of marble: its design is that of a thickly-flowered carpet, with a globe in the middle, and enriched with inlayings of porphyry. The side-bases of the chapel are of fine black marble, with white occasionally interspersed. The front rails are of verd antique, while the altar steps are porphyry and bronze. The suppedaneum is formed of granite; the doorposts and the lintels are of verd antique, and the frieze that surrounds the chapel of giallo antique, (or jald antique,) bordered with bronze carefully wrought. Eight columns of lapis lazuli adorn the chapel, and their bases are beautifully composed of amethysts and of alabaster, their capitals being of

bronze. The wall on the outside of the principal arch is entirely of coral; the arch itself of pure alabaster: the royal arms of Portugal, supported by two angels, are to be seen on the keystone. The roof of this sumptuous chapel is decorated with seraphim and with borderings of jasper, and it is inlaid with jald antique and verd antique. The mouldings of the pictures are all of fine porphyry, and are edged with wrought bronze. The altar is formed of jasper, and it has a frontal of lapis lazuli, profusely skirted round with splendid amethysts. Between the top of the altar and the principal mosaic, too, the space is richly inlaid with sculptured coral, with superb lapis lazuli and refulgent amethyst.

The most considerable of the beautiful mosaics is over the altar, and represents the baptism of our Saviour in the river Jordan. The feet are extraordinarily well and delicately delineated, and one almost seems to behold them in living reality, through the interposed, transparent water. Another mosaic portrays the Annunciation, and the third the Descent of the Holy Spirit on the Virgin Mary and the Apostles. These mosaics are indeed admirably executed; and we were shown a ladder kept for the especial accommodation of sceptical and stubborn visitors,—for some had incredulously disputed the possibility of their being anything but fine paintings produced by the ordinary conjunction of oil and canvass, till they had hoisted themselves on high, and actually touched with their distrustful hands the cold, hard marble, whose existence and reality they had so obstinately doubted: seeing, with them, was not believing—touching alone removed their hesitation. Three handsome

lamps of solid silver further embellished this costly place, decorated with admirably-wrought figures. In addition to these lamps are a couple of magnificently-finished and very massive candlesticks, formed of silver. These valuable candlesticks are ten feet high, and are said to have cost seventy-five thousand crowns a-piece. A splendid frontal of lapis lazuli is placed before the altar on days of high festival; this rich frontal is supported by two angels of solid silver; in its centre is represented St. John's Vision of the Lamb, and all the Elders offering their adoration: this fine group is wholly formed of molten silver. This, together with the angel-supporters and whole frontal, is supposed to have cost about sixty thousand crowns. Proportionately magnificent is the altar-plate, displayed and used on the festival of St. John.

The French carried off all this vast wealth to the mint in 1808; but with the exception of four reliquaries, which had been transmogrified into coin, all was restored to this place. At one time it was rumoured that it was in contemplation to carry off the whole chapel bodily to France; and, if report speak the truth, artists were actually consulted as to the feasibility of putting the plan into execution. But while they were deliberating as to the possibility of packing off the chapel, they found they were themselves condemned to vacate their domiciles as expeditiously as possible.

An Englishman, named Sir Francis Trejean, has a tomb in this church; it is placed under a pulpit, near the fine chapel I have been describing. This northern knight's story is a singular one, and is related in a Latin account, printed a little time

subsequently to the death of its distinguished subject. This memoir states that the knight, having made his appearance at the court of the "fair virgin throned in the West," attracted the mighty Elizabeth's attention; and, in fact, that the august dame lost her heart to him. It then proceeds to state that, far from sharing the admiration that Raleigh and others felt, or professed to feel, for "glorious Queen Bess," so learned in love and Latin, this ungallant knight failed to reciprocate the tender attachment entertained for him. The "lion's port" did not seem bewitching to him, nor the carroty locks, nor the trooper-like oaths, nor the fortification of farthingale, nor the acre of stomacher, nor the mile of ruff, no!—nor the ear-embroidered petticoat,—neither did the eagle eye charm his peculiar fancy; and he allowed the enamoured Elizabeth to perceive this. The Queen, says the memoir, was highly indignant at the effrontery, indifference, and unsusceptibility of the cavalier, and her affection was soon converted into implacable hatred and fierce resentment. She resolved to be revenged. He had turned her head—should she twist his neck, *en revanche*? No! she would throw him into prison. (His dissolution would not melt his heart in her favour, she perhaps reflected.) Happily for her, as she thought, the adherence of this too frank Francis to the creed of his ancestors supplied her with a plausible excuse for persecuting him, of which she eagerly availed herself; and so at last she led him captive, and he wore her chains—on his wrists and ankles: however, this ungallant gentleman, after an incarceration of eight-and-twenty long, dreary years, at length succeeded in making

his escape from "durance vile," and from the "Lion-port;" and betook himself to a quiet haven in Portugal, where he died in the odour of sanctity—in short, with a high and saintly reputation.

Sad "scandal" all this "against" Queen Elizabeth: but supposing it for a moment to be true, can one not imagine the kind of expostulatory *billet-doux* the haughty dame might have indited? Would it not have been couched something in this strain?

"Gadzooks, Sir Knight!—So you will not fall in love with me? You had better, without more ado; or, by my halidom, I'll unknight you. Not fall in love with me! 'Slife! I'll break you on the wheel, and make you!

"Yours, as you demean yourself (and dote on me),
"ELIZABETH."

On Sir Francis's tomb there is an inscription in Portuguese, informing us, among other things, that he was a "Fidalgo Ingrez mui illustre," and that he had suffered much from Queen Elizabeth for the Catholic faith in the country of heretic England ("Pella defesa da fé Catholica em Inglaterra em perseguição da Rainha Isabel"); that he died in Lisbon, and, after having been buried seventeen years, his corpse was disinterred, and was found at its exhumation quite perfect and without any sign of corruption. It was placed in its present position by the English Roman Catholics residing in the city; the epitaph, which commences thus, "Aqui está em pé o corpo de Dom Francisco Trejean," &c. &c., was done into excellent Irish by a native of the Emerald Isle, who thus began the translation of the inscription: "Here lies, standing up, the body of Sir Francis Trejean."

The cathedral, or "Old See," has by some been imagined erroneously to have originally been a Moorish *mezquita*, or mosque, like the famous Cordova cathedral; but Padre Castro triumphantly refuted this mistaken supposition, and proved satisfactorily that the first Portuguese monarch, Dom Alphonso Henrique, built it from the very foundations. This building has thrice undergone serious damage, twice having been injured by earthquakes, and once by lightning. It presents, consequently, a dilapidated appearance—a very venerable one, however. The original building was in the mixed Arabian and Gothic styles of architecture, but it has been so repeatedly patched, repaired, and cobbled up, after all sorts of fashions and fancies, that it would be difficult to tell what order it belongs to now. There are some pillars, with gaudy gilded capitals, that brightly glare against the blank stare of white-washed walls. Surrounding the sanctuary is a corridor, flanked by a numerous array of chapels.

The present sanctuary was erected by Dom Alphonso IV., and his body is buried in it, as well as that of his wife. The monument is a singular and not uninteresting specimen. One of the chapels contains the grotto of the Nativity, which is the work of Machado de Castro. An Englishman, Bishop Gilbert, officiated here as first Bishop of Lisbon.

The corpse of St. Vincent was deposited in this place when brought from the promontory, which was named after him. The famous ravens are generally kept in a recess behind the church. The history of these birds, at least of some of their progenitors, and the cause of their being regarded with reverence here, is as follows:—The martyr St. Vin-

cent was one of those who suffered in the time of Dioclesian; he perished amid horrible tortures, and after his death his remains were exposed outside the walls of Valentia, by command of Dacian the prefect. A raven, supposed to be provided for the purpose by an especial interposition of Providence, protected the body of the lifeless saint, and guarded it from the beasts and birds of prey that sought to attack it: St. Augustine and other writers of the period attested this miraculous fact. When the Moors ruled Spain, the Christians belonging to the province of Valentia were cruelly persecuted by the king, Abderahman, and they fled from the tyrannical Saracens to a promontory afar, in the kingdom of Algarve, bearing with them the honoured ashes of St. Vincent. It was after the battle of Ourique, and the expulsion of the Saracens from Lusitania which followed it, that Alphonso Henriquez had these remains (in the year 1139) conveyed to Lisbon by sea. The translation of these precious relics of the martyr in those superstitious times was regarded as an event of deep interest, and it was thought the remains would bring a blessing upon the city, where they were deposited at length. St. Vincent was, in consequence, selected as the patron of Lisbon. We are informed by an ancient legend that two ravens, miraculously inspired, followed the vessel on its voyage; and to commemorate this circumstance, and the arrival of the saint's body, the city adopted for its arms two ravens and a ship, regardless of the former being usually considered ominous and inauspicious. Besides this, it was ordained that a brace of these birds should always be kept in or near the cathedral.

Other stories are told of this supernatural affair, and as these seem quite as probable as the former one, I will repeat them. When the vessel, with its saintly freight, was on its way to Lisbon, it was the sport of unfavourable weather and contrary winds. For a great length of time it was driven about; its crew grew thin and thinner by degrees, individually and collectively, till at last none living remained on board. Then the pair of ravens made their appearance, and either took upon themselves the character of two able-bodied seamen, or, as some authorities assert, without more ado, in their own proper persons, quietly, and very "handsomely, took the unfortunate vessel in tow," gratis, and, in due process of time, brought it safely to Lisbon.

Another account states that, after some crows had followed the body to its last home and resting-place (one should almost be inclined to suspect their affectionate attentions), these birds, who had been spectators of the martyrdom, retraced their flight, and the sagacious creatures having discovered the perpetrators of the atrocious act, tore out and feasted upon their iniquitous eyes, — nothing loth — strenuous in the cause (or caws, — which does the narrator mean?) — as true crows might be expected to be. However this is, lucky Ralph is accommodated with comfortable quarters at the back of the old cathedral, and is a perpetual pensioner of the Government, *nati consumere fruges*.

The chief prisons of Lisbon are the Limociro and the Aljube. The latter contains culprits who have been condemned to labour for different stated periods in public works. The former is a rambling yellow building, of considerable size, and it

can hold some thousands of criminals. It was once a Royal Palace. The public executioners reside in this prison. They are always reprieved criminals themselves, whose lives have been spared on the express condition that they should follow this dreadful employment. They exhibit professional ability by grasping firmly the rope when the condemned wretch is being swung off the ladder, and then shortening the agonies of the miserable being by squatting upon his shoulders.

The prison discipline is said to be bad, although the rules are harsh and severe. Lisbon thieves and pickpockets, like the unworthy confraternity of our own metropolis, have a system of signs and a language of their own (and perhaps a glossary for private circulation, for the use of young beginners); through these they have been known to keep up a correspondence with their friends without. Sometimes, by offering a sufficient reward, applying promptly, and securing the good offices of the imprisoned professors of the light-handed art, abstracted property has been recovered by the lawful possessors. The prisoners are not unfrequently most violent and savage, and desperate conflicts occasionally take place among them. When these furious quarrels break out, the turnkeys are under the necessity of emptying from above, upon the bare heads of the belligerent parties, baskets of slaked lime; for it would be perilous in the extreme for the attendants of the prison to go amongst them. On one occasion lately the doors of the prison were opened by force by a gang of villains from without, who surprised and overcame the guard.* Many of the felons then es-

* The object was to free some prisoners confined for political offences, and the attempt was partially successful.

escaped into the circumjacent streets, and not a few were bayoneted by the soldiery while they were endeavouring to flee from the city.

Among the churches here, is one called the *Conceição Velha*, interesting from its having been a Jewish synagogue till the reign of Dom Emmanuel, who transformed it into a Catholic church.

There is one fountain in Lisbon which is worthy of remark, from the vast quantity of water that it yields. Most of the Lisbon fountains are connected with the Grand Aqueduct, but this one is generally supposed to be dependent for its crystal supplies on an immense natural reservoir hidden in a hill, on which stands the castle of St. George. The fountain is named *Chafariz d'El Rei*. The water is of a higher temperature than that of the aqueduct, and is reckoned beneficial in various complaints. Not far from the *Chafariz d'El Rei* there are many shambles or stalls, where pork is displayed in profusion, and also a cheese named "*Alemtejo*" cheese, which is concocted of sheep's milk.

CHAPTER V.

THE botanical garden of Lisbon merits a visit. It is well supplied with plants of various kinds. In it are placed a pair of singular old stone figures, of heroic stamp and quaint workmanship; some antiquarians conceive them to be of Phœnician origin. They were discovered near Portalegre in the year 1735. Not far from this garden is a very delicate little stone church, which is dedicated to St. Joseph, and is called "Memoria," as it was built in commemoration of the escape of Joseph the First from attempted assassination. You might think, so fair is it, and so lonely is its situation, that it had dropt from the skies. Indeed it has been said of it, it looks as if angel hands had placed it there.

The public walk (or Passeio Publico) is pretty; a handsome iron railing runs round it. There are many trees here, affording an agreeable shelter from the broiling sun in summer. One part of the public pleasure-ground is adorned by numerous flower-plots: a regimental band usually adds the attraction of its enlivening strains to the other delights of the promenade, on Sundays and days of festivals. A jet-d'eau and basin shed a fresh coolness around in the heats of summer; these are near the southern entrance. In the neighbourhood of this public walk is a charitable asylum (Asylo da Mendicidade), which *very* charitably supplies chairs for

the use of visitors to the promenade; however, a trifling gratuity is expected to be offered by the occupiers of these seats, and the proceeds are dedicated, of course, to the mendicity establishment.

The place named the Campo de Santa Anna is remarkable for being the spot where a singular fair is held. It generally takes place every Tuesday, and is attended by a very motley and mixed concourse of people. Those who love to study traits of nationality and characteristic peculiarities, should not fail to take a peep at this spectacle. It will repay them.

This fair is known by the curious name of the Fair of the She-Thief (Feira da Ladra). A mystery hangs round the origin of this name, not a very complimentary one to the Lisbon dames and damsels engaged in it—it is a Portuguese Rag-fair. The difficulty in describing this would be to say what is not there.

On all sides you see a heterogeneous assemblage of articles, animate and inanimate. If there is a chaos of sights, there is a Babel of sounds and a mizmaze of smells. The most antipodian articles are placed in juxtaposition, as if to meet at the same moment the most eccentric and *inconséquent* tastes. Birdcages and donkeys, gallipots and Sunday gowns, gridirons and garters, cracked fiddles and worn-out horses, mules and umbrellas, plaster-of-Paris Venuses and Jupiters and broken bottles, crockery-ware and cloaks, singing-birds and blunderbusses, and feather-beds and ribbons, sauce-pans, tooth-picks, and milking-pails, ploughshares and pincushions, books and bedsteads, cart-wheels and artificial-flowers, farthing-candles and nuts, flower-pots and shaving-pots, toasting-forks, halters

and cradles, wheelbarrows and old wigs, pictures, tongs, garden-rakes, pepper-castors, shoes, oranges, pins, sponges, portmanteaus, carving-knives, pill-boxes, seals, spurs, lace, cheese, pocket-handkerchiefs, wash-hand basins, horse-collars, soap, spectacles, castor-oil, ear-rings, and kettles. These may be taken approximatively as the kinds and varieties of queer commodities displayed at the "Feira."

The exhibitors of these promiscuous wares are not unworthy of notice themselves. If they fancy you are in your first green days of young touring, and are thoroughly inexperienced in the ways of the Feira da Ladra, they will, perhaps, ask you twenty times as much as the article you have selected is worth; but if they think you know something about it, they will only demand, modestly, eight or ten, times its value.

This motley bazaar is often quite a place of fashionable resort, and has been honoured by visits from royalty. It is, indeed, a spot where curiosities and comicalities are rife.

Puzzled strangers may here be seen turning in bewildered consternation from mouse-traps to jack-asses, and from pictured saints to recalcitrant mules, and when bargaining and chaffering for a kitchen-poker, suddenly staring round in a state of distraction, on having broken-winded and spavined hacks pressed on their notice, and most likely on their "kibes" and their ribs into the bargain. Not so the old stager: he worms his way warily through these various groups and stalls, turns in a remarkably collected manner from rags to roadsters, and from roadsters to rags again. He has a quarter of his eye on that clothes-horse, a half-quarter for the adjoining bit and bridle—not intended for said

clothes-horse, however—a twentieth part on that ramshackle brown umbrella, and another twentieth on that mangy door-mat or second-hand pair of boots; then he rapidly shoots a keen glance of anticipatory appropriativeness, or assumptive acquisitiveness, from them to a piece of rusty old iron railing, and from that to a jar of pickles or preserves; then successively, but with lightning swiftness, he examines, with a shrewd, knowing, connoisseur-like look, a horsewhip, a clock, a roasting-spit, a thermometer, a pot of pomatum, a pair of compasses, a threadbare court-suit, a whole set of dilapidated kitchen utensils, a waistcoat, a tooth-pick, a butter-dish, an opera-glass, a footstool, and a cage of canary-birds.

Strangely unamalgamating things seem familiarly elbowing each other here. Involuntarily you are reminded of the words of the old song (if you ever heard it),—

“Oho! here’s fun! roasting-spits with scabbards on!” &c.

for all seems heaped pell-mell, and utterly antagonistic articles are seen in close fellowship.

Sometimes the confusion exceeds all description—Chaos come again; and so much the more chaotic, as the jumble of objects of Art is added to that of objects of Nature. There is certainly here a hotch-potch and medley of nondescript articles, nowhere to be found in the original old Chaos—a staid and respectable locality in cotaparison. Any man not so thoroughly broken-in as the veteran *habitué* we have mentioned before, is in danger here of buying a donkey when he wants a canary-bird and a bird-cage to put him in. How bewildered looks that poor clothopper, who, having bargained for a superan-

nuated umbrella, finds himself vainly trying to unfurl a huge uplifted French horn! and the man who wanted the French horn at his elbow, how phrenetically is he blowing into a decrepit pair of bellows! But that is nothing at all to the poor purblind fiddler who is sticking a big cocked-hat under his chin, and scraping away at it diligently, having just purchased a new-old violin; which, however, being in a highly-ruinous condition, would not perhaps give forth much more music than the cocked-hat,—if so much, indeed.

In the meantime the dumb animals, driven hither and thither by vagabond boys—who aid in showing off their curvetting and caracoling capabilities—do their “little possible” to add to the uproar and confusion. Get out of the way of that mule, you poor, dear, old, toddling, white-kerchiefed dame. He looked half dead a minute ago, but, tormented by that noisy urchin, proves alive and kicking. He presents another appearance now truly, and exhibits himself to great advantage, with one heel in a currant-jelly pot, and another elevating high in air (and not ungracefully) the cracked lid of a soup-tureen, as if it were a tambourine, and he was an itinerant stage-dancer. And oh! that child, half lost in a ruinous mass of overturned donkeys’ legs and ears, and scattered kitchen-dressers, and shattered arm-chairs—will nobody pick up its particular arms and legs out of all that heap? And the poor white-kerchiefed dame has lost her shoe—that mule has got it, doubtless, on another of his heels, and she’s hopping away like an elderly sparrow afflicted with sciatica. And how will that wretched lame cripple get on in this confusion? “Mind! mind! or your crutches will be sent

flying from under you by that small, unhappy pony, who has been 'aggrawated' into a shambling gallop." Another moment, and the pony was hobbling on the pair of crutches,—or over them; and the old lame beggar is mounted, he knows not how, on the pony. But, worse than that, a strapping female peasant, staring one way and strolling another, has unwittingly tumbled over it, and finds herself thus mounted behind on the struggling up-scrambling beast, without a pillion, and, unfortunately, without a riding habit, which happened to be rather needful under the circumstances. As to the pony, it continued to perform curious *pas-seuls* on its knees and its nose, chiefly progressing on the former (like the soldiers in the play, who were commanded to march off the stage wide down on their marrow-bones), to the discomfort of its unwilling riders.

The Portuguese, like the Spaniards, have, I am told, a curious custom of hissing at each other, instead of calling; even the brutes in Lisbon understand this language perfectly, and will stop directly if hissed at with the proper Portuguese amount of emphatic sibillation. I cannot say I observed it in Lisbon, but afterwards in Spain I remarked it very frequently.

I am afraid the Portuguese are not very merciful to animals. It appears that a little while ago they were notoriously the reverse; but the municipal authorities have done much to remove this reproach from them, in Lisbon at least, and doubtless the salutary influence will spread by degrees.

Formerly, the poor oxen who drew the ponderous, lumbering, creaking carts, which every stranger must observe with astonished curiosity, were shamefully treated, and their strength barbarously

overtaxed; now this is forbidden by law. The goad used to be unsparingly applied to force the unhappy animals to draw immense loads up the acclivities of the streets. The regulations of the Municipal Chamber prohibit the taxing of the strength of these noble brutes beyond certain limits. It is to be hoped this decree will be most rigidly and scrupulously enforced. Honour to the authorities who thus inculcate one of the first duties of civilisation! The noise that the carts I have mentioned make, is indescribably strange and harsh. The axle-tree and the wheel turn together, and if there were a whole regiment of Ixions put to torture on the latter, they could hardly give vent to their anguish in more dismal yells.

There are some odd customs in Portugal: for instance, a tailor will sit at his work like a shoemaker; a woman riding will constantly sit with her left side to the horse; and a postilion frequently drives, riding on the left horse. Besides these and other distinctive peculiarities of a similar kind, they have a habit of fastening up a branch of laurel to denote a tavern—what a fall for the famous and fame-guerdoning bay! The shop of a shaver of chins is known by two bits of green cloth being displayed at the window or door. If a house is to be let a sheet of white paper, guiltless of any inscription, is stuck to the window by the help of four or five vermilion-coloured wafers. This you might think to be a Lisbon mode of announcing a gambling haunt—for it looks most like a five of diamonds or hearts.

Of old the barbers despised the luxury of having a shop, and were wont to bear their implements

about with them; and many a hairy Lusitanian might be seen squatted on an inverted barrel, submitting his chin to the tender mercies of the ambulatory operator in the open street.

The traffickers in heterogeneous commodities in the Campo de Santa Anna "improve each shining hour," by playing at quoits and cards while on the look-out for their expected gulls and gudgeons. Servants employ their leisure in an equally meritorious manner, while waiting for their masters.

During the hottest seasons the genuine Portuguese will often appear enveloped in his thick warm cloak, even in the noon of the most scorching mid-summer day: but perhaps he may not be so wrong after all, for the *fidalgo** moves along on such occasions at a pace not exceeding that which a snail might accomplish in a butter-and-eggs trot; and this deliberate slow motion, together with the non-conducting nature of the stuff of which the cloak is fashioned, help materially to exclude, and combat against, heat,—indeed, this garment guards against the high temperature of summer, almost as successfully as it wards off cold in the winter months: "Cada terra com seu uso, cada roca com seu fuso."

The lower classes in Lisbon are accounted temperate, steady, and well conducted, though not, perhaps, very shrewd or intelligent. The Gallegos do all the hard and severe work of the town, as the Irish do at New York. These poor laborious men are natives of Galicia; they are a stout, healthy, industrious race. They emigrate in large bodies from their own poverty-stricken country—some merely removing to more favoured portions of

* *Fidalgo* is Portuguese; *Hidalgo*, Spanish.

Spain; but very many enter Portugal to acquire a little money, sufficient for their subsistence, by their strenuous exertions.

The Gallegos seem an inoffensive and well-disposed people, but they are almost treated as helots; in fact, they are looked down upon, and contemptuously spoken of, and often disdainfully and somewhat harshly treated by all classes, while, poor fellows! they offer those of their own order, (who particularly seem to despise them,) a most excellent example of industry, perseverance, economy, and self-reliance, and are all but invaluable to the middle and higher ranks of citizens. They appear, literally, to perform the whole drudgery of the metropolis.

The humbler orders of Lisbon, although frugal in their habits, are conspicuously distinguished for their fastidiousness with regard to peculiar sorts and species of labour, as well as for their foolish contempt of the toiling sons of Galicia,—and with ridiculous *hauteur*, out of place and season, a man of the working-classes will often decline engaging in any task that he chooses in his wisdom to consider “only suited for a Gallego;” and thus frequently a Portuguese pauper will deliberately wander about, a squalid tatterdemalion, nay, sometimes will steal, starve, beg his bread, or share a meal with the hungry dogs, rather than demean himself (as he stupidly imagines) by adopting the busy habits and following the worthy example of the energetic Gallego, who is gradually furnishing his purse with a comfortable sum, and who sometimes even rises, step by step, to a decent position in society through his hard-working industry and honest efforts.

Occasionally, when these toiling immigrants have succeeded in laying by what to them seems a little fortune, they settle in the country of their adoption, becoming grocers, chandlers, tavern-keepers, &c.; but commonly they go back to their own dear but impoverished fatherland, with the little property they have diligently acquired.

Bent on supplying the necessaries of existence by their own active and zealous efforts, thus gaining their livelihood unexceptionably and independently, these humble sons of labour seem worthy of all respect, rather than of scorn, superciliousness, and rude contumely.

It is an incontrovertible fact, however, that these poor Gallegos, instead of effecting any good by the example they set, do much harm, inasmuch as they spoil all Portuguese servants, who fancy, that to avoid doing as a Gallego does, uplifts them to a higher scale in the creation. Often one of these worthies, if desired to carry a small parcel,—perhaps a filagree card-case or a feather-fan, to the opposite house, or to your next-door neighbour,—will, with much dignity, liberally exert himself to walk the whole length of the street, or, maybe, a couple of streets,—to call a Gallego to convey the fearful burthen to its destination! Expostulation is ordinarily vain, the absurd answer to your very useless ratiocination being a cursory and curt, “*Eu não sou Gallego;*” “I am not a Gallego.”

Those hewers of wood and drawers of water, the drudging Gallicians, are employed, among other occupations, in carrying supplies of the liquid element to the inhabitants of the city. This they convey in little barrels on their shoulders from the numerous fountains, and generally sell at the rate

of a halfpenny (ten reis) a barrel; but the price varies, being raised in seasons of drought to twopence or threepence per barrel.

The season we passed in the metropolis of Portugal was an almost unprecedentedly dry one, and the price paid for the indispensable supplies of water was proportionately high.

The Gallegos engaged in carrying water to the houses of the citizens are obliged, by an especial police regulation, to carry one of the water-vessels, filled to the brim, every night to his home; and if he should chance to hear the fire-bell, he is expected to be speedily on the spot, at its first sound, to give his aid in putting out the flames. The first of the brethren of the bucket and pail who makes his appearance on the spot, receives due reward for his promptitude and compliance with the regulations, but those who do not fulfil their obligations are very properly fined.

The water-carriers display a medal made of brass, which bears two numbers; the one indicating the division, and the other the fountain to which they belong. I have just learned that of late years, from what cause I know not, their character for fidelity and honesty has not stood so high as formerly, and any traveller intrusting a valuable parcel or trunk to one of these Gallegos had better require the man to deposit with him the badge above-mentioned, as a measure of security, through the instrumentality of which the defaulter would soon be discovered, if he attempted to run off with the stranger's property.

The porters (those who carry luggage, run on errands, &c.) are almost universally Gallegos. Foreigners residing in Lisbon hardly ever em-

ploy any but these men as male servants in their establishments. They are often found to be sharp, intelligent, and ready-witted, besides being active, and apparently indefatigable. A good many of the natives here also prefer them in the capacity of domestics to their own often idle and troublesome countrymen. These Gallicians are jacks-of-all-trades, and nothing comes amiss to them; and if you find a factotum in any Portuguese house, you may be sure he is a Gallego.

The dress of the Portuguese peasants commonly consists of a vest of some strongly-contrasted and brilliant colours, trousers tied up by a bright red sash, eight or nine inches in breadth, and about four good yards in length. Occasionally they wear "calçoens," open at the knees. On their heads is perched, jauntily enough sometimes, a sugar-loaf, broad-brimmed hat, well adapted to shield their eyes from the sun; a jacket, with numerous pendent buttons, is usually flung over the left shoulder. The front of the shirt is frequently very handsomely embroidered, and it is kept together by brightly-gilded clasps, in place of those buttons that cause our housewives at home so much tribulation, time, and thread, and, alas! so many twits and taps of an ungrateful world. They generally wear boots, and bear in their dexter hand a long cudgel, which is furnished at its lower extremity with a ponderous brass ferule; this is not a weapon to be despised. The peasants are thoroughly accustomed to the use of it, and when necessary it proves in their hands a truly formidable implement.

The country people are not, however, allowed by the authorities to bring these cudgels into the city,

but are required by police regulations to deposit them at the gates when they come in, as indiscreet John Bull is generally requested to leave his staff of life—the universal British cotton umbrella—at the door of a museum or picture-gallery; however, I think the Lusitanian peasants seem occasionally to evade this decree.

The men and women of the lower orders here are reported to be enthusiastically fond of gay and glittering apparel; if so, a stranger will be apt to think they are a very self-denying people, and do great violence to their inclinations, for assuredly their general aspect, when going about their business in the streets of the capital, is sober, subdued, and eminently Quaker-like. I have seen large crowds of them together, each one browner than the other. Nature is said to abhor brown—it is supposed to be one of her pet aversions—next to a vacuum, according to some authorities, she abominates that snuffy colour; but the Portuguese seem particularly to affect it, as if to make up for the snubbing it receives at the hands of the great mother.

Look at that demure, staid damsel, coming along, brown and all brown, save the snowy handkerchief, which, placed on her head, is fastened securely under her chin. Observe a little this handkerchief, so simple, so without ornament of any kind; could any nun wear a head-dress more humble, more plain? It is intended to cover the whole head and conceal the whole hair. Wait, however, a moment, till the fair brown one passes by. Do you see how cleverly she has defeated the purpose of this matronly handkerchief, and how skilfully and cunningly, by an unlimited supply of starch, she has

stiffened and supported it so effectually, that it stands upon end (as her grandmother's hair would do if she saw it), and keeps off at a considerable and respectful distance from the back of the white neck and the plaits of the jetty chevelure, leaving both distinctly visible to the naked eye?

The "capote e lenço" is the name that the national costume we have been describing bears in Portugal. The capote is the large cloak of cloth (sometimes blue, but commonly brown), that conceals the figures of the wearers, and wraps them round so as almost to disguise them and make them absolutely look all alike; and the lenço is the handkerchief. Still, we are informed, "the common people of Lisbon are very fond of brilliant and gaudy habiliments;" and that the female fruitsellers, and even the fishwomen, go to market with long gay pendants stuck in their ears, and trinkets of considerable cost disposed about their persons—under that everlasting brown cloak, of course.

At church, or wherever numbers of them are assembled together, the women offer a singular appearance, as their heads, *coiffé* exactly in a similar manner, present a striking uniformity of aspect, which is not broken by the rest of their clothing. The female portion of a Portuguese congregation do not ever stand in the church. They are unprovided with seats or pews, and when they feel tired with kneeling they squat down, in Oriental fashion, on the bare pavement. They seem quite used to this way of reposing themselves, but foreigners find it almost more fatiguing than continuing to stand. In their own houses they are said sometimes, particularly among the humbler

ranks, to prefer this unecouth mode of squatting to hoisting themselves on chairs, as is usually the case in Christian countries.

It is stated that many of the clergy have become miserably poor since the suppression of the numerous religious establishments, and as they are unable to bestow the charitable donations they formerly profusely gave (often, indeed, hardly being able to subsist on the scant stipends that government allows them), their popularity is proportionately decreased. Besides this, during the many political convulsions that have shaken this ill-fated country, ecclesiastical preferments have frequently been thrown away upon persons of exceptionable character, as a reward for the number of votes they were enabled, by any means, foul or fair, to obtain at the elections, and not in consideration of their fitness for their sacred office, or their devotion to the cause of virtue and piety. Still it is said there are among them men of irreproachable lives, and of considerable learning and talent,—men, too, of distinguished energy and untiring zeal.

At one time we are assured that many ministers of religion in this metropolis were seen begging their bread and importuning the passers-by, (who once looked up to them with respect and reverence, and many of whom they had, perhaps, relieved and benefitted in former days,) for a few reales! Some actually perished of starvation, if we are to believe the chroniclers of these misfortunes; while the vast and splendid property they once claimed as their own was put up to auction, and hastily disposed of for less than half its real value. The suppression of the tithes, and the present subjection of the

church to the state, is held to be a fertile source of evil by some.

In Lisbon, funerals are conducted with splendour or simplicity, as in most cities, according as the family and connexions of the deceased are wealthy and exalted, or otherwise; but the surviving members of the family do not ever take part in the last melancholy ceremony. Instead of this, they follow the custom of remaining at home for eight days in a chamber, from which the light of day is almost entirely excluded; and here they receive in lugubrious state the complimentary visits and condolences of their friends and acquaintances.

The visitor has no very heavy duty imposed upon him; he merely has to advance to the chief mourner, make a profound and silent salutation, take a seat for a short space of time in equal taciturnity, and then quietly steal away. A tale is told of an unfortunate English ambassador getting into an absurd scrape on one of these mournful occasions, when he wished to take the opportunity of complying with established Portuguese customs. A native family of his acquaintance was plunged into deep grief at the loss of one of its chief members. The ambassador determined on offering his compliments and condolence in the true Portuguese style. He informed himself exactly as to what was expected of him, and thus having had his different minute interrogatories answered sufficiently and satisfactorily, he "rendered" himself (as the French say) at the house of the bereaved family, quite confident of playing his part to perfection; but, alas! he knew not the precise spot in which was to be placed the representative of the

regrets of those attached survivors who wept his departed friend; and being bewildered by the sudden transition from bright daylight to the artificially darkened apartment, and unable to distinguish one object from another, he deliberately marched up to a large porcelain Chinese monster of some sort, taking it for the chief mourner, to which he made the most profound and sympathising bows with a ludicrously lugubrious air. He then groped his way to the first chair he could find, sat down (unluckily, with his back to the whole assembled company), rose, bowed again respectfully to the grinning idol, and having thus complimented it,—feeling before him, he sought the door.

There were others that grinned besides the Chinese monster. The chief mourner and the rest of the sorrowing company could not, maugre all their efforts, resist the inclination to laugh, which this singular mistake awakened, and ere long in the chamber of woe nothing was heard but a half-suppressed giggle, occasionally among the male spectators verging on a "guffaw," till the poor ambassador, discovering his error, rushed far faster away than he had come, horror-struck and greatly discomfited, and found he had unintentionally succeeded better in cheering the hearts of his bereaved acquaintances, at his own expense though, than all the other sympathisers who had attempted to proffer them consolation and comfort.

The funerals of the poor here are generally anything but impressive or solemn. The departed indigent are treated particularly roughly and unceremoniously; denied a coffin, they are often deprived, ere they are buried, of the ragged shrouds in which they are wrapped. When they arrive at the ceme-

tery, they are flung disrespectfully, thus disarrayed, into a loathsome trench, there to be huddled and heaped together indiscriminately with other putrefying, impure relics of mortality.

It is sad to reflect, that for no crime but poverty they should be treated with such irreverent and contemptuous carelessness. Sometimes, where the survivors can afford the expense, hired coffins are made use of, just to convey the remains to the burial-ground. The fees used to be enormous: now, I believe, they are diminished. They are regulated by an order of Government. I remember hearing at one time that serious riots took place on account of them. The poor people, unable to pay the fees, tried to bury their dead without satisfying these claims. This was strenuously opposed, and soldiers and mourners were to be seen fighting over the open graves, and disputing the passive remains of the dead; the latter forcing them into the shallow trench, and the former seizing them with sacrilegious hands, and dragging them—sometimes piecemeal—forth, while aiming deadly blows at those aggrieved and justly-incensed relatives and friends of the deceased—those hapless mourners, who sought but to place the cherished corpses in consecrated ground.

The coffins of the richer classes have a lock and key; and it is the custom to deposit this key, just before interment, in the hands of the person who acts the part of chief mourner during the ceremony. The receptacle is generally unlocked just ere it is committed to the ground, and a quantity of lime thrown over the body. By an excellent regulation, interments within the city are prohibited.

CHAPTER VI.

A VISIT to beautiful Cintra is a pleasant duty imposed on every casual sojourner in Lisbon, and we went there, of course. We were supplied by the hotel with a comfortable open carriage, drawn by a pair of very creditable-looking piebald horses. On our way we had an excellent view of the fine aqueduct, which, from particular portions of the road, is a truly splendid object. What a grand simplicity generally pervades these proud efforts of genius! This noble work is admirable indeed, whether regarded in an artistical and picturesque, or an utilitarian point of view. To its symmetrical beauty there are, however, some drawbacks. Murphy tells us, "In examining the respective dimensions of the several arches, I find they do not reciprocally diminish in geometrical progression; indeed, it is obvious to the eye;" and this he considers a great obstruction to the beauty of the perspective of this majestic aqueduct.

The same writer thinks it would very materially contribute to the artistical perfection of the structure if all the arches were curves of a similar species, whereas fourteen of them are of a Gothic shape,—or pointed arches in a range,—while the remaining ones are semicircular. It appeared to him that the architect was apprehensive that the principal arches, if made of a semicircular form, would become exceedingly expensive, since they would have required a "higher extrados" than

pointed arches to preserve them in equilibrium ; for there is no arch, with the exception of "the catenaria, that will sustain itself without an incumbent weight proportionable to the subtense." The great earthquake did not in the least degree injure this noble structure, which exemption from damage is held to be a striking proof of the excellence of the contiguation.

No portion of the mighty fabric has ever been known to fail ; and, therefore, if there are a few apparent defects in the design or execution of the aqueduct, artistically considered, on the whole it must be conceded that its architect has displayed vast skill and consummate ability. Over the arches is carried a vaulted corridor, more than nine feet high and five feet broad in the interior. A continuous passage runs through this, in the centre of it, for the persons employed to keep it in order, who have constantly to attend to it ; and there is a semi-circular conduit (a channel of about thirteen inches in diameter) at each side, through which the water itself is conveyed. These channels are not laid in an inclined direction, as is the case in other aqueducts, but horizontally. In order to compensate for this, the following contrivance is resorted to : a slight depression is made at certain intervals, by which the water is successfully impelled along the horizontal line ; and it is believed that this method requires less declension in conveying water than a continuous inclined line.

For foot-passengers there are two thoroughfares along this great aqueduct ; one on each side of the vaulted corridor : each walk is five feet in width, and is defended by a parapet of stone. John the Fifth laid the foundation of this fine structure in 1713 and in nineteen years from this date

the great undertaking was brought to a prosperous close. The architect who gave the design for the aqueduct, and who superintended its execution, was Manoel da Maya.

A work of this nature had been previously contemplated by King Emmanuel; he proposed by such means to convey the water to the Praça do Rocio, and to erect at that place a superb fountain. A design was prepared; and this consisted chiefly of a female figure representing Lisbon standing upon a pillar, supported, or guarded, by four enormous elephants, from whose voluminous trunks the water was to have copiously spouted: nothing was wanting but the realisation of this project; poor Lisbon remained standing on her column — on paper, at least, like Patience on a monument — waiting for the water, or, at any rate, for the accomplishment of this watery work, in vain, duly attended by her grenadier-guard of elephants. As for these “pretty pages” (for a royal dame), they were kept doubly “in waiting.” Emmanuel had designs yet more elephantine to execute, and this colossal project was consequently neglected — left truncated and trunkless. (The great flap-eared beasts will not lend themselves, it seems, to such works; the generally-successful Napoleon’s huge elephant-fountain similarly failed. Fountain-fanciers had better try whales.)

One of our deposed kings, on being refused clean warm water to shave with, wept, and said that *thus* he would have it, in spite of them all. Lisbon in effigy could hardly have had this means of supplying herself with clean water — (warm she didn’t require, not exactly wanting to shave): so she remained, exhibiting a sort of reverse and antipode of Arethusa

in the fable. There the lady was turned into a fountain,—here the fountain seemed transmogrified into a lady.

In the reign of Dom John the Third, the Infante, Dom Luiz, once more resuscitated the idea of the aqueduct and the fountain; but the project again died, nipped in the bud,—or frozen in the bubble.

Luiz Marinho relates that a subscription was indeed made, by order of the senate, for the purpose, and that about 600,000 cruzadoes were collected; but that this money, which ought to have been devoted to that useful and important national undertaking, which had so long been contemplated, was shamefully frittered away to pay the expenses of festivals and rejoicings at the public entry of Philip III. of Spain. When, at length, the magnificent structure was successfully progressing towards completion, the necessary expenses were partially defrayed by a tax of one real on each pound of meat sold in the capital.

It is imagined, from the ruins of some old walls found in the neighbourhood, that the Romans, who had colonised Lusitania, had made an attempt to build an aqueduct in the same locality. Such as it is now, few similar works, ancient or modern, can surpass the great aqueduct over the Valley of Alcantara. The dimensions of it in the most depressed part of the valley are as follows:—

	Ft.	In.
Height of the arch from the ground to the intrados	230	10
From the vertex of the arch to the extrados (exclusive of the parapet)	9	8
From the extrados to the top of the ventilator	23	4
Total height from the ground to the summit of the ventilator	263	10

	Ft.	In.
Breadth of the principal arch	107	8
Breadth of the piers of the principal arch	28	0
Thickness of the piers in general	23	8

The arches upon each side of the chief and highest one, diminish gradually in breadth as the piers whereupon they repose decrease in height with the declivity of the hills.

The reservoir is worthy of inspection; it is a considerable building of stone, for the purpose of forming a fit receptacle for the water conveyed through the superb aqueduct to the metropolis. It consists of a square basin, of large size, which has walls of enormous thickness, covered with a strong arched roof, supported by eight pilasters. A broad walk runs round this basin, and the water pours into the reservoir by a grand sweeping cascade. There is a subterraneous communication from hence with the mighty aqueduct, as well as with the different and numerous fountains that are supplied by it in every part of the capital.

There is a terrace above the reservoir that affords a charming prospect. It is open to visitors. If, on quitting this reservoir, we immediately traverse a space covered with mulberry-trees (and, therefore, named "Das Amoreiras"), we shall next pass under an arch of the Doric order, which forms a portion of the aqueduct. This arch was erected at the expense of the city, to commemorate the final realization of the noble and long-contemplated project.

There are Latin inscriptions on each side of this arch and on the "Casa de Registo." These inscriptions are an eulogy on the sovereign who brought the great undertaking to completion, and

a panegyric of the undertaking itself: the latter is addressed as "Orbis Miraculum;" and the former as "Regnum Maximus." If we then followed the direct line of the road before us, we should arrive at the city gates. In point of magnitude, this grand aqueduct may be considered not inferior, perhaps, to any that the mighty enterprise and skill of the Romans have left to the admiration of posterity.

When you look upwards to the centre arch of this structure the effect is indescribably noble and sublime; it is, or was once said to be, the highest arch in the world. Mr. Matthews, in his "Diary of an Invalid," remarks: "This vast work, while it remains a monument of the industry of the Portuguese, would lead one to suppose that they were ignorant of the first principles of hydraulics, which have everywhere else superseded the necessity of such stupendous structures. Still, in point of architectural grandeur and magnificence, it is a just source of national pride."

The road from Lisbon to Cintra is a good one; it is macadamised. There was remarkably little dust, although there had been no rain worth mentioning in this part of the world for seven months. Everything, of course, looked wretchedly parched up and dry. The cattle in the adjacent country, and in more remote parts, had been for some time past perishing by thousands; and all wore a desolate, thirsty look. Earth seemed wrapt in a dull, dry silence, as if her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth. The sound of running water would have been inexpressibly refreshing, although it was not hot, being in the winter. Hosts and legions of windmills appeared on every side, playing busily on the surrounding heights.

After proceeding for a little time—I am not sure exactly where it was, but not very far from Lisbon—we passed a new “quinta” of a fantastical nobleman, who seemed to fancy something in the Chinese-pagoda style would be a pleasant abode. He revelled, however, in luxuriant gardens. Then we came to the rambling, serarubling village of Bemfica. This place is rather a favourite resort of the Portuguese nobility; it is pleasantly enough embosomed in groves of orange-trees and cork woods, and must be an agreeable place of abode during the summer months. The hedge-rows in this neighbourhood are commonly formed of the aloe and Indian fig. Here resides, or resided, the Princess Isabel Maria, aunt of the reigning queen, and regent before the arrival of her brother, Dom Miguel, from Vienna.

The Infanta's noble palace is built at a little distance from the thoroughfare, on the left side: it is reported to contain a good museum of natural curiosities, and to possess some very rare botanical specimens. It is adorned by two splendid cedars, two very fine American pepper-trees, some Japanese trees, and a small grove of magnolias. Near this stands a Dominican church and convent: the latter has been sold, and turned unceremoniously into a manufactory; but the church is still retained for the purpose of religious worship.

Dom John de Castro (viceroy of the Indies) and John das Regras, a famed old statesman and lawyer in the time of Dom John the First, through whose skill and influence that sovereign obtained the throne in the Cortes of Coimbra, against the claims of his niece, the Infanta Donna Beatrix,—both lie buried in this old church. Several fine marble

monuments are to be seen in the chapel of the Castros: the best are those of the celebrated viceroy and of his son Alvaro. The image of the Madonna in this sacred edifice is the same that was taken from the walls of Tunis, when they were battered by the Lusitanian squadron that was despatched to the assistance of Charles V. under the command of the Prince Dom Luiz.

When the top of the ascent was gained (which is called Porcarlhota, I believe after a Portuguese queen-consort, named Carlota), we soon came into the neighbourhood of Queluz, a royal palace of great and distinguished ugliness. It stands at the left side of the highroad, at about half or a quarter of a mile's distance. It forms a portion of that personal property of the royal family of Braganza which was known by the name of the Infantado: it is not inappropriately situated in a frightful country. The whole seems meant to be, by the united endeavours of Nature and Art, a foil to the coming, crowning attractions of lovely Cintra.

I believe this palace was celebrated after the time of the civil war as the head-quarters of the Insurrectionist party. The Queen-mother at that time resided there in gloomy state, avoiding communication with the Court, and doing all that lay in her power to procure the return of her exiled son and the re-establishment of the ancient dynasty.

Queluz was a favourite residence of Dom John VI., as well as of Dom Miguel, who sought to soften down its ugliness,—for to talk of beautifying seems out of place here,—and to improve it in various ways. He failed in the first: it still stands there—an eyesore of an edifice, utterly ugly, and looking so indigestibly hard-favoured, that probably the great

earthquake itself would have objected seriously to swallowing it up.

Dom Pedro died here. The bed on which he breathed his last is still exhibited to those who have leisure and any curiosity to see it. The room in which it stands is called Don Quixote's, from its having a representation of some of the far-famed hero's comical adventures traced upon the ceiling.

There is a large audience-room in this palace, and a saloon called that of the *Tallas* (vases), from having had once a collection of enormous China vases in it. It has some fine paintings on its ceiling. There is an agate Doric column in a private oratory here, originally taken from the excavations at Herculaneum, and given to Dom Miguel by the Pope Leo XII.: the agate is in one unbroken piece. Surrounding this palace are large pleasure-grounds and gardens, in which are some fine specimens of rare plants and trees, pieces of sculpture, jets-d'eau, warrens for game, conservatories, hot-houses, and fish-ponds. From Queluz there is a spacious heath, dull and barren, extending for some distance; but the hills afar look splendid.

When we arrived at a rather pretty-looking place,—I think, called Rio de Moira,—we stopped for our driver and his horses to refresh themselves a little. For this purpose a repast of bread and wine was provided speedily for the biped and the quadrupeds: they were *bons vivants*, and none of them had taken the pledge, evidently. As I watched the horses quietly munching their loaf, but not disposed to offer me the smallest slice—unsocial animals!—I, feeling hungry, begged a bit

of bread from their superfluity. I am afraid the permission of the two rapacious piebalds was not asked, but a morsel of their bread was bestowed upon me, broken off from their own particular loaf. (I had lunched once before, in Holland, upon rye-bread, with the horses of a hired carriage there,— and found it excellent.) These four-legged customers seem to employ honest bakers: I could detect no bones or alum in their “staff of life.” If this fashion were to extend to London, imagine what sort of French rolls or household-bread, poor, though respectable, cab-horses, or even good-looking “johs,” would get for breakfast! The bread was capital; and I should not have been sorry for another piece, but did not like to deprive the poor horses of so much of their meal.

To have

A few ragged-coated, dissolute-looking donkeys, gazed with envious looks while the horses were discussing their wine: they seemed to expect to be invited to take a social glass, to the health of all friends, brayers or neighers. But they waited in vain; they got not a single drop of the precious liquid (far less a bumper): the horses were no such asses. They passed the bottle quietly, evidently determined not to ask that poor underbred set, so out-at-elbows, or out-at-knees haply, to partake, and to “join with bacchanalian” bray in their festivities.

Did not the pampered steeds ever and anon, with the least toss of the head in the world, seem to say ironically to each poor Neddy in turn,— particularly to that one who is staring so earnestly as the piebalds take off their heel-taps,—

“Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine?”

At any rate, this ocular hob-a-nobbing seemed the only one the forlorn hee-haws had any chance of.

The long-eared gentry must really be excused for their apparently immoderate longing to indulge in the juice of the grape, for the hapless animals were naturally utterly demoralised by the long-continued drought; and it must have been tantalising to them to see their neighbours "with a jolly full bottle," while *they* had not so much as a thimbleful of weak negus. Unlucky brutes! according to the opinion generally entertained of them, they could not even console themselves by "the feast of *reason* and the flow of soul."

The horses took no farther notice of their country consins, and proposed not their healths in a neat neigh, to be responded to by a well-turned highly-complimentary bray; in short, they kept their own counsel and their "old port" and cold collation to themselves: whatever their port was, *they* were very crusty over it. Really one began to be a little afraid, that if the carouse were a lengthened one, in incoherent whinnys, and with somewhat thickened and inarticulate snorts, they might protest—

"We won't go home till morning."

But no; after a brief halt we continued on our way. The worthy long-tailed piebalds did not remain long at table, and certainly committed no excesses over their bottle, for they did not seem at all inebriated by their potations: if they were, they were obliging and good-humoured in their cups,—as far as we were concerned,—for they drew us at a pleasant pace towards our destination.

There is another royal residence to be passed before the traveller reaches Cintra—the palace and

quinta of Ramalhão, which was the private property of Donna Carlotta Joachina (probably it was after her Porcarlhota was named), the consort of Dom John VI., and great-grandmother to Donna Maria da Gloria. Its pictures, reckoned valuable and fine, its furniture, and a collection of curiosities, since the year 1834 have been removed; and it now possesses no feature of interest, being internally a mere succession of deserted, dreary, spacious apartments, while externally its forsaken pleasure-grounds speak but of dilapidation and decay.

The scenery began sensibly to improve. The vegetation seemed more abundant; silver-poplar avenues adorned the road; elm and oak, and bay and willow, made their appearance; here and there we observed patches of sugar-cane. There is a sugar-factory worked by steam in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and the sugar that we have every day for breakfast and tea—indeed, all that is provided for our consumption, is made from the Portuguese sugar-cane. It is extremely good: I think a less quantity is sufficient to sweeten the tea or coffee than we put in usually of the sugar in use in England. It does not *look* so good, so well-refined, so white, or, perhaps, so close-grained, but for sweetening purposes, which I apprehend it is chiefly designed for, commend me to the sugar we had in Lisbon. Soon we had a good view of the towering mass of rocks, which recall Lord Byron's account of the "Horrid crags by toppling convent crowned," &c.

At the base of the rock, on its eastern side, is a hamlet denominated São Pedro; and here you behold the fine quinta and the delightful pleasure-grounds belonging to the Marquis of Vianna: now

you turn the edge of the craggy elevation, and descend towards the charming town of Cintra, lying to the north of the singular hill, at whose feet (or rather climbing fantastically about its base,—like a snowy parasite of stone, round that huge, gnarled, giant trunk of a mountain,) shines white and graceful Cintra; the hill seemed diademed with rocky pinnales and jutting-out crags, contrasting curiously with the woods that embosom its base luxuriantly.

We went to a good hotel, which belongs to the proprietor of the Braganza Hotel in Lisbon, and as soon as a donkey was ready for my companion, we turned our steps in the direction of the convent-castle of Nossa Senhora da Pena. Among all the various beauties of the scene, the lover of the picturesque will be rather startled at the sight of two huge, staring, unmitigated kitchen-chimneys, of the most portentous dimensions. Has the famed Soyer built here a Soup-Kitchen of all Nations, or is it a vast college for budding cooks? No; it is the royal palace of Portugal's reigning queen.

Before I enter into any description of the convent, I will give a brief account of this palace. Those unfortunate large conical chimneys, at which every tourist has let fly a shaft of ridicule, I will say no more about. Let them vanish in their own smoke—*exit in fumo*. The building may be visited by a permission from the "Almocharife," a name whose Moorish derivation is most obvious; literally, I believe, it means a tax-gatherer. The functionary now rejoicing in this title, however, is the resident superintendent. Of course, it is only when the Queen is not there that the permission to view its interior is conceded to strangers.

The architecture of the palace is a medley, partly

Moorish and partly Christian: the windows are decorated with arabesque ornaments, representing leafless boughs or branches of trees, delicately interlaced. In the recesses of these windows there are slight granite columns, sustaining arches built each of a single piece of stone. The anachronisms of the outside have corresponding anachronisms within, and relics and reminiscences of events historically interesting, but appertaining to epochs far removed from each other, are profusely scattered over the suites of apartments.

No doubt is entertained but that the building owed its origin to the Moors; the abundance of water-works, jets-d'eau, fountains, and reservoirs, on all sides, satisfactorily enough prove this, in addition to the prevailing style and aspect of this architectural mongrel. It was, most likely, the Alcazar of the Saracen kings of Lisbon.

It was John I. who had it altered and prepared for a regal residence for the European sovereigns of Portugal—for the most faithful of Christian kings. The *Sala das pegas* (or drawing-room of the magpies) was, in all probability, painted by his own command; but if not, by that of the Queen-consort, Philippa of Lancaster. The frieze and ceiling of this large saloon are entirely painted over with magpies, each separate bird having in its beak a scroll or ticket, on which are to be distinguished the two words, "Por bem:" the simple and literal translation would be, "For Good or Well," but it is used in the sense of what we should express in English by "No harm meant," "No Evil." This "Por bem" was the chosen device of King John the First of Portugal. It is said to have originated in something of the

same nature as the incident which gave (or was supposed to give) rise to the motto of our Order of the Garter, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

The Portuguese king was, according to historical gossips or court chroniclers, once upon a time found by the queen in the act of gently saluting the cheek of a very fair maid of honour; the English Philippa darted looks of keen indignation at the unlucky damsel, but the king stepping forward, in a somewhat confused manner, apologetically murmured a brief explanation,—a pithy defence of the suspicious transaction, in the words he afterwards selected for his motto, "*Por bem.*" Perhaps he meant to express that, under a paternal government, such a fatherly salute was neither inappropriate nor ill-judged.

Afterwards, they say, the monarch ordered that the words should be inscribed repeatedly over the ceiling of this royal chamber, in order that, if the story should be made public, the defence should be equally so. This is not the only explanation given of the choice of this motto, and of its so perpetually meeting the eye in this apartment. Gabbling tongues, it was supposed, having in reality given publicity to this unpleasant affair, the king determined on this mode of reprimanding, or hurting and wounding the *amour-propre* of the jabbering courtiers. By thus satirically alluding to their foolish loquacity — thus, in short, slyly representing them under the form of the silly, ever-chattering pie, he had his revenge, and hoped, moreover, to cause them to be more circumspect for the future.

A magpie saloon might not be altogether out of place in more modern courts, perhaps; and it might possibly hint to garrulous gossips that they had better occasionally hold their tongues, or

reflect that all may be "*Por bem*," peradventure, that they have been mentally magnifying into mischief. Methinks it might do no harm in the court of the sister country.

The noted Saloon of the Escutcheons was built by order of King Emmanuel. A circular roof crowns this apartment, which is on the second floor; the centre of the ceiling is occupied by the royal arms of Portugal, and around them are clustered the arms of Emmanuel's five sons and of his two daughters. The remaining space of the ceiling is completely covered with the coats of arms of the nobility of Portugal, every separate shield depending from the head of a stag. There are, I believe, seventy-four escutcheons: two of the shields have been obliterated; the one of the attainted family of Tavora, and the other that of the house of Aveiro, these noble families having been thought to be implicated in the attempt to assassinate Joseph I.

These escutcheons are arranged in two concentric circles, so that no precedence is accorded to any one in particular. The following words appear on the frieze underneath the cornice; they are inscribed in letters of gold:—

“ Pois com esforços e leões
 Serviços forão ganhados,
 Com estes e outros taes
 Devem de ser conservados.”

The literal translation would run thus:—

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

The chamber in which the ill-fated Sebastian

held his last audience ere his unfortunate African expedition took place, is situated in another part of the palace, and the chair is pointed out on which that unhappy prince sat on that occasion.

In the neighbourhood of the chapel is the apartment in which poor Alphonsus VI. was incarcerated during the last fifteen years of his existence. The miserable king was accustomed to beguile the heavy hours of captivity by pacing up and down one side of the desolate chamber where he was imprisoned, and whence he could see from the windows the craggy steep which so picturesquely overhangs the town of Cintra; and from which it was shrewdly conjectured that a faithful adherent, who still remained devoted to his sovereign in the midst of his overwhelming misfortunes, was wont constantly to make him signals of recognition, that cheered his drooping spirits and faintly revived his faltering hopes. By his so continually walking backward and forward in the same confined space, the bricks which formed the floor of the apartment are perceptibly worn away and uneven on that side. This, at any rate, is the reason assigned for the pavement being sunken, or slightly hollowed, there.

The illustrious captive was closely watched, and a rigorous surveillance was exercised. As a precautionary measure, he was not allowed to enter the chapel to attend at the performance of mass: a narrow aperture was made for him over the choir, from which he could see what was going on at the altar without there being any chance of his being himself observed. This unfortunate king died here on 12th September, in the year 1683.

Our good Queen Adelaide was, I believe, received here by the Queen of Portugal some years ago, when she was on her way to Madeira for her health. In the summer, Donna Maria generally passes a great deal of her time here; and delicious must be the freshness and shadiness of this charming retreat at that season of the year. The almost innumerable jets-d'eau must shed around them a coolness, made more enjoyable by the sound of their fresh balmy music. Donkestrianism is then the order of the day. The animal chosen to bear the weight of majesty need be of no common strength. A feeling man, meeting Donna Maria of Glory seated on her long-eared palfrey, might almost address the toiling creature something in the manner of Louis, the Grand Monarque, when he called out to the gout-oppressed Condé not to hurry himself, for that one who carried such a load of Glory could not be expected to walk fast.

I went up on foot the whole way from the hotel to the Convent de la Pena. Our party stopped once for a while to rest a little, and the donkey which carried my companion seemed somewhat fatigued; but the guide was loud in its praise: a capital donkey—a donkey of a dozen—pshaw! a jackass of ten thousand—an ass among asses was he—and every inch an ass, which, for an ass, is to be accounted praise. But we must remember that “cada bufarinheiro louva seus alfinetes”—presently, however, that ass of asses—as he must have been to trouble himself to curvet about on that ascent—began to prance and become imposingly frisky and fidgetty, and marvellously mettlesome, as if his head had been turned by his master’s praises: but he

had a good excuse; the flies in the sun, even at that season of the year, incommoded him sufficiently to produce these signs of spirit.

I was not sorry when I arrived at the summit of the hill; but my ambition and wish to behold the splendid prospect that I felt must await us from the highest point, carried me up to the very top-most roof and terrace of the old castle-convent. A glorious prospect it was, indeed! First and foremost, there is the deep purple of the mighty Atlantic, with all its vast, illimitable grandeur, spreading away sublimely to the West,—leading the thoughts ever to that young fresh World of the West, which seems to associate and link itself so well with the boundless Ocean, which has empire, victory, and liberty in every billow: giant there calls to giant!—Then there is the fine scenery stretching south of the broad river, the noble Tagus,—with its towering succession of hills, and deeply-shadowing forests of stately pines; and behind these, the faintly-seen blue peaks of the more distant heights—the Arrabida mountains.

Then the “abounding river” must not itself be forgotten, nor the far-off hills of Monsanto, in the direction of the finely-situated metropolis. Then, as far as the straining gaze can reach to the north, a vast plain is beheld, beautifully diversified with cultivated tracts, clusters of trees or aromatic bushes, and lonely heaths, and occasionally variegated by fields of the tropical-looking sugar-cane; and these are interspersed with hamlets and scattered houses, quintas, gardens, and pleasure-grounds. Mafra, with its colossal grandeur, strikes the eye with wonder, as it rises, towering towards the sky, and

spreading afar its enormous proportions, looking like a mountain architecturally fashioned by giants.

A few words respecting this vast structure may not be amiss here. It is a united convent and palace, —indeed altogether, strictly speaking, it consists of a monastery, a cathedral, and two palaces, the entire edifice forming an enormous parallelogram, of which the two longest sides run from north to south, and are of immense length: some writers say, 1150 feet long; others, 760: probably the truth lies between these two figures. It is supposed to be built on the model of the Spanish Escorial. Of this vast mass of buildings, the front, which faces the west, comprises the palaces and the church—the latter being in the centre. The approach to this church is gained by a majestic flight of steps, which have a very striking and imposing appearance.

That palace which lies on the north side of the church was the residence of the king, and the one to the south that of his consort. Both have four stories, are terminated by magnificent parapetted towers, and are surmounted by noble terraces. These united palaces might, it is said, and without giving them bad accommodation, contain all the courts of Europe together. To what various purposes might, and probably would, this colossal pile be applied in different countries! In America, it would most likely be a mammoth hotel; in England, a manufactory, if it escaped being baths and a huge wash-house; in Russia, a barrack; in Bavaria, a national gallery; in Ireland, a poor-house; in Western Africa, a big barracoon; in Austria, perhaps, it would be made a prison; in California, a gigantic gambling-house; in France, a vast dancing-

academy for the million; in utilitarian Holland it might be turned into a madhouse,—if the sober, phlegmatic Dutch, ever *do* go mad; in Italy, into a monster opera-house—or rather three or four opera-houses rolled into one,—(the Scala at Milan would indeed have to hide its diminished head!)—but, in Portugal, it is simply—nothing.

The roof of the whole immense structure is one grand terrace, at a great height from the ground. The sole apertures are those of the courts, of which there are nine—one very large one, two rather less spacious, and six of inconsiderable size. The only objects which soar above the level of this vast majestic terrace are the cupolas and the dome of the church, and the two fine lateral towers facing the west (each 350 feet in height). It is thought that ten thousand men might be reviewed upon this superb marble plain, half-way to the clouds!

The entire mass of buildings contains not far from a thousand halls, ante-rooms, and chambers, and more than five thousand doors and gates. The two palaces are almost fac-similes of each other in point of architectural details, and therefore a slight description of one will suffice. We will introduce the reader to the northern one. On entering, he will find himself in a nearly interminable series of passages and corridors, of vast length. To extricate him from this labyrinth, he will find doors that communicate to the apartments on either side; these apartments also have a communication with each other. When they are thrown open, the suite of rooms collectively have a fine effect, but individually they do not at all correspond with the colossal and truly regal edifice of which they form part, being disproportionately diminutive, although

some of them would in other situations be considered fine apartments.

Representations of mythological and allegorical subjects in fresco form the decorations that embellish the walls and ceilings of these saloons; marbles, arranged in complicated fantastical patterns, constitute the floors; and there are frequently seen in the rooms costly columns of a similar material.

Don John VI.'s audience-room remains exactly as it was when he inhabited Mafra after his return from South America. It is hung with damask and velvet curtains, and it is the only room here that affords a slight idea of what this mighty palace was when its huge walls sheltered a luxurious and brilliant court. The window-frames and the doors are constructed of the most precious woods the vast empire of the Brazils could supply, but a vile taste has actually shrouded under a coat of paint their varied splendour.

The convent should next be visited. It is dedicated to St. Anthony, and was held by reformed Franciscans. Augustinian canons superseded these for a time, but they were subsequently reinstated in the building, and continued to possess it till the monastery was finally suppressed in the year 1833. It is built in the form of a square, having an open cloister in the interior, and this with great taste is made into a charming garden, which is freshened and embellished by a graceful fountain and a large tank in the centre. In the summer months, the luxurious coolness of this spacious retreat is described as being beyond imagination delightful.

As is the case with St. Peter's in Rome, this enormous pile boasts of a special climate of its own. When all is heat and glare without, within

those massive walls reigns a pleasant and refreshing temperature; and amidst the cold of winter, the atmosphere here is mild and softened. The stillness, too, is worthy of remark. Few sounds can find their way through these strong obstructions. The different entrances into the monastery, those from without as well as those from the palace or church, all conduct you to a large corridor, that runs the entire length of the building from north to south. There are three rows of windows in this, as beheld from the exterior: one looking toward the refectory, the lavatories, and a chamber known by the denomination "De Profundis;" another to a set of chambers, out of some of which a chapel, which had seven altars, was formed, to enable the reverend brethren to say their masses at an earlier period of the day. The third row of windows are those belonging to the chapel and the chambers of the noviciate. If we enter it from the south, we previously pass through a noble cloister, environed by columns, supporting an arcade, over which there is a balustraded verandah. If it is from the north, we cross a similar cloister, and pass the fine chapel, "do Campo Santo," named thus on account of the monks being here interred, and their funeral obsequies taking place in it. It has a white marble altar, sustained by white and black columns of the same material. These cloisters have each two lesser corridors, for the accommodation of the community when public processions were made around the church. The celebrated corridor before-mentioned is of great length and breadth; noble porticoes and doorways from this lead to various public apartments, among others to the spacious "Casa dos Actos," where were held the scholastic

theses. The lavatory is one of the next rooms ; it is fitted with fountains and basins of marble. After passing through another handsome chamber, the visitor reaches the refectory, which is of fine proportions. Here is placed a large painting of the Lord's Supper, enclosed in a frame of blue marble. There are thirty-six tables, the seats around are formed of Brazilian wood, with backs of polished yellow marble. There are about 300 cells and an infirmary ; these cells are comfortably-sized, commodious rooms. The infirmary is divided into different parts. At one end is a chapel, well built and finished, and provided with galleries corresponding to the different floors, so that the sick might have the solace and benefit of the ministrations of religion, without much fatigue, or risk of draughts by coming through many winding passages. There is a curious echo in the chapter-room—a fine apartment, of an oval shape ; this echo is said to surpass the one at St. Paul's. When our troops were at Mafra, they conducted themselves exceedingly well, and gained—heretics and foreigners though they were—the good-will of the monks. At first they could not resist occasionally the temptation of shying an old shoe, Lord Carnarvon informs us, at the cowls of the reverend fathers, but on Sir Edward Blakeney restraining these slight chollitions of a mischievous spirit, peace and good-feeling were re-established.

