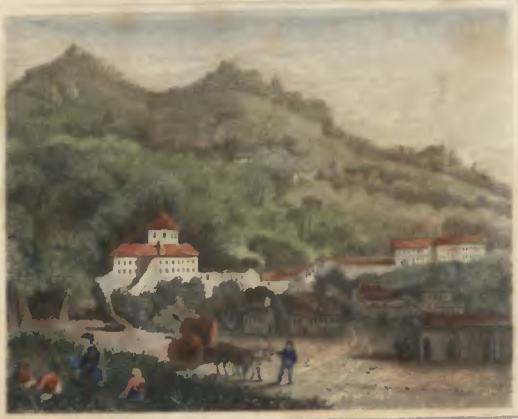
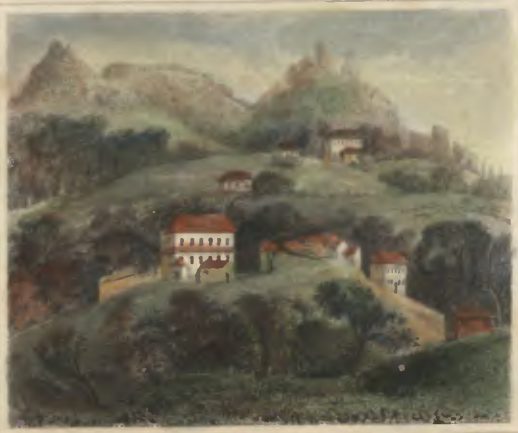


Page 113

The Town of Cintra.



Page 134

Cintra. The Penha Verde.

PORTUGAL;

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF

LISBON AND ITS ENVIRONS,

AND OF

A TOUR IN THE ALEMTÉJO,

FROM

A JOURNAL KEPT BY A LADY DURING THREE YEARS' ACTUAL RESIDENCE.

LONDON:
HARVEY AND DARTON,
GRACECHURCH STREET.

PREFACE.

LORD ORFORD has said, "Why should we not write what we see: the simple narrative of facts has often more interest than the most elaborate fiction."

A belief in the truth of this observation has induced me to present to the public, "The Young Travellers in Portugal." I visited that country in the interval between its recovered independence, and the return of its sovereign, John the Sixth. I was amongst the last of the English, whom the *grateful* feelings of the Portuguese permitted to remain in their country.

A variety of commotions have, since that period, agitated Portugal, without, however, essentially changing the genius of the people, or their government. I have had, therefore, nothing to alter of the personal observations I then made.

The evils that mar its delicious climate and its fine soil, may be comprised in a single truth; its government mistake cunning for wisdom.

Deception, and low, paltry subterfuge, pervade all classes, and contribute its largest share to the degradation of the highest. *To seem, rather than to be,* is the unblazoned device on the shield of Portugal.

ERRATA.

Page 60, line 14, for *morse* read *moro.*
—, —— 17, for *confirmose* read *confirmam.*
83, —— 27, *for* imparted *read* imported.
122, —— 1, for *leja* read *teja.*
123, —— 23, for *pista* read *pasta.*
177, —— 24, *for* bent *read* beat.

PORTUGAL;

OR,

THE YOUNG TRAVELLERS.

CHAPTER I.

On a balmy summer's evening, when the radiance of noon was softening into tenderer beauty, Sophia Grey, after a long and dangerous illness, was carried out in a garden-chair, upon a beautiful terrace near the house, to enjoy the refreshing breeze after a sultry day. She was just sixteen, and the eldest of three children, the only survivors of a numerous family, who had, one by one, died of consumption.

Sophy's illness had begun by inflammation on the lungs; and, though partially recovered, there was a lingering fever, and a short, dry cough, which filled her anxious parents with unspeakable apprehension.

Sophy was a girl of great promise, and not wholly insensible to her precarious situation. As she watched her younger sister Bertha, and her

brother Mordaunt, running up and down the slope at her feet, she could not suppress a wish that she might soon be capable of a similar exertion. "Do you think I shall, mother?" she said, turning to Mrs. Grey, who sat beside her.

"Not here, perhaps, my dear. But your father and myself have been thinking of a plan which will, we trust, restore you again to health and strength."

"A plan, something new," said Sophy, almost eagerly: "pleasure or pain, mother? Let me look at your face. Ah!" she continued, as she bent eagerly forward, and saw Mrs. Grey's eyes full of tears, "ah! you are sorry: it is something you do not like." And she stopped, for speaking brought on the cough.

"My dear," said her mother, commending her caution, every plan that promises to give you health will be agreeable to me; but I doubt whether you will like it so well as I do. Will you not be sorry to leave Plaisance?"

"Leave it! Oh! do not leave this beautiful place," said the easily excited invalid; and looking round her, she burst into tears.

"How little of this place has my dear Sophia enjoyed this year," said her mother, gently. "Three of the finest months of summer you have been confined to your room; and, at the close of August, are just permitted to be out for a few

hours. By the end of next month you will, probably, be confined to the house for the winter. Now we propose to take you to a country where you may breathe the external air even in winter; and if your father, and your brother and sister, go with us, I do think my dear Sophia may pass the next year very happily in Portugal.

"In Portugal, where my uncle was?

"Yes, my dear. Dr. Hooper is of opinion that your health may be materially benefited by it; and I am persuaded that, after the first surprise is over, many agreeable schemes will present themselves to your mind, and that the conviction of how little you have been able to enjoy the beauties of Plaisance, will greatly soften your regrets for a temporary absence."

By degrees, slow indeed at first, Mrs. Grey's predictions were verified. Though still clinging with fond regret to her home, yet she entered into the pleasure expressed by her brother and sister when the journey was proposed to them. Mordaunt was fourteen, and had had every advantage that education could give, except that of a public school. Mr. Grey was particularly anxious he should go to Eaton, but his delicate health had hitherto prevented his being sent there; and it was now hoped that a year passed in a more genial climate would strengthen his

constitution, and enable him to resist the attacks of disease.

Bertha was a fine lively girl of eleven. Accustomed to be the playmate of her brother, and associating always with those older than herself, she had acquired information and tastes superior to her age. It was, indeed, through the medium of taste, that Sophia became reconciled to her proposed journey. She was fond of drawing and botany, and had a thirst for knowledge that enabled her to learn something by every change of place. Still she was of that age when reflection succeeds to the careless security of childhood. She might die, as she had seen so many of her family; and her affectionate heart clung, not only to every beloved spot at Plaisance, but to every familiar face, with vain regret. The very peasants became dear to her, as she thought that she might see them no more; and it seemed as if she had never sufficiently loved or valued the more intimate acquaintance and the youthful friends she was about to quit. She envied the buoyant adieus of Mordaunt and Bertha; and, accustomed to command her feelings, felt ashamed of the tears that she strove in vain to suppress. Her mother watched her with the tenderest interest: she softened and soothed her regrets by sharing in them; and encouraged her to indulge feelings so natural, by the open

expression of her own. Under this judicious management, her sorrow became infinitely less injurious than it might have been; and, by being made a sharer in the general preparations for their departure, she was enabled to view it at last with tolerable fortitude.

It was at the close of the last day of their residence at Plaisance, that she made a partial tour of the park, in a pony-chair, with her mother. The evening was so soft and beautiful, that the mind partook of its influence; and there was a feeling of pleasure even in their sorrow. As they passed the lodge, the keeper's wife and her children ran out to greet them. Sophia had provided herself with some slight gifts for all; but when the little carriage drew up, and the children crowded round her, her lip quivered, her voice failed, and she could only pat the nearest curly-headed urchin kindly on the shoulder, and do her best to suppress the gathering tears. The gifts were offered in silence. Sophia involuntarily stretched out her hand to their mother, and thus they parted; for Mrs. Grey drove gently on, thinking this scene had lasted long enough.

As they returned to the house, Sophia put her hand on the reins, for her mother to stop a moment, on a spot that commanded a beautiful view of the park, the village church embosomed in the trees, the scattered village, and glimpses of

a beautiful stream of water that now glittered in the sunshine, and was now lost in some projecting features of the scenery. Sophia gazed long; then turning to her mother, mournfully expressed her feelings in the words of her favourite poet:

> "Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
> Ah, fields beloved in vain!
> Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
> A stranger yet to pain!
> I feel the gales that from ye blow
> A momentary bliss bestow,
> As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
> My weary soul they seem to sooth;
> And, redolent of joy and youth,
> To breathe a second spring."

Her mother was deeply affected by the manner in which she pronounced these few lines: she replied, however, only in praise of their extreme beauty; and slowly pursuing their way, they reached home, with spirits rather touched than overwhelmed.

The next morning they were all in the travelling carriage at an early hour. No effort could suppress the burst of sorrow that shook the young people as they passed through the village. Now they covered their eyes; and then they stretched their heads far out of the window, to catch the last glimpse of scenes so dear. Even the lively Bertha had her eyes disfigured with

weeping; and it was not till they stopped to breakfast, and new scenes engaged their attention, that any thing like cheerfulness was restored to the party. Mordaunt was the first to recover; and he soon drew Bertha, laughing, to his side. The transition of Sophia's feelings was less sudden; but there is an elasticity in youth, which is certainly its best blessing; and she had been too well educated by her incomparable mother, to be insensible to the tender interest shown her, or to indulge in selfish regrets, when they had their source in the extreme anxiety of her parents for her health.

At the commencement of their second day's journey, every one was amused by observing the country they were passing through; and as they entered upon the long, uninteresting sheep-walks in Cornwall, before their arrival at Falmouth, the young people would not agree to the remarks of their parents, on the dulness of this part of their journey; for the scene was so new to them, that, as they passed rapidly along, they had not time to weary of it.

At length, on the afternoon of the fourth day, they drove into Falmouth. At the first sight of the sea, and the packet with its idle sails flapping to the gentle wind that swept across them, each looked gravely at the other, as if the reality of their departure from England had only then

been impressed upon their minds. At their hotel they had every information concerning the passage, that they desired. The waiter seemed in the habit of satisfying the curiosity of strangers, and dilated so much on the charms of the voyage, that Mordaunt could not help asking him why he had not undertaken it himself. Bertha, however, gave him no time to reply; for she rushed into the room, exclaiming, "Sophia has broken a blood-vessel! We are come in vain! we are come in vain!" she repeated, as she clung to her brother, as if she feared he too might be taken from her.

"Poor young lady!" said the waiter, with all the tender mercies of his class: "I see'd, from the first, she would never get through it. Many and many's the one that come here, on the water's brink, as it were, to die. Don't take on so, Miss," he continued, to the inconsolable and unheeding Bertha: "may be, she may do well yet."

"Can we see her," said Mordaunt, finding at length voice to ask a question. "Papa carried me out of the room. The least emotion," said the sobbing child, "may be fatal." But the last word was lost amidst her tears.

The really good-natured waiter felt his eyes glisten. "I'll go and enquire for you, Sir," he said to Mordaunt: "they will know in the house. And pray, Miss, don't ye take on so."

A fresh burst of grief followed his departure. Alone with each other, now apparently all in all to themselves and their parents, these affectionate children mourned over the untimely fate of a sister so tenderly beloved. A sound of footsteps first roused them from their sorrow. With blanched cheeks and fluttered hearts they listened. The footsteps came close to the door, but they passed it. There seemed a general bustle in the house, which they could only refer to some new calamity to themselves. The waiter came not. A dread, that they dared not even utter to each other, stole over their minds; and, hand in hand, they sat on the sofa, in a state of tearless agitation, which was infinitely more painful than the bitterst bursts of distress.

After half an hour spent in this manner, a footstep less measured than the last approached their door; and, this time, they were not disappointed. It opened, and their friend the waiter appeared.

Both rose eagerly, but neither were able to speak. Excess of grief alone speaks to the vulgar mind. He had left them weeping; and now that they had ceased to shed tears, he imagined that their sorrow was lessened. Instead, therefore, of giving them immediately the intelligence they were so anxious to hear, he began by detailing the causes of his long stay.

A carriage and four had arrived just as he had quitted them. May be, they had heard the gentleman walk into the next room: a foreigner, he fancied; for he had ordered a fire this hot day. Then he had had all his baggage to bring up stairs, and afterwards his mistress had called him to pay the post-boys. And then Mary, the chambermaid, had met Dr. Hooper on the stairs; and Mary said the doctor was one of the cleverest men in tisicky complaints.

"And my sister?" said Bertha, her hands clasped, and her countenance white with emotion; while Mordaunt stood with his eyes fixed on the waiter, and his lips compressed firmly together.

"Why, your sister, Miss, Mary says the doctor give hopes of her; but then, the best of them don't dislike a job." And well was it for Bertha, that his closing words diminished the rapture caused by his first announcement of a hope that she had herself nearly relinquished. She fell back upon Mordaunt, struggling between smiles and tears, and at length wept convulsively. This was grief within the waiter's comprehension. His compassion was again excited; and he had good sense enough to pour out a glass of wine, from the decanters prepared for dinner, and administer it to Bertha. She revived; and before their doubtful friend could

do her any further mischief by his reports, Mr. Grey entered the room. His countenance was expressive of all he had suffered, and it was some moments after he had joined his children before he was able to speak. His first words were those of thankfulness; and as he took Bertha on his knee, and fondly kissed her, she could feel his tears mingle with her own. Mr. Grey had been present when Sophia was seized, and now gave them a brief account of all that had passed.

"She complained," he said, "of fatigue, when I advised her to go and lie down; and we accordingly, as you know, left this room to join your mother up stairs. She walked feebly along the passage; and, when we got to the steps, complained of being sick. Bertha ran on to prepare the servants; and, fearful of the fatigue, I took Sophia in my arms. But we had not gone many paces when she began to cough; and the next moment it seemed to us as if she had ruptured a blood-vessel. She was laid on the bed; and, till the arrival of the medical man, our apprehensions were of the most melancholy nature." He paused a moment, and then recovering a more cheerful tone, he continued: "We dreaded to hear our worst fears confirmed; but, to our unspeakable joy, he gives us hopes: well-founded hopes, he assures us, they are. It appears that it is not a blood-vessel, but the bursting of an

abscess, which has so greatly alarmed us; and if her strength be not too much reduced, he pronounces that her cure may be confidently looked for."

The joy of his attached children was not loud, but deep, as Mr. Grey concluded; and seeing, by their countenances, how severe had been their distress, he gradually directed their thoughts to their voyage, which was now, for a while, postponed.

They were to remain at Falmouth till Sophia should have strength to move. It was long before they were allowed to see her. And Mrs. Grey was also a stranger to them; for having been told that her daughter's recovery depended as much upon the nurse as the physician, she could not be prevailed upon to leave the sick chamber. The extreme quiet, however, which the invalid was enjoined, prevented that exhaustion which is too frequently felt by those who are unremitting in their attendance on the sick.

In three weeks there was a sensible improvement in the invalid; and, at the end of three more, she was allowed to be carried down to the parlour, and laid on the sofa. Then it was that the promised amendment seemed most striking. Pale and weak as she was, her breathing was free and easy. She had no cough; and the

treacherous glow of fever no longer gave a false appearance of health, which was invariably contradicted the next hour.

Mr. Grey and Mordaunt had been on an excursion to the Cornish mines, and returned with a variety of specimens, that Sophia delighted to examine and have explained to her. The milder climate of Cornwall seemed to be of use to them all; and at the commencement of December, with the permission of the physician, they began to talk of fixing a day for beginning their voyage. The extreme mildness of the weather, however, made them less anxious to hurry their departure, till the twentieth of December, when they were disagreeably surprised, on their waking, to find the ground covered with snow, and the thermometer, in rooms without a fire, two degrees below the freezing point.

No time was to be lost; and on Christmas day they entered the packet, looking forward, with dancing spirits, to the warm climate, and the attendant delights which their friend the waiter was liberal in promising them. Mr. Grey and Mordaunt braved the cold on deck, but Sophia was carefully removed below; and the lively Bertha, speedily attacked with sea-sickness, was unable to answer the jests of her brother, or to feel even cheered by the smiling consolations of her mother. Their passage, though a rough

one, was without danger; and on the evening of the fourth day it was announced to the party below that they were off the Bar of Lisbon, though they would not cross it till the morrow. Bertha, on hearing this, soon began to feel better than she had hitherto allowed herself to be, and was among the first on deck the next morning. Her little pale face brightened, as she felt the cheering effects of the bright sun, and the clear, soft air; and Mordaunt soon made her laugh, by reminding her of the predictions of the waiter, delivered with an exact imitation of the man's manner. Sophia had never experienced sea-sickness during the voyage, but had suffered greatly from cold for the first three days; and now, seated on deck as they entered the Tagus, forgot she had ever been ill, in the perfect enjoyment of all she saw. The first novelty that attracted her attention was the pilot: his dark-brown complexion, strange dress, and uncouth language, were the first intimations of the new country they were entering. But no one thing could long engage attention, when so many novelties claimed admiration. The banks of the Tagus were, on either side, covered with the richest verdure; the perfume of the lemon and the orange reached them on the gale; gay freighted boats were passing them; sounds of an unknown tongue echoed on all sides, as they

approached nearer to the city; and every view of Lisbon filled them with unexpected admiration. Sophia was in a rapture of delight, and she could not help smiling at herself, as the objects around her made her perpetually ask questions, the answer to which, fresh novelties prevented her from hearing.

As they did not intend to live in Lisbon, a boat was called for them off Buenos Ayres, where the packets anchor, which took them to shore. The sharp, steep, narrow ascent, which leads from the water-side to Buenos Ayres, with all its inexpressible effluvia, somewhat tamed their bounding spirits; but when seated in the English hotel, at *Rua de Prior*, kept by Mr. Reeves, with a plate of fresh-gathered oranges before them, and the windows affording a view of the beautiful prospect, including the vessels at anchor in the Tagus, and the opposite distance, their pleasure again found its vent in words.

Mordaunt proclaimed it to be the first of January, and wondered what sort of weather they had in England.

"Much such as you left, I imagine," said his father.

"At least, they have not these oranges," said Bertha, "nor these beautiful flowers," as she smelt at a bunch of lemon-blossom that Mrs. Reeves had placed round the plate of fruit.

"Mother," said Sophia, turning to Mrs. Grey, "this air is balm: every breath I draw seems like something healing. Who could have divined such a climate as this? Is this January?"

"Am I eating this orange?" replied Mordaunt, as he swallowed half a one at a mouthful, with mock gravity.

"I am like the man in the Arabian Nights," returned his sister, "who found so marvellous a change after dipping his head in a bucket of cold water. I touch myself, and rub my eyes, asking if all this is not a dream."

Her mother smiled. "Come to this window," she said: "here are passengers underneath it, who will assist you in ascertaining your identity."

All crowded to the window. Two or three women were passing, wrapped in their capotes *, having white muslin handkerchiefs on their heads, pinned under the chin, instead of bonnets. It was a square muslin handkerchief, doubled; and, being made very stiff, it sat off from the face, and the corner hung down behind. The men wore the same kind of capotes, with large cocked hats, put on cornerwise; and one

* A large cloth mantle, generally of a dark colour, with two or three capes, and sleeves which are never used.

end of their capote was drawn across the mouth, as if they feared the cold. The strangers looked at them till they passed, and then they began to speak together.

"Do they never wear bonnets?" said Bertha.

"No, my dear," answered her father.

"How strange!"

"They would probably think the same of our custom of wearing them," he replied. "Every nation has its separate modes, which are, generally, very well adapted to the habits of each country. We must not fancy things to be ridiculous or strange, because they are new to us."

"Are those vegetables?" enquired Sophia, as a woman stopped her horse before the door of the hotel. "Look, can those be radishes? They are larger than carrots."

"They are, indeed," said her mother; "but excellent radishes, I have no doubt. We will try some after dinner."

"Oh! how I should like to take a sketch of her," said Sophia, feeling for her pencil. "Bertha, you had it: where is it?"

"Sophy, how can you be so unkind?" said Mordaunt. "The moment of inspiration is just come upon Bertha: she is preparing the first page of her journal. How can you interrupt her?"

Bertha smiled slily, but coloured deeply at

the same time. Her brother had fallen very nearly on the truth; and she was, she knew not why, ashamed to be caught writing a journal.

"Now, my dear," continued her laughter-loving brother, "let me assist you. Is it to be to nurse Betty, or aunt Lydia; for the style will vary accordingly. Do not forget the colour of the horse, a dull bay; large wooden panniers, of a dirty ash-colour, filled with vegetables; a gourd the size of a globe, and radishes as thick as nurse's legs. Then the woman: paint her well, Bertha. A brown jacket with tags, (do not you call them,) fitting close to her lovely figure; pink cotton gown; scarlet apron, with one leather pocket outside; and her high, white cap with a chin-stay. Skin, the colour of walnut-catsup, and hair as black as sloes. Now, Bertha," continued the lively boy, "there is assistance for you! That is what I call being a friend in need; for I saw there was a struggle. You did not know how to begin: your mind was strained a note too high."

"You have given her time to sober herself down to a common level," said his father, with smiling reproach. "Do not be laughed out of your intended observations, Bertha. Your English friends will be delighted to hear from you; and your journal will be the best corrective to the vein of romance in which it is

said my lively little girl sometimes loves to indulge. Describe things exactly as you see them, in simple language; and I dare say Mordaunt may himself be glad, some time or other, to refer to your journal."

Dinner suspended the constant amusement which the window afforded. The appearance of the waiter filled the young people, at first, with surprise, and afterwards with amusement. He was dressed in a very shabby and dirty blue jacket, and took his part in the conversation that was going on at dinner, in a manner very unusual to those he waited upon. Mordaunt apostrophized his friend Thomas at Falmouth, and appealed to Bertha to confirm his eulogium.

She hesitated. Antonio's conduct offered more of novelty, and she was disposed to decide in his favour.

"You are a true woman," said her brother: "you forsake your old friend for this new man. Match me, if you can, the pompous elegance of Tom's appearance, the extent of his knowledge, and the elegant polish of his manners."

"Perhaps," interposed Mrs. Grey, "Bertha thinks he was content to dwell in decency's forms, and admires the more daring flights of her new acquaintance."

"That is just what I meant, mamma," said Bertha; "but I could not say it so well.

Thomas made me smile at first; but I shall always laugh, I am sure, at Antonio."

"Do not be too sure," said her mother: "even Antonio may lose his power, after you have been used to him. I acknowledge all his merits. But I wish he would wash his hands before he waits upon us; and either flourish that towel of his less, or produce a cleaner one with which to perform his evolutions."

Mordaunt laughed, and ever afterwards spoke of Antonio as Bertha's dirty friend. Bertha, however, only laughed in return. Antonio seemed sensible of her partiality for him, and was always showing her some little kindness. He generally had a little nosegay for her. If a procession was to pass, Bertha was sure to have the earliest intimation of it. If he was sent to purchase fruit for them, the very choicest was invariably to be offered to her. He was always at hand to interpret for her; and, to the great amusement of Mr. and Mrs. Grey, Mordaunt was often glad to bespeak, through Bertha, the good offices of her dirty friend. One benefit was soon perceived, by what her brother was pleased to term the alliance offensive and defensive between Bertha and Antonio. She acquired the Portuguese language earlier than any of the party; and Mrs. Grey having hired Antonio's sister as an attendant on Sophia and

Bertha, that they might speak the language sooner, the latter was soon able to converse in it, with an accuracy that charmed Antonio, who always proclaimed himself as the teacher of the little lady.

Sophia, though improving daily, was yet not equal to much fatigue; and, for the first weeks of their arrival at Buenos Ayres, they were content with exploring its environs. Their first walk was up and down Rua de Prior; and there they frequently met English invalids, come, like themselves, to enjoy the mildness of the climate. Day after day were to be seen the victims of consumption in all its stages, led forth by their anxious relatives, to taste, yet taste in vain, the warm sunshine and the purer air. By slow degrees they were seen to decline; but often, with looks so like recovery, that none but a stranger's eye, who saw them only at intervals, could detect the fallacy of the hopes they gave. One by one they were missed in their accustomed walks; and the next packet returned filled with mourners over broken hopes, and expectations raised in vain.