I must not omit a brief mention of the library at Mafra, which is three hundred feet long, and large and lofty in proportion. Here are some splendidly-illuminated copies of the first editions of the Roman and Greek classics. The library is supposed to contain at least thirty thousand

volumes. Mr. Beckford, I believe, says sixty thousand; but this appears to be an unintentional exaggeration. There is a walled enclosure attached to the monastery, containing a well of the purest water, and a spacious tank. There are also some charming shrubberies, and clusters of fruit-trees and shady pathways, lined with box-hedges. Besides this, there are two artificial ornamental lakes; these are contiguous to, or belonging to, the kitchen-garden:—of course, there is a capital one here! Everything that aids to produce good cheer is sure to be found where monkish establishments have flourished — *ça va sans dire*. There are said to be six-and-twenty statues in this kitchen-garden; of whom I know not, and such artistical works seem works of supererogation in a kitchen-garden. Venus rising from a bed of cabbages would be certainly out of place, or Alexander the Great bounded by a border of spinage, or Julius Cæsar smothered in onions, or Bacon recumbent amid beans, or St. Anthony himself (if the statues were of an ecclesiastical description) surrounded by clouds of cauliflowers. It is true that I have seen clouds carved in marble that presented a singularly colowortical appearance,—but that was an accidental resemblance. The statue, perhaps, that *should* have been placed here is that of the great cook, Vatel, who killed himself because there was no fish for the king's dinner. There is a royal park behind this; its wall measures three leagues in circumference. The clocks and heltry are deserving of mention; the machinery of the former fills a good-sized room. The bells were cast at Liege or Antwerp; they contain (and they cost) a truly enormous weight of metal, and

possess, I am informed, much sweetness and depth of tone.

The church is a very fine one, and is an imitation on a far smaller scale of the mighty St. Peter's. It is completely built of different marbles, of the most exquisite hues, carved carefully into almost innumerable varieties of designs. The high altar is decorated by two magnificent pillars, of a reddish-coloured and variegated marble, each being a single block, about thirty feet high. The altar-piece is painted by Trevisani. There are six collateral chapels, each adorned with fine bassi relievi; the noble portals of these, the ceiling, the pavement, the dome, even to the very highest lantern, are all enriched and crusted over with the same splendid and imperishable material. The sacristy is reached through a lengthy, covered gallery. It is a superb vaulted hall, panelled with the most exquisite varieties of costly porphyry and alabaster. The church possesses six highly-decorated organs.

With reference to the vast dimensions of the dome the Portuguese have adopted a proverb, to signify any huge and grand undertaking. It stands proudly over the transept, and from the great terrace I remarked upon before (which forms the roof of this majestic edifice), it looks like a stately temple from the ample paths and walks of a princely garden. Altogether, the church is generally reckoned superior in architectural design to the rest of the structure. Indeed, as an architectural production, it is by some good judges pronounced to be perfect, and free from the too-prevalent absurdity of disfiguring anachronisms, and from any inconsiderately-introduced admixture of styles.

Viewed as a whole, the enormous double palaces and church of Mafra are ordinarily pronounced to be, architecturally considered, more remarkable for their extraordinary size than for any superior or striking merits.

This vast pile looks almost like a mountain reared on a mountain, an architectural Alp, a very Caucasus of stone, and mortar, and masonry.

There are various accounts commonly given respecting the origin of Mafra; the one that appears most worthy of credit is, that John V. vowed if a son were born to him, he would erect a monastery in the place where stood the poorest priory that could be discovered in his royal dominions. When Dom Joseph (afterwards Joseph I.) was born, Mafra was pointed out, since there stood a hut holding a dozen half-starved monks of some neglected impoverished order. The architect was one João Frederico Ludovici, said to be a German, although the name would assuredly suggest an Italian origin.

But let us back to Cintra. The summit of the mountain in the neighbourhood of the convent has been laid out in delightful shrubberies, interspersed with flowery parterres and pools of clear water: the soft nature of the rock greatly facilitated these various improvements, particularly where it had to be cut for pathways, or winding walks had to be made. From these graceful gardens there is a path that conducts the excursionist to the old Moorish Castle; the remains of this are on the peak, to the westward of that on which stands the convent "da Pena," and they overhang the town of Cintra. They comprise little but the fragments of venerable walls, curiously con-

structed along the rocky ridges and above the cavities. There are some ruins about half way up the hill, which are thought to be the remnants of a mezquita, or Moorish mosque. Part of the roof is still to be seen; and dim vestiges of stars, traced on a ground of blue, may be detected. Saracenic characters in some parts may be discovered scattered over the walls.

A quadrangular cistern, supposed to have been a bath in the time of the Moors, is found in another portion of the same enclosure. It is seventeen feet broad and fifty feet long, built of stone, and with a vaulted roof. The water it contains is always clear and limpid, and of almost exactly the same height at all seasons of the year. It is about four feet in depth. It is matter of surprise to all tourists, that so inexhaustible and copious a body of water should be found at this elevation, but a yet more considerable natural repository must be concealed somewhere in the "serra," to provide for all the abundant fountains and streams that in different places spring from the sides and the base of the steep, and which are stated to be unfailling, even after seasons of the severest drought.

These perpetual streams do not a little contribute to the charm of this neighbourhood, by the freshness and fertility they scatter around them with their playful and pearly spray. Cintra is celebrated for the extreme purity of its water, its diamond clearness, and its delicious coldness, which affords a charming contrast to the Lisbon water, which so often is tepid, that most horrible of states,—shilly-shallying between cold and hot.

"Warmth man may prize, nor cold abominate,
But shilly-shallying wakes his wrath and hate."

The Pena convent formerly belonged to the monks of the Jeronymite convent of Belem. It was King Emmanuel who built it on this steep and craggy rock—that rock which he had so frequently climbed in hopes of descrying the returning squadron of the enterprising Vasco da Gama, and from whose summit at length he had the good fortune to perceive it; for the king was the first to discover the homeward-bound fleet. After the monastery had been, like others, secularised and sold, the "Pena" became transferred to the hands of a private individual. His present majesty purchased it afterwards, in a dilapidated and neglected condition, and soon occupied himself in having it restored; or, rather, converted into a castellated palace, somewhat in the Norman or Gothic style, which flourished towards the end of the twelfth century.

Dr. Pflendler D'Ollensheim, in his little work entitled "Madera, Nice, y Andalucia," informs us that this building was undertaken and the works carried on beneath the superintendence of a German—Baron Eschiwege—in imitation of some of the ancient castles of Germany, such as the Rhinefels and the venerable Schloss of Lachsembourg, in the neighbourhood of Vienna. || -

The same author declares that the air of this charming locality would be exceedingly beneficial to nervous or hypochondriacal patients. I dare say the medical information and observations of the doctor are very correct, but he made some mistakes in his book regarding persons. He informs his

readers that Queen Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent, was at Madeira at the same time that poor Prince Alexander of Holland and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar were there, whereas it was our lamented Queen Adelaide. In some other things he seems to have been slightly misinformed.

Dr. Pfendler gives a melancholy account of a voyage he performed in a "Goleta Española," having under his care and medical superintendence two young English ladies, suffering from severe consumptive symptoms, and bound to Madeira. As the narrative is interesting, and declared to be true, I will translate it.

The voyage was tempestuous, and the youngest of the English ladies, "Miss Emmy," died. One of the conditions, says the doctor, which the ladies had made with the Spanish captain was, that if either or both of them died, they were not to be thrown into the sea; in short, if such a catastrophe occurred, they were to be carried on to Madeira.

Unhappily, the vessel was prevented by contrary winds and bad weather from reaching the island that was its destination. A terrible effluvia began soon to render the ship almost as unwholesome as some parts of our proud but pestilential metropolis, and the signs of mutiny were, ere long, beginning to manifest themselves unmistakably among the crew; the passengers might well have been expected to join in this insurrectionary movement: it was a horrible situation for some unhappy women, who were shut up in a wretched cabin, and tossing about in dreadful weather, alarmed for the safety of their lives, and in the close neighbourhood of the corpse.

The doctor, it appears, was commissioned by the captain to watch the remains, and not to allow them to be committed to the deep. He gives a rather quaint account of his intense horror, when part of the revolted crew came to declare war to him, brandishing uncommun (*descomunal*) and tremendous "navajas," and vowing that he should submit to their conditions, and with his own hands fling the remains of the unfortunate "Inglesa" into the deep. In the mean time the afflicted sister of the deceased rushed to the captain, and offering him an additional sum of three, or, I think, he afterwards says, four thousand reals, succeeded in determining him not to give way to the demands of the excited crew.

At length harmony was restored by the doctor proposing to embalm the body immediately. The passengers, particularly, gladly accepted this offer. But it was more easily said than done; some of his necessary instruments were broken by the clumsiness of a nautical assistant, and the operation, which he was obliged to manage as he best could, in some old-fashioned exploded way, was one of a very delicate, dangerous, and painful description; (the poor doctor says he was ill for a fortnight afterwards;) however, at last all was happily accomplished; but, then, most unfortunately, the weather, instead of being ameliorated, as they had hoped at one time, shortly after this grew worse, and the crew became more outrageous than ever against the doctor and his dead patient. The vessel was tossing amid terrific waves off Cape St. Vincent, instead of pursuing her course to Madeira; and the wild and superstitious terrors of the sailors were at their height.

They surrounded the poor *medico*, and strove to bear away the body by force. He declares he fought stontly for a time, but the mate, flourishing a horrible "*navaja del Santolio*," declared he would immediately prepare his living person for the process of embalming as completely as any surgeon in the world could; adding, like a true Spaniard,—Yes! or as a bull would the body of a horse:—and the rest thundered and threatened around him, deaf to his entreaties and expostulations, as the howling waves themselves; so that he soon yielded to their wishes, thus obstreperously expressed, and with his own hands threw into the raging waters the embalmed form of the poor English girl, whose affectionate sister fainted at the sight.

But, strange to say, the doctor declares, that, awakening after this exciting scene from a sleep that had weighed down his eyelids "after so much terrible exertion" (and alarm, he might have added), he "found the sky serene, the sea comparatively smooth as glass," and a favourable wind blowing them gently towards the desired shores of Madeira: two more days, and they descried that fair island in the distance. It was about a fortnight since they had quitted Cadiz, and delighted, indeed, was the doctor at the sight; he evidently became a convert to the superstitious notions of the sailors respecting the evil influences attendant on the proximity of a corpse on board a ship.

At length they arrived and landed, and the doctor describes his joy in the most enraptured terms. Like Tancredi in the opera, he theatrically bent his knees and kissed the friendly shore, so

enchanted was he to be delivered from—the excruciating pangs of sea-sickness,—(I do not believe Tancredi's rapture arose from exactly the same cause),—from the fury of a disorderly, tipsy crew, and all the varied horrors that had attended his mournful voyage. “I swore,” says he, in the excitement of the moment, “never more to take charge of sick people at sea; unless,” adds he, a little conscience-stricken, perhaps, “it should be in a good steamer.”

The worthy M.D. seemed full of amiable feeling, but not possessed of remarkable intrepidity; he wished to live a quiet life, neither killed nor killing—(the last, excepting always in the way of his profession, peradventure, in a friendly, kind manner)—he desired to pass his days in peace, ever engaged, as the French doctor in the tale enthusiastically expressed it, in watching some exquisite fever, or some most bewitching ague, some lovely jaundice, fascinating fit, graceful spasm, or other fine, elegant disorder; with unscientific killing he had nothing to do. Doubtless he agreed with that apothecary, who observed he thought war quite barbarous; “for,” exclaimed he indignantly, “if you must kill your enemies by wholesale, why not contrive to put them handsomely in the way of a good typhus, or a desperate cholera? You should give the poor wretches a chance of dying a decent, pleasant, and comfortable death, at any rate.” He clearly thought words should give place to lancets, and cannon-balls to boluses.

But once more I must back to Cintra.

A large, fine tower, together with several lateral turrets, and noble walls, adorned with machicolated battlements—I believe that is the term—appear to be already quite completed. These and an open

court enclose the two chief buildings. The whole of the palace is constructed, and bears the appearance of being shut in, between the elevated peaks of the rock and huge basaltic masses. The part of the roof we climbed up to was partially surrounded by a very handsome and richly-carved species of stone fence, half balustrade and half battlement.

Fair spread the varied scenes, far, far below us. We had not yet had climbing enough, and clambered still higher to a lofty turret. Thence the view was naturally even more magnificent than from the roof. The monastic features of the interior of the edifice have been, in many respects, revived or preserved. Both the chapel and the cloister remain almost precisely as they were in the days of the monks, save that a few partly-dilapidated portions have been restored, and several slight defects that originally were to be found there have been rectified with much skill and care. There is in the chapel a fine altar-piece of transparent jasper, richly inlaid with alabaster; this is carved in relievos, and it is surmounted with niches, for the reception of groups strikingly representing various passages of the New Testament, and environed by festoons of flowers, supported by pillars formed of black jasper. If a lighted candle is held behind the tabernacle, which is placed in the centre, it will reveal its transparency. An Italian artist is supposed to have executed the work by command of Dom John III.

The apartments of the palace, according to their majesties' particular directions, have been adorned with considerable simplicity, and have no pretensions to regal splendour. The guide who conducted us through the palace was a very quiet

one, and did not worry us, as occasionally happens, with long accounts of uninteresting trifles. What a pest they sometimes are! In fine old cathedrals, for instance, when you would pause and feel the dread religion of the place, you are teased by their constant interruptions; in some, I have been persecuted, by various interlopers and hangers-on, besides the legitimate tormentor,—the rightful plague, the generally necessary evil,—all anxious to do the honours of particular pictures or relics, and determined on trotting out certain poor, desecrated saints, who had anything remarkable about them, or their effigies,—for the inspection of the visitant.

A road of good breadth in the Cintra rock, partly exposed and partly walled in, after many serpentine bends, conduces to a drawbridge leading to the chief entrance of the castle, over which are suspended the royal arms of Portugal, together with those of Saxe-Coburg.

There is a tolerable road over a rugged and frowning tract that leads to the Cork Convent, "Convento da Cortiça." This monastery, placed in a forlorn and solitary spot, in a recess of the craggy serra, and bearing a poverty-stricken aspect, recalls to memory its poverty-stricken, pious founder and projector, João de Castro, of whom on his death-bed—if, indeed, he had a bed to die upon—St. Francis Xavier, his confidential friend, remarked, "the Viceroy of India is dying in such penury and want, that he has not wherewithal to purchase a fowl."

This poor convent, or as some, I believe, call it, hermitage, comprises a church, a refectory, chapter-house, sacristy, and somewhere about twenty cells. The different apartments are in part built over the

surface, and partly they are formed of apertures in the rock; they have cork linings throughout, as a means of counteracting the pernicious effects of the great damp; and so these cork belts to their rooms were really "life-preservers" to the monks. It is from this circumstance the Convento da Cortiça takes its name.

In the time of the reverend occupants, all in their abode was squalid and shabby; they gloried in having everything as uncomfortable as possible; (query, would not a true Hibernian have found this place the perfection of all comfort?)—such a thing as a bed was unknown to those reformed Franciscans. The bell at the entrance to the convent was rung by the instrumentality of a vine-stem that obligingly lent itself to this service instead of a rope. Each cell was about five feet square, with very narrow, low doors, and in every respect they would have been better accommodation for the dead than the living. Conducting to the refectory there is a court, where had once flourished, we are told, fair flowers, such as hydrangeas and geraniums. (These monks had some taste, it seems.) The seats of the dining-cavern, for such it was, as well as their dining-tables, were roughly hewn out of the solid rock: they could certainly ask none to their hospitable *board*, or to sit round their mahogany, seeing they had nothing but a block of granite.

At no great distance from the building a hole is to be seen, partially hidden by a huge stone: in this hole a hermit, named Honorius, literally lived for the last sixteen years of his life. Here he slept, and when he stretched himself out, or rather doubled himself up to rest (like those "folded flowers" Mrs. Hemans so prettily tells us of, I suppose, for there

was not room in the little cave for him to extend himself, at full length)—in the fashion of the defunct babes in the wood, a few dead leaves formed his couch—both his mattress and coverlet—and his night-garment too, probably; and he had not even a robin-redbreast for a vulet, to aid him in arranging these, in his gloomy solitude!—while a mishapen rough stone was his very incommodious pillow, which must have given him many a severe headache, one should imagine. Poor fellow! what a treasure would a well-knitted anti-macassar have been to him! not to protect his cushion of granite from contact with Rowland's infallible preservative, which he could not have had the advantage of using, but to preserve his own skull from the rough friction of such an apology for a bolster. However, notwithstanding this, and a multitude of acts of penance which the annals of the Order to which this convent belonged recount faithfully of him, Honorius lived to be ninety-five.

'The hermit was indeed a "folded flower" night and day, in his solitary life of penance! Strange delusion! to think such mortifications can please Him who has given us all things richly to enjoy, with thankfulness and moderation.

From the humblest of flowers he might have learned a nobler lesson; they, perhaps, fulfil their part better. "Of what use are flowers?" asked Hafiz of the philosopher, who had been rather severe on poets in the course of conversation. "They are good to smell," replied the philosopher; "And I to smell them," rejoined the bard.—"they are good to smell!"—A pleasing quality, assuredly. I doubt if that much could be said of Honorius.

'The road from the Cork Convent to the west con-

times for a good distance to wind in and out among the bold and jutting crags. For the most part, the "serra" is formed of granite of unequal consistency; the grains are large in some places, and small in others, and in some parts are very soft, so as to be with ease crushed by the hand, and in other portions extremely hard. The felspar it contains is generally of a greyish-tinged white, the mica black, and the quartz a dull white. Fine particles of magnetic iron mingle with them. Magnetic iron is also found in the mountain-crests, having a thickness of several inches. In general the strata follow no regular direction; and this, in addition to the confusedly-piled, and distorted, and rugged appearance of the crags and rocks, which are massed one above another in the most fantastic manner, favours the supposition that their origin was decidedly volcanic. Of this, indeed, there seems but little doubt.

In descending from the mountain, the town of Collares, lying at some distance to the north-west, is discerned; this town gives its name to the wine so well-known in Portugal, called, like it, "Collares." A late Portuguese writer describes it thus enthusiastically (the town, not the wine):—"At about a league to the west of the town of Cintra, and at a distance of six leagues north-west from the city of Lisbon, above a fertile and verdurous vale, known by the appellation of the Varsea, is situated the ever-smiling town of Collares, which for the flow of its fairy fountains, the melody of its delightful birds, the delicious temperature of its air—which in the most oppressive heats of summer never fails to be fresh and exquisitely cool, like the atmosphere of tender spring,—the delicacy of its rich fruits, and the

purity of its pellucid water, deserves to be called a very paradise upon earth."

These extravagant commendations are, without doubt, overstrained and exaggerated; but still the lovely valley of Collares, covered with orchards and smiling orange-groves, presents a truly pleasing prospect, and contrasts itself exquisitely with the arid and naked mountains, along whose base it so enchantingly spreads. As to the straggling town, poor and inconsiderable, it has little of interest. Some Roman inscriptions have been discovered near it, most of which are transcribed in the volume from which the description I have quoted was taken—a work written by the Viscount de Jurumenba. Around Collares the vineyards are small, and so cut up into petty portions by stone walls, that the country presents slightly the appearance of a chess-board.

But there are other things more lovely in the neighbourhood of Collares; there grows the arbutus, gigantically high; there flourish the wild olive, the colossal stone-pine, the chestnut, the plane, and the tulip. There the cork-tree is twisting itself into ten thousand gracefully grotesque shapes, with misletoe depending in profusion from its branches, increasing the wildness of its appearance. The oak, too, is found here in its kingly grandeur, odoriferous jessamines abound in their fairy and starry beauty, while feathery fern adds its aerial lightness to the charm of the varied vegetation, and numerous parasitic plants climb about the trees, hiding the foliage and the branches often with their exuberance. Water-melons, wild strawberries, Indian corn, rosemary, rhododendrons, geraniums, orange-trees, lemon-trees, and many other delightful pro-

ductions of Nature, all are beautifully confounded together in the fine season.

At the extremity of this "happy valley,"—such, methinks, it must have been to the Viscount de Jurumenha—the crystal streamlets that flow gleaming and habbling through it, unite their sparkling waters, thus forming a kind of lake, on whose tranquil bosom of beauty a pleasure-boat is to be found, for the gratification of those rurally-disposed parties who come from Cintra and Lisbon to disport themselves amid these fragrant haunts. From hence a murmuring rivulet, like a silver thread, winds along its graceful way to the great ocean.

This is said to have been once a navigable river; and it is further stated, that in these flourishing times of its prosperity the fruit-trees, like other officious sycophants, ever,—bent and showered down their gifts on its waters as they assiduously overhung its verdant banks; these were rapidly carried down the current, and as it arrived at the beach, with its never-buttoned pearly pockets crammed with ripe apples,—like a schoolboy of a stream, it gave the name to that beach which it still bears, "Praia das Maçãs" (Beach of the Apples).

There is a lofty headland about three-quarters of a league from Collares, rising almost perpendicularly to the height of two hundred feet, if not more, above the roaring Atlantic; it is known by the denomination of "Pedra d'Alvidrar:" at particular points the billows of the mighty ocean rush foaming against its base, and are believed to have worn and undermined it to a considerable, and perhaps dangerous, extent. This may be ascertained by looking through a singular circular chasm, or aper-

ture (situated at some distance from the brink of this fearful precipice), at the bottom of which the restless sea is to be seen chafing and fretting like a haughty steed against its rider. Altogether, beheld from above, the scene appears sufficiently threatening to appal a spirit not easily daunted. But the male part of the population of a somewhat insignificant village in the neighbourhood perform here a curious feat, and seem quite at home on the perilous precipice, if not on the most familiar terms with the hoary Atlantic himself, when, entirely without any aid or support but their own hands and feet, they descend the rock, despite its perpendicularity, from the crest of the precipice to the edge of the roaring waters, and ascend again in the same way: the slightest slip, or the accidental giving way of a portion of the rock, must unavoidably send them headlong into the thundering deep below, whose waves seem howling and leaping for their prey,—yet they shrink not.

What makes the feat more remarkable is, that the rock is mainly composed of smooth blocks of stone. Accidents, however, have rarely occurred, which would lead one to suppose the undertaking cannot be so desperate a venture as it appears, nor, one should think, attended with a great amount of skill, as there is scarcely an inhabitant of the neighbouring village that does not successfully accomplish the task.

These poor people consider themselves adequately remunerated for this exploit with a few "vintems."

Fishermen will occasionally ascend this fearful-looking steep, bearing the encumbrance of a basketful of fish, solely for their own convenience, to save them a more roundabout journey.

Visitors may return to Cintra from Collares a different way from which they came, and if they choose the road that passes along the side of the mountain, besides seeing many quintas with charming gardens and grounds, they will have an opportunity of visiting Monserrat, which is the celebrated villa, once beautiful and splendid, that Mr. Beckford built: this quinta had the honour of receiving a visit from Lord Byron in the year 1809.

The dilapidated remains of the château are to be seen at the extremity of an avenue, over the point of a gently-rising eminence. Once upon a time it boasted a noble entrance, ample libraries, richly-furnished saloons, octagonal halls, fairy boudoirs, and circular rooms, lavishly-decorated, and commanding fine prospects—even to the far-off billows of the ocean. Now, all there is desolation and gloom, which ever seem the more mournful, where anciently the charm of luxury and splendour existed.

Upon the soft declivity of the hill, just beneath the ruins, an artificial waterfall was formed at a vast expense. Near this there are, or were, other ruins, which might be interesting to the curious in murders; for I believe some horrible story belongs to them of a fratricide, committed under circumstances that aggravated the awful crime.

After returning to the great road, the traveller will reach, ere long, the quinta and grounds of Penha Verde, that were once the property of the renowned Dom John de Castro, and that still belong to his descendants. The hero chose this pleasant spot for his retreat, after his enterprising and glorious career in two quarters of the world. Here his heart is buried. The acknowledgment for his great services that he solicited from his king, after the famed siege of

Diu, was, that a rock, upon which half-a-dozen trees stood, should be added to the grounds of his favourite quinta. This rock is still called "Monte das Alviçaras." He built a chapel here in honour of the blessed Virgin Mary: some emblematically-carved stones were placed at the bottom of the flight of steps leading to it; these stones he had brought with him from Eastern lands. A long inscription in Sanscrit, in honour of the god Siva, was traced on these blocks. The chapel is built on a terrace. There is an inscription over the door; another on a little pillar over the portico; and on each side of the door there are also inscriptions: on the right side—

" Solutis votis,
Salvos redire,
Salvos redire."

And on the left side—

" Salvos ire
Susceptis votis
Salvos ire.
1543."

The celebrated hero bequeathed this possession to his descendants, on the condition of their not attempting to derive any pecuniary benefit from its cultivation. Religious signs and symbols meet the eye at every turn, and we feel the brave warrior must have been a pious man; though, of course, the manifestations of that spirit of piety accorded strictly with the religion he professed. But let us honour that spirit wherever we find it.

After leaving Penha Verde and its ancient cork-trees—contemporaries of the great captain, probably, for their age may be the same as that of the vne-

W rable quinta itself—the tourist comes to a building belonging to the Duke of Perceira, rendered famous by having been the place where the celebrated Convention between Junot and Sir H. Dairymple was planned.

I must beg the reader once more to accompany me to Cintra, to its magic rock, its murmuring fountains, its shadowy chestnut-groves, and delightful paths. We remained for some time admiring the convent-castle, particularly one beautiful tower, where there is a window that is quite exquisite, set in a bower of the most luxuriant roses and leaves and vines—of stone; so fantastically and elaborately carved and wrought, that Nature almost seemed to be rivalled, especially in the soft twilight, that was then creeping gradually over every object. The sculptured leaves appeared veined with cunning tracery; the buds ready to expand: the intertwining shoots and stems must surely be full of sap! Not far there is a richly-wrought archway, “carved so as to represent a grotto of stalactites and delicate shells.”* It is, indeed, an enchanted spot.

As we were coming down the hill by the last gleam of a faint fading twilight, we met people going up to enjoy the view by moonlight. Among others came an English lady, riding a gay steed, and evidently despising the donkeys,—so greatly in fashion here. In the days of the Infanta Regent, the chroniclers of that time inform us, it was the custom for herself and her august sisters to ride these lowly animals in full and glittering regimentals, with stars and orders, feathers and ribbons, and all the brilliant accompaniments of a splendid uniform:

* Journal by V. S. W.

this, however, I fancy, was only the case, on particular festival days. But why this was the etiquette, I know not: they could hardly, one would think, have reviewed the troops mounted on patient, but oftentimes noisy Neddy.

From the hotel where we were staying, we had a lovely view of Cintra by moonlight; its houses, shining as they do in their brilliant whiteness, looked almost like foam-covered breakers, climbing up the opposing steep, but clambering boisterously over each other's heads in a way the worst-conducted billows seldom do, as one commonly retires with great courtesy for the other to take its place. Then how dark and frowning, how gloomy and mysterious in some places, looked the overhanging rock!—how heedless and contemptuous of these stone breakers and surges! How luxuriant were the orange groves and the gardens! Then there was the clear, deep blue, cloudless sky overhead, and the transparent atmosphere, to complete the picture!

It is worth while putting one's self in one of the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company (the most obliging and liberal Company in the world) and coming over to Portugal on purpose to see this fair sight. Many other fair and deeply-interesting sights are to be seen in this country. For example, the far-famed monastery of Batalha, founded by Dom John I., who, on the morning of the battle of Aljubarrota, registered a vow that, if successful, he would raise a sumptuous edifice to the Holy Virgin. The arms of Spain were defeated, and in the course of a few years the noble walls of Batalha were seen to rear themselves on high. Some say that the architect was an Englishman, one Stephen Stephenson; others, that the oldest portions were

built by the Freemasons: the truth is, the name and nation of the architect are unknown.

I regret to say, circumstances prevented my going to see Batalha; but, by all accounts, it must be well worthy of a visit. It is described as a rich and beautiful wilderness of fine arches, columns, arcades, pinnacles, monuments, portals, shrines, and mausoleums; and a vast treasure-house of the most marvellously-delicate and highly-finished arabesques, representations of fruit and flowers, sculptures, stained glass, heraldic emblems, pranked with gold and gems,—architectural ornaments, figures, bassi-relievi, traceries, seemingly done by fairies, and matchless mouldings and carvings of all kinds. King John and his English queen were buried here. The royal arms of Portugal are to be seen emblazoned over them, with the order and insignia of the Garter of Old England displayed beside them, while in basso-relievo appears hard by the chosen motto of John I.:—“*Il me plait pour bien,*” (the magpie motto already alluded to). The queen’s dress is described as curious, being ornamented with engraved arabesques, which appear to have been once gilt and coloured. Prince Henry (surnamed “the Navigator”) reposes here; on the zocle beneath his imaged form his noble old motto appears, “*Talent de bien fere,*”—‘The best of talents, assuredly!’

Batalha is reckoned a triumph of architecture, and architecture only, none of the sister arts materially contributing to its enrichment and embellishment. At the entrance of the mausoleum of King Emmanuel there is a much-admired stone figure of one of the Fathers of the Church. Although not more than a dozen inches in height, the artist has contrived most

exquisitely to express the threadbare state of the worn-out and frayed tunic.

The Portuguese are accounted to be almost unapproachable for their proficiency in carving stone, and their skill in this branch of art shines forth conspicuously in their structures, ancient and modern. Belem and the "Pena" Convent at Cintra are instanced as fair proofs of this assertion.

To the present king consort, who is known to be a most judicious and most munificent patron of the arts, are owing some repairs that were rendered very necessary in this noble structure, and which have been executed at no slight expense. The Chapter-house at Batalha, with its bold and extraordinary ceiling, is reckoned a master-piece of architectural skill. Three architects in succession laboured vainly to secure this ceiling without the defect of a centre support; but it stands a monument to the successful perseverance, triumphant ingenuity, and brilliant skill, of the fourth. The chief ribs of the vault spring from delicate slight shafts, they then branch out in different directions as they approach the centre, and there all the radiating nerves in the semblance of a star are seen encircling a patera, highly ornamented.

There is another most interesting monastery in Portugal that I had not the good fortune to see, but which, from what I have heard of it, I should strenuously recommend any traveller, who has leisure and opportunities, to visit. I mean the church and monastery of Alcobaça, where repose in the sleep of death Dom Pedro the Cruel and the lovely and famous Inez de Castro. The romantic and mournful history of that enchanting being, so adored by the stern and fierce Pedro, is too well known for me to

dilate upon here. At the foot of Inez's tomb is that of Pedro's. The sarcophagi are of pure white marble, covered with exquisite tracery and alto-relievos. The recumbent figures representing the ill-fated pair are larger than life.

When the French were in Portugal they little respected this monastery, with all its historical associations; they tore Dom Pedro from his tomb, and poor Inez was also doomed to be once more snatched from the peace and calm of the sheltering sepulchre, but not this time to be seated with all the gorgeous ceremonial of regal state upon a jewelled throne, with the crown blazing about her ashen brow, and the queenly mantle clasped above her pulseless heart and death-chilled bosom,—and so to receive the chivalrous homage of a thousand peers!

Now it was to be submitted to the unhalloved gaze of a brutal soldiery, to be desecrated by the touch of blood-stained hands, and made a mock of by the dissolute and lawless enemies of her country (who could not even leave the dead in peace), that she was dragged from the grave. The beauty of Inez was found then to have survived the march of so many long years, and her deep golden hair recalled the time when she shone in her matchless loveliness, so adorned by Nature's richest gifts, that she required nought from the vain assistance of Art.

At the time of the unhappy Inez's second revisitation of the glimpses of the moon, some discourteous Frenchman—perhaps, however, accidentally—knocked off her nose,—at least that of her stone effigy; therefore, no longer can any beauty be detected there. The other features were also on the

same occasion mutilated and disfigured. It is the more to be regretted, since, as the figure was executed under the immediate superintendence of Dom Pedro himself, it was doubtless a faithful likeness of his beloved Inez, in the winning, entralling bloom of her charms. But there is, indeed, an end of all that fascination now. Vainly must the most exquisite rosebud of a mouth smile under—no nose; vainly the loveliest of eyes display their fine shape and bewitching orbs on either side of—nothing. Useless seem those delicately-pencilled arches of eyebrows,—where there is no bridge; and the most lustrous, falling ringlets, “like dropping-wells of gold,” cease to please when they are in danger of dropping into that very ugly cavity. The smooth, polished temples, themselves look insecure near *such* a ruin. As to the little ears, they seem like two pretty cowards in a forlorn hope, running away from the “deadly imminent breach.” The dimpled hole in the chin, too, seems a mere hollow mockery, when there is a corresponding hole above—of more portentous proportions.

The stern figure of Dom Pedro, I hear, has not suffered like that of his idolised consort. At his feet is crouched a dog (apparently one of a similar breed to that called King Charles’s), part of whose head or ears has shared the dismal destiny of poor Inez’s nose. There are other tombs in that mortuary chapel, but all the interest, of course, is centered in that of the ill-starred royal lovers.

I confess I never could feel very much pity for Dom Pedro, he so richly deserved the epithet “Cruel;” and how horrible was the vengeance he wreaked on the vile tools,—the mere instruments of his father’s hate and barbarity, the wretches who

carried into execution the orders of their king! Two of these fell into his hands, and what did he do? Not simply put them to death, but he had the heart of one cut out through the back, that of the other through the breast, and then this monster sat and dined by the light of the flames, while their mutilated bodies were being burned at the funereal pile. The gentle Inez herself engages all one's sympathy and interest.

CHAPTER VII.

ONE night, at Lisbon, some time after most of the people in the hotel had retired to rest, an exceedingly violent and continued knocking was heard at the outer gate, which was secured and fastened for the night. Voices were heard loud in expostulation or in alarm. I was not a little terrified, for I thought the cause of this uproar was very likely fire, and, in short, that these thundering knocks and loud yells were to give the alarm.

At length the persons without shook the unfortunate gate so vehemently and furiously that I almost expected it would yield to the assaults of its eager assailants. I called my maid, asked her if she smelt fire, saw smoke, observed any particular heat, heard any crackling noise?—No! But for the last, who *could* hear anything but that terrible rattling and shaking of the gate, that continued uninterrupted? One of the English maids thought it was certainly the real original Lisbon earthquake come again, and got ready to be swallowed up, putting on a second-best gown and shawl, that she considered quite good enough for earthquake clothing. Much did she, doubtless, wish she had brought with her to this unsteady capital a box of the

mountebank's pills, which were described as being "remarkably efficacious against earthquakes." She did not go the lengths of climbing the chimney, like the strolling player, who, imagining the houses went down here and there, in various places, gradually, when the earth opened,—like ghosts and magicians disappearing from the stage,—thought that, when the house got as far underground as the roof, he should pop out of the chimney-pot, step gingerly on *terra firma*, and be safe, before the earthy trap-door closed. We bethought us seriously of making inquiries, but soon after, just as we were going to sally forth to ascertain what was the matter, or give the alarm, steps and voices were heard in the passage. The dogs and the echoes had long been awake, and now the people were roused. My maid was on the alert (not the one who had dressed herself ready for a disaster in catastrophe-clothes, but another one), and was about to run out to inquire; but pausing a moment, we heard the passage window opened slowly, and a request shortly proceeded from some person, whose head was projected from it, in bad English, to the effect, that these disturbers of the public and private peace of the Braganza Hotel would withdraw themselves without delay. A cessation of the furious bumps and thumps here took place; the gate-quakes were hushed for the moment, and a voice was heard pleading hunger, but especially thirst, and crying loudly through the hollow night,—“Where on airth is German John? We want supper! supper! We want those special brandy-slings and sherry-cobblers, and all the rest, and he can make them. Bid him come, in half no time. Commen see here, ganz snail (*schnell*), German John.” (Then ensued

a curious mixture of Portuguese-English, from several voices, thus:)

“Morro do seedy, damme de beber,—makee haste, *O diabo te leve, Filho do minha alma; vai-te enforecár, meu Coruçõ.*” *

“Here! *Peço-lhe muito encarecidamente faça-me o favor, minha vida, maroto! velhaco! tonto! mono! embusteiro! asneirão! animal!*” . . . †

A sleepy voice broke in here angrily, half snoring, half-snarling,—

“Go your ’long ways; git gone: me no understand.”

“Why! John? — No understand! Luk ye here, now! Here’s a precious chap, that has two native languages and can’t understand ne’er a one on ’em, when they’s translated for him, and made into one tew!—Aye! and a new mother-tongue, got up right away, and made easy and genuine for him besides. Here, I tell ye, justee givee us *pratos, facas, garrafas, garfos, copos*, old hoss! and ginslingos, and hailstorminos, and rum-todditos, and shandy-guffaraffas, sherry-cobblerecerers, and mint-juleppas — come, makee some juleppas — there’s Portuguese for you!—John was a capital julep-maker.”

“Shoe-lippers!—shoelipmaker!—it’s not no Portuguese, and we don’t have here not von dose shoemakers nor cobblers.”

“More shame for you! But look sharp—go a-head!”

* The deuce take thee, sou of my soul; go and be hanged, my darling.

† I entreat you, do me the favour, my life! you rogue, knave, giddy-brains, ape, cheat, ass, beast.

"I can't get no head to-night, nor nothing; you waitee just till next yesterday."

"Pooh, man! *Alguma cousa para almoçar.*" *

"*Ouve; deixa-me! Não me faças a cabeça tonta.*" †

"Do you mean to keep us waiting here from July till next doomsday?"

"You wantee your breakfast last night before to-morrow come yesterday; go and sleep in de water upon your ships dere, and get plenty wine next day dat never comes! No use waiting here; the Senhor and Senhora, and all de folks and bodies, gone to bed early in de morning of last night, to-day. And lookce here you, if dey wakes before dey goes to sleep, I tink dey be very sorry with you, dat's all; and dat's good English-fool language, I b'lieve."

"Hallo! you parley-voo, where's German John, I say? He can ladle it out better than that."

"He ain't nowhere yet:—I tink he's on de ship a-going somewhere:" (*very rapidly*) "he gone away, to go straight round by under sea dat's in England, through 'Merikay, to France what's in Germany, next to Afriky, where Paris goes toder side of Spain, down dere by Gibraltar streets,—I 'spose at London; so he ain't almost nowhere yet, till he gets dere; and you can't get no noting till next afternoon of dis night, and no nobody to make no shoemakers and evercyting, anywhere, nohows now, and all de souls and bodies sleeps in bed nowhere, and I cannot get-a you some

* Something for breakfast.

† Harkee—let me be quiet—don't make me giddy.

breakfast for supper till to-morrow day comes in de next morning, for de keys of de food and drinks has got de peoples all in bed, and so ven dey get up you sall have dem for breakfast; and so you better go underground dere below de town to your ships last night !”

“ Why, you darned Portuguese nigger ! do you mean us to go off without even a French breakfast—a kickshaw of half a frog’s liver, and a bill of the opera ? We’re dropping down like dead puppies with thirst. *Vem cá ! Não vá tão depressa.* Here’s an invoice of precious souls a-going to glory ! Won’t any good Christian give but a cup of cold brandy—or hot—we’re not particular—and half a loaf—of sugar ? and——”

“ Get away ; be good gentlemans now, English-fools, Senhores, pray !”

This last strange address was delivered in the most soothing and utterly urbane manner by Manoel, but produced no effect, save a roar of laughter. Slam-to went the window. The Portuguese waiter’s patience, at last, was quite exhausted, also his vocabulary of choice English ; and after a lengthened knocking and calling again at the gate, the untimely visitors evaporated, whether to “ sleep in de water,” slake their thirst, break their fast, take to their cigars, or shake more gates, wake more slumberers, and distract more waiters, I know not. Away they reeled, hardly able to balance their hats, which leaned fearfully to one side of their heads, evidently already under a pressure of four rum-toddies to the square inch. They belonged, of course, to some American vessel in port.

A word of explanation may be required with

regard to the expression "English-fools," which had been very unceremoniously addressed by the Portuguese to the Americans, who pleaded so hard for something drinkable, and so obstreperously called on John the German waiter. Having too often, I fear, heard our countrymen thus designated, this man evidently thought that it was actually the proper way of describing them, (foreigners of that class frequently confound the two nations—the English and their transatlantic cousins,) indeed I heard afterwards he invariably called "the Britishers" in one compound word, "English-fools!"—and I am afraid there was but too much cause for this uncomplimentary addition to the usual term. Whether the Americans, as in the solitary instance I have thus described, assist in awakening the feelings that have led to such an uncivil denomination, by breaking through any established usages, or annoying the citizens by conduct they think unbecoming and absurd, I know not; but this I do know, that my own countrymen are too often to blame, here and elsewhere, by infringing recognised rules, and setting at nought certain *convenances*, which, however insignificant they may seem to them, are considered as the test and touchstone, perhaps, of good manners by the inhabitants of the country they are in.

To the natives, these little conventionalities and forms, that have become indispensable in good society, or, perhaps, in any society, may naturally appear of far more consequence than to us; and not to adopt them seems a deliberate insult to them. That we should think them utterly insignificant, is only an additional offence.

It is difficult to imagine the pleasure of shocking

the notions of propriety, or innocent prejudices, as they may be, possibly, in some cases, of any people we may be even temporarily associated with; but certainly it would appear that it *does* give pleasure to some peculiarly constituted minds. One English gentleman, while we were staying at Lisbon, had given umbrage to many loyal Portuguese—who had seen his strange conduct—by treating his majesty himself with marked rudeness, knowing perfectly well who Dom Fernando was; and I heard some of these remark, pathetically, how very undeserved and unpardonable was such conduct, for that the king himself is always most scrupulously civil and courteous to every one, whether native or foreign. This gentleman, however, marched up to Dom Fernando, placed himself just in his path, as if he were about to present a petition or a pistol to his majesty, and hardly, when the king approached close, vouchsafed to stand a little aside and let him pass without turning out of his path. Kings have been sorrily used in some countries of Europe, but it is not quite the fashion yet to push them into the gutter in their own capitals, in civilised regions. The English traveller, however, thus, at length, condescendingly deigned to move a few inches out of the path, after having stared well at the king full in the face. The latter appeared somewhat amused at the singular manners of the bold Briton, and passed on his way with a slight but very expressive smile.

Some of the Portuguese who were witnesses of this curious proceeding, loyally declared they could hardly refrain from sticking a knife into the offending Englishman; which would have been a sharp mode of administering a hint on manners, certainly.

The presentation of a copy of Lord Chesterfield's "Letters" to his degenerate countryman might have been better, and would have had this advantage,—the pupil could have learned his lesson, and done credit to his master or teacher; "but if you kill him," as Moshesh the Kaffir observed truthfully in his "palaver" with the English governor, "he can't do no talking nor learning either."

It is a mistake that the English make when they think they exhibit a free and independent spirit by these outrages on national custome and habits. What is the result? What effect would it have in Lisbon, for instance, where much courtesy prevails among all ranks? Why this: that the "Illustrissimo" the retired pork-butcher in the next street, pities or scorns the uncouth Englishman who has never been taught, apparently, the common decencies of civilised life, which he, the more fortunate, the "Illustrissimo Senhor," the retired pork-butcher, has had the advantage to be instructed in.

Before "German John," who had gone, according to the preceding luminous statement, "to the sea dat's in England," had quitted Lisbon, he one day gave us a most animated account of a royal bull-fight he had just witnessed. It was amusing to observe how Peninsular gesticulations had gradually become engrafted on German stolidity and sobriety of demeanour. Saerkraut and garlic seemed to mingle and meet; but a certain German-pudding expression appeared at variance throughout his animated antics with the rapidity of those gymnastical hieroglyphics and pantomimical posturings.

Yet, if anything, John exaggerated the usual extravagance of Lusitanian gesticulations; indeed, he outpostured Grimaldi with the gravity of feature

of a Solon. Socrates pirouetting on tiptoe, or Diogenes jumping through a garland of flowers, in the manner of Ducrow's equestrian troupe, could not have appeared more absurd. "Certain they do get tossed up a bit, so and so, and so and so;" and he laboriously acted the tossing of the unlucky negroes, with an abstracted expression of countenance that would lead one to infer that the poor blacks, while careering about in the air, as they cannot follow the riddling recommendation—namely, choose absence of body in preference "to presence of mind," (when such slight accidents are unfortunately taking place,) substitute, as a faint solace, absence of mind, to counteract the disagreeables of presence of body.

He plunged and darted about in imitation of an animated projectile with a preternaturally philosophical placidity; you would have thought flying in the air from the tips of a bull's horns must be as pleasant as "a coach and six or a bed of down;" and nothing could be more composed and dignified than the way in which, without taking breath, when landed on the *terra firma* of the floor, he began handing plates and dishes with a methodical imperturbability; his phlegmatic German half then again preponderating, as his more mercurial Portuguese moiety had, on the whole, prevailed a little time before. John was an excellent waiter, and accounted the prop and pillar of the Braganza Hotel, (when he did not take these giddy flights, however, probably).

Superstition has many votaries still in the capital of Portugal. A grand procession took place a little while ago, to convey a fine gold leg to

the particular shrine of a certain saint, which saint had cured a lady residing here, who had sustained some injury to one of her "limbs," and who possessed great wealth. The saint had accomplished this feat without the intervention of that gentleman who undertakes in England to cure "had legs of forty years' standing." (No wonder they are the worse for their owners eschewing, during so pertinaciously protracted a period, the conveniences of a sitting position.) If the saint attended to her solicitations, the lady had vowed she would present a golden leg at his shrine. As this unknown personage had recovered, she faithfully discharged at the period of her convalescence the promise she made during her sufferings; and the leg,—which could not walk itself,—was with great pomp conveyed to its destination.

At the time of the Peninsular war, Portuguese superstitions seem to have been at their height, and as one of the authors of that day (Semple, I think) remarked, if the French could have been beaten with wax-tapers and old bones and rags, there would have been little hope for them. Processions and ceremonies, and placings and displacings of noses, and knuckle-bones of the canonized, took place perpetually then, and relics were indeed at a premium.

Numerous pigeons have their dwelling-place on the roof of the Braganza Hotel. One day, as we were sitting in the drawing-room, we heard a terrible crash, and on going out to ascertain its cause, found a young imp of an odd-boy had been chasing one of the poor birds till it dashed itself through the window at the end of the principal passage, and fell stunned on the pavement below. The poor

thing, I believe, recovered after this accident, but he had moulted in his transit through the glass in an incredible space of time!

I have spoken of superstition, and before I close this chapter I will describe some few wild Portuguese popular superstitions, that have some grace and fancy to recommend them; for example, that of the enchanted Moress, the "Moira Encantada:" it is as follows:—Various ancient Moorish fortresses are supposed to be haunted by a mournful figure, habited in aerial garments of an Oriental and Saracenic fashion. This is the Enchanted Moress, who paces around the mouldering walls of some time-worn, long-deserted ruin, watching the viewless treasure it is supposed lies concealed within its venerable decaying bosom.

She seems not to abhor the infidel race who dispossessed her people of their dominion and their wealth; a mild and unvarying softness dwells in her melancholy eyes; an unutterable gentleness marks her aspect; a sorrowful tenderness characterises her unearthly countenance. She harms no one,—terrifies no one; the prattling child of six summers is hardly affrighted if he sees the sad, sweet, enchanted Moress, watching his gambols with her plaintive, tender eyes.

It is at the opening dawn of day, when the soft light is just tinting the groves and glades with a pale rosy suffusion, that the fair phantom makes her appearance; and again she shows the delicate dreamy outlines of her form when the beautiful softly-declining rays of the "westerling sun" gild richly the broken but still turreted walls and dilapidated towers, where once the banner of the Crescent streamed victorious. Like one wrapped in

deep contemplation, she leans against some shattered fragments of a gateway, or some half-destroyed memorial pillar; but her spirit-lips utter no sigh, no sound.

But do the fair Portuguese maidens, indeed, believe the Moira is chained to the spot by the influence of buried gold or concealed treasure,—that over the coffer or the chest, heavy with mighty sums or invaluable jewels, she has watched for centuries, patient and unwearied? Surely no. They must believe that it is beside the grave of some beloved one she keeps her unflinching watch and ward, and passes the long hours, serene in her solemn and seldom-broken solitude;—those mournful, lingering looks of chastened sweetness, are fixed but on the earth, where moulder the precious remains of some plighted love.

This soft penance has been imposed upon the enchanted one for some mysterious reason; and there is solace in her sorrow,—while fondly she guards that honoured grave. No foul, unclean thing, dare ever hover near while her light footsteps flit over the dewy grass. Yes, this must be the treasure she watches, the precious secret that she keeps!—and, therefore, she is an indefatigable watcher, and no sigh ever escapes her dreamy lips. She wishes not to fly; all she cherishes is there.

The Moira sees not the lonely ruin as it is now, half buried in the dust; she sees it as it was once, rearing on high its noble cloud-capped head, and with a train of gallant knights issuing forth from it, fearless as young lions that follow roaring on the track of a flying prey; and *he*, her beloved, is among them, fairest of all, first of all, most fearless of all—Fate shall surely never sever them. Does not their

future in that dream still shine brightly? Therefore it is her soft eyes have that tender and affectionate gentleness, that meek and maidenly simplicity.

There are accounts, however, that make out these bewitched and bewitching Mooresses not to be so interesting—accounts that state, that not only are they the compulsory sentinels of hidden wealth, but that, forgetful of their race, their beloved ones of old, and the golden illusions of their by-past life, they meet with no chilling disdain the advances of those who may be disposed to court them,—who, unappalled by the supernatural character of the Moirns, may be anxious to win favour in their eyes, looking upon them only as very wealthy heiresses, and, consequently, as highly-eligible matches; and as young ladies, too, who would not require any marriage-settlements: in fact, who would not need a “maravedi” of pin-money for themselves. No heavy milliners’ bills would be forthcoming ever there,—their floating gowns being made of cheap fog and mist, with perhaps a little twopenny-half-penny trimming of thistle-down,—and an over-skirt or two of gossamer, mayhap, and sometimes a thin silver-edged cloud for a lining,—a spider’s-web for a mantilla, and a few gems of mountain-dew to adorn their brows;—and then they eat nothing!—and sip only, probably, that same mountain-dew!—(not whisky, *lecteur, mon ami.*) It is said that, without going so far as to become the spouses of any admiring infidels, they occasionally surround an aspirant to their smiles with their gentle charms and spells, and do not omit to grant him pecuniary aid, and graciously add to the balance in his banker’s bands. I am rather afraid, in order

to do this, they burglariously visit the old castle they ought to guard, and are guilty of ruin-breaking, and of rifling the hidden hoards there, if there be any.

It is reckoned no crime for a good Catholic to pay his airy addresses to a Moira Encantada. The captivating shade and spectre is a universal favourite, and the people in general—partly, perhaps, in gratitude for her reported acts of kindness to many of that Lusitanian race whose forefathers treated her progenitors so harshly, and partly in their fascinated admiration and love for the marvellous, especially when revealed under such gentle traits—seem to feel a real affection for the tender and melancholy Moira.

A less lovely and interesting piece of superstition is that of the Lobishomens. The Portuguese peasantry suppose, that if seven sons make their appearance successively in a family, the seventh is doomed by some inscrutable destiny to become a vassal to the evil powers, and is sentenced by them invariably, every Saturday evening, to be transformed into an ass. Doubtless, seventh sons as well as others may occasionally — or permanently — appear in this particular character, and act their *rôle* to perfection, without the necessity of transformation, or the especial interference of the inhabitants of the lower regions to assist them; but the superstition we are discussing makes no exceptions, and the transmutation is effected bodily, and is supposed, moreover, to be a decided variation and change, and not the normal state.

The unfortunate victim is hunted in the shape of that generally ill-used quadruped—the donkey aforesaid—by a pack of demoniacal hounds, and he

is condemned to lead them an excellent run, endowed with supernatural speed and strength, over the moors, and heaths, and through the scattered hamlets, without a single check, till he is permitted to reappear in his biped form. This return to humanity only takes place on the Sunday morning.

The peasantry in several parts of the country are so deeply impressed with this singular and grotesque superstition, that should a rude hind happen to encounter early on a Sunday morning a foot-sore and exhausted wayfarer, plodding wearily along, breathless and half-crippled,—haunted and misled by his distempered and prejudiced fancy, he dreams that he detects certain signs which infallibly convince him that the poor wanderer has been hotly pursued by the spectral hounds before-mentioned, and afforded capital sport to a large field of witches well mounted on fast broomsticks, and tiny familiars reining in frisky four-year-old bats, and goblins riding swift-darting shadows, and ugly dwarfs (very light weights,) on greased flashes of lightning, (rather hard pullers,) with mocking elves on the backs of spirited will-o'-the-wisps, first-rate goers, and dashing young sports-devils, — town-bred, — gallantly carried by hired Phantasmagorias, and imps of darkness be-striding well-seasoned flying-dragons, and such fleet hunters. The chase altogether might be worthy of Melton. Some of these gentlemen could certainly “show them the way” there; but it appears there never is any “kill,” which must be discouraging to the pack. Whether the Squire, — old Scratch — hunts his own hounds, does not appear. Of course the awe-stricken peasant passes to the other side of the road, feeling a

natural horror of the wretched being who is subject to the sons of darkness.

It is supposed that drawing blood from the miserably afflicted one, just at the precise time of the transformation, is attended by very beneficial results, and actually breaks the accursed spell : but it is stated, strange to say, that this has seldom been carried into effect ; and however extraordinary this may appear, at the actual moment of transformation, rarely have there been any passing spectators to render this trifling favour ; and, indeed, say the simple-minded peasants, most men would run away when they saw the hideous change positively beginning, and a man turning into a donkey ; and if they stayed it would require a great deal of presence of mind to deal the wound at the proper time, in the proper way.

They might add, that as people are not altogether unaccustomed to see others act an asinine part on occasion, and are dimly aware, too, that they themselves thus now and then make asses of themselves, it would be puzzling and dangerous in the extreme rashly to take upon themselves to decide how much of an ass a man must become before the extricating friendly blow is to be struck, which prevents his completely assuming the likeness of the long-eared quadruped. An indiscriminating application of this test in general society might unquestionably prove a little inconvenient, and be attended with particularly disagreeable results. I must say, too, that if the Bewitched One tamely permitted this assault and attack, he would prove himself very much more of an ass than ever, instead of becoming less of one.

The Lobishomen superstition is, in a greater or

less degree, with variations, spread over the whole Portuguese territory; its chief strongholds are, however, the wastes and wilds of Alentejo. Another popular superstition, not, I believe, so widely diffused as that of the Lobishomens, is that of the Bruchas—weird women. In the less-cultivated districts, by lone moor or marsh, where the ignis fatuus and other strange phenomena may be seen at times, those terrible witches are said to meet together and hold conversações *à la belle étoile*; and it is reputed that a certain personage, whom we will call Mephistophiles, is invited constantly to form one at those small parties, where, indeed, his society is usually considered indispensable to make the evening pass off pleasantly.

It often happens that the residences of these peculiar ladies are at a considerable distance from the spot selected for their rout or assembly, and as they do not in general sport any one-horse-and-chay, and keep no conveyance, indeed, save brooms—(in sound like our own comfortable snug carriages, but lamentably different in sense as in spelling, and one that on a bleak night is a chill and exposed and cold-catching way of going to their *réunions*.)—they have had recourse to mysterious and abominable means of transportation,—they smear themselves over with a dreadfully-prepared kind of pomatum, in which the blood of small children is an indispensable ingredient; and after this horrid duty of their toilet is completed, they utter the following spell: “*Por cima de vallado, por baixo de telhado,*”—(Over the eaves and beneath the roofs); and off they go as if by special train, and without any unpleasant risk and danger of deadly collision with other well-greased “Bruchas.”

If a poor farmer or labourer unconsciously espouse one of these weird damsels, he may chance to see her leave her couch, (like the Ghoul in the Oriental fable, which very possibly this superstition may have some connexion with), and after applying the mystic preparation, while he is believed to be sound asleep and dreaming, he may hear her pronounce the magical words and, lo! see her straight evaporate up the chimney. It is related of one that, determined to find out what his wife was going after—fatal curiosity!—he pomatumed himself too, and then tried to repeat the mystic words his lady had gabbled over; however, not doing so quite correctly, he was lifted from his feet, indeed, and borne through the window, or up the chimney, and over the roofs of some of the neighbouring houses: but the spell not being strong enough, it did not sustain him properly in the higher regions of air, so that every now and then, like a wretched aeronaut in a damaged balloon, he came bumping and dragging along the sharp corners of roofs, and dashing against peaked and pointed gables and chimneys, till he was discovered in the morning in a frightfully truncated state, and either dying or dead; or perhaps was so utterly smashed and rubbed-out with this hard friction, pomatum and all, as to leave but a very insignificant “grease-spot” behind.

If any man, on finding he has taken a Brucha to wife, does not contrive to procure a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, he must, I should think, be the seventh son in succession of some unfortunate Portuguese family. (Perhaps, by the way, Malthus was the original author of the Lobishomen superstition.) Meplhistophiles attends these little *soirées* in the

shape of a gigantic billy-goat, and after he has received all the salutations of the company, the witches, who are described generally as plain young women, become exceedingly pretty and captivating damsels. All is wild revelry for a short time.

They then talk a little scandal, but not more than is usual at most conversazioni; form agreeable plans for the destruction of their neighbours and bosom-friends (there are parallel cases, too, in more cultivated society), and after promising the Evil One (who manifests the greatest interest in these pleasant projects and designs) that they will do their best or their worst to ruin all their acquaintances, body and soul, they separate; but if an unlucky wanderer should chance to encounter one of these flyhynight dames on her way back home, he is to be sincerely commiserated: they frighten him out of whatever senses he may happen to possess, by hideous laughter and mearthly yells and shrieks; they display their false lights, to tempt the poor traveller out of his right road into all kinds of dangerous passes and bewildering paths, and then they suddenly leave him in utter solitude, complete darkness, and in a state bordering closely on frenzy.

Besides these legends there are the tales of the fierce, fiendish, wolf-impellers (*Escolares*), who appear in mortal form, and who, choosing for their very uncomfortable seat the sharp point of some high pinnacle, (where they must be, one should imagine, in as disagreeable a position, as a shy man on the outer edge of his chair,) by potent spells make the gamut, hungry wolves, assemble at their bidding, and attack whomsoever and whatsoever they, the "impellers" aforesaid, may select as their prey.

If any shepherd has awakened the wrath of

one of these unsociable and misanthropical personages, though the poor man may not have the slightest idea how the unwitting offence was committed, down come the ravening wizard-impelled wolves upon his ill-fated fold; all are devoured: the dowager ewes,—the “milky mothers of the flock,”—the lambs, hardly come out into general society, and smelling of sheepish curds and whey,—all, without the slightest respect for rank, sex, and age, are sacrificed by the demoniacally-driven, fiend-commissioned troop, who, with glaring, fiery eyes, and gnashing jaws, rush down on the fear-stricken flock like a shower of thunderbolts.

The faithful dog, who has encountered boldly many a single, simple wolf (or more, indeed, if mere unpossessed wolves), dares no longer defend his charge; the moment he hears the supernatural sounds, and catches the supernatural gleam of those terrible torch-like eyes, he flies howling, filled with terror. If the human guardian of the field be armed with a gun or rifle, he fires it in vain at the charmed wolves; the bullets glance off from the hide, and he only calls down further vengeance on his devoted head. He must not attempt to cope with the unseen enemy, or the merciless executors of his vindictive will; he must fly, if he wishes to preserve his own life. He might either be killed at once, or, perhaps, carried up to that pleasant place, the sharp pinnacle; where he may be graciously invited to seat himself by the side of his tormentor, and await with him—who appears (strange to say) quite at his ease, perched on this high rocky point—the gathering of the next snow-storm below their feet: for it is when the dazzling flakes of snow fall fast and thick, and invest

the earth with a spotless mantle, that the dreaded "escolar" is most empowered to exert his evil and tyrannical influence over the groaning children of men and the bleating sons of sheep.

The last I will mention is the "negro" superstition, which was very rife at the time of the civil war, and was used as a powerful instrument against the Constitutionals, who were generally known by this abhorred term to the bigotted and ignorant peasantry. They were supposed to be sons of perdition in human shape, who carefully abstained from "switching their tails," or allowing the least smell of brimstone to be perceptible about their disguised persons,—perhaps by continually smoking cigars and chewing tobacco and garlic (the last quite worthy of the said sons of perdition); and who had their cloven feet *chaussé*'d cleverly in neat shoes, or top or other boots, and who managed, in short, skilfully enough, to deceive many persons who, from their education and intelligence, ought to have known better.

When not looked upon actually as one of the demons themselves, a "negro" was supposed to hold the most familiar intercourse with the parent of all evil, and to enter with him into the most abominable and unpardonable compacts, against the great cause of Popery in general and against Dom Miguel in particular. Indistinct ideas respecting mystic clubs of Freemasons in active communication with the arch-fiend, the parent of wrong,—concerning various kinds of infernal intercourse,—prevailed with regard to this "Negro" delusion among the ignorant peasants of the less frequented districts. I am not, however, quite sure that the latter superstition did not originate in

Spain, or, indeed, that it was not chiefly confined to that country; but very likely it was equally common to both.

We left Lisbon in December for Madeira, on board one of the packets that run from Southampton to the Brazils, calling at Madeira among other places.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRIGHT was the morn and beautiful the scene when we bade farewell for a time to fair Lisbon. As we were steaming down the Tagus we observed an immense procession of priests, clad in rich garments, and apparently attended by half the population of the metropolis, slowly wending their glittering way along, near the bank of the river. We were informed they were about to proceed to some particular church to pray for rain, for the drought had been so long continued, and was so excessive, that great fears were beginning to be entertained as to the results.

Some of the Portuguese on board seemed to place much reliance on the efficacy of these priestly supplications; and if they were to be believed, it would probably rain before that day or the next passed by. "Yes," muttered a hardened sceptic, "because the good ecclesiastics always prudently take care to consult their weather-glasses scrupulously before they arrange these solemn processions, and when they think there is no doubt of a heavy shower, they come forth with all their pomp and splendour. Nay, it has sometimes happened, so weather-wise are they, that they have been obliged to hurry on their preparations a little, and put their grand procession almost in a trot, lest the rain

should come down before the proper time." The captain remarked, that there was a considerable appearance of a wet day; so it really looked as if the sarcastic unbeliever's statement was no invention.

There were a good many passengers on board, many bound for South America, and a few for Madeira, like ourselves. Among the latter were some young English ladies, going to that fair island in search of health, with their brother. One of these ladies seemed in a most melancholy state of debility and prostration.

How sad it is, that so many put off till too late visiting those sunny shores and breathing that balmy air; whereas if they earlier resorted to the salubrious island from our capricious and foggy clime, it would probably full soon reward their resolution by conducing to the complete re-establishment of their health.

There were also a medical gentleman and his bride going there (they had only been married two months),—in the latter, some slight unpleasant symptoms of affected lungs had manifested themselves, and they were most wisely at once going to check and eradicate the evil in its first stage; and a lady and her husband, who, I believe, had friends settled at Madeira, whom they were about to visit, &c. &c. To Rio Janeiro and other places in South America were bound a variety of passengers. Among these were a German baroness (also, I believe, a "*nouvelle mariée*," and an acquaintance of the fair English bride) and her husband: he was going to join the Emperor of the Brazils' army. Then there was a most mysterious lady. I was told first, I think, that she was a German duchess: it was not quite a matter of certainty whether she was

a sovereign and reigning duchess or not, but a very high and mighty German duchess it was averred she was, with a proper amount of names and titles—some, perhaps, slightly unpronounceable, which might be the reason she did not allow us the advantage of becoming acquainted with them: but more of her highness anon. She awakened much curiosity on board.

There was, in addition, a very interesting personage, who excited my profound commiseration by the deep grief that she exhibited on leaving Lisbon. She was a black lady—jet black—with all the features of a thorough-going negress; but withal a gentle, amiable, and intelligent expression of countenance. I cannot paint the despair that overwhelmed her as we passed, but too rapidly for her, along the shining Tagus. As she recognised place after place, each and all evidently endeared to her by the tenderest recollections and associations, fresh bursts of anguish literally convulsed her; she wrung her hands, she pressed her sable forehead, and threw up her head in agony, as she cast fond farewell looks at every one of the beloved spots. Our maids were deeply touched with compassion; they first drew my attention more closely to her, and told me she could only speak Portuguese, and that the ladies on board—I believe all were English or German—could not speak to her. They told me, too, they had been endeavouring to manifest as well as they could their sympathy with her profound distress; and, added one, “I almost think she speaks a little French, for she said something about ‘*Français*,’ and seemed anxious to make us understand.”

On this I approached the sobbing dark one, who

really appeared to wish to find some one who would speak a word of commiseration, or breathe a sigh in sympathy. She told me, in broken French, she had been at Lisbon ever since she was quite a child, having been adopted and brought from the Brazils by a lady residing there. "And now—and now——" and her thick-coming sobs almost suffocated the poor creature. I tried to say a soothing word or two. After a little time she continued speaking, telling me how dearly she loved Lisbon, how all her happiest days had been spent there, and, oh! how happy she had been there; "et il faut le quitter. Ah!" And another burst of anguish shook the poor mourner, as if a tempest shot through her frame.

After a pause I observed, "I supposed circumstances compelled her to leave this charming place,"—(I confess a *little* curiosity mingled with my very real sympathy and pity for her affliction.) "Ah, mais oui!—Oh, Ciel! oui!" with great emphasis; and again she sobbed violently.

I felt there was a mystery: what? I could not help mentally reverting to the pretty tale of Ourika, wherein the heroine—a mulatto, I think—had been adopted and brought up by a wealthy lady, and carried to Paris from the West Indies, care having been taken not to wound her feelings by any animadversions against persons of her colour; indeed, the colour question, as regarded cuticles, was never brought on the tapis at all, or if it was, it was only as one lady was said to wear rouge and another not, and so on. Ourika never thought about that matter—the colouring matter in her skin, at all; and as the son of her adopted mamma was a most amiable and charming youth,

and much attached to her, who had been his playmate and companion from childhood, she had a strong *penchant* for him (I fear I may be making some great mistakes in the story, as it is a long time since I read it, but the main facts are, I believe, quite correct); in brief, he made a deep and uneffaceable impression upon poor Ourika's heart, which was of no particular colour; most likely, precisely the same line as that of the most lily-skinned reader who bends her fair head over these pages.

All apparently went on smoothly. The young gentleman, who had imbibed some strong prejudices—for such do exist, after all, with more or less strength, in other places in the world besides the United States—never dreamed that a heart, which, without much physiological reflection on the subject, he set down as a heart of a decidedly snuffy-brown hue, could dare to reflect on its “muddy-leaved tablets” so fair-complexioned and delicate an image as that of himself; consequently he suspected not the highly-presumptuous attachment of the poor mulatto girl. Thus affairs stood, when one day a conversation took place between him and a friend of his, who was less persuaded than himself, perhaps, that the chocolate-tint ran through the whole existence, body and soul, of those who wore the sun's tawny livery; (a very quiet one, for when it is not the full mourning suit of black, it consists of various shades of sober brown. Those who say, “Nature abhors brown,” by the bye, forget her poor mulattos—and shall we add, Southern brunettes of all *nuances*, whose cheeks “Phœbus” has pinched with “amorous clutch?”) This friend was inclined to think that the graceful form,

and fine, fair features of the unconscious object of Ourika's love, had been but too clearly reflected in the mirror of her thoughts. Well! they were talking together in his mother's drawing-room, and among other little subjects, that of the future companions for life of the young friends was broached. "Ah!" exclaimed Ourika's beloved, "for me, I think not of settling in life; I care for no one, and no one cares for me." "Nay," answered the other, "I have thought for some time past that you would select Ourika, perhaps, for that she cares for *you* is very evident."

Now in this room there was an enormous screen, such, probably, as we have often seen put up as a defence against draughts and the opening and shutting of doors; the mulatto girl had entered behind the screen during the conversation of the two young friends, and hearing her own name, had paused for a moment—a fatal moment! Confused, bewildered, alarmed, she dared not make her presence known: spell-bound by a deep absorbing interest, she could not retreat; she seemed rooted to the spot where she stood. All her life's happiness or misery appeared to hang on the next words that her adored Hyppolyte, or Achille,—or whatever his name happened to be, in short,—would pronounce. Poor Ourika! what sounds greeted her ears!—culpable ears, about to be punished for their reprehensible depth of hue, their aggravated shade, beyond the recognised pale of civilisation of any human integument,—say of a brunette complexion: outside this, there is no salvation for skins.

What did Ourika hear?—a scornful, indignant, stinging, maddening laugh!

“What, I! Ourika! You must be crazy to think of such a thing! *I*, indeed, marry a black woman! *I* dishonour the blood of the What’s-their-names! A nice figure *I* should cut making my appearance at court, for example, with a nigger lady for my wife! *I* should run the risk, too, *ma foi!* of my charming consort being run away with, not by an *élégant*,—a soft, kid-gloved, lisping seducer, but an iron-fisted, iron-souled, double-soled, thick-booted rascal of a New Orleans merchant, on the look-out for likely slaves. Thank you. If *I* do marry, it will not be a mahogany-coloured West Indian mulatto, *I* promise you.”

Not a word did the wretched girl lose—she drank every drop of the whole draught of anguish. Never did the old saying meet with a more thorough exemplification, “Listeners hear no good of themselves.” Still, if such a fault was ever venial, it perhaps was so in her case.

After the whole draught had been thus unwittingly administered by him whom she so deeply loved, Ourika rushed to her chamber—to her looking-glass—to look at the new monster she had never before observed! Ah! what a hideous object! She now, for the first time, saw herself by the true light. She felt like a self-detected criminal. What wicked thoughts had she been harbouring! Her whole enormity flashed in her mind—and eyes. How could she dare to dream that the perfect Hyppolyte, or Achille, or Auguste, or Jules, as the case might be, could look on her save with a proper amount of most virtuous abhorrence! Her dress displayed her dark, smooth arm, and her shoulders, (beautifully-turned and statu-
esque; but that is beside the question)—deplorable

sight! Had the one been covered with a rhinoceros hide, and the other shrivelled and withered as Glosster's, and terminated by the paws of a black bear, they could not have appeared more appallingly frightful to her. That he should think of her! Why, the line of demarcation was clearly marked—a muddy-brown line, like that which notifies at Chagres the separation of the beautiful, clear, blue sea from the polluted, muddy-looking, quakery-brown waters of the turbid river that rushes towards it, bearing on its stained bosom a few "dirty aeres" in solution.

But must it, indeed, be so? For a moment, perhaps, a feeling of doubt invaded the mulatto maiden's saddened mind. Must the difference of a hue mark, indeed, a fearful division? must they be parted more than the waters of river and sea are sundered? which, after all, is only a seeming division; for afterwards the waters unite—the clear and the turbid, and the azure and the brown; and must a distinction so slight as that,—a shade of difference, indeed,—the tinge of the skin,—is that to sever so rudely, so remorselessly, so infinitely, that which is endless, unfathomable, illimitable, inscrutable? Is that to part mind from mind, soul from soul?

The deep affections—the powerful, mysterious emotions—the winged, deathless aspirations—the enthusiastic and exalted sentiments of two eternal souls,—are they thus to be riven and sundered?—is that shadow of a shade to interpose a barrier so terrible, so insurmountable—an obstacle so insuperable, between their two immortalities? For a moment the idea seemed absurd.

But in another instant rose again before her in dreadful array through all these misty doubts, the

airy legions of conventionalities, prejudices, vanities, usages, associations. She shuddered, resolved to crush every dream of a hope in her heart—to leave the house, the country—to blot out the memory of What-do-you-call-him, and—— But I confess I do not exactly recollect the end of the story. I suppose and believe the poor thing died, as she was bound to do; and thus the mulatto girl made herself equal with her white beloved one. Thus, only, can the Ethnop virtually change his skin. Who shall tell, a dozen years hence, what colour the deserted tenement of the spirit was? To this complexion we must come at last.

I must entreat pardon for this digression: but, without this, I could not so well describe to the reader the fancies that flitted through my mind. If he ever read the pretty tale he will, perhaps, forgive me for so roughly (from memory) recalling it to his mind; and if he never read it, maybe he will not be altogether indisposed to make its acquaintance. With this apology I will return to my poor Brazilian, where I left her, on the deck of the steamboat, crying her eyes almost out.

Certainly, if Ourika had felt herself a criminal for daring to dream as she had dreamt, my poor friend, if any romance of the kind had embellished and then embittered her life, ought to have judged herself much more severely. How many shades worse was her case! Of how much deeper a dye her enormity! How far more flagitious was her complexion! How far more wicked the wool that must not be called hair! The mulatto's was partially humanised—long, silken, and glossy: but this?—what would a French hair-dresser do, or say, if asked to dress these huckle-

berries? (as they nickname nigger-locks in the United States). If to be a deep brown, and love, was so outrageous, what must it be to be a deep black, and love?

It must be owned, too, that whereas poor Ourika was said to be handsome (by the way the tale was, ages ago, so much in fashion in France, that a pretty, clear brown, was named after the mulatto heroine, "Ourika"), the poor weeping creature that so much excited my commiseration was exceedingly homely, not to say plain, if the word could be properly applied to a face so full of ups and downs,—with swelling hillocks, of lips,—and lumps and bumps of brows, with salient protuberances and hollow indentations,—with wide caverns of nostrils, startling prominences of eyes, and bold promontories of cheek-bones jutting out over the Black Sea beneath; besides a half-globular nose, a bulbous chin, and various irregularly-scattered knobs, and knots, and puffs, and bosses, and excrescences, diversifying the scene; and grief, too, was by no means becoming to her particular style of ugliness;—(I must, however, repeat, that with all these disadvantages of feature she had, when a little more composed, a truly attractive, sweet, soft, gentle countenance;) if grief became her not, neither was the mode of dress she evidently delighted in, a whit more favourable to her personal appearance.

Like most of her race, she had a decided leaning towards the brightest of all possible colours, and the most brilliant and promiscuous variety of them. She was dressed in a very expensive and handsome manner, but with bad taste; and the confusion of bright hues, together with her jetty com-

plexion, suggested the idea of a raven or blackbird dressed up in the borrowed plumes of a superb defunct parrot or departed macaw. A brilliant bonnet at the very back of her woolly head, a light veil, a gay dress, a gaudy shawl, gloves of the most lovely lilac hue, ribbons of shining dye and texture, formed, if I recollect rightly, part of her apparel.

For those among my readers who are curious in dress, I lament that I cannot enter into interesting details of this elaborate *toilet de voyage*, and that I cannot describe the species of French bonnet, or capote, which stood in lieu of a sou-wester, or the lace polka that was in place of a pilot-coat; nor what were the particular fichu gilets worn, nor how much tulle or blond was employed,—how many *volants* encircled the dress, nor whether they measured (as the list of fashions from Paris generally so scrupulously inform the “wide, wide world,”) twenty-two and a quarter, or twenty-five and a-half centimètres each—(here the considerate English translator carefully instructs John Bull, that two and a-half centimètres make an inch)—nor whether the corsage had *basques évasées*, nor if her robe was covered by one of *gauze à disposition*, nor if her collar was *à dent*, or muslin *bonifiantes* appeared between openings of the sleeves. All I know is, that the contrast of her gay attire with her own sombre hue was hardly more striking than it was with her heavy grief and despair. How she did cry, poor soul! At one time she sought to conceal her tears from an inquisitive-looking passenger who stood near,—(not me, dear reader—she displayed great confidence in me), so she pulled down her little delicate veil, which in half a moment was drenched through and through

with her tears ;—well ! it certainly was not “ great cry and little wool,” and it clung like a “ burking-plaster ” over her prominent mouth and face, all swelled with weeping ; when she with difficulty raised it, it hung on the beautiful bonnet in the semblance of a piece of old rag.

Yes ! how she did weep ! one could hardly believe such torrents could pour from human eyes. Such were the floods of tears, that a nervous person, new to nautical life, might think we were slipping a sea of salt water, (though at the time we were still in the fresh water and smooth Tagus,) and begin to adjust the swimming-belt or life-preserver in the neighbourhood of this profuse weeper. They were almost required ; without weeping yourself, you might be actually drowned in tears. Drowned in tears, indeed, *she* was,—you saw her struggling — you heard “ the bubbling cry ” — the gasp,—you marked her saturated shawl, the dripping scarf, the damp bonnet-strings, the wetted wrist-bands, the drenched veil, the soaked lace, the swamped frills, the streaming ribbons, the wringing kid gloves,—the very parasol moistened,—with dismay. The members of the Royal Humane Society might have hopelessly drowned themselves had they attempted to recover her from the effects of immersion in her own tears, still-flowing, never-pausing,—still-beginning, never-ending, apparently. Never, surely, poured such continuous showers from the bosom of a black cloud before !

“ Ah, matame, vous êtes bien bonne — ngh, ngh !—Mais—mais je suis—ngh, ngh—ough !—desolée ! — Ah, Lisboa, Lisboa ! ” I told her she should remember how much easier is now the voyage to the South American Continent than for-

merly; she could look forward to coming here easily again; she must think of the happiness of returning,—every year steam communication became more rapid; and so forth. “Oui, matame, vous avez raison—mais, ugh, ugh,—oh, oh,—boo-hoo, hoo!” This terrible and tantalizing “mais,” and a tempest of sobs, always disappointed my just expectations; she seemed ever to be on the brink of confiding to me the woes that overwhelmed her, and ever stopping at the critical moment.

At last, after thinking of all kinds of consolatory commonplaces to soothe her grief, I had the gratification of seeing that her demonstrations of sorrow were a little less violent. I might have seized the tempting opportunity to question her slightly as to her history, as she had repeatedly manifested a wish to take me into her confidence; but really my commiseration for her deep distress was too sincere for me to run the risk of bringing back all the vivid remembrances of her affliction, and causing all the heart-wounds to bleed afresh, so I heroically abstained.

Oh, the malice of some people!—the love of slander—the taste for backbiting—the irresistible inclination for scandal, afloat as well as on *terra firma*! Some lover of libellous tittle-tattle actually spread a report on board that my romantic Ourika, my tender, helpless, soft-hearted, too-gentle, meek, affectionate, forsaken one—or Driven-out-of-doors-One; she who might so pathetically have warbled,

“Perhaps it was well to dissemble your love:
But why did you kick me down stairs?”

—this blighted flower—this dove—was—what

do you think, reader?—a slave-dealer, a trafficker in souls and bodies! Imagine this sentimental damsel giving orders to have a live cargo of iron-fettered Africans brought over—two hundred and twenty square feet, perhaps, of jammed, crammed, panting, seething, reeking, country-men of her own; yes, country-men, country-women, and country-children; and begging the captain if they were chased not to hesitate about throwing overboard just such a portion of his black cargo as he thought indispeusably necessary, and bidding her overseer give the poor lately-kidnapped ones a sound flogging, that the young inexperienced slave-mind might know what it was to be whipped, and the young slave-idea be taught how to smart, and so forth: but not for a moment did I believe the outrageous charge. It was softened afterwards to a *retired* slave-dealer, but it never had credence from me. A slave-dealer, past or present—a being all gentleness, softness, and suseptibility! But really, so inventive was the fancy, so fertile were the imaginative resources of some in the steamer (I knew not who were the peccant individuals), that had I stayed a little longer on board than I did, I might have heard that the dark unknown had been discovered by them to be the Empress of Hayti *incog.*—Scherezade, the Sultana of the Indies—the Great Mogul in disguise—the Queen of Otahete, Pomaré,—or the original weeping Susanna, in whose name they harpoon whales in the Arctic circle, bidding her not whimper when they take to blubbering. She was certainly a mysterious being.

Having comforted her a little as I have detailed, I left her, and walking to the other side of the

deck was amused at the airs and graces displayed by one I mentally set down as a Portuguese actress, or singer, having an engagement at the Rio Theatre: this fanciful supposition was strengthened by her often breaking into brief snatches of song. She wielded an enormous green fan, like a crimped fire-screen, and paraded about bonnetless on deck;—perhaps she was a Spaniard from the Madrid boards, who, after charming a Lishon audience, was bound to Buenos Ayres—who was starring it, in short, in both worlds—surpassing those less enterprising constellations above, that are content with shining on one hemisphere. I found I was in the wrong there, at any rate: this was the German Countess, only just married; the fair bride who was accompanying her husband to the Brazils. She had voted her blushes inconvenient travelling companions, and left them at home. It was a wise forethought; blushes were never intended to display themselves on the crowded deck of a steamboat, under the ultra coiffure à la Chinoise this lady adopted, and which out-Chinesing the Chinese, reminded one of the very rough and impromptu coiffure bestowed by that untaught, extemporaneous, unintentional, rule hair-dresser of a Bluebeard, who seized the locks of shrieking Fatima in his fierce hands, and forthwith strained them up—up—up, so tight and high,—brandishing a scimitar instead of a comb,—that, had her hair been the least inclined to comb off, the tresses would have been all severed from the head, and one should think, the scalp too, before the head itself was severed from the shoulders. Thus did he dress his wife in the most exaggerated tip-top “à la Chinoise” mode; (at least, as we see the happy

pair generally represented in those rainbow-dyed, vivid prints of bright red, blue, orange, green, lilac, and light yellow, that are designed to cultivate a taste for high (coloured) art in the infant mind;) and this, it seemed, was the model she of the green fire-screen of a fan had selected.

The other lady passenger I have before mentioned, too, appeared on deck—she who was reported to be a German duchess, or princess of the highest rank; sometimes, however, changed (by report) into a French marquise of the most enormous wealth, travelling with an immense suite of domestics and diamonds, suppressed ladies of honour, sea-sick already, somewhere in the cabins below, and chamberlains disguised (such was her unostentatious will) as valets and couriers.

Amongst other things she was declared to be the sister of the reigning Duke of Luxembourg, and as he, I believe, is in fact the King of Holland, it seemed certain that she was really a most august personage *incog*. But I will let the reader into a secret that I did not discover for some little time (though I *did* discover, certainly, that she was not the King of Holland's sister, having the honour of being acquainted with that royal lady). She was in real truth a second-rate French *modiste*, going to repair her shattered fortunes, which had been injured at the revolution, and set up shop in Rio de Janeiro. As I was the first, I believe, who was inclined to doubt the idea of madame's being anything royal or aristocratical, I will give a slight sketch of her personal appearance to justify my hesitation. She was a rather tall, very corpulent dame, with one eye, half a pair of mustachios, several chins, stuff enough for half-a-dozen cheeks,

a hundred little cunning wrinkles, a very red face and a very blue one—alternately, not both together—a kind of black velvet skull-cap, in which she appeared on deck, a remarkable shining forehead, a bullet-shaped head, an apoplectic-looking throat, and a button of a nose. I would not swear she had not a wart or two on her vasty visage. All her features seemed to squint, and half of them to sneer. Add to this, a brace of formidable hands, like huge shoulders of mutton underdone, (sooth to say, ^{ced} little like hands of your “little French milliner” as of a German duchess—if the last, in any revolutionary crisis she might have defended herself and her dominions stoutly)—and some extraordinarily fanciful-looking fashions—notions, the Americans would call them, I think—that, of course, she was trying to set, displayed on her portly person, and you may form some idea of this engaging individual.

After it was ascertained what she was, it was bruited about in the ship that this *modiste* wore all the caps, shawls, and other finery, that she was going to set Rio in a blaze with, by turns, on her own huge form; and any one who fancied any article of dress upon her (strange if they did!) might buy it off her *sur-le-champ*, if it were not one *la bienséance* rendered imperatively necessary she should not doff in company, or without a substitute at hand: in fact, she was a kind of peripatetic show-room, a living “*magasin des modes*,” an ambulatory stall, an animated bazaar of various fancy-ware for the toilet; and after sitting a little while on deck adorned with one set of fine things, she would rise, waddle consequentially to the companion ladder, taking care to spread out the particular shawl or scarf she hoped to

dispose of (off her mountainous shoulders) like a peacock spreading his tail—not that he means that for sale—and then she would disappear, and soon reappear with some fresh articles of dress, and seat herself again in the most conspicuous place. How the tattlers on board ever came to fabricate so unlikely a tale as that of this fat Parisian being a German princess, I cannot imagine. I have heard that in some emigrant ships they publish newspapers, containing any little scraps of gossip and information that can be collected in the vessel. How we should have shone on board our good Brazilian steamer, had we taken it into our heads to publish a daily gazette! what wonderful histories and mysteries might have seen the light! Such vast resources were evidently to be found in the creative imaginations of some of the passengers, that there would be little fear of a dearth of interesting tidings; never would the press have been stopped to say there was no news. What a Court Circular, too, might we have had! and what highly-exciting speculations! and what a list of the fashions! It really seemed a pity that we did not get up a daily journal on board.

To be sure, as far as the fashions were concerned, after we had been a little while at sea they would not have shone forth very brilliantly; the tossing steamer's deck would not have been exactly a nautical Longchamps: but a little skill in the composition of the paragraphs might still have made it interesting. "To-day we observe the hair is worn in a particularly limp and *negligé* mode. A distinguished '*fashionable*' appeared on deck, in a costume remarkable for its piquancy and originality; a huge great coat, buttoned over a dressing-gown, shielded

his person from the rather inclement wind. The gentleman, being a French 'sport-man,' perhaps, carries a light riding-whip, so appropriate and useful at sea; he has dispensed with linen, and his toilet is crowned by a striking and effective night-cap, worn a little on one side, and rather forward over locks quite naturally matted and carelessly disarranged. There is another gentleman of *haut ton*, who has lately returned from London, whither he originally went to see the Great Exhibition; this Brazilian gentleman is returning to Rio, where his first appearance as an *élégant* of extraordinary taste will occasion a sensation. He has picked up all he could find *recherché* in Paris, London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Vienna, Rome, Madrid, and St. Petersburg, all of which he visited. On deck to-day—a fine warm day—we remarked he displayed to advantage a Hungarian hussar pelisse, clasped with a Highland brooch, over a poncho and paletot; a pair of Russian, or, we think, Calmuck trousers; very stout Siberian snow-boots; part of a shirt, charmingly variegated with steeple-chasers, pugilists, and ballet-dancers alternately; a large pin, representing the apotheosis of Napoleon rising from a rock, and a box—the last not unlike a coach-box, in fact, but most likely meant for a tomb. This gentleman usually wears a sombrero, over a turban, or fez, both of which, by accident, or design (it was whispered at first), were yesterday placed gracefully on the folds of a coloured pocket-handkerchief, we fancy stamped with a bull-fight, or bear-bait; this encircled his head, and entirely concealed the ears; he grasped in one hand a gold-headed sprig of shillelagh for a cane—made to order, doubtless; in the other, an opera-glass.

“A Lionne made her appearance on deck to-day twenty-five times, in twenty-five different toilettes; the energy displayed in the cause of fashion was edifying: we heard her observe how difficult was the task, for she had to hunt a lace cap and blue silk bonnet, that destiny and the lurching of the ship kept removing from her grasp, up and down her cabin for two hours, and chase a flying muff that sped away into the large saloon. It was truly the *pursuit* of dress under difficulties,”—&c.

We had certainly a collection of live curiosities on board among the male passengers, most of them, it seemed, with the smallest possible allowance of liver: I mean not to impugn their courage in any way, nor to say they were “chicken or lily-livered cravens;” by no means—only that they had next to no livers at all, apparently: but for some unfortunate deficiencies, they made up by superabundances in other ways, for many of them seemed really to have run to beard. Beards there were of every variety on board—of every imaginable diversity of time, trim, nutriment, and growth,—Charles I., Solyman the Magnificent, Tamerlane the Tartar, Francis I. of France, Frederic Barbarossa (Redheard), our former friend Bluebeard, Methuselah, the Conscript Fathers of Rome and Venice, Boubdil, the Wandering Jew, Old Parr, and other hairy worthies, were adequately represented. Such were the wildernesses of beards, the inimitable Figaro, with his appropriate *Figaro qua*, *Figaro là*, might have found employment unintermittedly for a couple of months there, methinks; but surely no mortal razor would have proved sufficient: he

would have had to devise some new implement. Perhaps, unequal to the Herculean task with the common tools, he would have been seen suiting the twined-together members of the hairy black forests with an axe, as the pigmies in mythological fables sallied forth to cut down their corn with hatchets.

But I must, for a little while, return to my black friend. Left to her own meditations, as I previously described, she soon relapsed into her former state of woe and lamentation; and I found her in a piteous condition. Poor thing! her visage was so doubly swollen now by her constant weeping,—she was always of a very plethoric habit of face,—that it closely resembled a huge black sponge: one felt almost inclined to take and squeeze it dry for her. The nose was buried in the puffy mass, otherwise one might have taken hold of that to wring it by. She cried so heartily and continuously, that really it might almost have been feared she would positively melt away—have to be put into bottle, or decanted off, to preserve any remains of her, or actually hastily mopped up, and altogether poured into a lachrymatory (if such things existed now) and hermetically sealed.

Really if the captain had come by in haste, he might have made some strange mistake, just glancing as he passed, and hearing that the hapless dame was so “melted in tears.” He might, perhaps, have treated the matter lightly, too, as the man in the song treated another curious catastrophe; for however kindly disposed the captains of these steamers are, they are so accustomed to see the utterly seasick, or the drowned-in-tears voyagers, who quit home and friends for the first time, that they are

just a little case-hardened; and thus might he have parodied the song,—

“Here! remove this young wretch so sick,—
 And just mop up that passenger, quick!
 (Since the steward says, and so it appears,
 That she’s melted away all in tears.)
 ’Tis a queer thing to *liquidate* so
 The great debt of Nature, I trow!
 But sweep up the defunct,—then, I vow,
 We’ll have grog to the cabin below.”

However, she was not quite dissolved, and from sheer inability, perhaps, to weep any more, she paused. Again I essayed to administer some consolation, and I flatter myself I partially succeeded. The convulsive, hysterical sounds, were subdued, and once more she responded to my suggestions of comfort, interspersed with distant hints and faint intimations that perhaps imparting *a little* of the causes of her distracting sorrow to a compassionate ear might be found some trifling and slight alleviation. “C’est vrai, matame, et vous si aimable. Oh, oui; et sans doute, matame, vent me consoler un peu. Cependant—cependant—oh! oh!”

“Cependant” was the stumbling-block in my path; over that six-barred gate I could never venture to leap. It was impassable; and all that lay on the other side continued to be a *terra incognita* to me. What mysteries were concealed there, I could not guess; but Imagination filled up the hidden Beyond with all kinds of murders, catastrophes, conspiracies, treacheries, wonders, desolations, hangings, quarterings, stabbings, heart-breakings, suicides, marriages, deaths, burials, and christenings. If I timidly ventured to take up the word,

and echo interrogatively "Cependant?" it only occasioned a fresh overflow from those apparently inexhaustible eyes. If there was, in sooth, a lover in the case, I fear that, had he beheld this "mourner in her suit of sables dressed," suffering under such an aquatic attack,—like Sir Rupert the Fearless in Ingoldsby's charming "Legend of Germany," he would have

"From such weeping then thought her
Scarce wife, but at best wife-and-water;
And declined, as unsuited,
A bride so diluted,"—

and thus every tie between them would have been wholly dissolved.

As for me, my curiosity was still doomed to remain unsatisfied. I had, however, the comfort of seeing that the unhappy creature was a little soothed by my sympathy and endeavours to allay her anguish; and once more I quitted her in an arid interval, putting a few sopped pocket-handkerchiefs in her reticule, I rather think.

The next time I beheld her was seated by my side at dinner (she was a first-class passenger): this was verily a good sign. And the wretched being must have required something to eat, I am sure. Grief is not, certainly, what Hope is said to be—by Bacon, I believe—"a good breakfast:" it is a remarkably bad one, and, moreover, it will not allow us to seek for a better one; while, like Hope, it is an undeniably "bad supper" (as says the same authority, of the latter). I therefore was charmed to see my poor Ourika seat herself at the social board: she had taken nothing since the morning, I feel sure, but my disinterested advice to dry her eyes and hope for the best; she had

touched nothing but the hearts of the compassionate (and they were neither fried nor stewed nor otherwise cooked for her, as Malice itself had not yet gone so far as to declare her the Queen of the Cannibal Islands). She had tasted of nought but the honeyed consolations I had done my best to administer, but these would not, however refreshing and supporting to the soul, keep body and soul together; considering the rivers of tears she had shed, poor thing! dry, in the literal acceptance of the term (notwithstanding the many pocket-handkerchiefs that had stanchied her eyes and rubbed down her cheeks), she could hardly be, but hungry she must have been.

She was certainly much more composed and tranquil; the soft fumes of an excellent soup might partly be the cause of this, and the gently-stealing-on hints of a prospective leg of tender mutton might assist. Perhaps aware how much sorrow arises from tenderness, the susceptible, sympathetic damsel, might compassionate the mutton as the highly-sentimental lady, mentioned by Jules Janin I think, pitied a chicken, a wing of which her husband recommended to her, observing that it was "très tendre." "Hélas! pauvre bête, il n'est que plus à plaindre!" and with her handkerchief to her eyes she mourned over the ill-starred but well-
 done fowl.

Full soon came the tug of war,—war on soup, fish, &c. A preparatory tug there was, by the bye, and that was to get the tight-fitting, delicate, lilac kid gloves off the somewhat thick and closely-compressed fingers of the coal-black damsel. They seemed to be swollen like her face, and, like Guido's Magdalen, she had evidently "wept to her very

finger ends." There stuck the gloves doggedly; patiently, perseveringly she dragged and pulled, and coaxed and wheedled, and then growing impatient, plucked and snatched and grappled with the enemy. They really seemed to stick almost like wax—a true Parisian fit; evidently they had come from the native country of all gloves and shoes, where they truly seem indigenous, as if they sprang up modelled by Nature not by Art, perfection itself, among the vines and the cabbages (and if they did, and the shoes were pulled up by mistake with the *choux*—the kitchen-stuff—a French *cuisinier* would make a delicious dish of them!)—only that, after all, they surpass Nature; more beautiful, more delicate are they, apparently, than her handiworks. And this particular pair, it was quite wonderfully exquisite, and tapering, and small, and refined: a Praxiteles of a glove-maker must have conceived its fair proportions, and a Queen Mab of a glove-stitcher put his aerial ideas into execution. But was my new acquaintance quite wise in choosing such a pair for her not very aerial hands?

I cannot but think her sorrows must have been slightly aggravated throughout, by her hands having been encased in such a kind of vice, as each of these gloves must have unquestionably proved: a species of thumb-screw to each thumb must be a disagreeable addition to any pain of mind or body; and if the hands were kept in such close custody, there seems little reason to doubt the feet were also thus cabined, cribbed, and confined.

Many an earthly pang must have been deepened and increased by the sharp pinching of the pitiless shoe,—of the small silken slipper. How often the grief of cherished hopes destroyed, to which fond

hearts were close bound, would be less severe but for the cruel close binding of the satin pump, the cutting pressure on the unfortunate swollen instep!

It is a pity that people should thus aggravate gratuitously the many ills that flesh is heir to. " 'Tis not in mortals to command" Fate, but why should they make it thus doubly unendurable by encountering it in a torturing *chaussure*? Will not the shafts of Destiny sting more when the iron hand of Fashion has made, perchance, the person tender and sore? If we must lift the bitter cup of Adversity to our lips, let us not lift it with hands cased in over-tight kid gloves, of lilac, lemon-colour, or any other hue, that crack in the seam as we painfully raise the dark goblet to our mouths.

Why, oh! why,—a thousand times why,—ye lords of creation, if your heads must bow beneath the merciless stroke of Doom, bow them thus, surmounted by a hideous black chimney-pot of a hat, that nineteen times out of twenty leaves a deep, strong, crimson mark, like a rim of red tape, or a ring of fire, or a blushing wrinkle, or a circling stain of ruby wine, or a long dash of rouge, or a narrow string of coral, or a line ruled in red ink, or a bandeau of sealing-wax, upon your unfortunate foreheads? Up! and say, boldly, "If our hearts must bleed, let not our heads bleed too. We may have to bear the yoke of sorrow on our necks, but it mends not the matter to suffer it in apoplexy-inducing, choking cravats—the wretched necks, unable to bend, might break; severed ties oft cause our sorrow, but does not an equal suffering sometimes spring from not relaxing the tie of a stern neckcloth?" Fall not "prostrate," grovelling in the dust, thou victim of Woe in a tight-fitting

coat; or thou mayest find it difficult to scramble up again. Human beings have continually poured out their wrath against the iron rule of Necessity, the cruel despotism of Life, the chain, the bar, the clog, the dart, the rod, the scourge, and so forth. More honestly might they oftentimes complain of the button, the brace, the hook and eye, the boot-lace, the loop, the strap, the stud, the stitch, the starch, the seam, the clasp, the strings, the pin, the knot, the tie, the buckle. But enough on this point: let me return to the pleasing subject of dinner.

After the gloves were dragged off all went on smoothly, till, in a very sudden manner, poor Ourika rose up and quitted the festive board; precipitately she fled—so precipitately that she left behind her the pair of light lilac-coloured gloves, which had so closely clung to her jetty hands. They were given to the waiter to restore to her, but whether he forgot them, or thought his own fingers would look well imprisoned in the dainty kid, I do not know, but the poor lady, after a while, came to ask news of her gloves, and as we referred her to the delinquent, she soon had the pleasure of torturing her hands in them again.

I am happy to say the poor soul, if she did not quite regain her spirits, soon recovered her composure; but I would not run the risk of disturbing her newly-acquired equanimity by asking her anything relating to her late trepidation and anguish, therefore I still remain in ignorance as to whether she was the victim of a misplaced or ill-starred attachment, or whether she was simply an active little woman of business going out on a speculation, (not in that horrible line of business though, I should hope, that might be described in

the manner undertakers do the details of their trade in England sometimes, as being "black jobs,"—black enough, Heaven knows!): however, to the ill-starred attachment I incline.

After a pleasant voyage, we arrived in sight of Madeira on a beautiful day. It is always delightful to see land, but it is yet more so, of course, when that land is adorned with exceeding loveliness, and possesses a charming, soft, salubrious climate. I think Point San Lorenzo is the first passed, and after that, on the left, lies a low, and long, and rugged range of cliffs (which form the most eastern point of Madeira), and a singular assemblage of large rocks, called the Desertas. One of these, at the northern extremity, is reckoned very much like a huge vessel in full sail. A Danish ship of war once, it is related by some writers, under the misapprehension that it was one, actually, as a signal to it to hoist its colours, discharged a gun. The rock not having any colours to show but its native brown and grey, hoisted none, and the vessel of war fired upon it, to chastise it for its stubbornness and disobedience. This the rock bravely stood—like a rock. The distance between this spot and Point San Lorenzo is about nine English miles.

Madeira presents a noble appearance to the eye of the voyager when approaching from the North. Although its mountains are not very high, yet their upper portions are often encircled with light clouds, and their summits are seen towering above these vapoury veils, which conveys the impression of their being higher than they are in reality. Occasionally a wild, bold peak, is observed exalting its lofty brow above the adjacent heights, and it appears to be sternly frowning among the clouds that hang

around it. Beneath is beheld the rich massy foliage of the thick green woods; and lower stretches a striking line of cliffs, that raise their heads proudly above the mighty waters of the Atlantic Ocean, whose waves are foaming and heaving as they dash themselves madly against the feet of these rugged rocks.

Here and there, the shadowy entrance to some vasty cavern, or ravine amidst these cliffs, opens its dark jaws, as it were,—sometimes looking like a huge monster, watching to suck into its gaping mouth its fellow-monsters of the deep.

Cape Girão, the most singular and worthy of notice among the headlands that rise in succession before the eye, is more than seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is said to be the highest promontory of the kind in the world. I should be inclined to doubt this, strongly; some authorities, however, maintain that it is nearly two thousand feet.

The greater part of the coast presents a continued range of these headlands or cliffs; they are usually of a more precipitous character on the north than on the south coast. Numerous trees adorn the craggy masses, the ravines, and the ridges on the north; but this is not the case on the opposite side, which is far more arid and barren, lacking the moisture which causes the vegetation to spring up with luxuriant profusion and strength.

Madeira altogether, at a distance, has a fine and picturesque, but perhaps not a particularly smiling appearance. Some have likened it to an enormous castle of dark marble, with its huge embattled, partly-dilapidated walls, springing directly out of the waters of the dark blue ocean, and its many-crested

towers and turrets, bearing numerous scars of strife or of the gnawing tooth of time. But as the vessel approaches nearer and nearer, the scene presented becomes more prepossessing.

In general, to reach the anchorage off Funchal, sailing-vessels keep out from the land after rounding the Cape, which the English have distinguished by the name of Brazen Head, and whose Portuguese appellation is Cape Garajão (it is so named from a peculiar species of sea-gull, its British *sobriquet* of Brazen Head is probably from the reddish-brown colour of the rocks). They do this, unless there should be a strong easterly wind blowing, to reach the westerly ocean-breeze, called here an *embate*; it usually blows from eight to nine months of the year, and is occasioned by the cloud-capped heights forming an eddy when the prevailing wind comes from the north or the north-east.

In the stormy winter months the Atlantic rolls into the bay with terrific force; the roadstead is open, and being without any shelter from all the strong blasts that blow from east to south-west, sometimes great damage and destruction happen among the vessels at anchor. Should they drag their anchors, or part their cables, there is little hope for them. The Portuguese generally exhibit on these occasions considerable alacrity, skill, presence of mind, and intrepidity. At times, five or six vessels have come on shore here in the course of a few hours, without a soul being lost, owing to the timely aid bestowed, and the praiseworthy perseverance and energy of the Madeira sailors. Such a case happened during a tremendous storm — at night, too — not many years ago, without a single loss of life.

Sailing-vessels generally anchor, as a precaution-

ary measure of safety, about a quarter of a mile from the rock called the Loo (I believe, properly, "Ilheo," little island), which yields an excellent holding-ground at a depth of about twenty-eight fathoms. Thus they are clear of the Points, and can under ordinary circumstances slip their cables and put out to sea ere the threatened gale sets in with its full severity. Steam-vessels commonly anchor much closer to the land, not being exposed to these dangers, and finding it, of course, more convenient for coaling and landing passengers. Every moment almost the prospect seemed to improve. A great deal of the fertility of the island is said to be owing to the exertions of a Senhor Luiz d'Ornellas Vasconcellos, the brother of Madeira's solitary peer, the Baron San Pedro. One of the most sterile and frowning heights here he has clothed with a rich and flourishing growth of pine. The plantation, altogether, I believe, covers nearly three hundred acres, and it is to be hoped his example will be extensively followed.

What a pleasant bustle prevails on board ship when land is approached, and many of the passengers are contemplating the agreeable prospect of exchanging that prison within a prison — (for Dr. Johnson somewhat aptly compared a ship to one, adding, too, "and with the chance of being drowned") — that little cramping cabin in which you have been boxed up, feeling yourself quite elephantine in comparison with your mite of a temporary receptacle!

I have often observed, however, that in some incomprehensible manner the tiny cabin appears gradually to extend itself miraculously,—that cabin which you think, when you first enter it, might be

considered to offer rather indifferent accommodation for a respectably-sized fly, if he brought any of his large family on board with him, bent on a pleasure-tour, intending perhaps to become a buzzer of foreign languages, or rather foreign hums, on his return to his native window-pane or flower-bed. Despair seized your heart on your first squeezing yourself into this little cell, which you had to do piecemeal, gently insinuating a nose, as it were the small end of a wedge; then the rest of the head, which you felt by the time it was wholly in would be flattened like the compressed noddles of those poor Indian infants which the traveller in America has beheld tightly fitted between two boards, to reduce them to the fashionable shape required by the red men; then, sideways, you poke in a shoulder; then try to advance a foot; and at last stand—marvelling how you gat you there—in the small cellule; then come sad thoughts concerning the impracticability of stowing away a tooth-brush even in this place, which your own person appears to fill entirely; nay, you find you have but one foot in the (temporary) grave, as yet: with vehement efforts you proceed to drag the remaining foot that was forgotten outside, into the place. The most distracting anxieties supervene regarding combs, sponges, and the various indispensable accompaniments of a civilised toilet.

In the bitterness of the moment you think that ship-builders,—builders of steam-packets in particular,—have registered a solemn vow to overturn the bases of human dress, to subvert the toilet-table as by law of fashion and custom established, and to introduce a frightful state of anarchy and disorder by bringing to a sudden end that time-

honoured institution, the pincushion; and by thus entirely revolutionising the state of things as relates to apparel, to leave civilised beings in the rude condition of the cannibal or savage, who thinks his dressing necessities fully provided for, if he arm himself on the eve of a long journey with a tall feather to adorn his single lock, a string of beads and a war-club, not forgetting a spare scalp or two. Thus furnished, he feels confidently he may present himself in the very best society.

But mark the sequel. After you have been a short time in this tight-fitting habitation (leaving the door open in case you should be asphyxied), where you appear immoveable, and where you feel something like a sandwich, stuck between two thin slices of wood, a gradual change takes place.

Slowly the cabin appears to stretch itself in a most unexpectedly accommodating manner. Innumerable little nooks and openings reveal themselves to your anxious eyes; there is actually room for a small tooth-brush there, on that fairy slab, which from its minuteness you have not before observed; you believe that you can in very truth contrive to place a comb upon that ledge, which seems suddenly to have grown out of the wooden wall; you really now begin to entertain an idea of finding a spot in which to seat yourself occasionally, instead of performing the whole voyage standing as in a sort of pillory (if disinclined to the saloon), except when you are in that horrible, long, narrow, open drawer, the berth,—where you are to be “adroitly shelved,” like an unpleasant bill. By degrees you positively discover a place where the whole carpet-bag with its precious contents can be deposited bodily; and so the cabin goes

on steadily growing and growing, till it becomes a very roomy, charming habitation. So spacious, indeed, that you begin to think it would look better a little more filled up. A wardrobe, a small library, a four-post bed, a couple of tables, a few arm-chairs, and one or two sofas, might surely be introduced with advantage. There is a place for every thing, although you can hardly say that every thing is in its place: but too often, at sea, *tout au contraire*. A very little rolling will frequently suffice to put all you have arranged in apple-pie order in the most bewildering confusion, and you must be wide awake in the morning, after a night of a rather unquiet kind, if you would not make a vast number of annoying mistakes.

For instance, if Monsieur le Voyageur gets up, that is, scrambles down from his berth with his eyes half shut, he may begin shaving himself with a revolver, or combing his hair with a razor,—and so may find all his cherished locks tumbling about him in fast-falling showers, cleanly shaved off; or he might discover himself employing a pointed pair of scissors for a boot-hook, thereby making a deep hole in his leg; or putting his foot into his hat instead of his slipper, or tying his stockings round his throat in place of his cravat, or putting the shaving-basin on his head instead of his travelling-cap, and, take, in lieu of a pocket-handkerchief, a piece of tarpauling that has found its way into the cabin, or light his tooth-brush for a cigar; for so had all things changed their places, that not a thing would be in the spot where he had carefully arranged it on the previous night. You would do best to look for every thing where you did *not* leave it before; it is pretty sure to have gone to the Antipodes. Aye!

what a glorious confusion sometimes meets the eye of the awakening voyager! What a happy family of incongruous things consorting amicably together! We will picture a male passenger's "rude sea-grot," by storms distracted. (Gentlemen, no doubt, cannot arrange their cabins as neatly as ladies can.) A collection of lucifer matches are stuck into the teeth of your combs. There is a corkscrew inextricably entangled with your watch chain, cough lozenges jammed into your soap, an orange is in each slipper, a broken glass and a biscuit in either glove, your ink-bottle has been emptied into your waistcoat-pocket, and your neat journal, or small drawing-book — if you have one — and, of course, your delicately-finished favourite coloured sketches, are incurably drowned in the jug of water.

When land is in sight the disordered articles seem to shake themselves into their right places, and lo! by the time all is ready for a start, your cabin has contracted itself again,—or your ideas, revelling in the prospect of spacious rooms and liberty to wander whithersoever you will, disdain the confined space and the long, exceedingly narrow, shallow shelf, where you had slept—yes, slept! —rocked by the wind's "rude lullaby,"—hoisted up like a leg of mutton on the tray a butcher-boy bears balanced on his head, only that your tray was narrower, and less comfortable and luxurious, and the ship not so steady in its motions, as the butcher-boy aforesaid.

After passing Point São Lourenço and, I think, the Desertas, the agreeably-situated hamlets of Santa Cruz and Machico come in sight. That line of coast that forms the Bay of Funchal (which, perhaps, hardly deserves that grandiloquent title), recedes

by degrees from the headland of the Cape Garajão upon the eastern side towards the city of Funchal, a distance that is usually stated to be about three miles English; it then juts out again more decidedly and rapidly towards Ponta da Cruz, that lies to the west of the capital, with perhaps an indentation of from half to three-quarters of a mile. The coast is fine, and appears rude and steep between Cape Garajão and Fort Sant' Iago, forming the eastern boundary of the city. The new quarantine establishment is, I understand, situated at the entrance of a bold mountain gorge that diversifies the scenery here. The beach, with its rough shingles, commences from Fort Sant' Iago. It stretches to the Ribiera de São Paulo, which is the western boundary (this is frequently denominated Ribiero de São João); after this the shore regains its more rocky and craggy appearance. As to the bay itself, should the day be fair and propitious, as the voyager turns to it his pleased gaze, it resembles a pearly lake, while the city lies smiling and sheltered in its farthest and most sequestered corner. The Pontinha (or Narrow Point), and the Loo Rock, are conspicuous objects, each being surmounted by a fort. The Pontinha joins the mainland by a species of bridge: I do not know whether it is natural or artificial. Loo Rock is very picturesque, indeed: it stands alone, abruptly springing, as it were, out of the waters, at a moderate distance from the land—that lofty and striking coast which is seen towering in uneven and varied sublimity behind. Small vessels occasionally seek for some slight refuge and protection there, while they are undergoing repairs.

Telegraphic communications are kept up be-

tween the hills that lift their proud crests above the Brazen Head and this rock; and by a code of signals from the fort due notice is given of the approach of ships. Thus, ere they arrive at their anchorage, all particulars concerning them are known, as well as the direction from which their course is held, or in which they first make their appearance.

The view has now become exceedingly charming and interesting; above the many-turreted city of Funchal the signs of flourishing vegetation are abundant. Here there are beautifully-trellised vineyards, and there are quintas and villas, almost lost in embowering groves, and often surrounded by lovely and smiling gardens; while here, again, are patches enriched with the banana and sugar-cane. The colours, spread brightly over the surface of the hills, are enchanting and much variegated: now a rich regal-looking purple, and now a rosy suffusion, and in another place, perhaps, a golden glow, or a faint orange tint. There are sparkling rivers, too; and where they are not seen, the eye follows them out by the marked lines of overshadowing trees, generally fine chestnuts, which are thickly planted on each side of the stream, and which grow there in full, flourishing, exuberant pride. But here and there you may catch a glance of the actual, gleaming, silvery "Ribiero," that so freshens all around it; and the white, shining city itself, too, is fully displayed to the gaze, with its balconied and often tower-surmounted houses. Those turrets are, in fact, belvederes, from which the prospect-loving inhabitants gaze upon the sea, the hills, and the various cultivated grounds, and plantations, and vineyards near the city. The ravishing blue sky of the south

completes the charm. Not a cloud to dim its lustre—pure, bright, shining—as it could know no change and no diminution of splendour; and the air is clear, indeed, and sparkling with a golden brightness,—how soft, and balmy, too! Its transparency is particularly striking. Every object is beheld with all its minutiae and details. Here the famous line,

“ 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,”

hardly holds good; things seen at a distance seem to have no soft interposing veil spread between them and the eye: the outlines are as sharp and decided, the colours as definite; the various irregularities of surface on yon bold steep afar, with its rugged peaks and pinnacles, and jutting prominences, seem as distinctly seen as those of the nearest cliff—as fully marked as the least stain or tiniest hue on the lofty pillar upon the beach (a pillar originally intended for the unloading of vessels, but the work was interrupted for some reason or other, and has never quite arrived at completion: when first built, the sea laved its base). You almost think you could see a fly crawling up the wall of the Mount Church, which is beheld shining in the sun, at the imposing elevation of nearly two thousand feet.

Another object observed from the bay is the Peak Castle; some promenades and public walks, also, are visible among the thickly-clustering white houses—one that is in front of the governor's mansion being called “Praça da Rainha.” The city faces the south, and in form somewhat resembles an amphitheatre, the mountains (rising to a height of more than four thousand feet) terminating the prospect at the back; the nearer overhanging steeps

also present this peculiar shape and appearance, and you seem to look upon an amphitheatre within an amphitheatre, the outer one being of truly Titanic proportions.

The double-domed church of Nossa Senhora do Monte on the heights above, in the rear of the town, is a very conspicuous object. It rises out of a rich deep wood of chestnut trees. Nossa Senhora do Monte is looked up to with the most affectionate veneration by all the Roman Catholic mariners. She is considered a sure protectress in all cases of watery peril; and many miraculous interpositions of hers, under circumstances of appalling danger, are recounted seriously and devoutly believed. The cemetery of the natives and Portuguese is a beautiful object; its mournful cypresses stand like shadowy sentinels of Death along the verge of the frowning cliff. Near the palace of the governor (the "Fortaleza," which rears itself rather conspicuously behind the pleasure-grounds of the Praça da Rainha, and seems to be an architectural olla podrida), are the fragments of a mole. Some unwise speculators pretty literally made ducks and drakes of thirty or forty thousand dollars, injudiciously squandered on this vain undertaking. No sufficient foundation could be secured, and the greater part of it has already been ruined and washed away by the waters of the sea. In addition to the objects I have enumerated, the Praça Academica and the Custom-house attract the eye; and at the back of the town the Santa Clara convent exhibits its glaring spotless walls of white. The scene was altogether exhilarating, and must, I fear, have been peculiarly bewitching to the poor Brazil-bound passengers, many of whom came

crawling out of their dens at the announcement of land, and casting looks of envy at those who had already arrived at their destination. It must have been heartrending to them to have been thus beckoned, so to say, to the green arms of their mother Earth! in vain. Verily, their faces are pretty nearly as green as the face of that tender mother herself. Some of them look already like sheeted spectres, with those livid complexions, varying between young lemons and old cold oyster-sauce seen by gaslight: what will they be by the time they arrive at Rio de Janeiro? They might positively resort to snapdragons to beautify them, and give them comparatively a complexional charm.

Ourika had quite the "whip-band" of them all; hers was a good fast colour, warranted not to vary on any emergencies. If anything, she appeared a little more sooty than before, from the contrast with the poor cadaverous-looking people surrounding her. Black is decidedly your wear, where the skin is exposed, to display all the various tell-tale hues of a liver unpleasantly affected by the unlovely "*mal de mer*."

What strange objects did one see! Here stood a lean and slippered Pantaloon, who appeared about eight-and-twenty on starting, but who had run through the intervening acts of life with frightful rapidity, till he had apparently got to threescore: he looked as if he had been buried and dug up again, which, in fact, he almost had been, having been constantly sepulchred in his dismal dormitory during the whole voyage. For a length of time he had hung up, a specimen of "suspended animation." When he first came on board he was gaily dressed in the extreme of the fashion, but he soon went through a kind of

sent

reversed process of the chrysalis and butterfly, and lost, at length, all his sheen and splendour.

The steward, like a kind of body-snatcher, has gone from cabin to cabin, pulling out the all but inanimate inmates. There is another unfortunate being, who totters forth with helpless gait, not very accurately dressed. His toilet is susceptible of many improvements,—his head of hair looks like a decrepit tooth-brush pensioned off, with its few surviving bristles sticking here and there with a melancholy tenacity of existence; and his eyes look as if they had been gouged out and put in again temporarily. He seemed much crumpled, too, and to need a smoothing-iron, or something of the kind. The Parisian milliner presented a splendid appearance; she did not seem the worse for the voyage and its discomforts, and she sat in state in the ladies' cabin (whither I went to take leave of my black friend), with as many shawls, scarfs, lappets, veils, "jabots," flounces, mantles, sashes, trimmings, handkerchiefs, collarettes and ribbons, as she could contrive to hang about her very ample person. She looked like a chimney-sweeper on May-day, or, rather, like several rolled into one. Poor Ourika stood by her, evidently in meek admiration. Perhaps the similitude I have alluded to might more correctly be applied to her, complexionally speaking, and also from the actually superior variety and profusion of colours she displayed.

The corpulent Parisienne cast many a look of disdain at the gentle negress; and those looks, occasionally, were of that lengthened description with which the tyrant in a tragedy regards the object of his vengeance, when that individual, whoever he may be, has ventured to remonstrate on

any subject, or to question the right of said tyrant, possibly, to dispose of his head and stage-wig, or quarter him, instanter, — that tremendous stare, sometimes very slow — sometimes fearfully fast — when, *is the* in the latter case, down drop the eyes to the shoe-strings, but (like cats, lighting on their legs,) straight ascend again, and are in a moment at the topmost hair of that stage-wig, — an up-and-down and up-again look — a *Montagne-Russe* sort of a gaze — a glance that measures you so completely from head to foot, that two and a-half such looks from your tailor might surely be sufficient to secure you an excellent fit of a full suit of clothes without more ado; and if the tragedians would only teach the tailors this rapid mode of measuring, much time and tape might be saved. It might do for the shoemakers, too, perchance.

You would have marvelled, seeing the black damsel so meek and mild, why her companion inflicted on her those terrible, long, searching, scornful glances, as if she would penetrate the secret of her soul; as if haughtily, though scrutinizingly, she would pierce through every fold of her heart, know what stuff her soul was made of, the texture of her mind, the quality of her intellectual being, and unravel the intricacies of her whole internal existence; and perhaps would ascertain whether her mental horizon was sunny and *couleur de rose*, or clouded and gloomy. But you would have been quite wrong; she only wished thoroughly to examine the folds of her shawl, to know what stuff her gown was made of, the quality of her scarf, and whether it was strictly *couleur de rose* or *cerise*; she secretly desired, peradventure, to unravel the fringe that depended from a curious-looking hand-

kerchief encircling her neck, to ascertain whether it was a mixture of worsted and silk, or what. In short, it was but the depths of the damsel's dress she wished to penetrate to, and not to the depths of her mind. One-twentieth part of her one eye only was on me while she conversed with me ~~Ya~~ a fifteenth part was devoted to my shawl, and a fourth to the silk cloak of a lady hard by, and so forth,—so that that one eye was a hard-working one): the rest was absorbed in profound contemplation of the articles of Ourika's dress. She was arguing about the French Constitution, Louis Napoleon, &c. In advancing the various arguments of her capacious mind, she did not forget or omit to advance her capacious feet, clad in the finest of open-worked stockings,—for sale—not the feet, but these web-like coverings; also in displaying her powers of reasoning, she largely and conspicuously displayed her Cashmere shawl, and pointed out striking coincidences with her fringed *parasol du dernier goût*; she spoke of financial difficulties, while a scarce-suppressed calculation rose to her lips that she was mentally making respecting the price per yard of some net that adorned a part of the black lady's apparel.

To judge by her severe sneer, she computed this at sixpence-halfpenny-farthing "par aune" only—"On dit que tout au plus il y a pour payer tout cela vingt-cinq millions"—(aside)—"Peut-être c'est quatorze sous et demi l'anne," and so on. She told me she had been in the very midst of the revolution, and was frightened almost to death. She found afterwards that ruin stared her full in the face (very bad taste Ruin showed, methought), and decided on quitting her beloved but

slightly inconstant and change-loving Paris. She did not desire again to see the banner of Insurrection waved—here the embroidered handkerchief was well shaken before the eyes of those who might haply wish to become purchasers of the article; it was not only the crown that was in danger,—when there was one; bonnets themselves might fall a prey to revolutionizing ideas, and the cap of liberty, which the people delighted in *coiffé*ing poles with, might become their substitute,—and her own bonnet was advantageously displayed at the moment.

It was her own private opinion that gauze and taffeta skirts would survive the shock of falling thrones and the wreck of dynasties; and she spread out various articles of those airy materials that adorned her person,—much too airy for her huge proportions, for she looked like a hippopotamus caught by mistake in a spider's web.

She continued: People talked of “the cause,”—there were so many causes in France!—but what were any of them to the effect of a fine toilette and *tournure*? Then she expatiated on the impropriety of changing administrations too frequently, and the absolute necessity of changing fashions, glancing scornfully at the dress of an unlucky lady-passenger, who had a flagitious bonnet of the last season, and a perfectly heinous shawl of at least two years back. Mankind must have some variety, and the charming fluctuation in the “modes” was the mighty safety-valve that, properly attended to, was the recipe for all revolutionizing tendencies, and for the reckless, restless spirit of unnecessary innovation. Change the lace trimming of a gauze cap, or the way of adjusting a bow, a head, a sprig, or a tassel, and you may be preventing unconsciously a monarchical

catastrophe, and damming up unwittingly the floods of the democratical deluge.

Madame almost seemed to take some blame upon herself. She might have allowed the fashions to languish, mayhap, by neglecting to alter the form of a chemisette, or by permitting a peculiar *fichu à châte* to survive for a month, instead of closing its existence in a fortnight, and thus wearying the female mind, and fatiguing with monotony the eye of mankind. She might have been the real cause of the revolution; her culpable neglect might have been the means of precipitating Louis Philippe from the throne, and causing him to wander as "Mr. Smith" to *perfidè Albion*; and thus, in fact, she was at the bottom of all the mighty train of events that ended in making the heir of Napoleon, president.

A Parisian milliner has a tremendous responsibility. It is all very well talking of Algiers as being useful in carrying off the wild spirits of France; but though well enough in its way, or as an auxiliary,—according to her, but ply the French mind properly with newly-devised "canezous," a triumphant success in cuffs and "capotes," a fresh ribbon, a lately-discovered ruffle, an original neck-tie, copied by all the nations of the civilized world, and France is satisfied (and, as we have since been told by the highest authority, when she is satisfied the universe is at peace).

Madame proceeded to give us some interesting information respecting herself, to all of which the black lady listened reverentially, opening her wide eyes wider, and her mouth too, as if to swallow the most enormous fib Madame could by possibility invent; the latter flourishing her cambric handkerchief most sympathetically, and affection-

ately patting her gown to make its folds fall properly, told us she was, as we saw, going alone, but her *mari* would follow with a vast many additional bandboxes per next packet. She seemed particularly sure of this. I did not feel so certain of the fact;—the bandboxes perhaps,—yes, the bandboxes may duly arrive, but Monsieur may prefer remaining in *la belle France*—who knows? A patriot must sacrifice his inclinations to the good of his country. I opine seriously, that the next packet will bring Madame nought save a beggarly array of boxes (not empty ones, though), while the precious treasure of Madame's heart, as we must suppose Monsieur to be, may be missing. However heart-breaking, he may consider it incumbent on him to stay and help the Constitution-mongering in his native land. His heart at Rio, his head may be wanted at Paris—in some sense or other, on or off.

Who can wonder, by the way, at the late fashion in Paris of wearing beards? Shaving, I believe, is generally considered a very troublesome operation, and Parisian gentlemen, like Madame de Sévigné's friend, in restless, uncertain, revolutionary times, when popular ebullitions of feeling of the most violent kind were an every-day occurrence, might very sensibly decline taking the pains to shave themselves and trim their hair, till they finally knew, or could form some sort of a guess, as to whom or what their heads were to belong—whether to themselves or the “*maître des hautes œuvres*,”—to the guillotine or their native shoulders,—whether to a cannon ball, a liberty pole, or their own well-filling chapeau or casquette, as the case might be.

At last I took leave of the eloquent Parisienne,

and of my poor Ourika, who was quite affected at our leaving her. She pressed my hands severely in her own tightly-gloved ones, and ended by sharply kissing them; and then she roughly visited my companion's cheek with an extensive kiss. Poor, kind-hearted, grateful, affectionate being, she was quite mournful when at last, with many expressions of our good-will, we left her to Fate and the French milliner, whose gowns and shawls she looked up to, evidently as to superior beings.

On reaching the deck we found some indication of rain; the treacherous blue sky we had so implicitly trusted, was looking a little lowering. The waters were not particularly placid, and as the landing is very inconvenient and troublesome at Madeira, the Brazil-bound passengers began somewhat to recover their spirits. We were not so much to be envied after all! To punish us for stopping short at fair Madeira, and exposing them to the sorrow of coveting our happier lot, we should have a plentiful tossing in the self-acting blanket of the deceitful bay,—that before had looked not like a blanket, passive or active, but a sheet of silver.

Even the gentleman *coiffé à la superannated* tooth-brush brightened up; he ran his fingers through two hairs on either side of his head, and executed a smile with some difficulty (his lips had so constantly framed the dissyllable "Steward, steward," that I almost was inclined to think, had his head been chopped off, it would have rolled into the deep, muttering "Steward, steward, stew—, st—," as the applewoman's did "Pippin, pippin, pip—," when it met with a like misadventure, and was rolling in an uncomfortable way down the hilly street).

However, we heard no time was to be lost; we mentally ejaculated, "and no boxes or bags" (which sometimes are, in such hasty proceedings), and after giving directions respecting them, and gathering various baskets and reticules under the wings of our cloaks, we contrived to let ourselves down, and these "careful comforts," without accident, into the boat, that lay wabbling and tumbling about, and playing at a sort of new bob-cherry with our feet, always jumping itself away whenever we attempted, not to get it into our mouths, as in old-established bob-cherry, but to plant our steps upon its planks.

Pretty enough are these Madeira boats, which were seen skimming about around us; they have lofty, pointed sterns, and brilliantly-painted bows, a vast eye looking out of each, unwinking and unsleeping; while often, within, the sleepy lids of the men tell a very different tale. If the eyes were not delineated there, in their place would be a gay bouquet of various flowers, bathed in the sharp dew of the salt-sea spray. As at Naples, Venice, and many other places, the men stand to row (with their faces turned towards the stern of the boat), and often gracefully too.

There are various scattered dwellings on the side of the mountain, and their delicate proportions, as compared with the huge hill on which they are situated, have a curious effect to the eye, before it becomes habituated to the scene. You might easily fancy sprites and mites, midges and gnomes, inhabiting these diminutive dwellings. Trees, looking the size of toothpicks; cupolas, the dimensions of thimbles; and rivers like fine white threads, diversified the scene. Does some elfin admirer of Nature live in yonder

homœopathic allowance of a habitation?—does some hectic valetudinarian of a fairy take up his or her fragile abode in that tiny pocket-palace, glimmering white in the sunshine, amid pins'-points of groves of lilliputian chestnuts? Has a microscopical mite of an amateur artist established himself in that romantic little ravine, where a pigmy villa on a patch of verdure is with difficulty descried?—or does a diamond edition of an Esculapius, residing in yon miniature of a nutshell, kill or cure those wee motes in the sunbeam? (If he proceed on the plan of giving them the smallest possible doses of medicine, so much in favour in some quarters now, according to our notions of proportion what animalculæ could be found tiny enough to mix the pills? It is difficult to fine down our ideas so far, really.) Or does a two-inch-and-a-half-hop-of-my-thumb of a hermit sequester himself in yon delicate hut, with a beauty-spot of a garden, that may perhaps boast of one chamber of a foot in length, and eight-and-three-quarter inches high? What can be the infinitesimal inhabitants of that smallest of hamlets?—are they, peradventure, gregarious sprites, copying human beings, having built themselves a village that you might surely cover over with a good-sized cabbage-leaf? And what is that globule in the midst of those little grains of houses? It looks like the dome of a fairy church! Does some agricultural elf rent that atom of a farm yonder, or a misanthropic doll dwell in yon airy *houselet*—a bead of a baby-house, indeed—of which, surely, ants were the architects and builders? We advance nearer; the houses and cots look a little larger,—a number of diminutive beings are gathered together, we observe, in one spot; perhaps there is a miniature market there. What an assem-

blage of the tiniest of Tom Thumbs ; what a swell-mob of mites ; they would fill a leaf to overflowing. Those above them on the mountain, however, are of much less proportions. A few animated atoms are wandering about there. It is curious to watch them. One dot meets two or three other dots ; they stop, doubtless to hold a wee conversation. It must be a very slight "*thread* of discourse." If they ever warble, how small they must sing ! Can these dots live, think, feel, hope, hate, love ? Can these dots die, and live for ever, eternally surviving the huge hills that contrast so with their puny size ? Do you see that poor, sick, invalided dot, striving evidently to climb with lame pace up the acclivity—quite a dot-and-go-one ? Perhaps its thoughts are out-flying the eagle at this moment ! These dots and dabs all seem to go on amicably together ; a new pair of particles appear, they join the rest ; . . . but enough,—little enough is all this. Yet, perhaps, it may be too much.

Landing at Funchal is not a very easy or agreeable operation. Those accustomed to the charming facilities of our own ports will be woefully disappointed here. When the weather is bad, this disagreeable business generally takes place under the shelter of the Loo Rock ; then looking brightly out for the favourable upward swell of the water, the proper moment is seized carefully by prudent voyagers, to deposit whatever is most precious to them on shore, whether their portmanteaus, themselves, their writing-desks, (with needful cash inside,) or "Best London Sauce," or their cigar cases, or even perhaps their wives. In short, after thus adroitly managing first to land what is most valuable to you, and then yourself (if, indeed, the last is not the first—this sounds like a riddle,

but is probably a most plain and simple truth), you ascend a flight of stairs, and then reach a platform,—or bridge or ridge that connects the Loo Rock with the beach. I believe this landing at the Pontinho is more often necessary for passengers coming by the Brazilian steam-packets than by other means. They have only, I understand, a short stated time to stay, and those who want to land are obliged to go as soon as possible, let the weather be what it may.

When, in good weather, sailing-packets can come to anchor, the landing is effected with much celerity and comfort; and good weather is the rule, perhaps, here, and bad the exception. Madeira boatmen are noted for their dexterity in managing to land their human cargoes in good repair, and without any damage from damp; so that the ringlets of the ladies and the shirt-collars of the gentlemen are seldom limp or disturbed from their stiff propriety. There may be a heavy swell, causing a good deal of boiling surf and foam along the beach, but the human "heavy swell," or the fair "damosel," "whiter than the foam" itself, will be landed intact; so hard work the adroit boatmen in the sublime cause of corkscrew ringlets and well-starved gills.

When close to the shore, the little bark is turned with its stern to the beach, and the men take the opportunity, when a big wave comes hurrying in, to back the boat upon its whitened, hissing crest, until it meets the pebbly beach; then they jump out, and, aided by some of their comrades on land, they generally contrive to drag the boatie, passengers, pickles, portmanteaus, passport-cases, wives, and cigars, and all, safe and dry to the shore. Let no overweening anxiety for a lot of deeply-cherished

Havanas, or haply a jar of pickled cabbages, or possibly for the ^{sketching} portfolio of your bosom, induce you rashly to anticipate the right moment, and, without awaiting the signal of your faithful rowers, to put forth the feet of impatience, and project the nose of sudden determination and chin of over-active energy. As sure as you act this injudicious part, driven by a passionate love for the weed, or, it may be, the wardrobe, so sure do you pop that chin into weeds far less desirable, and dip those feet in the drenching wave, and bob that blameless nose against the shingles, besides giving the darlings of boxes or cases you carry in your arms, whatever the case may be (or perhaps it may be a puppy-dog, or a périgord-pie, or a periwig in a band-box),—a very disagreeable ducking. Bide your time, then, till the more experienced mariners tell you to step on shore. Very often the sea is like glass, and you may quietly hop on to the beach without being dragged thus up in the little craft, like fish in a net.

Palanquins and horses are usually to be found close by, waiting to be hired by the freshly-arrived visitors to the island; but it rained very heavily, (ah! deceitful, honey-tongued, flattering, false, blue sky!) and they were absolutely, indispensably necessary, and, therefore, of course they were not there. Some traces, some footsteps of them, indeed, there might be to be seen; but for themselves, they had melted away at the first drop of the shower like lumps of Portuguese sugar—(which dissolve with remarkable rapidity, be it said *en passant*), and we sought them in vain.

The civil, obliging master of the English hotel that we were going to (Mr. Miles), was on the beach,

and he offered to send immediately for a palanquin to the town; but as we felt we must infallibly be quite wet before it could arrive, and it would involve much more risk of cold-catching, if such a phenomenon as a cold were to be caught here, to sit in it in a drowned-rat condition, than to walk steadily on, we declined the proffer, and we plashed on over the rain-soaked ground, meditating somewhat disparagingly on the much-vaunted climate of Madeira: very unjustly, perhaps; for as one swallow does not make a summer, neither does one shower make a winter, no, nor yet a copy of that worse than winter—an English spring; {which, by the way, we cannot even say, as some great authority said of a cold spring somewhere else, “is like a winter painted green:” little green has ours to boast of generally:} but then we did not know that this same shower might prove thus a solitary example—(and, indeed, it was followed by many others),—and that this present hibernal season of Madeira might be designated as a *single-storm* winter.

How heartily it rained! It seemed as if the weather was making up for a long abstinence from such practices, as a pledge-breaking teetotaller might be supposed to ply the cup lustily. Compared with other rains in other places, it was the furious crying of a vexed child contrasted with the more steady flow of grief of a grown person. The poor banana-leaves each poured down a little secondary shower of their own from their drooping points; the cypresses shed abundant floods of tears over the graves in the lovely, lonely cemetery;—all seemed to be vehemently weeping and wailing, and to be unaccustomed so to do; and you either fancied it, or there really was, a strange incongruity in the

appearance, so June-like looked all around us, save the watery downfall. Yet there are summer-storms, certainly, everywhere—save at Lima, perhaps;—but this seemed very wintry indeed while it lasted, perhaps from its violent contrast with the extreme summeriness of the scene just before presented, and even then partially to be remarked. Still you felt it was only skin-deep, and that the gloomy shower merely extended to a very trifling distance.