Buenos Ayres has a melancholy resemblance to Clifton, when it was considered the Montpellier of England.

The most favourite haunts of the little party, were the different gardens in the neighbourhood. One, in particular, called the Limestone Garden,

obtained the preference. The frank kindness of the owners, their admiration of Sophia, and the warmth and beauty of the spot, made it liked by all. Part of it is situated on a steep ascent; but every portion, even the most unpromising, is carefully cultivated; and, from February to July, it offers a constant succession of breathing sweets. It was kept by two sisters and their brother, all advanced in life. The more they saw of the Greys, the more they liked them; but their mode of showing affection was not exactly to the English taste.

The general etiquette of salutation in Portugal, amongst women as well as men, is saluting first on one cheek and then on the other. The sisters, though the kindest, were not the handsomest or the neatest of women; and one day, after dining upon garlic, they gave Sophia so affectionate an embrace, that she was almost stifled. Mordaunt perceived it, and immediately congratulated her on the agreeable sensations she must feel.

"I do wish," she answered, as soon as she recovered herself, "that they were a little less tender; or that you would, one day, take my place."

CHAP. II.

As soon as Sophia was equal to the exertion, her father took her to see the Estrella church, which was not far from Buenos Ayres. It is placed in an open space; and, with respect to situation, has every advantage. It has a cupola in the middle, and two pointed towers on each side. After going over it, Mr. Grey watched the impression it made upon his daughter's mind. He was anxious to cultivate the excellent taste she possessed; and he thought this was best done, by leaving her first impressions wholly unbiassed. When she seemed to have seen enough to satisfy her, he enquired how she liked it.

She hesitated. "I hardly know," she said: "I am too ignorant to say *why* I am disappointed, and yet I am."

Mr. Grey then took her into a small room, in which the monks consulted on business, and showed her a model of a church somewhat resembling that of the Estrella. She examined it

attentively, and pointed out several parts with extreme admiration.

Mr. Grey smiled. "This," he said, "is the model of an Italian church near Padua, of very beautiful proportions. It was brought here, that Estrella might be built exactly like it. But when it came to this country, it was thought that it might be improved upon; and they have, as they think, erected a very superior building in the Estrella."

Sophia looked up in her father's face: she saw that he was speaking ironically, but she did not perfectly comprehend him. As they rode home, he explained himself more fully. "No one," he observed, "can dislike, more than I do, those wholesale condemnations of a nation, in which travellers, particularly English travellers, are so apt to indulge; but it may be useful to you, my dear, to point out the absurdity of the Portuguese, in the eighteenth century, fancying they could rival the taste and the skill of the Augustan age of Italy. In nations we often see, on a large scale, the faults of individuals. Ignorance is commonly accompanied by presumption."

Their visits to Lisbon afforded an inexhaustible source of amusement. The ride from Buenos Ayres was replete with interest, to those recently arrived in the country. The

Gallegos* first attracted attention. They were dressed in bright blue or brown jackets, with white trowsers reaching half way down the leg, and short, coloured velveteen breeches over them. On their heads was a blue or crimson cap; and over their shoulder a wallet, on which was placed a small barrel. To the breast of their jacket is attached a ticket, indicative of their being under the superintendence of the government. Their appearance is by no means unpleasing; and Mr. Grey explained to them that they came from Gallicia, a province in Spain, and that, when they had served long enough to amass a moderate sum, they invariably returned to spend their last days in their native country.

Mordaunt asked how Spain liked to part with so large a body of men.

"She has provided," replied his father, "for all exigencies, by making a law, that if the state requires their services, they are bound to return when summoned. To make their obedience certain, their families are kept as hostages for them; and, if the man deserts, on them the punishment falls."

Even Bertha was sensible that this regulation would effectually prevent desertion.

As they passed the fish-market, Sophia called

* Water-carriers and porters.

eagerly to her mother, "Look at those fishermen—those three apart, with the fish at their feet. Oh! how I wish they would stop the carriage. Did you ever see any thing so like the cartoons? Mother, did you see them?"

Mrs. Grey smiled. "We could hardly stop here, my dear; but your remark is very just. The figures you saw just now, resemble very much the Italian fishermen, who, no doubt, were the models from which Raphael drew his fishermen, in the miraculous draught of fishes."

Sophia still looked after them with eagerness; and Mr. Grey, interested by his daughter's observation, promised that he would give her an opportunity of seeing them more at leisure.

When they got into Lisbon, they left the carriage and walked down Gold-street. On either side it was occupied by jewellers. Some of the shops were filled with the most beautiful gold chains, ear-rings, and necklaces. Bertha, who had a moidore * in her hand, which she was most impatient to part with, was eager to purchase the first pretty thing she saw; but her mother gently laid her hand upon her arm: "Wait, my dear," she said; "you will see, by and by, prettier things, perhaps, than these. Do not spend your money hastily. Let us

* A gold coin, in value about £.1 7s.

follow Mordaunt to the other side of the street. He is gone to a lapidary: you will be amused by seeing the process. Bertha looked disappointed. It was not, perhaps, in the nature of a lively little girl thwarted in her first purchase, to do otherwise; but she yielded readily to the guidance of her mother; and when they joined Mordaunt, she slipped the moidore into Mrs. Grey's hand, and entreated her to keep it, for otherwise she feared she should not have resolution to forbear spending it.

Her mother fondly stroked the shining ringlets which hung round her neck, and commended the prudence of her little daughter.

When the party again met, they traversed Silver-street, which had infinitely less attraction for them than Gold-street. Mr. Grey then took them into the Rosiro, which is a large square, where the troops are exercised, and which is highly picturesque, from having four openings or vistas at each corner, which present the long perspective of high, narrow streets, and are crowned with lofty, antique buildings, for the most part the only ones that the earthquake of 1755 left standing. The highest of these, the old castle, is very conspicuous. Mr. Grey called the attention of his little party to the remarkable features of the place on which they stood. He

pointed out the buildings erected since the earthquake, and those that had survived its influence. "Within this square," he continued, "have thousands of soldiers been exercised, who have fought and died in the battles of their country; and here, underneath the very spot on which we now stand, are the dungeons of the Inquisition."

There was, at these words, a general start amongst his auditors; but the next moment they drew closer to him, eager to hear more.

"They are said to exist no longer," resumed Mr. Grey, "and I thank God that there is reason to believe the assertion true; but it must always be a melancholy reflection, that while all above was light and life, and liberty and enjoyment, scenes were acted below too fearful to dwell upon."

He moved on as he concluded; and referring his eager questioners to the evening for a further gratification of their curiosity, he led the way to the Exchange, and the Place of Commerce. The buildings were not entirely finished, but nearly so; and all were lofty and noble. The immense area, with the Tagus at its brink, had a fine effect; and the activity and partial bustle produced by the removal of some heavy goods, gave animation to the scene.

All admired this part of Lisbon; but even here it was marred by dirt, and the negligent,

careless habits of the people. At the suggestion of Mrs. Grey they took a boat, and returned to Buenos Ayres by water. As they glided along, Mr. Grey referred to the buildings they had just seen, and remarked, that there was no history, perhaps, on record, where a nation owed so much to a single individual, as the Portuguese did to the Marquis of Pombal, minister to Joseph the First, at the time when the earthquake took place. "While, on that event," continued Mr. Grey, "all was terror and confusion, and the horrors of indiscriminate plunder were added to that dreadful calamity, he retained his firmness and his presence of mind. He ordered a gallows to be erected at the corner of every street, and all who were found pillaging were hung up immediately. In a few days the thieves had disappeared. As much as was possible, he provided food and shelter for the multitude of unhappy persons who were without homes. He employed workmen to dig amongst the ruins, and extricate those who were only partially buried. He appointed officers to see that the property discovered was carefully preserved; and when some degree of tranquillity succeeded to so awful a visitation, he caused plans to be prepared for the rebuilding of the city; and compelled those individuals who built their houses at their own expense, to follow a particular plan, which he himself pointed out to

them. The consequences of these regulations were, that the streets were wider and better built than the old town had been. All that part of Lisbon which we have passed over to-day, was rebuilt under his administration. He attended to the commerce of Portugal; and had his plans for its improvement but survived him, in all probability this country would never have been reduced to the situation in which she now finds herself."

"The loss of life in the earthquake," observed Sophia, "must have been immense!"

"It was," said her father; "but had it happened during the morning service, it would have been much greater. The people had just left the churches as the earthquake took place. Entire streets were consumed, in consequence of the wood of the falling buildings being set on fire by the lighted charcoal used in every house for culinary purposes. The flame spread to buildings which the earthquake had spared, and the destruction this way was immense."

"There must have been many hair-breadth escapes, I dare say," said Mordaunt.

"I have heard of many," replied his mother, "but none that is more surprising than that recorded on a tomb-stone in Jamaica. The name of the person I have forgotten; but it states that he was swallowed up by an earthquake, and again thrown upon dry land by a second convulsion,

and thus restored to life; for he sustained no injury but a few bruises. He lived many years afterwards."

"I should like to know what he felt," said Sophia: "it was a wonderful preservation."

"He probably," said her father, "felt nothing. The whole affair must have happened almost in less time than it takes to tell it; and in such moments, terror is the only sensation to which we are alive, for there is no time for others to arise."

Mordaunt remarked, that the sea was asserted to have destroyed more lives than the earthquake.

"That is to say," said his father, "that the encroachment of the sea upon the land, occasioned by the earthquake, was as fatal as its ravages on shore. Many thousands were swept away by it, as they rushed from the falling houses. Several foreigners of distinction lost their lives; and among the rest, you remember, I dare say, Sophia, that your favourite Racine lost his eldest son, a youth who promised to inherit his father's talents."

"I had forgotten it, father," said Sophia, ingenuously.

In the evening, Mr. Grey was reminded of his promise to give them some details of the Inquisition. Mrs. Grey withdrew, to write

letters for England. Bertha opened a fresh page of her journal, in despite of a sly look from Mordaunt; and Sophia drew nearer to her father, lest the irresistible temptations of the window should beguile her attention.

"The Inquisition," said Mr. Grey, "is of ancient date: it was, if I am not mistaken, first formed as far back as the twelfth century, with the sanction of Pope Innocent the Third, and under the immediate protection of Father Dominic and his followers: so that the Dominican order of friars have, since that time, been the chief instruments of establishing and perpetuating this truly diabolical institution. It was first proposed as a means for preventing heresy and infidelity, and was embraced readily by Italy and all its dependencies, except the kingdom of Naples. It was received with the deepest reverence in Spain, where the genius of the people seemed to assimilate with its horrors; but it was never established in the Netherlands, though under the dominion of Spain. In France it exerted its power, without being able exactly to proclaim itself openly; but there is no doubt that the Bastille fully supplied the place of the Inquisition. In England, during the time of Mary, Philip the Second, her husband, made strenuous efforts to establish its power, but failed; and the

succeeding reign of Elizabeth destroyed, in a great measure, all remnants of popery.

"The chief feature of the Inquisition is, that the accused are never confronted with their accusers. An anonymous accusation is made, and the unhappy object of it is torn from his family and friends, and confined in a dungeon. He is desired to recollect in what he has offended; and far from having to rebut an aspersion, or an alleged crime, is compelled to accuse himself. If he declares his innocence, he is tortured till agony makes him admit his imputed guilt, though in fact he is innocent."

"That," interrupted Mordaunt, "I would never do. I would die first."

"My dear boy," said his father, "you speak in utter ignorance of what human nature is, when thus sorely beset. Let an individual of the firmest mind, accompanied with the healthiest body, be immured in a solitary dungeon, where the light hardly shines. Let month after month expire in solitude and misery, till hope is dead within him; and then let him suddenly be submitted to the extremity of torture, alone, unpitied, attended only by his enemies, and this not once, but many times. Let hopes be given, as they perpetually are, (for that is a part of their hateful policy,) that confession will restore him

to liberty, and we shall find few, very few, able to resist the temptation."

Mordaunt confessed that this was a view of the subject which had escaped him.

"From the horrors of this tribunal none were exempt," continued his father. "By receiving and acting upon accusations from unknown persons, they gave full scope to the worst passions; and by excluding the sufferer from every consolation, they equally checked good feeling. During its existence, such was the terror of the Inquisition, that parents gave up their children to it, and husbands their wives: every tie, however dear, yielded to its authority. When a person was seized upon through its orders, their relations went into deep mourning, as though they had been dead; their name was uttered no more, and they were considered as gone for ever. Any one who had a hatred to a person, could gratify it by an anonymous accusation, and their victim disappeared for ever. Did you observe, in Lisbon, that large, old house I desired you to remark, that was falling so rapidly into decay? Its owner was, some years since, suddenly seized at night, by the familiars, or officers of the Inquisition; and his family and fortunes have since pined away, nothing having prospered with them afterwards."

"And did they never release their prisoners?" asked Sophia, shuddering.

"Yes: at stated intervals they were brought out, to be publicly condemned or acquitted. Those against whom no charge could be substantiated, after being cruelly tortured, were set at liberty. Some had their lives spared, but all their property was taken from them; and others (those who still continued firm to their own religious opinions) were burnt alive, amidst the acclamations of thousands of persons, of both sexes and all ages, the flower of the kingdom."

"Horrid! horrid!" said Sophia, as she covered her face with her hands. "What! could women be present?"

"They were, invariably. Even queen Isabella, your *beau ideal* of a woman and a queen, was present at two auto-da-fés, or acts of faith, as such scenes are called. Nor must we condemn them too severely. We are what habit and education make us. The Spanish women were brought up in a religion, the chief engine of which is terror. They were taught, from their earliest infancy, that the object of this tribunal was of the holiest nature. They were in the habit of seeing the first persons in the kingdom submit to it; and were early impressed with the idea, that its unfortunate victims were the worst of criminals. Its proceedings were encompassed

with a mystery, that left an impression of fear and awe; and they were, besides, taught, that to be absent from such acts of faith, was to be wanting in true religion. It is little, therefore, to be wondered, that they were used to attend them with firmer nerves than we can think of them."

Sophia was old enough to admit the justice of this reasoning; but it made no impression on Bertha, who sat lost amidst the surprise and indignation which her father's details excited, and who could only relieve her mind by abusing, *en masse*, the Spanish nation.

Mr. Grey smiled, and assured her she would understand these things better by and by; and turning to Mordaunt, he pointed out to him the invariable influence that religion will have upon a nation. "There is no doubt," he continued, "that much of the fierce, sanguinary spirit of the Spaniards may be traced to the Inquisition, and to the popish faith. Their government, from the time of Charles V. was arbitrary. They were accustomed to assist, unshrinking, at the most fearful domestic tragedies; their minds were deeply tinctured with the cruel spirit and unwise zeal of bigotry. In other countries, political as much as religious crimes were visited by the Inquisition; and the lighter, gayer temper of the Italians, prevented its influence from being so

generally painful. Dreadful beyond imagination, no doubt, its deeds were, in every country where it was established; but in Spain it always appears dyed in deeper gloom."

There was a silence of some minutes after Mr. Grey concluded, and, on the entrance of Mrs. Grey, the children jumped up, as if delighted to throw off the many painful ideas which so melancholy a subject gave them.

Among the objects worthy of attention, in Lisbon and its vicinity, there were two yet unvisited by them, and which Mr. Grey now proposed that their next excursion should be to see; the chapel of St. Roque, and the celebrated church and convent of St. Jeronymo, at Belem. The chapel first occupied their attention. On their way to it they passed through the church, which has nothing in particular to recommend it. On entering the chapel, the first objects of admiration are three large pictures, in mosaic, by Juste. The subject of the first, on the right hand, is the angel Gabriel, who appears just to have announced to Mary that she is to be the mother of our Lord. He is looking at her, and has a white lily in his hand. The figure of Mary is bent on one knee, her hands folded on her bosom, and her eyes cast down in an attitude of deep submission. With this picture all were delighted; but especially Sophia, who was

some minutes before she could turn to look at the others. The one which hangs over the altar-piece represents the Baptism of our Saviour, whose feet are in the water; the Spirit is descending on his head in the form of a dove, and the reflection of the feet below the water is life itself. Several figures are around him, and John the Baptist is pouring water upon his head. The last picture, on the left hand, represents the Holy Ghost descending upon the apostles, in the shape of fiery tongues. It was the unanimous opinion of the party, that this picture was spoiled by the representation of a number of red tongues floating in the air. The execution is much better than the design. The three pictures cost the immense sum of three millions of crusados*. The execution of all three is wonderful, and in some lights is said to have deceived artists themselves. But Sophia still gave the preference to the Annunciation: she returned to it again, and with difficulty withdrew her attention from it to the gorgeous decorations of the altar. The high pillars are of genuine lapis lazuli; the ledges round the altar are alternately cornelian and amethyst; the pavement is mosaic; the steps are red porphyry; and the flat slabs against the wall, of that beautiful marble called the verd antique.

* A crusado is about two shillings and nine-pence.

A lay brother pointed out to them all these riches, with triumphant exultation; and when he thought their admiration had reached its height, he took them to a small chamber of the chapel, and showed them a magnificent *basso-relievo* of solid silver, which, on state occasions, was placed in front of the altar. It was so massive, he told them, that it required six men to hold it.

Bertha whispered to Mordaunt, that it was so dull and dirty she should have mistaken it for lead; but her father, who overheard her, assured her that it was silver, and that the man was not deceiving them.

Bertha was just going to ask him to wipe it, when she saw the attendant take up a cloth for the purpose; and she was afterwards able to follow, and verify with her own eyes, the explanation which the monk gave of it.

The *basso-relievo* was supported on each side by a cherub in silver, of the size of a child of two years of age. The sculpture represents, in the middle, the offering of incense by the wise men, and they are surrounded by a profusion of figures. The whole, their guide assured them, was valued at 300,000 crowns. But his auditors, after a long examination, were disposed to think it more curious than interesting, especially as the execution was execrable.

Sophia appearing tired, they deferred visiting

St. Jeronymo the same day, and drove home slowly through some of the principal streets. The Black Horse Square, as the Place of Commerce is sometimes called, from its having a very large bronze statue of Joseph the First in the midst of it, excited anew their admiration; and Mrs. Grey alighting in the Ciada to make some purchases, she took Bertha with her as an interpreter, and Mordaunt followed for amusement. When they came back, Mrs. Grey's face, for a moment, betrayed a degree of risibility not usual to her; but the young people were unreasonably merry, and it was long before they could give any account of what had entertained them. When, however, their convulsions of laughter had subsided, they were anxious to impart the cause of their mirth.

Mordaunt had stood a minute or two at the shop-door, while Bertha was speaking for his mother; and, while there, he espied Antonio and a Gallego* in deep consultation over a box of artificial flowers. They were presently joined by another Gallego, who asked to see a dress hat. Mordaunt drew Bertha away from his mother, and they listened eagerly to their conversation.

* This is by no means an exaggeration: Gallegos may frequently be seen purchasing such articles, and even bonnets, for the Portuguese.

To their astonishment, they found these uncommon purchasers had a very fair idea of what was best, and rejected several things of doubtful taste without hesitation. The gentleman, however, who requested to see the dress hat, had completely overcome the gravity of Bertha and her brother; for, there being no glass near, after offering to try it on a woman, who objected to the familiarity, he very composedly put it on the head of Antonio, who received the unexpected compliment with a gravity that was really overwhelming. Mordaunt laughed violently as he told the story.

"Oh," said Bertha, "how I wish papa and Sophy could have seen Antonio's looks, and the calm, examining faces of his two friends. There was not a smile, Sophy: they only thought of the hat, and how the lady would look in it. If Mordaunt had not drawn me away, I am sure I must have laughed aloud, which I should have been sorry to do, for every body looked so grave."

Sophia enjoyed the account exceedingly, and laughed as heartily as even Mordaunt or Bertha; and, at dinner, it was with some difficulty that Mr. and Mrs. Grey could restrain the young people, who, as they looked at the unconscious Antonio, especially Mordaunt, were nearly incapable of eating any thing. Bertha's laughs

were, as her brother said, checked by her unwillingness to make her friend uncomfortable; while he himself declared, that no lapse of time could prevent him seeing Antonio's face otherwise than surrounded and adorned by the memorable pink satin hat.

"The convent of St. Jeronymo," said Mr. Grey, as they approached it the next day, after an agreeable drive through the best parts of Lisbon, "is a remnant of Gothic architecture, and the door and the windows are exquisite in their kind."

As they entered the church, the young people were struck with awe at the grandeur of the edifice. Its height, its lofty pillars, and the beautiful tracery work round the windows, together with the sober light they admitted, inspired them with a feeling of reverence.

"This," said Sophia, "is more like our own cathedrals than any thing we have yet seen."

It was empty, except that here and there a beggar was to be seen, prostrate before a favourite shrine. The Greys walked silently past them, respecting their devotion, and were soon accosted by a lay brother, who offered to show them the holiday vestments of the church. Altar coverings, of satin and gold, embroidered in the most costly manner, and fringed with the purest

bullion, were displayed with no small feeling of pride. The magnificent garments which the priests wore on particular days, the tiara, the crosier, all of jewels and gold, dazzled the eyes of Bertha, who stood by the side of their guide, never weary of admiring the glittering splendour of the apparel so proudly spread before her. But she was soon his only auditor: Mordaunt had gone off to another door of the cathedral, and Sophia was walking quietly about, in silent admiration of the beautiful architecture on every side.

"When was this church built?" she asked her father, as he and Mordaunt joined her.

"In the time of Manoel, my dear, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, some say: others give it a much more ancient date, and fix it in the time of the Moorish dominion in Portugal. We are going to see the tomb of Manoel, which is in a small vault behind the great altar."

Bertha joined them, and they determined to enter the vault. One by one they did so, for it was too small to hold more than one at a time; but they found little to repay them. The coffin of Manoel was of stone, and the vault was close, dark, and insufferably dirty. The lay brother then took them into the refectory, where they were shown a very beautiful edition of the poem

of Camoens, printed in France, and an illuminated missal.

"Where was Camoens buried?" asked Sophia.

"In an alms-house," replied her father; "but where is not known. The fate of Camoens was a hard one. A brave soldier, an accomplished gentleman, and the only poet that Portugal can boast; yet he was allowed to live and die in poverty and neglect, and his remains have been unhonoured by posterity."

Here they were interrupted by an altercation between Bertha and one of the monks. She was standing at the door of the refectory, which looked into a garden belonging to the convent, and was expostulating, in a half laughing, half serious manner, with one of the priests. Her bonnet was off, a profusion of sunny curls shaded her countenance as she looked up at the reverend father; and her attitude was that of an impatient bird, which longed to spread its wings and fly.

"How pretty she looks!" said Sophia: "how can the monk refuse her?" while Mordaunt flew to her side to assist her. But their united eloquence was vain: no woman's foot was allowed to cross the precincts of the convent; and the monk assured Bertha, in reply to her entreaties, that when the late queen came in state and

walked round it, every stone on which she trod had been removed, and new ones laid down*.

"Nay," said her brother to the disappointed pleader, "take it as a compliment, Bertha: think how they live, shut up for ever from society, and keep from them, in pity, the temptation of such a face,

"With such an air, and such a grace."

"No," said she, "the grapes are not sour; but mamma would think me rude in pressing it any more, so I shall not. What is Sophy beckoning and smiling about?"

They both moved on to enquire, and heard with rapture that their mother had just proposed driving on to the Irish Convent, to see the nuns there. Bertha's joy was unbounded, and she even grudged Sophia the many last looks which she could not help giving, as she quitted the church of San Jeronymo.

The Irish Convent is a rambling, unsightly building. The visitors were first ushered into a court; then through a very damp apartment, floored with stone; and finally into another smaller room, with a large iron grating at one

* Fact; though she was a munificent patroness of the order.

end: this was the parlour in which visitors were received.