Let us step out of this little cloud, like the mythological divinities in the "Iliad," and we shall find the earth dry, hot, shining, golden, with the sun again. Nature, at that moment, and in that place, seemed like the actor, who, playing the parts of Othello and Iago together, blackened only one side of his face, and so could turn instantaneously, as circumstances required, the fitting side to the audiences. She was acting Othello just then for us. We met some dripping palanquins, which, to our rather depressed imaginations, looked dismal, with their inmates extended at full length, and made one think a little of coffins; and the thought was increased by the knowledge one had of the many sick and dying here; and, certainly, a fresh place seems more gloomy seen thus disadvantageously than a well-known one; the features so unfamiliar to us, require to be lighted up to welcome us a little, or else they strike us as hard and forbidding.

Was this the place Captain Marryat had written so eloquently about? "Perhaps he" (the traveller) "has left England in the gloomy close of autumn, or the frigid concentration of an English winter. . . . When he lands on the island, what a change! Winter has become summer; the

naked trees which he left are exchanged for the luxuriant and varied foliage; snow and frost for warmth and splendour; the scenery of the temperate zone for the profusion and magnificence of the tropics;—a bright blue sky, a glowing sun, hills covered with vines, a deep blue sea, a picturesque and varied costume,” &c. Certainly the last,—at least we observed an extraordinary diversity of apparel, and in some cases a great variety and novelty in the mode of wearing it,—for those we met, if females, had sheltered themselves under a petticoat roof, looking like so many two-legged globes moving about; and if males, they were indescribable anomalies,—jackets on the head, ragged shreds of mats about their throats, potato-sacks or bits of old sail-cloth round the body, and horse-rugs or fishing-nets over their shoulders; anything that came to hand to guard against the rare visitation.

Madeira, however, before we went, redeemed her fair character with us, and fully justified Captain Marryat's description. At last—for we walked slowly along under the weight of our saturated cloaks, drenched with the rain, and heavy with mud,—we reached the town, and soon arrived at the comfortable, nice hotel, without any other adventures and annoyances than nearly walking over some waggons or sledges, and my actually running against some yoked oxen (the almost blinding rain beating in our eyes distracted the attention), which last seemed highly indignant and greatly disposed to return the compliment, and my also receiving a rather heavy kick from one of their comrades, who thought our party was encroaching too much on his path, and who was not particularly mild-tempered.

We found, much to our dismay, all the best accommodations in the hotel had been already secured, but Dr. and Mrs. C., whose acquaintance we had made on board the packet, most kindly invited us into their room. As they are both very agreeable persons, we passed a pleasant hour with them: they informed me they were only going to remain a day or two in the hotel, and then should take a house; so we made an arrangement about the apartments which suited both parties.

CHAPTER IX.

WE had rain for about four days after our arrival at Madeira, yet it was charmingly warm, and the air balmy and pleasant. To console us, too, we had a lovely view from our windows. Our agreeable and accomplished friends, Dr. and Mrs. C., remained four or five days in the hotel, and we saw a good deal of Mrs. C., whose society we found delightful. Altogether our four rainy days passed right quickly, and afterwards the weather became exquisitely delicious.

Our drawing-room in the hotel looked into a street; but our bed-rooms had a charming prospect of the mountains behind the town, and of some exceedingly pretty, trellised, terraced, turreted, and balconied, and belvedered houses, with very little gardens filled with very large bananas, besides orange-trees, and various plants and flowers. All the gardens, however, were not thus small, but such broad-leaved, magnificent occupants, had the effect of dwarfing them somewhat.

The street, too, was far from a dull one, and we were much amused occasionally in looking out of the window, and watching from the balcony the passers-by;—now would come lumbering along a heavy bullock-sledge, with a huge load, the usually quiet and tractable animals moving on in their

peculiarly patient, plodding manner; while their drivers, whose lungs seem to have benefited from the mild, equable, chest-invigorating air of their native island, would be making the street ring with their reiterated cries of—“*Ca para, mim boi; ca—ca—ca—ca—oá!*” (“Come to me, my oxen; come—come!”) They are not contented with vociferating at the poor, docile, hardworking brutes, but they urge them but too sharply with their horrid, abominable goads. A shrill-voiced boy generally accompanies the more mature bullock-driver, and thisurchin helps to do the hallooing, and screeches besides, incessantly, for his own especial delight apparently, with all his might and main. His ear-piercing treble aids the thundering, bellowing bass, in half-deafening you, and seems like a fife accompanying the double-double drum. The sledge-driver, in addition to his pointed goad, is armed with a wetted cloth, which is at intervals dropped carefully under the sledge, to prevent its getting heated, and to make it run with ease along the pavement of the street.

After the rumbling, ponderous sledges, and their roaring, noisy drivers, come a gay party on horse-back,—gentle English ladies, speaking softly and smiling sweetly, with plumed riding-hats and close-fitting polka jackets. *They*, surely, are not consumptive patients, looking as they do the picture of health and enjoyment? A voice whispers, “*They were; but, thanks to this climate, they are so no longer.*”

Next come a party of little children, in a sort of family palanquin, going to some juvenile party, with white shoes and transparent-looking, snowy frocks, and with their hair coquettishly adjusted,

and plentifully besprinkled with geraniums and other flowers. Another set come toddling down the street, putting their little, dancing-pump-shod feet down gingerly on the pebbly, hard pavement, and looking like minute opera-dancers, with their short and very full skirts.

Look at those two white round balls rolling down the street; they approach nearer; they look like young balloons, crowned with light wreaths of flowers, or rather like little birds of Paradise, caught in great circular muslin cages. There must be a native child's dance to-night; and the precious darlings go tripping along in full fig, with their pretty uncovered heads and uncloaked forms, making the street bright as they pass. No occasion here for careful mammas to wrap the small shawl round the fay-like figure, or tie a handkerchief under the dimpled chin, and about the slender, rounded, throat.

Next comes an extraordinary-looking vehicle, drawn by a pair of stately bullocks, whose place seems, at the first glance, as if it should be within and not outside the fabric that follows them; for it a little suggests the idea of a small Noah's ark with the roof taken off.

However, on closer inspection this curiosity of coachmaking rather improves: it seems a mixture of char-à-banc, barouche, triumphal car, washing-tub, sledge, dray, dust-cart, artillery-waggon, caravan, wheelbarrow, whale-boat, hearse, omnibus, vat, van, and merry-go-round. It contains, apparently, two or three families. I believe it belongs to some foreign merchant established here. It must require patience, indeed, to sit behind those plodding, slow oxen: you watch the nondescript conveyance, not unlike a gigantic

snail-shell following in a funeral procession of one of the horned and slimy tribe, and before you can discern positively that it is verily moving,—with a vast deal of bustle and of exertion,—it is actually got a little out of the way, for it has to make room in the narrow street for a gay equipage, which, whirled along by two spirited horses, flashes by, driven by a smart gentleman, who might pass muster in Hyde Park. His carriage is something like a phaeton, with a dash of the curricle, I think. The gentleman, I understand, is a native of the island—the Mirror of all Madeira fashion—the Brummel of Funchal.

Next come a company of peasants from the country: let us describe the group. One or two of them are handsome-looking people, who make a favourable impression even in their curious head-dress; bedecked with which, let me observe, the wearer requires considerable beauty not to be very ugly. When it is placed above a good-looking physiognomy and well-formed head, however, it is as picturesque as it is striking. This head-dress is very peculiar: it is a sort of black funnel-shaped cap, with a long narrow peak, often worn so that it projects as if out of the forehead.

Sometimes when you meet these Madeira peasants, and the cap I have described is pulled much over the brows, the point looks almost as if they had a sharp black arrow sticking in their foreheads: this head-gear is called the “carapuça.” The slender peak is frequently worn inclining gracefully enough to the right side. When placed straight forward, it reminds one a little of the weapon protruding from the broad front of a war-horse of the olden times, or a unicorn’s horn in mourning. These islanders are thus “armed cap,”

if not "cap-à-pié." This singular head-dress and yellow boots are indiscriminately worn by both sexes. As I said before, on the good-looking ones this spiked or barbed cap appears exceedingly picturesque, and is really becoming, and it gives an arch, piquant air, to the countenance; but it has a very different effect upon the homely.

There stands an exemplification of my assertion in the corner of the street, in the shape of a rather loutish-looking youth, with a pepper-and-salt complexion, a bit of a nose like a little patch of putty, and two boiled gooseberries of eyes. He is certainly no beauty; and that trying earapuça makes him frightful. If he intends his face to be his fortune, that cap will not play the part of Fortunatus' cap for him, by enhancing his charms of countenance: quite the reverse, poor lad!—That saucy-looking damsel, with a high-reared pile of empty baskets on her head (the contents of which she has sold well, to judge by her pleased looks), appears to share my opinion, for she bestows but a glance of scorn on the poor ill-favoured youth, as she passes on to join the group who are discussing the news of the day in the middle of the street. As the phaeton I have mentioned before is, I am told, the only carriage propelled by horses in the island, they had not much fear of being run over; and it is easy indeed to get out of the way of the deliberate, slow-moving oxen. How pretty is that other shy-looking maiden, with the peak so coquettishly placed on one side, but projecting far from her smooth forehead! That sable dart—is it swathed in crape for the deaths it is about to inflict?—will pierce many a youthful heart.

How picturesque the gentle nymph looks in her linsey-woolsey petticoat, manufactured in Madeira,

with its broad gay stripes of colour, and her baize cape, of a deep cherry tint, or a bright azure, bordered round with an edging of some brilliant dye; and with her pale yellow boots.

The swarthy young peasant to whom she is talking, too, is a good specimen of a smart Madeirese. His shirt is confined at the throat with golden studs; he has a waistcoat of a variety of striking hues,—probably kept for state occasions, such as a visit to Funchal; a pair of loose linen trousers; a short jacket, negligently and gracefully flung over his left shoulder (but I suspect he took a little time in tossing it there quite carelessly, like an *impromptu fait à loisir*); and the carapuça, put on with much address and taste.

In his hand you see a stick of considerable length: this stick the mountaineers carry with them, to assist them in clambering up the precipitous steeps and lofty rocks. It is an adjunct by no means to be despised. Like the pole of the chamois-hunter of the Alps, it is almost an inseparable companion of those islanders who dwell among the hills.

Now advance some poor, whining mendicants, clad, one should imagine, in the last shreds and patches of a suit of sticking-plaster, for on any other supposition it would be difficult indeed to conceive how these few wretched grimy rags and dingy remnants can adhere to their persons. The better, I suppose, to excite compassion, a tottering infant is made the mouthpiece of this famished group, thus clothed in the merest beauty-spots, (were not court-plaister patches so termed by belles of yore?) "Dez reisinhos pelo amor de Deos!" pleads the shrill infantine voice.

And now evening approaches, and the tinkling sounds of the "machête" are heard at the end of the street. A large party come on, half dancing, half gliding along, to the tune the instrument is playing. This party appear to be a group of the peasantry returning home from some merry-making with their city friends. The "machête," or "machê-tinho," belongs particularly to Madeira, and is not very unlike the banjo that the negroes play in America: it is, in fact, a little unpretending guitar. The machête has four catgut strings, which are tuned in thirds, except the two lower ones, which, I believe, have an interval of a fourth. The generality of their island music is merely a succession of very simple chords; but this little instrument is said to boast of much higher capabilities when played by a masterly hand, and the most brilliant waltzes and mazurkas of the best German composers may be skilfully rendered on this toy-like instrument.

Besides this, the Spanish guitar is in vogue in the island—they call it, I fancy, "viola Françesa;" then there are the "guitarra," with six double wires—a rather formidable affair; and the "rabeça" (like a violin). Musically speaking, the natives of Madeira have some taste and skill; but it is remarked by those who knew them of old, that the political fluctuations and disquietudes that affrighted this little isle from its propriety have affected its internal harmony and love for external harmony together.

The natives have, I am told, some beautiful vocal national melodies, called "modinhas;" but among the lower classes the singing is of a very inferior order indeed, and a little such as Mesdames Screech-owl and Peacock, and Messieurs Hyena and

Jackal, might treat us to, without any guitar accompaniment whatsoever.

The performer, who appears to wish to be distinctly heard at the highest summit of Teneriffe, begins screeching at the very tip-top of his voice; and then, after keeping that voice as long as possible on tip-toes — as a ballet-dancer so frequently does her person—without taking breath, down he comes to the bottom of the scale, as rapidly and gladly as that fair lady in the song descended the ladder of ropes, full of fears and of hopes, determined on running off with a gallant suitor, and leaving another disappointed admirer in the lurch;—(who, in that amusing “chanson,” protests in the most scornful of bars, with an *appogiatura* bordering on antipathy and a little flourish of harmonious hate, and two or three semiquavers quivering with spite, and various trills and warbles of the most ungracious, affected *nonchalance*, and several mighty great shakes, that the lady is no great shakes, and may, in fact, go to Hong Kong for him,—the grapes evidently being very sour indeed, and the gentleman within an inch of popping down from the Monument, or into the Thames,—only it looks *so* dirty; how is he ever to get clean again when he is rescued?) But to return to our songsters.

This shrieking sort of ditty may be constantly heard in the streets of Funchal; and when it by chance clashes with the yells of the bullock-sledge drivers, a lively idea may be formed of what sounds might proceed from a menagerie of wild beasts, if let loose at feeding-time in some alley most pleasingly lined with tempting butchers’ shops, but each shop guarded by iron railings. We hear a great deal, and see a great deal, that is amusing and cha-

racteristic, Mr. Miles's hotel being situated in the principal street.

Walking out one day, I was diverted at seeing the washerwomen pummelling with much ferocity the linen delivered over to their tender care. I was sauntering beside one of the rivers that flow through Funchal (there being three altogether that intersect the little capital), and beneath the overshadowing branches of numerous large plane-trees that adorned its raised, pleasant banks, I saw assembled a considerable body of those above-mentioned savage tormentors of shirts and destroyers of bibs and tuckers.

You would have thought they must have had some violent spite against the owners of these articles, and were giving a vent to their vengeful feelings by thumping and belabouring their innocent linen and unconscious calicoes. They hammered and chattered with about equal vehemence, which is saying a very great deal for the capabilities of their tongues. They make the linen brilliantly white, however, and it gleams in dazzling purity when laid out to dry in the sun, beside some rock, against which erewhile they had beaten and dashed all the unhappy articles with frantic energy, till they looked like wild snow-storms, or foamy waves of mad cotton, melted by some mystic means, and driven by the tempest on the craggy coast, or till they were apparently resolved into the very soap-suds they had so lately emerged from!

I was amused at a young budding washerwoman, of perhaps four summers, aping most successfully all the murderous actions of her seniors, and hammering pocket-handkerchiefs and helpless cuffs with a desperate fury; her childish face red and

distorted with the superinfantine exertions. The spot where this violent little scene was taking place was a very pretty one, near a curious-looking large house, built, I believe, by Mr. Veitch, the late British Consul. This residence seemed to boast an enchanting garden, and to be a considerable mansion. From its rather lofty towers the view, I think, must be very fine.

The rivers that pass through the town are usually dried up in the summer; but in the autumn they flow down after the abundant rains, for brief intervals, with vast impetuosity and rapidity. They have not unfrequently carried away bridges in their course, and overflowed the lower parts of this small metropolis. At these times they often bring down with their discoloured waters huge boulder-stones from the rocks.

In 1803, in the month of October, a fearful flood took place here: between three and four hundred persons perished; and the loss of property, comparatively speaking, was immense. Since that time the rivers have been guarded by exceedingly strong stone walls, and such disasters are no more, I should hope, to be apprehended. When the floods take place now, the wild, impetuous, shining prisoners, dash themselves vainly against the bars of their stone cage.

The misfortune I allude to occurred after a particularly dry season, the beds of the rivers having been left almost without a drop of water. Suddenly a pouring rain began, and continued for some time without intermission, and ere very long, so violent was the downfall, the river Nossa Senhora do Calhao was swollen to a terrific torrent, whose foaming floods dashed the bridges in pieces,

leaving at last only one standing, upon which a public functionary had erected his own habitation. Many houses, too, with their unfortunate inhabitants, uselessly clamouring for aid, were swept down. The miserable sufferers could not be rescued. Still the rain poured on. It being now night-time, and fearfully dark, the peril and consternation were proportionately increased. There was no time to get ladders and drag the poor wretches out of the upper windows, where they had stationed themselves; and the lower portions of their habitations being inundated, the doors could not be opened: but a brief period elapsed before the walls gave way.

It is asserted that a house, with all its inmates (who could not be extricated), was carried into the sea, and that it remained distinctly visible, apparently quite entire, with the candles glimmering in the windows of the wooden upper story—where the unhappy people had sought refuge—for several minutes.

After this deplorable calamity, the priests declared that, according to their confession-lists, the missing numbered about three hundred and twenty persons; but it was supposed the loss was far more considerable. The greatest damage occurred in a part of Funchal where congregated chiefly the sailors and watermen,—many of the former belonging to different nations, as it was during the period of the war,—and a number of disreputable and low persons of both sexes, such as were most unlikely to be in the confession-lists of the good fathers; thus it is by many supposed that four hundred lives, at least, fell a sacrifice to this lamentable calamity. A church, dedicated

to Nossa Senhora do Calhao, was, like the house I have alluded to, borne out to sea. This was not far from the mouth of the river.

The unhappy inhabitants, many of whom, in their dense ignorance, look upon their island, somewhat naturally, as the entire world, believed the hour of the final dissolution of Nature was rapidly approaching, and they remained paralysed with fear for a length of time, offering no assistance to their fellows, and not attempting to make any exertion to save themselves. However, the townsmen, when they began a little to recover from their first stupefaction and panic, hoped to find a refuge among the heights and peaks. Thus, from Funchal the dismayed citizens fled in crowds. But they were doomed to disappointment. As they hastened towards the country, they met swarms of the peasantry, with horror and alarm in their countenances, hurrying into the town *they* were quitting, flying from scenes of similar desolation and danger. At one moment were to be seen whole groups, rushing along like maniacs, bearing torches in their hands, but in their wild excitement and anguish running into the very perils they sought to escape from, and endangering their own lives and those of others in their unbounded terror; at other times, numbers hurried simultaneously from their unsafe abodes, scouring distractedly about in the hideous darkness, and tumbling over each other; while, before long, the streets were crowded with human bodies and ruins, and quantities of dead sheep, dogs, oxen, and other animals.

Piles of corpses afterwards lay exposed at the doors of the almshouses, that the survivors might recognise and claim them; and these melancholy

heaps continued fast accumulating for some time. It was thought that amongst them many might have recovered, had proper expedients been resorted to for their restoration; but such was the universal dismay and agonised apprehension, that they were forsaken and left to perish. Orders were afterwards given for all those dreadful heaps to be burned, and it was found imperatively necessary to fumigate the streets subsequently to the execution of these commands—a vast quantity of pitch and tar being consumed for that purpose.

By many it was imagined that a water-spout must have burst on that occasion, as the rain, although so continuous and violent, could hardly have produced such fearful results. Considerable tracts of ground were said to be broken up in certain parts of the island, and in others it appeared as if large portions of earth or rock had been swept away violently. October, in 1842, witnessed another catastrophe of the same nature, and the mischief was effected by the instrumentality of the same river, that now proceeds along so pleasantly and meekly between its secure walls, with its running accompaniment of ripple to the rattle of washerwomen's voluble tongues, and so humble, shy, and tiny, that you might think butter would hardly melt in its mouth,—where it debouches so diminutively into the jaws of that great ogre of an ocean; it must be a very little pat, really, of the softest butter—such a timid, shrinking rill as it is, gliding coyly along, like a young river in its teens. It afforded a very different spectacle, however, in that month of October, 1842. The poor, little, modest stream, seemed to have gone raving mad, and appeared sorely to need that

strait-waistcoat of good strong granite which now confines it.

Then the rushing, roaring water, went howling furiously along, and yelling for its prey. The adjoining streets were soon three feet deep in water; miserable creatures were to be seen struggling with difficulty onwards, and wading through the momentarily-augmenting stream, horror in their countenances, and despair in the tone of their loudly-wailing voices. Soon the bridge was destroyed and scattered into pieces; its fragments were carried off, as if in triumph, by the foaming torrent, as though they had been but leaves and boughs of trees.

Down with the wrathful, raging waters, rolled vast numbers of large rocks, torn up like the merest weeds from their foundation, and thundering hoarsely along, amid the sweeping, sounding currents, that foamed by with appalling velocity; in the mean time the ground seemed trembling as with the concussions of an earthquake, as the river thus tore its ruinous way onward, dashing its then fragile barriers to destruction, the while its loud roar was echoed by the piteous yells for help, the groans and supplications of men, women, and children, now tearing their hair in hopeless anguish, and now shrieking out prayers to the Virgin.

The preceding summer had been exceedingly hot; hardly a shower had fallen, but the mountains were enveloped in clouds in the middle of October. Soon startling peals of thunder were heard, and down came the rain in overwhelming torrents, continuing unintermittingly for about eight or nine days.

On the 24th of October, the island at noon appeared as if wrapped in the darkness of an almost

total eclipse. There was a smell of sulphur—of more than Mephistophilesian strength—the air seemed stifling and heavy; the wind changed wildly about to almost every point of the compass; the barometer, too, fell very much. There had been a partial cessation of the rain, but it began to pour down again soon with equal heaviness, and after an alarming continuance of the storm the sea seemed disturbed, and was observed to rise and heave, under a thick canopy of threatening clouds that hung over the bay.

Some entertained the horrible apprehension that the deep would engulf the whole town in its menacing, swelling waters; but after presenting this strange appearance for ten or twelve minutes it gradually subsided, the huge black mass of clouds, that seemed to portend a deluge, was seen to rise higher, and, it was thought, was carried by the wind to the mountains, and there it probably burst. Indeed, after-events established this fact satisfactorily.

During the time of the greatest alarm and confusion at Funchal, the poor inhabitants had in many cases made their escape successfully, by scrambling over the roofs of the houses. More than two hundred habitations were entirely demolished or irreparably injured. An amazing amount of property in corn and wine, and other things, was destroyed at this time. The body of water forced open the wine-lodges, and out streamed their costly contents. Wine was literally running in the streets, as at the marriage of our Henry VIII. with fair Mistress Anne Boleyn; but it was mixed with the foaming floods, and very weak wine-and-water in fact it proved. A vast deal, too, was carried off to the sea for old Neptune's private consumption.

However, it was necessary to make careful arrangements to prevent people becoming intoxicated, for many of the casks were not injured, and were lying about in the streets when the body of water subsided. Rather tempting to those, unhappily, who had lost all they possessed, and having narrowly escaped drowning themselves, not unnaturally wished to drown their cares, poor souls. Part of a fortified building and a fruit-market were completely carried away, and also the entrance to the Praça Academica. During the night a good deal of rain continued to fall; however, a favourable change had providentially taken place, the floods were gradually abating, the weather perceptibly moderating, and soon a strong breeze blew from the south-east. The municipal authorities and the Governor exerted themselves to restore order; the houseless poor were accommodated with a temporary shelter in forts and public buildings, and food was given them to satisfy the pangs of hunger.

Numerous depredations occurred, for the unprincipled and dissolute could not resist the temptation of long rows of deserted houses, with no one to guard or watch them. On the following day there was a frightful hurricane. The poor little city of Funchal seemed doomed to destruction of some kind. The wind had gone round to the south, and blew most furiously. Again were fear and dreadful agitation depicted in the countenances of the ill-starred town's-people, who felt as if they were but resened from one appalling danger to be exposed to another. The sea appeared to threaten the entire demolition of the unfortunate town; it burst madly over the beach, and rushed with hideous noise into the lower portions of the city.

The inhabitants gave themselves up for lost; it seemed in vain to attempt to struggle longer with their fate, and their attempts at escape were feeble, and often, probably, ill-directed. They remained for a length of time in the most dreadful and agonising suspense and trepidation. Their situation, indeed, was a deplorable one. In the bay, six vessels were at anchor,—escape seemed utterly impossible for them by making sail; the boiling billows were sweeping violently towards the shore, the wind dead in. One unfortunate vessel, that dragged her anchors, struck on the rocks and was lost, and all her crew perished. This was a Sardinian schooner. A Portuguese schooner was also lost, with four of the hands on board; the rest escaped.

An American brig and an English schooner also came on shore, but their crews were saved. The crew of an English brig, too, called the "Dart," were saved. A vessel that was driven in the direction of the Loo Rock was preserved, and this was in consequence of the very deep water in the close neighbourhood of that rock, and the back surge, which prevented her from striking on that perilous place. The next morning she was enabled to quit the roadstead in all safety, as the wind most fortunately changed to the south-west.

CHAPTER X.

THE Praça da Rainha, which is carried along the margin of the blue deep, the Praça Academica, and the Praça da Constituição, just before the Cathedral, are all agreeable places for recreation and exercise, and are pleasant promenades for those who are not strong and well enough to venture much farther.

Noble trees overhang these walks, and seats are to be found there, on which the invalid may take needful repose, and inhale the balmy air for a while, without the fear of fatiguing himself by prolonged exertion. Occasionally, I believe, a military band performs on these promenades, which must prove a great addition to their attraction. English and natives here mingle pretty sociably; news is circulated; civil recognitions exchanged; cigars puffed; the latest fashions displayed; the newly-arrived visitors to the island criticised, perchance; and future expeditions to the lions of the land planned and arranged. That Funchal is a gay place I certainly cannot assert—very far from it; but it has its charms and its delights.

One feature is, assuredly, melancholy. It is seldom that you can stir far from home without encountering some mournful object, often apparently

on the brink of the grave, borne along at a slow pace in the hammock or the palanquin, with the hectic cheek and emaciated frame belonging to that fearful disease, consumption. How sad it is to reflect that many of these, could they have been sooner persuaded to try the effect of this salubrious air, and equable, mild climate, might have reaped the expected boon and blessing of re-established health; but, unfortunately, the generality of people wait till it is too late to do any good—the mischief has taken too deep root, and this charming temperature and soft air, which might in the earlier stages of the disease have proved so beneficial, and arrested entirely its further progress, have no efficacy. When the first symptoms appear, then is the time to check the evil in the bud. But it is only too often allowed to attain to a frightful height before Madeira is resorted to. I observe this more and more. A cure under such circumstances would, indeed, be little short of miraculous.

That some wonderful cases of recovery of health at Madeira have taken place, appears certain; but the common mistake is to put off the visit to the island till it is too late to be of any real advantage, and the exhausted and shattered constitution can be repaired and strengthened by no earthly means.

Poor Prince Alexander of the Netherlands* died here a few years ago. I felt a melancholy interest in looking at the house where he had lived—and died, having been very well acquainted with him in Holland. He was truly amiable, kind-hearted, and friendly, was much beloved by all who met him, and I knew many good traits of him. He came to the

* Brother of the present King of Holland.

island in an all but hopeless state, I was told, and the climate failed in renovating him. The circumstances connected with his fatal decline and premature death were singular. The Prince was passionately fond of sport, and was an excellent rider; he was anxious to ride a particular horse at some races in Holland, and as he was very tall, and broad in proportion, he found it necessary to go into extremely severe training for the purpose. Unhappily, Prince Alexander set too zealously about this, and he reduced himself so seriously that he never rallied. His Royal Highness's sister told me, that it was scarcely possible to imagine that a human being could be so fearfully changed as he was, in a very short space of time. From being a remarkably fine young man, full of health and strength, he had become a mere shadow, and so debilitated as hardly to be able to move. He had caught cold, I fancy, either during or after his training; his lungs became affected, and from this attack, reduced as he was, he never recovered. I heard some touching accounts of his sufferings, which seemed to be but little alleviated here.

Our excellent Queen Adelaide was at Madeira at the same time, and was much shocked at the young prince's early death, having seen a good deal of him during their mutual residence here. I could not but picture him in my mind's eye, as I had last seen him in his native land galloping over the wild heaths and uplands of Loo in the hawking season, the falconer's plume streaming gallantly from his Spanish hat, with the loud cheery "*à la vol*" on his lips, and generally one of the very first *in* at the fall, when the heron and the victor-hawks touched the ground. Never was one more universally

popular, so good-humoured and sociable was he, and invariably kind, courteous, and friendly to every one.

Perhaps some little anecdotes connected with him may not be altogether uninteresting.

There was a poor, desolate old man, who lived near the Loo then, who had been the victim of severe misfortunes. He had fallen from wealth and station to the most abject poverty, through a series of melancholy circumstances. The Prince, besides giving him more substantial marks of his benevolence, behaved towards him invariably with the greatest kindness, delicacy, and consideration, and this generous treatment deeply affected the old man. He used to come occasionally to the Loo to sell little birds which he caught—by this means earning a miserable livelihood. It was really touching to see him conversing with the princes (for the Prince of Orange, the present king, was also very kind to him), preserving all the courtly high-bred manners of old days, in his ragged and scant apparel, and treated by them exactly as if he was still in the heyday of his prosperity, or even with greater courtesy. On meeting and taking leave, profound obeisances were exchanged. Of course I need not add that they bountifully relieved him; but the old man, the “decayed baron,” as he used to be called thereabouts, had a strong spirit of independence about him. His tale was a most affecting and singular one, but I have not space to insert it here.

The hotel at the Loo, at that time, was not the best-conducted and most comfortable possible; but the Prince met all its disagreeables with unalterable equanimity of temper. The master was somewhat of a skin-flint, and while he charged exorbitantly

high to his guests he paid the most miserable wages to his waiters, and half-starved them; the consequence was, that they usually stayed a very short time,—gradually, while they did, becoming more and more slender and thread-paperish. Dutchmen do not like fasting perpetually, and have no turn for becoming thread-papers, and before they quite expired of inanition they generally took themselves off to Arnheim or Deventer; bent, perhaps, on appeasing the pangs of hunger with a few of the famed cakes of the latter place, of which a tempting announcement and recommendation was posted up in the hall of the hotel, in Dutch, and also in choice English, extolling their merits and their cheapness, the English translation beginning thus—"Sincere Deventer cakes sold here;" meaning, they were the real Simon Pures, without adulteration or deterioration. Well, one of these waiters was said to be a beggar the landlord had picked up out of the road, from economical motives, thinking the hero of the scrip would not be so extravagantly disposed, nor bring such a formidable appetite to bear on his provisions as other candidates for the post; and that he would be more contented: but no such thing; this gentleman found he had not bettered himself by the exchange, and he had not patience to wait for the "*backshishes*" at the end of the season (or, perhaps, he did not know of the money the guests were sure to give him on their departure); in short, after perpetually spilling the hot soups and the sauces over the prince—who constantly dined there—and knocking the dishes against him, the knight of the wallet made his exit, and rumour, if I remember rightly, said, so precipitately (as if he was afraid of being caught, and turned into a

respectable head-waiter again), that he was observed scampering down the road at a great pace, apparently running a match against time. He won, I have reason to believe,—though it was not considered unlikely that, in a spirit of peculiar fairness, the ex-beggar entertaining a good opinion of his running powers, and having found Time go very slowly, in fact, like a Dutch snail, while he was imprisoned in the hotel, with nothing to eat and drink, had considerately weighted himself with several teaspoons, a soup-ladle, and sundry other articles of plate.

After his departure, a singularly uncount-looking being was introduced to his place. I suppose the mendicant had run off with the threadbare coat provided to make him look decent, as he could not well officiate in his rags. So this new *garçon* was clothed in a still less expensive suit—a coat that might have been compounded of anything, from a piece of black baize to an old horse-hair sofa-covering, and a waistcoat of a worn-out door-mat. This worthy had been a carpenter, and his manners were of the roughest; he would put your plate down as if he were about to hammer it into the table, and would rub off the crumbs as if he were planing the festive board; and as to the dinner-napkins, when he cleared away the things he littered them about like shavings, and cut the bread as if he were sawing a plank. The carpenter predominated so much over the waiter, that one almost dreaded to find the pepper-castor filled with tenpenny nails, or the mustard-pot replenished with size and glue; or he might have put gimlets in place of toothpicks, and supplied the salt-cellar with sawdust. He lifted the covers of

the dishes as roughly as if he were knocking down a partition wall, and hoisted the tray as though it were a deal packing-case.

Sometimes he would stand awhile, and stare in an abstracted mood, contemplating the chairs,—rather crazy specimens of dining-room furniture they were,—as if anxious to find a screw loose, and have a chance of exercising his art. One should hardly have been surprised, had he begun hammering away at the identical chair one was sitting on, and if thus one had found one's self nailed to it.

Prince Alexander used to be particularly amused at the humours of the man of tacks and boards, and was often rather cavalierly treated by him. I will give an instance of this coolness.

We usually came in late from hawking, and the tea and coffee were brought in, after dessert, to the dining-room. One evening I was sitting next to the prince, and when the carpenter offered me the tea, by way of giving himself as little trouble as possible, and keeping the cups and saucers steady, he quietly rested the tray upon the royal shoulders. I was going to desire him to take it off immediately, but Prince Alexander made me a sign to desist, and maintaining both his position and his gravity, entered into the carpenter-waiter's views, and shouldered the tray manfully; the latter, after balancing it nicely there for some time, evidently well-satisfied with the success of the manœuvre, carried off his cups and saucers triumphantly, regardless of the laughter of all around him. Poor Prince Alexander! I remember, one evening, our being thirteen at dinner, and the old superstitious notion was canvassed of its being an unlucky number, and some one observed, "You know

it is said, when there are thirteen at table, one will die. I was told somewhere here in Holland, the other day, that if this luckless number meet together at dinner, the first who rises will be the first of the company to die." "I have heard that said, too," said the Prince, "and I will be the first; I always like to fly in the face of these silly old superstitions." He did as he said, and it was a rather singular coincidence, that not very long after, he, the strong, active, robust, healthy young man, who bade fair indeed to reach a good old age, was laid in his untimely grave.

The Duke of Leuchtenberg, I believe, was at Madeira the year before we were, and this climate benefitted him exceedingly. However, medical people said, if he did not *return*, and if he passed the winter in Russia (he was the son-in-law of the Emperor), he would infallibly die.*

In spite of the immense good the English must do here, and the quantity of money that they spend, I hear that our countrymen and countrywomen are not at all popular in the island. There are several English tradesmen established in Madeira—the natives fancy they undersell them, and are formidable rivals. Among the merchants a similar sentiment probably exists; and the aristocracy of the place entertain a feeling of jealousy against the British visitors, partly because they consider them more wealthy than themselves, partly, perhaps, because they look on them as interlopers and as lovers of progress and promoters of innovation, and partly from a mere dislike of foreigners: however this may be, I believe it is really the case,

* Since this was written the Duke of Leuchtenberg has died, I believe, at St. Petersburg.

that notwithstanding the money circulated in the island by the English visitors, and the numerous charities and good deeds of the English residents, the native population, especially among the higher orders, would be delighted to sweep their fair island clear of them, and to have it once more all to themselves.

Occasionally they will, (though generally courteous in their demeanour, and willing, apparently, to live outwardly on good terms with the strangers,) speak their minds openly and honestly, and confess that it is truly unpleasant to them to have their island overrun with foreigners, who can have no sentiment in common with them, and who, they seem to have a shrewd suspicion, are rather inclined, perhaps, to look down upon them and to despise them as a people devoid of energy and enterprise, profoundly ignorant, and opposed to innovation and improvement, being, in most cases, but too deeply imbued with that prejudice which offers ever the most stubborn resistance to the spirit and tendencies of this age of movement and progress. It would appear they almost instinctively feel this, and are a little ashamed of their defects and weaknesses, yet, it may be, not sufficiently so to overcome them: but idleness is almost universally seen accompanying such delicious climates as their own; and it has happened, not unfrequently, possibly, that even the stern, energetic, Anglo-Saxon character, has yielded to their soft, enervating influences.

Some improvement is to be observed, however, in Madeira. Formerly a very primitive system of agriculture was in vogue here; but under the superintendence or the sanction of the Duke of

Leuchtenberg, in 1850, a society for introducing a better method has been established at Funchal. This lately-formed society has for its object the dissemination of instruction relating to the various modern improvements connected with the arts of agriculture, and the introduction of necessary implements, as well as of seeds and plants; it is confidently to be expected much good will yet result from this, for at present, despite its numerous advantages, this lovely island is ill cultivated, and its rich resources are not turned to the best account.

A considerable portion of it, however, is said to be unfitted to the purposes of cultivation. The higher regions, where grow the bilberry and the heath—and these, probably, may be considered as constituting one-half of the island—are too exposed and sterile for the production of corn; and many other districts are either covered with rocks, or else the precipices that abound there are too abrupt and steep to admit of the ground being cultivated. Thus, perhaps, little more than one-fourth of the island is actually under cultivation: but these are reasons for bestowing more care and energy on the improvement of the remainder; not, certainly, for neglecting it.

The poor of the island are continually suffering under the severest privations, and it is often lamentable to see their care-worn, haggard, half-starved appearance. The children of the peasantry in general struck me as particularly unhealthy-looking, and many really had cadaverous countenances and skeleton forms. I remarked this to friends of mine, who had been for some time resident here,

adding, that whatever it might prove to the ailing and diseased who benefitted by its peculiarly mild temperature, I thought this climate must be, in the main, an unsalubrious one, from the wretched and sickly looks of most of the country-people and their offspring. My friends replied, that it was the want of sufficient nourishment alone that occasioned their emaciation and debility; and I subsequently heard abundant corroborations of this assertion.

It is frequently quite a melancholy sight to see these pallid, gaunt children, often without a trace of childhood, save its helplessness and weakness, and this commonly exaggerated.

The new society has ventured on an arduous undertaking; full many prejudices will it have to combat, and antique usages to reform. Seldom is there here any change of cultivation or rotation of crops. Year after year, age after age, on the same lands, are grown barley and bearded wheat. Their average produce is stated to be about ten bushels per acre. In the higher districts, the produce of the rye grown there is even more scanty. The cereal most largely cultivated is the bearded wheat. This is said to occupy at least one half of all the arable land in Madeira. Throughout the length and breadth of this little island the produce of grain but slightly exceeds, if at all, three months' consumption. From October to January is the time for sowing the wheat. The harvest takes place either in the month of May or in that of June; this depends on the locality. The grain usually is torn up by the roots; it is trodden out by oxen

on level, circular, enclosed threshing-floors, environed by a rude parapet-wall of stones, loosely piled together, generally in some exposed spot, where likewise the process of winnowing is carried on. This is accomplished by flinging the grain into the air, and permitting the breeze to bear the chaff aside. The oxen are unmuzzled, strict obedience being displayed to the scriptural command relating thereto.

Indian corn (maize) is one of the chief articles of food among the more necessitous classes. Would they were more abundantly supplied with it. It has lately been cultivated successfully in the north of the island, and its cultivation should decidedly be encouraged: it is imported in considerable quantities, under ordinary circumstances, from the Azores, from America, and from the mother-country. The common agricultural implements that have been in use at Madeira for generations are the "arado" (plough), a very unsophisticated-looking instrument, principally constructed of wood, and supposed to be not unlike the "aratrum" used by the old Romans; the "po-daõ," a pruning-knife of an angular form; a short pick-axe ("enchada"), which is a little curved, and which turns up the ground but partially, and a sickle with a jagged edge, with which they cut the grass and other forage for their cattle; this is denominated the "foucinho," or the "fonce." None of these are, perhaps, particularly well adapted to the services they are intended for; but "our fathers and their fathers used them before us, and they will do for us also," is often considered a conclusive argument by the unenterprising and idle: still it is to be

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hoped, in a few years a manifest improvement will take place.*

The islanders, in general, seem a simple-minded people, unsophisticated as their ploughs and pruning-knives. The few that I met with, during the period of my short sojourn there, appeared to me to be remarkably fond of hearing their own voices; when they could talk a little English especially, chattering away without much regard to pronunciation or arrangement of sentences; and when they knew but very little, making up for deficiencies by the profuse use and repetition of the few words they successfully had mastered. In their own tongue they prattled away right merrily.

They seemed, in general, exceedingly and ludicrously fond of making affirmative responses to every interrogatory put to them. Certainly, "No" is as easy to say as "Yes"; but, perhaps, they do not consider it so civil,—not so accommodating and prepossessing; and as the habit is generally adopted by those who have but very little knowledge of the language, but who like to be supposed to be thoroughly conversant with it, they think it the safer monosyllable of the two, when the question is imperfectly understood. Our good-humoured, active, obliging little waitress at the hotel, who spoke some English, and evidently wished to be considered a proficient, was particularly fond of thus perpetually replying in the

* The deplorable condition of Madeira lately, from the destruction of the best vines, will, doubtless, be known to the reader. An extensive and well-conducted emigration seems to be the only means by which to deliver numbers of the unfortunate inhabitants from famine and death.

affirmative. "Yes, yes!" was the burden of her discourse; and ere long I discovered that, by asking her various questions respecting different little matters, I had acquired a stock of most dismally incorrect ideas with regard to a number of things. I then adopted another plan, and leading her to talk of any trifling subject I wished to hear something of, carefully abstained from putting any direct interrogatories to her. As we asked no questions, we heard no fibs—unintentional ones, of course, they were. The constant "Yes" was suppressed, and Maria gabbled away pleasantly enough.

The house opposite to the hotel was a handsome one, but we observed the shutters were almost constantly shut, and an air of deep gloom pervaded the whole mansion. Maria drew our attention to this house one day, and volunteered some particulars respecting it. She told us, two eccentric young ladies lived there; "plenty money," she said they had, "plenty money;" and they were mistresses of themselves and their mansion, as their father had been dead for some time: but they chose to lead the most solitary lives imaginable, hardly ever going out or admitting any one to visit them. Their shutters were almost continually kept entirely closed; one only, which appeared to belong to the window of an ante-room, or passage, being partially, or sometimes quite open. They played "much beautiful" on the pianoforte, and, indeed, every now and then came wafted across the street enlivening snatches of melody, and it certainly appeared that Maria's encomiums were not undeserved, for, as far as we could judge, these fair recluses played with considerable skill, power, and expression.

It must be confessed that, though almost all the windows in the house were kept thus scrupulously closed, day and night, yet that out of the solitary one that was *not* fastened up, *en revanche*, these young hermitesses looked very frequently, to make up for the gloom of the barred-up rooms. Indeed, they seemed to take their post generally in the passage, in order to glance sideways (and as they thought, probably, unperceived) through the unobstructed panes there, or actually opened casement. They were far from being ill-looking; they possessed rather a Spanish than Portuguese cast of features, perhaps, and, like the generality of the ladies of Madeira, had dark eyes and hair, intelligent countenances, and graceful movements. They had not a particularly melancholy expression of physiognomy, which was sufficiently singular, considering the exceedingly doleful existence they must necessarily lead, one would imagine; for, if report speak the truth, the natives of the higher orders here, even when endowed with good natural abilities, have but few resources within themselves, are deficient in most branches of knowledge, and take but little pleasure in reading.

Even with regard to their own pretty, fairy-like isle, they are said to know but very little; and as to the other countries that occupy a rather large portion of the surface of this sublunary sphere (which, perhaps, they are not aware of), they know nothing of them. Occasionally they pore over the poor translation of an equally poor French novel, but this is generally the extent of their studies. Honourable exceptions, of course, there are.

One day we happened to be at the windows or on

the balcony, and, to our surprise, we saw the misanthropesses appear at their accustomed peeping-place, accompanied by a merry little child, who seemed to have her own way pretty despotically. Maria explained the mystery. They had one married sister, and though they would not often see her, yet from time to time they relented, and opened their doors and their hearts, though not their shutters, to give her a sisterly reception.

The child seemed not to approve exactly of being kept at one window, and we expected the little tyrant would have her way, and have all the gloomily-fastened blinds and shutters of the house opened; but, no! she did not accomplish this. To console herself for this privation, about every five minutes she bounded away from the window, and led the poor sisters, it appeared, a sad dance in the dark after her; for when they all reappeared at the open casement, the fair man-haters showed signs of a discomfiture of coiffure, and a discomposure of ribbons, such as well might result from a hunt among various articles of furniture in utter darkness after a refractory child, who had probably hidden herself mischievously, in hopes her poor young aunts might break their noses and shins in stumbling about after her; and thus, too, she thought, doubtless, she should induce them to fling open every shutter in the house.

When I began first to suspect that our poor Maria pretended to understand more English than she actually did, I tried her quietly something in this way,—

“ Is the gentleman down-stairs a German ? ”

“ Yes ! ”

“ But I thought he was a Portuguese ? ”

"Yes! yes! Oh, yes!"

"But do you not know? Perhaps he may be a native of this island?"

"Yes!"

"Do you suppose he is a Spaniard?"

"Well, yes!"

"Or a Frenchman?"

"Yes! yes!" (very affirmatively.)

"Or a cannibal? or an esquimaux?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Or all these together?"

"Yes! Ah, yes! yes!"

In short, to all interrogatories put more immediately to her, she responded "Yes! yes!" like a parrot.

V——, however, tried one Madeirese much farther. It was a youth,—a stable-boy,—a subordinate,—a supernumerary,—(who generally followed in the wake of those "burriqueiros," or grooms, who, in Madeira, act the part of guides, and accompany their horses wherever they may go,)—that was experimentalised upon. We were very near the gigantic Cape Giram at the time. She asked the boy if he had often climbed up it?

"Yes, Senhora!"

"Did you ever tumble from the top to the bottom?"

"Yes!"

"What! often?"

"Yes!"

"And did it kill you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"What! you were really killed?"

"Yes! yes!"

"I suppose that hurt you very much?"

"Yes—much!" (rather hesitatingly.)

"And did you recover quickly after you were dead?"

"Yes! Oh, yes!" (very positively.)

"And do you suppose you will often be killed again in this way?"

"Yes, Señora!"

"But you are quite used to it now, of course?"

"Well, yes! yes! Ah! yes! certainly."

"You would rather like, I dare say, being killed a little to-day?"

"Yes!"

"And it is somewhat pleasant to tumble, and be crushed to atoms?"

"Oh, yes! yes!" (quite enthusiastically.)

As she maintained throughout this curious conversation a proper degree of gravity, the poor lad never discovered the trick that was being played him, and I doubt not he would reply just in the same manner to any other person who liked to try him.

I had a very delightful walk one afternoon. I wanted to pay several visits, and as I thought the palanquin must be a tiresome conveyance, I set out on foot. One of the villas I had to go to was situated on a considerable eminence, and when my maid and I asked our way to it, we were told it was quite impossible we could walk there, the hill was so terribly steep and long. We had several times to ask for information as to the whereabouts of this quinta, and the same discouraging answer was continually given us. I knew, however, too well the habits of indolence engendered by climates such as this, to be thus easily daunted; and, persevering, at last attained this lofty summit of my pedestrial

ambition. The hill was certainly steep, and of considerable height; but the way was pleasantly beguiled by the beauty of the vegetation and scenery around us. What walls, sheeted over with wild rose, and honeysuckle, and myrtle, and jessamine! What light pretty fences, that seemed entirely formed of fuchsias and geraniums! What a rich awning of leaves and flowers hung over our heads! One beautiful blossom predominated greatly in some of the gardens we passed, of which I knew not the name. It clustered in lovely profusion, almost dyeing the air around it with its own glowing, golden colour. What treillages, and what fantastic bowers, met the eye as it wandered hither and thither, bewildered with beauty! what trellised vines and gracefully-trained creepers! what winding paths, promising new wonders! what enchanting glimpses into luxuriant and delightful gardens, with their bowery arcades and their exquisite parterres! and what a blue, blue sky, shone peeping between the interlaced boughs and foliage overhead, forming so thickly-woven, so closely-entwined a roof, that the deep clear azure glancing through, almost to a fervid, poetical imagination, might appear like the celestial blue eye of an angel, looking intently, earnestly down, on the smiling scene! Something of life and soul seemed to be in that warm, intense, deep, ardent blue! When we got to the top of the hill the prospect was one of great loveliness, and we remained for some time engaged in admiring and studying it, and in—taking breath, if the truth must be told, for it was enough “to give one pause.” Another time I went to a quinta on a different height, and the view from that was yet more beautiful. The pleasure-grounds,

too, were magnificent. Some splendid and rare trees grew there, as well as multitudes of flowers. All this, be it remembered, at Christmas time.

Altogether these quintas seem to be delightful residences. They are very lovely, with their terraces and summer-houses, their vine-trellises supported on fantastic pillars, and their overarching bowers and pleasantly-undulating walks. In the best season for flowers they are almost flooded with them. Among them are passion-flowers, daturas, heliotrope, the superb hibiscus, splendid lilies, besides those I have enumerated before, and many others.

I was anxious while here to pay a visit to the celebrated quinta of the late Count Carvalhal, but it could not well be managed, our stay being so short. The road is said to be a very good one, after you have passed a bridge over the river that boasts of the long sonorous name of Nossa Senhora do Calhão. You pass by the quinta of Esperança, and after ascending, more or less, for pretty nearly three miles, you reach the entrance of the Palheiro do Ferreiro (Blacksmith's hut), where there is a little wood of *Camellia Japonica* trees, whose beautiful flowers are red, white, and white and red mixed, covering the trees, that are more than twenty feet high, with the most exuberant prodigality. Some authorities maintain they are more than double the height I have mentioned, and that, in fact, they attain an elevation of forty or fifty feet. The camellias grow in this situation far better than nearer the city of Funchal, where it is warmer.

The *Strelitzia Regina* grows to a considerable size in Madeira—indeed it is here a tree. Our kind friend, Lady N——, showed us a drawing of one, with a figure standing beneath it; and to

judge from that the superb plant must have been, at least, about eighteen feet high. I believe the flower of that particular one was white. Every now and then, in riding about in the country, you may catch a glimpse of a park, laid out much in the English fashion—perhaps by some English resident; but the resemblance is considerably impaired by the profuse introduction of those beautiful strangers, the lemon and orange trees, mingled with pomegranates and groves of the shaddock.*

CHAPTER XI.

Of course we paid a visit to the Curral, the most celebrated spot in Madeira. We went with our friends, Lord and Lady N——. The former, as well as myself, on horseback, and the latter on a capital pony. A hammock was provided for V——; however, she and Lady N—— took it by turns to ride and be carried in the hammock.

The hammock-bearers are a wonderfully hardy and enduring race. They will go for an almost incredible number of hours without requiring either rest or refreshment; except, perhaps, a cup of wine at long intervals. I am speaking, however, now, of the mountaineers; the hammock-men of the town are reported to be much more easily fatigued, and quite incapable, in general, of going the long distances their mountain brethren do with facility. Lord N—— had, therefore, taken care to send to the country for those who attended us.

For a considerable distance the road is good, and very pleasant. We passed many charming pleasure-grounds and vineyards in the environs of the city. When we got among the mountains, our path lay along the brink of a very profound ravine. In some places the path was exceedingly narrow, and in one part, owing, pro-

bably, to some accidental circumstances, most likely the late very violent rains (the most violent, they told us, they had experienced for many years), the road was entirely broken away; for a little space, at least, nothing was left but about a hand's-breadth of crumbling earth, which could not have borne the horse. Over this he lightly hopped and skipped daintily and carefully! Yet let me not wrong him. I believe, in real truth, he stepped most soberly and seriously over it, but everything seemed inclined to dance and prance before my eyes, and under, and round, and beside, and above me, even the huge rocks themselves. I always feel I should never get well over the Al-Sirat Arch! I fixed my eyes very intently upon my steed's ears in the meantime, as though critically examining their texture and colour, totally disregarding the glorious prospect spread beneath—far beneath, and high above me (particularly did I turn a "cold shoulder" to the former); for on one side towered a rock, like a vast wall, to the clouds, and on the other side a nearly perpendicular precipice, lower and lower descended, down, down, till it might seem to an imagination rather excited by fear, to penetrate to those regions where the Spanish courtier said he would *leave* his salutation-giving friend, who, in rivalry of urbanity to his own courteous figurative compliment, "I bow down to the centre of the earth," had replied—"And I to the infernal regions." "There I'll leave you," quoth Don Somebody.

Mine was a capital horse, one born and bred among the Spanish sierras, and imported into the island, I was told, by the governor; at any rate he had belonged to the governor, and he was

reckoned one of the best horses on the island. He was called "General;" the creature could scramble about like a monkey, almost. On this occasion he behaved beautifully, and marched along apparently with as sure a foot as a mountain mule, and without pausing to consider, too, which they sometimes do, and which dispassionate deliberation on their parts is rather an awful suspense to the rider, if the nerves are not entirely of iron. You do not feel quite sure that the animal may not have met with some reverses in life, and may be contemplating taking a lover's leap down the grim abyss that is frowning beneath. Hideous fancies have time to creep into your mind. "General," however, paused not; he went with the most steady air, right onward, though very slowly and discreetly, I truly believe; and glad was I to be on the other side of this horrible little chasm, which I should hope now, for the sake of all visitors to the Curral, is thoroughly repaired and filled up.

I have often wondered, particularly in Spain, why the horses you ride along narrow mountain tracks almost invariably choose to proceed along the outer and extreme edge of the perilous path. I never dared dispute the point with them, thinking their instinct the best guide, but devoutly wishing they would condescend to prefer what, in my humble, human judgment, appeared so much the safest part of the very limited path, that is, the farthest from the brink.

I discovered the cause at length, after vainly asking many high authorities on the subject. The pack-mules are obliged to walk quite at the edge, on account of the burthen they carry, which sticks out on each side, while only just room enough

is provided to allow for this, and the package on the inner side actually all but grazes the rock (of course, the exact capabilities of the path are nicely taken into due consideration by the muleteers, and the packing is accurately arranged accordingly). Horses, although not necessitated on this account to avoid the mountain-wall that bounds the slender road, always like to tread in the footmarks of those animals who have gone previously, and thus they pick their way along the extreme edge of the precipice, placing their feet where the others have stepped.

We passed many of the peasantry, among whom were a large number of women, most of them bearing huge and heavy loads upon their heads, unpleasant turbans of tubs, or of piles of various articles, and towers of baskets,—and almost all of them, poor creatures, looking old. They work extremely hard, and their food is scanty and bad,—their usual diet consisting of a little coarse bread and vegetables; sometimes they have a spare allowance of fish. They were frequently accompanied by wretched, squalid-looking, hollow-eyed children: some of them also with their heads overturbanded,—sadly encumbered with large burthens.

One little boy we remarked was very picturesque; he had some heaps of sticks, for firewood, I suppose, in his hands, the carapuça on his head, and the rest of his attire seemed to consist entirely of a flowing cloak and an old pair of short trousers, leaving his legs and feet bare. As to a shirt,—well, perhaps, he may have had a few apologies for rags of tattered shirt somewhere beneath the cloak.

The poor people whom we encountered along the narrow path generally ranged themselves closely against the huge rocky wall, making themselves

as small as possible, to enable us to pass, and looking like so many statues or wax figures, remaining perfectly still and silent usually till we passed by. Some of them looked so weak and emaciated, poor things, that as they half tottered along beneath their ponderous loads, one felt they must be greatly exposed to the danger of making a false step, and being plunged into the yawning abyss by their side. However, they are so accustomed to these paths, that probably such an accident never or very rarely occurs. At the worst places, Lady N—— dismounted from her pony and walked. I confess I should be more frightened to do that than to ride, but I think she did not feel as much confidence in her pony as I did in my Spanish horse.

The hammock-bearers went on capially; they carry a stick, which they are in the habit of inserting occasionally between the pole of the hammock and their shoulders: it seems a great relief to them, as, when one part of the shoulder becomes tired or sore, the weight is thus shifted to another part. I frequently watched the hammock with admiration, as, skilfully conducted, it moved smoothly and steadily along before me, in its graceful sinuosity accommodating itself, apparently pliantly and yieldingly, to the continual unevennesses of the frightful road. After passing in safety the very disagreeable bit of the *no* path I have described, I became comparatively courageous, as beside that the rest seemed but little perilous.

I left off studying the natural appearances presented by the ears of my "monture," and ventured to look down, above, and around. My admiration, however, was not wholly unaccompanied by slight

horror. At this time the river displayed its gleaming waters, perhaps one thousand five hundred feet below us. Masses of rich and abounding vegetation adorned the wild, bold, majestic scenery, varying from the chestnut, conspicuous from its noble and elevated stature, to vast multitudes of brooms and of heaths, spreading themselves about with marvellous prodigality.

Some of the hills near Pico Ruivo, and I believe a great part of Pico Ruivo itself, are covered with heath, that attains to the height and size of trees (*Erica arborea*), most of them measuring six and seven feet in circumference. We saw also numbers of the til (*Laurus fetens*) and the vinhatico (*Laurus indica*) or the island mahogany. Both of these are indigenous to Madeira; their wood is valuable, and much in request for cabinet-work here. The wood of the til, when it is old, becomes black, and might almost be compared, perhaps, with ebony. When lately cut, it exhales a detestable smell of sulphuretted hydrogen. In the ancient buildings on the island, the joists and rafters are often found to be formed of this fine wood, and the supply of it is principally obtained from them. Broom, and gorse, and bilberry also grow very abundantly in the serras, likewise barberry, I believe.

The existing indigenous trees, besides the til and vinhatico, are chiefly the flowering folhado (*Clethra arboria*), which abounds at Ribeiro Frio; the wood is white, and much used for palanquin and hammock-poles; the heath-tree (*Erica arborea*), and the yew, or teixo (*Taxus baccata*). (I am not quite sure, however, that these last are indigenous.) In old times, the native forests of Madeira almost

covered the whole island, and the name was given to it in consequence, since Madeira, in Portuguese, signifies wood. Now they are comparatively very insignificant and scanty indeed, the native timber generally being found only in rugged situations, principally in the north, among precipitous ravines, where the charcoal-burner and the wood-chopper find great difficulty in exercising their brawny arms and plying their destruction-dealing tools. The roof of the Cathedral at Funchal, or the "Sé," is formed of the wood of the indigenous cedar, which has nearly now disappeared entirely; and, except in a few of the pleasure-grounds belonging to the country-houses of the wealthiest residents, the dragon-tree, that once grew to a gigantic size here, is no longer to be seen.

We stopped at length at a spot where the scenery was indeed both beautiful and grand, and after dismounting from horse and hammock, walking about among the rocks, and admiring it for some time, we bethought us of having recourse to the contents of our baskets. We therefore scrambled along a rather alarmingly slippery and steep place, to search for a rock where there was ample sitting accommodation. A glorious prospect we felt there must be,—and a glorious prospect there was! We paused to look around us. Some large birds, which I took to be eagles, were flying majestically over our heads, and brightly shone the azure, unclouded sky; while below us, at a vast depth, glistened the church of a quiet village, embosomed in smiling corn-fields, and among groves of vine-covered chestnuts, a perfect image of peace and repose, while around it grew in fantastical luxuriance the banana, the orange, and

the fig-tree. The church is brilliantly white, and looks almost like an alabaster toy from the heights above. What a contrast did its tranquil, calm, and gladsome appearance present to the rugged precipices, and gigantic peaks, and frowning, cloud-capped steeps, that rose up in sombre, savage grandeur around it!

So clearly and exquisitely was reflected on that happy, smiling scene, the sunny brightness of the firmament, and so blessed seemed the spot, with the holy edifice, called, I believe, *Nossa Senhora do Corral*, gleaming spotlessly in the midst of the laughing groves and paradisiacal bowers, that for a passing moment it almost seemed like looking *down* on some region of Heaven! The rocks that girt us, some near, some far, were often terrifically precipitous and bold. Here, perhaps, upreared themselves enormous crags, destitute of any vegetation; there, groups of dark mountain-trees, of the more lofty species, waved high their branchy arms afar in the breezy air; or an occasional oasis of bright verdure, looking a thousand times brighter by contrast, glanced in the sun, and knots of hardy, though sometimes stunted, evergreens raised their leafy heads in half-hidden sequestered nooks.

This place has been compared to an enormous crater, here and there covered with vegetation; and, indeed, it much resembled one. The locality where we had established ourselves for our little picnic had a very magnificent view indeed, but I should not have objected to the spot being less slippery, and rather more removed from the verge of the tremendous chasm. We found the rock, as we scrambled over it, nearly as smooth as glass or ice, and it was with considerable difficulty we tottered

along to the place which we determined on making our festive rock, as just there, we had observed, there was a little ledge, not quite so much inclined as the rest; still, as we sat there, one could not but feel it was not so very impossible, if we had a mind, and perhaps without having a mind, to go sliding down the terrifically-steep side of this giant crater,—down,—down,—down,—till one might find one's self seated on the spire of the pretty church, or nestling in the tip-top of some lofty chestnut, about two thousand feet or more below where we were then placed. In fact, our seat appeared much to resemble a rounded and rather forward-pitched, slanting and sloping, slab of soft soap. Lord N—— certainly displayed admirable nerve, for he discharged the disagreeable-agreeable duties (I should have thought the former quality preponderated vastly) of unpacking plum-bread and sandwiches from plethoric baskets, and uncorking bottles, and cutting up loaves, standing calmly the while with his back to the precipice, and perpetually slipping and sliding about on the terribly-polished face of that huge rock.

The late fierce torrents of rain had rendered this entire rock something like the well-scrubbed floors of Parisian apartments (on which a first-rate *frotteur* has exercised his best skill, and where sometimes a poor travelled John Bull finds himself skating unintentionally on his nose and chin); in consequence, our undaunted friend, who had charge of the commissariat, seemed ever thus to be dancing the *glissé* step before us to perfection, "Le Chevalier Seul,"—while after every slide he recovered himself capitally: but it really was frightfully slippery, and looked painfully perilous, and we were very glad when he gave up this rather compulsory

pas-seul, and seated himself on the safer spot where we were all established.

We had charming weather for our expedition: the rain had vanished, yet it was not oppressively warm. Fate smiled upon us, or rather, as the nigger said of his good Fortune, "It didn't not smile only, it sickered right out."

The Curral is truly a lion that is worth coming to see, and I was delighted that I came. I own that I have often a fit of Leophobia,—not a horror of real lions, nor of those live ones stuffed with straw, that the obliging showman sometimes offers to the inspection of visitors, but of lions architectural or scenic, lions of mortar and brick, or of granite and earth,—or water,—the one perhaps but a ruined skeleton of its former self, covering the ground with its scattered bones, mouldering away as the hands that built it; the other, still towering in a mountain skyward, or crouching in a profound abyss, or yawning sleepily in a ravine, or shaking in the wind its huge mane of forests, or with a bold roar flinging itself breathlessly down a precipice in a fierce cataract, or lashing its tail while a whirlpool frets madly round it. You *ought* to admire these, therefore you don't. Such lions, the long-established tyrants of successive generations of tourists, roar you, not gently as sucking doves, but overwhelm you,—at least through the vicarious mouths of previous travellers, guide-makers, hotel-masters, sight-hunters, postilions, carriers, and laquais du place, with their loud notes of boastful bravery and turbulent triumph. People do not like to admire on a sort of compulsion. "Stand and deliver" is a bore, whether your praise or your purse is concerned. Often, too, those namesakes of the

king of beasts are not worth the pains of seeking. One is frequently persuaded to go grievously out of one's way to see the merest tawny cub, whose whiskers you would wish to pull. Another time it is a sheer impostor, a jackass in the lion's skin: the wary, long-travelled, experienced tourist detects the cheat immediately, and casts a knowing zoological glance of contempt at the would-be noble animal.

But the raw visitor, the greenhorn in the ways of local showmen and their exhibitions, is quite taken in, gives the expected amount of enthusiastic admiration to the roaring quadruped, and takes his portrait in his note-book. The countries most frequented by green (not red) rovers and systematic journal-keepers are generally lands perfectly teeming with menageries for tame creatures of the kind; and some clumsily-manufactured representatives, too, as like the real majestic monster as a certain picture of the Emperor of Russia was to its original, which picture a lady once desired to see, particularly inquiring which it was, as she gazed bewildered at what she was told by the showman were correct portraits "of them mighty emperors of Roossia, Proossia, and Bloosher." Now the Prussian King, the Russian Czar, and old Marshal Blucher, were all as puzzlingly alike as three padded and whiskered peas; so the lady, thirsting for information, cried, "Which is the Emperor of Russia, I say—which?" "Which you please, ma'am—just which you please; they are *all* so *very* like."

We were most particularly fortunate in going on this expedition with our accomplished and amiable friends; they were so thoroughly conversant with all that was interesting in the scenery, that it was

indeed a pleasure and a privilege to be with them. To the rocky, rugged den of this true "lion" of Madeira I advise every visitor to the island, who has pretty good nerves, to pay a visit. He will be amply repaid for his trouble, especially if such bold and savage scenery is new to him. He will gaze with astonishment and delight at the large, lofty, and nearly perpendicular rocks that close in the prospect on one side; at Pico Ruivo on the east, lifting its mighty crest to the clouds, as though to meet the morning, while its sides are swathed for the most part with beautiful soft verdure, (Pico Ruivo is stated to be 6050 feet high,—some writers, I think, say it is very nearly 7000 feet high); and at the naked, craggy, pointed peaks of the "Torreiras," which seem like the towers of castellated forts on the top of the mountains that bound the immense chasm to the north. Many of the jutting crags and rugged masses, indeed, look like the colossal bastions and bulwarks of some vast supernatural fortifications—some ramparts of unseen giants. He will hail with softer pleasure the milder, lovelier features of the scene—the varied patches of cultivation below, the clustering trees, grouped around in different directions—the abounding prodigality of heaths, broom, and gorse, and bilberry bushes—the bright wreathing clouds, perhaps gently resting on the sharp summits of the lofty hills,—and, in short, all the pleasing varieties of aspect that soothingly win the eye at intervals from the more massive and mighty parts of this enchanting spectacle. But I, too, am puffing outrageously one of the family of the lovely beast I have been talking of.

We did not get back to Funchal till it was dark. By the way, Funchal is called so from

funcho (fennel), because that once abounded here. We paid a visit another day to Pico Arreiro. The weather was fine ; and we went with the same kind friends who had proved such excellent ciceroni before. This time we dispensed with the hammock, and V—— rode a very nice pony, full of life and spirit. When we got into the mountainous regions we found it quite cold, and our attendants, the burriqueiros, appeared to suffer greatly from the change in the temperature, owing to the elevation to which we had climbed. The cold seemed to stupefy them a little, and they could not find their road, making several blunders. Luckily, Lord N—— knew it thoroughly, and he guided us admirably. We saw so many beauties in succession, one after the other, that I should find it a difficult task to detail them all with regularity in the order in which they met the gaze. We remained for sketching purposes long at one place, from whence we had a splendid view ; and the burriqueiros kept themselves tolerably warm by rolling large stones to the side of the precipice, and then sending them plunging over : they watched them with apparent delight, bounding from point to point of the precipitous crags that beetled over the fair valleys below. I should have been very sorry to have looked over that frightful precipice, and to have seen them rolling down—it would surely have made one feel horribly giddy—and I kept at that time at a respectful distance from the edge. Lord N——'s horse was quite of my opinion, and on his wishing to make him advance nearer the brink, he positively refused, though a very docile creature generally ; but he was evidently in a state of the most intense alarm. As to the view, it was indeed sublime.

One of the most striking objects we saw was the extraordinary Eagles' Rock, the "Penha d'Agua;" it is a colossal rock, in height between nineteen hundred and two thousand feet, and might almost be described as standing like the fickle gentleman in the old song, "Hey nonny, nonny," with "one foot in sea and one on shore;" for it nearly does so. In other directions you caught partial glimpses of lovely vales, where grew clustering chestnuts, with the graceful many-tendrilled vines trained thickly and abundantly on their broad-spreading branches; and ever and anon the eye caught sight here of a waterfall, or perchance a rivulet glancing in the sun, and there of a picturesque bridge, or a zig-zag road winding along ridges of the mountain, or a distant hamlet or far-stretching woods, or a portion of some Serra, covered with bilberry bushes, gorse, ferns, and broom, or wild barren hills standing in sombre gloom, and presenting a striking contrast to the rich streaks of verdure near, and the clumps of trees and "bosques." In all directions yawned, protruded, soared, stretched, or frowned, ravines, ridges, peaks, spurs, scours, gorges, and fortification-like, rocky bastions; and behind seemed height overtopped by height, peak rising beyond peak; and then the majestic Atlantic to complete the picture, — a glorious picture in itself alone!

I am not sure whether it was from hence, or a little further on, that we saw the point São Lourenço projecting itself far into the deep blue ocean; but if that did not adorn the scene, there was no lack of bold headlands and of rocky cliffs, of frowning steeps and jutting crags. It was from this halting-place, I think, we had a partial view of the beautiful

valley and heights of Santa Anna; but I must own that I was a little confused with the various names, especially while looking at the places that bore them from a spot not far removed from the verge of the nearly perpendicular precipice where we were assembled. Mine were fitful glances, and rather "few and far between;" still I saw quite enough to be impressed with the great beauty of the scenery and its bewildering diversity of cloud-capped pinnacles, ravines, dales, fields, crags, rocks, some bare, some begirt with bright foliage, chasms, crevices, rugged summits, spurs, crests, high, dizzy precipices, water-courses, ledges, winding paths, tracts of snow, woods, bushy clumps, and patches of green! Besides these there were wandering rills of water, with deeply umbrageous banks, forests of heath and broom, and valleys with their gardens and fruitful orchards! I believe one river,—Ribeiro Frio,—embellished the splendid prospect.

The guides, having thrown over big, massy stones enough to warm them, and tire them, too, I should think,—became anxious to proceed, and we accordingly started again, and continued on our way pretty prosperously. I must just mention, however, that in various places I believe we went a short cut, to save—or lose a little time: and on several of these occasions we came to some very serious obstructions; these were cambrous masses of scattered rocks piled one on another in the most rugged and disorderly manner, but so as to form a truly formidable barrier to our further progress.

At the first of these, after some little hesitation and consultation,—and I may add, consternation,—it was decided to try and pull down as much

as could be removed of the opposing detached heaps of rocks, and to scramble as well as might be over the rest. All the party dismounted, except myself; I had immense confidence in "General," and I felt sure we could get over the huge blocks that remained, in company, though, in sooth, they were very much like great towering walls: had I been a heavy weight it would not have been right to do it (or, indeed, would it have been feasible); but being quite the contrary, I decided on remaining on horseback. The burriqueiros looked at the frightful place (over which, with great difficulty, the dismounted party were carefully and slowly scrambling), and paused with a negative movement of the head, and a bewildered expression of countenance. The horse also paused, looked wistfully and interrogatively at the obstruction, and was evidently seriously of opinion that, dispassionately considering the affair, if he were to go over at all, which he thought rather unnecessary and unpleasant, he had better do so without a lady on his back, who, however, to judge by a certain sly expression in his face, he thought would not remain there long.

Notwithstanding all this, the lady was resolved to try it, and both burriqueiro and steed seemed of the opinion of the rather libellous poet, and mentally, perhaps, ejaculated,—

"A fool's the man" (or horse) "who strives, by force or skill,
To curb the current of a woman's will;
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

Horse and man, therefore, prepared to go over; it was a tremendous scramble, but we landed safely

on the other side. My companions told me it looked appalling, and almost exactly as if the struggling, striving horse, was walking first up and then down a huge wall.

We stopped to have some luncheon at a grand spot; for soon after this we clambered up to the highest stone of the Pico, (I dismounted, of course, to accomplish this), and, regardless of the cold wind that blew there somewhat too piercingly, we proceeded to indulge ourselves with a double feast—feasting our eyes on the glorious prospect, while we were banquetting on delicate sandwiches and other excellent condiments that filled the trusty corpulent hamper our friends had brought with them. Our horses in the meantime rested.

Sharply cold the air was, indeed, as it blew in keen gusts on the exposed pinnacle where we were seated. Lady N——'s lovely fair face, even, looked slightly purple, and there was an indescribable variety of hues presented to our inquiring gaze by the noses and chins of our shivering guides, as they crouched down together in the most sheltered position they could find: in fact, they made a sort of ragged, broken, living rainbow, glimmering amid the clouds that surrounded the mountain-top.

A line of rosy-tipped noses shone brightly above a row of azure or half-lilac chins; their naturally bronzed cheeks, paled and pinched with cold, acquired a sort of dullish yellow tint, which altogether seemed to melt to one "vast iris of the west." We are rather capricious in our admiration of colours in the human physiognomy and aspect—the least shifting of place destroys the charm. "The blue depth of seraph's eyes" is tabooed on the cheek just below

them. "Celestial rosy-red," Love's proper hue, we abhorrate on the nasal organ or eyelids; marble-white suits not the lip: as for the golden gleam of bright locks, how looks that on the countenance?—hear ye not then disparagingly "yellow as an orange—a marigold?"—and so of other dyes.

As soon as we had finished, the copious remnants of our mountain feast were handed to the chilly company, and their noses got a little redder after plenteous libations of the generous wines of their island.

I have said our view was extensive, and indeed it was so, in the full sense of the term: bounded only by the vast Atlantic, it embraced a superb prospect of "Pico San Antonio," (about 5706 feet high); "Pico Sidraõ," (5500 feet in height), and the magnificent peaks of the Torrinas, bare of vegetation, and always looking like the colossal battlements of some Titanic fortress; part of Pico Ruivo, the highest mountain of the island—(his head was nearly concealed by dense wreaths of clouds like snowy spray-garlands sent up from the ocean); and an immense chasm, a portion of which we looked down into, and which was, I believe, part of the Curral. From a neighbouring peak we could discover also Pico Pozu, Paül da Serra, Penha d'Agua, Meio Metale (a valley), Fayal, Cape São Lourenço, Ribeiro Frio, and, I think, Sant' Anna, and Porto da Cruz.

We certainly had a most rugged, though, in many respects, a most delightful ride. Various changes and chances awaited us; the guides in one part, where even Lord N—— was at fault, seemed quite to lose their way, and in consequence of this we had some very rough work: we evidently took

many a wrong turn. Poor, dear, sure-footed "General," again displayed his prowess and really marvellous climbing powers in getting over a most terrific place; it was worse than the first—I saw it was tremendous, yet did not know *how* bad, till "General" began laboriously toiling, slipping, scrambling, plunging, and wildly struggling to surmount it. It was a most formidable mass of tall large rocks, almost perpendicular, of which some were loose. One of the party, who was on foot, in giving an account of it afterwards, and of my equestrian feats, said,—“There were some horrible places to pass * * * * One a mass of great rocks, and, to make it worse, many of the stones were loose; nevertheless, one of our party rode over it, although it was all we could possibly do to scramble across it on our hands and knees.” Another very disagreeable place was on a dreadfully slippery and very-much-inclined slope of an immense hill, whose summit seemed to consist of bare, sharp-pointed, needle-like, though somewhat jagged peaks, looking most inhospitably inaccessible, and whose base was buried, I know not where, in depths of gloom. All again got off their horses here to walk, except me; my good steel had carried me so wondrously well through the former rugged passes that I determined on still clinging to the saddle.

There was not the slightest vestige of a foot-path of any kind or sort, and so steep was the side of this huge hill, and so polished the surface of the stones which were scattered about on it, and such, indeed, was the ice-like smoothness of every part of it, that after slipping and recovering himself, I know not how often, my poor dear horse fell down upon his knees on the slanting, shelving, ground; and

though the burriqueiro tried to assist him in rising immediately, the struggling animal pulled him down also, and I felt, of course, in a very uncomfortable position. The horse was soon straining every nerve to get up again from his involuntary genuflexions, but as fast as he rose, or *half* rose, down he went, after a frightful scramble, hopelessly floundering again; and I felt as if, though I kept on the saddle, the horse, the burriqueiro, and I, were all gradually gliding and sliding down the side of the abominably slippery, steep, and apparently bottomless, hill. I found the position was fast becoming a very dangerous one; raising my eyes, I saw Lord N—— (who had dismounted to help the others up the hill) balancing himself as well as he could, and hastening along a horrible path most kindly to my assistance: he might as well have attempted to run on a rope of glass. A moment more, and I beheld him laid flat upon his back, with his arms extended like a spread eagle, or in the attitude of a kite when nailed to a barn-door as a warning to its rapacious comrades; however, quick as lightning, he regained his legs. "General" was also struggling up successfully, and by the aid of Lord N—— and the burriqueiro, we were soon all right again. My companions had in the meantime painfully clambered to another part of the steep, more difficult of access, but better when reached.

At last we got back into the Serra, where we had had so fine a view of the Sant' Anna, Point São Lourenço, and Fayal. We had long been among the clouds, but now the chill driving sleet and rain began to abate a little; and various complexions that had been too kaleidoscopically

diversified for perfect beauty, subsided again into their native bronze; but the daylight was fast disappearing. A little further, and we found ourselves on a serra, where grew green bushes of bay or scented myrtle, and we were able to gallop on for a good distance.

I own I looked forward with much pleasure to returning to the warm climate of the plains, for I had felt exceedingly cold, and indeed we had all of us put on every one of the additional wrappers we brought with us; and a few extra shawls, I think, would have been welcomed with glee. We arrived at length at the steep hill from the Mount Church, which leads down to Funchal; and I cannot describe how delightful the gradual warmth and mildness of the temperature felt, as we descended by degrees from the elevated regions of snow and sleet, and of bare peaks and stony ridges, to the haunts of the banana, the sugar-cane, the orange-tree, and the lemon.

It was not unlike entering a hot-house, exhaling delicious odours and breathing a luxury of warmth, after being exposed to the piercing blasts of a stormy wintry day. I certainly have rarely more rejoiced in a favourable change of climate, and right gladly drank in the balmy, soft, exquisite air. Often people slide down this steep hill, on little sledges constructed for the purpose and guided by boys, who run by the side, or after them, and direct them sufficiently to prevent their going out of the road. It is said not to be an unpleasant mode of descending the declivity. We thought of trying it, but it was late, and the boys had probably all gone home, not expecting excursionists at that advanced hour.

The streets of Funchal were almost deserted

when we rode through them to our hotel ; even the whine of the persevering beggars was silenced for a while, save here and there. Mendicants abound sadly here,—not impostors, poor creatures ! but really furnished and destitute wretches. Numbers emigrate to the Brazils and other places, but still there is great want and suffering in the island. Those who subsist on charity bear but small resemblance to the well-fed, and sometimes, if report speak truth, wealthy beggars of our great metropolis, who certainly ought not to endorse the sentiment in the concluding lines of the old stanza,—

“ ’Tis a very good world that we live in,
 To lend, or to spend, or to give in ;
 But to *beg*, or to borrow, or get a man’s own,
 ’Tis the very worst world that ever was known ! ”

Another day V—— and I went out alone, at least attended only by the burriqueiros, for it is the custom in Madeira for each horse to be followed by his groom, who often carries a sort of fly-flapper, with which, when the sun is hot, he switches away the insects that torment the horses and ponies.

I rode my favourite courser “ General,” but on this occasion his own especial burriqueiro was absent. He had been engaged particularly to go with a party to the mountains, and he sent a deputy in his place. The horse was quite sulky and sad at being deprived of the society of his beloved burriqueiro, and he totally forgot his usual good behaviour, and seemed bent on making himself as disagreeable as he could. He appeared disturbed in mind and restless in body, fidgetting, curvetting, dancing on his hind-legs, pawing with his fore, standing on his tail, or so it seemed, snapping madly at his own ears, fighting with his own nose, pulling, tossing, running

sideways like a crab, doing anything and everything but go the way he was desired to go. At length he thought it quite consistent with his duty, as the well-behaved and discreet steed of a female equestrian, to actually begin rearing; but he was persuaded to discontinue such vagaries as that, and in the sequel to proceed more tranquilly along.

When we met a group of peasants or a palanquin, however, on the road, he would put himself in such absurd attitudes and positions with regard to them as no sensible steed in his right mind would think of, behaving more like a dancing-dog at a fair than a well-bred Andalusian courser. Sometimes he capered *dos-à-dos*; then abruptly turning, he skipped away shoulder to shoulder, nor stopped to ask their leave, nor to request they would do him the honour to dance with him. At times he wriggled about so vehemently, that as you caught a lightning glance of him you might imagine he had put himself utterly *en papillote*, and come out a sort of huge dark-brown corkscrew ringlet,—his whole body was a curl. How lucky he was not troubled with these perverse fits yesterday! He might have taken a fancy to go over the hideous rocky barriers backwards, or to hop among the piles of rugged stones on one leg.

Forgetting he was a Spaniard, I talked Portuguese to him—such as, I flattered myself, was not broken, though, perhaps, a little twisted and sprained; yet I had reason to think, some little time afterwards, it was in an absolutely smashed language I spoke—(one reduced to a fine impalpable powder: it was a tongue torn up by the very roots). No wonder the horse, a foreigner, and perhaps an indifferent linguist, paid no regard to it,

only every now and then tossing his head contemptuously, and muttering in a low neigh to himself,—“Bother! What stuff’s that? Why the deuce is Antonio to go and leave me in this way?—I’ll discharge the fellow, and kick him out of the stable, if he is out of the way next time I go out.” After “General” gave up his new-fangled whimsies we had a charming ride, for while I had to attend to the wild, unwonted caprices of the horse, I could not so much enjoy the scenery.

Part of the road we passed along was exquisite, near the sea, and skirted by the gardens of lovely quintas, where festooning roses and jessamines hung thickly over the walls, as if the beauty within was overflowing all bounds, and pouring its delicious deluges prodigally round; and here and there the road was bordered with hedges, where were mingled myrtles, fuchsias, heliotropes, pomegranates, and geraniums. Now the tasselled stalk of the sugar-cane charmed the eye, now the lily or the violet, and now the beautiful leaves of a tropical-looking banana, which often attains a large size here.

The day was very warm, and we could have easily fancied ourselves enjoying the soft air of a July day in England, had not the plants of foreign growth reminded us we were far from the land of the fog and the cloud. It is just possible that the little misunderstandings I had had with my four-footed friend made me feel a rather deeper glow than did even the cloudless sun. That quadruped, it is true, now conducted himself better, but he and his temporary burriqueiro were evidently not on speaking terms.

If the groom attempted to conciliate him occa-

sionally, the proud steed gave him a dead cut; and could he have made himself understood, would probably have answered a little in the strain that a lady's coachman once did in London, on being reproached with never attending to the directions given to the footman. Thus it was:—An elderly lady, who was in the habit of paying visits, as is the habit of all ladies of all ages in Modern Babylon, to a few thousand intimate friends, some of whom, perhaps, she had seen four times in her life,—had for some time past been disturbed in her mind by what she feared was the growing imbecility of her fat, well-wigged coachman, who was perpetually committing strange blunders. At length, losing all patience, having detected him going wrong for the sixteenth time on one particular day, when her warmly affectionate feelings led her as far as the knockers, and the knockers only, of half-a-hundred dear friends, she let down the glass precipitately, and asked the offender why upon earth he was going to the Regent's Park from the Quadrant in Regent Street, by way of Belgravia! adding that, as usual, she had given Thomas the most explicit directions. "It's verry likely, ma'am," he replied; "but the real faes of the truth is, I and Thomas are not on speaking terms—nor we haven't been for this here month past."

The Jehu had generally contrived to deposit the lady and her card-case at the right friend's door by driving slowly in the first direction that struck him, when Thomas mounted the board behind (but omitted the usual confidential communication over the roof of the carriage). If right, well: and if he went wrong, the poor lady, seeing his mistake, had invariably stopped him with a "Surely you are going

a roundabout way to Arlington Street," or, "You had better go such and such a way to Berkeley Square." When he proceeded in the right direction, but, perhaps, was whisking *past* the right door, a slight pull of the check-string was sufficient, because, as he knew pretty tolerably well the doors that the lady was in the habit of stopping at, and the families with which she exchanged tender feelings of friendship and tough pieces of pasteboard, he often guessed right; and so the unsuspecting dame for a long time was quite deceived as to the arrangements of this wily hero of the reins, although she thought his mental perceptions were becoming sadly blunt and dull.

On a fine sunny day like the one we were enjoying, hammocks and palanquins come out in the neighbourhood of the town, like butterflies on a warm summer's morning. The hammock of Madeira is very pretty, and sometimes richly adorned and extremely handsome. It is usually formed of firmly-woven hempen threads, of a variety of hues, decorated with a broad, netted, full fringe. It is suspended from a pole of considerable length, and is borne along in the same manner as its sister vehicle, the palanquin. The position is generally found to be more pleasant than in the latter, and the height from the ground is much greater. Except for very distant excursions, the remuneration to the bearers is the same, and the hire of the conveyance. The hammock is almost invariably used for lengthened tours in the island, as the palanquin is heavier, and, probably, more awkward on the rough roads and among the mountainous passes in the country. Many residents in the city, too, use this mode of locomotion in preference to the other, from

its being more comfortable. Lady N—— has a hammock of her own, and was so very good as to lend it to us for the whole time we were at Madeira: during that period it took up its abode in the hall of Mr. Miles' hotel. It was a beautiful hammock, of bright and harmoniously-blended colours, with a superb deep fringe surrounding it in graceful festoons, and when filled by a fair occupant there were generally a number of richly-patterned shawls, of sundry dyes, whose broad and gleaming borders hung over the edges of the vehicle, negligently but tastefully disposed within it. As for the palanquin, it is a sort of settee, also suspended from a long pole, and when carried along it is about twelve inches from the ground. The seat is low,—too much so, I should think, for comfort (but I cannot answer from experience, never having tried one). The attitude appears cramped and disagreeable. It is very frequently used for paying visits, and going short distances in the town, among those who are well, but who do not like riding or walking on the pebbly pavements of Funchal's *untrottoired* streets, and for airings for invalids.

Many a pallid, ghastly face, have I seen at Madeira, projecting itself from the half-drawn curtains of palanquins, many an altered, haggard countenance, which gave one the sad idea, that after a few airings the sufferer would exchange the palanquin for the coffin—and sometimes helpless forms appeared outstretched there that seemed already utterly regardless of the gentle motion of the conveyance, and the soft refreshing air that breathed lightly against their foreheads.

Men carry these conveyances on their shoulders, and ladies on their wrists,—for in the island the

prettiest little fac-similes of them imaginable are manufactured and worn hanging to bracelets, together with other "Cosas de Madeira," among which shines conspicuously a miniature imitation of the fly-flapper, the switch the burriqueiros carry after horses and ponies. These animals, accustomed to be thus luxuriously cared for, and waited on, and fanned, like *one-tailed* pachas at least, might well give themselves such airs as the Senhor "General" indulged me with on the occasion I have alluded to. I think a wine-jar is also among the characteristic ornaments dangling from these bracelets.

The hammock and palanquin-bearers certainly do not, it appears to me, charge high for their often severe labour. They are paid sevenpence halfpenny English each, per hour, and fivepence for whatever time the palanquin or hammock may be hired; but, as I said before, when the latter is engaged in long excursions the men are paid higher. On such occasions persons are generally recommended to seud to St. Antonio for bearers, and to other places in the country. They are commonly engaged at the rate of from two shillings and sixpence to three shillings and fourpence each for the day (from six hundred to eight hundred reis). This depends a good deal on the time for which they are likely to be employed. The hammock's peculiar motion at times causes slight sickness.

I was told there are conveyances here, something, but not much, resembling a Muscovite sledge, also for hire; but you must be content to go at the truly "killing" pace at which the leisurely oxen proceed if you wish to take a drive in these. If there are more than one, however, they

must be in fashion, for they never, or very rarely, seemed disengaged; "Out, out," was the usual answer, when I inquired for them. I suppose the unwieldy machine I saw one day in the street was one of the kind; though, I should think, a fur-clad *élégant* of St. Petersburg would stare much if he were told this clumsy drag was compared to a Russian sledge, skimming like greased lightning over the surprised snow. There are also wicker-work sedan-chairs.

Madeira is usually accounted a very dull place, and I should imagine it must be found to be so, during a lengthened residence there; most assuredly for those who depend at all on gay society or amusements for their enjoyment, it must be dismal indeed. For those who have resources within themselves it is, of course, a different thing. Yet there is a kind of stagnation there that I can easily understand might affect every one in a greater or less degree, the idle or the occupied, the frivolous and the contemplative,—making its gloomy influence felt imperceptibly even by those whose well-stored minds or various occupations render them particularly independent of outward circumstances.

As for us, just for the short time we were there, we found it charming, and our time certainly did not hang heavily on our hands; but then it was almost continually taken up by the most interesting excursions, and we had the society of most agreeable friends.

Under ordinary circumstances, it must alone, one should think, sadden the mind, to be constantly in the habit of meeting the sick and suffering, in various degrees of wretchedness, borne helplessly

along. Philip of Macedon would not have wanted the monitor at his ear if he had sojourned in Madeira; plenty of reminders would have forbidden him to forget his mortality. And yet it is not a selfish feeling, I think, that makes one feel sorrowful; it is compassion for those so evidently suffering, and who are far from their own happy homes in native England, where, probably, mournful hearts are now aching for them, and whose dearly-loved shores they may be destined never again to behold. It is difficult not to connect a melancholy history with each sickly face, too often lighted with the hectic glow that is so sad a sign of approaching doom. How have fond parents and devoted friends watched, prayed, wept over, that blighted blossom! What hopes have been extinguished as that little fatal torch grew bright on the hollow cheek!—what tears have dropped as the eye gathered more and more that deceitful brightness that but heralded death! And now that the last trembling hope is placed on this delicious clime, whose sanatory renown led them to trust their dear treasure to its distant regions, will their anxious expectation be disappointed, or their ardent supplications heard, and the beloved one restored to health?

For those accustomed to the gaiety of large cities in their gayest seasons, and who are in the least fond of dissipation, Funchal must seem about as lively as a city of catacombs might prove.

The round of amusements is soon exhausted after the island has once been explored. They consist mainly of palanquin and hammock excursions, the diversion being usually increased by these excursions comprising also a pic-nic party. Those who are strong enough and prefer equestrian, engage

horses and ponies ; while the invalids, of course, are borne along in the cushioned, curtained palanquin, with its gay, decorative, and pleasant awning, or the more elevated, deeply-fringed hammock.

The cavalcade is accompanied occasionally by a band of music, probably more often in the spring than the winter, (which was the time of year that we were there) although, indeed, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, bear so strong a family resemblance to each other here that it is difficult to know one season from another ; and winter, instead of being a furrowed, white-bearded old gentleman, in a suit of icicles and night-capped with a patch of snow, is a young Adonis, wreathing roses midst his golden locks,—a “curled darling,” reclining in the sun or looking at his own pretty face in the undulating mirror of a softly-flowing brook, and now and then meeting and saluting three lovely sisters, with whom he engages in an agreeable little flirtation, the three fair sisters being nothing loth. In some spots of the island it is not in the least uncommon to find spring, autumn, and summer, all grouped together ; or, at any rate, mingling through representations formed by their various productions.

The palanquin and hammock-men keep up surprisingly well with the horses and ponies, however rough and broken-up the roads. The ladies resident on the island, and many of the visitors, possess vehicles of their own of the above description, and most of the furnished lodging-houses provide conveyances of the kind.

There is no theatre at Funchal. There is said to be no bookseller's shop ! but there are libraries and reading-rooms in the city. At the English club there is a library of nearly two thousand volumes ;

and there is a billiard-table there. The visitor having been previously introduced by a subscriber, the admittance is by ballot. The club is near the Cathedral. There is a Portuguese club in the Rua de Perú. Some English journals, together with the most noted of the French and Portuguese ones, are taken in there. This establishment likewise boasts of a good billiard-table, but is destitute of a library: the visitors are also admitted to this club by ballot. Every evening tea is furnished for the guests.

The members give a ball once a-month while the season lasts, and those dances are reported to be tolerably gay and agreeable. Before the ball begins, however, Madeira etiquette being rather formal, the ladies of the creation are drawn up together, and seat themselves sedately at one end of the apartment, separate from the lords, and this custom has rather the effect of icing the whole company and canopying the ball-room with a damp blanket,—this is, doubtless, copied from the mother-country, and so the young Miss Portugal, like the once numerous, finely-grown and lovely family of daughters of her haughty sister of Spain, has been taught from her earliest infancy to adopt her dear mamma's manners. At about three o'clock in the morning, or sometimes sooner, it is the usual practice to have cups of hot chicken-broth taken round; it might be as well to have this anti-refrigerating arrangement earlier in the evening, to counteract the effects of the chilling commencement, of which the guests seem to think they have had enough. Chicken-broth appears to be a very favourite beverage with the Portuguese, for I remember being told, that when our Queen Adelaide was visiting Donna Maria da Gloria at her palace

at Cintra, cups of steaming chicken-broth were frequently handed round to the queen and her ladies and gentlemen in attendance.

Such a thing as a café, I am informed, exists not in Madeira; it is equally destitute of picture-galleries, exhibitions, and museums. An occasional concert or two enlivens Funchal during the season; but the singers, if not amateurs, must unavoidably be third-rate, unless by accident some more famed and finished songster or songstress should touch at the island on their way to the Brazils,—warbling birds of passage; but it is not likely, as they would probably go by the English steamers, whose detention is of the very briefest.

Those who like the water may indulge in boating; if they are invalids, they often find it recommended to them, for it is supposed to be beneficial here in complaints affecting the chest. A variety of very agreeable excursions may be made along the coast, and the boats have the reputation of being comfortable, nicely clean, and skilfully managed. There was once a large-sized theatre, that occupied a considerable space in the square, at the entrance to the Fortaleza. It was destroyed in 1833 to facilitate the defences of Funchal, while the troops of the Infante Dom Miguel had possession of part, or the whole, of the island. British merchants held large shares in this building, but they were neither consulted as to its demolition, nor was any remuneration subsequently offered to them, although it was pulled down by express order of the Portuguese government.

The far-famed Christopher Columbus resided for a period on the small neighbouring island of Porto Santo, with his wife, who possessed a little

property there. During his various trading voyages to Madeira, he is supposed to have lodged at a house in the corner of the street called the Rua Dereita, which leads in the direction of the Carmo. This house has, however, been destroyed. It is contended by some that the mighty discoverer sojourned, on the contrary, in a considerable building, situated in Rua do Esmeraldo; and others maintain that it was in one that stood in former times not far from the Socorro. Not much faith is to be placed in these conflicting opinions and statements; perhaps the place of the three the least likely to have been the abode of the great navigator is the large house in the Rua do Esmeraldo (known as the Granel do Poço), both from its size and pretensions, which would have made it very little likely to have suited one whose modest expenditure probably accorded discreetly with his well-known limited means, and also from its having been made use of as a custom-house long before the one that is employed as such at present was built, at the latter end of the sixteenth century. There are some singular, ancient buildings, still to be found in this city. In the Rua do Boa Viagem there is one, which, judging from certain figures sculptured on the stones that form the windows, is considered by antiquarians to have been formerly the meat-market (or the "açongue"). At the western extremity of the Praça da Constituição are the half-ruined remains of the monastery of St. Francisco, founded by the celebrated Zargo. It was the chief religious establishment of the kind on the island, the rest being dependent upon it. It is now roofless, and its walls despoiled of all that may once have enriched them. The order of its ancient inmates is sup-

pressed, and I believe the edifice is not used for any purpose at present.

When General Beresford was governor of Madeira in 1808, the buildings belonging to São Lourenço were considerably remodelled; the military and civil governors still have their residence there. In one of these apartments are various portraits of the earlier captains of Funchal. Amongst them is said to be a fine likeness of Zargo, representing him spare and serious, long-faced and contemplative.

In addition to the English and Portuguese clubs I have mentioned, there is at Funchal an establishment called the Commercial Rooms, near the pier (Caes), where a variety of French, Portuguese, English, and American newspapers are received. The subscription for a season of six months is only eight shillings and fourpence! Books are kept there, in which the coming and going of all vessels and visitors to the island are carefully entered. There is a charming verandah belonging to these rooms, where the idler may amuse himself by watching the sea, of which there is a noble view. There is a library in connexion with the Presbyterian Church, and one belonging to the Episcopal one, and the yearly subscription to each is merely a dollar! The municipality, or *camara*, has a library, which is supposed to contain at least 1800 volumes, and this is opened to the public gratis, daily, from nine till three o'clock. Among the books are some French and English ones, and some curious MSS. from the suppressed monastery of São Francisco, together with many choice and very rare works that had previously belonged to it. This library is but little known, even by the natives, and the yearly outlay

for new publications amounts to an insignificant sum; while there are hardly any who avail themselves of the advantages it offers: so that it affords a sufficient proof of the little inclination of the Madeirese for any pursuits and occupations of an intellectual nature. There are, I believe, other libraries (not belonging to the natives) in Funchal.

I have not yet mentioned the English chapel, where service appears to be regularly performed by the British chaplain: it is charmingly situated in the Rua da Bella Vista. There is, or was, another English church, in the Rua da Aranhas. The one in the Rua da Bella Vista, which was very near our hotel, and to which we went, is a pretty building, and has a long garden attached to it.

Inside it rather shocks the eye at first, from its very great resemblance to a theatre, fitted up with boxes instead of pews. I was told, but I know not if correctly, that the stipulation the Portuguese government made was, that the little church must be as unlike a sacred edifice as possible; hence the striking resemblance to a theatre. The exterior has not this defect, and is superior to some in England;—I could not but recollect having seen one occasionally there, sadly resembling a petrified bathing-machine, or gigantic tea-canister. There is a chapel belonging to the Free Church of Scotland in the Travessa do Surdo.

CHAPTER XII.

EVERY ride or walk almost that we took in the neighbourhood of Funchal, revealed some fresh beauty to us. Sometimes at sunset the glow over the hills was magical; the colours of the heights, blended with the colours of the skies, bewildered the eyes with loveliness. I believe these hues of the hills arise chiefly from the mosses, lichens, heaths, shrubs, and wild flowers profusely scattered over them; and also, perhaps, partly from the mellow tints of the stones and rocks themselves.

Whatever may be thought of the pleasantness of the island as a sojourn of some months' duration, and the attractions it offers, of its mere beauty I think there can hardly be any diversity of opinion. A man must indeed have a "caractæus" in his eye (as a good old soul I once knew used to say of one suffering from cataract) if he does not see and acknowledge this. I do not say that it is swathed in the gorgeous magnificence of the tropics—of the Isthmus of Panama, for instance, or parts of that wondrous world of beauty, South America, where gold and vermilion, and purple and orange, and crimson and azure, and violet and green, are contrasting and blending in dazzling splendour and overpowering pomp—where coiled, festooned wil-

dernesses of creepers, climb and curl about enormous veterans of the forest,—so tall and vast, that a fanciful dreamer might imagine he looked on visible pillars of the creation,—till these mighty vegetable towers are turned, by their glittering, glowing, superb parasites, into trees of gold, or columns and domes of very fire, breaking into thousands of branching flames—for so they sometimes appear to do. It cannot for an instant compete with the mountainous world of the awfully-grand, sky-soaring Andes, or the regions of the stupendous volcanoes that shine and tower above Mexico's land of matchless loveliness. I certainly dream not of saying it can compare with those for half a moment, but still it is beautiful, and nobly beautiful, too; and he must assuredly have "caractacuses" in his eyes who fails to see it. After taking another charming ride the other day, we met our most kind friends Lord and Lady N—— by appointment, near the convent of Santa Clara, where we went in order to see the celebrated nun Maria Clementina, whom Coleridge has immortalised.

This nun was a beautiful creature, who at an early age had been forced into a convent by a stern father, I believe at the instigation of a stepmother, and she was for some time very miserable. She is no longer young, (and I hope no longer miserable,) but still are to be traced remains of her once brilliant beauty.

The nunneries and monasteries of this island formerly numbered among them several of the Franciscan order, which, indeed, were the principal ones of Madeira, including the two convents of Nossa Senhora da Encarnação, and Santa Clara. The monasteries were suppressed, and all their posses-

sions arbitrarily confiscated, by the government, in the year 1834, when Madeira fell into the hands of the emperor Dom Pedro, on the final defeat of his brother, the Infante Dom Miguel. At that time the nuns were allowed to come forth from their long seclusion, and to mingle with their fellow-creatures (in 1822, during the brief ascendancy of the Constitutional Government in the island, the same permission had been conceded to them), but not very many of the fair recluses took advantage of the opportunity which might be thought to be so tempting to them. I believe Maria Clementina was among those who for awhile bade farewell to the austerity and solitude of the sacred cloisters. However, after a slight experience of the sweets and bitters of society the sisters renounced the deceitful world, and sought refuge again in their tranquil cells and enshrouding veils. Poor Clementina was supposed to have a very susceptible heart, and to have been rather severely wounded by the flower-wreathed but poisoned shafts of the little wily archer. However that may be, she returned voluntarily to the life of retirement she had somewhat gladly quitted and re-entered her former abode. There she now lives,—in the convent of Santa Clara, which stands on the site of the Church of Nossa Senhora da Conceição da Cima, the third church erected by Zargo, whose bones are said to lie there. It is a large, rambling building, overlooking the city; and its possessions now mainly consist of some property belonging to the sisterhood in and near the Carral.

We alighted in the courtyard, and the portress took a message from Lady N——, who is acquainted with Maria Clementina, to the effect that

she had brought some friends with her whom she wished to introduce to the amiable reclus. We were soon admitted into the sacred building. The regulations of the convent were very far from strict, and Lord N—— was allowed to accompany us.

We were shown into a particularly comfortless and dingy-looking apartment, having a grating at one end, which grating divided us from a sort of alcove, where, shortly afterwards, Sister Clementina made her appearance; her manner was quiet and dignified, her countenance pleasing, and the line of her face still fine, while her deep dark eyes, handsome forehead, and well-chiselled features, showed how perfect and superb must have been the array of her conquering charms when in the full zenith of her beauty. Sister Clementina was attended by a lady's maid—a lay sister, I believe. The latter brought in the artificial flowers when we asked to see them, and remained at her mistress' elbow, to be ready in case she required her to take any message or to afford her any assistance. The Sister talked to me partly in French, interspersed with a few words of English, partly in Portuguese, and partly in Spanish. She seemed much pleased to talk of Coleridge, and said she recollected him well, and that she had read his remarks about her, and his account of her position, her unhappy fate, &c.—that some friend had got them translated for her, and that, like all in this world, part was false and part was true. She emphatically repeated this, as if anxious I should remember it. Maria Clementina seemed to like reading, and told me she exceedingly admired Madame de Staël's works, particularising "Corinne," and, I think, "Delphine;" the former she appeared enthusiastically to admire and appreciate.

She mentioned Lady Morgan, and her writings too, probably not being aware of the *mauvaise odeur* they are in with the Romish Church just now. Her sisters, she said, live at Cadiz; they are not *religieuses*.

Among other things, she informed me she had lately been ill, and that her medical adviser ordered her to go into the country for a little time, thinking that change of air was necessary for the re-establishment of her health. She added, she had enjoyed it excessively; the air was so sweet, the flowers were so sweet, the songs of the birds were so sweet,—but liberty was sweeter still. I suppose, however, if she chose it, there is nothing to prevent her leaving the convent now: it was reported a little while since that she actually had done so (perhaps when she went into the country by order of her medical attendant). It is very likely, though, that she might in that case have to forfeit some property, and would find herself, in the decline of life, friendless and homeless. She said, “*Mon papa et mes sœurs ont voyagé beaucoup; en Italie—en Suisse—beaucoup, beaucoup:*” for herself, I believe, she had never quitted Madeira. She mentioned a nobleman — (a Visconde, I think, — probably the one single patrician of Madeira) — as her near relative. From all I have heard, I am convinced Sister Clementina’s biography would be a very curious one if it were made public.

After some more conversation, we begged to see the far-famed flowers and fruit so artistically manufactured in this convent. The recluses of the convent of Santa Clara considerably increase their rather slender income by thus industriously fashioning and selling wreaths, bouquets, and bunches of artificial feather-flowers; they also make specimens of fruit

elaborately executed in wax, and sweetmeats. Sister Clementina had sold so many of hers lately that there were but a few left bearing her signature; —(each bouquet or floral chaplet had the name of the Sister who had made it attached to it.) Some of the wreaths bore other names, such as "Sister Matilda" and "Sister Ellenore;" and after taking all, or nearly all, of Maria Clementina's, we were tempted to purchase some of the graceful productions of the others. Two beautiful single white flowers, of Sister Clementina's own manufacture, I gladly secured, intending them for a namesake of hers, surpassingly lovely, as the fair nun herself once was. The sisters assuredly make these garlands of flowers beautifully, and handle the dyed feathers so skilfully, that they wonderfully resemble the silken-soft leaves of real blossoms and buds.

The nuns of the Convent da Encarnação also, I hear, support themselves in this manner. It seems a little inconsistent, perhaps, that those who have renounced the vanities of this world, and who profess to look with some horror on their hollowness and worthlessness, should employ their time in ministering to the artificial wants they engender, and in encouraging, as far as in them lies, the pampered tastes of those who still fondly cling to them.

The grating, at which stood the nuns, in the gloomy chamber where we were received, is fitted with a kind of roundabout, on which the flowers and fruits were deposited, and displayed for our choice. After many courteous speeches from Sister Clementina, and invitations to visit her again, and innumerable inquiries after and messages to Lady N——'s charming children (of whom the nun seems quite passionately fond), we departed.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE weather all the latter part of the time we were at Madeira was exquisitely delicious—neither too hot nor too cold; almost as charming (but not quite) as the wonderfully paradoxical climate of Lima, that so cleverly contrives to be gay and bright without sun, and refreshing and not dry without rain. The temperature of night and day at Madeira seems to me to vary marvellously little. The island has the reputation of being cooler in summer and warmer in winter than any of the places where our suffering countrymen and countrywomen betake themselves in hopes of enjoying renovated health. In fact, the extreme equability of the temperature is one of the most remarkable characteristics of this little gem of the Atlantic. It is not afflicted with the overpowering heat of the tropics, neither has it those crowds of noxious insects and reptiles that often render very warm countries so disagreeable.

You need not be afraid here, that in pulling your pocket-handkerchief out of your pocket you will pull a huge centipede out with it (as happened to one of our party in the other hemisphere); nor that you will tie a scorpion under your chin with your bonnet strings, if you are a lady, or twist it in

your cravat round your throat, if you are a gentleman, or affectionately button it inside your waistcoat,—a very unnecessary “bosom companion” to keep you warm in those passing hot climates!

A word or two respecting the vines and wines of this island may be not uninteresting to some of my readers. I am very ignorant of what is bad or good in wine (as I seldom touch it), and, as far as I can judge, we tasted only one sort during our short stay—the Madeira commonly so called, I am disposed to think. This wine is thus named, it appears, from its being concocted from a number of different kinds of grapes, and thus it cannot be called after any one sort in particular. Among them are those known as the *bastardo*, the *bûal*, *terrentrez*, the *tinto*, *negrinho*, and the *verdêlho* grapes: these are usually mingled together, and produce a white wine, which, if properly managed, rightly mixed, and kept for a sufficiently long period, is commonly found to be excellent. The *verdêlho* grape is supposed to grow in great perfection in the parish of Porto do Cruz, notwithstanding that this locality is situated in the north. Porto do Cruz, indeed, abounds in vines, whose produce is pronounced by judges to be almost equal; and with regard to the *verdêlho* grape, I understand, superior to those of the south of the island.

If it was, as I believe, the Madeira that was usually supplied to us at dinner, it seemed to me much sweeter than what is brought to England, and I thought much nicer; but that, no doubt, is a very heretic taste. The *Malinsey*, that rich white wine so well known, is the produce of a vine that was originally introduced from Candia, very dif-

fiicult to rear: a particular temperature is necessary to enable it to arrive at perfection, and but few situations are found to agree thoroughly with it. There are some vineyards, called those of Fazenda dos Padres, on the western side of Funchal, where the finest wine of this kind is procured. Fazenda dos Padres lies at the foot of Cape Giram. To give the sweet flavour, the fermentation of the malmsy wine is checked at an earlier stage than that of the other wines of Madeira. There are various other wines; among them is Tinta, which is dark red, and is reckoned to have a Burgundy flavour. If kept two years or so, it is accounted a capital substitute for port, and is particularly prized for making sangaree; but when an attempt is made to keep it longer, it becomes deteriorated in taste and colour, and possesses no longer the delicate aroma which at first distinguishes it. There is also a wine called Tinto. Sercial is pronounced by its admirers to be the very best, and the wholesomest of all white wines here, but needing a great length of time to mature it properly. It is curious that the grapes that produce it are quite uneatable, — even the lizards reject them. The vine from whence the supply—a very limited one, consequently—is extracted, fails generally, except in a few particular places. This vine-plant came originally from Germany, and there the learned in such matters assert that it produces the Hock. Then there is the Negrinho, a deep red and rich wine, or rather cordial, which is made from grapes spread on the house-tiles, and there dried by the sun. Maroto is the name of the vine. The Bual, like the Tinta, is said to be very rarely met with, and little known in England. It is a white

wine, delicate, and made from a pale straw-coloured grape. There is also a wine called Surdo, or rather, I fancy, a kind of liqueur, made from grapes of the most thorough ripeness, and of very strong body. The fermentation is prevented from taking place, and thus all the sweetness of the must is retained. Surdo, it is said, has been exported only in limited quantities, and under the appellation of "Nun's Wine;" but it is now no longer shipped. We will hope the "Nuns" take it only medicinally. It is difficult to reconcile a strong liqueur with one's ideas of a veiled Vestal, who should surely only sip water from the crystal spring.

I believe there are some wines I have omitted to mention, but I must plead great ignorance on the subject as my excuse. One thing must be charming, I think, connected with the famed vines and vintage of Madeira, and that is, the sight of the beautiful bunches in the season when they are ripe, and of the busy, picturesque viintage, too, itself. How lovely must some of the vineyards look when the ripe rich grapes are hanging in abounding profusion on every side! how beautiful must be those vines, loaded with their luxuriant produce, that trail themselves in the most graceful fashion from bough to bough, amongst the proud, lofty chestnut-trees! how must gleam and glow in the sunshine all the long, heavy bunches of the "Malvazia Candida," with its great oval grapes of a warm bright gold colour! and how the thickly-clustering pendant masses of the darker marota must burn with the fervid light,—and the rich large fruit of the mellow alicant and muscatel!*

* The two last, I believe, are confined to gardens.

The vintage must be a busy and interesting season, when the peasantry engaged in the gathering swarm round the spots where the precious fruit is hanging from the net-work of cane,—swelling and sweeping down from the half-concealed trellises, or drooping from the festoons trailing among the leafy chestnut-groves. In the north, they are usually thus trained on the chestnut-trees, but in this part of the island the trellis-work is, perhaps, more common. Under the latter, vegetables of various kinds are cultivated, and weeds *not* extirpated. Altogether, the vines twining about the trees look the most picturesque and ornamental. The idea is, however, that the nearer to the ground the grape grows, the more excellent is the fruit, and the better the wine that proceeds from it: the strength of the plant appears to be concentrated, in short, more in the fruit when it is kept low, and not allowed to diffuse itself by running up to any height. The beginning of September is generally, in the south, the time that the vintage takes place, and it is usually a fortnight or three weeks later in the northern regions; but this depends greatly on the elevation and exposure, and other circumstances. After the grapes are gathered, they are picked carefully — *escolhido*, the inferior and rejected ones usually being reserved for the gatherers themselves. These selected are then tossed into the wine-press, the *lagar*, a clumsy-looking, rough, wooden trough, of a large size, where they are trodden and stamped by the feet.

Perhaps if this process were seen by some lovers of wine in our country, where the ideas are nice and refined, it might have an effect that all Father

Mathew's temperance-lectures would fail utterly to produce.

After the first juice has in this manner been drawn off, the remaining heap is all gathered up together, and a rope is coiled around, and then a lever pressure is applied to this residue; a tub is in readiness to receive the juice, and it is carried off to the stores at once, in goat-skins;—arrived there, for the purposes of fermentation, it is poured into casks. This lasts generally, in an active state, for about five weeks. Water, in tolerably large quantities, is poured into the press after the juice has been extracted, and the refuse is subjected to the same treatment. This second process yields the "foot-water," the "agoa pé," in short, the dregs: this is a beverage which the poorer classes here are exceedingly partial to; but it is reckoned unwholesome, and often occasions severe diarrhœa, and particularly if it is incautiously drank subsequently to the fermentation having commenced, which sometimes is unfortunately the case, as the peasants, I fear, but too often, are heedless and careless in this respect.

After the cessation of the fermentation, the wine is drawn off the lees, and is straightway transferred (or raked, I believe, is the term) into other casks; it is then clarified with ox-blood, eggs, or yet more commonly gypsum; a couple of gallons of brandy, or thereabouts, having been first added to each pipe, in order to prevent the acetous fermentation from taking place. Indeed, in this and after stages of the proceedings considerable care is generally requisite, as the wine is liable to undergo a second fermentation. The gypsum with which it is fined is usually brought from either Porto Santo or

Spain. As regards the more delicate sorts of wine, the quality of the brandy that is used to fortify it is of great consequence, and some is spoilt from the absence of really first-rate brandy. French *eau de vie* is prohibited, except in bottles at a high duty, and the best that can be procured at Madeira, for the purposes I have mentioned, is made from the Porto Santo wine.

For the first four or five years no wine is produced from the grapes. After that, it appears, the average yield is one pipe per acre, or thereabouts; although, under highly-favourable circumstances, the English acre will perhaps produce four pipes of wine. Should the summer be a dry one, it is necessary or advisable to have the ground watered about thrice from the tanks in the neighbourhood of the vineyards: these tanks are made at a considerable expense. Numerous situations, that are not taken advantage of in the island, are supposed by competent judges to be particularly favourable for the cultivation of vines, but they are found unavailable through the deficiency of water. This might be remedied by laying down pipes; and there is little doubt but that the proprietor would soon find himself amply indemnified for the expenses incurred by such a proceeding.

The vines here are propagated by cuttings planted in the ground at a depth of from three to seven feet. On the kind of soil depends the depth of the trenches. The total quantity of wine annually produced by this island is somewhere about 25 or 30,000 pipes, of which one-third, perhaps, may be exported. This, however, according to some authorities, is an excessive estimation. 15,363 pipes were shipped from Madeira in English ves-

sels only in 1809: the sum total of what was imported into England in that year was above 639,000 gallons. A rapid decrease of the demand for these particular wines has been observed of late years in our country. Although the taste for the vintage of Madeira has so palpably diminished in Great Britain, it has not done so in some other countries. By returns from America, it is observed that the quantity imported into the United States from England, and also from Madeira direct, increased actually from 101,176 gallons, in 1845, to 303,125 in 1850: this being 201,949 gallons, or about 200 per cent in five years.

Some years back the Madeira wines fell into particular disfavour, and, from peculiar circumstances, gave sufficient grounds for this change of opinion and taste among those who had at one time greatly patronised the vintage of the island; for during the lengthened period of the war that came to a conclusion in 1814, the demand for the wine by vessels putting in here was enormous, so that all the superior kinds were very rapidly sold. Thus the remaining quantities in the lodges were only the inferior northern wines, which have the repute, or disrepute, of possessing considerable acidity; and which are, besides, much poorer—in fact, altogether of far less excellent quality. The proprietors, however, could not resist the temptation of availing themselves of the opportunity that offered itself to them of furnishing those with a prompt supply, who gave orders for wine at 70% or 80% per pipe, notwithstanding that wine of 20% per pipe was all that remained there for them to dispose of; such, in truth, being its full value. They had recourse, then, to artificial means, to

overcome as much as possible the harshness of flavour and the before-mentioned acidity of those wines. For this purpose the stoves (*estufas*) were introduced, in order that by keeping the wine in a shut-up, confined place—at perhaps a temperature of one hundred degrees—it might acquire a premature and false mellowness, and have a deceptive appearance of age. It is generally thought that such forcing has the effect of deteriorating the natural real flavour of all wines; and it is more than suspected that, since the time it was first essayed, it has been applied, in turn, to wines of all classes. No aftercare and management is said to restore the genuine flavour when it has thus been injured and affected. Persons who understand the subject consider that the heat of the stove, or *estufa*, if more gradually applied, continued longer, and with more judicious moderation, might prove beneficial, and produce results such as a voyage to the East or West Indies and back is generally found to do, which is usually reckoned the most excellent method of improving wine, and bringing it to a highly perfect state. Some writers assert, that in consequence of the manner in which the inferior description of wines are forced in stoves, they often acquire a smoky and dry flavour, which is never quite eradicated subsequently. Of this description of wine vast quantities are yearly shipped to Hamburg, at which place, after it has been submitted to a process that makes it much resemble Hock, it is disposed of as such; and it is conjectured a considerable portion of this counterfeit Hock is sent to the British market. With regard to the wines that are produced along the

southern coast of Madeira, they are supposed to be rarely, if at all, equalled, in delicacy of flavour, aroma, purity, and softness. As to the principal grapes and wines of the island, the grapes are never exported, and a large proportion of the wines are very little indeed known out of the country.

The rats and lizards are connoisseurs in the grapes, if not in the generous liquor extracted from them. The vintage, which not only, of course, varies with the season as well as with the locality, commonly, as I said, takes place in September. Those places where the sun shines with most power ordinarily take the lead in this interesting operation. As the gathering of the rich ripe grapes progresses along the warm sides of the valley, the knowing lizards and the *bons vivants* of rats, which muster in numerous legions, closely follow. A cultivator cannot preserve his fruit upon the vines after the surrounding proprietors have chosen to have theirs plucked, unless he make up his mind to risk a very heavy and serious diminution of his anticipated profits. Those jolly rats and lizards bolt vast quantities of the precious fruit. It is supposed they display a decided partiality for the Tinta grape, in the juice of which, it is surmised, they toast the fair ladies who reign supreme in their hearts and holes, kindling the former, and shedding the light of their whiskered beauty over the latter, however dark and gloomy. Many a fast young rat drains there a bumper of that Burgundy juice to the lovely dame of his devotion,—she of the faultless snout, the graceful whisk of whose tail is madness—whose exquisite squeak is rapture or sudden death—whose enchanting complexion of the tenderest hoary or miry tint—clear

as mud itself—is confusion and chaos,—to whom he had offered his paw and fortune, and for whom he would fight and bite to the last extremity; for whose sake, too, if this “nut-brown maid” rejects his homage, he will leave, perhaps, his native shores for ever, and take a passage in the hold of the first ship that starts, with despair gnawing at his heart, and he gnawing at the tough, rough faces of the sleeping tars.

CHAPTER XIV.

I SAW a pretty sight one day at Funchal,—a palanquin full of children, dressed out in gay, fantastical, fête-day finery, with little bare heads and uncovered throats, the former simply ornamented, perhaps, with a pretty flower, carried along the streets, all smiles and gladness; and this at Christmas time. They have a fashion here of sometimes fastening a number of palanquins together: at least I saw one day, in Funchal, four of these conveyances strung like oddly-shaped huge beads on one very long pole, at convenient distances one after the other. As the moment of our departure drew near, we felt more and more sorry to leave this pleasant place. How lovely looked the charming vicinity of the town during our last pleasant ride! All was bathed in sunshine, from the purple hills to the tasselled spires of the sugar-cane. All seemed clad in smiles, from the surface of the clear blue sky to the face of the cheerful-looking young peasant, standing in the road, with his carapuça slightly leaning to the right side, and his light jacket flung jauntily over his left shoulder *à la houssard*; and to the beaming countenance of the tripping dandel, hurrying by, with carapuça also pointing over her dark brow, and, like the stripling's, partially inclining to one

side, — and to the merry eyes of her companion, too, with a curious coiffure of four or five large empty baskets, cunningly placed the one over the other, the upper ones being turned topsyturvy, as this steady world itself often is (almost as empty, too, apparently, sometimes) on the shoulders of old Atlas. Was *all* clad in sunshine? No; ever and anon we met some poor half-starved-looking beings, that seemed like shadows flitting upon that bright surface. Haggard, squalid, they seemed; and the poor, thin children, that paced slowly beside them, if ever they had known what it was to have three meals in a day, it must have been, as says the New-York Dutchman, rye meal, Indian meal, and mealy potatoes assnredly. How gaunt and livid is that skeleton of a girl, of seventeen or eighteen! Famine has written “early death” in fearful characters round her sunken eyes and ghastly brow. Poor thing! her attire is but rags and tatters—rather too much “open work,” as some writer says of one whose array was equally ventilated and marked by long interregnums. This poor starveling is talking to another, who, while not exhibiting such marks of evident inanition, displays a similar tatterdemalion toilette, which the utmost delicacy could not describe, with any regard to truth, as “demi-toilette,” it being, in fact, not even half-a-quarter of a toilette. Yet perhaps, if the definition of a wit some years back is true, it is more like full dress, after all. “Undress,” said he, “is being decently clothed; while full dress is no dress at all—worth speaking of:” or something to that effect. While the poor girl’s positively needful apparel is thus limited, perchance at home she has articles of jewellery — chains of very pure gold. It

would appear, however, that this is not only from a love of such ornaments, or a reverence for old heir-looms: there are other causes at work. But very few of the peasantry here, it is true, succeed in accumulating a sufficient sum of money to lift them a little above the rest of their neighbours and fellows, or to realise, after years of hard work and self-denial, even a comfortable and respectable competency; however, unfortunately for them, when they do contrive by perseverance and steady labour to secure a modest independence, they find but very rare and scanty openings for the accumulation or the investment of the little sum their industry has amassed. It is very seldom that they can become the purchasers of land separate from the "benfeitorias" (or improvements) with which it is generally saddled. They have no banks in the island; thus they are debarred the advantage of placing the money they have earned in savings-banks. On any land that is under the "vinculo" there can be no mortgages. The vinculo is a perpetual entail of lands and houses on the natural heirs, supposing such to exist, or on any other persons, and on their heirs for ever, in other cases, on the condition of their discharging the expenses requisite for the performance of specified masses, and dispensing particular alms for the good of the souls of those with whom the entail originated, and their family. After these conditions had been complied with, the remainder of the property passed into the hands of the possessor for life, and, according to the conditions attached to the vinculo, it descended in succession to his heirs, either male or female, both or one: if they failed, the possessions reverted entirely to the crown. While the

entail continued, the estate could not be charged in any manner whatsoever. "It could not be let," says Dr. Peacock, "for a period extending beyond four years of the life in possession, or beyond eighteen years of the same event, with the especial consent of the heir next in succession, who claimed the rent, in both cases, when he succeeded to the inheritance. No provision could be made for the other members of the family. The estate continued for ever a life-possession, and a life-possession only, in the strictest sense of the term. Provision was, however, made by the laws for granting building leases, provided the benefit which the estate received was entirely secured to the inheritance. Such grants were only resumable upon the repayment of the sums expended upon the improvement of the property, whether in the erection of buildings or any other useful improvement. They came, in fact, under the general law of "bemfeitorias," &c. In addition to all this, the condition of the Portuguese law, and also the customs of the people themselves, contribute to render loans of every species unsafe, and more particularly so with government security. It is in consequence of this combination of circumstances that the country people—partly, probably, from prudential motives, and partly from following ancient customs—commonly invest whatever little money they may have industriously accumulated in trinkets and ornamental articles, the gold chains being, perhaps, most in favour. A new link is gladly attached to this when their savings have been considerable, or one is less willingly abstracted when it is necessary to "raise the wind." It is most likely this custom was originally adopted from the mother-country, where it is not very rare

to find indigent women, who cannot boast of having a shoe to their feet, the possessors of gold necklaces and ornaments, with which they occasionally decorate their persons, while the rest of their apparel we might perhaps discreetly describe as *barely* covering them. In the meantime, some of their articles of gold and jewellery are of very considerable value, the gold being exceedingly pure. An English lady, resident at Oporto, once engaged in her household a servant-girl, who was recommended to her, I believe, as one very competent to undertake the situation she was to fill, and who in reality proved herself to be so; but the lady of the house was vexed at observing that she trotted about generally barefooted. She spoke to the damsel, and expressed her wonder that she should thus consider it decent to go about unshod. The maid reciprocated her astonishment, declaring that, as she often wore stockings, she was inclined to think she had sufficiently studied the extraordinary and preposterous requirements of Anglo-Saxon scrupulosity. Time wore on, and other things wore out; and the mistress of this establishment was grieved to observe rapidly creeping into—or rather out of—notice, remarkable shortcomings in the petticoat arrangements of the same female domestic, accompanied by serious fallings off from the shoulders, in consequence of the ragged state of the wardrobe, together with various other deficiencies and failures. It became necessary to have another conversation on the clothing question, and the lady kindly volunteered to supply the poor damsel with some ready cash, to be converted as soon as possible into cotton or calico. Upon this hint she spake, and, tossing her head somewhat dis-

dainfully, begged her mistress to do her the favour for a moment to inspect her trunk. That lady straightway complied, in some incertitude and surprise. When the maid opened her box, she displayed a collection of beautiful and splendid gold necklaces, declaring she felt a little hurt at the lady thus offering her an advance of wages or a present, when she was the lawful owner of such costly articles of jewellery; and adding, that if her apparel were not exactly such as suited the capricious taste of the foreign lady, it was most unquestionably not from any deficiency on her own part of the wherewithal to obtain an additional supply.

To return to the Madeira peasantry. To give a little insight into their state, I will quote from the same author again. He says that, according to the old law, "the union of several *vinculos* constituted a *morgado*, a term applied in the Portuguese language both to the possessor and the possession. The effect of these perpetual entails, whether due to the influence of the Church, or to the passion so natural to mankind to transmit their name and influence, in connexion with their possessions, to their most distant posterity, was the absorption of nearly the whole territory,—which was not in the possession of the Crown or the municipalities, or of charitable or religious establishments,—in the hands of the *morgados*. Their further institution, however, was forbidden by a law of Dom José the First, of the 3d August, 1770, under the bold but generally wise administration of the Marquis de Pombal, who declared the system to be 'contrary to the just rights of property, and to the just claims of the other members of the family.' A still more serious assault upon the system was made by

the law of Dom Pedro, of the 4th of April, 1832, which allowed the removal of the entail from every separate *vinculo* which could be certified by the proper authorities to be less in value than two hundred dollars a-year, and from any *morgado* or union of *vinculos* of less than twice the amount. Recent decisions of the tribunals have given a more extended effect to this law than it was probably first intended to possess, by applying it to the separate *morgados* united in the same proprietor, however much their joint amount might exceed the inferior limit of value which it imposed. The effect of this law is already beginning to be felt in sales of land to English and other capitalists. So rapid, likewise, of late years, has been the depreciation of the value of wine—the staple produce of the island—that very few estates will be long exempted from its operation. It is difficult, in the absence of statistical details, to ascertain the quantity of land which is under the operation of the *vinculo*; but I should conclude, from the best information which I could procure, that it still embraces nearly four-fifths of the cultivated lands. * * * * The greatest part of the mountain pasture is the property of the municipal bodies, or *cameras* of the different parishes, and is commonable by all the occupiers of land within their limits. So defective, however, is the execution of the law in every part of the island, that all these districts are treated as common property,—whether for pasturing cattle or collecting fuel, by cutting furze, broom, brushwood, or timber,—without any system or control. It is from this cause that the forests in the mountains are rapidly disappearing without a chance of being replaced by new timber, for the goats and cattle, which are

allowed to wander everywhere without restraint, effectually destroy the young shoots as soon as they may appear." The author adds in a note, that he heard great complaints, when in Malcira, on the subject, and various projects were discussed for the purpose of preventing such depredations in future. He considers, however, the provisions of the law as it stands at present fully sufficient to effect this, but they are, unfortunately, not properly enforced. I believe it is the same author who remarks that the peculiar tenure of land here is the same that, to a certain extent, prevails in parts of Portugal, Italy, and Spain, and observes that it is a relique of the empire and the agricultural system of the ancient Romans. It appears there are no books in the Portuguese language that enter into circumstantial accounts on the subject, and no published statistical details. What there is, is in MSS., which it is difficult to obtain a glimpse of. If the codes of the Portuguese law, he asserts, were properly carried into execution, as they are admirable in principle, so they might be beneficial in their operation, and highly effective; but their administration is generally marked by most unjustifiable and extreme irregularity and imperfection, and it continually places the theory and the practice in remarkable contrast with each other, and sometimes in important cases.

Formerly the morgados often resided in vast and most splendid country-houses, with chapels attached to them, where those masses which were positively required by their original deed of foundation generally were performed. Their tenantry looked on them as their feudal chiefs and their masters; indeed, the *caseiro*, or occupier, still is accustomed to

speak of his morgado as "my master,"—*meu amo*. They used to present him with poultry during Christmas, eggs at Easter, and a part of every porker's head that was doomed to the knife. They also were wont to offer a portion of their produce to their feudal lord upon the occasion of his nuptials, and the auspicious event of an heir's birth. When he passed from his country quinta to his town mansion, they dutifully attended to carry his palanquin; and as there were no waggons at Madeira, his luggage-hammock, also his "fourgon" on poles, unless, indeed, they bore all the baggage piled on their shoulders. It was not solely or wholly, however, as a necessary duty and obligation that such assistance was given, but might be rather considered as emanating spontaneously from deeply-seated sentiments of regard and reverential esteem, such as do not always, it is true, but ever should, unite a landlord with his tenantry. A great change took place during and after the revolutionary commotions of 1821. These kindly and primitive relations between the lofty and the lowly underwent a sweeping alteration, and those changes finally led to the extirpation of all such feudal feelings and usages. The quintas of the morgados were soon partially deserted and left to decay and dilapidation.

The troops and party of Dom Miguel occupied the island for several years. Many of the wealthiest and most distinguished morgados were doomed to expatriation for having been disposed to espouse the part of the Constitutionalists; and this very naturally tended to the complete obliteration of the scanty traces of their former influence and their long-established authority, and the wreck of their homes. Their incomes, too, were considerably reduced about

the same time by the fall in the price of their wine. Thus impoverished, they were no longer able to keep up a scale of expenditure commensurate with their pretensions and position. Not only wine, but perhaps all other articles of the island produce, were readily sold for, at least, twice their present price during the period of the war and the British occupation, when Madeira was constantly the resort of the men-of-war, the convoys, and the great East India fleets.

The result was, that, driven by their necessities, the once wealthy proprietors began to forestal their revenues, in numerous cases, by disposing of the reversion of their crops, for longer or lesser periods, —sometimes several years,—to foreign merchants. Much mischief was produced by this. Improvement was at a stand-still; their oppressed tenantry were gradually embittered and alienated, and, at last, former sentiments of attachment were utterly eradicated by harsh treatment and ill-considered measures, the great object of the masters being to repair their wasted fortunes, while they did not adopt the most judicious methods of attaining that end.

At length their detached rural habitations were mostly left tenantless, as such residences became actually insecure, in many instances, to those sojourning in them, and those who remained could no longer afford to decorate their homes, or to keep them up with care and proper attention. A few of the more prudent morgados are still affluent, and in prosperous circumstances. They seized the advantage of coming into possession of their estates, relieved from any responsibility, and from the debts that might have

been incurred by their predecessors, and also without mortgage or incumbrance of any kind for the maintenance of other branches of the family. Although not compelled to support them, however, the owner of the estate seldom leaves his near relations to penury, and, except in very few instances, he provides properly for them, and evinces a due sense of natural obligation by conscientiously fulfilling those duties which he might with impunity neglect, were he so disposed. The great depreciation, however, lately in the price of the chief commodity of the place, has seriously lessened the incomes of the most opulent landowners of Madeira. The proprietor has but a life-estate, and, unfortunately, he has very seldom the ability (even if he possessed the inclination and the energy requisite for the task), to improve it. With regard to the cultivation of the land,—save in a few isolated instances,—he is not permitted to have any voice in the matter. The tenant is almost independent of him, in fact; and to that tenant belongs solely and wholly whatever improvements, cultivation, care, and occupation may have bestowed upon it.

There are generally a very considerable number of distinct occupations in these estates, and they are often at a long distance from each other, considering the small size of the island. This renders it necessary often to lease, in Madeira, to a "rendeiro" the proprietors' rights. Of course this is usually injurious to the true interest of both morgados and tenants. The late Conde de Carvalhal, the owner of the camellia-groves (where that beautiful tree attains a height of from forty to fifty or sixty feet), and perhaps the wealthiest landlord in Madeira, was formerly wont to spend a great deal of money on his

splendid gardens, and on other parts of his property—keeping the labourers in employment, and paying them highly for their work. Under his guidance the peasantry began to improve, and it appears they acquired more energy, more economical habits, and altogether lived far more comfortably and respectably. The poor man was for some time expatriated, on account of his siding, I believe, with the Constitutionalists; but, while he remained on his estates, he had done a great deal of real good. He died, leaving, unfortunately, a young minor for his heir, who resides, or resided, in Portugal, and whose guardians have leased his large estates to an influential and wealthy person living in Funchal; portions were sold or squandered. Circumstances oblige this gentleman to exert the rights that the law allows him with some severity. This case is an exceedingly common one in Madeira, and absenteeism, as usual, produces bad fruits; and altogether the condition of the labouring classes is a melancholy one, in consequence, partly, of the existing laws, and partly of the impoverished resources of a considerable number of the chief proprietors of the island. The complete repeal of the *vinculo* has been contemplated; perhaps it may be effected by the time I write this. There is said to be much eagerness, and no little exaggeration of feeling and opinion, respecting it.