Mrs. Grey asked for sister Agnes, for whom she had letters. To the surprise of the party, instead of the pale, elegant, pensive being they had expected, they saw, behind the grating, a fresh-coloured, lively looking person, who could only be well described, both in person and manner, by the term *hearty*. She was pleased to receive her letters, she was pleased to see Mrs. Grey; but there was no touch of sensibility about her. The broad Irish accent, and the still broader laugh with which she accompanied every sentence, seemed to destroy, in the minds of her younger hearers, all that sympathy and pity for her, with which they had come so abundantly prepared. Mr. Grey begged to see her cousins, two young ladies, of whose beauty he had heard a great deal. They came immediately. Sister Euphemia was in white, the dress of a novice, she not having yet adopted the habit of the order. Her sister Mary was professed. Both were indeed very lovely; and in the countenance of sister Mary there was a soft, pensive expression, that interested every one. She looked once attentively at Sophia, then back again for a moment at her sister Euphemia; and Mrs. Grey could see the tears rush into her eyes, an emotion which very much affected her. These young

people were orphans; and the fine voice and taste for music which each possessed, induced the abbess to receive them with a sum much below the usual price. Sister Euphemia had been in the convent for some years, and was about to take the veil, at an age when she could not be aware of what she was doing, or the excess of misery to which she was exposing herself. Sister Agnes, who might be about forty, spoke with lively gaiety of the approaching ceremony, which was fixed for the next month, and invited all the party to be present at it. Then, and not till then, did Euphemia show any emotion: she cast down her eyes, and a flush of crimson passed over her face, while the countenance of sister Mary became deadly pale. These outward signs of deeper feelings within, passed wholly unnoticed by sister Agnes, who, like a bird long confined to its cage, loved her prison, and imagined not that others felt differently. Sophia was exceedingly interested in the two sisters; and, on their rising to go, promised to return soon. But sister Ages begged them not to come earlier in the day, for her duties in the convent prevented her from seeing any one before two o'clock; when sister Mary, with a glance which Mrs. Grey, rapidly as it was withdrawn, yet construed into an anxious entreaty, ventured to say, that, if that hour was not always conve-

nient to them, herself and her sister would be delighted to supply the place of sister Agnes at the grate.

When they were again in the carriage, Bertha exclaimed, that sister Agnes was not at all like a nun, and that no one could feel any compassion for her.

"I differ from you," said her father: "sister Agnes is evidently an excellent-hearted person, full of kind affections; and it is to me a subject of serious regret, when I see such a person lost to society. In the world, she would have been one of those active, bustling, kind-hearted people, who, free from schemes and selfish plans for themselves, are perpetually employed in doing good, and are more valuable than we are aware of till we lose them."

"And Euphemia, and the elegant sister Mary!" said Sophia: "Oh! father, don't you pity them too?"

"Ay," said Mr. Grey, with a manner that expressed more than he said, "most deeply;" and he hastened, as much as possible, to turn the conversation from them.

Mordaunt asked, what first made people think of shutting themselves up in that manner, and resigning all their free agency.

"In ancient times," replied his father, "during the early profession of Christianity, persecu-

tion led many devout persons into retired places, where they pursued their devotions uninterrupted. Some one person of these little societies, more distinguished by his piety and his knowledge, was usually looked upon as their chief. Power has its attractions; and, in process of time, mistaken zeal and wilful deception conspired to compose societies both of men and women, who thus retired from the world. The popes sanctioned these societies, because they derived from them not only money but power, as their rulers and governors were entirely under their dominion; and, by degrees, monasteries and convents became what you now see them."

"But, papa," said Bertha, hesitatingly, "was it not right of them to think only of God? Would it not be very good in us, if we were to do as they do?"

"No, my dear, it would not. God sent us into this world, not to hide our talent in a napkin, but to acquire others, of which we are one day to render him an account. The nuns pass their time, at best, in busy idleness; and their good qualities, not having undergone those trials which we are sent into this world for, are either quite lost, or unexercised. Nor is this all: an undue power is exercised over young minds, to persuade them to become nuns. Parents compel

children to take the veil, though they have the greatest abhorrence to the life of a nun; and they often lead, in consequence, lives of unspeakable misery. In Germany, there is a modified institution of this kind, highly admirable. Persons cannot enter until thirty years of age: they take no vows; and may leave it again after a certain period, if they like. This institution offers an asylum to many females, who might not otherwise be so well off."

"Is that what is termed being a *chanoiness?*" asked Sophia.

"No, the chanoinesses are obliged to prove sixteen quarters of nobility, before they can be admitted into the chapter. It is, therefore, a distinction to be elected. They have a certain stipend for life, and may be absent from the chapter for a certain number of months in every year. You may always know them in society, by a green cross, or embroidered ornament, which they wear on one shoulder."

"What order of monks are those, mother?" said Mordaunt, looking out of the window: "Do you know?"

"I think Antonio told me, that they are of the order of St. Vincent, which is one of the highest and richest in the kingdom. The monks are all noble, and compelled by their vow never to go out alone, but accompanied by one of their

brethren. I have also heard, that they take an oath never voluntarily to look at a woman."

"Ah!" said Mordaunt, laughing, "that accounts for their shuffling along, and looking under their eyes in that droll way."

"The absurdity of such oaths," said Mr. Grey, "requires no comment; yet their infringement loads them, they imagine, with very heavy guilt."

When they alighted in Rua de Prior, Antonio informed Bertha, that to-morrow there would be a celebrated procession, called the Steps of our Saviour, and that he could obtain them excellent places to see the whole of it. Bertha was enchanted, and she rose to inform her father and mother, satisfied that Sophia and Mordaunt would enjoy it as much as she did.

"Certainly, my dear, you shall go," said Mrs. Grey; "but I think I must put you all under the protection of papa. Sight-seeing is beginning to tire me. Now, Bertha, do not think very meanly of my understanding, after this confession."

"What shall we see?" said her brother: "nothing half so entertaining as Antonio in his dress hat!" and he placed Sophia's bonnet on his head, and stood before Bertha, mimicking Antonio's look and manner exactly.

While they were in the height of their merri-

ment the door opened, and Senhor Manoel José Macedo was announced. The laughing faces were composed to gravity immediately. Mordaunt escaped to seek for his father; and Sophia, with some timidity, addressed him in Portuguese.

The Senhor was enchanted to find she conversed in his own language, and was profuse in his apologies for not having waited upon them before; but he had been absent at Elvas for some time. Sophia was somewhat embarrassed by the very praises he meant should encourage her, and it was a great relief to her when her father entered the room.

Senhor Macedo was a lively Portuguese, full of action and gesture: he had travelled, acquired more information than commonly belongs to a Lusitanian gentleman, and was, moreover, fond of English society. He invited himself to accompany them on the morrow to the procession; and when they met, presented Sophia with a most beautiful nosegay, which is a usual mark of gallantry with his nation.

When they had comfortably seated themselves in the balcony of a jeweller's house in Gold-street, and who was first cousin to Antonio, they cast their eyes, in a rapture of admiration, up and down the street. Every floor, every window, even the roofs of the houses, were crowded with people. From many of the higher windows,

large floating draperies of crimson, violet, and white cloth, were seen extending across the street to the opposite windows. The ladies in the balconies were superbly dressed in gay-coloured silks, and, when the sun shone upon them, were a perfect blaze of jewels. Below, as far as the eye could trace, nothing was to be seen but women in their snow-white handkerchiefs, and dark capotes. They were clustered on the broad steps of a church, which formed a vista at one end of the street; and, as a gun gave notice of the approach of the procession, they were seen moving along like the troubled waves of the sea, till, at length, they crowded to the end of the street; and, on Mordaunt's saying, "Now I see it! Look, Bertha!" all started up, and as the dense mass of human beings advanced, and gradually fell into their places, the first thing that was distinguishable was a body of foot soldiers, who, with slow march, noiseless step, and arms reversed, walked up the street. Then came several attendants of the churches, dressed in their most brilliant habiliments. These were followed by several monks of different orders, walking two and two; and then, under a magnificent canopy, appeared the figure itself, clumsily cut out of wood. It was dressed in a crimson-coloured serge gown, which flowed down to its feet: on its head was a crown of thorns; and it had crimson

spots on its cheek and brow, to represent blood. It bore in its arms a cross, under the load of which it was represented to bend as if exhausted. This figure was followed by a number of ladies and gentlemen, dressed in deep mourning, barefooted, and so closely concealed by the canopy over the figure, that their faces could not be seen. Afterwards came monks with censors in their hands, which they waved backwards and forwards as they held them by their silver chain: these were followed by other monks, chaunting a psalm, in the chorus of which all joined; and, after them, the Host appeared, surrounded by many flags, and held under a small square canopy. It stopped beneath the window of the house where the Greys were seated.

The priest rang a small bell, raised rapidly on high something, the form of which could not be seen, but which contained the sacred elements; and every creature in that dense crowd sunk on their knees, and there was a profound silence throughout that immense multitude. As far as the eye could glance, above, below, every knee was bent to the ground. Again the chaunt was resumed, the incense was again wafted on the air; the moving mass of individuals were slowly in motion; the pageant passed on; and, instead of its gaudy ranks, a crowd of all descriptions of persons, chiefly of the lower class, pressed in the

rear to follow it, and in five minutes the street was empty. Even the opposite houses were thinned of their gay occupiers; and while the little English party could hardly draw their breath, lest the vision should vanish, it seemed already dismissed from the minds of all. The laugh, the careless conversation, the shout for carriages, were heard on all sides, where there had been lately so magnificent and impressive a spectacle.

"This is the effect of habit," said Mr. Grey, as he turned smiling to his children. "You have seen it for the first time, and connect, even with this rude image, the actual sufferings of our blessed Redeemer. You have also seen for the first time, one of the most impressive of human sights; an immense crowd of persons, all apparently absorbed in a profound feeling of devotion. There is something sublime in such a silence as we lately witnessed. But were you to attend the same scene again, you would be surprised to find how much fainter your feelings would be; and if you were present at such an exhibition three or four times, you would be alive to all that is ridiculous in it, not to say impious, and wonder how you could ever have thought otherwise."

"Oh, father!" said the doubting and still rapt Bertha.

"My dear, such must ever be the effect of a religion, which appeals to the eye rather than the heart; and this appears to me the radical defect of the Romish religion. It inspires pride rather than humility; it flatters the imagination, but never addresses the heart."

Senhor Macedo here joined them, to say the carriage was ready; and turning to Mr. Grey, said, smilingly: "This is good policy, is it not Senhor? I know nothing wiser than for government to occupy our attention thus. If left to find our own subjects of amusement, we might seek them less discreetly."

"Long habit," returned Mr. Grey, "has probably made some spectacle necessary to the people."

"More necessary now than ever. The Portuguese," continued the lively Senhor, "are like persons long accustomed to take opium, they will not sleep unless a much larger dose be given them."

There was an amusing shrewdness in the lively sallies of the Senhor; and Mr. Grey invited him to join them at dinner, a proposal to which he cheerfully agreed.

CHAP. III.

Sophia detailed to her mother, on their return home, the impression the procession had made upon her; and described the extreme awe that stole over her, when she looked round upon so large a body of people all on their knees, and all in the act of adoration. "Do you think they did not feel it, mother?"

"Many, I dare say, did. But it is the invariable effect of outward forms to touch the heart but little; and what we do every day, if done in public, and accompanied with much mechanical ceremony, is always done with little sensibility. How do you like Senhor Macedo?"

"He amuses us extremely, he is so very good-natured; and has promised to bring his guitar this evening." Nor did the Senhor fail to perform his engagement. He sung to them several popular airs, especially the national hymn; and gave them the tune of "Robin Adair," adapted by himself to Portuguese words. He

had a good voice and a good ear, and his hearers not being fastidious, he gave them perfect satisfaction. He tried to say a few words in English, particularly to Bertha, who withdrew before he left the house; and he laughed as heartily as any one at his own failure.

But he was something better than merely amusing: he knew every thing that was worth seeing in Lisbon, and could procure them the entrance to many collections, of which most travellers were ignorant. He was fond of asking questions about the government of England, and comparing it with that of Portugal. When he heard that no man could be condemned there, unless found guilty by twenty-four of his equals*, his admiration of our laws was deep, rather than loud. Plenty of law, and no justice, was, he assured them, the device of Portugal. And he was eloquent on the vexations, delays, and enormous charges, at which justice alone could be bought. At the request of the young people, at least of the two eldest, whom he was surprised to find interested in the subject, he gave them a brief sketch of the manner in which

* The grand jury, who must find a true bill before a man is tried, is composed of twelve gentlemen; and the lesser jury, who pronounce the verdict afterwards, of twelve also.

an offender was proceeded against in his country.

"When an individual," said Senhor Macedo, "is accused of a crime, a writing detailing it is sent in to the corregidor (or judge) of the district, who has the person brought up before him in his private room, for he never sees but one party at a time."

"Excuse me," interrupted Mr. Grey, "is the person taken up on a *viva voce* order, or is there any warrant or written command issued to that effect?"

"No," answered the Senhor, "none whatever. He simply desires his officer to do so, who takes the man up, wherever and whenever he finds him. After the private examination, the accused is, or is not, confined to prison, entirely at the discretion of the judge. If committed to prison, the business of proving the crime then rests with an officer we call *escrivaõ**, who draws up a detail of the case, with all the attendant circumstances and proofs. The criminal has not the benefit of your trial by jury; but he may challenge a witness he thinks prejudiced or malicious. But we have no courts of justice; every trial passes in the private room of the

* Writer.

corregidor, or the intendant of police. When the case is made out, it is sent to the regency, the king being absent; and the signature of two of its members * and a secretary is sufficient to make the sentence of condemnation or acquittal lawful. The ceremony of condemning to condign punishment, differs from your black cap. In the room where the proper authorities are assembled to decide life or death, is a figure of the Virgin; (for we can do nothing without her in this country;) lighted candles are burning before her. The minister bows as he receives the paper from the hand of the *escrivaõ*, and writes underneath, *morae* † ; and the pen that has written the fatal word never writes again: it is burnt immediately. This sentence goes afterwards to the regency, who confirm it by writing underneath, *confirmose* ‡. The victim is allowed three days to prepare for his fate, confesses himself, and dies. But ninety-nine out of a hundred escape, after all this form has been gone through. Some are banished for life; but by far the greater number buy their pardons.

Mr. Gray asked, whether every considerable town had the power of executing its criminals.

* The regency consisted of eight persons, two of whom were bishops.

† He dies. ‡ It is confirmed.

Senhor Macedo said, "No;" that there were but two towns in Portugal where parliaments were held, Lisbon and Oporto; and that in those two towns only criminals could be executed, or even condemned; and that offenders perpetually escaped, from the danger and difficulty of bringing them, often some hundreds of miles, to the seat of justice, all charges being paid by the prosecutor. There are few persons patriotic enough to punish even very outrageous offenders.

"Was there not," asked Sophia, timidly, "a court insituted by the late queen, who, after the execution of the criminal, enquired into the legality of the judges, and the justice of the sentence. Perhaps I have mistaken Antonio; but I certainly understood him to say so."

"You are perfectly right. Queen Maria established this left-handed justice, which, when one reflects on it, appears the act of insanity. It is well, certainly, to punish an iniquitous judge; but it would be better to have the sentence revised previously to its being put into execution."

"Has every city a corregidor?" asked Mordaunt, who had a considerable inclination to the bar.

"Yes: and I think they are very similar to your judges."

"And the *juiz de fora*, I suppose," asked

Mr. Grey, much upon a par with our county magistrates."

"It means, literally," replied Senhor Macedo, "the judge without; that is, a petty magistrate, who takes cognizance of all lesser transgressions that happen in the country, or town, and in those respects very like the *juge de paix* in in France. He issues, besides, billets for travellers."

"The *capitaõ mor*, then," returned Mr. Grey, "is an officer connected with the war-department."

"To a certain extent he is. He registers, in every village, the names and ages of all those capable of bearing arms; and when a regiment wants recruiting, the colonel represents it to the superior officer of the province, who immediately informs himself, through the *capitaõ mor*, of the men most efficient, and they are forthwith enlisted. The *capitaõ mor* is also responsible for giving, with fidelity, every man's name and place of abode, which is a good measure for the detection of deserters."

Mr. Grey had yet many questions to ask their new friend, who, on his part, was proud to answer them; but they were unwilling to trespass upon his patience too much, and turned the conversation to other subjects.

A few days afterwards he met them in Lisbon,

and besought Mr. Grey to go to San Carlos, the opera-house at Lisbon. He spoke with enthusiasm of the house, and told them that Lent was coming on, and that, if they waited till then, they would hear and see nothing. For once, therefore, Mr. Grey consented to take his children. As they were driving to San Carlos, they passed a large house, the steps of which were crowded with people.

"Look," said the cynical Senhor, directing their attention to it, "that is the house of the intendant-general of police: he is to be seen only twice a week, and then at particular hours; so that every species of theft and irregularity goes on unreproved."

"Is it true," asked Mr. Grey, "that murders are common in this country?"

"They are; but they are rarely or never for plunder. Private passions, jealousy, and revenge, are generally the motives of these atrocities, which are seldom punished, or even enquired into. They are most frequent, nay, nearly confined, to the lower class. We are so gentle to offenders in this country, that the mansions of noblemen, the yards before kings' palaces, even the houses of the magistrates themselves, are asylums to which the finger of justice dares not pursue them. Even churches are places of safety for the blood-stained hand."

"It is not difficult," replied Mr. Grey, "to trace this system to its source. In feudal times, the power which the nobility possessed of sheltering individuals from just punishment, secured to them vassals; and, as far as they were concerned, was an act of policy. But as every other trace of feudal manners has disappeared, why should its most pernicious customs be retained?"

They had now reached the opera-house, and as the opera they most desired to see was to be acted that evening, they took their places, and returned home in high spirits.

Senhor Macedo joined them in the evening, as they entered the house, and when they were seated, assiduously pointed out to each the beauties of the architecture. One novelty, in particular, struck the party. The light is thrown entirely on the stage, leaving the boxes comparatively dark. Many thought it was sacrificing too much; but before they could discuss the question to their satisfaction, the opera of Zenobia began. All was fairy-land to Sophia and Mordaunt. Bertha had remained at home, in spite of the astonishment and displeasure of Antonio.

During the intervals between the acts, Senhor Macedo engaged Sophia's attention by naming the several persons within view, accompanied by some anecdote connected with them; when, all

at once, his eyes fixed, his teeth became clenched, and his cheeks were white with rage, as he drew his breath deeply between his closed lips. Sophia and her father followed the direction of his eye, and saw an individual, who had just entered the pit, of calm and composed exterior. Scarcely, however, was he seated, than every other person on the bench rose, and placed themselves elsewhere.

"Who is that?" whispered Mr. Grey.

"The informer," was the brief but sufficient answer.

The man still, however, sat unmoved. Though an object evidently of abhorrence and contempt to all, he still remained; and could find enjoyment in the opera, even when he made the place hateful to every one else.

Senhor Macedo, after a while, made an excuse and quitted the theatre. The pit thinned rapidly; and at length the object of all this odium, who was, perhaps, only striving to fly from himself, rose and departed also.

The next time they saw Senhor Macedo was on an evening; and before he had sat many minutes with them, with his usual vivacity he turned the conversation upon the informer. In few but bitter words, he told them that it was he who had brought Gomez Freire to the scaffold. "I was related to him. I was absent, or I would

have died for Gomez," said the passionate Portuguese, while tears, of which he did not seem ashamed, flowed down his cheeks. "But there was no hope. He was unfortunate: perhaps you will call him guilty."

The attention of the younger part of his audience was powerfully awakened. Bertha was ready almost to give him tear for tear; but Mr. Grey was too good a judge of human nature, not to perceive that his sorrow was more the effervescence of easily-excited feelings, than of any overwhelming grief: it was a sorrow which, he was persuaded, he would feel relieved by the minutest details of its cause. He therefore invited him, if not too painful, to relate the circumstances in which he seemed so deeply interested; and acting upon the cynicism which formed a strange mixture in so *enjoué* a character, he reminded him of his anxiety to give Mordaunt every information concerning the laws of Portugal.

Nor was this last hint lost upon the susceptible Senhor. He wiped away his tears, flourished his handkerchief, fixed his eyes upon Sophia, and, after clearing his throat, began his narrative in a high, affected tone of voice. When, however, he had got into the midst of his story, his genuine feelings overpowered his artificial ones; and his details were almost dramatic, in the force

and energy of word and action with which he gave them.

"Gomez Freire," he said, "served his country well in its long struggle with France. His talents received the praise of the duke of Wellington; and as long as the war lasted he was irreproachable. Peace came, but brought with it feelings of jealousy towards the strangers, whom he thought were preferred, too generally, to the first places of trust in the kingdom. His restless temper and ambitious views, if such they may be called, made him at length yield a ready ear to every breath of discontent; and, by slow degrees, his angry feelings led him to form a conspiracy against Lord Beresford and the rest of the English officers in Lisbon. This plot was shared by many, and was drawing to its accomplishment, when they were betrayed by one of their body: that man was the informer you saw at the opera, and whom every man of honour loathes."

"And what," asked Mr. Grey, "was the form of law pursued; for he was, I believe, attainted for high treason?"

"It was full of mercy," said Senhor Macedo, with bitter irony. "No injury was done to the body; but Gomez Freire was a high-spirited nobleman, and as, without his own confession, condemnation would have been impossible, the

weight of punishment was made to fall upon the mind; and their first object was to degrade him. He was confined in a small apartment in the tower of Belem, which overlooks the water. The light was excluded; he was not permitted to shave himself; change of linen and other requisites of cleanliness were denied him; and this petty cruelty had a wonderful effect on the mind of the unfortunate prisoner. His conduct was at first firm, collected, and cool; but when he began to feel the want of those comforts indispensable to the feelings of a gentleman; when he became an object personally loathsome to himself, his mind grew dejected; and it was at this period that the attorney-general paid him his first visit. At the sight of him, however, the spirit of Gomez recovered its tone, and the wily lawyer perceived that the moment was not arrived for urging any question of vital importance. He put a few trifling queries to the prisoner, calculated to give him no high idea of his sagacity, and then left him.

Months passed away, and the mind of Freire was daily sinking. The total silence preserved towards him, the apparent utter neglect, the very absence of visible objects of hope or fear, the state of personal discomfort in which he was kept, the dejecting effects of such continued inactivity on a character of peculiar animation, together with the absence of those marks of the

affection and admiration of his countrymen in which he had hitherto lived, all united to break a spirit, which could, in the first instance, have borne pain with irreproachable fortitude, if suffered in public; or even private suffering, had it come in the form of violence. But alone, neglected, with no object to combat, no person to whom he could show the outward firmness, or communicate the inward resolution, both faded away. The petty privations of comfort which he had at first disdained to feel, made at length their way to his mind and temper, and tamed a spirit which had often looked fearlessly on death in the field of battle. His dejection was obvious and pitiable. But it was a golden moment for the attorney-general, and he failed not to profit by it. They had once been friends, and had always met as equals: now their conference was to be on different terms. He again determined to see him, and went dressed with the nicest care, and with all the marks of private happiness and public consideration about him. He ordered the light to be admitted into the apartment of the prisoner, and addressing him in a soothing tone, affected to contrast, with painful commiseration, his present disastrous fortunes with happier times.

"Gomez Freire felt the difference too forcibly: he burst into tears. 'And then it was,'

said the attorney-general, 'that I pressed him hard, and drew from him more than I wished to know*.' How he died we all know."

Every one of his auditors were fixed in deep attention on the narrative of Senhor Macedo; and as soon as that gentleman took his leave, Mr. Grey reverted to it, and joined warmly in the indignation which his children expressed.

"Gomez Freire," he said, "deserved punishment; but a just mind revolts from the methods employed to make him inculpate himself, and feels a mixture of contempt and detestation at the degrading sagacity with which the means to rob a criminal of his firmness were selected. It is, my children," he continued, "not unworthy of your remark, how seldom guilt is capable of continued firmness. There is no support like a clear conscience. There are many restless tempers, capable of plotting and performing evil deeds; but the hour of detection being also the hour of shame, their courage commonly deserts them. And when this is not the case, it generally arises from their having, through bigotry or fanaticism, been led to suppose their actions meritorious: their support, therefore, proceeds from a principle of virtue, though wholly mistaken. The assassination of Henry the Third and

* All these details are strictly true.

Fourth, of France, may both be classed under these circumstances."

"And of the duke of Buckingham, papa, by Felton," said Sophia.

"He is said, my dear, to have repented of his crime most deeply. Nor must we forget, in speaking of the remorse attendant on guilty deeds, Charles the Ninth of France, who was a prey to the severest anguish, for the massacre of St. Bartholomew; nor the horrors of the last years of Catherine of Medici, his mother. God, in his mercy, has made sin, even in its actual enjoyment, full of bitterness."

CHAP. IV.

Amongst all the pleasure which the young people enjoyed in Lisbon, Mrs. Grey derived hers chiefly from the improvement in Sophia's health. Her strength would, perhaps, have returned more rapidly, but for her indefatigable exertions in sight-seeing; and her mother was glad to encourage her growing taste for the guitar, in order to keep her a little quiet.

Mr. Grey and Mordaunt, therefore, went to Lisbon oftener unaccompanied than usual. His father was glad to excite in him a spirit of observation, and took occasion, from the lively sallies of Senhor Macedo, to give him much valuable information. Mr. Grey had been purchasing ornaments to some amount, and not having brought his purse, desired the man to bring the things to his house in the evening. "In our country," he remarked to the Senhor, who was with them, "the plan adopted here of giving no credit would be an indescribable advantage, if kept within certain bounds. No one can run in debt here."

"Pardon me," said his companion, laughing: "perhaps there never was a country in which the creditor has so little redress. Here the person of the debtor is sacred, but his property may be seized. Our nobility, however, have very convenient modes of avoiding payment. When a man either cannot or will not pay his debts, he purchases, at a high price, permission from the government to defer paying them for a certain number of years. His creditor can then touch no part of his property; and before the time expires, it is usual for him to purchase a further permission: so that he is generally safe for life."

"The emolument which the government derives from the sale of such permission is, I suppose, the reason," said Mr. Grey, "for its granting them. But, surely, no policy can be so unwise; for, if I mistake not, the law is very strict on this point."

"Yes," said the Senhor, gaily; "but our laws are divided into two kinds*. The first are contained in six folio volumes, called *fundamentals:* the second also of six more, but called *extravagant*, because they are despotic laws, made by different kings, in despite and exact contradiction to those already made."

* Strictly true.

"They are well named," said Mordaunt, with a smile. "But pray, Senhor," he continued, eagerly, "who is coming towards us? What a singular carriage! Who can it be?"

"It is the patriarch," replied Senhor Macedo. They drew up on the steps of a church near them, to see him pass. A little old man was seated in a carriage of singular construction, gaudily painted, having glass pannels, and drawn by six mules, which moved along at a slow pace; while his withered, trembling hands were spread out on either side, to bless the assembled multitude, who thronged round his carriage. Senhor Macedo and his companions took off their hats; but when he was gone by, Mr. Grey read in the countenance of their friend a satirical expression, which soon vented itself in words.

"That is our great man," he began: "he possesses the principal ecclesiastical power, and dispenses all the patronage of the Portuguese church."

"It is an important office," replied Mr. Grey. "Is the nuncio equal with him in authority?"

"By no means: the nuncio is but a delegate from Rome, to see her interests attended to; but not to interfere in the domestic government of our church."

"And who is the present patriarch?"

"Principal Cunha. He enjoys an income of 50,000 crusados a year, independent of what he derives from his immense patronage. The dignity was first offered to principal Freire, cousin to the unfortunate Gomez Freire, but he refused it; and Cunha, it is said, accepted it with marks of peculiar elation."

"The office is one, I suppose, of nearly the highest dignity in the kingdom," said Mr. Grey.

"The first, certainly. He returns no visits but those of the royal family; and whenever he enters his palace a bell is rung, that all his household may assemble to receive him. In the time of the Marquis of Pombal's administration, he added to the power of the patriarch, by making him the channel of the sale of indulgences, which had, till his time, been confined wholly to the nuncio; by which means Rome derived from Portugal a large income, of which we are now ourselves the sharers, since they have been dispensed by the patriarch. The marquis also decreed that the nuncio should receive no other honours than were paid to every foreign minister."

"And is the present patriarch popular?" asked Mordaunt: "the people flocked about him."

"As they will at any pageant," said his new friend, interrupting him; "for he is, in fact, generally disliked. His vexatious strictness in

trifles, his severe edicts concerning fasts, and his punctilious observance of forms, have made him many enemies. And this is bad policy in him," continued Senhor Macedo; "for the dignity itself is said to be an antidote to longevity; and patriarchs dazzle and disappear with us, as suddenly as the lightning."

The Senhor here stopped to speak to some one he met; and when he joined them again, he was laughing, but more in scorn than in mirth. "Do you see that fine building?" he asked his companions; and, on their admiring it, he went on speaking rapidly, with all the gesticulation and vivacity of his nation. "It belongs," he said, "to a nobleman who has run out his property, and his estate is being put out to nurse. I will tell you how they manage these matters with us. An administrator is appointed by government, who gives the real owner a competent some monthly; and the rest of his income is appropriated to pay his debts. Two great evils result from this plan: nine times out of ten, the administrator is a friend of the proprietor, and they play into each other's hands, while the owner keeps a show of wishing to satisfy his creditors, but declares the estate to be bankrupt and inadequate; or else the administrator plays false both to debtor and creditor, and enriches himself."

"I should think the last case more common," said Mr. Grey.

"To these causes, and all the countless channels of injustice and oppression," said the Senhor, "may be ascribed the tendency of the people, at times, to rebel; for they are naturally a most patient people, and who, with common kindness and justice in their rulers, might be governed like a private family."

"The late war," said Mr. Grey, "in its short but stormy period, did more to enlighten your nation, than could, perhaps, have been effected by the peaceful lapse of a century. In future, it will not be so easy to mislead it."

"And why," said Senhor Macedo, with enthusiasm, "why should we be sunk as we are in the scale of nations? There was a time when Portugal was celebrated for its navy, and for its learned and enlightened men on every subject."

"True," said Mr. Grey; "yet pardon me if I remark, that Portugal gives less hope of permanent and solid improvement, than a people sunk in barbarism. It is a nation fallen from its ancient glory, and but feebly awakening from its moral slumber; and having once had a name, it lives upon the remembrance of the past. Like Italy, it possesses the magnificent memory of past times, though without those monuments of ancient grandeur which that favoured land yet

retains. Portugal is either hastening to such hopeless decay as shall make it, at no distant period, an unresisting province of Spain; or, as observation gives more reason to suspect, contains within its bosom seeds of rebellion and revolt, which may lead to a display of exasperated feeling which can only be quenched in blood."

"And why," said Senhor Macedo, "why should the former glory of Portugal be an impediment to its future prosperity?"

"I can hardly answer you," said Mr. Grey, "unless we compare kingdoms to individuals, who know no second youth. History confirms my observation, however. Compare Rome in its splendour, to modern Rome; Constantinople under the dominion of the Greeks and the Turks; Athens the same. Add to these Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Cairo, Jerusalem, Sparta, Thebes, Macedonia, and many others with which I might swell my list. Both Spain and Portugal have known the meridian of their glory. France, when a Roman province, never reached its present height of power; and Britain was at that period wholly uncivilized."

"You overpower me," said the Senhor, "and I am reluctant to acknowledge the truth of your remarks. But the heat is insufferable. Will you follow my example, and take some

ice? It is made by a Frenchman, and greatly esteemed."

Mr. Grey entered the coffee-house, the scene being very amusing; and having paid for his friend's refreshments, to which Senhor Macedo made slender objection, he returned home.

As the spring advanced, the Greys were advised to go to Cintra; but their plans were yet unfixed, when, after several ineffectual attempts to obtain an interview with the two sisters at the Irish convent, they heard from Antonio, that sister Euphemia was to be professed in a week's time. Again they made a visit to the convent, and were not unsuccessful. They saw the sisters; but circumstances had either diminished their regret, or it had never been so great as their pitying visitors had imagined. Sister Mary, indeed, looked pale and ill; but both were perfectly collected, and even cheerful.

Mr. Grey having drawn away Bertha and Mordaunt, on pretence of looking at the chapel, Mrs. Grey asked whether it was true that Monday was fixed for her taking the black veil.

Euphemia replied in the affirmative, with a smile that almost staggered Mrs. Grey; yet, skilled in reading the "poisoned secret" in the eye, she thought that there was a latent sorrow, however well concealed. She, therefore, with the most delicate consideration for their feelings,

entreated to know if she could be useful to them; and, in her own and Mr. Grey's name, offered them the use of their interest and their fortune.

The silence in which they listened to this unexpected offer was at first unbroken: they gazed awhile on each other, and then the flood-gates of their grief were opened, they fell into each other's arms and wept aloud.

It was long before this burst of feeling could be calmed; but Mrs. Grey soon perceived where the worst sting of their sorrow lay. Sister Mary would willingly have persuaded the novice to accept of Mrs. Grey's offer; but Euphemia would not leave her sister. "I have no friend but her," she said: "the world would be a desert without her; and what would she be without Euphemia?"

"I should die," said sister Mary; "but die without regret, if you were happy."

With the warmest gratitude for the generous friendship of Mrs. Grey, they disclosed all their feelings to her; and she perceived, that secluded from the world since their earliest childhood, they had no wishes to return to it; but that sister Mary was unwilling that Euphemia should undergo the many bitter mortifications and menial offices which her poverty brought upon her. Mrs. Grey eagerly seized the hint

thus unconsciously given; a handsome portion was paid for each of the sisters, and she was most amply rewarded, by seeing the unfeigned serenity and happiness which were thus restored to them.

But though conscious that they were not unhappy, none of the Greys could prevail upon themselves to be present when she took the veil. Even Bertha, much as she longed to see the ceremony, shrunk from being present, when sister Euphemia was to be the sufferer. Nor was it entirely without emotion that their first interview took place afterwards. There was, however, a more mournful feeling in the heart of Mrs. Grey and her family, than in that of the professed nun: her countenance was cheerful and satisfied, and the tears she shed were those of grateful pleasure. Sister Mary's soft cheek glowed with the best feelings; and though their friends still wished to have had the power of restoring them to the world, yet all acknowledged the truth of Sophia's quotation,

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

Mordaunt was naturally less interested in these things than his sisters. The appearance of sister Agnes had shut his heart against all belief in

the miseries attendant on a conventual life; and while it was the subject in discussion, if he could not draw Bertha away, he betook himself to his own amusements. He had been drawing a rough plan of Lisbon, the execution of which rather surprised his father, who questioned him, when he had done it. Mr. Grey was pleased with his answers, and advised him not to give up the amusement. "You love geography, Mordaunt," he said: "the power of drawing the relative positions of every country, will prevent its becoming only a study of names, as Bertha calls it."

"But, papa, that was not a bad idea of hers, was it? for really it often appears to me nothing more."

"Because, my dear, geography is generally taught as nothing more. But if, in studying geography, you consider, and endeavour to understand, the vices and the virtues of each nation, the nature and produce of the soil, its pecuniary means, its exports and its imports, together with the manners of the people, and examine these things again in connexion with your own country, especially those nations in alliance with her, you will then discover that geography is the science of things and men, and not of words."

"But, father, that would be very difficult."

"There are few things, worth knowing, that

are not at first, my dear, attended with trouble; but you would have less than you imagine. All sciences have general principles, which are of easy application. One country, well studied, would give you considerable insight into all others. Mankind are all governed by the same passions and desires, which receive a certain degree of modification from climate and from habit; but to avoid pain, and find pleasure, are the principal motives of all. But in what pain or pleasure consist, we differ greatly with each other."

"But, papa, what service will it be to me, to know what grain such a country produces, or what manufacture such another encourages?"

"To a gentleman, Mordaunt, no species of information comes amiss. But it will be easy to show you that such knowledge is often indispensable. If you become a soldier, you naturally wish, in time, to become the head of your regiment, and afterwards to succeed to a higher rank: you may be second, third, or first in command, in time of war. Do you not think, that in conducting your armies you would have a great advantage over the enemy, if you were acquainted with his manners, whether warlike or the contrary; whether he imparted the necessary means of obtaining food for his people, or grew sufficient grain; the nature of the country, the hills, and the rivers,

all would, in such a situation, be of vital importance. You would know where to attack with advantage, and where you might expect the most formidable defence."

"But, father, this would be only learning how to do harm."

"And do you not think harm would be done, whether we knew where it could be best done or not? To do harm, as you call it, is inseparable from war; and less would decidedly be done with the knowledge I have been describing, than without. Ignorance always inflicts more injury than knowledge does.

"But I am not to be a soldier, am I?"

"I believe not. But you are desirous of being a diplomatist, are you not? and that is a career which unavoidably demands an intimate knowledge of the weakness and the power of other nations. Now, to learn this, we must thoroughly understand the resources of a country; which we cannot do, without a familiarity with its commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and the genius of its inhabitants. These are enquiries replete with interest, and which change a dry study of names into the most engaging of all, the study of our fellow-creatures."

"Papa," said Mordaunt, "I understand now what you mean. I have examined Portugal more than any other country, and shall there-

fore probably understand it better. But what were you saying to Sophia, about its appearing on the map as if it ought to belong to Spain? I came in just as you had finished."

"I was repeating to her, my dear, the eloquent remarks of a foreigner, a Frenchman, I believe, on the natural and artificial boundaries of kingdoms. This gentleman observes, with great shrewdness, that 'at the end of every continental war, the treaties made by the conquerors establish new barriers, and place under the laws of the successful power, states, whose manners, character, political and religious opinions, have not the least affinity with those of the people of which they then become an integral part. In acting thus, every barrier that is planted becomes a standard of discord; and the peace that nations sigh for, degenerates into a truce, during which each power prepares new means of defence and attack.'"

"But what is to be done, father? You said yourself, war must do some harm; and it would be to no purpose that kingdoms are conquered, if they were not taken possession of by the conqueror."

"Conquest, or rather possession, is not always the object of modern warfare. Paris was taken possession of by the allies, to restore it to its legitimate king. The English army was for some

time in the occupation of Spain and Portugal, for the sole purpose of securing its future independence. These instances have escaped you, Mordaunt."

"They had, father. But tell me why you were saying to Sophia (for that interests me most just now) that Portugal and Spain seemed formed to be one kingdom, when I know the Spaniards and the Portuguese hate each other so cordially."

Mr. Grey took down a large map of the two countries, and spread it out before his son. "Examine that map," he said, "attentively, and tell me whether you think that nature has raised any barrier that may fairly be considered as a separation of the two countries. The rivers that rise in Spain pass through Portugal; and, in size, it is but as a province of Spain. The two countries together seemed formed by nature to be one kingdom. They are surrounded on all sides by the sea, except where a small portion of France joins it on the north."

"But," insisted Mordaunt, "you might as well say that Spain was formed to be a part of France. Might you not?"

"No: I certainly could not say so with my eyes open, as they now are on the Pyrenees, which form a chain, or natural separation, between France and Spain, and illustrate pre-

cisely, the idea I have been endeavouring to convey to you of a natural barrier; or a division formed or designed by nature to separate two portions of land, and to assign to each, inhabitants as various in manners as the soil. With regard expressly to Portugal, it was, you know, once a Spanish province, and resigned, at the close of the eleventh century, by Alfonso of Spain, to his son-in-law, Henry of Burgundy.

"Indeed!" said Mordaunt, "I was not aware of that."

"It is an historical fact, however," replied his father. "Now look with me over this map of the world, and see if you can tell me what natural divisions, or local separations, the countries of Prussia, Germany, Hungary, and Turkey present, to account for their being divided into so many states.

Mordaunt examined the map with great attention for some time, and said: "I see nothing but the Carpathian Mountains, which seem to separate Hungary from Russia, or rather Poland, for that is part of Russia now; and the Danube, which nearly divides Hungary from Turkey."

"Climates," answered his father, "may also be considered as natural barriers, or subdivisions of land, by the will of Providence. Russia, or

at least a large portion of it, is thus effectually separated from the rest of Europe; and immense as its territory is, there could be no division of it that would be approved of on the principles I am now discussing. Switzerland, for the same reason, properly remains a kingdom of itself; though the numerous petty states within its dominions cannot, on any principle but custom, be defended. Germany and Prussia seem, on these accounts, as if they ought to make but one kingdom. An island will immediately appear to you, to be destined by nature to be an independent kingdom. Yet this is not always the case, when its dimensions are small. Ireland could not exist by itself; nor Corsica, Sardinia, and Sicily.

"How then," asked Mordaunt, "does England, which you tell me is so small in comparison of other countries, support itself, and be ranked as one of the three great powers."

"England has other possessions, and one of its most powerful may be called the sea. By its navy it is enabled to extend its commercial connexions to every known corner of the habitable globe. Situated as she is, no extent of dry land could supply to her the place of her maritime power, for it is the source of all others. The ideas I have now presented to you, my dear son, are the speculations of a very clever man,

and merit attention. The policy of Europe is every day assuming a new character; and it is impossible to say, even in our day, what new feature the politics of the continental nations may display."

CHAP. V.

At the commencement of April, Mr. and Mrs. Grey began to think of leaving Lisbon; but they were undecided whether they should go immediately to Cintra, or cross the Tagus to Setuval, or St. Ubes, as it is more usually called. Cintra was represented to them as still damp; and their friend Senhor Macedo, by his persuasions, at length decided them to go first to St. Ubes. It being a fine day, and wind and tide in their favour, the little voyage across the Tagus was made in less than three hours; and they landed at a small place called Moita, where they found the carriages they had ordered, ready and waiting for them.

The road from thence was exceedingly heavy, consisting almost entirely of sand, which made their progress slow; and they had leisure to admire the great variety of cistus with which this barren region is profusely covered, mixed with wild thyme and lavender, and interspersed with lofty fir-trees. When they reached Palmela, which is about three leagues from the water-side,

they were enchanted with its rich valley; on the right-hand side full of orange and lemon-trees in blossom and full bearing, besides a great variety of other fruit-trees.

As the mules slowly and painfully wound round the steep hill of Palmela, which, from being paved, and a full mile in length, is particularly trying to the mules, and exhausts the patience of most travellers, the party amused themselves with admiring the beautiful shades of green which such various foliage produced; amongst which the broad, silken leaf of the Indian corn was conspicuous. As they reached the top of the hill, the old castle formed a forlorn picture on the left hand: it was greatly fallen to decay, and placed upon a barren hill, which even thus early in the year was burnt black with the sun, though green in winter. Not a shrub grew near it,—nothing to soften or shade its grey walls and decayed towers.

From thence the ride to St. Ubes was agreeable; the country became more cultivated, and they passed large groves of olives. St. Ubes lies close to the sea, with a good beach before it; and is famous for its commerce in oranges and salt, the former being esteemed finer there than elsewhere. It also boasts a Muscatel grape of very fine flavour, from which is made a Muscat wine once in high repute, as Senhor Macedo told

them; but he added, laughing, "The natives finding it sought for, wisely adulterated it, and it is now no longer in request."

"Honesty is the best policy," said Mr. Grey, with a smile.

On an examination of the town, the English travellers found it long, narrow, and wretchedly dirty. It was one of those that suffered most by the earthquake, particularly by the encroachment of the sea. It has many convents and churches; especially one called the Church of Jesus, the door and inside columns of which are an humble imitation of St. Jeronymo at Belem. Senhor Macedo delighted the young people, by telling them, that in the convent of St. John were two nuns, who were children in the town at the time of the earthquake. Bertha would have visited the convent immediately; but the hour compelled them to defer this pleasure till the morrow. They turned, therefore, into the "Bom Fim," a name given to a large green meadow, with a fountain in the middle, and a fine avenue of trees on each side.

"This place," said the Senhor, "is at once the pride and pleasure of the inhabitants. On a Sunday, it is crowded by all ranks, ages, and conditions; and the soldiers exercise here daily."

Sophia remarked, What a pretty object the

aqueduct was, from the entrance of the Bom Fim.

"True," said her father; "but I never see it without thinking of the extraordinary ignorance of the Portuguese, who, in building it, were ignorant of what all the rest of the world knew, that water would find its own level.

"Papa, I don't understand you," said Bertha.

"Water, my dear, is said to find its own level; that is to say, it will rise to a certain height on the sides of the channel through which it flows, without the necessity of building a second internal channel to confine it. This they were not aware of in Portugal; and, within the large stone channel which was built to receive the whole volume or stream of water, they built a second smaller and lower channel, arched over at the top, to contain the water within a limited space. Just as if you, in pouring water into a wine-glass, should have an inner shorter bell-glass to receive it, lest it should rise too high."

In returning through the town to their temporary residence, which was a small *quinta**, a short distance from St. Ubes, Senhor Macedo directed their attention to a house opposite the bridge, and not far from the public walk, one

* Country-house with a garden to it.

window of which was not without a painful interest.

"There," he said, pointing to it, "there John the Second, so beloved in Portugal that he is called *the perfect*, stabbed, with his own hands, the duke of Viseu, brother to his queen; and whose youngest brother, Manoel, afterwards succeeded him on the throne of Portugal."

"Perfect!" repeated Bertha, looking with astonishment at the Senhor.

"It was a barbarous age, and there were probably some extenuating circumstances," said Sophia, with a smile.

"There were," said her father, as the Senhor left them to go into a tobacconist's. "Much indeed may be urged in favour of John. The duke, in spite of the utmost lenity shown him, three times rebelled against him; and had drawn his sovereign to St. Ubes, for the purpose of there conspiring more securely against his authority and his life. History tells the following particulars of the transaction. The queen and other members of the royal family being present, the king drew the duke to a window, and asked him what he would do to the man who conspired against his life? 'I would kill him with my own hands,' replied the treacherous nobleman, secure in the fancied concealment of his own wickedness. 'Die, then,' said the king,

since you have pronounced your own sentence;' and he stabbed him to the heart.

"If we compare," continued Mr. Grey, "the manners of that period with those of the present, we shall form an erroneous judgment. We must judge men by the lights they had, and the general manners of the age and country they lived in. To this day, it is considered an honour for a Turk to fall by the hand of the sultan."

"But, papa," said Bertha, eagerly, "Richard the First, of England did not behave so to his brother John, who was as bad a man as could be."

"My dear," said her father, delighted with her remark, "the manners of England have been always much milder, and, in these points, more civilized than any other nation in Europe. John the Second lived at the close of the fifteenth century, twenty years before Henry the Eighth of England, who, if we except Richard the Third, was the most passionate and violent of our monarchs; yet he never stained his hands with blood, though he committed many legal murders. Henry the Third of France, cotemporary with our Elizabeth, killed, with his own hands, Henry, duke of Guise, whom he got into his power by inviting him to an audience. Though great crimes and several cruelties, have, at various times, been perpetrated in England,

yet, on the whole, its history is freer than any of the continental nations from deeds of blood and cruelty. We are a brawling, murmuring people; but we are not blood-thirsted."

Senhor Macedo here broke the thread of their conversation, by telling them that he had just engaged a boat, to take them the next day to Arrabida, a place as well worth seeing as any in the environs of St. Ubes.

"And the nuns of St. John," said Bertha, "when shall we see them?"

"Oh, you will return time enough for them: to-morrow is a gala day; you will see them to advantage after the siesta."

All parties were pleased with this arrangement; and admired extremely, as their boat, a few minutes after sunrise, glided quietly down the stream, the beautiful views presented by its windings. Now the line of distance was soft and flowing, and the distant hills scarcely distinguishable from the sky. In a moment the scene changed, a high head-land presented itself, clothed in the richest verdure; then fields of maize, or grain, or pulse, down to the water's edge, gave a rich appearance of plenty, and the young people were never weary of admiring.