A slight *brochure*, published some few years back by A. Heredia, and called “*Breves Reflexiones sobre a Abolição dos Morgados na Madeira*,” does not treat these morgados very handsomely, and lays all that blame upon them which, probably, even-handed Justice, with her eyes duly bandaged, would be very apt to distribute among

many persons and things. After alluding to previous high prices for vinous produce, and flourishing times, he says, "the morgados cared not for any other kind of cultivation whatsoever; they rested their heads on their couches, and slept the sleep of the sluggard, awaking only to squander their substance and wealth in shameless, contemptible frivolity and dissipation. To the poor, uneducated 'Colono,' agriculture was left,—he understood alone the culture of the vine; and even that, perhaps, but very little. In general, being forced to expatriate themselves on Dom Mignel's usurpation, the proprietors found themselves ruined on their return, as the culture of the vine has for some time become, both for the morgado and 'colono,' a business more of expenditure, often, than of profit. In fact, if we carefully count up the serious cost of planting and pruning, caning, trenching, and of irrigating the vines, of gathering and collecting the fruit, of keeping up walls in order to prevent the soil being carried away by the impetuous rains, of yielding the tithe to the government, and also of paying different taxes and fees before exportation,—it will be very evident that little is left over and above for the ill-fated cultivator, whether in compensation for his toil or of the expenses of his necessary improvements. The proprietor, again, receives only a scanty price if he disposes of his portion of the produce to the merchant, or, if he cannot manage this, as very frequently happens, and is obliged to transfer it to his stores, he has to discharge successively the heavy expenses of store-room, of casks, of emptying out the wine from one set of casks to pour it into another, of brandy, of the estufa (of the use of

which I have already made mention), besides other charges. All these expenses swallow up, in less than a couple of years, more than half the value of the produce." He suggests this remedy:—"But only abolish the morgulos, and you will find agricultural prosperity and credit at once re-established; abolish them, and you will see the proprietors possessed of proper means for the cultivation of their estates. Do this, and you will find the people existing in abundance, in place of being half starved; the landlord rich, who was needy; and the population increased, which want had tended to diminish considerably." If we are to place reliance in these statements, it seems the "colono" is too destitute of knowledge, and the landlord too indigent, the one to try new methods of cultivation to replace that of the vine, and the other to pay expenses incidental to such improvements and alterations. This is, doubtless, all greatly overstated and exaggerated, and the measure proposed might require much modification and revision. Other means and methods have been suggested, as likely to make a beneficial reform in this lovely little island. It is supposed a great deal of good would be effected by the substitution of the system of money rents for that of the division of the produce. If the payment of such rents was capable of being duly and properly enforced, it might become beneficial in the result both to the owner and the occupier, and the system of having middlemen and factors,—almost always an expensive, cumbrous, and oppressive arrangement, and one leading to tyranny and injustice, would be no longer necessary.

It is certainly a great pity that nothing should be done in order that the land may be cultivated

properly, on a system and on a scale that might afford a fair means of judging of its real productive power; and perhaps, then, the population might be delivered from that wretchedness and squalor into which they are now but too often evidently plunged.

It appears that the tenants' occupations, or farms, are usually exceedingly diminutive: the number of subdivisions is extraordinary. Some writers have stated that there are, probably, twenty-four thousand tenants in Madeira,* and this, be it remembered, out of a population of not quite one hundred and twenty thousand. This is thought, however, to be an excessive calculation; if correct, five out of six adult males must be occupiers: but, in truth, nearly every domestic servant, groom, (*burriqueiro*), mechanic, horse-keeper, and other individuals of the inferior classes, is the master of some occupation, insignificant in size, but sufficient for him to grow thereon his few grape-vines, his vegetables, some sugar-canes, sweet potatoes, and orange-trees, or peach-trees, and fig-trees, so that he may literally rest under the shade of his own fig-tree. He may also, perhaps, have a little barley or wheat in this scrap of ground of very diminutive size; cramped and confined as the whole pigmy possession is, however, it is generally much neglected.

Slight would be the labour required, and little the time needed for the careful cultivation of this patch, but the crop it most plentifully produces, perhaps, is one of tares: in the meantime, the different vegetables, grain, vines, canes, and trees, are confusedly mingled and massed together, and

* The Conde de Carvalhal was said to have eight thousand tenants.

very much left to their own devices, and to the maternal attentions of that great parent, Nature. One thing, however, is to be said for this apparent gross negligence: the weeds, in Madeira, are often gathered and collected, and then, together with banana-branches, vine-cuttings, pieces of sugar-cane, and of other plants and shrubs, they are carried off to the next market, and sold as fodder for the cattle and mules—in short, they are looked upon not merely as necessary, but as positively desirable, accompaniments to the other articles; they are picked away, in the hot season, from the ground that intervenes between the vines, where they might be injurious, but in the midst of the grain crops these spontaneous accompanying appendances grow unmolested, like “good weeds apace.”

The Spanish chestnut, which is met with in almost every direction in Madeira, is valuable as affording a useful article of food for the people, as well as supplying a support for the vines in the north; it is one of the latest trees in the island, rarely putting forth its leaves till towards the middle of May. The non-deciduous trees, which were alone, or nearly so, indigenous here, have been very largely replaced by deciduous ones. The plane, the walnut-tree, and the oak, have been introduced here with great success.

Among the hills the pine exhibits great rapidity of growth. A certain Señor D’Ornellas, who occupies a considerable tract of mountain-land, not far from the capital, has covered his estate with splendid pine woods.

The Chinese, Australian, and Japanese trees, are found generally to grow admirably here, and especially on the high lands, about two thousand

feet above the ocean. I believe this is the case in the gardens of a gentleman whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making, Mr. Stoddart, the British Consul, and in those of Mr. Veitch, at the Jardim da Serra; these last are very near the Curral. Mr. Stoddart's gardens are in the neighbourhood of the Mount Church. The tea-plant is very successfully cultivated in the "Garden of the Mountain-Forest" (Jardim da Serra) by Mr. Veitch, and its produce entirely suffices for the use of his family and household.

Perhaps more than the half of the surface of Madeira is found at an elevation of about two thousand five hundred feet above the sea, or beyond that. At this height, usually, cultivation stops. Occasionally a few rye crops may flourish tolerably at the higher levels, but commonly the summer heats and droughts, the furious tempests, and the infertility of the soil (without irrigation effected by art), render it almost a futile experiment to attempt it.

The trees from the Southern hemisphere still are said obstinately to retain, in all their changes, a most scrupulous allegiance to their own native seasons. Thus our winter constitutes their summer. There is a considerable range of climate within whose limits the same plants and trees will grow, but no period of time will be found perfectly to acclimatise them, or to alter and modify their times of fruit-bearing, or of putting forth leaves and blossoms, so as to suit the novel conditions of the strange climate, and of the very different seasons of those lands, of which they have become the adopted denizens.

In this manner some of our own fruit-trees, in

England, that were originally transferred from more favourable climes, persist and persevere in flowering during the tyrannous reign of our tipping sharp Aprils and Mays, and the produce is very frequently only rescued from an untimely end by artificial assistance and help. Sometimes it is hopelessly ruined. It is well known how often we have to mourn over frustrated tarts and diminished deserts,—abandoned by our apricots,—bereaved of our well-beloved green-gages.

The best and richest soils here are generally found either at the base of the ravines or in low situations near the sea. The heavy rains, which are ordinarily furious when they do come, sweep the looser vegetable soils with astonishing precipitancy down the more abrupt declivities. On the steeper portions of the land the soil, in parts, is solely kept in a state of cultivation by the artificial aid of the terraces and walls that succeed each other closely; often, perhaps, within the distance of a very few feet.

These walls and terraces serve a double purpose; they divide the different small occupations from each other, and they defend the soil from the furious assaults of the down-pouring streams of water.

Madeira is surpassed by few countries in the rich abundance and great diversity of its fruits, though but little care is bestowed upon their cultivation. The trees are rarely pruned, and very seldom engrafted: in short, they are left to Nature; and, though the quantity is vast, the quality is usually anything but fine. The array of names is imposing, but, perhaps, on the whole, they look better on paper than on a dessert plate. There are oranges,

pears, apples, apricots, peaches, plums, nectarines, jambro (rose-apples), cherries, strawberries, Cape gooseberries, medlars, mulberries, guavas, pine-apples, melons, custard-apples, lemons, citrons, bananas, pomegranates, currants, bilberries, grapes, walnuts, prickly-pears, figs, grenadillas, mangoes, coffee, &c. The pine-apple is not at all good here. The bilberries and currants, and some others, are grown on the hills. The custard-apple and its congeners bring their fruit to maturity, as I before mentioned, in the winter time; and in the summer they change their leaves without respect to the variation or reversal of the season in passing the Equator. The trees that are deciduous in the northern regions do not cease to be so when transferred to localities where the indigenous trees are undeciduous.

The autumn continues to be their chosen season for divesting themselves of their foliage, and their foliation is, after their usual interval of rest in the spring, frequently, strange to say, not quickened by the additional influences of cloudless sun and heat. At that season, the slowness of vegetation in the island, comparatively speaking, astonishes the unaccustomed visitor, who naturally expects a vastly increased rapidity of foliation, under the powerful stimulus of such fostering and fertilising warmth and light.

Madeira abounds in vegetables as well as fruit, such as sweet potatoes, yams, common potatoes, gourds, chow-chow, cucumbers, cayenne, tomatoes, egg-plant, spinach, parsley, cress, lettuce, onions, radishes, peas, beans, cauliflowers, carrots, turnips, cabbages, celery, and others, in succession, except in the hottest summer months, when they can be found at a higher elevation, where some are exclu-

sively grown that do not succeed at a lower level. Rice would grow well here.

The sweet potato is very extensively cultivated, and requires a rather dry situation; it is an important vegetable for the poor islanders; it yields very prolifically, and the lengthy tendrils and leaves are esteemed an admirable provender for the cattle; it needs no outlay for its cultivation, save in manure—for it produces from the tendrils, and as the roots are dug up these are once more laid in the ground. It is, I think, an over-rated, insipid vegetable; I got excessively tired of it in the Western hemisphere. I remember somewhere mistaking it for a fruit, as it was put in a tart; but occasionally they have curious dishes of this kind in America, in the rougher parts: if my memory does not deceive me, we had one day an oyster-tart. It is true the Neapolitans, I think, call them and other shell-fish, "*Frutti del mare,*" but they seem misplaced among the sweets!

Asparagus, artichokes, and the more costly productions of the garden, are grown in the kitchen-gardens of the English residents, with peculiar success. During the greater portion of the year European vegetables are to be obtained with facility, and very abundantly. The common potatoe is said to have suffered here considerably, from the same strange malady that affected it so violently in England and Ireland. The soil of the higher districts of Madeira suits it well in general; from the same ground, if manured and watered, three crops could be procured in the year. The Government has imposed restrictions that prevent the tobacco-plant from being largely cultivated (in order to assist the monopoly of the contractors for its sup-

ply). Even in the Desertas, now so sterile and so long neglected, it is supposed it might be made to flourish exceedingly.

Arrowroot and coffee are cultivated, though not very largely: they are of fine quality here. The inhame, the *Arum peregrinum* of Persoon, is much cultivated near the water-courses and streams, and thrives at an elevation of two thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea, or thereabouts. The roots will often weigh three or four pounds, and from its abundance and low price it affords one of the principal articles of sustenance for the poorer classes. The inhame; or yam, is not the proper West Indian yam; it is a coarse food, and is said by Corléyro to sting the throat somewhat.

Oranges abound here, perhaps, more than all the other fruits; they are grown but little for exportation, and not having so much care expended upon them, are not equal to those cultivated in the Western Islands.

The flowers of the island are very numerous. Among them are those abounding geraniums, passion-flowers, fuschias, myrtles, and jessamines, which decorate so charmingly the hedges and walls of the quintas; there are, besides, verbenas, oleanders, convolvuluses, balsam, daturas, coral-trees, camellias, violets, magnolias, heliotrope, dianthus, cactus, stocks, clarkias, phloxes, petunias, salvias, carnations, hollyhocks, zinnias, thumbergias, psoraleas, lotus (*Lotus Jacobeus*), hibiscus, dahlias, roses, honeysuckle, and crowds of others.

The growth of sugar, perhaps, might be largely and very advantageously extended. There are but few sugar-mills now in the island; there is one of superior construction near San Martinho: however,

the processes of the manufacture generally end with the making rum and molasses. It is, indeed, unfortunately true, that if the plant were encouraged, and the trade attempted, the speculators would have to dread the formidable rivalry of the slave-produced sugar of the Brazilian empire; but it is to be hoped, in time, slavery will be wholly extinguished there.

Prince Henry of Portugal originally introduced the sugar-cane into this island from Sicily; it was probably planted here about the same time as the Malmsey vine, which he brought from Candia. At the commencement of the last century, Cordeyro, topographically describing Madeira, mentions sugar-mills as being scattered about in great profusion on nearly every portion of the south coast, the number exceeding a hundred and twenty. At Funchal there were several, and a couple at Cana dos Lobos. The same authority says, "About half a league beyond the Ribiero d' Taboa, is the Lombado of John Esmerallo, a Genevese. He was accustomed to make twenty thousand arrobas of sugar." The occupier who succeeded him had eighty slaves in his employ.

Sugar continued to constitute the principal, if not the sole commercial produce of Madeira, till the termination of the sixteenth century, when, during the period of the usurpation of Don Philip II. of Spain, the vast quantity of the article sent from America occasioned its cultivation rapidly to decline in this island. It had been mainly carried on by the instrumentality of slavery; a portion of the unfortunate bondsmen employed were descended from the vanquished Moors of the mother-country; there were also

among them Saracen captives, that had fallen into the hands of the Portuguese during the existence of hostilities, and a great many negroes seized and brought from the African coast. It might be supposed that, with the facilities for bringing slave-labourers from the coast of Africa, the colonists would have considered no necessity could exist for supplying any others. Some authorities incline to the idea that a disease, which affected the cane at one time, was the real cause of the subsequent discontinuance of its cultivation.

Gaspar Fructuoso tells us that Madeira contained more than two thousand seven hundred slaves in the year 1552. It was from hence that the sugarcane was first conveyed to the Brazils, in the year 1510, a few years after the discovery of that now fine empire, by the renowned Dom Pedro Alvarez Cabral. It was also introduced from Madeira to the Island of St. Vincent, in the West Indies: this last event took place in the year 1513. The little sugar that is now cultivated in the island is chiefly made use of in the manufacture of syrup (mel), for the preparation of preserved fruits, and of molasses and rum, as before mentioned. Three mills are to be found here for crushing and for extracting the juice of the cane with this object. One at Rua do Chapeo, in the capital; another at Praya, Formosa Bay, and the third, of better construction, near Saõ Martinho. It was on the decline of the commerce in sugar that the vine became the great staple of the island.

Notwithstanding the beauty of this charming climate, the inhabitants of the island suffer from some horrible diseases; for instance, from elephantiasis and lepra: the Saõ Lazaro Hospital is said

to contain numerous cases of these hideous disorders. This is supposed to be mainly owing to the paucity of wholesome food, and, indeed, of any food among the poor here, and also to the injurious inattention of the peasantry to cleanliness. These circumstances are mischievously operated on by the warmth of the temperature. It is sad to think of such loathsome horrors amidst scenes so lovely as these.

This interesting isle must have been yet more fairy-like in the olden time, adorned with its original garniture of wide-spread forests,—when thousands and thousands of indigenous infructiferous plants and trees of giant size sheeted the entire island with their leafy fantastic draperies. Not only the laurel, vinhatico, til, and lordly cedar, embellished it, but the azevinho, teixo aderno, paõ branco, and dragon-tree. Many fine shrubs attracted the eye,—the myrtle and urze, the faya, uviera, and folhado, beautified the scene. On all sides were the musgo, the agarico, the fetó, and herbarea, and, besides these, the cra, the silva, the alegre-campo, the corriola, and a wilderness of parasitic climbers and evergreens,—all were richly mingling, and charmingly united with rocks, pearly springs, and rivulets, shady grotts, and romantic ravines. The senses were taken prisoners by a rainbow-coloured multitude of sweet-scented, many-variegated plants, and other charms of nature; but must not the thoughts, on the contrary, have been set free from dull earth-cares, to mount from hence to heaven?

CHAPTER XV.

BEFORE I take leave of this charming spot, whose salubrious renown has for a long period attracted to its balmy shores so many of my suffering countrymen and country-women, I will give a slight sketch of its early history.

The Portuguese originally discovered it in the year 1419. The discoverers were, in consequence, made *fidalgos* by the king, and enjoyed a more substantial reward in having the island allotted to them to preside over. These fortunate and distinguished individuals were Tristaõ Vaz Teixeira, and Joaõ Gonzalves. Dom John I. gave the latter the family name of Da Camera; he is much better known, however, by his nickname, Zargo (or Squint-eye), said to have been bestowed upon him by his nick-name-loving countrymen, in consequence of his having a defect in his eyes. I believe the Spaniards have a word "zarco," for light blue, and if the Portuguese have one resembling it,—and it is frequently the case,—the term might possibly merely mean that Gonzalves da Camera had light azure orbs, and his looks, in that case, will have been seriously libelled.

Porto Santo, a small island in the vicinity of

Madeira, was discovered by a Portuguese, called Bartolomeo Perestrello, in 1418.

Zargo is always considered the true hero of the island of Madeira; however, it was owing to Dom Henry, "the Conquistador," that he was despatched on his exploratory expedition. The history of Robert Machim and Aina is looked on as fabulous. The sons and successors of Da Camera to the sixth generation were Captains-general of Funchal, for it was there that Gonzalves settled, whilst Vaz established himself at Machico. Zargo's son, also named Gonzalves da Camera, rejoiced in a separate sobriquet, and not a very much prettier one than that of his respected parent: he was called O de Porrinha (the Leek); but the more courtly historian gave him a noble-sounding appellation, the Mirror (*Espilho*) of good captains—the glass of bravery and Christianity. His immediate successor built the Sé, or Cathedral; he was fortunate enough to have the princely addition to his name, of "The Magnificent" (*O Magnifico*). His son, who bore the dignity after him, was the "Magnificent" also in nature, if not in name; he was a distinguished commander and a high-minded chief—fond both of splendour and honour. After his death, the fifth governor, the first Count of Calheta, succeeded him, and during his absence from Madeira, while he was residing in Portugal, it was that the French Huguenots attacked and sacked Funchal in 1566. His son, and grandson too, I think, afterwards held the office. The descendants of Tristaõ Vaz retained the captaincy bestowed upon him for about 182 years.

Among the early settlers are found the names of D'Ornellas, Vasconcellos, Ferreiro, Medeyras,

and Bitancor, at one time kings of the Canaries (which title, if it existed still, would always give me an idea of the kingdom being in piping circumstances; of great joy when the hen-apparent was sledged, and of the regal banquets being furnished with every delicacy of the season, in the shape of chickweed and small worms; as well as of the palace being formed, if not of soft twigs and cotton and moss, of gilt wires with a little gemmed and golden perch for the monarch and the hen-consort). There were other distinguished personages among them, the heirs of whose names still constitute the leading families of the place. Notwithstanding the array of noble names that outshone there full brightly—for the list included others of high renown—it must be confessed that for some time Madeira was looked upon a little in the light of the Botany Bay of Portugal. Still this did not deter many persons of the highest respectability and distinction from adopting it as their home.

Portugal was then a truly chivalrous nation, and her intrepid and adventurous sons were ever eager to avail themselves of every opportunity to add to the honours of their families, to aggrandise themselves by all gallant and legitimate means, and to possess themselves at once of fortune and distinction, of fame, independence, and an ample field of occupation for their enterprise and activity.

Fructuoso exultingly declares that the inhabitants of the place of his birth, Terecyra, (a certain proportion of whom, it was whispered by malevolent rumour, “left their country for their country’s good,”) were among the first and foremost of ancient Christians, above all suspicion of having been

of the abhorred race of the Jew, or of the followers of Mahoun. Men were they who would most unshrinkingly have stood the severest of all possible tests,—men who would have gone up without flinching to the bottle's mouth—and applied their own to it; who would equally have faced port or pork, gone the whole hog, and the whole hogshead, swallowed the griskin, and drained the goblet of grape-juice—falerno, or any other vinous compound, and remained perfectly undaunted, in short, by any amount of piggy-wiggery or potations that might be brought to bear against them. They were perfectly safe from the detested stigma of heresy, however some of them might have been obnoxious to other minor charges, such as an inordinate affection for their neighbour's goods, and such small defects.

When the rights of the heirs of the original donatories had ceased, and those of the crown were reinstated (or they were bestowed again with many limitations), the most oppressive of the privileges granted to them were annulled, or allowed to fall into disuse. Some of these privileges had been often exercised in a very detrimental manner. The salt monopoly was merged in the other monopolies of the crown, and the change altogether was a highly judicious and beneficial one.

When originally discovered and settled by Zargo, those portions of Madeira that were not merely sterile rock were densely covered by immense forests of noble timber; and the founders of Funchal, to the site of which the settlers were irresistibly attracted, by its fine bay, its background of high and beautiful hills, and other palpable advantages—found that the most rapid and

easy manner of clearing the land would be by applying the torch to the thick woods that enveloped it. A most excellent manure is also formed of burnt ashes. In fine, they decided on this mode. The flames are said to have spread over the entire southern portion of the island; and they were so terrible, that the incendiaries had to fly to their vessels, which they luckily had *not* set fire to (as one of the heroes of old "burnt his ships" under different circumstances), to escape the fierce fury of the conflagration, and the dreadful heat it caused.

The fire is recorded by authentic authors to have continued burning for seven years. After the parts of the trees above the ground were entirely consumed, the insatiable flames, they declare, continued to feed themselves by preying on the roots, these roots being embedded in a porous and light soil; and thus a lingering half-smouldering combustion might be well carried on for a period such as is mentioned. The gradual underground combustion of peat or coal—*not* very uncommon—furnishes a similar fact. The disappearance of so much of the native woods of the island is thus accounted for, and what remained of indigenous timber from the woods, being in high favour for their utility, their superiority, and beauty, has been imprudently used up: for instance, the indigenous cedar has vanished. There are said to be not more than half-a-dozen dragon-trees now in the island. The vinhatico, til, and solhado are becoming more and more scarce; the non-deciduous trees, the only indigenous ones in semi-tropical countries, are, in general, being fast replaced by the deciduous ones of less favoured regions. The early

destruction of the forests that once covered nearly the whole of Madeira operated materially in conducing to certain subsequent modifications in the climate; and very beneficially so to invalids, doubtless, as it was no longer so chargeable with humidity as before: but this change told unfavourably on the fertility and vegetation of the island. In a warm climate like this, with a porous and arid soil, moisture is particularly necessary.

At the first discovery of Madeira, and for a somewhat lengthened period afterwards, while the hills in the north were shrouded by non-deciduous trees, the Socorridos, the largest river of the island, that flows through the beautiful Curral, was deep enough to float timber to the Atlantic, into which it falls, not far from "Cama dos Lobos." When it is not increased by any of those abrupt floods which sometimes take place here, it is a comparatively insignificant stream; here and there, indeed, it seems almost lost among the loose stones and rocks that fill its bed. The early colonists appear to have been aware of the possible results contingent on the too sudden clearing away of the vast heaps of timber that had covered the island, and they passed a law (which is not yet abrogated, but is little if at all enforced), that rendered it penal to cut down a *til* or *vinhatico*, if standing in the neighbourhood of a fountain, or on a river's banks. The *til* is said to have an extraordinary capacity of distilling water from its leaves; that and the *vinhatico* are still of vast size in the hills and ravines.

The most westerly island of the Canaries (Ferro) is exceedingly rocky, and destitute of fountains and streams; on all sides but one it presents a high, almost perpendicular rock, sheer to the ocean, from

which a low sunken valley runs through the middle of the island, only broken not far from its centre by an elevated ridge that passes athwart it. A prodigious til-tree stands on this elevation: the breeze from the ocean blows freshly up the valley; and commonly a white mist is observed daily, but particularly in the early morning hour, which floats about the lonely tree, the leaves of which distil water in such quantities, that a tank is formed at its base, where the precious liquid is collected, and affords drink to all the two and four-footed inhabitants of the place. "Garse," or holy tree, was the particular name given to this invaluable til in the ancient tongue of the people, and various marvellous, and all but miraculous, properties were reported to belong to it. It was supposed never to show the smallest alteration, never to be in the slightest degree enlarged or decreased, and its leaves varied not in any manner, nor decayed. The water was said to be good and sweet. Whether this tree still exists does not seem clearly known.

The polished surface of laurel leaves, and of the leaves of all trees of their kith and kin, quickly cool by radiation, when the skies are clear; and having a considerable amount of dew collected upon them, they, so to say, gather and distil a profusion of water from atmospherical sources.

Among the artificial works of the island, the Levadas are unquestionably the most important: the largest, and altogether the best contrived. They are water-courses formed of masonry: the water, often at very considerable elevations, is diverted from the mountain torrents. These streams are conducted, at times, along the sides of mountains, or along the faces of precipitous rocks, to different cul-

tivated localities, and from thence commences their distribution. There is a monthly cycle of turns (*giri*) of about an hour each for every *levada*, and these are bought and sold like any other rights appurtenant to possessions, or any other species of property. The water is conveyed to the different little farms, or occupations, whose managers can substantiate a right to it, through subordinate channels, made to convey it in the successive order considered most judicious for its distribution, so that it may be effected without any unnecessary loss of time, or needless expenditure of the valuable element. Particular provision has been made generally by the laws of Portugal for its just and proper apportionment. Notwithstanding this, it is an unfailing source of litigation and quarrels, and its path is marked by abundant attorneys and their clients, and the banks thereof are adorned with various shades of greenness, not on the part of the last, but the first. Water should produce verdure. The fact is, there is a heavy crop of law-suits continually springing up in the silvery steps of these flowing waters; if they are not brawling brooks themselves, they are at any rate the cause of brawls in others. Through some neglect, or gross want of due impartiality on the part of the appointed officer, the watery treasure is, occasionally by a monopolising next-door neighbour, stopped for too long a time upon its route. The expectant farmer is in a fever of impatience, his ground is thirsty, parched, dry, and almost ready to crack—he feels half-cracked himself. Water! water! or he will faint! What can the delinquent be doing with the water?—ducking his children in it, dragging it, drinking it, drowning in it? A torrent of

invectives passes his lips, but *that* torrent does not moisten the earth: perhaps the careless neighbour, or the officer, by some stupid mismanagement, has suffered the stream to be wasted on its way. Perhaps the former has for some object managed to direct it to another channel. His crop is, as it were, gasping. In this climate, without the proper supply of moisture, crops must infallibly die. Off he rushes to his lawyer. That gentleman does not divert the stream of his ideas, or turn the current of his wrath by his expressed opinions, but strongly confirms him in the notion that his neighbour has diverted or detained the stream of this precious water purposely from his ill-used grounds. He takes good care, in short, on his part, to throw no cold water on his client's intention of going to law about the pure liquid.

These vain disputes are continually recurring; for, as may naturally be supposed, the supply of the valuable molten crystal frequently fails at those times of the year when it is most required. The streams from the mountains that feed the Levadas have perhaps become pitifully scanty. Unfortunately the channels are not water-tight: a good deal of the much-desired element is lost by evaporation, through being injuriously exposed to the cloudless skies of this brilliant climate, and the inflamed, parched atmosphere. And thus, when the looked-for supply at last arrives at its destined point, it offers but a scanty relief too often to the craving, thirsty soil: of course, the gradual diminution of the woods has a constant tendency to aggravate the mischief. Still the Levadas are very useful, and without them, Madeira would probably present a most miserable appearance. They are

scattered almost over the entire island with their subordinate channels to the various fazendas (properties).

The woods of Madeira are generally reported to be but little enlivened by the notes of singing birds, the plummy tribe being rather scarce here.

The timid rock-pigeon is to be found along the craggy coast; there are some canaries, blackbirds, goldfinches, redbreasts, and sparrows; there are swallows, too, that pass their winter here.

There is also a very sweet-voiced, peculiar nightingale, belonging to the island. A species of wagtail is common. Various gulls frequent the coast; there are some sparrow-hawks and owls: of the latter there is said to be a species remarkable for beauty,—which does not exactly agree with our general notions of owliness! The manta (the *Falco usalon*) is constantly seen soaring among the high crests of the mountains. A few quails, woodcocks, and some red-legged partridges, are, I believe, occasionally found among the heights. Before I take leave of this lovely little island, I must not omit to state that some conjecture the early Phœnicians were acquainted with the two islands of Madeira and Porto Santo, and that they saw them first when they sailed round Africa from the Red Sea, by command of Pharaoh Necho, returning by the Pillars of Hercules, 607 B. C.; in later times they had often made voyages to the North-west African coast, beyond Cape Bojador, as well as the Carthaginians.

Herodotus speaks of some Islands of the Blessed on the very confines of the earth, somewhere in a vast ocean, gilded by the glowing beams of the low-setting and neighbouring sun; and besides

this, no less an authority than Plutarch distinctly declares, I am informed, that Sartorius, after being driven from Iberia, desired (very naturally) to preserve his life and that of his faithful followers, after the destruction of his vessels on two Atlantic Islands, about 10,000 stadia west of the mouth of the Bætis. It is imagined that he clearly meant to designate Madeira and Porto Santo; alluded to before, it would appear, as the *Purpurariæ*, by Pliny. About a year before the discovery of Madeira by Zargo and Vaz Teixeira (who were instructed how to proceed by Dom Henry of Portugal, the Navigator, one of the most distinguished men of his age), Porto Santo had been visited by an Italian, named Perestrello, a man who had acquired some notoriety in the Portuguese maritime service. A tempest rose while Perestrello was exploring the West African coast, which drove his ship from its course, and, after undergoing much peril for several days and nights, he finally found himself in sight of Porto Santo, and there was sheltered from the violence of the tempestuous elements. In gratitude for his escape he gave the friendly island its present appellation. A dim and vapoury outline, resting on the horizon, was perceptible from this spot; and this was said to have awakened in Zargo the hope that he might discover other territories there. After a few obstacles and hesitations the idea was crowned with success, and São Lourenço was the name bestowed on the point where they first made land. This was the name of Zargo's vessel.

The ever-glorious name of Christopher Columbus is intimately connected with the early accounts of these islands. The great navigator espoused Felippa, who was the daughter of the discoverer

of the smaller one,—Bartholomew Perestrello, afterwards appointed governor of Porto Santo. After the death of Perestrello, the mother of his wife presented him with many documents and journals of the deceased governor; and it is generally believed that these letters and memoranda happily inspired the mighty mind of Columbus with the first ideas of those important projects which were ultimately brought to so successful an issue. Fortunate it was that his wife was mistress of a little property in the island that her father had discovered, since it was thus that Columbus,—possessed of a small competency,—had leisure and opportunity to study over those precious memoranda carefully, and fully to apply all the powerful energies of his mind to the profound consideration of momentous subjects and colossal plans. From this little leisure of a gifted man, what vast, incalculable benefits, have flowed to all mankind!

Columbus lived for some time at Porto Santo, making constant trading excursions to Madeira, where also he occasionally took up his temporary residence, ere the mighty voyage, the greatest of expeditions, took place, which gave immortal honour to his name—a constellation of empires to haughty, ambitious Spain, and a world to the world—wedding the queenly roseate West, like a blushing maiden, to the proud Bridegroom East! What gigantic events spring from apparently slight causes! How little foreseen have been some of the most prodigious occurrences that have ever exercised a deep, lasting influence, over the inhabitants of our planet!

In case my readers are not acquainted with the novel-like, and probably either invented or greatly

exaggerated, tale of the two British lovers who were supposed by some historians to have been driven on this coast in 1344, I will relate it:—

According to Alcaforado, Robert Machim, an accomplished cavalier, living in the reign of our third Edward, entertained a deep affection for the daughter of one of the high nobles of the land, the fair and lovely Anna d'Arfet, and he too had found favour in her eyes. Now this Robert Machim only belonged to the second degree of nobility, and as etiquette ruled with an iron reign in those days, papa and mamma were naturally, or conventionally, indignant, and required Anna forthwith to hate him—literally, to a degree,—and at length this noble of the second order (who seemed a diamond of the very first water in Anna's eyes) was rigorously incarcerated by virtue of a royal warrant, as a punishment for his presumption. And when at last he was set free, he had to endure the heavy shock of learning that Anna had been forced to marry a first-class noble, who had conveyed her—on a first-class pillion of those days, doubtless, to his castle in the neighbourhood of Bristol.

Machim had a faithful young friend, who contrived to get himself taken into the family, probably without any recommendation, or testimonials, as my lord's groom; by this means he managed to communicate with the heart-broken Anna, possibly when following her on some occasion, as in duty bound, while she gracefully reined in and skilfully managed her prancing palfrey,—and seizing the opportunity of confidentially informing her who he was, and why he had taken this step, the insinuating "tiger" at length persuaded her to escape with him, and embark on board a vessel

with Machim (who was prepared to receive her), with the intention of passing the rest of their lives in France.

In the agitation and confusion in which the party hurried on board they forgot a rather important personage, the pilot: they had put to sea in the most inclement of the seasons, and were soon at the mercy of the raging elements. During a dark stormy night the wished-for port was missed, and their little vessel was driven out to sea. For twelve days they were a prey to intense horror and alarm, —and doubtless, were sorely conscience-stricken,—indeed, they were apparently in a ^{helpless} ~~helpless~~ situation; but afterwards their hearts were gladdened by the faint sight of land on the horizon, and they happily succeeded in making the spot, which is still called "Machico."

The wearied and enfeebled, and, we will hope, repentant Anna, was carried to the shore and deposited in safety; and Robert Machim spent several days in reconnoitring the neighbourhood with his friends, when it unfortunately happened that their vessel, which they had left in the care of the sailors, suddenly broke from her moorings in a squall or tempest, and was ultimately wrecked on the coast of Morocco, where the crew were speedily made slaves by their infidel captors.

Poor Anna, strange to say, became dumb with sorrow (the cautious historian tells us not whether this was a misfortune greatly lamented by her companion): worse than that, she died in the course of three days. Machim survived the beloved partner of his hazardous voyage only five days, and died, desiring his comrades to commit his remains to the same grave that contained the dust of the sorrowing

and ill-starred Anna d'Arfet. It must have been a touching funeral that, in the wild, unreclaimed forest, where the awful ashes of a departed human being, it might well seem, had never before obeyed the universal command—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The unclouded sky still looked as bright and cloudless. Nature wept no tears for her fallen children; they were mournfully laid there in the utter solitude of the unknown, uninhabited land, not to mingle with the dust of their forefathers or countrymen, or even of their fellow-creatures, but with, perchance, the bones of the wild animals of the forests. But what, said I?—did not Robert feel he should be blest in his dark grave, for were not the mortal remains of the one most dear to him there? The dust was peopled as by a whole world of love, for was not his Anna laid near in the calm slumbers of death?—that was surely enough. His lifeless form was consigned to the earth, by the side of his adored one, beneath the patriarchal cedar, where they, a few short days previously, had placed a sacred symbol, in humble acknowledgment of their extraordinary and unforeseen deliverance. Machim had composed an inscription to be carved on that symbol, earnestly enjoining that the first Christian who should pass that spot, and was possessed of the means so to do, should build a church on the place.

The survivors, after having fulfilled the dying request of Machim, and buried him by Anna, fitted out their boat, which they had drawn on shore upon their disembarking, and boldly put to sea, in the earnest hope of being enabled to get to some part of the European Continent; but they, too,

were driven by unfavourable winds on the inhospitable coast of Morocco. There, indeed, they were reunited to their missing companions, but to be bound with them, not in the tender figurative ties of friendship, but the hideous, crushing, positive bonds of slavery and captivity.

During an exploratory expedition, undertaken by Zargo, to the African coast, a Spanish vessel, full of redeemed prisoners, was taken: among these was an experienced old pilot, called Morales. This Morales entered into the service of the famed Zargo, and he gave his new master an account of the situation and landmarks of the newly-discovered islands of the Atlantic, as well as a long narration of the misfortunes of the voyage and various adventures of poor Robert Machim, exactly as the different details had been communicated to him by the English slaves and captives.

The same account is related by Galvano from the "Castilian Chronicles," but with this variation in the statement, that the latter narrative declares Machim did not die at Madeira, but was also wrecked on the Morocco coast, and that after being for some time detained in captivity and the chains of slavery there, he ultimately escaped from bondage and arrived in safety in Castile.

Barros is perhaps the only Portuguese historian who does not prefix this romantic tale of the loves and woes of Robert and Anna to the history of the discovery of Madeira. Bowdich thinks it is entitled to a certain degree of credit, from the circumstance of the town being called "Machico." But most writers of late years agree in doubting the veracity of the story, as it was not till between seventy and eighty years after the events narrated

that Machim's *soi-disant* companions made any statement respecting this singular affair, or that these communications were made public. The facts or fables, however, do not end entirely here: statements have been made to the effect, that Vaz and Zargo actually found the mouldering skeletons of Machim and Anna d'Arfet in a rocky recess, lying close to each other, and that the sympathising discoverers afterwards erected a monument to their memory, with a suitable inscription, in addition to the chapel Machim had so earnestly petitioned for. A church built by Vaz is certainly said to exist still at Machico, though very considerably altered and repaired; and a chapel, supposed by some to be the one erected in pursuance of Machim's request, is exhibited; and a bit of wood is shown in it, which is generally considered to be a portion of the sacred symbol he erected under the venerable cedar.

Some authors seem to doubt whether Vaz accompanied Zargo or no, on his first discovery of the island; there are one or two that assert he certainly was not with him till the second voyage hither. Barros and some others deny that Columbus' father-in-law, Perestrello, was the first discoverer of Porto Santo, and believe it was originally observed by some French and Spanish mariners on their way to the Canary Islands. Nearly all concur in stating, however, Porto Santo was known before Madeira, and that Zargo, if not Vaz likewise, first discovered Madeira, and first landed at Machico; thus altogether discrediting the tale of Machim and Anna and the pilot Morales, and regarding it merely in the light of an idle fiction. It is rather extraordinary that Porto Santo should have

been discovered in 1418, and Madeira not for a year afterwards, since Madeira is, usually, to be tolerably clearly seen and distinguished from its smaller neighbour; and it is also singular that the Italian navigator did not attempt to add to his laurels by pursuing his voyage further, especially bearing in mind his experience, sagacity, and acuteness of observation; the greatest proof of which is, his having implanted those ideas in the mind of his world-renowned son-in-law, which led the latter to the triumphant discovery of the unknown Western World.

Great praise is due to the illustrious "Conquistador," Dom Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator. All the discoveries of the remarkable fifteenth century, which was assuredly the time when Portugal was in her zenith of power and prosperity, are mainly attributable to him. It was at his instance that Zargo was sent on his exploratory expedition; and this island would have remained undiscovered but for him,—at least, at that period. Dom Henry was altogether a noble and distinguished character—brave, accomplished, learned, and energetic—a munificent patron of art, and a true lover of his country. He was one of the most perfect scholars of his time. He was the third son of Dom John the First.

On the return of the successful expedition he had been so instrumental in forming and despatching, great public rejoicings took place in the capital of Portugal, and Dom John dedicated the new discovery, solemnly, to a religious order, of which Prince Henry was grand master.

Madeira had attained considerable prosperity ere the termination of the brilliant fifteenth cen-

ture, and the fame of its wealth and flourishing state was so much bruted about, that it unfortunately attracted the notice, and awakened the greed and covetousness, of the swarming pirates and freebooters that infested the surrounding seas, spreading terror and devastation wherever they appeared. These daring and ruthless corsairs, at various times, had endeavoured to effect a successful landing upon the island, and to accomplish the seizure of the city, until, in the year 1566, a large body of the French Huguenots from Rochelle devised, and carried into effect, a well-concerted plan for attacking the town and pillaging the inhabitants of all they possessed. The country was on perfectly peaceful terms with France, when eight French galleons anchored a league or so below the capital, Funchal. When the daylight was past, they contrived to effect the disembarkation of more than a thousand men, well armed and prepared, at all hazards, to carry their point. Making a *détour*, they descended on Funchal by the Aclada (the Peak fort now stands there). The acting governor then being apprised of the position of affairs, he retired to the fortress of Saõ Lourenço, which stronghold was armed with artillery to defend the city. The panic and confusion were so great at first, that of all the inhabitants only a few men could be assembled together to oppose any resistance to the resolute marauders. The French found themselves thoroughly masters of Funchal by the next morning; though, after the first alarm had subsided, they were obliged to have recourse to some hard fighting. About fifty Frenchmen were supposed to have fallen, and two or three hundred Funchalese. They stayed about sixteen days, and occupied

their time busily in carrying off to their galleons all the wealth and booty,—all the public treasures and private precious effects of the citizens that they could lay their lawless hands upon. They took their departure in safety, just before the appearance of a fleet from Lisbon, which the acting governor had sent for on the arrival of the French privateers. The governor himself (Señor Gonzales de Camara) was absent at Lisbon.

The rapidity with which the succouring armada was fitted out and despatched was a source of admiration to ancient writers: they say it was unequalled and extraordinary. In less than eight days it was ready. The Funchalese are supposed to have lost about a million and a-half of gold pieces. The churches were not respected by the plunderers; plate and images were carried off, or broken, or defaced; the reliques thrown about and destroyed; and the pictures disfigured. When they were dismantling the Church of São Francisco of all its treasures, the friars, who had hastily escaped, betook themselves to their dormitories, where they lay concealed. The corsairs discovered and seized nine or ten of them, and killed them on the spot,—one poor wretch expired from sheer spasms of terror. Most of the citizens had fled to the mountains during the period that the freebooters had possession of their town. When the invaders departed, besides carrying off all the lesser cannon they could find, they maliciously broke and destroyed those of a larger calibre, which would have been incommodious to them to take off with them.

Some authors state that there were only three French privateers engaged in the nefarious

transaction. When the armada of relief appeared, the freebooters had evacuated the place nearly a week, notwithstanding the expedition used: they had steered towards the Canary Islands. They passed the Islands of Terceira afterwards, but left the inhabitants in peace, being aware of their destitute condition; so that their penury was of some profit to them: indeed, as an ancient writer observes in a MS. account, quoted in a late work on the island by Mr. White, "their poverty proved riches to them at such a time." The corsairs were not likely to be tempted to pause in their way, attracted by such an insignificant consideration as the miserable pittance the wretched residents in these poverty-stricken islands might have scraped together, and so want and wretchedness were their wealth, and had their worth, for thus they preserved the little they possessed!—whereas, had they had more, they might have been stripped and despoiled of all.

The gross population of Madeira and Porto Santo, as shown by the census taken in the year 1849, was 110,084 persons. This exhibits a decrease from 1839 of 5677. Emigration, which has been somewhat considerable here lately, accounts for this falling off of the island population. It is since the year 1840 that so many have left their homes in this once flourishing and ever-lovely little land, to try their fortunes in Demerara, in the different islands in the West Indies, and in the Brazils. The authorities of Funchal, in many instances, have attempted to oppose the current of emigration, that seemed inclined to flow but too freely; in consequence of this many quitted their native shores secretly and surreptitiously: perhaps the injudicious

opposition but stimulated their eager longing to seek other lands, in hopes of finding their deplorable position ameliorated; however this may be, altogether the exodus has been a very considerable one indeed.* One might almost think it must require a good deal of courage in some of these poor, unsophisticated, ignorant islanders, born and bred in the fastnesses of their rugged and lonely mountains, and knowing from their early, uninstructed childhood, no spot but their own Madeira, to venture forth upon the wide, great, unknown world beyond—to leave that little, lovely, and loved spot, which for so long seemed the whole world to them! But hope and hunger will do wonderful things; and they boldly bid farewell to the salubrious shores of their bright, cloudless home, and trust themselves to that vast ocean, in whose blue bosom their Isle of Beauty is set like a jewel of price. When, in the uneducated simplicity of their uninformed minds, they look upon the visitants to their land from distant climes, they must be disposed to think most other parts of the world are strangely unhealthy; for unpromising certainly are the foreign specimens that generally are to be seen on their shores; and their geographical knowledge and acquaintance with different nations and climates may be reasonably supposed to be exceedingly scanty, erroneous, and limited. Still they dare those sickly, mysterious, unknown, remote, strange lands,—for hope and hunger will do much in “this best of all possible worlds,” as somebody, very complimentarily indeed, calls it!

* During the last ten years 19,230 have emigrated, not including those who clandestinely left the island; these may amount to nearly 12,000 more.

Few persons, I think, could quit this lovely spot without some regret. One almost feels sorry to leave behind the shrill shrieks or bellowed shouts of the bullock-drivers; the voluble "Yes! yes! yes!" of the would-be proficient in English; the topsy-turvy turbans of empty baskets on the heads of the poor, and oft sadly-attenuated, country damsels; and the break-neck Rocket Road itself (Caminho do Foguete), whose proper name is Caminho do Meio,—but which is not inappropriately known by the first term, from its having an inclination of about 23° ;—the enterprising excursionists descending this steep—sounding its horrid depths, generally mounted on some four-legged plumb-line, feel not unlike so many Monsieur or Madame Saquis, whose fate it is "to ride the" Rocket "and direct the" donkey—or mule here, downward and downward still. The poor souls, not being professionally in the perpendicular line of life, shudder as they feel a frightful "alacrity in sinking." Positively you might well be tempted to look round for a facilitating ladder of ropes. A bucket might not be an ill-adapted kind of conveyance; but at the moment of departure you may regret even this—I didn't.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE steamer had arrived from the Brazils, and being a little over her time, it was announced she would stay but for a very short period. Luckily for us, we were prepared for the event. Our trunks were charged and loaded, and with "a bold determined hand" we saw the hungry hurrying porters pounce upon them: without loss of time we were ready also, and a message was sent to hasten us to the boat; but there was one obstacle to our departure. That obstacle was the same awful article that Cornelius Agrippa, according to Ingoldsby, showed the rash youth who wished to look upon—

"No paltry, juggling fiend, . . . himself,
'The Devil, I fain would see."

And how did Cornelius show it to his visitor?

"He comes, he cried, with wild grimace,
The fellest of Apollyon's race;
Behold, he comes with scowl and curse!—
Then in his startled pupil's face
He dashed—an EMPTY PURSE!"

The fact was, I had delayed a little too long providing myself with the sinews of war, and the due remittance had not yet reached me from the bankers. However, I received a message from them to the

effect that it would very shortly arrive ; and I was advised to go down to the shore and leave word that the sinews aforesaid should follow us, and as we proposed going quietly down, as the morning was warm, we hoped they would easily overtake us. This was not the case, however, and meeting on the shore a gentleman connected with the Steam Company, we related our misfortune, and he promised to deliver a message.

I left word that the bag of the "needful," when it made its appearance, should immediately be despatched to us on board. Our boat was waiting, and it is always pleasant to have a little time in the vessel, to arrange that mighty apartment—your cabin, before the actual start. So we embarked, and in due process of time found ourselves on the deck of the steamer.

What a lovely morning it was ! it would be difficult to match it—difficult, indeed, to find one of the exact pattern. I have seen more gorgeous ones, more dazzling ones ; felt a more inspiring, invigorating breeze ; smelt more balmy and aromatic odours from the shore ; seen the ocean of a more transcendant colour ; but this Madeira morning was perfection in its way. Beautifully soft, wonderfully clear, warm, mild, and pure, and very brilliant and bright, eke was it. There was a peculiar suavity and complacent sweetness, if I may so express it, about the whole atmosphere, that seemed to insinuate itself through every pore. Like Tennyson's *Eleanore* was that charming morn, there was nothing sudden, nothing strange, nothing startling, nor abrupt, nor marked, nor angular about it. It was smoothness itself, and Nature then and there had no sharp corners. It was

a perfect "Kattzenellenbogen" of a morning, rounded, dimpled, velvety, tender, with a blush-rose sky, a soft, syllabub temperature, a glassy sea, a swan's-down air, a satin sun, and silken horizon.

The deck was rather crowded; not only the passengers were there (many had come up from those nautical catacombs, the state cabins, to enjoy fully the welcome repose of this stoppage, with woefully unwholesome looks) but many visitors from the shore, some with acquaintances on board, others, perhaps, anxious to hear tidings of absent friends, were promenading the deck. Among these guests was Lord F. F., who, with coat thrown wide open, was full of praise of the Madeira climate, which he emphatically declared was quite heaven upon earth. Certainly the day was truly delicious. Without being oppressively hot, it was charmingly warm, and everybody was in summer costume (in the beginning of January).

There were some very curious-looking personages on board; their long voyage had assuredly not improved their appearance. How melancholy an object is yon slight, lightly-dressed youth, whose costume and whole appearance proclaim him one of the lately-arrived from the far Brazils! One pallid peculiarity marks his dress and aspect; behold, his hair, neckerchief, hat, coat, waistcoat, stick, moustachios, pantaloons, watch, boots, teeth, whiskers, hands, face, to the very not-whites of his eyes, are all pretty nearly the same shade of pale lemon. If it were mere accident, it was a singular one; for, setting aside what nature and bile had done, it gave one the idea of his having matched all with the nicest precision, and of his hatter and tailor having zealously co-operated in this, and

in finding materials besides the exact tint of his complexion and hair. He need not be afraid of being devoured if he fell overboard; for, unless the sharks had the gout, and had been ordered the new prescription—lemon-juice, they would certainly have avoided him as particularly likely to disagree with them, as much as Sydney Smith hoped the Bishop of New Zealand might with the natives of his diocese (if they took a fancy to having a few episcopal *entremets*, or bishop-steak *au naturel*).

Another individual slightly resembles him, except in being of a little deeper tint. He, too, seems to like having his clothes match his complexion; but the tone is stronger, the colouring more orangeally than lemonady. The habiliments, I think, were composed of a species of nankeen. Near him stands a gentleman who retains nought of his original colour (he is evidently from rude, ruddy, England) but that which enlivens the tip of his nose, which is a bright red; and so that flaming tip glows like the lighted end of a cigar. Perhaps he is a tobacco merchant, and his nose may act as a symbol of his calling; the rest of his countenance displays a hue not unlike underdone hasty-pudding in a tepid condition.

Such a number of light canary-coloured individuals, perhaps, it has seldom been my good fortune to behold; bilious-looking people in bilious-looking clothes they undoubtedly were, and when all their yellow faces were seen near together, as the eye wandered over them, and then glanced on the sea, so “deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,” the thought might have struck me, which it did not, that so much yellow and so much blue would make that immense turquoise “sea one entire” emerald, if

they were mixed. In "the sere and yellow leaf" looked the very youngest of these voyagers, certainly, thanks to the baking in the Brazilian oven,—and to the ocean. Strange are the various fancies of mankind: Why do they not admire a face of that peculiar dye? it is the tinge we bepraise so in the most magnificent and precious objects the universe can show—in the sun and in the golden guinea! Why, I repeat it, do we blame it in the human cheek? But enough of all this: where are *my* golden guineas or dollars—the wherewithal to pay for my passage, for the vessel is about to start? Our kind friend, Lord N——, after staying a little while on board, and talking with some friends there, had amiably offered to go on shore and see about it. Ha! there are people getting into a little boat all in a hurry; doubtless the canvass-bag of my hopes has arrived: but will it be too late? "I'm afloat;" alack! the bark may be our "bride," but cannot be our banker.

" My bark is on the sea
 (And I'm in it, too, that's more);
 But the money-bag for me
 Is in the boat upon the shore!"

And now the little boat is seen coming along from the sunny strand at a hop-skip-and-jump sort of a pace. We are going, going. The little boat is coming, coming,—it is an anxious moment. The bag is held up!—What a sight! I wonder how Caesar would have felt if his "fortunes" (at least his temporary ones in hard dollars, and he had had his passage to pay out of them—) if his fortunes had been bobbing about in one boat and he in another? 'Tis coming;—ah! "row, brothers, row;" now, do,

I beg of you particularly to "bend to your oars!" Catch no crabs, take no breath. Toss, boatie, toss! Another hop, and now a new skip, and a fresh jump;—Bravo! a courageous jump was that last! an amazing bound! Another such a spring, and the little boat will leap like a flying-fish bodily on deck, if she does not mind! But yet it may be too late! For see, we are just on the move.—Yes! we *are* going, going, really going; but still the bark is coming. . . . COME! hurrah! She has done it, and done it well, and we are going,—Gone! but not before I have clutched a bag, opened a paper, signed a name, paid a debt, heard a statement, answered a query, murmured an apology, glanced at a writing, given a message, shaken a hand, said a good-bye, expressed a deep sense of obligation, and counted out a number of dollars all at once, and together, as it appeared to me. With a gasp and a grasp had our "friend in need" most actively bounded up the sides of the steamer,—with a gasp, and a grasp, in half a quarter of a moment he had scrambled into the little boat again: yes, and there was the little bark bearing away like a boat with a bee in its bonnet, an utterly demented and distraught boat, to get out of our way. We were really off, and we watched lovely Madeira a long while, and bade a lingering farewell to her varied coast, her milk-white city, her soaring hills, and her little rocky isles, among them those curious ones that look like triumphal arches crected in the sea.

Before I quite take leave of this sweet island I will once more address a most earnest entreaty to any of my readers who may stand in need of a milder climate than our own, not to delay,—not to

defer their departure from foggy England. Where any unfavourable symptoms appear of a nature to induce a belief that such a climate as this is desirable—let them go *at once*;—let them look on procrastination as suicide. Everything depends generally on the promptitude with which this relief is sought. If they dread the length of the sea voyage, it is easy to go first to Lisbon, and there await the Brazilian steamer, or others that take Madcira in their way. This is an agreeable *break* in the voyage, and they will find pleasant Lisbon, with its beautiful scenery and situation, its delightful climate, and good hotels, a very charming “house of call.” Let them remember, above all—that to go quickly—at once—is most likely to recover and to live,—to delay is to die! I have seen, and known, and heard much of the mournful effects of dilatoriness and fatal irresolution in these cases, both in England and America. Happy, indeed, should I feel if these earnest expostulations, and friendly recommendations and counsels, may haply save one precious life!

Our voyage was a pretty good one, and yet not without some rolling and pitching. Of course there were plenty of people ill. There are almost always on board some land-hubbers who have never or rarely been at sea before: they are generally victims. Unaccustomed to the small dimensions of the stowing, suffocating cabins, inexperienced in the ways of more practised voyagers, and with all their things most uncomfortably littering about, they have usually a bad time of it. If you watch the novices, you will generally have plenty of amusement; that is, if you are hard-hearted, and not touched by their genuine distress, for their terror

and horror is not a little diverting. Just look at that unfortunate *gent* rolling up through the hatchway to gulp a breath of fresh air. He would seem a modern Samson, to judge by the vast quantity of uncropt, unkempt locks, he seems to possess. Why, he has got enough for a dozen heads of hair, surely. Look a little nearer, and you may make a strange discovery, and find he made a singular mistake while walking about in the close cabin, making desperate plunges after the various articles of apparel and ornamentation he required; or now dodging his own tooth-brush stealthily round and round the cabin, as if he was going to steal it, and was watching for an opportunity; and now helplessly receiving his boot upon his nose, the last place where he was likely to want it. At last, having Adonised himself as well as he could (considering he had to stand on his head part of the time), he resolved, not feeling particularly well after all these complicated exertions, to pop on his travelling-cap and rush on deck; away he hurried then to the place where his travelling-cap had last been seen: foolish mortal! it showed how little experienced he was in the changeful playfulness things of all kinds exhibit at sea, and the love of locomotion that is there developed; had he been more of an "old salt," he would have looked in the place he did *not* see it in last; but he was a green-hand of peculiar verdaney; he not only went to the identical same spot for it, but actually did not *look* for it at all, being a little troubled "with a dizziness, that hindered him from going well about his business;" so he stretched forth his hand and seized, as he thought, his cap, and without more ado clapped it on his head; but it was his wife's wig

instead that he had ruthlessly snatched up and donned, straightway, or rather sideways, in a dandified manner,—as he thought, notwithstanding his sufferings, sorrow, and botheration, he would look smart. Thus he had one head of hair on top of the other; but the effect was more wonderful than pleasing; for, his own locks being inclined to a sandy tint, and his sponse's bought ones of a black hue, they did not consort at all. It was a little like Lablache's adventure with the King of Naples. His Majesty had graciously granted the distinguished singer an audience, and he had "rendered" himself to the palace, where he awaited in the ante-room the usual signal to repair to the regal presence. Now the "Gros de Naples" is a very absent man, and when he was, after a short delay, hastily summoned to tender his homage to his august host, he imagined he had done as most of his companions in the room had done, lifted off his hat and laid it near him. At the moment he was called, therefore, to enter the royal chamber, he hurriedly snatched up a hat he thought was his, and carried it off with him. When the King greeted him, a peculiar smile spread itself over the royal countenance, gradually increasing to a laugh. Lablache respectfully observed—"His Majesty seemed in excellent spirits that morning, and hoped he had met with something diverting."—"Very diverting, indeed, my good Lablache. It is conical enough to see a man with one hat on his head and another in his hand."—"Ah!" cried Lablache, after the first start of astonishment, "it is, indeed, conical. Preposterous! ridiculous and absurd, it is, above all, that a man should have two hats who has no head."

Our "green-hand," however, had two heads of hair instead, and not a hat to cover them. The state of the perriquet-bereaved lady may be better imagined than described.

- " Ah! but give me a lock of thy hair,
 For a ringlet full long have I sighed! "—
 " A lock I can very well spare,
 But—don't take the whole wig "— she replied;
 " Grudge me not, thou delight of my soul,
 These sweet curls that soothe pangs unexpressed;"
 " Why, since thus you've made free with the whole,
 I, it is, am completely dis—tressed."

I opine the poor man lost a few handfuls of his own hair as well as all his lady's when he returned with his unintentional theft in horror-stricken consternation, sadly he entered the presence of his better half, "or rather, three-quarters" I should say, perhaps,—wig in hand, and implored her pardon, not attempting to conceal the "*Head and front* of his offending." Let us return for a moment to that animated Apollonicon, Lablache, as poor L. E. L. called him when talking of him one day with me. It appears, during the brief Neapolitan revolution, the king was shut up in one of his palaces, (Caserno, I think,) and no ingress or egress was allowed. Lablache either called or was sent for, and it was necessary for him to place himself in a basket in order to be hoisted up to the window!—a basketful of fine Brobdignagian fruit indeed! a mighty Magnum Bonum, fit to set before a King. In went Lablache, up went the basket, crack went the rope, down came the basket, and out rolled the vast plum,—the unlucky bass,—the basest of basses. Whether our Parthenopian Falstaff tried again I am not aware.

Another unhappy being, fearful of asphyxiating in his solitary cabin, where he had been shut up long with no other company than the Expectorator, whereof Mr. Albert Smith discourses pleasantly, suddenly bethought him, perhaps, that a little fresh air would mightily improve his apartment and atmosphere, so he flings wide the door that opens to the saloon; now the ship is rolling, and every thing is dancing, skipping, and "frisking, frisking, flirting, frisking" like the "rural lays" and elves in Lord Mornington's beautiful glee, and a variety of articles that are adrift enter his cabin-door, uninvited,—a huge tray and table, or something of the kind, having just foundered, and the floor being strewed with the fragments of the wreck, besides various other waifs and foundlings. The consequence is, when our friend attempts to put on a pair of slippers to march into the saloon, he probably thrusts one foot into a knife-tray and the other into a lady's knitting-box, or something of that nature, that had meandered from a neighbouring cabin; the knife-tray being half full of knives, and the knitting-box, or work-basket, of needles: however, he doubtless discovered his mistake and his slippers, and, flourishing an empty sponge-bag in place of a pocket-handkerchief (for *he* persists, too, like the other, in his green-handhood, in always thinking that things are in, or near, the place where he last saw them), he goes forth reeling, and stumbling, and pitching about in a manner awful to behold, performing occasionally the most eccentric circumgyrations and extravagant antics, as a foundered balloon will sometimes do, taking for its partner the first chimney-pot that comes in its way. He is shortly after swept away

into the lee-scuppers, and no more is seen of him — for a considerable time, at least. These last accounts are not quite strictly historical, but I have seen, in sooth, strange things of the kind at sea.

The gentleman with the lighted-cigar-nose-tip is seated in a sorrowful attitude, with nothing visible of him but tip aforesaid peeping out of a well-pulled-up collar, and points of fingers clutching a large glass of brandy-and-water, without the water. The accommodating stewards have offered him this addition repentently and persuasively; but, casting his eye over the broad Atlantic, he appeared to reply, "That with such a vast waste of water around them, it would be a pity to waste any more;" and to all representations of that estimable functionary, the knight of the basin and brandy-bottle, it seemed as though he repeated, still and ever, "No! there was quite 'wash of waters' enough already, and that he never felt a more decided dis-relish for that fine element." He resembled a gentleman who pathetically observed to a friend, on being counselled to mix some spirituons compound or other with a little of Adam's ale, "that it was totally unnecessary, as he could not drink it raw, even if he wished, for Nature had otherwise *purwided*;" in short, that whenever he was in the near neighbourhood of choice spirits, his mouth watered so much that there was no occasion for aught else. Another unfortunate victim seated near him appeared to view the briny deep with at least equal horror, and I am sure would have heartily reciprocated the sentiment a kindred sufferer expressed on one occasion with respect to that noble and sublime natural object, the sea. "Very fine; but it's a

body of water I don't happen to like at all;" (when on it, I suppose). Has not this passenger a metallic, hard look, in dress and features both? Yet, like the softest, he succumbs; his coat seems of buckram, lined with block-tin, his cravat of pasteboard, his hat an iron helm beaten to the usual beaver shape, his waistcoat of wood, his stock of steel; and such wiry lines and stripes adorn his nether garments that he might seem to be wearing a bifurcated birdcage, — *yet* he succumbs like the softest: the iron appears melting now, or nappy, the buckram loose and flappy, wire looks limp, pasteboard pappy, block-tin sappy; his very stock looks sea-sick! When the poor wretch spoke, it seemed in gulps and gasps from outward perturbations and inward commotions; the words seemed playing at leap-frog in his throat. He was rather emaciated — breakfast, dinner, and supper having been lately, to use a delicate expression of "The Times," "diverted from their legitimate mission." These inexperienced voyagers are frequently amazed that the captain should not, at least, anchor just at dinner-time, especially if it is at all stormy, which would be so easy, and such a comfort!

After a few days we came, not in sight of the Tagus, for it was a foggy, dull night, but near it. Our voyage up the river was not a perfectly prosperous one, for we ran against a guard-ship, and stove in one of her boats. The morning was very stormy and rough. The Tagus lashed itself into a perfect fury, fuming, and fretting, and literally foaming at the *mouth*, and tossing its head about, as though it would show the old Atlantic a river was no such tame affair, after

all, as he might think; and, though he might swell and chafe in a passion, two could play at that game. It was, indeed, a wild, bleak morning. When we entered the boat, and made for the shore, the wind blew violently, and very glad we were to find ourselves under shelter of the Braganza Hotel. Delphina greeted us with great cordiality and volubility, telling us in not superfine Portuguese an American family had just left the apartments we had formerly occupied (which thus were happily vacant), and that she would arrange them very quickly in the way we had them before. She fulfilled her promise, and was amazingly active, arranging, cleaning, changing, and re-ordering everything as if she had had Prospero's wand, or, at any rate, Harlequin's. Notwithstanding the reputed idleness of the Portuguese, she ran about carrying heavy articles of furniture as lightly as if they had been feathers. How she flew along with chairs and washhand-stands! I am not sure she did not flutter in once with a bedstead, or something not much less airy, hoisted upon her head.

The transformation was soon complete, she being aided in these labours by a curious sort of second housemaid, which second housemaid was a boy, consisting chiefly of a huge shaggy head of hair, and two great rolling, shining, black eyes; he was a help to the waiters and everybody else, in fact,—indeed, a kind of boy-of-all-work. He usually made his appearance with particularly black fingers and face, and a prodigious display of no linen and many white teeth. Poor Joaquim! he had no sinecure-office, I suspect; neither had they who had the superintendence of his house-maidish and odd-boy-ical education; for though, on the whole,

he seemed a hard-working, good-natured lad, his pastors and masters (the waiters) must have found a preponderating love of mischief and frolic.

There are several places that I did not visit when I was at Lisbon before, which I ought to have gone to see, but I put them off till my return, and at this very return I put them off *sine die*. Among these was the Great Public Library. It is said to be a huge assemblage of volumes, increased by the book-booty collected from all the despoiled convents and monasteries of the kingdom. These are immethodically heaped together in the small cells and narrow cloisters of an old Franciscan convent; and most inadequately and wretchedly are they lodged. It contains some rare and choice old books, besides eight thousand manuscripts. There is also an immense numismatic collection of medals. Among the scarce volumes is an edition of the Holy Scriptures by Gottenberg, printed in 1454 at Mayence, and a life of our Saviour, printed at Lisbon in 1496. Some of the old manuscripts are magnificently illuminated. One splendid manuscript illuminated Bible of the 12th century,—says a little work on Lisbon,—contains the disputed passage of St. John's Gospel (chap. v. 7); also there is here a life of the Emperor Vespasian, of which it is supposed no other copy exists. There are more than three hundred thousand books altogether.

The Academy of the Fine Arts is contained in the same building; this Academy comprehends architecture, sculpture, and also schools of design. There is, I fancy, a picture-gallery besides, where there are some fine paintings of the Italian masters—a Vanlyke, and a good many productions of Portuguese artists—whether good or bad I know

not. The director of this Academy is Francisco d'Assis, a sculptor of much renown in Portugal.

Most tourists who bend their steps to this capital go also to see a singular collection of old coaches, and very slow coaches must they be—not the visitors, but the vehicles. The building, in which these mouldering reliques of antiquity are placed, was erected expressly by Dom John the Fifth; it is in the neighbourhood of the Alcantara Bridge, at the Calvario. This old royal coach-house is reported to be a queer curiosity-shop, in its way, and had I had time I should have paid it a little visit; the carriages are said to appear, some of them, precisely like mummies of coaches. One vehicle that, by all accounts, would hardly seem to be made to go on, but to stand still—huge, ponderous, and massive—is supposed to be six hundred years old. Another was made in Brazil, and richly decorated with golden ornaments. The state-coach of Dom Alfonso Henry is thought a very curious specimen (he began to reign in 1128); it has seven Venetian windows, beautifully finished; it displays gilt-bronze embellishments, paintings carefully done, and cushions that once shone resplendent with elaborate embroiderings, interwoven cunningly with threads of gold,—also embossed work, and other similar decorations. On some of the others are beautiful relievos. A state carriage of King Denis is there, too, in which it is by the imaginative supposed his sainted and matchless consort, Queen Elizabeth, must have sat; yet one can hardly fancy a saint in a state-coach either, (though to bump along in such a crazy bone-setting thing as this must have been, might have mortified the flesh sorely, it is true,) nor picture to one's self a canonised being with running footmen or outriders.