Arrived at Arrabida itself, new exclamations of pleasure broke from them. It is a very high conical hill, richly clothed with wood, and dotted

all the way up with small white chapels, which have once been, it is said, inhabited by reverend hermits. On the top of the hill is a small convent, in no way remarkable: it is of modern date. The surrounding scenery is, however, lovely. Two donkeys had been prepared for Mrs. Grey and Sophia, as they were unable to walk up so steep an ascent as Arrabida presents.

Their way led through cistus of every hue, wild furze, broom, arbutus, myrtle, juniper, oak, olive, and cork trees, growing in all the unchecked luxuriance of nature; while, at the top of the hill, groups of the spiral cyprus, grown to a great height, gave a new feature to the scenery. Half up there is a natural cave, in which the pedestrians of the party were glad to rest awhile. At the further end of it there was a chapel. The entrance of the cave, towards the sea, is washed by its waves at high tide, which happened then to be the case; and as the white foam dashed furiously up, breaking with a roaring sound against the rocks, the trim gilded altar, and the prim railing round it, only half seen in the dark depths of the cavity behind, offered a strange contrast to the wild, bold, and, at times, appalling scenery in front. Some beautiful bulbous flowers were blossoming, half hid in the green sod before the outer mouth of the cave; while

the stalactites that hung from the roof, and glittered on the rude natural pillars that formed the arch-why, gave an additional beauty to the spot. When they emerged from it, their way, though steep, was softened by the exquisite beauty and perfume of the aromatic shrubs and heaths that surrounded them. The wild bee was on the wing, sipping the sweets of every flower; and Bertha gathered a handful of gladiolas and ixias, which she meant to present to Sophia; but long before they reached the summit of Arrabida they had died from the heat of her hand.

On arriving, they found Mrs. Grey and Sophia sitting by a large tank of water, the very sight of which was refreshing; and in a spacious unfurnished room, close by, belonging to a farm-house, provisions were spread, when Bertha, thoroughly tired, flung her dead flowers into her sister's lap, threw herself down on a bundle of clean straw that was placed at the end of the room, and in five minutes fell asleep.

The breakfast was over, and the whole of the party gone out to see the very little that was to be seen, before Bertha awoke. She then found her mother sitting by her. She was refreshed and restored by her slumber, and was eager to eat her breakfast, that they might join the rest of the party. Before, however, she could satisfy her hunger, they entered the room. Bertha's

countenance fell. "What! she said, "come back already?" "Because there is nothing to see," said her brother. "Come, I will take you to look at the view, while my father is paying, and they are saddling the donkeys, and then you will have seen as much as we have." Mordaunt, however, was a bad showman: he whisked Bertha so rapidly from place to place, and missed his way so often, though he hid his mistakes from his sister, that when he at last unexpectedly blundered on the view, they had no time to stay and admire it. "Come, come," said her impatient guide: "come, Bertha, are you going to stay there for ever?" before she had really had time to recover from their hurried walk.

"But it is so hot here," she said: "there is shade a little further on. I can see nothing with this bright sun in my eyes."

"Well then, you must find your way back by yourself," he said, hastily: "I cannot stay any longer. Why, that shade is half a mile off. Come, Bertha: do you choose to come with me or not?"

"Only wait one moment," said Bertha: "I must have one look at that beautiful line of coast."

Mordaunt made no answer; but turned angrily away, and walked in the direction of

the barn. Bertha, as soon as she saw he was in earnest, ran after him; and though she said little, he was too cross to speak, and they returned in an uncomfortable mood to their party. Sophia was just mounted; Mrs. Grey's donkey was not yet brought out of the stable; and there appeared no cause for the violent hurry of Mordaunt.

"Well, Bertha," said her sister, "was not the view from the point beautiful, just under that charming shade of the cypress? Was it not the prettiest distance that you ever saw?"

"The sun shone so brightly, and it was so hot," said Bertha, rather embarrassed, "that I could not see very well."

"But, Mordaunt, why did you not take her into the shade," said his father, "in the same spot where we all sat down so long?"

Mordaunt did not immediately answer, and Bertha good-naturedly said: "He was afraid of keeping you all, so we walked quickly."

Mordaunt's head was for a moment averted from the party, and he seemed intently occupied in examining the bit of the donkey just led out for his mother to mount.

"Have you made any important discoveries?" said Mr. Grey to his son, after looking at him for a moment in silence.

"Yes, father, I have," answered Mordaunt,

turning firmly round, and advancing towards his younger sister. "It was my fault that Bertha did not see the view. I was very cross to her. I would not let her go into the shade, though she wished it very much. I was anxious to return, I believe, because I was weary of seeing the same thing twice; and that made me angry with you, Bertha, when you wished to stay. Will you forgive me?"

Bertha threw her arms round his neck, and Mr. Grey shook his son warmly by the hand. "Preserve," he said, "this honourable frankness. You will run into no serious faults, while you possess the moral courage to confess thus candidly your errors."

The party now set forward. The descent was easy and agreeable; and they arrived at the water's edge, as they thought, in excellent time. The boatmen, however, murmured, and said that they were afraid that they should lose the tide off the fort, and in that case the current would be so against them, that they would have a hard matter to avoid being sent to sea. Senhor Macedo, however, ridiculed these fears, and presenting to Mr. Grey a Portuguese priest of the higher order of regular clergy, asked permission for his returning in their boat to St. Ubes, as he had urgent business there. Mr. Grey politely gave his assent, and for the first two hours their

progress seemed unimpeded. The scenery on each side was delightful; now narrowing with the river; now discovering a little chapel embosomed in the verdure, then a bare, bold peak; but oftener the softest, finest, falling outline of hills. Sophy was never weary of admiring it; but she was roused from her agreeable thoughts by the muttered curses of the sailors.

They had arrived at the fort: it was too true they were too late for the tide; and the current set so strongly against them, that, after repeated efforts to prevent it, the little boat was fairly driven off to sea. The sea was perfectly calm, and there was hardly a breath to fill the sail. But Mr. Grey thought they could not be too prudent, and he begged Senhor Macedo to tell them to lower it. They did so immediately. After a few moments, he observed that the men made no further exertion, and he then desired them to resume their oars. They obeyed; but after two or three desperate efforts, in which they advanced their return not an oar's length, they threw them down in despair, exclaiming, that nothing could save them now; that they must be driven out to sea; and whether the the boat outlived the night, or not, would depend upon the weather.

"Rest a short time," said Mr. Grey, as he himself took an oar, and handed another so Sen-

hor Macedo. "Do you think," said he to the sailors, as he found by experience that their best efforts were useless, "do you think, that if we ran out to sea a little, we should, after a time, find the current diminished in force, and be able to pass the fort. Of course, it is strongest near the land."

But the men could not answer this question: they were repeating to each other *pazienza*, a word that is more frequently heard in Portugal than any other, and the spirit of which may be thus rendered: "We will make no effort to help ourselves." Another hour was thus passed, without making any retrograde progress. The fort was out of sight; a wide expanse of ocean was around them; the men were repeating their paternosters, and the countenance of Senhor Macedo was white with despair. He sat down, incapable of further exertion; exhausted alike by a violent exercise to which he was unused, and by the pangs of a mortal terror, which he confessed with an edifying simplicity.

The situation of Mr. and Mrs. Grey was inexpressibly trying; but the natural firmness of their minds, the sound good sense they possessed, and their firm confidence that we are bound, in even the most hopeless circumstances, to do our very best, and not sit idly down waiting for an unearned blessing, supported them. Mr. Grey

explained, first to his children, and afterwards to the Portuguese, that if there was danger, it was, at least, not immediate: that, even if compelled to pass the night out at sea, the weather promised to be mild; and that the chances were, that long before morning they would be picked up by some vessel. But to the natives he spoke in vain: they shook their heads in mute despair; and the only effort which Senhor Macedo could prevail upon himself to make, was to awake the priest, who had long been asleep in the hinder part of the boat. Mr. Grey called Mordaunt to to take an oar. He had purposely reserved his strength to the last. He now forbore those violent exertions, which he found were of no service; and contented himself with endeavouring to prevent the boat from being carried further out to sea, which, with the assistance of the helmsman, was in some slight degree accomplished.

In a pause of their exertions, he observed to Mordaunt the importance of every piece of information. "My having kept a yacht," he said, "and often commanded it in my younger years, may, through God's blessing, help us out of our present difficulties. There is nothing in our situation to countenance despair, and every thing to encourage exertion."

Another hour, however, considerably altered their situation for the worse. Evening was ad-

vancing; the sky became overclouded, and torrents of rain fell. Mrs. Grey cast a glance of mute anguish at Sophia; while Mr. Grey took off his coat, and insisted on wrapping it round her. "I am too actively engaged," he replied, in answer to her earnest refusal, "to mind this rain; but your taking cold would be an evil little inferior to our present hazardous position. Sophia would not urge her refusal, much as she longed to do so; and by commanding her fears, suppressing all exclamations, and assuming a cheerful countenance, she spared her anxious parents the anguish of seeing terrors they could not assuage. After a time the wind rose.

"Now," said Mr. Grey, "hoist the sail. But the men refused. They were crowded at one end of the boat, the helmsman forsook his duty, and they turned a deaf ear both to persuasion and command. Mr. Grey was indignant. He appealed to Senhor Macedo and the priest. The former faintly aided him; but his efforts were more the result of shame than any thing else, and they were feeble and useless. The priest refused every kind of interference, and sat quiet, in all the helplessness of despair. "Mordaunt," said his father, "do you think you can unreef the sail? I will undertake to manage it. You have done it before for amusement; but the

case is different now. Are your nerves firm and strong? There is no danger; for the sea is now like a lake. But fear may make yours, nevertheless, a dangerous task."

Mordaunt's jacket was off in a moment, and thrown across Bertha's shoulders, and he turned his glowing countenance to his father. "I am not afraid," was all he said; and in as short a time as one unaccustomed to the duty could perform the task, the sail was unfurled, and Mr. Grey immediately fixed it.

He spoke not a word to Mordaunt; but the look he gave his son, as he dropped on the deck, was felt to be an ample reward.

Mr. Grey now turned to the sailors. "Which of you," he said, "knows this coast best?"

The men pointed silently to one of their party, named José.

"Then, José, take the helm," said Mr. Grey. The man refused.

He tried to shame him into it. At length, finding that their safety was now implicated in their being properly steered, he advanced to the man, and by signs and words, and yet more by his manner, gave him to understand, that if he did not immediately go to the helm he would throw him overboard.

The man looked sulkily at him, but did not move.

"Take the clue-line, Mordaunt," said his father, "and hold it steady."

The Portuguese was small in stature, though neat and compact in his figure; but was no match for the commanding height and powerful frame of Mr. Grey, who, darting upon him, raised him in his arms, and giving him one rapid whirl, seated him at the helm.

"Guide it or die," he said to him, as he stood over him.

The bewildered José took the helm; but to any further observations of Mr. Grey, (who was a very imperfect Portuguese scholar, and who most frequently conversed with Senhor Macedo in French,) he replied, "I do not understand you, Sir."

Mr. Grey was exceedingly provoked, more especially as the wind rose, and the waves began to curl; but he was not easily daunted. He took the clue-line from Mordaunt's hand; and taking Bertha on his knee, he made her repeat to José the directions he had to give, and the questions he had to ask. Bertha, at first, was timid; but the very employment diverted her thoughts. The man replied to her civilly; and all seemed going on well, when the wind rose for a moment with such violence, that they were in imminent danger. The sailors sunk on their knees; Senhor Macedo threw himself into the bottom of the boat;

and the padre, striking his breast in all the blind weakness of terror, repeated his confessions and his sins aloud. The squall was momentary, and they weathered it: in five minutes afterwards the force of the current was found sensibly to diminish, and in half an hour the boat was gliding along in smooth water. The sailors were again managing the sail; and with Senhor Macedo, the pangs of shame were succeeding to the pangs of terror. He knew enough of the world to estimate his own conduct properly. He feigned sea-sickness, to remain retired and without the necessity of talking; and it was not till the next day that he had sufficient courage to look the Greys in the face. They received him, indeed, as kindly as ever: not a hint, not a look, betrayed that he had fallen in their esteem. But still Senhor Macedo was languid and low-spirited; and even Bertha's kind feelings, which the generous little girl expressed in a thousand ways, could not reconcile him to himself. His gaiety forsook him; their acquaintance languished; he left St. Ubes before them; and on their afterwards accidentally crossing him in the streets of Lisbon, they had the mortification to see him turn into another street to avoid them.

"He has judged himself too severely," said Bertha, when she learnt he had left St. Ubes. Do not you think so, Sophy?"

Sophy was silent: she had a mind of an elevated tone, and tinged with something of the romance natural to her age. She loved brave deeds, she abhorred cowardice; and she was possessed, herself, of a degree of moral courage that made her despise the want of it in a man.

"Do not you see, Bertha," said Mordaunt, as she still stood expecting her sister's reply; "do not you see that Sophy has no excuse to make for Senhor Macedo? He was afraid, and that is the best that can be said for him."

"And yet I like Bertha's feeling," said her mother. "If we do not think with her, it is because we are older; and age destroys the simplicity of our feelings. We expect more of others, and we measure others more by ourselves, than we do when younger. Moral or passive courage is the fruit of education. It is probable that Senhor Macedo would not have been wanting in courage in the field of battle."

Sophia shook her head, but said nothing; and Mr. Grey came in and invited them go with him to the convent of Brancannis*, as the evening was to be devoted to the nuns of St. John.

They were met at the entrance of the church by one of the monks belonging to the adjoining

* A corruption of *Branca Annis*, or *white Anna;* the name given to it by the founder, in memory of a lady he had loved, and who died early.

convent. His head was shaven. He wore a dark-brown wrapping dress, with a cowl to it; and a thick cord round his waist. He was exceedingly dirty. There was nothing particular in the chapel itself; but it possessed three curiosities, all valuable in their way. The first was the portrait of a Madonna, by Raphael, as was stoutly asserted; but as the French left it behind, and it was placed in a corner so dark that little could be seen of it, Mr. Grey took leave to doubt that fact. The next exhibition was a letter, said to be written by St. Paul himself to the church of Spain, on a large folio sheet of paper, which was framed.

"You do not mean to say," asked Mr. Grey, "that this is positively the hand-writing of St. Paul?"

"I do."

"You believe it to be the production of the year sixty."

"I do, devoutly."

"Paper was not invented at that time, and it is written in the modern Spanish tongue. How do you account for these circumstances?"

"It is a progressive miracle," said the priest: "untouched and framed, as you see it, the language has been gradually transformed into a more modern style, for the edification of the faithful; and the material on which it is written,

has insensibly assumed the appearance of paper."

"I wish," said Mr. Grey, as he turned calmly away from the barefaced liar, "I wish all deceptions were as inartificial as this: few would do much harm."

"Here," said Mrs. Grey, touching her husband's arm, "here is something worth looking at: this is the carving Senhor Macedo spoke of."

The monk held in his hand a piece of wood, of a dark grain and a yellowish hue, on which was sculptured nine figures and three horses. It was about five inches wide, thick, and of an oval form; the back of it being quite round, like the section of a globe. The subject was the crucifixion of our Saviour.

"This exquisite piece of work," said the monk, "was accomplished by a prisoner condemned to die. He had no other tool than a common clasp-knife. It was presented to queen Maria, who was so enchanted with it that she pardoned him."

"And what was his crime?" asked Mordaunt.

"He had committed two murders."

"The first," said Mr. Grey, "is as he states," replying to the incredulous looks of his children. "I have heard the circumstance before; and though I cannot believe, when I look at that group, that this was the man's first attempt at

drawing of any kind, yet he certainly has shown us what a stimulus to talent the hope of life is. At the same time, a more glaring instance of abused justice, than its procuring his pardon, I have not often heard."

The whole group was exceedingly spirited; and the more they examined it, the more the children entered into Mr. Grey's opinion, that this was not a first effort. The horses were executed with great spirit. The heads had each their different expression, and were cut firmly and clearly from the ground; and the most difficult figure of the piece, Christ extended on the cross, was the worst done.

After a close examination, Mrs. Grey suggested, that in all probability the prisoner had cut these figures from a print representing the crucifixion.

"Very possibly," said Mr. Grey; "yet, even so, it is wonderful." A remark in which all the little party agreed.

"What!" said Bertha in the evening, in a tone of astonishment, to her father and her brother, "not going to St. John's?"

"No," said her father, smiling.

"No," said Mordaunt, stoutly. "What care I for nuns. Antonio, you know, advises you to take them tea and snuff; so that, in their habits, they must be regular washerwomen."

"I suspect not," said his mother: "I suspect that their great fault is their believing ablutions to be 'more honoured in the breach than in the observance.'"

"Oh!" said Sophy, "he will regret the sweetmeats on our return."

"Not I," said Mordaunt: "there are enough to be bought. And the most puissant Antonio accompanies you; so, ladies, farewell," he continued, with mock ceremony, as he saw his father rise to leave the room; and he was gone before Bertha could recover from her astonishment. She then ran after him, repeating something, in which the word "earthquake" was alone audible; but the laugh of Sophia and her mother were her only replies.

The walk to the convent was very agreeable. They found no difficulty in obtaining admission; and the portress, on receiving the letter of Senhor Macedo, immediately sent to them sister Terése. She received them with civility. But she was no longer young: ill health, added perhaps to sorrow, and the dark complexion natural to her, made her appearance disagreeable; and she spoke without the vivacity which had charmed them at the Irish Convent. By degrees, however, the conversation became more interesting. The youth, the beauty, and the sweet manners of the young English travellers, seemed to soften the rigid

temper of sister Terése; and on learning Bertha's anxiety about the earthquake, she voluntarily sought out sister Maria, who was the only one then in the convent who could satisfy her on the subject. The other ancient lady had died a month before. Sister Maria was older than sister Terése; but, independent of age, she had a less cultivated mind. She talked much of the earthquake, but it was invariably of her terror: no facts could be elicited out of her. She remembered, indeed, the sea. Oh! it was terrible. It had swept away all she had in the world; all the jewels of her mother; and a beautiful emerald cross, that had been blessed by the pope.

Sophia and Bertha were both struck with the extraordinary nature of the mind, that, amidst calamities that almost overwhelmed her country, could dwell upon the loss of a few jewels. They knew not how to reply to her; and she continued in the same strain, satisfied, seemingly, to hear her own lamentations.

Sister Terése, in the mean time, sat quietly by, her eyes fixed on Sophia and Bertha, till at length her features relaxed into a softer expression; and on a pause, occasioned by the cough of the old lady obliging her to stop, she asked Bertha if she would like to see the convent.

"Oh! yes," she replied, with delight.

"Well, you are only eight, I suppose."

"No, I am more than eleven," replied Bertha.

"Well, I shall call you eight. I think you can get through the *tour**."

Bertha looked at her mother. "Go, my love," she said, "if you wish it: such an opportunity may not occur again. Make good use of your eyes, for Sophia's benefit and mine."

With some difficulty Bertha was pressed and squeezed through the tour; but when let out on the convent side, she hardly knew how to behave under the thrill of rapture that fluttered her heart. She was first led into the refectory by sister Therése, who continued to hold her fast by the hand. The nuns and the novices crowded around her, some charmed with her speaking their language, others admiring the natural curls of her fair hair; and on all sides she was loaded with epithets of kindness and admiration. Sweetmeats in profusion were pressed upon her, in the prettiest boxes; and she was ashamed to accept, and yet reluctant to refuse, so many gifts. She was next taken to the abbess, who chilled her by the cold kindness with which she regarded her;

* Tour is a sort of half-barrel, of a very long shape, which turns upon a pivot. A child may get in it, at the open part. It is then turned round by the portress, till the person can jump from it unto the convent. Children, both boys and girls, of eight or under, are often thus admitted into convents.

and who, besides, offended her, by regretting that any thing so fair should be destined to perdition. She was then led into the sleeping-galleries; and as she looked at the cold, miserable rooms, the humble bed, the crucifix, and the death's head fixed over it, the small shelf scantily supplied with books, and the absence of all those comforts with which she was wont to be surrounded, she sighed, and the tears filled her eyes. Sister Therése sighed also, but not a word was said. She was next shown the room where stores of every kind were placed; then the laboratory, the kitchen, and the apartment for the sick. They were charmed with her questions, and the manner in which they were put; and they, in their turn, loaded her with enquiries about her habits and those of her nation. Her visit was a jubilee to them all; and when a message at length reached her from her mother, she was entreated to come again.

"I wish my sister could squeeze into the tour," said Bertha; "you would like her so much."

"Well," said they, laughing, "we must contrive to get her in at the door." And leading Bertha another way through the church, they opened the folding doors, the extreme range of their limits—those doors through which they only pass once; and having received Bertha's

promises and adieus, stood to see her meeting with her mother and sister.

Bertha was the heroine of that evening. Sophy had always some questions to ask, or Bertha some spontaneous communication to make; and she went to sleep, with her head so full of convents and nuns, that it is no wonder they peopled her slumber.

The next day was the last they had to pass at St. Ubes; and Sophia and Bertha went early to the convent of St. John. Sister Therése seemed to have been waiting for them. She made a sign through the grating, that they should follow the portress, who led them through a small door, where sister Therése and another nun were waiting for them. A black veil and cowl* were thrown over Sophia; and having ascertained that all was quiet and secure, they ushered her into the store-room. There, placing the strangers on a low seat in the midst, they grouped themselves round them, and sat unwearied for hours, to hear and to ask questions. Some, after a time, could not refrain from tears. They wept, and found it luxury to do so. Perhaps the worst state of mind imaginable, is when despair has turned the heart to stone.

* The author was thus admitted into a convent of St. Ubes.

Sophia felt a painful interest in all that was around her; but one nun, who seemed in a dying state, particularly attracted her attention. She spoke of her to those next her; for the nun herself was seated at some distance, near a brazier of charcoal, with her head leaning on her hand. Her story was, however, soon whispered to Sophia. It was brief*. She disliked her convent, had endeavoured to escape; succeeded, enjoyed a timid, doubtful liberty, for six weeks; had been retaken, confined in a dark, damp chamber underground for twelve months; and now, still estranged from the sisterhood by the compulsatory orders of the superior, she was come up to upper air, but to die. She was in the last stage of a decline.

Sophia listened, trembled with indignant sympathy, and then fearing the voice of the narrator would reach the suffering nun, made a gentle sign to suppress it.

"Has she no friend?" she whispered.

"Yes, one; sister Therése, who is half broken-hearted at her sufferings, and who exposes herself to all the rigour and displeasure of the abbess,

* The author saw this nun three months after she had been released from her dungeon, and had the story from her lips. It was confirmed to her by the confessor of the convent.

by her constant friendship and sympathy for sister Juana."

"You fear your abbess then, rather than love her?"

"She has all the strictness of a saint," was the doubtful reply.

Sophia felt, after this conversation, a desire to leave the convent of St. John; but she must speak to sister Juana, and her excellent friend sister Therése. While Bertha was singing them an English song, she stole towards her. She passed, paused, approached again, again stopped; but all unheeded by the invalid.

At length Therése drew near them and spoke. Then her friend raised her faded countenance, and smiled. That smile overpowered Sophia more than the most piercing complaint. She burst into tears; but, with instinctive delicacy, she turned away to hide them from their object, and appeared absorbed in examining a picture of the Virgin. A hand was laid on hers. She raised her head, and met the eyes of sister Thérese.

"Kind English lady," she said, "the grief and the sorrows of sister Juana are nearly over. But let her not see your sympathy. She is unused to it: it would overcome her."

Sophia wept, without having the power to restrain her tears. Sister Therése seemed to struggle against so infectious a sympathy, but

vainly. Her large tears fell upon the hand she held; and it was some minutes before she could give Sophia the satisfaction of knowing that, by a sacrifice she did not name, she had purchased permission to leave the convent for three months, on account of Juana's health *. They had taken a *quinta* near St. Ubes, and were to quit their prison.

"How quickly," said Sophia, involuntarily, "will those months pass."

"Not to me," said Sister Therése, in a faltering tone: "I shall pass many of them alone."

Sophia felt her hand warmly pressed; and when able too look up again with composure, sister Therése and her friend were gone, and she was surrounded by those who had now ceased to interest her. Her adieus were kind, but hurried; and as she left the convent, she felt that she never wished to enter another.

They quitted St. Ubes the next day. But Sophia could not be easy without enquiring further about the two friends; and she afterwards learnt that sister Juana had died the week after her removal, and that sister Terése had returned to her convent on the day of the funeral. Sophia then wished that her curiosity had never been gratified.

* Such permissions, on the score of health, are readily obtained for money.

CHAP. VI.

On the return of the travellers to Lisbon, they resumed their old apartments at Buenos Ayres; but though their stay there was short, they missed Senhor Macedo extremely.

"We could have spared a better man," said Mordaunt, with pompous declamation; for the loss of the Senhor sat lightly upon him. He had been less his companion than any one of the party, and he troubled not himself to feign regrets he did not feel. Whenever his father called, Senhor Macedo was out; and it became clear that all attempts to bring him back to his former intimacy would be vain. Bertha, however, felt for him a lively pity, believing him to be grieved and unhappy at the weakness he had shown; and even when mounted on her donkey, to proceed to Cintra, she turned back to give a particular message to Mr. Reeves about him, bidding him be sure, if he called, to say how much they wished to see him.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey had taken a *leja* *, to convey them; but the young people were all mounted according to the fashion of the country: Mordaunt on a mule, and Sophia and Bertha on donkeys, which, trained in a superior manner, kept an even pace, and allowed them to enjoy the sight of the most diminutive beauty in the hedgerows as they passed. They had no side-saddles; but by means of a well-filled pack, and a board to put the feet upon, the young people, sitting as though they had been on a chair, soon learnt to balance themselves, and rode on merrily, in the fullest enjoyment of every thing around them.

The road, on either side, was bordered by geraniums, myrtles, and the most beautiful variety of bulbous roots, now in full blossom. The green fields were already beginning to turn yellow, under the influence of the burning sun; and much of the arable land was already yielding a second crop of vetches or lupines, previously to sowing the grain.

They stopped half way to bait the animals; and the little party were exceedingly amused to see the manner in which this was done. They had a man to walk by the side of each of their donkeys; and while one took off the bridles and

* A carriage not very unlike a cabriolet.

the bits from their mouths, the other went into the ale-house, and brought out a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine. The wine was poured into a wooden bowl, and the loaf of bread broken into it. The donkeys and their drivers then eat out of the same dish, with perfect friendship and good will.

The young Greys were exceedingly entertained with this novel diet for donkeys, and the composure with which the men partook of the same mess; and were never weary of comparing it with their different treatment in England.

As they approached Cintra, they were struck with the improved verdure of every thing they saw; and when, at length, they came near enough to catch a glimpse of the high, stony hills, which is one of its most distinguishing features, there was a general exclamation of delight. They passed on, admiring the numerous fountains, the rich luxuriance of the low creeping plants, the variety of ferns, the magnificent cork-trees, and the gigantic chesnuts. And when they stopped at the *Casa de Posta*, or inn, they looked around them in silent admiration.

The hotel at Cintra is kept by a very respectable Irish woman and her niece. The mistress had been blind for some years, and was, besides, old and infirm; but she was universally respected.

Bertha, when she heard that she could not see, was greatly distressed. "Blind!" she repeated, in a compassionate tone. "What! unable to see this beautiful prospect? How much I pity her."

"She has seen it often, however," said her father: "let that console you, Bertha. Her blindness is of recent date." Bertha allowed that that greatly softened the calamity; and she gave herself up to the vivid admiration the scene around her excited. Before them was a magnificent view of the singular hills which distinguish Cintra, covered on the tops with stones. On the most prominent of these is the Penha Convent, which seems to be hung in air, and accessible only to the birds; on another are the few remains of a Moorish castle, which was entirely thrown down by the earthquake; and at the foot of these hills lies the town of Cintra, and the palace, the high, kiln-like chimneys of which, are very remarkable. The *quinta*, and pleasure-houses, were spread at irregular intervals half up the hills, and composed a landscape of no common beauty.

As Bertha and Sophia sat silently at the window, in unbounded admiration, Mordaunt burst into the room. His vocation was for active life; and not a tinge of romance, or, as Bertha sometimes reproachfully said, of sensibility, was to be

found in his composition. "Come, young ladies," he exclaimed, "no dinner yet for an hour. Let us be off to the palace. My father and mother are ready below. Come, Bertha, are you going to stare all day at those old stony hills? You will see enough of them, I will engage," he said, as he jumped aside to avoid the pinch with which Bertha was preparing to reward his eloquence.

"Mrs. Pensorosa Highflown, your most obedient," he continued, as he bowed to her with mock reverence at the foot of the staircase; and then scampered off, to avoid her threatened vengeance.

The palace disappointed all of them but Sophia. She did not care for its being unfurnished; but she liked it for the sake of one room in it, and which, she said, atoned for all its faults. It was the room in which the arms of all the noble families of Portugal adorn the roof. Each pannel represents a stag, with a waving white banderolle flying from its antlers and passing round its neck; and, hanging on its left side, is the small sheet which contains the arms.

Some singular impressions were produced by reading the names of the families. By the side of Gama, Velasquez, Pacheco, were more modern and less worthy titles; and while recalling the stern description of character that those intrepid

warriors possessed, and contrasting with them the weakness, the inaction, and utter want of cultivation, which degrade those of the present day, the mind became forcibly struck with the conviction, that, till a new race shall arise, such enterprises are at an end for ever.

"And yet," said Mrs. Grey to Sophia, in answer to her indignant recollections, "had Portugal never found out for itself a richer hemisphere, it might have turned its attention to defend and improve that to which it had an hereditary claim."

"True," said Mr. Grey; "but Portugal is too small wholly to subsist without foreign aid. But, perhaps, it has been a blessing to England, that she has no longer the command of America. A colony so much larger than the mother country, might have concluded by swallowing up its parent."

It was with regret that Sophia quitted the painted chamber, as it was called; and she cast many a lingering look behind. But fresh sources of interest awaited her in the other apartments. She found the party in a small room, with a lattice on one side of it.

"Here," said her father, "Alfonso the Sixth was confined by his queen, for nine years, a prisoner. She was, it is said, attached to his brother, who ruled in his stead. The traditional

stories on the subject, however, are so numerous, and the historical light so faint, that it is difficult to form a clear judgment of any thing but his misery. This dark, latticed window looks into the royal chapel, where he was permitted to hear mass, but never allowed to approach the sanctuary nearer. He is said to have died of a broken heart."

"Here," interrupted their guide, "he paced up and down, and deplored his miserable being: the stones are worn with his feet more here than elsewhere."

This last stroke was too much for Bertha, whose softness of heart made her tenderly alive to every evil, past or present. She looked wistfully at the pavement, and the tears rose to her eyes.

Mordaunt displayed his pocket-handkerchief, with affected sympathy. "Now, Bertha," he said, "I wait your pleasure: you shall not weep alone, if I can help it. To be sure, the man has been dead these, let me see, three hundred years; and that old knave, looking at the guide, may cram us as he likes, without fear of detection. But I should wish to do every thing that is proper and usual on these occasions." And he suddenly began so piteous a cry, that the guide looked round him in dismay; and Bertha's sorrow was so far arrested by her laughter, that

she followed the party from the room, without once looking again at the footsteps of Alfonso.

They walked slowly through the deserted apartments, in which there was neither beauty nor grandeur. In the court-yard was a room which, on entering, looks perfectly dry. Mordaunt, according to his usual custom, danced in first; and Antonio, who attended them, withheld Bertha from following. The rest of the party were behind, upon the steps leading to the court-yard. In a minute they heard Mordaunt make an angry exclamation, and he soon appeared rushing out in no pleasant mood. At this moment an hitherto very harmless Neptune, in the midst of the court-yard, began to send forth from his trident a gentle shower. Whichever way Mordaunt turned, ample as the space was, it pursued him, till he had the wit to fly close to the statue, and under the protection of its extended arm was safe. Shouts of laughter echoed through the court. It was, it seems, a favourite trick of the guide's. Mordaunt made the laugh heartier by his vehement displeasure, while he exhausted his rhetoric in indignant complaints; and he took pleasure in taking off his dripping jacket, and wringing it so near him, that the man's handkerchief was in perpetual requisition. There was, however, no malice in his anger; and when the guide, soon after, stumbled

over some orange-peel and fell, he was the first to raise him. But having ascertained that he was uninjured, the occasion was too favourable to be resisted: he gave the old fellow some appalling whirls over the fountain, and then laid him gently on a stone-bench, overwhelming him at the same time with all the civilities he could think of.

It was some time before the old gentleman could smooth his ruffled dignity, and proceed to show them a small room on the ground-floor, where, it is said, king Sebastian sat with his counsellors, to deliberate upon his African expedition. There was a high-backed chair, covered with yellow, blue, and green Dutch tiles, in which he is reported to have sat. The benches of his council were similarly constructed. The chair was large enough to hold three kings; and when Mordaunt saw the old man preparing to tell a flourishing story about it, he slipped into the chair, and stretching himself up to his full height, he waved with ludicrous pomp to the man to begin. The guide was disconcerted: he crossed himself, and muttered some angry words. But though Mordaunt got up, at his father's desire, the string of his narrative was destroyed; and he was obliged to leave to the imagination of his hearers, all that he had intended

to suggest of so momentous a period of Portuguese history.

Antonio was a fervent Sebastianist, and fully believed that the king would re-appear; which opinion he was delivering in a very oracular manner to Bertha, when Mrs. Grey asked him what he proposed doing, in that case, with the present king.

Antonio was a little puzzled; but he presently added, that our Lady would arrange all that satisfactorily, and that it was no part of his business.

"You are wise, Antonio, not to meddle with the arrangements necessary on so intricate a point," said Mr. Grey, laughing. "Come, Sophia, have you sufficiently pictured to your mind's eye the young and imprudent monarch? Can you condescend to go with us into the kitchen?

Sophia smiled. "I suppose," she said, "this is a point of history that will never be cleared up."

"My dear, I imagine there is no doubt but that he died in battle. Probably he was one of those who perished in the river Alcazer, near which the fatal battle was fought, which, if he remained in it only two days, in that climate, would account for his not being recognized."

"You do not think he ever returned to Portugal?"

"No, my dear, there is no authentic history of his having done so. Sebastian was greatly beloved; and if the prior of Crato was, as it is reported, his enemy, he was without any considerable power, as he was unable to prevent the accession of the cardinal Henry; and it is therefore reasonable to suppose, he could not have had sufficient influence to overpower the evidence of thousands, had the real Sebastian ever returned to Portugal."

"But, then, what a strange idea these people have, of his returning at some future time."

"People of Antonio's class, have a great partiality for the marvellous. Incapable of reasoning on the causes that have occasioned the decline of their national prosperity, they yet know that it has declined; and as the return of Sebastian will, it is said, bring back the most splendid æra of the Portuguese history, they greedily embrace the idea, and the superstition is handed down from father to son."

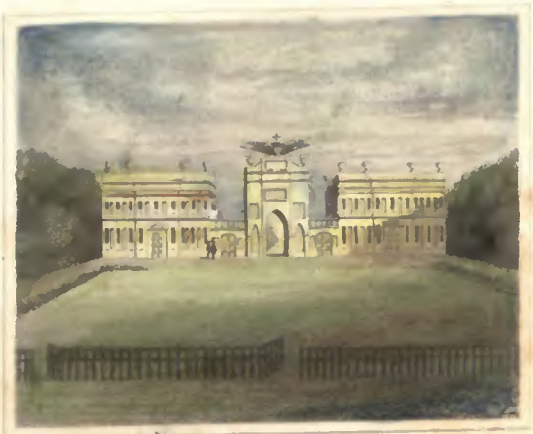
As Mr. Grey spoke, they entered the kitchen, which is very extensive. On each side of the middle, extending the whole length of the room, are rows of brick stewing-furnaces for charcoal, with round holes at the top for placing stewing-pans upon; and at equal distances are two immense chimneys, exactly like the chimney of a kiln in England. Under the open-

ing at the top, if you stand immediately beneath, is an echo, the sounds of which are quite overpowering. An individual of some activity, succeeded, after many attempts, in throwing up an orange with such force, that it fell on the ground outside the palace. The mouth of the chimney, at the top, is so large, that the kitchen is under water during the winter season.

"Such," said Mr. Grey, as they took a last look of the narrow latticed windows, broken in every direction, "such is the palace of an absent king."

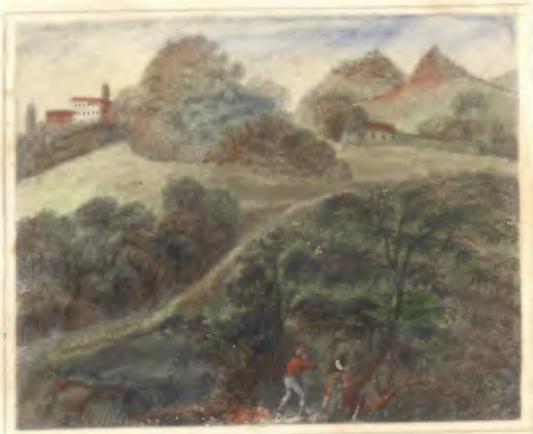
After dinner, there was no possibility of inducing the young people to refresh themselves by a longer rest. The Marialva palace was within a walk, and they were eager to see it.

Marialva is a handsome building, with two wings of equal size, which are divided in the middle by an arch-way that leads to the garden, and is raised at the top with the emblems of war, so as to be much above the house itself. One room alone in the house, possessed any great interest. It was that in which the convention of Cintra was signed. The floor is stained with drops of ink, which are asserted to be indelible, and to have fallen from the pens so sadly misemployed on that occasion. Mr. Grey pointed them out to his children. "Such," he said, "is the origin of most traditions. To us who live so near the event, the expression, 'they cannot



Page 132

Mariolva Palace.



Page 134

Penha Verde.

come out,' conveys nothing more than that they are left there as monuments of so memorable a mistake. But in succeeding years, or ages, if this palace lasts so long, it will be asserted, perhaps, and received as a positive fact."

In one of the lower rooms is a gallery of well-selected English caricatures, into the spirit of which the little party entered heartily. They had, naturally, little taste for politics; and it was with some difficulty that Bertha was persuaded to leave the drops of ink in quiet possession of the floor: she wanted to try her skill in removing them.

"And if you should succeed, my dear," said her mother, "they will re-appear to-morrow. Depend upon it, this is a deception that imposes upon no one."

In the gardens there was nothing to attract, more than was to be found in every part of Cintra. They were full of fruit-trees; and the party tasted here, for the first time, the sweet lemon, which is cold and refreshing, though without any flavour superior to water and sugar slightly mixed with the bitter of the peel. The red passion-flower was blossoming in great beauty, with fuscias, the size of which surpassed any thing they had seen; and they wandered about till not a corner was left unexplored, and even then were reluctant to leave so sweet a spot.

The next morning, the young people were all up early, and set off before breakfast to see a place called Penha Verde, which is only a short distance from Cintra. They passed the Marialva palace on their way to it, and soon after arrived at the Penha, which is a high hill, richly clothed with verdure, and surmounted by a very small chapel, which peeping from the summit, over the verdure and foliage in which it is embosomed, is a very picturesque object. It is surmounted by a cross; and somewhat lower down, yet commanding the height, is another cross, placed on a huge natural projection of rock, which just shows its bare sides, as it shoots from the green by which it is surrounded. Within the grounds, concealed in the winding walks which are cut round to the top of the hill, are two small, neglected chapels, where service is now no longer performed; and the images shut up in them, alone mark what they are. Towards the close of autumn, Penha Verde is very damp; but in the heat of summer it affords the most cool and delicious retreat from the noon-day sun-beams, as it is so thickly set with trees, principally cork and chesnut, that scarcely one straggling ray can penetrate it; while, from its elevated situation, every passing breeze is felt and enjoyed. Its perpetual verdure, loneliness, and almost motionless repose, make it a most delightful retreat, for

those who are either habitually fond of solitude, or who seek it from any casual or capricious impulse.

The Greys had soon examined every part of this lovely spot. Sophia gathered many specimens of ferns, which were new to her, and which grew at the sides of the fountains; and Bertha found a specimen of hoary lichen, for which she had long been looking.

"Whom did you say the place belonged to, Bertha?" asked Mordaunt: "I suppose you learnt, for I saw you in grand confab with Antonio, this morning."

"To a Mr. Saldanha. And would you believe it, Sophy, that though he is so kind as to let every body walk here that likes, yet Antonio says, the Penha is too dull for the Portuguese taste, and that few but strangers come here?"

"Would I believe it?" replied her brother. "And why should I not?" When we went home last night, though the evening was so fine, the Portuguese had been shut up since seven o'clock, playing at cards. That is what they come to Cintra for. I heard Miss Murray, Mrs. Dacy's niece, tell my mother, that many of the Portuguese families actually exclude the light all day, and sit at cards for the greater portion of it. Oh! if Portugal were but inhabited by Englishmen."

"Nay," said Sophia, laughing, "what would papa say to such a burst of national vanity? I heard him remark, but yesterday, that though we should doubtless draw the very utmost advantages from the soil and the climate, yet he feared we should soon create so many fictitious wants, as would speedily introduce as many evils as we found."

"Madam, I bow to your philosophy," returned Mordaunt, and then repeated, laughing, a line of Goldsmith:

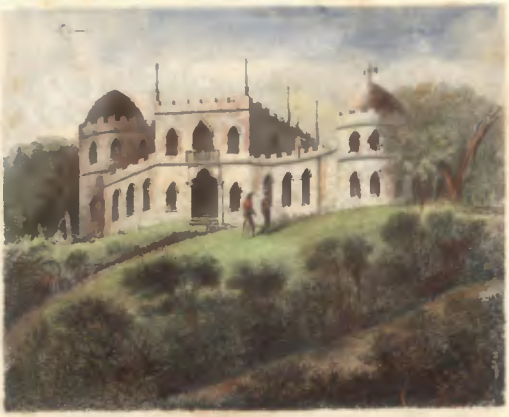
> ———"and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all she knew."

To which Sophia laughingly replied,

> "In arguing too, his sister own'd his skill,
> For e'en, though vanquish'd, he could argue still."

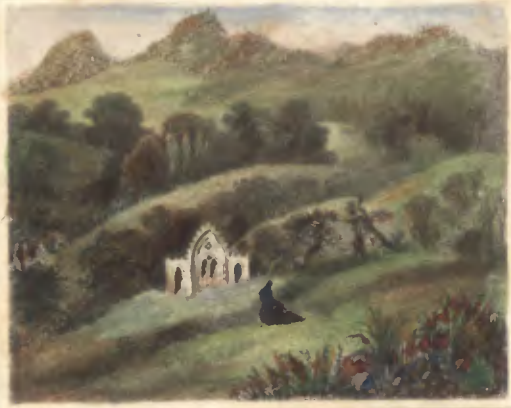
Bertha clapped her hands in applause, and Mordaunt enjoyed the retort as much as any of them.

On returning home, they found Mr. Grey looking out for them; and when they met their mother at the breakfast-table, each had so much to show to her, and to tell, that it was some time before they could do justice to the excellent bread and delicious honey, the apricots and fine green figs, with which the table was profusely supplied.



Page 137

Monserrat.



Page 140

View from the Windows of Monserrat.

A council was then held, and as the day was temperate, and though the sun shone brightly there was yet a refreshing breeze, it was settled that they should engage donkeys and visit Monserrat that morning. Their excursion was to begin at twelve, and the intervening hours Mordaunt spent in study with his father.

Twelve o'clock came, and with it the appointed number of donkeys, each having a little boy attached to it, whose task it was to drive them on. Their road lay, at first, on the highway to Coulares; but after continuing on it some little time, they turned in at a pair of large gates, that are situated at the side of the highway, and wound down a most beautiful road, thickly set with arching trees, which every now and then permitted fine, though brief views of the country. After a time, they fell into a smoother avenue of chesnut-trees, at the end of which is Monserrat itself. As they had heard much of its ruinous condition, they were surprised to see no marks of desolation. It is a long building, square in the middle, flanked on each side by round towers. A cupola once rose over the middle edifice, but it was then fallen.

A nearer approach to the house, made them perceive growing signs of decay. On a small patch of green, in the front of it, stood a sun-dial overgrown with grass, to which the cavalry of the

visitants were usually attached. Here the little party dismounted, and, followed only by Antonio, entered the narrow railing round the house. Within it every thing was wild and forlorn: doors torn from their hinges lay on the grass, while springless locks, window-glass, and rafters, were scattered all around, and told a melancholy story. From the open window-frame was seen the light, elegant, spiral staircase; but so clogged with brick and rubbish, that it seemed madness to think of venturing on it. A path had once been round the house, planted with flowers; and there, still

"Many a garden flower grew wild."

But the broom and the lavender grew so thickly together, that it was with some trouble the party forced themselves a path.

"Who does the place belong to?" asked Sophia.

"To a Portuguese nobleman," replied her father, "who is the third owner of it, I believe. It was built first by Mr. Beckford, who had no sooner made a paradise within the wild, than he forsook it, and sold it to a Portuguese lady, who took no care of it; and it again passed into the hands of its present possessor, who is now in the Brazils."

"What a beautiful spot, mother," said Sophia. "Could you quit it, if it were yours?"

Before her mother could reply, they were alarmed by a shriek from Antonio. They hurried to the spot, and found him wringing his hands in despair, at something they could not see. They pushed past him, and perceived Mordaunt and Bertha on the sound part of the staircase.

"We are both safe, quite safe, I assure you," they called out. "There is a great deal of rubbish on the stairs; but they are themselves quite secure. Papa, do you try."

Mr. Grey did so, and passed and re-passed with the greatest safety. "I believe you may venture," he said, turning to Mrs. Grey and Sophia, "and I think the view will repay you." He gave them his hand, and they walked up the staircase with ease, Antonio looking at them in terror.

"Come, Tony," said Mordaunt, as he sprang past his father: "I will help him up, Sir." But Antonio was wiser: no entreaties, no persuasion could induce him to hazard his precious life in such an expedition. He said, he knew the floors would give way with them, and it would be tempting the Virgin too much, if there were no one left to aid them; and he sat down on an old door, to count his beads and rehearse his prayers.

Mordaunt left him with contempt, and gaily walked up the steps; purposely kicking down as much of the rubbish as he could, in order to frighten Antonio, whose groans on the occasion were audible. In the meantime, the first party had pushed their way through several rooms, whose ungracious doors, half burst from their hinges, scarcely allowed them space to pass. In this manner they struggled through several apartments, one of which was distinguished by an English fire-place, that was yet entire; and after jumping over chasms in the rafters, and ascending and descending little piles of ruins, they found themselves in a small apartment with a balcony to it, on which a meridian sun was shining most beautifully. Here Mordaunt found them standing out on the veranda, gazing in speechless rapture at the finest view in the world. Below were spread the rich woods of Monserrat, and the Gothic gate of a small house, built for the stable-servants, and which, in that situation, gave animation to the landscape. On the edge of a hill, on the right-hand side, almost equally well wooded, were some scattered cottages; while the height above was crowned with that stony and romantic ridge of hills, which form so remarkable a feature in the Cintra scenery.

In this pretty room, pretty amidst all its deso-

lation, the party lingered long; and Sophia regretted exceedingly, that her sketch-book had been left behind.