The oddest part of the exhibition must be, that light modern carriages mingle among those musty and lumbering rattle-traps of the solemn past, and cheek-by-jowl with huge unwieldy state-coaches, whose panels and boxes were covered with emblazonings, coats of arms, trophies, devices, drawings, paintings, sculptures, and gold and bronze, and which are cumbered with weighty silver plates, and stiff brocade and massy fringe, you have fragile little donkey-carts; and light, small berlinas of some of the youthful infantas and infantas, presenting a remarkable contrast to their vehicular predecessors. Besides these, there are some olden rickety chaises or chariots, awkward as the waggons of a later epoch, and some ancient Spanish conveyances, originally brought to Lisbon by an Infanta of Spain (or rather they brought her, also her suite—for I do not mean to insinuate she came over alone in half-a-dozen carriages, as the famous monkey did in two ships). This Infanta was Donna Maria Victoria, which princess was married to Joseph the First. These carriages were loaded with gildings, ornaments, rich stuffs, and costly velvet galloons.

Some of these same royal rattle-traps are described as a cross between the famous antique Roman triumphal chariots, such as were wont to have an apparatus of weeping captives, in fetters, fastened to them, forming a peculiar drag-chain to their wheels—and the buggies and tilburies of the present day. Among these were some cars, used to carry figures of saints in great processions.

The Italian Opera-House here is called the Theatre de San Carlos. It was opened in April 1793, in honour of the birth of Donna Maria

Theresa (aunt to the reigning queen), afterwards consort of Don Carlos of Spain: it has various decorations, and there is a painting on the ceiling of the hall by the gifted Machado. There is accommodation for about six hundred and fifty persons in the pit of the theatre. There are five tiers of twelve boxes on each side. The Queen's box, in height, ascends through three rows. The boxes, it appears, have each a key, with a little plate of metal fastened to it, on which is its number. On any box being taken, this key is presented, and has to be returned at the end of the season, or whenever the period of the engagement expires. The fitting up is poor and bare, without the light, brilliant, gilded splendour of the Havana Opera-House, or the splendid accessories of the London one—in the boxes the cushionless benches, carpetless floors, paperless walls, and undraped fronts, make a meagre and mean show! yet amply were these insignificant disadvantages compensated, according to a German author, by a counter-balancing and extraordinary indulgence and delight. During the representations, and in the presence of the Queen and court—thanks to a remarkable liberality displayed by the managers—the pit, galleries, and boxes, are surrounded with perpetual clouds of dense tobacco smoke. The German author cannot conceal his rapture. "What an example is this," he cries, "to German directors of theatres!" Did he not evidently think this liberal arrangement might be most advantageously introduced into their own theatres? No wonder he was so delighted; how charming, instead of seeing what is going on on the stage, or the faces and dresses of the fair occupants of the boxes, and the regal countenance

itself, to be saluted and suffocated with these interminable volleys of thick smoke! a yellow fog of tobacco—a pipe-obfuscation! But probably this is changed now.

Some may think the German author's opinions and observations singular ones—they are rather original; a countryman of his tells us (and perhaps he approves, too, and thinks this would be an equally desirable improvement, which he fervently wishes might be recommended to German operatic managers), that persons “in the theatres are allowed to talk in a loud voice, and to move constantly to and fro, with that restless mania for walking so observable in the natives of the Peninsula.” It is in vain to talk of the delights of a good Italian Opera thus: it seems here perfection if people talk as loud as they can, and move about as bustlingly, so that you can hear nothing, while “everlasting clouds of smoke” prevent you from seeing anything. It is probable persons might be found to disagree with such original opinions. But I can hardly believe our Teutonic friend is right, and that, when the Queen is present, her subjects are thus allowed to indulge in their tabbatical and peripatetic predilections, without let or hindrance; if so, the ancient formalities of Portuguese state-ceremonial must, indeed, be very considerably modified. What would the shades of the former periwigged, pompous, high-heeled, buckram-clad, bespangled monarchs of Portugal say to such flippant, flighty innovations? At the first half-whiff, would they not have shaken in their high-heels with rage, not fear? The whole puff would have been high treason, and the monarch would have fretted while they funed—the cloud would have

cleared away the indignant court while it obscured everything else.

I do not know if Portuguese court-etiquette, on particular subjects, is as preposterously exaggerated in its details now as it was many years back ; at least, according to accounts one has heard, and books one has read. I should imagine it has relaxed much of its extreme rigour and severity in these days.

There was a horrible circumstance once happened at Lisbon. An old queen had been for a long time buried in peace and a splendid court dress. For some reason, which I forget, it was decided upon that she should be taken out of her sepulchre,—not to crown and enthrone her, like the beautiful Inez de Castro, but perhaps to see if she had taken to her grave more diamond necklaces and bracelets than were absolutely necessary under the circumstances of the case ; at any rate she was disinterred. Before the fresh ceremony of consigning her to her narrow bed was accomplished, it was considered a proper thing to give her majesty a complete new suit of clothes. Perhaps it was in the days of hoops and high coiffures, and, if so, what a singularly shaped coffin must have been required. “Narrow bed” did I say? nay, a very broad bed must have been provided for her in her last home if it was so. The duties of the toilette were to be performed, according to all immemorial precedent, by the princesses of the blood-royal. The three daughters, therefore, were doomed to undress and dress up again the defunct queen. The Portuguese princesses were too well brought up to attempt to decline this dreadful duty, and probably, indeed, their refusal would have been useless : they proceeded, then, to discharge it with

all the firmness possible. Despite the body having been embalmed, the process was described as being a most fearful one, and, overcome by the complicated, accumulated horrors, by their own sorrowful filial feelings, and the trying part they were compelled to act, the poor princesses fainted over and over again; but each time, after restoratives had been administered, they were obliged to address themselves again to their awful task. I am not quite sure that one did not afterwards fall a victim to this outrageously overstrained etiquette. At length the terrible toilette was completed, and the poor queen was re-ribboned, re-laced, be-fanned, and jewelled in the latest mode, as though she had been dug up expressly to set the fashion to those dowdies of ancestresses (of her husband's) who had preceded her, like an illustration of "La Belle Assemblée," or "Le petit Courier des Dames;" and she was allowed to return to her quiet tomb, dressed up in the very pink of whatever costume was then the rage.

I cannot but admire our windows in these apartments: they have a good deal of beautiful coloured glass in them, and cast lovely and rich reflexions in the rooms, particularly in the morning and evening. The windows are immensely high, and rather pointed and gothic-shaped, and really exceedingly handsome. The doors, also, are of great height, and of a similar shape, with pointed coloured windows inserted above them. This plan was not without its advantages: for instance, if a candle was in one room it cast a light, more or less clear, through almost every apartment in the suite; and so, if you wanted to fetch your pocket-handkerchief or work-box from the dressing-room, you had not to light or carry a candle expressly. The stained

glass in all the windows was arranged in a fanciful multitude of delicate mosaic-like patterns, and altogether this species of vari-coloured vitreous patchwork had a most agreeable and brilliant effect.

It was not always, however, becoming to the inmates of the apartment : only look at poor Delphina, or "Dolphin,"—as she has been renamed by a British female, who, as often happens, has not the gift of tongues (save in the singular),—Delphina really looks all the colours of a "dying dolphin," methinks, here ! Has her chin not suddenly sickened to the deepest depth of yellow jaundice ? her throat not as suddenly flushed up to the highest height of scarlet fever ? Behold the nose, with a purple bridge and an apple-green tip, the hair fawn-coloured, shot with lavender and rose, the forehead a silvery grey, the lips stained with more than mulberry dye,—the stripe of colour extending towards each ear, giving a false appearance of fearful width to that feature, which was too wide already ;—the eyes a gay cherry-colour, with pale pink lids and lilac lashes ; the right eyebrow orange and vermilion, and the left a light strawberry roan, and one of the cheeks blue, and the other brown ; teeth blue and brown to match, with a dash of aforesaid cherry-colour. I will not vouch for Delphina's actually showing all these colours at once, but it might have been so.

That peculiarly strange little individual, Joaquim, was a ninth wonder of the world, being here the second housemaid, hundredth hanger-on, fifth waiter, first page, last cook (very last of all, I should hope), and deputy-provisionary-vice-assistant-subsuper-numerary-under-or-over-and-above, lacquey extraordinary ; and, in short, a kind of do-

mestic-of-case was he to the whole household—he proved a very convenient scapegoat, too, for them to lay all manner of blame upon ; on him were fathered all breakages ; on him all mistakes, misunderstandings, and misapprehensions, all misdeeds and mal-administrations in many functions. At one and the same moment Joaquim could adroitly contrive to break, maim, and disable, for the term of its natural and artificial life, the clock at No. 6, and the china ornaments on the mantel-piece of No. 16 ; by some extraordinary influence of odd-boyism, cause the dinner to be late in the Spanish ambassador's apartments below-stairs, and the candlesticks to be without candles in the American tourist's drawing-room above ; cause all the doors to slam terribly in the chief passage, and constrain all the windows to remain open in the principal suite of apartments ; occasion the fire to go rapidly out in the kitchen, and contrive to diffuse a strong odour of burnt flannel in the Englishman's sitting-room ; moisten the steps of the best staircase with refreshing dews of lamp-oil, and at the identical moment wither and spoil every flower on the balcony outside ; produce a noisy and heavy banging about of furniture overhead, at the exact instant that he is spilling a tureen of hot soup over the carpet of the saloon beneath, and daub the young artist's sketch with butter, fish-sauce, and honey, while he is actually delivering a wrong message at the farthest end of the town. But, after all, what is there in these ubiquitous performances more than any other odd-boy can satisfactorily, and with facility, perform? Was not there a similarly gifted being in a ship I was on board of on the Pacific, who, in his nautical odd-boyship, surpassed all his brethren, the uneven lads of

the land? Did he not, in the boatswain's and crew's opinion, make the wind change incessantly, the vessel lurch violently, the biscuit turn mouldy, the meat musty, the she-goat refuse to give milk, the parrots adopt the silent system, and a big merchantman bear down upon us in a dark night, and nearly run us down? The great Wizard of the North, or the South, cannot for a moment possibly compete with these young professors of the black art in feats of legerdemain, and the most complicated conjuring; Chrononotonthologos was a mere baby in arms to them; Aldeberontefoscifornio a contemptible ninny-hammer. Tell me not of the snake-charmers of swart Afric, or the magicians of Araby, or of miracle-mongers nearer home; odd-boys could beat all the jugglers of the Indies, and sorcerers of the East, any day of the year, and this particular especial Portuguese one did not, perchance, outshine the rest of the fraternity in this point. He took it all very easily, and seemed as happy as the day was long, in general; with his uncropt locks sticking about in all directions, and his eyes sparkling between and amongst them, like those of an Isle of Skye terrier,—dressed in his loose jacket, somewhat resembling a worn-out door-mat, or old thatch, and incessantly grinning from ear to ear—at least from the place where the one member might be supposed to be, to the place where the other might be imagined to lurk; for under that thicket of hair they were completely lost. One could not but feel glad to see that merry grin, in spite of knocks and cuffs, and huffs, and blames, and names. Youth and health, and a light heart, asserted themselves, “and all went merry as a” dinner bell, for Joaquim;—though he had to endure, doubt-

less, all the disagreeables and small inflictions that the living creature, genus *homo*, species odd-boy, has to confront; yet Joaquim had a good master and mistress, and not a bad place either, comparatively speaking, when we reflect on what some urchins of the kind have to bear in their wretched odd-boyhood. Still, haply, an irascible adult would, now and then, pull the lad's nose or chin—only too pertinaciously, or pluck a few handfuls of his hair (he could have spared enough to be-wig half Lisbon), as if bent on holding "material guarantees" for the prompt execution of their orders.

CHAPTER XVII.

I WILL not leave Lisbon without saying something of the famous earthquake, whose traces are still in certain places to be seen : at least, when we were driving out, some time ago, a few shattered fragments were pointed out to us, with the remark : "Those are ruined remains of a building destroyed by the great earthquake."* Lisbon perhaps, on the whole, gives one more the idea of an earthqnaky place than Lima,—so fertile in these unpleasant productions of nature ; its dry, dusty look, possibly, is the cause of this impression. When the parched earth is constantly cracked a little, probably you would not be so greatly surprised at its cracking much. It must be confessed, also, that in a good, grave city, where amusements are not plentiful, and people are not accustomed to employ themselves very assiduously, the time will hang heavily enough but too frequently ; and when the people are all yawning, the sympathising ground (we know well how catching a good gape is) may be expected

* In one of the squares still stands the great arch of the sanctuary of a fine Carmelite church, founded in 1389, and destroyed by the earthquake of 1755, as well as a Gothic porch, which was part of the same church. .

to yawn too. However, let me seriously attempt some description of this extraordinary and melancholy visitation.

The great earthquake at Lisbon took place on Nov. 1, 1755.* Previously to this dreadful event, the summer had been observed to be at a less high temperature than it ordinarily is in this country, and there had been a great deal of rain in the year. For more than a month before this convulsion of nature, the weather had been tolerably fine and clear. On the morning of the first, during the earlier hours, there had been a dense fog, but this was shortly cleared away by the sun, which then shone forth with his full resplendence; nothing foretokened the near approach of the terrific catastrophe that was so soon to bring ruin, anguish, dismay, and devastation on the fair city, that seemed to smile in such perfect security and peace.

The first slight signal of the coming visitation was a faint motion, a light tremor, succeeded by a considerable shaking, but not more than an unusual number of carriages passing at one time might have produced; then came a low, muttering, grumbling sound, like a gathering storm, and compared by some writers to the adroitly manufactured thunder at the theatres, which they say it more resembled than the genuine grumbling of electricity-charged clouds. So slight, in short, was the warning, that it was scarcely remarked by the majority of the people, much less regarded. Thus were they unprepared for the awful occurrences that so soon were to overwhelm them with irremediable disaster.

* Five years before, a severe shock had alarmed the inhabitants. The great earthquake was felt through all the south of Europe.

This growling noise only lasted for the space of a minute, or even less ; and at thirty-five minutes after nine o'clock the tremendous crash took place which shook the ill-fated city to its very foundations. Those among the miserable inhabitants who had escaped with their lives were paralysed and horror-stricken, and knew not where to fly for safety, nor what to do for the best, under these woeful circumstances.

The dread, stunning sound, is described as having been as loud as if the whole city, with every building it contained, had fallen at once. The vibrations were short, rapid, and fearfully strong. The houses that fell not at first exhibited hideous rents and cracks ; in nearly all, the upper stories fell almost instantaneously. Big stones were dropping from the fissures, and rafters starting out from the roofs. Thousands of walls were opening and closing in the most appalling manner, as if even inanimate things were agape with terror ! and from the number of buildings precipitated to the ground by the powerful concussion rose enormous clouds of dust mixed with lime ; these clouds, and possibly also volcanic exhalations, not only spread a fearful darkness around, but half-suffocated the unfortunate beings who were the trembling spectators of the dreadful disaster. Vast numbers perished, crushed among the down-plunging timbers and falling houses.

After a short time this ceased, and then there was a slight pause, when the oscillations recommenced. The nature of the peculiar motion was altered ; and the walls and buildings that remained standing were horribly tossed from side to side, with a rough, harsh grating, and loud noise. This second awful shock

laid in the dust those edifices that had been shaken or damaged before, but not quite destroyed. The entire city was said to appear to undulate to and fro, in the most marvellous manner, like the huge waves of the ocean when the storm is upon it, and a vast part of it was abruptly plunged at once in an abyss of ruin. During this second dreadful concussion, a splendid, newly-built, marble quay, which had cost vast sums, was utterly sunk and swallowed up, together with hundreds of persons who had collected upon it, in the vain hope that there they should be out of the reach of peril. A great number of small vessels and boats, that were anchored near it, also entirely disappeared in the same moment; it seemed as though a whirlpool had thus instantaneously dragged them down to destruction. These boats and vessels were all crammed with anxious human beings, who fondly imagined their safety would be insured by their thus leaving the rocking shores. The large ships that were riding at anchor were driven from their moorings; they were seen tossing and tumbling violently, as if in a tempestuous sea. Some were swiftly carried to the opposite shore of the river, while others among them were whirled round with the most extraordinary rapidity, as if they would be dashed to a myriad fragments. Boats of a considerable size were observed bottom-upwards; vessels were furiously clashing against each other, driven by an unseen force.

It is supposed, during this most prodigious concussion, the river rose about fifty feet, and almost immediately subsided again. The cavity where the boats and quay had sunk had closed up completely, and no sign of a splinter or fragment of any kind

could be discovered. The people on shore were thrown into additional consternation by the menacing and mysterious appearances in the river. The dreadful cry was raised—"The sea, the sea, too, is coming to swallow us!" At the place where the noble Tagus is four miles broad, its waters were seen rolling and rising in the most terrific manner, while not a breath of wind was perceptible to account for the agitation of their surface. Shortly there appeared not far off a vast and hideous mass of water, like a heaving, moving mountain, hurrying on in its foaming, howling, impetuous rage, towards the shores. In vain did hundreds of the multitude run; it overtook them, consigning numbers to a watery grave; others were left struggling in the rushing, furious stream, and with great difficulty they made their way back to the almost equally insecure land.

The horror and desperation of the unfortunate population of this devoted city may be imagined; happy might those be accounted who had met a quick death, for horrible indeed was the condition of crowds of miserable wretches. Mangled, maimed, half-crushed, and seeing their dearest relatives lacerated and destroyed before their eyes!—what fell despair, what distracting agony, must they have endured! It must have been an awful scene, indeed, altogether. The wounded and the dead lying in promiscuous heaps,—writhing and moaning heaps,—for the very dead were stirred by the convulsive movements of the sorely-stricken, tortured living, with whom they were entangled; the masses of ruin blocking up every thoroughfare; the unfortunate survivors searching for relatives and friends, children, or parents; decrepit beings stumbling

and staggering along, with blood-bedabbled grey hair; motherless infants piteously sobbing and wailing; and sick wretches, some dragged from a death-bed to dispute for a few hours the victory with the great Conqueror, perhaps through the tender care of some fond and devoted friend, who, in high health and strength himself, has been stricken down beside—and before the—dying beloved one he so wildly exerted himself to save. What a world of woe!

Many a strange sight, too, was there. Corpses were beheld, lying with blocks of masonry half covering them, as if they were partially escaping from their superincumbent tombstones. Maniacs were allowed to wander forth free, and hurried to and fro, fiercely yelling with wonder and alarm, or sometimes—more sad still—went laughing and shouting aloud, with a monstrous, fiendish, but irrational joy! Animals, too, half wild with fear, now and then dashed past, as if driven on by all the Furies. Here and there strode along priests in their rich sacerdotal robes, who had hastened terrified from the churches, where they had been officiating in their sacred calling. Hundreds and thousands, striving to fly they knew not whither, were struggling and clambering with desperate eagerness over the obstacles interposed by the accumulated and still-accumulating ruins in the tottering streets; others were seen standing like statues, stony, pale, chill, grasping images of saints, not more motionless, it seemed, or lifeless than themselves, or crucifixes of wood, that were sometimes strained to their deadened and faintly-beating breasts, and sometimes glued to their white, quivering, livid lips. Delicate ladies, the tender soles of

whose feet had scarcely touched the ground before, with dishevelled hair and half-clothed, seemed nerved and fired with a feverish unnatural strength, or as rigid as unbending iron they stood there, armed with firm resolve; while strong women of the peasant class, ghastly and shivering, often, on the contrary, appeared bent and weakened with very terror—all were mingled in bewildering confusion. Sometimes, as a venerable ecclesiastic passed by, the wretched beings would press round him to entreat his blessing,—would hasten to touch his sacred robes, and to hear his few words of encouragement and consolation.

Meanwhile, the whole air perpetually resounded with frightful cries, shrieks, groans, prayers, and supplications. “Misericordia! Misericordia!” seemed to go up from all hearts, and to pierce all hearts. They shrieked it as if they would have it indeed penetrate the sky above them! In a large uncovered space before the church of St. Paul were congregated enormous numbers of people, of all conditions and classes. There were seven chief canons of the Patriarchial Church there, attired in purple robes and rochets; they strove to administer some comfort to the alarmed and dejected concourse. Yet but one expression pervaded all countenances. Soldiers, children, women, ecclesiastics, students, merchants, labourers, all exhibited that one expression of deep concentrated horror—of the strong appalling consciousness that the reckoning for their sins was at hand—that their doom was approaching, and that all human power and consolation must be in vain. Yet, mingled with this, in the faces of many was the sublimer expression of rooted faith in the only Being who could shield and protect them amidst

this chaotic, death-bestridden gloom, and wide-spreading desolation. They felt that this was their only source of safety; their only rock of refuge and of trust.

The third shock was not so terrible as the two first, but the sea once more rushed in furiously, and subsided again with equal promptitude. Indeed, the sweeping surges flowed back with such incredible impetuosity, that boats, which had been in seven fathoms of water, were left completely dry; and thus the water continued for some time, now hurrying forward with overwhelming force, and then returning with the same velocity and violence. What saved the lower portions of Lisbon (so exposed to the action of the waves) from a total demolition from this cause, was the fact, that the force of the rushing billows was slightly decreased from the somewhat winding course the resistless stream had to follow. The shock was said to be felt out at sea at a distance of forty leagues.

Some persons believed that the actual situation of the bar, at the mouth of the river, from the terrific violence of the concussions, had been altered. It was reported that a vessel, endeavouring to pass through the original channel, had foundered; while another had struck on the sands, and her safety had been greatly imperilled, though subsequently she was got through without any material damage.

There was one more shock that affected the Tagus, but in a less remarkable degree; yet men on horseback had to gallop as hard as their animals could possibly carry them on the high-road to Belem (one side of which lies exposed to the river), to get out of the way of the boiling, roaring waves.

In several places eye-witnesses asserted that the bed of the Tagus appeared above the surface. From shore to shore, at one time, the bar seemed to be dry. This was just before the great mountain-waves rushed in with such irresistible vehemence. The generality of the people tried to escape by way of Belem, as it was probably imagined the earthquake was less severe in that direction. Those wretched refugees hardly had time, after they arrived in that spot, to congratulate themselves upon their escape, and to try and collect their scattered thoughts, and recover their outwearied energies, when, to their unspeakable consternation and unimaginable distress, their desolated city was seen to be enveloped in smoke and flames in almost every quarter at once.

These flames continued to advance on their destructive path for at least six days. Few, if any, exertions were made to arrest the progress of the devouring element. A stupor of blank despair appeared to possess every breast. So dreadfully did the fire act its devastating part during these days of horror, that contemporaneous chronicles have expressed a doubt as to whether the earthquake or the flames had committed the most extensive and lasting injuries. At the commencement of this terrible fire, it was supposed that it was occasioned by natural or accidental causes. Shortly afterwards it was suspected, and some think ascertained, that it was the incendiary work of monsters, who took a cruel advantage of this disastrous opportunity to commit the most shameful and audacious robberies; and fearing that order might be restored, and their villanous abominations and atrocities put an end to, they thus devised and put into execution the hideous and dastardly plan of the conflagra-

tion, for the purpose of perpetuating the miserable confusion, tumult, and universal paroxysms of dismay.

Most of these heartless villains, if not all, were felons, who had been set free from their prison in consequence of part of the walls falling; more fortunate than most of their poor fellow-citizens, although their lives had been placed in imminent jeopardy, they had escaped. The grievous calamity, that brought such wide destruction and ruin, favoured their flight, and but few of them, it seems, comparatively speaking, had suffered much during the frightful concussions.

Some accounts say that this gang of hardened desperadoes did not originally set fire to the buildings; but, that after the conflagration had once begun, they took care it should not languish or expire, but fostered it to the best of their ability, constantly applying the flambeau to fresh houses, and kindling whatever appeared the most combustible materials. They might, however, have spared themselves the pains, for they would have found nobody to disturb them in their depredations. The city was already like a city of the dead, forsaken and abandoned to its fate, and to these fiendish wretches, who could batten and feast in the funereal footsteps of Misery and Calamity. One man, who was afterwards apprehended and condemned to death, after acknowledging his guilt in many particulars, confessed that he had himself set fire to the Royal Palace; that he had exulted in having done this; and he died protesting with the latest gasp that his object and desire had been, that the whole Royal Family should fall victims to the flames! This most execrable miscreant was a malefactor

who had for some offence against the laws been condemned to the galleys.

Some think that the frightful fire originated in the illuminations of the altars in all the numerics, churches, and chapels of the metropolis; the 1st of November being All Saints' Day, a high festival in the Roman Catholic Church. The lighted tapers, lamps, and candles, naturally kindled into a blaze the drapery and woodwork that fell confusedly around with the violent rocking of the edifices, or their partial destruction. Of course the flames were sure to spread, unchecked as they were, and the neighbouring dwellings were soon wrapped in fire and smoke.

A very gallant trait is recorded of a young Portuguese of noble family. This youth was the commanding officer of the guard at the Royal Mint, an exceedingly strong edifice, that had not suffered any very considerable injury, save in the portion nearest to the Tagus. All around it, however, looked fearfully threatening—houses half-fallen and still falling encircled it; instant destruction seemed menacing it from all sides; every soldier belonging to the guard had forsaken it; and the youthful officer remained alone. He was scarcely more than seventeen years of age, and he displayed the utmost intrepidity, and the most cool, calm, and unshaken courage and resolution. What would the tumultuous horrors of a battle-field have been compared with that dreadful scene?

When utterly deserted and alone—for like unconscious clay remained the swooning, gashed, half-crushed, bleeding objects that lay around, scarcely distinguishable from the dust which covered them, save by their dripping gore; that

cozed redly through, or ever and anon the quivering throes of coming death,—when thus unsupported and alone, still he stood firm, amidst the most hideous convulsions of nature,—with the appalling spectacle of the disordered elements before him,—with all those dread appearances that made it seem as though wide creation was relapsing into formless chaos;—startled, too, by the frequent deafening thunder-roar of the headlong crash, while the Earth was yawning and growing, as it were, one great grave, and, like Sin, greedily devouring her own offspring, as well as the works of his hands;—still he stood firm, amidst ruins and death, and gigantic catastrophes, and astounding changes, and mysterious sounds, and dire, unearthly prodigies, and awful omens, and impending doom, and grim and horrible visions,—amidst gathering gloom and apparently supernatural events, with dismal shrieks from all parts resounding in his ears from hidden sufferers,—with the living and lacerated wretches I have described half buried in the ground around him, only adding to the terrors of the scene, and deplorably mangled corpses stretched on the surface, as if Earth had, in a horrible and ghastly revel, and in some monstrous mood of demoniacally-inspired mirth, taken the wild and awful fancy to reject the Dead, and snatch the warm sentient Living to her ensanguined and gnashing jaws! Amidst all this mad uproar, this dread anarchy, these strange distortions, and these most fierce commotions, amidst all these unnatural, soul-curdling horrors, I say, still this young hero stood, calm and unappalled. He stood there while each shock seemed the dreadful herald of the final judgment-thunders

to a shuddering world. With matchless bravery he stood there still, most magnanimously resolved to remain true to his charge, most valorously determined to die at his post, though destruction should seize all around him.

There was no friendly, heart-thrilling voice to buoy him up with trust and hope, and to cheer and encourage him in his arduous path; there was no flashing eye, lit with a kindred glow, to gaze in admiration on his noble conduct; no braying trumpet sent a throb of enthusiastic ardour through his youthful breast; Glory beckoned him not on; Fame unrolled not her starry blazons before him;—Victory waved not her reeking sword on high;—and Success pealed forth no inspiring pæans of joy; he could not have felt even that his self-sacrifice and lofty devotion to his duty would ever be chronicled or known on earth,—yet this gallant boy remained steadfast as a rock, amid those surging waves of ruin, those shivered temples, and those wide-stretching gulfs, self-possessed and resolute to the last!

The Mint had more than two millions of money in it at that time, and it was supposed to be owing to the undaunted courage and constancy of this young officer that it was not rifled of its precious contents. Not only were his extreme bravery and spirit worthy of the highest admiration, but that remarkable coolness, presence of mind, and unmoved fortitude that he displayed; and, altogether, there are few instances related in history of greater heroism, finer disinterestedness, or a firmer adherence to duty.

In the middle part of the unfortunate metropolis the greatest destruction took place. Certain portions of the town escaped as if almost

by a miracle; even in the very core and centre of the city, where, from the ravages of the fire, the most inconceivable devastation reigned, a few streets were astonishingly preserved. Among the churches that were consumed by the flames, after being much shattered by the earthquake, were those of Santa Maria, Conceição, Magdalena, St. Domingos, Patriarchal, Misericordia, Espirito Santo, S. Francisco, Corpo Santo, Trindade, Sacramento, Loretto, St. Paulo, Chagas, and Santa Engracia. Those churches that were nearly or completely demolished by the earthquake itself, without the auxiliary aid of the fire, were Santa Clara, N. Senhora do Monte, Santa Monica, N. Senhora da Penha da França, with the parish church of a similar designation, Santa Anna, S. Pedro de Alcantara, Calvario, Santo Antonio dos Capuchos, and St. Vincent. The Convent of St. Vincent was merely injured in the upper portion; it continued standing. Those of Madre de Deos, the Santos o Velho, and the Bernardines, were damaged greatly, though they were not totally given over to destruction.

The king, with his consort and the royal family, had only quitted the palace a few minutes before it was wholly destroyed. A spectator of these scenes of terror and ruin said he observed, on passing the palace, that all the apartments where the royal family were accustomed to reside were, without exception, thrown down, and they must have perished unavoidably, had they been there.

As usual on such occasions, the most fragile and unsubstantial buildings bore the shock far better than the more solid ones. In the case of ravages by earthquakes, such unsubstantiality is

ever a great preservative. Of course there were some remarkable exceptions, but, as a general rule, the most solid and durably-built edifices fell the first. Every monastery, nunnery, parish church, public building, and palatial and aristocratical mansion, were the earliest destroyed, with incredible numbers of fine houses belonging to the principal merchants and citizens, which *looked* as if they would have withstood many a rude and violent shock.

Among other sad and curious spectacles to be seen, during the first days of tribulation and awe-struck amaze, were multitudes of forsaken carriages, mules, and horses, that had been employed, before the dreadful disasters began, in carrying persons to and fro on errands of pleasure and business. These were rapidly deserted, and left masterless and tenantless. Neither occupants, drivers, riders, nor attendants of any kind were to be perceived accompanying them; and, says the author of a truly interesting account of the event, who was an eye-witness of this dread scene, "of the poor animals, who seemed sensible of their hard fate, some few were killed, others wounded; but the greatest part, which had received no hurt, were left there to starve." The writer evidently possessed a kind heart, for, in the midst of all the complicated dangers and desolations with which he was surrounded, he could feel for these wretched brutes, and he says, after relating that the superb apparatus of the numerous shrines and chapels in the churches was left to the mercy of the first comer, and a vast accumulation of wealth was forgotten or forsaken—"but this did not so much affect me as the distress of those poor animals."

An immense number of persons were attending divine service when the first convulsions shook the earth. Little did they think, when they left their homes that morning, that they were leaving them for ever! Little did they think, as they entered the church, that the hour was come to say their last prayer, and breathe their latest sigh of contrition and humility! Yet happy were they to be summoned when thus solemnly and piously engaged.

The number of individuals who are believed to have fallen victims to this terrific visitation amounted to more than sixty thousand. This number includes those who perished in the conflagration, and those who were buried afterwards in the ruins, while digging among the shattered remnants of houses and disjointed walls. Some days after the awful havoc was over, the state of the ruined and mournful city is described as most lamentable and shocking. The streets were almost impassable and unapproachable, not only from the dense masses of overthrown remains choking up nearly every outlet and avenue, and the still falling, smoking fragments, scattered about in every direction, but from the pestilent exhalations arising from the crowded corpses that also obstructed the thoroughfares. In various places, jammed amongst mountains of broken masonry and stone, were other mountains more mournful,—of heaped-up, blackened, lacerated bodies, some shockingly mangled, as it appeared, by dogs, others actually roasted to cinders, and some of them only partially consumed. The stench was so deadly and dreadful that the survivors began to entertain serious apprehensions of a plague breaking out, to add to their miserable condition; for miserable, indeed, it must have been. Thou-

sands and thousands were wandering about in utter destitution in the open fields, homeless, helpless, hopeless, broken-hearted, starving, and in a state bordering on distraction.

So intermingled in one common wreck were countless multitudes of houses and buildings, that persons perfectly well acquainted with the city could not find out even the site of particular streets. It was a desolate wilderness of charred bones, smouldering ruins, splintered fragments, loose scattered stones, and vast heaps of rubbish, while a few of its still standing but mutilated monuments were sad and failing representatives of what it once had been,—like worn and wasted memorial-pillars to that departed city of the departed,—that dead city of the dead,—and here and there they served as landmarks in the mouldering desert. A natural desert would, indeed, have seemed cheerful and bright, compared with a suddenly-created, death-haunted, and ruin-encumbered one like this. It was believed by many that fiery eruptions were to be seen issuing from the fissures of the earth during this momentous period, and that fountain-like columns of fine white sand rose out of the ground, which columns ascended to a surprising height. It was natural that some should attribute the great fire that followed so immediately the steps of this mighty earthquake to the agency of subterranean eruptions; but the most likely cause is the one already referred to—the illumination of the sacred edifices on that day. An Englishman of some consideration (and but one) lost his life during the fearful catastrophe—this was the Rev. J. Manlay, who was President of the English College at Lisbon.

The loss sustained by the Portuguese nation

from this grievous and unparalleled calamity was, indeed, enormous. Besides immense losses in the Royal Palace, the Custom-house, the Theatre, the factories and stores, and thousands of private houses, a prodigious treasure was missing in church-jewels, ornaments, precious marbles, sacred vessels and plate, statues and paintings, candelabra, and other costly objects and rarities. The crown lost, in diamonds only, 4,000,000*l.*; in other diamonds, precious stones, and jewels, another 4,000,000*l.* had vanished. Reckoning the vast losses sustained by foreigners in this great disaster, as well as those borne by the natives of the country, the sum total is asserted to have been 536,360,000*l.*

The English nation nobly exerted itself in order to afford some assistance to the beggared and famished victims of this terrible calamity. King George the Second, on the receipt of the mournfully-eventful intelligence, immediately sent a message to Parliament, which was sitting at the time, recommending that some liberal succour should be, without loss of time, forwarded to alleviate the piteous distress of the unfortunate outcasts. Generous British hearts instantaneously and eagerly responded to their sovereign's kindly sentiments, and right heartily entered into his charitable views; and, ere long, a princely sum was munificently voted out of the public purse for this philanthropic object; with all imaginable celerity it was transmitted to the melaucholy scene of the catastrophe, part being in goods, and part in money, accompanied by a large variety of needful stores, and abundance of food. I know not whether other countries followed the example so nobly set by the British Isles.

It was the Marquis de Pombal who recon-

structed the prostrate and shattered city. Fortunately, the flourishing state of the finances of the country, which were indebted for that brilliant prosperity to the enormous sums that annually poured in from the opulent colonies in the East, and from the teeming mines of the Brazils, empowered the citizens and government rapidly to contribute towards the restoration of their once splendid capital. Not only was the metropolis rebuilt—it was magnificently embellished.

The minister seized the favourable opportunity of substituting, in place of some streets of remarkable irregularity and particularly mean and squalid appearance, and in lieu of houses of very inconsiderable architectural merits, highly symmetrical rows of buildings, lofty and well-proportioned, with comparatively broad and smooth thoroughfares (for in those days the streets were usually inconveniently small and cramped); some boasting regular side-footpaths, and all methodically and carefully laid out. These gratifying and desirable ameliorations were more especially observable in the middle of the city, where the streets had generally been confined, devious, and narrow, and the houses most unsymmetrically built, and jumbled together without taste or skill. Had all Pombal's works been like this, he would have been, in truth, a benefactor to his country, and an example to men in public stations, but widely different were most of the other actions of his ruthless and reprehensible career! Lisbon sprung from her ashes, beautified, strengthened, and improved, in a wonderfully brief space of time. Monasteries, churches, convents, palaces, mansions, factories—not forgetting prisons, be sure, under the Marquis de Pombal's sway,—rose on every side.

One thing only strikes one, perhaps, as slightly inconsiderate—if, as all experience proves, the more fragile the house the better the chances of escaping from the effects of such fearful judgments as once destroyed the Lusitanian metropolis—to build such solid, massive, substantial mansions, was imprudent, surely. Lima is knowing on the subject of down-topping walls, and could give them a wrinkle; Lima runs up her palaces, and temples, and colleges of puff-paste and whipped cream, or some such slight, light, frothy material. You will see on one side, mayhap, a mighty building, which you might find on examination to be a filmy fortification of *crêpe lisse*, with battlements of hobbinet; on another, possibly, a parliament-house of sprigged muslin, or a theatre of butterflies'-wings, or an apothecary's hall of blotting paper (not such a bad thing, if it blotted out all the prescriptions); or flimsy barracks of vast and extensive band-boxes, and prisons of papier-mâché; and pleasant villas eke, I ween, of spiders' webs, and, alas! belike, strict, solemn convents of sadly transparent gauze,—or, at any rate, they are all composed of something that looks as airy and pretty, and is not really much more massive. And she contrives to make them have an uncommonly handsome effect, too; for her architects and masons are top-sawyers, I suppose, at earthquakes, or earthquake-proof structures, as the citizens of some of her sister southern republics are at insurrections. After all, these diaphanous dwelling-houses and aërial edifices of the capital of Peru may be excellent devices to cheat an earthquake of its prey; but I should think they were exposed to the danger, sometimes, of being blown away bodily, if a strong wind arose;

and so a city of balloons might be seen streaming away over the Pacific by the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands on some wild breezy morn. If Lima is right, Lisbon is wrong; and her solidity and substantiality may yet prove her ruin. But one must not anticipate misfortunes; although, I believe, shocks have been repeatedly felt since *the* earthquake.

I think it is in the "Diary of an Invalid" that it is remarked, that Lisbon looks so like a place that is, every now and then, called upon in a quiet, familiar way, by earthquakes "dropping in,"—a little too literally,—that, instead of wondering that it was once visited by such a calamity, it would be far more natural to look on "its daily preservation as a standing miracle."

CHAPTER XVIII.

I HAVE already mentioned several of the literary celebrities to which this country has given birth—but I will add to the list a few not previously alluded to. Some of them, one should think, must have been interesting and original in themselves, whatever their productions may have been. There is Francisco de Macedo, for example, born in 1596, distinguished vastly as a philosopher, historian, casuist, linguist, poet, theologian, and orator; he is said to have spoken twenty-two languages. Charles the Fifth (who said a man who knew five languages was worth five men) would, perhaps, have rated him as twenty-two men—quite a little regiment in himself, if not a host.

Among his numerous writings are particularly mentioned one hundred and twenty-three eulogies; of course, we opine, no flattery could find a place in the distinguished philosopher's discourses: then, by what perfections must he have been surrounded! he could hardly write eulogies fast enough to supply the demand on his admiration and homage.

Why did we not all live in those exemplary days of Virtue and Francisco de Macedo? We might all have been excellent, too,—certainly all have been eulogised; alas! our loss it is, not his! Subjects for his disinterested panegyrics lacked not.

I wonder what they gave him per page, or per line?—perhaps according to the quantity and quality of encomium supplied. Very strong laudations, all in capitals and superlatives, would come dear, probably; drawn rather milder, comparative and only italics, moderate; common sort of commendation, by the peck—or pack—of stuff, very reasonable indeed; and as to epitaphs, of which he wrote numbers (dull work, but, of course, the panyric style again), they must have been mighty cheap, truly—for he might have made them from used-up eulogies—or, perhaps, by just jutting the past tense for the present one. As to epigrams, epistles dedicatory, criticisms, and annotations, and such small fry, they were as plentiful as sour blackberries. He wrote plays, too, and to solace himself for those dismal epitaphs, — pantomime! — though I confess I don't rightly understand how pantomime is written—but, however it is done, he succeeded in it, it appears; for an individual among his admirers (probably a subject of one of the “eulogies,” who thought he would return the compliments, or one of them, at any rate) said, “In his theatrical pieces he pleased the deaf as well as the blind.” This great epitaph, eulogy, play, poem, history, sermon, and pantomime writer, “maintained” at Venice, on a certain day, before the preacher of St. Mark, and the nobles and senators of that famous city, a thesis upon every subject! —and, what is more, to the satisfaction of everybody. Doctors and masters of all the orders questioned and cross-examined him, on all possible and impossible propositions, with innumerable interrogatories and arguments, and he answered them all, to their entire contentment—perhaps even

posing them, and prosing, to a surfeit of satisfaction. I strongly suspect he had been at his "Eulogies" again at Venice, and thus they all agreed that his thesis "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*" was perfect and unanswerable; of course;—for had he not told them all individually, in sounding periods, that *they* themselves were perfect and undeniable? At Rome, he had honours heaped upon him (eulogies again, doubtless, were showered about—from the Pope to the porter),—Professor of Polemical Divinity in the Propaganda College, and of Ecclesiastical History in another, and at length Censor of the Holy Office. What the last may be I know not. But really he seems to have flattered and wheedled Death himself; for he lived on till eighty-eight, according to some writers, and eighty-five according to others—a pretty good old age, considering all the hard work and works he had got through in his life.

Another singular author was a priest, called Raphael Bluteau. France, I believe, disputed with Portugal the honour of giving birth to this distinguished writer. He was chiefly known as a lexicographer, as he published a Latin and Portuguese dictionary, in eight alarmingly thick quarto volumes. His introduction to the work has a spice of originality in it: for, says he, "It is clearly absurd to give only one preface to a book, as though you had only one set of readers to deal with; the thing is preposterous, nonsensical! I must put all this to rights in the twinkling of a bed-post;" or, if he didn't say that, he meant it. And so he liberally threw in no less than ten prefaces in addition to the matter of his eight quarto volumes, respectively addressed to the malevolent reader; the bene-

volent reader; the Portuguese reader; the foreign reader (I wonder if he ever had any); the learned reader; the ignoramus of a reader; the indiscriminating reader; the impertinent reader; the futile and unpleasant reader (who might think him, peradventure, an unpleasant writer); and the impatient reader. (Merciful powers! Father Raphael Bluteau, how came you to think of such a thing for a moment?—"impatient," sir! reading your book!) A commonplace kind of individual, distinguished by no peculiar characteristics, might have been allowed the advantage, belike, of perusing—of devouring all the ten. Now, I cannot but feel a little—a very little—curious to know if these ten prefaces were ever of any use in the world; I marvel, in short, if he ever *had* ten readers. But let us just peruse the title to his book (not a word more, I promise you and myself).

If brevity's the soul of wit,
There's no soul in the wit of it;
For that it *has* wit, who can doubt,
If we'd the wit to find it out?

But here it is; let it speak for itself. On second thoughts, I see it is not meant to be witty at all, but is writ in sober sadness.

“Vocabulaire; Aulique, Architectonique, Bel-lique, Brasilique, Comique, Chimique, Dogmatique, Dendrologique, Ecclesiastique, Economique, Floriferique, Fructiferique, Geographique, Gnomonique, Homonimique, Hieroglogique, Ictyologique, Isagogique, Laeonique (that I take leave to doubt), Lithologique, Meteorologique, Neoterique, Orthographique, Ornithologique, Poetique, Philologique, Quidditativique, Rustique, Symbolique, Syllabique,

Theologique, Therapeutique, Technologique, Uranologique, Zenophonique, Zoologique."

Another author of some fame of yore, in Lusitanian literary circles, was Dom Francisco Manuel de Mello. This wielder of the pen was also a wielder of the sword, for he held for many years a high rank in the army of Portugal. Without inditing a handsome allowance of ten prefaces to each of his productions, he courted observation by indulging in a love of odd titles. That this was the line he took, the following specimens will perhaps prove — "Moral Dialogues of Speaking Watches" (of course, the object was to show the value of time, and, had there been such beings in his day, not inappropriately might he have dedicated these hints of Speaking Watches to railway directors and superintendents); "The Avaricious Counting-House;" "The Fair of Punsters;" "The Busy-Body, a Farce"—we have heard of such a one as that, too, in England;—"The Impossible, a Tragedy" (not a bad name, for we all know how many impossible tragedies are acted—and approved of); "Advice to Married People" (which cannot by any possibility be as good as "Punch's" excellent "Counsel to those *about* to marry—Don't!"); "Manifestoes on Royal Assassinations;" and "Apologies for Idleness," which surely were unnecessary, if he spoke for himself, for he wrote about sixty works in the midst of his many military duties.

Augustin Barbosa was another learned author. A very poor Grub Street author indeed was he; and his position need not have been envied by any street-sweeper in good business, certainly; for only once in every twenty-four hours could he

afford a meal; and what sort of a meal it was, we may guess.

King Denis was a prose writer and a poet; he wrote some song-books, which are preserved only in ancient MS. (*cuncioneiros*). His son, Alfonso, was likewise said to dabble a little in the streams of Castaly; as also Peter, the husband of the unhappy Inez de Castro, and son of Alfonso. Antonio Ferreira was often termed the Portuguese Horace. He manufactured sonnets and odes with grace and skill. One of his productions is a pleasant tale of a national saint, with the pretty dove-like name, Colomba; the damsel, being exposed to the pertinacious courtship of a Saracen king whom she particularly disliked, absented herself without leave, and, having wandered far, was seized with fear and dismay, still dreading, above all, to see her hated persecutor appear. Colomba the fair, in her distress, with a pretty grief that might melt the heart of a stone—and did—called upon a rugged-looking rock that happened to be near, to afford her hospitality and protection; which rugged rock immediately affectionately opened his amiable granite arms, and the gentle fair one disappeared; while a murmuring fountain sprang forth on the spot where her tears had fallen, and her feet trodden, said to possess some miraculous properties,—not so unlikely, considering that the circumstances were a little miraculous altogether, perhaps. The Saracen, I suppose was, in retributory fashion, roasted, fried, broiled, boiled, or par-boiled. Colomba seemed to have abominated that amorous heathen so greatly, that one might almost suspect he had sat for the original portrait of the celebrated Saracen's head,

and been remarkably like that masterly sketch into the bargain.

If our conjectures are right as to an authentic likeness of the aforesaid gentleman, it cannot be said, in Shakspearian language, that "he died and made no sign."

Gil Vicente wrote spiritual dramas, which were denominated, in the language of the day, "Autos;" pleasanter *autos*, we should hope, than those which were manufactured out of heretics, fagots, a good brisk fire, and a ha'porth of resin and pitch. He is said in some of his pieces to have introduced a *méléc*, which may be likened to nothing earthly or unearthly but a Coalition Ministry. Here is a sample of his Happy Family, all introduced on the stage at one and the same time:—the Church of Rome impersonated (how, I know not); Mercury, the god of thieves; the very elderly gentleman whom Cornelius Agrippa, according to a late author, personified by that empty purse we have already alluded to—in short, the Deuce; and Time and a seraph;—the medley, mythological, ecclesiastical, celestial, and stygian, is a curious mixture altogether, manufactured by the imaginative Gil. But enough of these old Portuguese authors; none of those worthies—not even King Denis himself, could well have concocted a better epistle than the one that Dom John the Fourth sent to Philip the Fourth of Spain, who, on hearing the former had been crowned King of Portugal, thus dispossessing his Spanish Majesty of the Lusitanian throne, had addressed to him a remonstrance, couched in somewhat haughty terms, telling him he had heard some very odd news, which he could not believe, and recommending him not to hazard

the loss of the esteem he had for him, by heading a "mutinous rabble;" advising him "so to comport himself, that his person may escape danger"—apparently delicately alluding to hanging—and beginning "Cousin and Duke," and ending, "Your Cousin and KING."

John's reply was thus:—

"My kingdom, wishing to have its natural king, and my subjects being oppressed with taxes and impositions" [a knack most subjects have], "have done what they long designed and desired to do—given me what belongs to me. Wherefore, if any go about to take the same from me, I shall seek justice in arms.

"DOM JOHN THE FOURTH,
"KING OF PORTUGAL."

These two documents are a little like the Hibernian helligherent *billets-doux* of old, between two kings, or chiefs, who had "the laste taste in life of a death-quarrel."

"Pay me what you owe me, or else——
"O'DONNELL."

"I owe you nothing; and if I did——
"O'NEIL."

Sancho the Second might not be so famous as some of his brother kings, either in the matter of epistolary correspondence or poetical lucubrations; but he was a celebrated beauty. How enchanting and irresistible this lady-killer must have been, we may form only a faint idea from the brief description of one of his chroniclers, in which his very great personal attractions are enumerated, and

where prominently figure — indeed, they are evidently the crowning charms — “Green eyes and a long nose!” Green eyes were admired in those days in Portugal, and, it seems, a lengthy nose also.

By some accounts I have met with, it would appear this royal Adonis often sat for his picture, and generally was depicted flourishing a sceptre, with a *pigeon* perched upon it; but I fear the Royal Academicians of that date and land were not artists of a very imposing calibre, for the chronicler gravely adds, with an ingenuous distrust of their powers of representation, and haply of his own discrimination, or modestly feeling himself no judge — nobody — *pas même Académicien*, “or it might be a *stork*.” “Very like a whale,” another might think, perhaps. Sancho’s queen was also celebrated for her charms. Whether the beautiful “green-eyed monster” was jealous of her, I know not, but he would have *looked* the character to perfection.

His successor, Alfonso the Third, who was surnamed the Bolognese, took the title of Regent on his deposition; but on his brother’s decease was saluted king. He had some difficulty in forcing divers of the fortified towns to acknowledge his dominion. At the siege of Bebedo a singular incident is related; the garrison were almost on the point of starvation, when one day a bird of prey let fall a fine trout, which it had successfully fished out of the Mondego, into the town. Immediately the astute Governor, Ferdinand Rodriguez Pacheco, who had valorously defended Bebedo, sent it with his respectful compliments, as a slight offering to the Regent; on which the latter thinking, as Pacheco intended he should, that the garrison must be thoroughly well supplied,

and living on the fat of the land—and water, raised the siege, and took his departure for Coimbra, straightway.

Alfonzo the Second was a noted beauty, and might, perhaps, have rivalled the fascinating Sancho. He was “immensely fat, with lively eyes, yellow hair, and generally handsome.” A pity he had not green eyes, too; they would have contrasted finely with the “yellow hair!”

Some of the earlier Portuguese monarchs, when neither lady-killers nor hards, were occasionally warriors on a very vast scale indeed; for instance, Alfonzo the First (the first King of Portugal) overthrew “thirty kings, besides lesser potentates”—smaller fry innumerable. I think the courtly historian, somewhat dazzled by his mighty exploits, must have counted some of those poor vanquished sovereigns four or five times over. One of these soundly-beaten monarchs was Alfonzo the Seventh, of Castile.

The long war that took place, marked with so much violence and fury, between Spain and Portugal, was, doubtless, the original source of that dislike and bitterness of feeling which has subsisted ever between the inhabitants of the different sections of the Peninsula. The Portuguese say sometimes of their neighbours, that of all abominable things, animate and inanimate, a Spaniard is the most abominable.

The haughty Castilians are not backward in ridiculing and animadverting on the faults of the Portuguese, who, they say, contemptuously, are “*Pocos y locos*”—Few,—and fools too.

Before we have done with this “bald, disjointed talk,” and irregular remarks on some of the Lusi-

tanian rulers, let us say a few words on Peter the Cruel; by some, surnamed Peter the Just. The latter distinguishing appellation was probably bestowed upon him in consequence of several striking acts on his part, which displayed justice of a rather severe and ferocious nature. Perhaps among them may be classed the following:—He condemned a clerk of the Treasury to the gallows for receiving a bribe; he beheaded a gentleman for staying a countryman's eask that was full; and commanded that another should also suffer decapitation for pulling a poursuivant's beard, and striking him; and he ordered that an offender should pay nine times over the price of some cups of silver which he had borrowed, and declined altogether to restore to their rightful owner.

On another occasion, a church dignitary of high rank had taken umbrage at the slow or inefficient manner in which a poor mason had performed some work for him. The churchman's mode of procedure was not precisely calculated to make the wretched man work better or more busily, for he killed him on the spot. For this outrageous act, the court that was duly appointed to try persons of his office and station merely sentenced him to be suspended from saying mass for one year. Peter, who had avoided interfering in the matter till the sentence was recorded, then sent for the son of the murdered mason, and gave him a few broad hints to take the law into his own hands, and to kill the priest. The son, shortly afterwards, put the ecclesiastic to death, in a manner as summary as that in which he had destroyed the unfortunate mason. The consequence of this rather serious tit for tat was, that he fell into the clutches of the law, and with remarkable celerity

was condemned to an ignominious death. Now, the sovereign's sanction was indispensably necessary before this sentence could be executed; and, when the subject was brought before Pedro, he quietly asked by what trade the criminal got his livelihood. He was told the culprit's trade was the same as his father's had been. "Is it so?" quoth Dom Pedro, as grave as a judge: "then I commute his sentence, and restrain him most positively from meddling with stones and mortar for a twelvemonth."

Subsequently to this, he inflicted the punishment of death on the clergy when they committed capital crimes; and, upon their petitioning him, and beseeching that he would be pleased to refer their causes to a superior tribunal, exclaimed, "It is the very thing I do!—for I send them to the first of all tribunals—that of their Maker and mine." He cruelly ordered that a friar who had committed an offence against his order should be fastened in a cork-case and sawn in two.

Notwithstanding these barbarities, this king was exceedingly liberal, and was so popular with the Portuguese, that, after his death, they said of him, "He should never have been born; or he should never have died." They should have said the same thing of another of their kings, to judge by the *sobriquet* they gave him — "the Perfect." This was Dom John the Second, in whose career there is much to remind the English student of history of that of our Henry the Fifth. It was during his reign, that on the French restoring a captured vessel, called a "cavel" (the same species of ship as that which carried the illustrious Columbus to America), it was discovered a little parroquet was missing. The king claimed imme-

diate restitution of this bird, and positively refused to set free some French vessels, that were in his power, till poor pretty Poll was produced, ceremoniously liberated, and duly yielded up in solemn form to the Portuguese Government: "For," said he, "I would have them know the flag of Portugal shall protect even a parroquet!"

The third John was called by his subjects "the Compassionate," but their sentiments would not, I opine, be endorsed by a great number of persons who were the victims of a popular institution in Roman Catholic countries of that day; for his reign was particularly noted for the establishment of the Inquisition; it was also remarkable for a bitter persecution of the Jews. A severe earthquake occurred during this reign at Lisbon. Sebastian's romantic history is too well known for me to say anything of it.

After him came Henry, the Cardinal King; and then Philip the Second of Spain; and Philip the Third; and Philip the Fourth; and then John the Fourth (surnamed "the Restorer")—these were the heroes of the O'Neil and O'Donnell correspondence. It was the latter sovereign, I believe, who inscribed a work he wrote to a fiddler of fame in his day, one Rebello. After John the Fourth, Alfonzo the Sixth, "the Victorious," wore the Portuguese crown. He was remarkable for his unpopularity with the clergy; and, indeed, his subjects in general seem to have had but little love and reverence for him.

If his lay-subjects, however, had as little to say against him in the way of complaint as his clerical ones, it would certainly seem this poor prince was "more sinned against than sinning;" for his eccle-

siastical censors assuredly appeared to be very hard put to it to establish any charge against him; in demonstration of which may be cited the following, as specimens of the accusations they formally pronounced:—"That he had been guilty of laughing at the comets, calling them names, and firing off pistols at them." One should have thought that was the comets' affair, not theirs. It really seemed an innocent mode of killing time; he could not well have killed the comets. As to the calling names and laughing, did he call them a *posse comitatus*? It would have been such, certainly, if there were many of them. He might have desired their destruction—and the plenishing of his planetary game-bag; or meteoric meat-larder; but we all know how the respectable Mrs. Glasse, of culinary celebrity, lays it down as a law in cookery, and experience justifies us in thinking this law applies to most other things,—even to less important concerns,—with perhaps almost equal force. "If you wish to cook a hare," she says, I believe, "first catch your hare." Well, then, if you want to give comets, of all fowls of the air, a basting, a roasting, or calling over the coals, you must first catch your comets; at all events, if you desire to pop away at them, they must be there to be popped away at, or you will certainly do nothing more than fire your pistol in the *air*. Now, it does not seem that comets, even if comeatable, are such gregarious luminaries that they are to be seen, as the wording of the accusation would lead us to suppose, in dozens at a time. They might as well have gone a little further, and said that the flippant prince pulled their tails. If "the Victorious" had no worse crime to weigh on his conscience than this

love of a good day's — or night's — sport, — than this shooting, in short, of rather shy, high-flying, eccentric game, he must have been a good king. By the way, did he take astronomers for his pointers and setters, and almanac-makers for his retrievers?

After him came the second Peter ("the Pacific"); then John the Fifth; Joseph (in whose reign the frightful earthquake took place); and then Maria the First.

CHAPTER XIX.

THERE is a Protestant cemetery at Lisbon, and in that cemetery lie the remains of the celebrated Henry Fielding. For too long a period the last resting-place of this highly-distinguished man was allowed to remain without memorial or inscription; but it has now both, a conspicuous monument having been reared above the spot where his ashes are entombed, and this monument being enriched with a Latin inscription; but neither are worthy of the man to whom they are intended to do honour. Noble cypress-trees cast their melancholy and befitting shade on the sequestered walks of the cemetery.

This burial-place was assigned to the British, as long ago as the year 1655, in fulfilment of the fourteenth article of the treaty concluded, during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, between England and Portugal. A Protestant chapel was built within the burial-ground, subsequently to the treaty of Vienna; it is simple in construction, and without any remarkable feature. One cannot help wondering how churchyards, and funereal monuments fared, in general, during the dread dispensation of the great earthquake; it must have had a ghastly and appalling effect indeed, if the dead were universally disturbed, and their peaceful

sepulchres broken up, by the shock of those awful concussions. Doubtless many monuments reared to do honour to the departed must have been injured, if not destroyed, in the general wreck; and the dim, grey Houses of the Silent must have been here and there shattered and defaced, as well as the happy Homes of the Living. Indeed, I apprehend, it is a well-known fact, that in various places the mouldering remains of the Dead were exposed to view during Earth's heaving throes.

In the Roman Catholic cemetery of the Height of Pleasures (Alto des Prazères) are to be seen some fine monuments. The Duke of Palmella, some years since, bought a portion of the territory connected with this burial-ground, for the purpose of interring there the members of his family. At his expense large vaults, and an extensive mortuary chapel, have been built. Before the year 1833 the practice of burying in churches in the city was constantly followed in the capital, and throughout the whole of the kingdom, but it is now effectually put a stop to. A law was passed in that year positively forbidding any interments within the city for the future; and this revolting and highly-reprehensible custom is entirely discontinued. Setting aside the sanitary view of the question, of such vast importance in itself, how much more soothing is it to the feelings of affectionate mourners, that the precious remains of those they loved—those they still love—in place of resting amongst the seething haunts of men, should repose amidst the quiet beauty and freshness of Nature, with all her gracious accompaniments of dews, and breezes, and leaves, and boughs, and blossoms, so pure and untainted, and shedding around such soft influences, and replete

with such inspiring associations! It hardly seems consistent with what we love to talk of,—the peace and quiet of the tomb, to feel that the noisy omnibus, thundering heavily along, is jarring the cold remains in their last earthly dwelling-place; that, instead of the plaintive note of the sweet wild dove, or warbling nightingale, the cabman's oath, the newspaper-man's cry, are sounding over the mournful headstones.

Then, when we think of Death, thus foully dishonoured and thus desecrated, midst rank and steaming horrors, and with those grisly, ghastly abominations contrasted by the most vulgar commonplaces of every-day life, it seems a laidley thing—the repulsive features of its aspect are what we dwell on;—but when all Nature's loveliest enchantments surround the tomb, so exquisitely doth she connect it link by link with her beauty, her sublimity, her glory, and sweetness, that the moving star above the grave seems to be, as it were, a part of the grave; or, rather, the dewy, flower-clad, smiling grave itself, seems a part of the pale, and mystic, and earth-severed star that watches above it: for it seems earth-severed also!—sundered from this world, as if by all the burning company of worlds arrayed above!—as if by all the dazzling bands of Angels and Archangels hovering anear where the Human melts off into the Immortal and Etherial! Its mystic history is not of this murky globe; 'tis inscribed in the blazing archives of the realms on high, for ever. It is the whole globe itself that is the grave,—the tomb is the opened door of Heaven. There is *there* a length, and a breadth, and a height, and a depth, that mock the puny proportions of our mortal sphere. Does it not lead forth

at once into the Illimitable? Does Eternity not begin where that gray tomb looks calmly out on space? Does Time not shrink back instinctively from the brink of that shallow pit which shall yet swallow up his sceptre-scythe at the last? For when those he aided to lay low in the Dust throb and kindle back to life, he shall know he hath no more Past!—he shall know he can have no more Future, and his little troubled, fleeting, shifting Present, shall melt off into the great steadfast Now,—the perfect self-containing, self-circling, immutable Now. He shall vanish before the awful face of Him who conquered for us the inheritance of Glory, whose feet rests on the vasty sun-blazing circle of Eternity. Death, too, he is a self-destroyer. Every blow he deals, wounds himself. Death and Time! ye rule over the world, and the world's victors and masters. Your rod of Empire is outstretched over the flushed, breathing Lords of Life. Your bondsmen and vassals, they await your nod. Ye, the Giant-twin, clasp your shadowy hands in awful pact above their doomed, down-bent heads: the double-edged sword waves over them. They are your tributaries—the fearful tribute ye shall exact; they owe it still—they must pay it—once—in full. Thou, Death! thou seizest thy victims; they are thine; but thy keen, grappling gripe, hath at once crushed their clay-fetters,—the dread debt is paid, and at the self-same moment thy slaves and captives (victorious victims!) escape. Thou smitest them, and they are saved from thee; thou fastenest thy long-threatened grasp on them—fully thou fastenest it, and they are free! Death and Time! ye rule over the yet m-stricken, in their frail license of continuance, and brief privilege of abiding, over Earth's still-existing

Powers and Peoples. Ye reign, their silent Suzerains ye hold dark dominion over them. The living, the living below, must endure your yoke. They bear the mark and impress of the broad arrow of either king; they are claimed by ye: mighty monarchs! they are yours. To ye they are subject; and service and obedience must they render—fealty and homage. Behold the tremblers! They are liable to your despot-fats and edicts; in forced allegiance they hang on your beck and bidding. Are they not caught and trailed along by the dusky, far-sweeping folds and hem of your kingly robes, and cloudy Purple, low in the wormy dust? Your eclipse of shadow is over them. All-conquering Time, and thou grisly tyrant, Death, ye reign! Where are ye illustriously challenged and o'ercome? Where are ye without might and strength? In the grave! even in their grave. There ye are powerless! Between that and the eldest Heavens streams the changeless mystery of Eternity—the all-embracing Eternity itself. Yea! even now, straight down to the grave, through all Worlds and Heavens, it stretches like a ray of uncreated light; and the worm may feast and revel: she hath verily but a little night to feast in. And ye, ye two-leagued, Titans!—ye are but as the stupendous, ever-waving Wings, rushing unceasingly onward, to bear this heaving orb and all its precious freight of indestructible souls to the regions of endless beatitude, and of imperishable triumph,—to whirl it swiftly into the depths of that all-encircling Eternity. We speak of the Majesty of Death,—what is it but the Majesty of the Soul—that we know is then freed and delivered from the dark influences of Mortality—that we know is thus awfully stepping on the

veiled threshold of the Great Beyond? We weep over the sepulchre! yet what is the grave but the great horizon-line of all this visible Humanity, touching the Heaven, and the Heaven of Heavens? and, with prophetic insight, ye can yet see from behind it arise in inextinguishable glory the Sun of the quickening morn of Immortality, that shall light our rejoicing March from Everlasting to Everlasting!

In the crowded city-churchyards far other thoughts intrude. What can you think of there, save the skull, the charnel, and—the worm? The hard, cold, loathsome, dark realities of corruption seem forced on you. Death itself becomes blacker, sterner; less solemn, but more fearful; less impressive, but more despotic. Certainly, the bestowal of our dead in flower-enamelled and tree-over-shadowed burial-grounds is more consolatory to our feelings; but better than all was the plan of the ancients—consuming by purifying fire, and collecting the ashes in an urn. There corruption and the worm came not.

THE WORM.*

1.

Thou grovelling horror! thou most abject form!
 Despised, yet dreaded, scorn'd, yet sovereign worm;
 Thou silent, spiry, creeping, ghostly thing!
 To thee the swift world bendeth on the wing:

* Part of this was originally published by me, anonymously, in "The Keepsake."

For thee that world was made—to thee it goes,
 While thou remain'st in thy secure repose.
 Kings go to thee, and quail; and there lay down
 The imperial sceptre and the jewell'd crown:
 Thou reignest queen, and all submit to thee—
 'There seems no limit to thy sovereignty.

2.

No eagle can escape thee; from the sun
 It drops into thy maw: its triumphs done,
 Its soarings check'd, its hurrying raptures past,
 The prey-bird is thy helpless prey at last:
 The conqueror's wreaths thou'rt cunning to untwine,
 All hosts, all armaments, must yet be thine—
 The victors and the vanquish'd, all must yield:
 Yes! thou remain'st true mistress of the field;
 They fought, they raged, they struggled, and—they fell,
 Conquerors and conquer'd come with thee to dwell.

3.

In humble, lowly guise they come, the hand
 Unclenched from the awful bâton of command,
 They blow no trump, they boast no triumphs now,
 More than the banner—see, they veil the brow!
 The hoarse cry "Victory" in their throats they check,
 They bring *thy* trophy—'tis their own bleak wreck!—
 For this they wrought, then? toiled, and slav'd, and dared
 All scathes, all shocks; by no dire terrors scared?
 Tush! those they serve shall grasp the prize,—shall shine,
 Nay, the possessors, with the prize, are thine!

4.

Present and past possessors, rivals, foes,
 And each proud meel they sought or snatched, even those
 They stak'd their souls on, fired with zeal insane
 Their living souls,—thine own, all thine remain.
 Men search the unfruitful waste—the old stormy brine,—
 Delve the rich soil, or probe the teeming mine—
 They wait on Science—seek with sleepless strife
 To count the fibres of man's inmost life,
 Of Nature's inmost and most hidden scheme—
 And still thine appaungo their conquests seem.

5.

A little while, 'tis true, a little while,
 Successive generations bless their toil—
 Deem they hold fast those spoils that melt away,
 Where can be no Continuance and no Stay.
 No ; 'tis mnest hopeless!—Time and thee o'erpower
 All th' empty vanities of Life's brief hour.
 Strange vanities,—Say! are not all things vain?
 Since *thy* dread mark is on them—*thy* dull stain—
 Alike the car, the tribune, and the throne,
 See their proud occupants thy mastery own.