Mordaunt, however, soon interrupted their quiet musings. He challenged Bertha and Sophia to a more complete examination of the house. Finding no stair-case, they mounted to the top turrets by crossing over the roof of the house, on its unsound and slippery leads; and getting in at a window that just admitted them, they began to reproach each other's daring, when they found there was nothing to be seen but some small odd-shaped bed-rooms. An huzza from Mordaunt announced a discovery, and they followed him into an apartment, on the once white walls of which, the ingenuity of perhaps a million of strangers had scrawled every variety of name, wit, and caricature.

There were to be seen French eagles in black chalk, and English officers in red, cutting their heads off; portraits of Britannia, dressed in French spoils; a languishing Venus, five yards long; Cupids with pigtails, and shields without devices. One entire side of the room was occupied by a large ship, with the words, "England has done her duty," written on a flag; and underneath appeared, "Jack Tar: I go to England to-morrow, huzza! huzza!" The different handwriting was perhaps as curious a display as any

thing. By the side of stiff French sneers were bolder and freer English menaces, German hieroglyphics, and Portuguese expressions of contempt.

Mordaunt was highly amused. Bertha, who had four years ago lost a twin brother who was destined for the navy, stood looking at the ship with a clouded brow; but Sophia made the agreeable discovery of a back stair-case, in high preservation, and invited them all to follow her, which they did immediately, and joined their parents and Antonio, who were examining the rooms on the ground-floor, which were remarkably good. The best was the drawing-room: it was very high, and built in the form of a cupola, with a slight fancy gallery all round, and was divided in the middle with a light row of arcades, which had a very pretty effect. But all around was desolation and ruin. Grass was in the hall, the wild shrubs took up half the windows; and the long-unmolested rats, walked in awful size, unfearing, before them. Our travellers bid adieu to it, at last, with a feeling of deep regret, that so much beauty of situation, so many evident traces of comfort and hospitality should be but traces.

Mrs. Grey, as she turned to give a last look, repeated to Sophia the lines of Lord Byron,

which so accurately describe the present situation of Monserrat.

"There thou too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware,
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace, voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.
Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow:
But now, as if a thing unbless'd by man,
Thy fancy-dwelling is as lone as thou!
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide:
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied,
Swept into wrecks anon, by Time's ungentle tide."

CHILDE HAROLD.

CHAP. VII.

Every day in Cintra was a day of pleasure. The delightful climate, the exquisite scenery, and the ready civility of the peasants, made every scene and every casual occurrence agreeable. From Monserrat the party went on to Coulares, from which it is distant about two miles; and proceeded, on their road, to look at a *quinta* close to Agua Ferra, where Mr. Canning and his family lived, when he was in Portugal.

Coulares is a small but picturesque village, chiefly remarkable for a kind of light red wine, which is made there, and goes by its name. When this wine has been kept two or three years, *bon vivants* prefer it to claret. The woods of Monserrat reach almost to the skirts of this village, and its abundant vegetation makes it a very lovely prospect to the eye.

Cintra is chiefly supplied with fruit from Coulares. The convent of St. Anna looks picturesque amidst the trees; but, on a near approach, is found to be a square, dull, red building, of no architecture. The peasants are exceedingly hos-

pitable; and if you step into their cottages, bring out to you immediately their best provisions, and refuse all remuneration. On these occasions, they would stand admiring the fair complexions of the English ladies, and asking a hundred questions about their habits and pursuits. When they rose to depart, they pressed them to come again; and followed them to the end of the road, with kindness and with praise. They, on their part, were frequently subjects of admiration to the travellers. Their white handkerchiefs set off from the face, were not unbecoming to their dark eyes, and clear, brown complexions. They wore gold buttons at the wrist, large gold earrings, and three or four gold chains round their necks, in which consisted all their riches. They had generally a cloth petticoat, either of a deep blue-green, or the most splendid crimson colour. The dress of the men is less brilliant. White linen trowsers, a crimson sash round the waist, a brown jacket hung over the shoulder, with gold buttons on the shirt collar and wrist-bands, and a small crimson pointed cap, is the whole of their attire.

They live in the simplest manner. Sometimes, though but rarely, they get a little beef, boiled to rags, and made into soup; which, with bread and onions; lupines, made into what they think a savoury mess by being stewed with oil, salt,

and a little bread; and a little salt fish in Lent, form the whole of their supply. Their drink is a kind of light Coulares wine, and they are universally sober. Few travellers seem to have done justice to the natives; whose virtues are their own, their faults the result of a long mismanagement. The moral standard is low in Portugal, because, in the first offices of authority, in the government itself, cunning passes for wisdom.

One of the most beautiful features of Cintra is, the effect of the clouds on the high hills that surround it. Sometimes, even in the brightest day, the clouds would rest on the tops, so as to make them quite disappear; and in a few minutes they would depart like magic, and a bright sun would be illuminating the rugged points of the most prominent masses of stone. Cintra is likewise subject to very thick fogs: they rise in the valleys exactly like smoke from a fire of weeds, and spread themselves across the country and up the mountain, with a rapidity that leaves the traveller, as to the prospect three yards before him, in utter obscurity. On their dissipating, which they do very suddenly, they would exhibit the effects of a rainbow, from the sun's rays being reflected in the damp exhalations; and when the fog has been peculiarly heavy, and just hanging, like a wreath, on the side of the

hill, all the large projections of rocks, and the most prominent sides of the mountain, have, in the first instance, glowed like fire, and afterwards glittered with a million of colours, when the sun itself has burst out with unshaded brilliancy.

These were effects which, while Mr. Grey explained to his children the causes of them, they were never weary of admiring. A magnificent storm, which lasted nearly five hours, filled them with awe; and yet they looked with a chastened pleasure at the scene it presented. The thunder reverberated through the hills, in a manner that they had never heard before. The lightning did not flash and disappear; but it lingered in the sky, illuminated every stone on the hills, and, when withdrawn, made every thing look dark. It was accompanied with so abundant a rain, that no rational cause for fear existed; but the Portuguese shut themselves up in their houses, and, while it lasted, gave way to the most agonizing fears: a proof that such visitations are rare.

The cork-tree was another object of curiosity. In its knotted trunk it is not unlike an oak, though the foliage is more light and feathery; and the leaf is of a very dark, shining green, small, and pointed. It always presents a singular appearance, from its being stripped of the

bark, for the cork. It is constantly seen in all its various stages, from its being utterly dispoiled, to its first growth again, of a dark reddish colour; and finally, in its perfect stage, when it is of a silvery hue outside, and very picturesquely gnarled and knotted into a variety of grotesque shapes.

CHAP. VIII.

As our travellers were riding to see Almoçajama, they passed some very fine old cork-trees: the wild vine had climbed up to the very highest branch, and hung down in the most elegant festoons. The fruit was formed, but still green.

Mr. Grey called the attention of his children to the bark of trees, which, in many forest-trees and fruit-trees, he observed, could be removed without injury to the tree. "The bark of the birch-tree was, anciently," he said, "used instead of paper, and the Romans wrote on it with metal styles, or pens. That of the birch is used, in Russia, for tanning leather, which it renders impervious to insects; and it is on this account that Russia leather is so much esteemed. The bark of the oak is used in England for dyeing, and is, if I mistake not, often stripped off the tree while yet rooted in the earth. Fig-trees, when rung, that is to say, the bark cut to the wood in different places, are said to come into better and earlier bearing; and there are several foreign trees, the bark of which is not only useful in

dyeing, but also in medicine, and which forms with this country a considerable article of commerce."

Mr. Grey was here interrupted by Bertha, who, on seeing the road that the donkey-drivers were leading them to, called to him in dismay, to to know if it could possibly be the right one. All appearance of verdure and vegetation was gone, the sun shone on the bare rocks, and the reflection from them made the heat excessive: a a few scattered houses were to be seen in the distance; but their situation only seemed the more forlorn.

Mr. Gray enquired, and found that the road they were about to take would lead them straight to the bay, which was at the base of the two hills between which their rugged path wound itself; and riding up to Bertha, he encouraged her by an assurance that their difficulties were nearly over. Nor had they proceeded many steps further, when suddenly, on turning a sharp corner, the bay lay before them, with scarcely a ripple on its smooth waters, and looking cooler, and lovelier, from the road they had passed. They soon left their former rocky and cheerless path, and cantered gaily upon a fine hard sand. On a nearer approach, the first thing that presented itself to their admiring gaze, was a large natural archway, formed by an immense rock.

Its height was considerable, and it looked so lightly suspended, that it required some nerve to remain a moment beneath it, under the fear it created of its hanging by something as slender as the hair that suspended the sword over Damocles.

The mass of rocks that run along the coast, possess an impressive beauty, and throw from on high, as it were, a gigantic arm into the sea; frowning horribly upon an immense conical mass of stone that stands below, detached from the cliff, and surrounded by the sea, which every now and then covered its pointed head with foam, that fell back again into the ocean at its base, with all the feathery lightness of a waterfall, and upon which the sun's reflected rays produced myriads of artificial rainbows.

To the rock on the right-hand, accident has given the exact appearance of a foundered ship; as if one part was buried in the sand, and the huge keel fitfully raised up by the tide. The rock is black, and worn by the water into a ribbed, plank-like appearance; and when the waves are dashing over it, it involuntarily brings before the mind the whole scene of a shipwreck.

The travellers stood on the sands, as though enchanted by the wand of a magician. The compass of the scene was so small, that it seemed to bring what it imaged more home to the ima-

gination; and even the insensible Mordaunt was almost spell-bound. Sophia had no sense but that of seeing; and when her mother likened the bay of Almoçajama to that of Babican, she murmured at the comparison. Babican Bay, she said, was pretty; but nothing like the awful, commanding scenery they then beheld.

It was, indeed, with some difficulty that the young people could be withdrawn from the enchanted scene, as Bertha called it; and Mr. Grey was obliged to remind them many times, that the Cork Convent was to be visited on the morrow, and that they would require rest, before he could induce them to move.

It was dusk when they reached Cintra, and the burra-drivers kept shouting vociferously, to deter, they said, the wolves from coming down the *serra* *. But Mordaunt only laughed at them, and amused himself by twice putting out the torch, that Manoel his mother's burra-driver held.

"He jests at scars, who never felt a wound," said his father. "Though I do not know that we are in any danger at this moment, it is certain that the wolves on these hills are very bold, and that they frequently devour the donkeys which are confined to particular pieces of pasture, and cannot escape."

* Hill.

"Papa," said Bertha, as she got off her donkey, fairly worn out with pleasure, "must we set off very early to-morrow?"

"Not before nine, my dear, and it is now eight. There is time for you to have a good twelve hours' sleep; so good night to you." And Bertha went gladly to bed, already walking in her sleep, as her brother asserted.

She did not quite take her father's advice; but she slept ten hours out of the twelve, and awoke as blithe and as gay as usual. Mordaunt had finished his lessons with his father, and they were all mounted by half-past nine, and gaily proceeding on their way. José, who was Bertha's donkey-driver, was a little, smart boy of about eight years of age, apparently incapable of fatigue, and who trudged by her side day after day, generally without shoes, and with an elasticity of gait that they all envied. His fine, intelligent countenance, black eyes, and raven hair, as it curled round the little red cap stuck on one side of his head, made him appear almost handsome. Bertha, who had the art of making every body her friend, soon attached him so much to her, that he was always to be seen lingering at the door, eager to be employed, and causing, as Mordaunt was pleased to declare, the bitterest jealousy in the breast of Antonio.

As long as their road lay through the smiling verdure of Cintra, their conversation was gay and fluent; but as they gradually ascended the *serra*, and became entangled in its stony defiles, first, the difficulties of the roads, then the aspect of the place, checked conversation. The convent which they were approaching, was entirely cut out of the rocks, and bore, outwardly, no other marks, but of those rude and remarkable masses of rocks so peculiarly abundant in those hills. The convent is placed upon the very summit of the mountain; and the common leading to it is flushed with the brilliant hues of the cistus which cover it, and of a variety of bulbous flowers which blossom there,

"Nor ask the planter's toil."

On a very close approach to the building, a *calvario*, or plot of grass with three crucifixes on it, to represent Calvary, is discovered; but you are then almost within the convent, for it boasts no edifice, no cupola, no sign, to tell what sad and solitary beings are there immured. The party alighted, and upon going up a few steps, entered a little court-yard, hollowed out of the rock, planted with a few trees; and on the left-hand there was a fountain of beautiful water, and stone benches, with a marble table, where

the monks dine in summer. They are Capuchin friars, of the order of St. Francis.

Passing through the first entrance, in which they had lingered in melancholy and silent astonishment, the party again mounted a few steps, and entered a kind of vestibule, entirely lined with cork, which, when dried, has a pretty, silvery hue, and is grotesquely knotted. In the middle of this vestibule was what the owners considered an ornamental piece of workmanship, composed of shells, Dutch tiles, broken plates, and saucers, all surrounding a painted wooden figure of their patron saint, St. Francis, who reclines below, either dead or asleep, under a lattice-work of wood. Behind it were steps leading to the refectory; on the left-hand side, a cork door opening into the chapel; and on the right, a similar opening into a small oratory, in which was exhibited a wooden figure of our Saviour, bearing his cross. It is as large as life, half standing, half kneeling, as if worn down by the weight of it. Their catholic attendants pressed forward to do it homage, while the English travellers stood by; even Bertha making reflections on their extraordinary credulity. "Fashioned by man's hands," she said, "rude and disgusting as is its form, how can they worship it?"

"My dear," said her father, "the foundation

of their present superstition was laid centuries before they were born."

At the instigation of José, he sounded a kind of gong, to give notice to the friars of their arrival.

One of the brothers immediately appeared, and civilly opened the door: he showed them a a very small altar and reading-desk, which was all the pageant they had to exhibit. The young people then crept up a rocky staircase, and gazed through a door with iron gratings, into the passage that contained their cells, into which, it appeared, from their extreme lowness, that they must crawl like dogs, never taking off their clothes; and they sleep upon a sheet of cork, with a sheep's skin, rudely dressed, for a blanket. Upon their decease, their bed serves them for a bier.

The young Greys turned away with feelings of painful compassion. Not so their attendants, who pressed to look also, and retired with sentiments of devout admiration.

From the refectory windows, to which the party involuntarily turned, the garden of the convent was visible, and it appeared well stocked with vegetables. But in the winter, the cold is so severe that nothing lives: the monks leave the place, and it is not till a milder season that any herb for the service of man is to be seen. The

dress of the monks is a long brown cloth gown, tied with a thick hempen cord, by the waist; and it is knotted at the ends, for the purpose of flagellating themselves: though Mordaunt observed that, to do their humanity justice, it did not appear to have been much used. Round their necks they wear a cowl of black cloth, which comes in front like a collar, but hangs down behind in a wide peak. In their persons they are exceedingly disgusting, from dirt. In the refectory, where oranges were civilly placed before them, their attention was irresistibly fixed by the lay brother who brought them. In his person he was tall and thin to gauntness; the features of his face were large and bony; and his hands, which he crossed over his breast, were singularly muscular. His countenance, in repose, exhibited a horrid stillness—an absence of all feeling, except what Sophia termed a motionless despair, and pitiable ill health. He spoke without disturbing a muscle of his face, and never raised his eyes from the ground. Vain was all the kindness and civility of the other monks; vainly was their best wine and fruit placed before them; the countenance of the lay brother marred all the pleasure, and engaged all the attention of the young people; and Mr. Grey, seeing that the impression deepened, rose to go. Bertha happened to be a little behind, and in passing the

lay brother, who sat on a stone bench apart, her foot caught his gown, from the very nervous haste she was making to pass him. The man raised his eyes, and the effort he made to smile produced so fearful an expression of countenance, that the bewildered Bertha cried out, in an agony of terror, "Save me, father, save me*!"

Mr. Grey was with her in a moment, and raised her in his arms: but she wept incessantly; and it was not till long after they had left the convent, and were again in the fairy-land of Cintra, that composure could be restored to her fluttered spirits. Nor did the alarm subside with a night's rest; and she was so nervous and excited the next day, that, on her mother's offering to stay with her, she voluntarily gave up the idea of accompanying the rest of the party to the Penha Convent, where they were going in the afternoon; and she saw them at last depart without her, with a sensation of joy, which she relieved by throwing herself into her mother's arms, and overwhelming her with caresses.

Mordaunt missed Bertha; and, as they rode along, regretted that she had not accompanied them.

* The author saw this person, and the impression he made upon her was little inferior to that felt by Bertha.

"Her mind," said his father, "was too highly excited. At her age, all violent emotions are peculiarly injurious; and her heart is naturally so tender, that we must rather seek to fortify it, than to encourage it in its weakness."

"Is it not Lord Byron," he continued, "who describes the Penha, as

'The stony height by toppling convent crown'd.'?"

"What is the order of the monks, papa?" asked Sophia.

"St. Jeronymo," said Mr. Grey; "and their dress is white serge, with a black cowl and a very large three-cornered hat. They are far more wealthy than the monks at the Cork Convent. But mind your path, my dear. Give the reins to the donkey: he will take you safely."

Sophia did so; and after mounting a great many steps, and narrowly escaping a most furious dog, which jumped out upon them, though his chain was, happily, two inches too short, they entered a little painted green porch, and passing through the sacristry, found themselves in the church. It is lined, roof and sides, with little China tiles, blue, white, and yellow; a species of decoration very common in Portugal, for scarcely any house or church-porch is without them.

The monks, one of whom came out with great

civility to greet the party, displayed the altar-piece, as one of the rarest beauty. It was, indeed, of alabaster; but so spoiled and disfigured by damp and dirt, that it was only by holding a candle behind it that its transparency could be ascertained. It was, besides, miserably disfigured by the manner in which it was carved all over. In the centre is a raised figure of our Saviour being taken down from the cross, accompanied by the three Marys, about the size of three-quarter figures. The materials out of which they are formed being at first white, the eye-brows of every face are deeply marked with a black stroke, which has, at a distance, very much the appearance of a black cleft; and a red line, like a scarlet thread, marks the mouth. Sophia looked with a smile at her father, as he pointed out this preposterous attempt to unite painting and sculpture. Besides the large picture in the middle, there were several small carvings, in different compartments, representing subjects which have already exhausted all the genius and exquisite talent of the ancients; such as the flight of Joseph, the Virgin, and child, into Egypt; the Last Supper; our Saviour washing the feet of his disciples, the angel rolling away the stone from his sepulchre; and Mary worshipping the risen Lord.

Proud of their alabaster, the monks darkened

the window and put two flambeaux behind the altar-piece, which showed the transparency to great advantage. Large branches of leaden candlesticks, inches deep in dirt, were fixed round the altar for the night service.

From the church they proceeded to the dormitories, which were much superior to those of the Cork Convent, being floored, of a very good size, containing a settle upon which was a straw mattress, very good bed-clothes, window-curtains, a small shelf for books, a crucifix, and a death's head. They look out upon the wilderness of stones below, and candidly acknowledge it is a melancholy residence. Sophia followed their guide to the cloisters and vaults below, with a feeling of wonder and regret, at the limited idea they must have of a Supreme Being, to imagine such unprofitable idleness, and such personal misery, acceptable to Him who has created all things for our use.

The cloisters were in a quadrangular form, and consisted of a stone gallery, which projected over a small court below, in which the dead are buried. Here the friars pace up and down in wet weather, excluded from all view without, and only offered the melancholy spectacle of that last home, "in which," said Mordaunt, "were I one of their fraternity, I should most devoutly wish to be, and sincerely esteem it the best abode."

A small flight of steps led them to the burying-ground, which Mordaunt and his sister descended. A friar had been recently interred there; and as they stepped upon the stone, not yet sunk to its usual level, some fresh mould started from its side. The conducting monk carelessly pushed it away with his feet; observing, that it was the grave of father Pedro, who had been his only companion, and that he was now left alone.

Sophia shrunk in disgust from his callous manner.

"My dear," said her father, "would you wish to give this man feelings that would make him miserable. Nursed amidst all the delicate kindness and mutual sympathy of social life, the death even of an indifferent acquaintance strikes you with pain, as a loss—a final close to something which could give and receive pleasure. But with the monks it is not so. Their society boasts not ties of natural kindness, or spontaneous pleasure: their association with each other has been involuntary, oftentimes forced, and always mixed up with those jarring atoms which will unite themselves to the best society, and are peculiarly formed to flourish amidst ignorance and bigotry."

"But that does not, papa, make the sight of these things less painful."

"I am not so sure of that, my dear," replied her father, as they walked slowly behind the monk back to the refectory. "All evil is comparative; and the faults of the ignorant occasion much less pain than the follies of the better-informed. There is, besides, a satisfaction in tracing effects to their causes. The minds of these men are, by education and habit, blunted to all fine feelings. Apathy in them is virtue. Human nature is a singular spectacle; and I would have you put aside, as much as possible, your own feelings, and judge it as it is, rather than as it should be."

The refectory was empty; for Mordaunt and their guide were gone to look at the statue of St. Jeronymo, round which Sophia could see their Catholic attendants crowded, in an attitude of deep devotion. She turned to the window, and saw some fine but neglected carnations, beginning to shoot in the little garden beneath. It was her favourite flower; and when the monk returned, she remarked them to him, and asked if the soil was favourable to them. He replied, that he did not know: that they had belonged to a young friar who was now dead.

"Dead!" repeated Sophia.

"Yes; must we not all die?" said the philosophic monk, with a smile.

"Was he long ill?" she asked, irresistibly impelled to put another question.

"Yes, but he was very patient. He came here last summer, took great delight in this little garden and those carnations; but he gradually grew melancholy, a cough came on, he lingered a few months, and died wasted away to a shadow."

"Do you think he was unhappy?"

"He never told me so; but the prior of his convent in the north of Portugal (another branch of our order) quarrelled with him about a picture, and he was sent here."

"What made the prior angry with him? What was the picture?"

"He had a picture which the prior desired him to give up, and he swallowed it."

"Perhaps," said Mordaunt, "it was his patron saint."

"Yes," said the monk, with a laugh; "but of this world, I fancy, rather than another. But I never troubled myself about it: it was no business of mine."

Mr. Grey rose, and putting a gratuity into the hands of the monk, took his daughter's arm, and departed.

Bertha ran to them on their return, and listened eagerly to all the details that Sophia and

Mordaunt were so willing to tell. She grieved for the young friar, espoused all Sophia's conjectures, aided her with some of her own romantic imaginations; and was as much absorbed in his story, as though he had been her nearest and dearest friend.

CHAP. IX.

The next morning, when the party were all seated at breakfast, Bertha was missing; but, before Mordaunt could go in search of her, she came laughing into the room.

"What is your merry news?" said her father.

"Oh! papa, you should have heard Maria, just now! Antonio had heard of my bad finger, and he sent his sister to me, to say, that when we went to the Moorish castle to-day, we should pass close by the blessed well of St. Euphemia, and that, if I dipped it in, and left a pound of wax candles to propitiate the saint, the cure would be certain."

"Do," said Mordaunt, "do, Bertha: I will run and buy you the candles, as soon as I have eaten my breakfast."

Mordaunt was as good as his word: when they were mounting their donkeys, he ran up, holding the candles with an exulting air. He, José, and Bertha, outstripped the rest of the party in speed, and got to the chapel first. Outside it was nothing but a long, red house; and within

it contained little worthy of observation, except that, in commemoration of its healing virtues, the little vestibule to the chapel was adorned with diminutive waxen arms, legs, heads, ears, eyes, and various other parts of the body, the grateful offerings of its restored votaries. In great pomp, attended by the old lady who kept the chapel, Bertha walked down to the well, and dipped in it three times her sick finger. José said the prayers for her, for she was a heretic, and would have deprived them of their virtue; and the offering of the candles was just completed, as the rest of the party passed along the road, and called to them to rejoin them as soon as they could. Gaily they mounted their donkeys, and delightedly related their exploit. In half an hour after, Bertha crept to her mother's side, and, in a grave tone, said:

"Mother, can you tell me why the pain is almost gone out of my finger? Did you expect it would cure me? Have we any such water in England?"

Her mother smiled, and said, "I suppose, Bertha, the water was very cold."