6.

Earth's haughtiest warriors, in their strongest fort,
 Shall yet become thy victims and thy sport ;
 Learning, for thee, leaves all its cherish'd stores,
 Its royal riches on the dust it pours.
 Avarice forsakes his hoards ; in jocund May
 The Bard may haply turn him from the spray
 Prankt' with new-franchised leaves, or from the dell
 Where the rathe violets in their sweetness dwell,
 To go to thee!—foul, loathsome thing—to thee,—
 Shall the ice-chill coil wind round Eternity?

7.

Proud Beauty (though the crowning rose, that threw
 New light o'er summer, near it pallid grew,
 Beauty, lays down all!—all her sumptuous arms,
 And yields the lustrous treasure of her charms,
 To thee for ever, thou unvanquish'd worm,
 Heir of that universe then dost deform!
 No rebels can disturb thy despot sway,
 No rivals lure *thy* cherish'd ones away:
 Yet, hail to thee! at least, where'er thou art
 Shall never ache again the o'er-burthened heart!—

8.

Then ne'er shall flow again the impassioned tear,
 To think the death-doomed should be made so dear,
 Where sways thy ghastly, ghostly presence, there
 Straight yields its blighting rule, Earth-withering Care ;

Peace dwells with thee—Peace shrinks not, cowering back
 From thy grim mansions, from thy slimy track;
 She lays her rose-tinged cheek in loving rest
 Near thee, she pillows thee on her soft breast.
 No wars are there—nay, wherefore should there be?—
 Resistance and Defiance stop with thee!—

9.

No War against the Worm!—there all succumb,
 Patient and passive,—powerless, checked, and dumb,—
 Who dare besiege thy strongholds?—those who dare
 Thy sway but spread—thy banquet but prepare,
 All helps thy Festival!—When Empires see
 War's pomp and triumph, 'tis *thy* jubilee!—
 Hark! sounds the charge,—force bursts the artillery's roar,—
 Heroes in nations swell thy State, and store!
 Success and Conquest even seek one dark Shrine,
 Dominion, Pride, Renewal, one goal—'tis thine!

10.

Perish the powers of Honour and of Arms,
 Before thy path,—sink Glory's glittering swarms;
 Still, *thy* reign, too, shall end, pale Queen of Dust,
 This world of worms is not the Christian's trust:
 Destroy it!—gnaw it to its granite core!
 The undying spirit lives yet more and more!
 Eternity flows through its every thought,
 Thy deeds shall be undone, thy works unwrought:
 Oh! what a glorious world shall that yet be
 Which waits to rise from ruins, and from thee!

11.

What wish can match it, and what dream can paint?
 Even Hope and Expectation there wax faint;
 Come! wing'd Imagination! fearless power,
 Soar in thy fiery freedom's raptur'd hour,
 Trace link by link, and light by light explore
 The electric chain of Life that ends no more:
 The immortal mansions greet, whose boundless blaze,
 For ever kindling, brightens on the gaze;
 High Priestess of the Charnel, hence! away!
 Nought in that wondrous world can prove *thy* prey.

12.

Come! wing'd Imagiuations! lift the soul
Beyond where light may reach or systems roll;
Come! rike the roomy Thought from space to space,
Till all creation round its powers embrace:
It cannot stretch so far, nor mount so high
As that new field of man's great destiny—
For him a fresh bright universe up-springs,
On fire with Joy, ablaze with Crowns and Wings,
Beyond this sphere, so dark with cloud and storm,
Whose mightiest conqueror is its vilest worm!

CHAPTER XX.

THE beggars here seem treated with much the same complimentary courtesy that is shown them in Mexico; and I suppose I shall also find it so in Spain. The mendicants themselves do not always make a point of reciprocating this politeness, and are accused of abusing those who do not listen favourably to their importunities; it is said by some to be from an old superstition, or falsely-imbibed notion respecting the sort of religious or sacred character of these beggars, that this excessive civility towards them springs. I believe often, if a beggar approaches a shop, whining, of course, where perhaps ten or a dozen customers are collected dawdling about (rather than making many purchases), and helping each other to dawdle about, and watching the whining beggar dawdle about, and looking at the master of the establishment dawdling about too, they will all raise their hats, as if instinctively, to the lazy, sturdy ragamuffin at the door, who, however, probably would like something more solid than those courtesies. The heroes of the scrip care little for such amenities; bows, and *no reis*, being in their beggarly estimation not half as pleasant as the vulgar dole of kicks and halfpence.

I remember that a lady, an intimate acquaintance of mine, who was short-sighted, used constantly, at one time, in London, to return the petitioning bows and serapes of beggars with great courtesy and affability; for, not distinguishing their features, and only observing the urbane salutation, she thought it was from some acquaintance, whom distance prevented her recognising; in happy unconsciousness she would pass on, but occasionally, some other person in the carriage would inform her what she had done, and describe the very sour and disgusted looks of the disappointed mendicant (less used to such ceremonious observances than these Lisbon vagrants), who must have thought the lady was mocking him.

It is not often you see a Portuguese give to the beggars, and how they live is matter of curiosity; they generally very quietly and kindly dismiss them, in the established form, with the words, "Perdoa, irmao," and off goes the hat simultaneously, but the halfpence simultaneously remain peacefully in the pocket!

The reis, which they always reckon in here, are imaginary coins of wonderfully little worth. I have heard Spaniards remark, that this suits exactly the bombastical, boastful pomposity of the Portuguese character. The former assure you that in this country a man positively delights in complacently telling you he gave so many thousand reis for his watch, summing up the mighty cost with vast unction and zest to a fraction; or in startling you, if a stranger, by ostentatiously informing you his washing lately amounted to four thousand (which *does* surprise you—considerably); or in coolly observing to you he has so many millions per annum,

while you know that the high-sounding sum hardly keeps him in the very barest necessities of life; to wit, cigars and garlic;—but the Spaniards are very hard on their Lusitanian brethren. This species of self-deception is catching; in fact, you begin to feel yourself a millionaire; bills of five thousand, ten, twenty thousand reis, pour in upon you—you pay them without the slightest hesitation; you seem to have found Fortunatus' purse. A millionaire? pshaw! are you not more,—a billionaire?

I was glad to be informed that the peasantry in this country are merciful and kind to their animals; if it is really so, it shows a good disposition, and a right tone of feeling. The villagers, they say, will often spare no expense within their means, if the poor beasts fall ill, to procure the attendance of cattle-doctors, and to buy them medicines; though this is done in a spirit of benevolent disinterestedness, they, of course, reap a reward for their kind conduct, as their animals are thus often saved to them, when otherwise they would perish, or become comparatively useless. The strongest possible testimony of affection and esteem a countryman can give to a dear friend is to say, that to be able to assist him he is ready to part with his beloved oxen. The peasants actually treat these animals on a footing of entire equality with themselves. The horrible noise their carts make, I find they consider keeps all evil spirits from both beasts and men. It is enough to take off all spirits altogether, I should think—for a more lachrymose, lamentable, hideous, woe-begone, ear-splitting, joy-killing, pulse-lowering, thought-scaring, brain-bewildering, sense-shocking, nerve-grinding, soul-harrowing, heart-piercing, dismaying, discordant sound cannot be well imagined; you

might think fifty couple of captives were chained to the triumphal cart-wheels, and all yelling and screeching in despair and distraction.

If all one hears and reads is true (but this is not very likely), Lisbon is probably now at its maximum of cleanliness ; at any rate, it is extremely doubtful that it will ever become much more purified than at present, for I read lately, in a little account of Portugal, that not only do the natives feel great indifference with respect to bad airs and noxious effluvia, but that some of them positively like it, thinking the air would be very *insipid* without it ; and they declare that it is particularly good for the nerves ! and also that it is an excellent preventive against the plague, and various disorders. This is, indeed, a Moorish idea, and I must take leave to doubt its being entertained by any educated Portuguese of the present day ; a century ago it perhaps might have existed.

In former days, as I have before had occasion to remark, the inhabitants of this portion of the Iberian Peninsula were very much inclined to superstition, and even of late years many anecdotes illustrative of a tendency to that weakness have been circulated. Probably in the country such feelings and prejudices are less eradicated than in the large towns ; on Festival days, still, I understand, the people are accustomed to bring many votive offerings to their saints. These offerings are generally of a humble, homely, and domestic description—such as cloth, manufactured by their own industrious fingers, the rudely spoils of their orchards, and poultry. With regard to the first, it must be remembered that the Portuguese peasant is generally skilful in the use of the loom and distaff. They

will often undertake a pretty long journey on foot to visit the shrine of a popular saint on his festival-day; and they usually make a social jaunt of it, going in parties of a dozen or so, accompanied very frequently by a musician.

At times the simple, artless company is chatty and merry, but on some occasions an oppressive silence chills them, to which they have bound themselves by a vow. The women and girls present a singular appearance on these little pilgrimages, for they walk with their throats encircled by bright and costly gold chains, and, perhaps, long dangling earrings depending to their shoulders, while their chausserie is *nil*; for it is barefooted they trudge along to the shrine of their saint. They sometimes assemble at a cross, where a young child, deputed by the priests, attends, and is armed with a bowl or salver, usually formed of metal, but of other materials occasionally. The ceremony commonly proceeds thus curiously:—One of our friends, the stranger pedestrians, exhibits a fine fowl, perchance, and exclaims, “Now! Who’ll buy?—who’ll buy? Who’ll buy, I say, this fine fat hen of San Francisco?” (if it is his festival,) or “of Nossa Senhora?” (if it is that of the Blessed Virgin). “Here! make haste, for Nossa Senhora is very desirous of disposing of this fowl. Who’ll buy this capital fowl of Nossa Senhora?” It is generally soon that a suitable price is offered, and being paid down in hard cash, and counted, not into the owner’s palm, but into the priest’s salver, the same fat hen, by a peculiar arrangement, is again offered for sale, by San Francisco’s agent, the sum produced is again ecclesiastically appropriated, and thus the sale continues till the fowl has been bought and sold not

a few times—and others besides the fowl are sold too, perhaps, and may mentally remark that “Saints are kittle cattle to shoe.” The end of the affair usually is, that the “fine fat hen” is served up for his reverence’s repast, who devours it out of pure compliment to San Francisco, down to the very parson’s nose, and has a merrythought of his own, in addition to the fowl’s, at the expense of the honest peasants, who have paid the piper. There are sometimes really quite considerable sums given at these mock sales by the very good, or the very bad—which latter are anxious to win favour from Nossa Senhora, or their sainted patron or patroness, in this manner, and hope that their peccadilloes will be overlooked, in consideration of their ultra-liberality. These sums, of course, are given by wealthier devotees.

Mrs. Baillie related in an amusing book, some years since, a circumstance that took place while she was at Lisbon, which strongly demonstrates how deep-rooted were the superstitious notions of bigotry and ignorance in the minds of the people of Portugal. Much of this exists still.

A peasant lad was chasing a rabbit in a field not many miles from the city: this rabbit, after running some time, crept into a hole for refuge, pursued closely by the dog. As the latter did not again make his appearance, the boy resolved to enter the aperture after him, and ascertain the cause of his remaining within. Accordingly, with some difficulty, he groped his way through the small low entrance, and found himself, very much to his surprise, he said, in a kind of cavern, or hermitage, at the extreme end of which he beheld an image of the Madonna.

Of course this wonderful discovery was soon

made public, and it was stated, that when the child first entered the cave he found both the rabbit and dog, cheek by jowl, upon their bended knees, in adoration of the miraculous image. Crowds of people, of all classes, hurried to the spot; and countless miracles, it was affirmed, were wrought by the image, which was of very small dimensions, and was denominated, from the situation in which it was discovered, "Nossa Senhora de Baracca" (our Lady of the Cave).

Some days after this surprising discovery the newly-found treasure vanished from the rocky shrine, and an eager search instantaneously commenced.

This strange Chevy Chase was a vain one. Now and then there was a view-holla, but this was generally found to be a mistake, and all were at fault. A poor peasant at length accidentally rediscovered it (this second *trouvaille* was not by means of the coney and the cur), when he was ploughing in a neighbouring field. As he was pursuing his rural employment his oxen suddenly stood stock-still; they merely laughed at the goad, and turned a deaf ear to all his remonstrances: he was puzzled by their unwonted obstinacy.

All at once they began dancing and twirling round and round a tree that stood there, like so many horned, and tailed, and hooped Dervishes. The poor Portuguese Hodge was astounded; he rubbed his eyes; he opened his mouth, and, probably, then he scratched his head—but that is not recorded in history;—in fact, he tried all the most approved methods of enlightening the human intellect—methods generally considered infallible by persons of his class. He could not understand it:

his oxen had always been highly respectable animals (steady enough to have been yoked with Pegasus, as in Retzsch's noble drawings). What could have happened to them? They seemed demented. Had they been horses, now, they *might* have taken half a pint too much, for Portuguese horses are known to be wine-bibbers: but these sober oxen! it was passing strange!

As the dew-lapped votaries of Terpsichore, with many a charming bellow, continued their *pas de zépher*, or whatever *pas* it was, the poor man chanced to cast his eyes on the tree they were capering round, on the light fantastic hoof, and he perceived the famous image dangling from one of the boughs, like a very curious kind of stone-fruit. Astonished at such a sudden and singular production of nature, he, perhaps involuntarily, glanced at the ground he had been assiduously ploughing, half-expecting he might see a supernatural crop there too. Not a profane mythological crop like that which was the subject of some quaint outlined illustrations of an old legend—those that “the Doctor” tells us about, representing Cupid “sowing a field, and little heads springing out of the ground on all sides,” some up to the nose or chin, some up to the neck, others to the plummy shoulders, and some with the arms out. “If the crops were examined,” continues our dear Doctor, “I agree with Mr. Wordsworth, that poets would be found as thick as darnel in that corn.” But such a growth as this, of little winged dandiprats, the ploughman could not have anticipated for an instant. Of crops of Cupids our unlettered Hodge knew nought;—(though a whole harvest of them might be ripe and golden, and waving in his heart

at the moment). It is possible, indeed, he might have entertained a faint, shadowy notion, that peradventure a crop of young cherubims might have sprung up there—those little kit-kat celestials: however, that idea was a vain one, and he returned to the contemplation of the wondrous figure on the tree. When he had first recognised it, his oxen, the self-taught, eighty-stone-weight, bucolic ballet-dancers, like the little bunny and the sagacious bow-wow, had, after a few more rapid waltzing turns, dropt on their knees,—and there they remained.

It may naturally be anticipated that all Lisbon hurried to pay homage to this wonderful image. It was soon nearly buried in splendid vestments and gifts of all sorts, among which figured a crown enriched with precious brilliants, and there were almost miles of gold chain conspicuous among the costly presents. The Queen went to the spot in state, with a grand procession, and made an offering of a fine lamp of silver.

For some time, the consecrated field resembled a vast fair, where long strings of carriages might be seen, and dense throngs of the citizens and country people, generally crammed and crowded together on their knees, either at or near the mouth of the far-famed grotto, which was somewhat difficult of access, people being obliged to creep in at the narrow entrance on their hands and knees. Whether the royal party had to crawl in on “all-fours” I know not, but I suppose so. The priests and friars declared that an exquisite fragrance was perpetually streaming from the figure; and the numerous visitors were wont to exclaim, as they scrambled up on their feet again inside the cave,

“What a delicious odour! what a matchless perfume!”

It was whispered by some audacious person who entered the mysterious recess, that the rankest fumes of garlic and oil were particularly powerful in its atmosphere, and unquestionably actually predominated there. The smell—a very common one in Portugal—being confined by the close air of the grotto, gained greater force; an “exquisite fragrance,” though by no means a miraculously-strange manifestation, this would assuredly seem in the nostrils of the good, next to the odour of sanctity itself. But they laboured under a trifling misapprehension when they protested that it flowed from the recently-discovered image.

A book was published by authority, containing ecclesiastical accounts of the miracles performed by the figure. Among other visitors to the cave was a flippant wag, who fastened an artificial hump to his shoulders, and went in thus burthened to the celebrated grotto. He got rid of his high-hoisted bustle by some skilful legerdemain, and pretended to leave the cave “the deformed transformed.” This affair was nuts to the good fathers; and it was circulated and celebrated accordingly. But the individual who had operated on his unsightly hump, without any necessity for chloroform—had such then existed,—and popped it into his pocket so quickly, and who was thus cured of what never existed, thoughtlessly boasted of the practical joke he had played, and the truth came out. The populace, infuriated, sought to tear the poor wretch to pieces; but he was saved from the danger by being lodged in the public prison. The image was finally removed by water from her

“Baracca” to the metropolis, where a splendid retinue of priests and a guard of honour awaited her coming. She was then carried in a grand procession, followed by vast crowds of worshippers, to one of the churches of the capital, there to take up her abode.

At one time, amulets and charms were in very common use in this country (and doubtless are still, in numerous places), many of which were carried on the person, as a preservative from the evil eye, of which the Portuguese have a great dread. They have also other methods of defending themselves against supernatural perils of different kinds. One resource is this, when they encounter accidentally an old woman who has been suspected of being a witch, they crook up all the fingers of the right hand, one over the other, in a particular manner, as you do in making a flight of pigeons to amuse a child, and turn them carefully towards her as they pass her: this done, the witch cannot hurt them. Breastpins, brooches, locketts, rings, agraffes, and other trinkets, are often fashioned in the form of two hands clasped together. These joined hands form another charm against sorcery, and are in high favour; they are called “figas.” Preservatives against the evil eye are also fastened on to animals. A singular custom used to prevail here of old, which, it is possible, has died gradually off in these days of improvement; but this I have not ascertained. This custom is as follows:—When the holy oil is carried to a sick person the street-door is thrown wide open, and every one that chooses may intrude into the house. Children and mendicants often find their way into the very apartment where the dying

sufferer is stretched, and there they are permitted to stare upon the agonies of the expiring man, and the sorrows of the afflicted family.

When indigent parents cannot afford to pay the expenses of an infant's funeral, the little corpse is generally carried to the Cathedral Church of Lisbon, and deposited on the steps, or on some monument, to be buried at the priest's leisure. Formerly the nuns used to decorate the little bodies of children thus exposed, but there are not many left now of those meek sisterhoods. However, some charitable person usually undertakes the office, and covers the innocent, unconscious clay, with all the fine trappings that he or she can scrape together; while the early death of the poor babies is looked upon as an especial favour from heaven, (who, indeed, can doubt that?) and it is kept as a sacred festival by their parents. When the chill, wax-like form is thus habited, and made ready for the tomb, however, the padres will generally wait for some prepayment, and occasionally the little body is to be seen—or was formerly—lying on its back in the open street, publicly exhibited to excite compassion, with a small plate or pan attached to the lifeless heart, in order to receive any voluntary offerings and subscriptions that may flow in, so that the burial expenses may be duly defrayed.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE steamer, which had been a little overdue, has arrived; and I feel some regret in reflecting that my Lisbon days are thus numbered. I shall be quite sorry, too, to leave the charming Braganza Hotel, where, besides its many attractions, we have met with great civility and attention.

Our hosts have an immense number of children, yet the house is not unpleasantly noisy. As I understand a fresh olive-branch sprouts forth annually, they bid fair to emulate that Shah of Persia who, when an ambassador (Sir Gore Ouseley, I believe) asked him how many daughters he had,—after being informed his sons amounted to the not inconsiderable number of one hundred and fifty-four,—called to one of his principal slaves, and requested he would just step to his assistance. “How many daughters have I, Mustapha: eh?” I do not know whether the old slave had to refer to a well-thumbed morocco memorandum-book, but, after a little deliberation, he replied, with due obeisances, or rather prostrations on his face, “King of Kings, your Majesty has exactly five hundred and sixty.” I believe that was the precise number specified:

at any rate, it's right, I am sure, within a few hundreds.

Before I take leave of Lisbon, I will devote a few brief passing words to the inhabitants and their peculiarities.

I have been informed lately, that not only do they actually like the horrible effluvia in too many of their streets, but detest and abhor perfumes—excepting eau de Cologne—as well as the fragrance of many delicious flowers; mignonnette they are said to abominate, and to think geraniums particularly offensive. They may, perhaps, just tolerate violets and roses; but one may reasonably doubt it, for these are so different from those peculiar, charming heaps of impurity that they patronise,—their own especially-chosen *bouquets de mille fleurs*, which perform the same office in many of their streets,—and houses too, of course, through the open windows,—that pastilles do in our degenerate drawing-rooms (where they correct any little trace of coal-smoke, &c.); and that take off the disagreeable remnants of any unpleasant odours, such as a chance puff of contaminating orange-blossom, or of noisome honeysuckle, or noxious heliotrope, from certain ill-advised nosegays, hapsly, or the odious remains of a little corrupt *esprit de jasmin*, or patchouli, on some misguided foreign pocket-handkerchief. I cannot, however, say that this taste ever fell under my own observation; and, perhaps, it may be slander on the gentle Lisbonians. If so, the tittle-tattlers who have thus accused them will, and very deservedly, and meetly, be *en mauvaise odeur* with the traduced fair ones, (to whose shrine they brought anything but *incense*) and their moustached cavaliers.

However, there are such things as odd tastes on that subject. I remember once meeting an English lady who was extravagantly fond of the smell of—a pig-stye! and thought it particularly fragrant (fact!); and years ago I recollect a maid of mine speaking, very naturally, in highly indignant terms, of the bad taste exhibited by a still-room-maid of her acquaintance in the house where we were. "Only to think!" she burst forth, "she likes the smell of a tallow-candle just put out and smoking! There she was, a-snuffing and a-snuffing of it up, and, says she, 'Now that's as relishing as a well-done mutton-chop to me! It's beautiful, it is;—real beautiful!'" The last is truly a favourite expression with all in her rank of life. Who has not heard them praise "*beautiful*" fried bacon, or "*beautiful*" beefsteak, or pickled walnut, or oyster-patties, or black-pudding, or pork sausage, or hot-buttered toast, or other lovely objects of that nature?

Occasionally the peasant-women are said to be the possessors of really costly jewels; and Mrs. Baillie, I think it was, who mentioned in her work seeing the chamber-maid of an hotel go to mass with a fine pair of real diamond ear-rings; and at some fair she observed a petty huckstress in a shabby booth, and probably with a still more shabby cloak, standing behind her humble shop-board, not only adorned with a Brazilian chain of the very purest gold a few yards long, but also with splendid pendants hanging from her ears: so very lengthy were these (I mean the drops, not the ears), that, sweeping toward her shoulders, they almost knocked against her collar-bones whenever she turned her head. Our housemaid, Delphina,

certainly never made her appearance in diamonds—to dust the room, or clean up the fire-place, but, for all that, she may have possessed them, reserved for high days and holidays. By the way, we used to hear amusing conversations every now and then between her and my maid, each talking her own language, arguing, remonstrating, reasoning, confiding, scolding, and explaining, as if each perfectly understood the other,—in full tide of confabulation, in short, and meanwhile neither comprehended a sentence the other was uttering.

The Portuguese ladies are accused of wearing, like the modern dames of Greece, immoderate quantities of false locks, some peculiarity in this climate causing the natural hair to fall off in great quantities in the hotter seasons.

The high, ancient nobility of Portugal, are said not to be numerous. The titled noblesse consists of about sixty-five families, a few of which are of ducal rank. Gentlemen who are destitute of any title are denominated “Fidalgoes,” which term corresponds with the Spanish *hidalgo*, that signifies, in literal interpretation, “the son of somebody.” However, there is a slight distinction between the two; for, in Spain, the *hidalgoes* have a right to the prefix of *Don* to their name, and, in Portugal, this mark of honour exclusively appertains to the nobility, and the mere *fidalgos* are not allowed to assume it, at least not without a formal and express permission from the sovereign. The latter confers titles of honour at pleasure; generally the same title and distinction are perpetuated in a family; yet it is, I believe, as an added and conceded favour, and not as a positive right, that this transmission takes place.

The Portuguese aristocracy are usually obliged to live in an exceedingly expensive style, that is, as compared with their incomes, for considerable fortunes are very scarce in impoverished Portugal; partly, no doubt, owing to their being continually diminished by this very cause. In old times (but probably this is no longer the case) the king was compelled to pension a vast number of the members of high-born families, to enable them to keep up the appearance required by their position. Besides other expensive luxuries, they were expected, and are still, I fancy, to maintain an array,—almost an army of servants in some instances, disproportionately large to their means. Of course their real comforts are in an inverse ratio to these ostentatious displays and extravagancies.

From what I hear, the nobility adopt the same pernicious fashion of intermarrying perpetually with members of their own limited order that is customary in Spain; however, I believe, not to the same extent; and consequently the manifestations of the occasionally-prejudicial effects of this custom are not so unfavourably conspicuous.

The costume of the humbler classes would be rather becoming than otherwise, if they were more cleanly and neat. Sometimes the men's cloaks have "a pair of sinecure sleeves," that dangle loosely like the same appendage in a hussar's jacket. In some parts of Portugal the women's cloaks are, or used formerly often to be, scarlet: those I have seen have appeared invariably either brown or black, or, maybe, invisible green; the large folding capote (cape) is universal.

Linen and the lower classes here are very slightly acquainted with each other. The cloak is

a kind of boundary mark, a sign of separation and distinction between them and the higher orders, the latter being frequently termed "homen de gravata lavada," and the former, "homen de capote" (a man with a washed cravat, and a man with a cloak).

I have already spoken of the extreme courtesy exhibited by a host to his guests in this country, but in past times it was carried to a yet greater extent; for, I am assured, the master of the house not only did not take his place at the head of his table, but did not even sit down, during the entertainment; he either stood, or walked backwards and forwards, all the time behind his guests' chairs, particularly recommending various dishes to them, and pressing them to taste every one of the good things spread before them, ever repeating the set phrase, that his house and all in it were quite at their disposal. Besides this, upon any special occasion, the host, dressed in his best court-suit, acted the head-waiter himself to his guests, running for "plates and steaks," like his brethren of the white choker and napkin, and the racer in the riddle. It is asserted that, even in these days, if the butler or footman is at all slow or remiss, the host jumps up in a twinkling, and is at your elbow to change your plate, present you with the mustard, or give you a fresh knife and fork.

There is a great deal of outward decorum preserved carefully by all classes of people here. Robberies in the street are not uncommon, and but too often accompanied by assassination. There is plenty of petty theft and dishonesty.

The Portuguese, from all accounts, possess a good talent for music in general. A late writer on

Portugal tells us, that both musical and dramatic talent are to be found among the inhabitants of this country; and an anecdote is related *à propos* of this. The maid of one of the daughters of the Countess d'Anadia acted in an Italian amateur opera the part of a tyrant prince, singing perfectly both in time and tune the recitatives, arias, quartettos, and grand *scenas*, by the sole aid of her fine voice and retentive memory, as she had had no instruction in singing or acting, and could neither read nor write her own language. Besides this, she knew not a syllable of Italian. For the other arts they do not seem to have any peculiar aptitude. But let me do justice to the artistically-inspired washerwomen here, who occasionally return you your prosaic pocket-handkerchiefs, and insipid matter-of-fact pincushion-covers, in the poetical guise of bouquets and birds' nests, fashioned with much grace and ingenuity.

Portuguese cookery has too much the Spanish fault,—a redundancy of oil and garlic,—to be palatable to foreigners; however, at the Braganza Hotel, we had not much to complain of on that score—the English taste and style happily predominated. At Portuguese dinners, I believe, there is generally a good deal of rice, done in divers ways: the profusion and variety of dishes is remarkable at their meals. If my authorities are correct, the breakfasts and suppers are the most important repasts in this part of the world; at the former, the fare they regale themselves with is exceedingly substantial—fish, with beef-steaks and other solid articles of food, usually make their appearance and quick disappearance on these occasions. Tea and coffee form the inferior accompaniments only to these

substantial dishes. Supper is a favourite refreshment with all, and often seems to be considered the chief repast of the day.

There is a kind of cake made here, which, according to some accounts, is composed of a very rancid and horrible kind of oil, remarkable for its extremely strong flavour and scent,—and of fine flour, and honey. The Lisbonians are excessively foul of this nauseous compound: it appears to me not to be very unlike the oil-cake we have in England, employed—as Smithfield can show us—in a different manner. A weakness of digestion, which is a common ailment here, is by some attributed to the profuse and universal use of oil in their food. The enervating influences of climate and a natural indolence must also, however, be taken into consideration. These remarks apply chiefly to the inhabitants of the towns; the peasantry are hardier and healthier; being almost constantly in the air, and accustomed to work and exercise, they may boast of muscular frames and invigorated constitutions. Their fare is poor but not unwholesome: coarse black bread, composed of maize or of barley, some dried fish, a little garlic, and goat's-milk cheese, generally constitute its greater portion. This latter article is usually salt, dry, and hard as a stone, so that the teeth with difficulty can make any impression on it. Still they thrive on this fare: though wanting in flesh, they seem strong, sinewy, and robust.

A fat man formerly, it appears, was a *rara avis* in this kingdom. An English author says, he saw but one fat man the whole time he was in Portugal, and that was a monk—(it was in the days of monks): and another speaks of a corpulent peasant

as an extraordinary wonder, and informs his readers, the *one* "stout gentleman" of Portugal at that period was in receipt of a pension from England, in consequence of his having had a dreadful wound while showing the way to the Duke of Wellington at a critical time. This solitary plump specimen might be looked on as a sort of prize-peasant here. He should have got a Portuguese "Barium" to show him.

Mostly the peasantry are excessively dark-complexioned, more so, perhaps, than the climate would seem to warrant. I have known this attributed in a very great measure to the numerous intermarriages of the lower orders with the blacks and mulattoes that come here in numbers from the Brazils, &c. This happens in Brazil itself. The old ancestral "clear olive" is in a transition state. I remember an American naval officer telling me once that he had several times visited that country, and that he was surprised and amused to see at every successive visit a darker shade on the universal complexion, "deeper and deeper still," owing to these constant intermarriages: that universal complexion from dim crepuscule was advancing to a dull, dusky eventide, and so on by convenient short stages, waning off to frowning midnight: the general skin was gradually but surely clouding over, till it bade fair—if this is not a contradiction in terms—soon to exhibit a total eclipse.

It must be rather a singular spectacle, a white people by degrees becoming thus be-niggered; thus going from faint anticular twilight—*entre chat et loup*,—to nocturnal nubility; as though Indian ink were drizzling and dripping incessantly from their skies, and sinking into their pores; or, as if

through some singular property in the natural composition of the nation, coal or bog-oak were slowly cropping-out from their own strangely-productive epidermis; or, as though the entire population were perpetually employed in surreptitiously climbing an imperceptible sooty chimney, and descending ever more and more begrimed and besmirched;—a sable veil, little by little, falling over the face of human nature,—a murky night stealing on, and overtaking the outer man,—a jetty, self-spreading, “infallible dye,” stealthily shrouding up the sunnied countenance of mortality,—a gathering blot dimming the blurred page of existence there;—a natural sticking-plaister formation, making them one entire beauty-spot,—*patched “cap-à-pié!”*—a natural, dark, dingy crape-mask, creeping fold by fold over the features of Humanity, and muffling them up burglar-wise;—a viewless, lingering extinguisher, with measured fall, quenehing the light of beauty in the race, or an impalpable pair of snuffers leisurely snuffing out all their brighter hues, and leaving but Tartarean tints behind;—so they’re slightly be-niggered!—the common hair, I suppose, gradually frizzling as the skin is being nicely browned—(I had almost said the crackling—for something in the latter description reminds one just a little of the roast-pork process,)—and yet more than nicely browned—neatly blackened bit by bit, and layer by layer, deliberately and delicately; and dab by dab, and danb by danb, gently pitched-over and chon-stained, as by a shadowy, invisible, magic blacking-brush, dipped in most Plutonian hues. Printers’ fallen angels grow not dimmer. It appears the reverse of our mourning customs and costumes: instead of from profound crape and

hombasin to lighter silk or muslin, they seem going from very slight second-mourning to quite the deepest and most dismal of weeds and sables. It makes one think of an *Aethiop's* skin changing the wrong way.

Men thus may say of this flourishing empire, as it advances in prosperity, it is more and more lost in obscurity. In short, it seems really turning exceedingly black, like a bruised nation,—very badly bruised, indeed, apparently. A complexional thunder-storm appears mustering in tenebrious gloom, threatening soon to gather over the whole popular physiognomy; and shortly they shall be doomed to prove an altogether overcast community; tens of thousands seem passing through progressive, grinn, grizzled gradations, till they shall arrive at last at a sloc-black crisis. The personal horizon looks lowering. Whatever may be the condition of the internal administration of the body-politic, externally there is anarchy and confusion of skins. This description is, perhaps, a little perplexed.

Obscurum per obscurius.

However warm and pleasant the climate of Lisbon is in general, there are cold sharp days every now and then, as we experienced on our return from Madeira, and we were right glad to have in the Braganza the means and appliances of a comfortable blaze. No accommodation for warmth in many houses, I am informed, is provided; and it seems the natives have frequently a strong prejudice against having fires in their apartments, regarding the practice as unwholesome and enervating.

Some time ago, a traveller in Portugal informs us, that at a costly and brilliant entertainment given here, during a hard winter, the unfortunate

guests sat in mournful silence, shivering with cold, with their teeth chattering in their heads—the only thing that did chatter in the room. The poor sufferers were wrapped in furs and cloaks, exactly as though they were a party of Siberian exiles just going to set out on their cheerless expedition, instead of a gay company collected to enjoy a splendid entertainment. Señor Estaban, who, with his handkerchief covering his mouth, was evidently experiencing the beginnings of a severe pain in the face, addressed himself in a mumbling tone to Donna Isabel, whose nose alone was visible, of a brilliant azure hue. Dom Manuel and Donna Enriqueta attempted to sing a duet, but a burst of sonorous sneezes stopped them inopportunistically. “*Minha*”—(Sneeze, a-chiss-on.) “*Vida*”—(Sneeze, sneeze.) — “*Ouve! ouve!*” * (Sneeze, sneeze, sneeze.) They might have succeeded better, perhaps, later in the evening in the little Spanish comic cough-song, “*Ay! que estoy constipao.*” (Ugh! what a cold I’ve caught!) Shuddering and exceedingly pallid, with a small icicle on his moustache, Dom Louis, seated beside another fair donna, tried to show her some drawings and engravings that lay on a table near them, handing over one or two for her inspection, and hoarsely asking in a husky whisper her opinion. The poor half-frozen one drew her chapped hand from her muff to take them, and frowned, quivering like an aspen, and put it in again, for she felt her chilled fingers would have refused their office. Her young brother, meanwhile, had been running up and down the passage, vigorously beating himself.

* “My life! listen! hark! hark!”

The shuddering, shivering, teeth-chattering, shaking and quaking, continued till some cups of exceedingly hot coffee were happily handed round, and, at the risk of scalding their mouths, the half-congealed company hastily swallowed the steaming liquid, when a genial warmth began gradually to comfort them. They recovered the use of their benumbed limbs, and could cross the chilly floor pretty successfully, — avoiding contact instinctively with the glacier-like marble slabs that adorned the room. The gallant Doms also, ungalantly enough, shrank from the snowy foreheads and fingers of the fair. Anything snowy gave them a cold shiver. Faithful hearts, too, then and there would have turned icy-cold at the idea of being compared to the ever-true needle, — “as turns the needle to the North.” The North! Phew! ’T would have seemed a keen, bitter, biting insult! The thought was catarrh, and rheumatism, and purple noses; and down would have sunk their love to zero at once. The North! the very name might give a stiff-neck and toothache under the circumstances. A rapid thaw, however, took place, and none of the party were actually frozen to death, though a few pretty noses were a little frost-bitten, and severe chilblains and sore throats were the order of the day for some time after. Their escape was a narrow one, and they might have been betrayed into giving a loud hurrah of joy, and into charging their cups, — and saucers inclusive, in their ardour, — to drink D. Maria da Gloria’s health in their coffee, or their favourite warm chicken-broth, a little after the manner of renowned Alp-climbers, when they have surmounted some trying difficulty. Hosts here, during inclement winters, should pro-

vide "weather helmets" (such as they wear in the Arctic regions) and a few spare buffalo-hides for their poor guests, if they thus eschew fires.

As doors and windows do not fit to perfection here (it is not often that they do abroad), the evil of this low temperature is not a little increased by the wind rushing through the numerous openings, with such force that at times it is almost impossible to prevent the lighted candles in the evening from being extinguished. Our poor friends above-mentioned, therefore, in singing their sneeze and cough-songs, might have been assisted by a whistling obligato accompaniment of those rude wind instruments — ill-constructed window-frames and doors. In the country-houses, the dismal roaring of the blustering Boreas and his fellows is vastly augmented in particular positions, by the loud noise it produces in blowing through multitudinous cows' horns, that are attached to the sails of the countless windmills, in order to intimidate the cattle, and prevent their venturing too near them in the night time; and the mischief is still further aggravated by the fact that the Portuguese rooms have a great number of the aforesaid ill-fitting doors; indeed, the abundance of these outlets forms a distinctive characteristic of apartments here: each in general is provided with the glass-window at top I have mentioned before. Six doors, with their six accompanying clumsy and too airy key-holes, are sometimes the extravagant allowance for a moderately-sized chamber. The chief sitting-rooms are often built immediately over the stables, and necessarily are strongly impregnated with the odours that usually are prevalent there.

The women in Portugal are not incarcerated

and watched as they used to be. An old Portuguese proverb says, "A woman should leave home only thrice—to be christened, married, and buried." I think the Spaniards have a similar saying, but it is of Lusitanian origin, I believe. A traveller in this country some time back was rather severe on the youthful Portuguese donnas, saying, that they required incessant watching, and were incorrigible coquettes. This writer informs us that the Lisbonian mother drives her daughters before her, on returning from mass and other occasions, "like a row of organ pipes," the youngest leading, and the others, however large their number, following in rotation separately; two never walking together. Then we are informed, that while they skilfully pick their way through the mire with their thin-soled shoes and fine silk stockings, with downcast looks to show their modesty (and also, I should opine, to help them in this picking their road, and saving their chausseure from utter mud-spattered pollution and destruction), all the time they have a *billet-doux* very improperly concealed in their handkerchiefs, or in the folds of their dresses. Even at church, sometimes, we are told, they contrive to exchange billets with their innamoratos.

But we will believe better things of Lusitanian ladies now, and conclude these disgraceful little mal-practices belonged solely to the days when it was considered women "ought only to be from home to be christened, married, or buried." A cheerful prospect truly, and enough to make her think the last the best; or rather, to think she need *not* leave her home at all for that last!

The number of domestic servants is often ex-

ceedingly great in the old families, who have thus retained a fashion, rather inconvenient to them now, considering their limited means. Some few years ago, it was no very unusual circumstance for a fidalgo to become quite impoverished from the immense retinue he kept about his person for mere state and show. One, who was most likely not affluent originally, was noted as being almost reduced to beggary from supporting eighty in-door domestics. They behave most kindly to old and worn-out servants; sometimes amongst their large number of retainers, several will be incapacitated to do any work, either through advanced age or sickness, but they continue to form part of the establishment, and that frequently for many years after they have been unable to render themselves in any way useful. Like soldiers, their servants are generally fed on rations. As old-fashioned ideas respecting a vain and merely outwardly-pretended state and pomp vanish, establishments will probably be more economically adjusted and better adapted to the means at the command of the master of the family.

It is not long ago that one of these impoverished fidalgoes, or nobles, unable to meet the expense of keeping horses and mules, and carriages, and yet alive to the necessity of not allowing the numerous members of his family to walk on foot, hit on the expedient of having one large vehicle for them all, like the travelling caravan of a select menagerie, drawn by two sturdy bullocks, however, instead of horses, which Messrs. Lion, Tiger, and Co. might think *infra dig.* I suppose they had a carter in livery, ropes embellished with wrought coronets, and a yoke covered with crests:

the appropriate motto would have been "*Festina lente.*" Thus they flourished through the streets of Lisbon, with their shouting, gee-uping drover (as at this day similar equipages rattle through the Funchal thoroughfares). The fraternity of the "whip" must have looked down a little on the accomplished "Goad" who drove them, and handled the ribbons—of rope.

Apropos of oxen; the best and handsomest come from the province of Estremadura; they draw the load by their horns; their yokes are carefully adjusted on straw mats, which are arranged so as to prevent these heavy yokes from rubbing the animals; and the oxen, on account of the hard, stony nature of the roads, are generally shod. These creatures are so docile and obedient, that a word, or even look, from their driver (who commonly precedes them), keeps them in the right road. Very frequently a bare-footed damsel walks also before them, bearing in her hands cords attached to the oxen. They know her, and obey her slightest sign, for she accompanies them to their pasture, attends them at their manger, grooms them, and carefully keeps their horns bright and shining by the application of grease. She is proud of her well-dressed, polished-up, and pomatumed charges, and a tender reciprocal attachment subsists between them.

As I am touching on provincial matters, I will just mention the curious straw-cloaks worn by the peasants of some of the provinces. They are capital contrivances for them, as no rain can penetrate into them. A man seems more to be lodging in this mantle than attired by it. He appears habited in an accommodating hovel, and to have a bed and

roof at hand—on his back, in case of wanting them on an emergency. If weary, he may rest beneath this ready shelter, and be awakened haply by “the swallow twittering from the straw-built shed” of that rough robe that clothes and covers him. If he is a carter, too, and his oxen are hungry, he can feed them on a bit of his cloak (chopped straw is often their fare). These wrappers are called *crozas*, and are somewhat Chinese-looking: they are made of maize-straw.

But I must check my rambling pen: “time and tide wait for no man,” still less for any woman; and steam-packets have a tiresome knack of being punctual. We must call Bento, our clerical waiter, and give him due directions respecting our chattels. This Bento is successor to German John, and was, once on a time, a Spanish priest, who disliked his vocation, and ran away to escape from it. The shadow of the huge shovel-hat, however, that had once weighed on his sconce, seemed ever to darken his countenance. He put our plates before us with freezing solemnity,—enough to make the soup rue cold, and he grasped the bill of fare as if it were a Papal bull; he spoke, too, ever in dirge-like tones. His “Coming, sir!” had he uttered it in English, might have been set to the Dead March in Saul. He uncovered the dishes as if about to read the burial-service over their contents—perhaps a couple of fat ducks, or a chicken,—the light of the coop, prematurely cut off in early pullethood, not yet in the zenith of its feathered charms, or full hey-day of its glad gravel-scratching,—cut off, not by the pip of Nature, not by the mere finger of Fate, but by the finger and thumb of culinary man, or woman. He brought food, but his stern look said “Fast.”

So gloomy at times was his brow, that you might imagine, as he flourished severely the dinner-napkin, he was about to use it as a scourge, and commence a self-flagellation on the spot.

The odd-boy, Joaquim, the "many-sided" (to borrow a term applied to the illustrious Goethe),—Joaquim, the "myriad-minded," or, more correctly, myriad-handed—(myriad *left*-handed, *par parenthèse*)—dropped his wild-man or wild-boy-of-the-woods air in that austere presence; his merry grin retreated before the grave glances of the reverend head-waiter—the priestly "garçon," who from time to time fulminated in your ear the flavorful names of impending stews or imminent sweets, as if he were grimly thundering forth excommunications: that grin did not quite vanish, I think, but seemed to hide itself in out-of-the-way holes and corners of the odd-imp's physiognomy,—'twas a broken-up and wide-scattered grin: a twirl of it survived in his nostril, a curl of it in his eyebrow, and it seemed running up along the roots and shoots of all his shaggy, muppy locks,—those locks that were wont to look, separately and severally, like so many bold, brazen-faced hairs a-kinbo, defying every possible comb, brush, or other appliances of disentanglement, to smooth their revolutionary riot. Even Joaquim thus became serious in a sort, and seemed turned to a kind of nasal, drawling clerk, by the solemn side of the ex-ecclesiastic—(a rather odd one, we must own); and his very hair, his insurrectionary hair, looked somewhat subdued, despite those ambushes grimaces which appeared lurking in its labyrinths. But now, indeed, for the second time, adieu to Lisbon!—"Farewell! Sweet spot!"—But no!—Conscience will not allow me to apostrophise

thee thus! "Sweet?"—faugh!—What need hath Lisbon of forts and bulwarks, if her natural defensive resources are as powerful and matchless as her offensive ones?—(If ever she was conquered, the victors would not repose on beds of roses, assuredly.) Think! if Lisbon were to march upon Cologne, and Cologne meet Lisbon half-way, both bent on offensive operations, what a tug of war would there be. But we should not smell gunpowder there! Yet let me give the Portuguese capital her due; she is greatly improved lately; and while the zephyr grows balmy in some streets—according to Lisbonian interpretation,—as it hovers around certain turbid gutters, and heaps and hotbeds that are decidedly not flower-beds, it wanders over many other *insipid* places, highly uninteresting and tame,—barren of all such peculiar aromatic delights. If what is said of their tastes have any foundation in fact, one should be rather afraid to imagine what the ladies here may have put into their smelling-bottles and vinaigrettes.

We had a very rough passage to Cadiz, and however good a sailor one may be, this is always disagreeable more or less, for it sets all one's things rolling about, and it does not mend matters at sea, where one is cooped up, "cabined, cribbed, confined," and where there is no place for anything, to have everything out of its place, and the floor literally carpeted with carpet-bags, lively and reeling, and positively paved with hooks, scissors, pincushions, buckles, pen-knives, bodkins, and needles, also combs showing all their teeth viciously, keenly-pointed steel-pens rampant, and truant pencils, carefully sharpened, stuck up threateningly in the cracks and crevices of the floor, and perhaps bits

of a broken looking-glass—and all under pitching and tossing circumstances. What a melancholy alteration, too, appears on the faces of one's fellow-voyagers!—all “have suffered a sea-change,” and look as blooming as so many crocuses. Surely you lady—

“Has mistaken her rouge,
And thick laid on instead a whole cake of gamboge.”

Well! “to this complexion all must come at last” at sea, or nearly all. I am truly thankful to be a good sailor; for dreadful seem the pangs of the unhappy ones who display the yellow flag of plague on their bilious-tinted cheeks—they verily seem “perked up in a golden sorrow.”

When I woke in the morning, after a sound, long sleep, my maid gave me a sad account of the disasters of the night, standing beside my berth almost ankle-deep in escaped oranges, from some secret dépôt hard by,—(we happened to have the ladies' cabin to ourselves, and that is frequently full of stores), and divers other strays besides the too-ripe, juicy fruits, were there, such as scattered toilet-articles, biscuits on the tramp, nomadic humps of sugar, and vagrant figs, that had followed the oranges, nobody seemed to know from whence. These were all wandering like restless spirits over the face of the cabin. “Oh, laws! indeed, this is nothing to what there is in the other cabin!” she exclaimed, proceeding pretty literally in this strain—“nothing! you've got to scramble through the stewardess, that's tumbled right out of her berth, without waking, and so used to it, poor thing! she sleeps like a top and a dead body anywhere, and a heap of sick Irish children with their poor mother

going to take them to their father—she can't pronounce the name where, and don't know, I think, —in curl-papers, and not a 'versal comb to the back hair, or stays, or hooks and eyes, or anything,—just like Chaos, without a nightcap, in dishabille, and a ragged pinafore about the shoulders, and a pap-boat,—and a squalling baby, that belongs to her, or somebody else, I believe, dreadfully tumbled and turned upside down" (and, poor little wretch! inside out too, probably), "all jumbling and tossing in this jolting ship, running about without shoes and stockings, and broken bottles on the floor, and nasty rusty crooked nails, out of some old trunks of hers, and splinters from a smashed box, and cold bunches of hard keys, and steel forks, and carving-knives, and skewers,—no one knows how *they* got there,—and fishbones from supper, and old tooth-picks, and the boy's horrid slippery marbles, and cannons, and cannon-balls,—that's peas, to keep him quiet,—all on the roll, and everything planted about everywhere,—and Spanish liquorice, and lucifer-matches, and iron hooks from somewhere, and rough bits of walnut-shells, and a razor or two she's taking to her husband, dreadful sharp, and cracked chaney, and corkscrews, and nut-crackers, and our bonnets all out of any shape amongst them, full of sticky figs and raisins as they can be" (one would think dried figs grew at sea, as somebody seemed to fancy roasted apples did in England, and were the only fruit that ripened there, too). "Oh, dear! only to think! and tooth-brushes, and mattresses, and holsters, and goloshes, and umbrellas, and our little bandbox, all littering about and spoiling, I'm sure—such a desert! Our best bonnets look like old butter-boats (and the

sea's in the cabin, too, *that* knocked me down quite, for nothing can stand agen salt-water; blue ribbon, partickler, hasn't a chance against the rule ocean, nor any other dye, as to that,—I do believe the sea would wash the colour out of a born Greenland!—or out of the whole Board of Green-Cloth,—whatever that is, if you come to that,)—and the shapes, our new shapes, they are ruined in that cabin,—the trimmings in tatters, the crowns squeezed, the bows spoilt, the wires bent, the edges torn, and the linings ripped,—that cabin's a museum for wild Ingians and Cannibals,—it's a perfect picture of a plantation,—it really *is* a desert, a waste without a tree—a howling wilderness, with not a single human bonnet to go decent on shore with!"

A dismal view the bereaved one took of things, and not perfectly clear was her description,—a thought ambignons,—perhaps; but, however, according to her idea, it wouldn't so much matter, under the circumstances, if you werehipped and in low spirits, for it seems the sea would thoroughly wash out the blue devils themselves. But a litter, indeed, it must have been, in that wilderness-like cabin, what with scattered stewardesses, topsyturvy babbies, cracked crockery-ware, bolsters, bonnets, brushes, and band-boxes! As to the poor children from the Emerald Isle, it is a singular fact, that there always appears to be on board a family of Irish children, perpetually going to some distant parent, who is generally an engineer, invariably at some out-of-the-way, unpronounceable place; all squalling, all sea-sick, all scattered about,—universally uncombed and universally unodoriferous; all sure to cry all night, and be equally sure to do

nothing else all day, and to be in the same cabin with the unfortunate lady's maid, whom, however, the compassionate stewardess usually rescues the next morning.

Away hurried my informant, having breathlessly imparted the foregoing and other information to me, to see if she could uncrease the crumpled bonnets and crushed goloshes; perhaps smooth and straighten a little the dog's-eared baby, (which might have half-wriggled into one of the aforesaid bonnets by this time,) and snatch the precious handbox from impending destruction, in the event of a fall of passengers from the neighbouring berths, during some heavy lurch of the vessel.

When we afterwards beheld some of those we had seen step on board light and jocund, hardly should we have recognised them! Look on you crest-fallen, straight-haired, neglected-looking, saffron-tinged individual there, laid flat on the deck erewhile, and now seated in a collapsed attitude on the first place he found. Is that the "curled darling" of yesterday? — scented, pomatumed, studded, padded, ringed, wrist-banded, gloved, frilled, frizzled, chained, watched, embroidered, starched, pocket-handkerchiefed, eye-glass in eye, cane in hand; he hath verily a lack-lustre eye now; his cheek is hollow, his brow is furrowed, his countenance expresses horrible woe; he looks with that over-shadowed forehead, that compressed lip, slightly turned down, that bent-forward head, that falling jaw, sadly, painfully, as if he had very lately, indeed, won the sum of two shillings and lost half-a-crown. To his quizzing-glass, inclusive, he has a decidedly qualnish aspect. Qualnish qualities seem developed in his high-heeled boots;—those

boots look bilious; their tap is feeble; their tone lowered, high heels and all. Nausea has become a second nature to him. Observe a little that passenger (No. 2), who is appearing from the realms below, like a ghost from the tombs, lank, lean, faint, outworn, and scarcely able to crawl. Did we not remark him yesterday, hopping on board with a jovial, waggish air, his every step and look, and tone and turn, seeming to say heroically, "Who's afraid?"

All seemed then like gay Comedy with the merry mask and the buskin; all appeared like gaunt Tragedy now, madly flourishing the dagger and the bowl,—or, at any rate, the basin. Somebody asks you victim how he does: he tries to raise his heavy eyes; he slowly gets them to the shoes of his interlocutor; another mighty effort, they reach his instep—his ankle,—struggle upward to his knee, sink back again to the ankles and shoes, and flounder and fumble, if eyes *can* fumble and flounder, like broken-down optics on their last legs; and at last he feebly and falteringly, with uncertain, disconnected accents, murmurs, "On-ly pret-ty well." Neither well nor pretty, sir, are you, you unfortunate land-lubber—utterly "of the earth, earthy," are you. If the sea was all antimonial wine, and you had drunk it to the last dregs, you could hardly make a more dolorous face; and that is the face that looked so blithe, and brisk, and effervescing yesterday,—that is he who sprang up on deck with a sort of flash and burst like embodied ginger-pop!

There is yet another, who yesternorn was all calm placidity, all tranquil enjoyment; now his face is troubled—his brow clouded—his lip quivers

—his eye, like the poet's, is in a fine frenzy rolling, and glances from sea to sky, and from sky to sea, with a jerking, hurried motion, as if the visual orbs, with a sadly vacant stare, were pulled by strings, as are the cyclids of some cunningly-contrived dolls; and but yester-afternoon, how smooth were those glances! those eyes seem to run and roll upon invisible eastors!

I wonder much whether keen-sighted detective Policeman A. or B. would know his man again, after a couple of days and nights' tossing in a crowded steamer. These ills, however, had an end, happily, soon for many—a temporary one, at any rate, for the rest. We arrived at length at Cadiz; gladly did those bound to that port prepare to disembark; gladly did those who were not bound there avail themselves of the little reprieve, and sit basking in peace in the sunshine. Comedy once more shows her smiling phiz, particularly in yonder individual; look, if you can, without laughing, at that face surmounted by a scratch-wig, surmounted by a hand-towel, surmounted by a flannel bag, surmounted by a cotton nightcap, surmounted by a top-knot, surmounted by a pocket-handkerchief, surmounted by a bandeau (of packthread), surmounted by a travelling cap, surmounted by a tassel, surmounted by a torn oil-skin. From the great care with which this gentleman has outwardly furnished his upper-story, he would seem to have been a prey to toothache, but the sight of land appears to have cured *that* as well as other ills. A sad diversion from sea-sickness must toothache have been, in sooth!

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*

I shall long remember my *séjour* at Lisbon

with pleasurable feelings. There is much to like in the people, and in case my own descriptions have not done them justice, I am anxious to quote a very interesting account of them, given by Count Raczynski, who travelled here in 1845 :—

“ Generally speaking, I boldly assert that this country is unknown. I do not accurately recollect what American author it was that observed, ‘ Take from a Spaniard the few virtues which he possesses, and you will make a Portuguese.’ Byron, in his ‘ Childe Harold,’ stigmatises the Portuguese as ‘ the lowest of the low.’ The statesmen themselves in Portugal deplore with tears in their eyes the demoralisation of the people. For my own part, I find this demoralisation only in those who are so loud in their complaints—intriguing politicians, pamphleteers, and clubbists,—and in those of their degenerate priests who have become demagogues, politicians, freethinkers, and pamphleteers. They see this demoralisation in the mirror in which they themselves are imaged. I have learnt to consider the Portuguese as an intelligent, a laborious, and a worthy and temperate people; their character is good, docile, and gay. They are easy to govern, and are attached to religion and to the throne. They are, in short, inclined to loyalty and piety—virtues which are made to bear in the liberal vocabulary a particular name: they are called Superstition and Slavery therein.”

In describing the objects of architectural interest at Thomar, the same author, after observing of the convent of Thomar—“ It is an extremely picturesque assemblage of all styles, as if to do honour to the most distant times, as well as to the last century,” adds; “ and here, too, are seen the

effects of the negligence, the disorder, and the degradation which have marked the last twenty years of the constitutional and revolutionary history of Portugal. It seems, however, that order is now about to resume its empire. * * *

The country between Santarem and Thomar affords every facility for examining the present state of cultivation in Portugal. From what I have remarked in this and in various other Portuguese provinces, I am decidedly of opinion that the statements regarding the miseries of this country are either exaggerated or entirely false. The banks of the Tagus are cultivated on an extensive scale, and with the greatest possible care. I have seen land farmed with a skill, and improved with an industry, univalled in the richest countries of Germany. I recall with pleasure the impressions which were made upon me by the banks of the Mondego, and some oases between Villa Nova and Caldas, Leiria, Condeixa, &c. And yet, what is all this in comparison with what is called the garden of Portugal—the province of the Minho? the smallest in the kingdom, but containing 800,000 inhabitants, almost one-third of the entire population of the kingdom.”

It is rather sad to contrast the noble, high-sounding titles of the Portuguese Ruler with the present enfeebled, impoverished state of the country, notwithstanding Raczyński's praise. The following are the Sovereign's titles:—Queen of Portugal and the Algarves, Lady of Guinea (*not* Gvineas, — it is strictly in the singular number!), and of the Navigation, and Conquest, and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, &c. &c. &c. No wonder, if there were not still more material reasons, that the poor little donkey on which her Majesty delights to ride

should hide his diminished *corpus* under such imposing pretensions. When the Queen mounts the lowly animal, all disappears but the long ears and the tail, and the little jogging, onward progression, seems a matter of mystery.

Few were the travellers in Portugal before the suppression of the monasteries who had not a fling at the Portuguese monks. On their shoulders were generally laid all the worst faults of their country and countrymen. Indolent and dissolute themselves, according to these authorities, they gave an example of idleness and licentiousness to all.

They were as a rottenness at the core, that spread through the whole contaminated fruit. These monks, however, the objects of so much vituperation and bitterness, were not without some earnest apologists and zealous admirers. Prince Lichnowsky, in his "Portuguese Reminiscences" (in 1842), in speaking of the suppressed monastery of Arrabida (which was saved from probable destruction owing to its being bought by the Duke of Palmella, who has laudably preserved it as an interesting historical and ecclesiastical monument), says: "Passing by several small chapels, we reached the place where, according to some writers, the monks formerly gave themselves up to every species of unbridled licentiousness. Nothing but the most extravagant credulity or the most profound ignorance could admit such a suspicion; which must appear manifestly most unfounded to all those who take the trouble to examine rigidly those miserable abodes. While standing in the sorry hermitage where these barefooted, zealous sons of the Church met only for penance and prayer, the thought struck me that the most just

punishment for the authors of such absurd aspersions would be to shut them up for some time on this very spot, where, dieted on spare regimen, they might sweetly experience the monkish pleasures, and lead the *dissolute* life of the poor hermits, till, with bodies emaciated by constant discipline and hair-shirts, they should be cured of the malevolence of their thoughts. * * * * * Many of the cells are hollowed in the rock, others are raised against it. All are but a few feet square, scarcely affording space for one person to move about in them. The doorways are narrow and low, and it is indispensably necessary to stoop every time you enter; small windows, or rather apertures, admit a faint light into these recesses. * * * Even this, little as it was, they were deprived of without remorse; and the fact is placed beyond a doubt, that throughout the whole Iberian Peninsula not a single friar, with the exception of some who were unworthy of the name, among the great number of those who have been cast forth on the world, has ceased to lament bitterly, though un-availingly, the loss of his diminutive cloister, where his dedicated hours were spent in watching, fasting, mortification, prayer, solemn reflection, and self-humiliation."

The poor friars had here a warm-hearted and generous champion and partisan. One thing must be said for them, in contravention of the wide-sweeping accusations breathed forth against them, and the unsparing abuse levelled at them. They appear to have been almost invariably charitable and attentive to the poor and necessitous. Besides this, since they were driven away from their ancient abodes, and deprived of their ancient privileges and

possessions,—of all authority and influence,—have the people sensibly improved in morals, industry, and other virtues and excellences? If not, should the friars be so severely blamed for faults which, perhaps, some among them largely shared, but did not particularly originate or disseminate?

Those in authority should reflect that merely sweeping away monks and monasteries,—half-defunct drones and their dead-houses, if you will,—is but taking one step in the right direction; the void left must be filled up, and fittingly filled up, with that which is good, and great, and worthy, and wise, or it will remain but a void,—a yawning chasm and vacuum; or, haply, when the rubbish is cleared away, and the space left open, other, and perhaps worse, rubbish may be found gradually accumulating there. You must not partially “make a solitude” (even of suppressed droneries) “and call it peace” or triumph;—some bigots, some idlers, some dull-witted zealots, may have been dispersed and dispossessed, scattered and discomfited, but Bigotry, Superstition, Idleness, and Immorality are only to be thoroughly displaced, effaced, and overcome by the glorious incursion of Education and Intelligence, of Progress and Tolerance, Principle, Truth, and Reason. To undo is easy,—to uproot is easy,—merely to change is easy; but not so easy is it to improve, to purify, to exalt, to embellish, to enlighten, and to establish. This, however, is the task all nations, in this Age of Advancement, and Enterprise, and Invention, and Intellectual Development, are called upon to address themselves earnestly to. This is the true Royal Progress of all Peoples and Communities.

In the van of that kingly progress tower Earth's

gentlest and greatest; and in this, every nation is summoned to assist. They are bidden as to a Feast of Kings, to join in this triumphal march; but Labour and Perseverance are the conditions of that triumph, and continue to co-exist with it. Those Victories of Peace and Progress are still perpetual onslaughts, and charges, and efforts, and collisions. That strife is a struggle for ever, though crowned with success. To the mighty spirit of the age we offer up a holocaust of these august and elevated hostilities themselves,—a burnt-sacrifice, that is ever burning and never consumed,—hostilities against all Ignorance and Evil, against all littleness and lowness, all weakness, and waste, and wrong, and worthlessness. These conflicts, like other conflicts, are not without their anguish, their ardent disquietudes, their rage; for they meet oft with the dark obstructions of Prejudice and Disbelief, listlessness and Envy; but theirs are holy agonies and royal tribulations; they are majestic dejections, and precious throes, and starry perplexities. These contests are big with the fate of countless generations. And ever the trumpet sounds, and the Captains must lead to the shining assault, and the serried phalanxes must dare and do; and the fire and sword of Thought and Truth must pierce and make way through the barriers of Darkness and the rugged defences of Difficulty,—Duty the watchword, and the World's Weal the prize!

The blazon of the leaders in those lofty wars is burning and refulgent, as if with all the golden pomp and bravery of all the out-flaming stars in the firmaments: for their seekings and strivings, and strainings and scorchings, are ever upward-tending and soaring; and still leap to the light,

and live into it, unchangingly. What need have they of the imperial emblazonings, and the trophied pageantries of Earth?—All the dazzling and fiery heraldry of the Heavens seems to pour its blazing lustre in radiant-stormy floods on those arius, those shields, those towery crests, and to flash intolerable splendour on the vastness of their-sublimest array. Yes! the awful heraldry of the orbed, luminous Heavens, kindly illustrates, and sumptuously weighs down, as with a fervid crush of glory, the high Ensigns-armorial, and the mystic-stately emblems of those embattled hosts; for the illimitable universe is the ever-expanding arena of their prodigious exploits, the overwhelmingly grand theatre of their Titanic exertions. They know Success is throned on the glittering, sky-y-pointing, and on-moving pyramid that they earnestly build with their own true and trenchant weapons. They bear her along with them. She is pledged to them from the far beginning. She breathes in the spirit of their inspired endeavour, and throbs at the very heart of their enterprise, and smiles on their august outgoings. Lo! at times, when they themselves may appear to pause, and, at peace, remain watching and silent, still their princely weapons thus cunningly fashioned and piled up aloft, seem yet more and more to be upheaved and exalted—(almost as though instinct with inner stir and strife),—and, towering, to spread into stupendous and glistening scaffoldings against the still-unfolding, still-outstretching, Architectural Colossus of the vast Creation. Not that the immeasurable work and structure stands incomplete, or could be touched and elaborated by any skill of human thought, or effort, or artifice, but that part by part

is still and ever, as it were, to us re-built,—since it is but built unto ourselves by slow observation, and the gradual progress of laborious contemplation and discovery. So have they wrought, and so have they laid siege, and so they yet lay siege, to the Visible and to the Invisible; and so are yet more upreared those golden scaffoldings of their flashing arms against the imperishable walls of worlds around. And yet loftier deeds they do, and nobler schemes and undertakings they inaugurate, even for the supreme advantage of all Humanity. And the chiefs and armed champions of these magnificent speculations of adventure and enterprise find, and shall find, for ever and everywhere, mighty and sovereign allies, marshalled under their wide-floating banner; and thus shall they go on, aspiring and uplifted, still leaguering majesties with majesties, and triumphs with triumphs, and transcendencies with new transcendencies, and exultations with greater exultations. From glory even to glory without end shall be their course.

Seem not the deathless stars above to lean out of the argent-paved sky to meet and greet them on their high advance—even those bright-armoured sentinels, that appear ever standing on the beamy battlements of the empyreal, overhanging heights? And they, the immortal adventurers, inspired and armed with exhaustless prowess of soul, they hang the out-blazing crowns of all their purple victories on these consenting, beatific stars—that glow with an added brightness—and pass on!—Yea! they pass on to gain yet more triumphant and surpassing victories! Yea! so they pass onward and proceed, since they may not—must not—dare to pause upon their effulgent path and pilgrimage of achieve-

ment and high persistency. And let them go, and let them still rush onward, and meet and wear on their confronting foreheads the kindling Morning of new Expectancy and fresh Fruition. There is no end to the proud deeds to be wrought, to the successes to be accomplished, to the treasures to be disclosed, to the wonders to be compassed, or the secrets to be discovered.

Let them go glorying on! On all sides, above, beneath, around, the world-peopled, sun-strewed universe, in the boundless state of its tremendous magnificence, awaits them! It awaits them with crowns, and pomps, and triumphs, and acclaimings, and with mighty exaltations, and rejoicings, and endowments, and enfranchisements, and songs, and illuminations. And with endless Beauty, and Grandeur, and Splendour, and Fervour, and Ecstacy, it is prepared to guerdon their superb audacity, and do honour to their earnest dignity of resolve, and to the sovereign hardihood of their imposing defiance, and thrice-magnanimous and stately challenge. Wars? Aye! but these wars are of Life and Love, of Hope and Joy.

The streaming oriflammé of those sublime combats may again and again be waved aloft in proud exultation, but can never be furled. Victory thus is the Mother of Battles, ever nobler, ever vaster, and those battles are halo-girt and irradiate; they are their own festivals and jubilees! They have fair sisters, too, these high contests and conquests—even the everlasting concords, and harmonies, and serenities of all material creations, and the great, thought-quickened, calm, and rapture-leavened peace, of all immaterial bands and companies of Immortals! The beneficent combatants must never

pause,—no discouragement should bid them shrink or doubt, no obstacles appal them. Their aim is pure, their glory imperishable, their transcendant charter is ratified by all that is highest and holiest,—so should their ardour be inextinguishable, and their energy inexhaustible.

THE END. †



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