"Yes, mamma; and Mordaunt held my finger in a long time."

"When Sophia was so bitten by the musquitoes, what was it relieved the inflammation and the itching?"

"Cold water, mamma."

"And what does my little Bertha think is the matter with her finger?"

"I do not know, mamma; but papa says, he thinks I was bitten by a sun-fly*, at St. Ubes, and that I scratched the place."

"Well, my dear, and you have been holding your inflamed finger in very cold water for a few minutes, and it has relieved you. The same application would have had the same effect at home."

"Would it, mamma?" said Bertha, surprised to see the wonder fade away under the inspection of her mother.

"Unless the cure be perfect, you will have an opportunity of trying when you return to Cintra. Now let us ride up to your father. We are approaching the remains of the Moorish castle, and I want to hear what is said of it."

The wall of this fortification, though destroyed in many places, is yet sufficiently entire for its whole extent to be traced. It begins about half way up the mountain, and every now and then runs out into little round bastions of defence, which would also serve as most effective places of hostility against an ascending enemy.

* A small insect, so called from only appearing when the sun sets. Its bite, in some constitutions, produces great inflammation, particularly if the parts be scratched with the nails.

The whole encampment and castle were so admirably arranged, that every step higher, and every building, was almost an impregnable spot. The ground is excessively steep, and, to an assaulting, and, at the same time, an ascending enemy, must have been fearfully disadvantageous. It is true, indeed, that the ground every now and then offers a smoother spot, in the shape of a flat shelf of land, if such an expression be admissable; but this could only favour the besieged, for on each of these was raised some tower, or bastion, or bulwark, of successful defence, and yet more advantageous attack. So that, supposing an enemy to have overcome all the intervening difficulties, and to have reached this more favourable ground, he found there an unpursued, vigilant enemy, and escape must have been next to impossible.

"Such, indeed," said Mr. Grey, after pointing out these things to his children, "was the strength of their situation, that, for nearly a century, a handful of Moors defended it against the united Portuguese arms. At night they sallied into the village, for plunder and for food, till, as their numbers were gradually cut off by these nocturnal exploits, and they ceased to be joined by their African brethren, their forces became inadequate to defend such numerous posts; and

they one night departed to the sea-side, where ships were ready to take them on board, with a secrecy so perfect, that two days passed away before their removal became matter of absolute certainty. Though the Moors abandoned their abode, its towers and its interior remained as they had left it, till the year 1755, when the fatal earthquake, that destroyed all Lisbon, made this place also the heap of ruins we now see it."

"Father," said Mordaunt, "this wall seems to have no cement; yet how strong it is!"

"Nor has it any," said Mr. Grey: "it is only joined so securely, by the skilful adaptation of every successive stone to the form of the one that went before it. This building," he continued, as they reached the summit of the hills, where the most perfect remains were, "appears to have been quadrangular, and to have presented a face each way."

"What a magnificent view!" exclaimed Sophia, as she seated herself on a heap of stones. "Look! there is Cintra, Coulares, Monserrat, Almoçajama, St. Euphemia, and thousands of acres in the richest cultivation!"

"How perfect," replied her father, "is the arrangement of this building! Look at the cistern of water which is in the midst, in the very heart of the fortification: it is even now full,

after the lapse of a century and a half. The antiquary, indeed, may wander within and without these boundaries, and speculate, and fondly fancy he has made out the exact use and appropriation of every part, and congratulate himself on discoveries which may or may not be correct. But I look to the general arrangement of the whole, and sufficient traces remain, even amidst this universal desolation, to mark it the work of a wise and warlike nation; and the mind's eye can yet people this place with the undaunted descendants of Ben Hassan."

"There is a flight for papa!" said Sophia, laughing. "But look! Mordaunt and my mother are waving us to come to them."

It was to show them a building more perfect than any they had yet seen. It was small, with two porches, one of which had yet the remains of a curiously-carved Moorish pillar. At one end was a circular recess, not unlike those made for altars in the Portuguese churches. On the top of this part of the ruin, were the nearly disfigured remains of a painted border, of a Moorish pattern: some of the colours, the blues and the greens, were yet vivid. Their Portuguese attendants assured them this was a place of worship.

"It might be so," said Mr. Grey; "but it seems to me too small."

About the fortifications were strewed several varieties of granite; and Bertha seized, as a great prize, a piece of light blue marble, capable of bearing a high polish, which has the peculiar property of emitting a strong sulphureous smell, upon being struck or scratched with iron. It is found in all the hills in great plenty, and goes by the name of the "Cintra marble." Sophia, as she descended, found some wild mignionette, which she considered a great treasure; and they returned to Cintra, carefully guarding their discoveries, and rejoicing in their good fortune.

The morrow, it was settled, should be a day of rest; but, before Sophia or Bertha were up, Mordaunt burst into the room, exclaiming:

"Good morning to your night-caps, young ladies. Papa says you are to get up directly, and get ready to go to Mafra."

"Mafra!" said Bertha: "you rave, child."

"No, Mrs. Wisdom, I do not. Antonio has just discovered, that if we wait a day longer, we shall miss the Easter ceremonies, and so dispatch! dispatch! is the order of the day. The donkeys are already ordered."

His sisters lost no time, for they were as willing as himself; and, at half past seven, the whole party were on their road, congratulating themselves on their having been warned in time. They met with nothing to attract their attention

till they came to Pinheiro, a village within a league of Mafra, famous for its marble quarries, of which the church and convent of Mafra are chiefly built. By the road-side were two immense pillars of red marble, of great bulk and height, hewn in a solid state from the quarry, without a join. This kind of marble resembles what is called "plum-pudding stone:" the grain is not very fine, nor is it susceptible of a very high polish, but it is remarkably well fitted for buildings. Here they also saw different kinds of marble; black, and blue, as also the lighter blue and more sparkling kind, which has the property of emitting a sulphureous smell on the touch of iron. Besides these, there was another kind of fine yellow marble, exceedingly hard and close in the grain, and the colours so fine and regular as to give it the appearance of being painted. In the church of Mafra, a quantity of this marble is used for slabs and railings.

Mafra, which they reached about an hour after they left the quarry, appeared to them an enormous pile of buildings, erected with no taste and less architecture. It was built in 1715, in the reign of John the Fifth, by Frederick Ludovico, a goldsmith by profession, and a native of Germany, who, having amassed an immense fortune, found means, it is said, to make his gold pass for talent, in the eyes of John's ministers. No-

thing, certainly, can be in worse taste: architecture it has none.

The adjoining palace is unfurnished, and only boasts a number of small, ill-shaped rooms: even the audience-chamber, the largest in the house, appeared small. The entire building is quadrangular, from east to west seven hundred and sixty feet wide, and from north to south six hundred and seventy feet high. The college, which is at the end of the convent, was established by Joseph the First, in 1772. The library was one of the first rooms which the travellers were shown: it is vaulted at the top, is three hundred and eighty-one palms long, and forty-eight broad, and contains twenty-seven thousand books. But the French, when in this country, robbed them of their best works, and nothing of extraordinary value remains. The library is under the special care of a *padre mestre*, or *head father*, and they found his manners cultivated and polite. As he took them round to the different compartments of books, he was surprised at the knowledge which Sophia displayed of general literature. In the provinces, few of the Portuguese ladies can read; and it is not a universal accomplishment in the towns. The padre seemed therefore to hesitate, before he believed that Sophia's apparent knowledge was real. She had in her hand the life of the celebrated Godoy: with this the

padre was himself acquainted, and he requested her to turn into Portuguese a particular passage, which he pointed out. She did so immediately, and the padre was in raptures: to him, such acquirements were really wonderful.

"You see," said Mr. Grey, with a smile, to his daughter, "there is some kind of flattery that is not dangerous. Every thing goes by comparison: surrounded by ignorance, my Sophy naturally appears to him a prodigy." The church, which they next visited, had that degree of grandeur which great height and extent will always give. It had one richly-gifted altar at the top of the church, where high mass was performed; and over which was an immense fanciful painting, not possessing the least merit. On the right and the left of it, were two lesser altars, but yet richly garnished with tinsel and embroidery; and from them led on each side the aisles, which were railed off from the body of the church by low railings, of the fine yellow marble which they had seen at Pinheiro. These aisles were divided into four compartments, in each of which was an altar, making eight altogether. Each was carpeted, and had steps leading up to the altar; and in every niche, of which there were many, large stone figures were placed, to represent the apostles. The vestments of the priests, and the decorations of the altar, were exceeding-

ly splendid, and shone with gold, silver, and embroidered satin, of every hue, till the eye implored some milder object to rest upon. The monks exhibited various relics, of the flesh, blood, and bones, of different saints: they were very minute, and stuck into enclosures exactly like our lanterns, with long handles to them, which gave them the drollest look possible. But there was an attraction in the church, that made the travellers blind to all its many faults and fripperies, and that was the music. The organs of Mafra are universally celebrated: it has six. They were touched by the hand of a master; and now swelled their powerful notes through the whole of that immense edifice, and then fell into à dying fall, like the strain of inspiration.

The day after their arrival was Good Friday, and they took care to be in the church early. By the civility of one of the monks, they were asked into the refectory, a room of immense dimensions, and which was now filled with upwards of a thousand monks, who looked upon the English party, as the English party looked upon them,—with eager curiosity. Some of the friars were natives of the Brazils, and their long garments, and jetty complexions, gave them a very singular appearance.

About three o'clock the service began. It commenced by a funeral chaunt, taken from the

burial service. The voices of the monks, as they rose in beautiful unison with the notes of the organ, touched with science and taste, produced a sensation of awe, which was at once calculated to raise and touch the heart. There was a pause in the harmony, and it changed to a low, plaintive strain; and a representation of the dead body of our Saviour, laid on a bier, and preceded and followed by boys dressed like Cupids, slowly advanced up the aisle. Funeral ornaments were profusely employed to deck the bier, and the floating folds of the black velvet swept the marble; while the nodding sable plumes seemed to realize all the mournful details of a funeral. The figure itself was represented pale and death-like; and the voices of the monks sunk to a lower key, and the music softened into fainter strains, as the procession advanced, and, at length, both died entirely away. The bier remained in the middle of the church, and a priest ascended the pulpit. For a time, he declaimed with that monotonous rapidity which is peculiar to the continent; but at length he directed the attention of his hearers to the bier: he bent his own breast, with all the fervour of repentance, exclaiming, "*Peccavi, peccavi!*" The multitudes around him bowed their faces to the ground, and striking their breasts, groaned audibly. There

was a dead silence: some wept, all mourned, and it was an imposing spectacle. Again the preacher took up the thread of his discourse, and displayed, with all his oratory, the pale victim of our sins. Again the hands were raised to smite their repentant bosoms, and again every brow bent itself to the dust. He soon afterwards concluded by a general blessing, and the congregation dispersed.

As they walked back to their hotel, Mrs. Grey observed, That it was not difficult to understand the empire that the Catholic church had over its votaries. "To say nothing of the force of terror, which is so powerful an engine with them, the spectacle we have just witnessed is likely to captivate the ignorant, and to have an important influence upon the young, whose minds are very accessible, through their imaginations."

"And why, mamma," said Bertha, "do you object to what we have seen to-day? I never felt as I did then, even in our own churches."

"Can you describe what you felt, Bertha?"

"Oh, mother, the music was so beautiful: there was something so grand in the flowing robes of the priest, and so sweet in the columns of incense, as the monks waved their silver censors. And when all the people fell with their faces to the ground, and beat their breasts, mamma, I felt I was not

so good as they were; for I could hardly bring myself to do that before so many people."

"My dear little girl, you have been describing the natural effects of an imposing ceremony, upon your unexperienced mind. But the impressions that you have now received, are not such as we go to the house of God to imbibe. Religion, besides the obedience it exacts to God's known commands, is the silent communing of the spirit with its Maker; the humble, earnest acknowledgment of innumerable failings; the fervent prayer for assistance, and for a blessing upon our own imperfect endeavours. How much of this has my Bertha felt this morning? All such spectacles as we have just seen, appeal to the eye and the imagination; but the heart is seldom the better for them."

"And yet," said Sophia, "the Mosaic dispensation, one expressly delivered and commanded by God, was replete with even greater ceremonies than these."

"It was, my dear, and, no doubt, for wise purposes. A learned divine has conjectured, that as the Jews were a peculiarly headstrong and obstinate people, and destined by the Almighty to live in the midst of nations devoted to the most idolatrous practices, that it pleased God to give them those peculiar and constantly recurring rites, as so many barriers against their swerv-

ing from their duty. But whether this conjecture be right or not, is unimportant. It was a part of our Saviour's divine mission, to do away these forms and ceremonies. He tells us expressly, his yoke is easy, and that he came to remove the burdens of men. The apostle Paul, who was peculiarly the apostle to the Gentiles, resolutely refused to allow of the Gentile converts being brought under the subjection of the Mosaic ritual. And our Saviour himself nowhere enjoins the slightest external ceremony, or fast; but in many parts of the New Testament, we find his pointed disapprobation of those external forms to which the heart was a stranger. His religion was one of spirit and of truth; and as he knew men better than any one else, he probably foresaw that those external aids to worship, in which the ear and the eye were gratified, left the heart untouched; and it was to the heart and the understanding he addressed himself."

"But did not the people understand what was said," asked Bertha.

"The sermon," returned her mother, "was in Portuguese; but the whole of the former part of the service was in Latin, not one syllable of which do they understand. The manner in which they crossed themselves at different intervals, because the priests did so, was merely

mechanical: they did but what they had been taught to do from the time they were children."

Bertha sighed. "Mamma," she said, "I wished them so much to have felt a little to-day; and, really, some actually cried. Did they not, Sophia?"

Every body smiled.

"My dear, kind-hearted little girl," said her mother, "they did feel; but it was more that species of feeling which arises from excited spirits, than a touched heart. You will understand this by and by, better than you do now."

Being desirous of staying till Easter Sunday, they still remained the Saturday at Mafra, though there was nothing more to be seen. The young people went perpetually to the church, whenever there was a hope of hearing the music. They were also amused by the musical bells, which chime very sweetly, and play a tune every four hours. Of these bells there are one hundred and eight, altogether, in the two towers. There was a clock also, equally harmonious; and Mordaunt and Bertha took the trouble of going to the very top of the edifice, to see the machinery, which was simply that of a clock on a very large scale. On descending, they joined their friends in a large apartment, in which the clergy, in more peaceful times, used to assemble to elect prelates; but the French,

during their residence at Mafra, turned it into a music-room, for which it was well adapted. It had also a whispering-gallery; but far inferior to that of St. Paul's.

They admired the marbles, which abounded in great varieties. The floors were paved with them in an unpolished state; the walls were lined with them, and tables made of them, some of which are very beautiful. Thus they passed the time till Sunday came. Early in the morning, Antonio tapped at their doors, and told them it was time to set off to the church. When they arrived, they found it quite dark. The monks led them in silence to a tribune, where they were seated some little time before they could see any thing; for it was a brilliant morning, and the change from light to darkness bewildered them.

Bertha clung to Sophia's hand, but she did not speak: she was too confused. She felt a conviction that the church was crowded with human beings, and yet she could see no one; when, all at once, as if by magic, the curtains were drawn back, a brilliant sun streamed through the high windows and the stained glass; flowers, of the brightest hue and the finest perfume, fell from the roof in showers; and the organs struck up the Easter hymn, while all the

monks chaunted, in the finest style, the *Veni Creator*. .

It was a long time before the magic of the scene faded from the minds of Sophia and Bertha. Mordaunt, indeed, of less plastic mind, resented, and spoke of it ever after as a trick—a sort of way of deluding people into religion; but they would not agree with him. The adoring crowds that filled the marble pavement of the church; the pomp of the priest's vestments; the sonorous and harmonious voices which chaunted the most beautiful and magnificent hymn; the altars, from the floor high as the roof, decked with flowers of every hue; the host, raised up a moment, while every head was bent in adoration; the bright lights and fitful shadows, caused by the projecting columns: all presented a scene that lifted the mind above the level of common life, and filled it with rapture and delight, but not with religion. Even Bertha was sensible of this, as, exhausted by the variety of her own emotions, she sat silently on the sofa, on their return home, astonished at her sense of fatigue; and when her father, in the course of the day, read out aloud to his family the morning service of the Church of England, she felt her spirits calmed and refreshed, by the simplicity and sincerity of the devotional feelings it excited; and she afterwards acknowledged to her mother,

that she now understood what she meant, when she said that excitement was not devotion.

On Monday they returned to Cintra, the beauty of which was now doubly enjoyed, by its contrast with the desolate country round Mafra.

May arrived, and having discovered a common quite grown over with myrtle in the finest blossom, they were never weary of walking to enjoy its perfume. They were planning an excursion into the Alemtéjo, which all looked forward to with delight, when Mr. Grey received letters, which made them fear they must hasten their return to England.

"Home," said Sophia, a glow of unspeakable pleasure lighting up her countenance. "Oh, father! shall we return soon?"

"What, Sophy," said her brother, "have you not been happy here? We never heard you name home before."

"No," she said; "but that was because I thought of it perpetually. I have seen nothing so lovely as Plaisance: have you?"

"Have I not?" he answered. "Upon my word, Soph, you must have very cattish propensities. Your organ of locality must be finely developed."

"It will be in vain, my dear," interposed Mrs. Grey, "that you expect from Mordaunt the same permanency of affection for home that you feel.

He is destined to be a citizen of the world; and that depth of feeling, and delicacy of taste, which become a woman, would be unfitting in a man. He is a rough diamond, and, in his own way, loves his home as well as we do."

Mr. Grey went off immediately to Lisbon, in search of a gentleman who was charged with some papers for him, on the contents of which depended their departure from Cintra. And Mrs. Grey and the children remained behind: Bertha busy in collecting her treasures, and Sophia's heart and thoughts wrapped in the hope of soon seeing again her beloved Plaisance.

CHAP. X.

"And so, Bertha," said Mr. Grey, after dinner, "you have nothing to tell me: you have seen nothing during my absence, and done nothing but wish for my return."

"No, indeed, papa, I have not been quite so idle: I have copied two of Sophy's drawings; written once to England; and we have been to Assa Massa, where we saw a house upon wheels. A gentleman of large property prefers this mode of living. He stops when he likes; moves when he pleases, being drawn by four oxen; has two rooms in his caravan; and utensils for cooking were hung outside of it. Mordaunt went round and peeped in at the window; and the gentleman was so good-natured, that he beckoned to me to come in, and showed us all over his kitchen and parlour."

"And how would my little girl," said her father, "like to live in such a place? You

would have novelty enough, for you might always be moving."

"Oh! papa, I should not like it at all. Every thing seemed so crowded together; the provisions smelt so strong; the air was so close; and when we were all in at once, I felt like a wild beast in its cage, about to amuse the country people at a fair."

"Ah!" said Mordaunt, laughing, "you were terribly afraid, Bertha, when the Senhor asked you to take a drive with him, for he was just about to begin his travels; and when the door was opened, you jumped out without waiting for the ladder, to the astonishment of the natives."

"Why," said Mrs. Grey, "I was in some alarm myself, when I saw the oxen harnessed, and the prisoners unreleased. But, my dear, no arrangement has been made for to-morrow. Are we to go to Cascaes before we begin our tour in the Alemtéjo? I think a little sea-air, during this intense heat, will revive Sophia, who seems languid."

"I heard a great deal in favour of Cascaes, when I was in Lisbon," said Mr. Grey. "I think the children will enjoy the excursion. That part of the coast suffered most severely during the earthquake. It has, I understand, quite changed the face of the country."

"Then we are to go," said Bertha, as she and

Mordaunt ran out to tell José, the little donkey-boy, who had been for the last hour lounging near the window to learn their decision.

"Portugal is not like England," said Sophia, as they mounted their donkeys the next morning before sunrise: "if an excursion is proposed, and the party are well, it is sure to take place: the weather never disappoints us here."

"True," said her father; "but this unclouded sun has its disadvantages. Look at the ground, where it is not watered by artificial irrigation. See it burnt black, even in May; and, in the provinces, the very beds of rivers are a dry and well-trod channel. Our moist climate is accompanied with perpetual verdure; and if the promise given by the blossom on the fruit-trees, is often broken by subsequent cold, yet the eye is perpetually gratified. The more you travel, my dear children, the more you will have occasion to remark how equally the blessings of Heaven are bestowed. In a country where the fruits of the earth are, as they are here, almost of spontaneous growth, the inhabitants require little more to support them in health and comfort. In England, where the soil is favourable to pasture, and animal food is abundant, man is found to require it for his support, and it therefore becomes one of the principal objects of attention."

While Mr. Grey thus engaged the attention of

his children, they had made greater progress than they were aware of; and as Cascaes was but two leagues (or six miles) from Cintra, two hours brought them to the end of their journey.

The town, at a distance, appeared to be well situated, being built on a large slab of land jutting into the sea; but, on a near approach, it lies too flat for beauty. It is particularly clean, for a sea-port town; and as it has always been a military situation, and was chiefly built when the English regiments were quartered there, it has more the look of an English village than any other town in Portugal. It is flanked on the right and on the left by large forts, that completely command the mouth of the harbour, and must utterly destroy any ships attempting to land an enemy against their inclination.

The fort on the left hand is joined to a kind of upper town, now very much in ruins; but which was once a military quarter, and has still all those marks of single houses, run up into barracks, which so clearly indicate the abode of troops. The fort on the right hand is garrisoned by Portuguese troops. Their quarters are very neatly kept, and adorned with little gardens. Both towers are situated on two opposite rocks, and offer a strange contrast: one full of life and cheerful bustle, the other quite desolate. The windows of the houses in the streets behind are

torn out, and grass is growing on the hearth-stones.

A few hours after their arrival at Cascaes, as Mr. Grey and his son were returning leisurely along the sands from bathing, they perceived two figures running down the rock; and the next moment the quick eye of Mordaunt discovered them to be his sisters. He hardly gave himself time to mention the circumstance to his father, before he was off to meet them, like an arrow shot from a bow.

When Mr. Grey joined them, he found all cause for terror had subsided; and Mrs. Grey, who was only a few paces off, at the base of the rock, came forward with a mixture of astonishment and fear, as she perceived Sophia's pale countenance and Bertha's agitated manner.

A few minutes' rest, however, enabled Sophia to satisfy their curiosity; and by the time her little narrative was over, all traces of distress had passed away from her countenance.

"We left my mother," she said, "sitting quietly here; and mounted, in pure idleness, the rocky steps that led to the top of the cliff. Arrived there, we walked on the platform, and hung trembling over the dizzy precipice of countless fathoms, with the sea roaring below us; and having disturbed, by our voices, a gentleman-fisherman, in a smart velvet cap and sailors'

costume, who was sitting angling, on a shelf of the rock beneath, with his line dangling yards in the air, before it reached the water, we retreated, that we might not be disturbed in our turn; as, on observing us, he laid down his fishing-tackle, and seemed very much inclined to exchange one amusement for another. In turning away we mistook our path, and entered a little yard, so overgrown with unproductive vines, that we were obliged to force ourselves a passage. We passed under a low portcullis, and very unexpectedly entered a long, melancholy street, of which we should have been ignorant but for this accident. Bertha wished to turn back; but as I had caught a peep of a bold rock, and a magnificently-dashing sea, I pressed on to enjoy it. On turning the corner, a little natural cove burst on our view, in all the beauty of a bright sun and a very blue sea. It was really beautiful, and full of pretty white sails, which, having sheltered there for the night, were preparing to leave it for the more open sea, in search of fish. But in the midst of our admiration we were startled by loud sounds of mirth; and turning round, we perceived a small ale-house, at which some soldiers were drinking, and which, amidst so much desolation, yet preserved its occupation and its populousness. To stay seemed impossible, and to go we were equally reluctant; for this pretty

little view could be seen from no other point. But a loud shout of discovery, from one of the gentlemen so soberly employed, and the dashing down of the pipe of another, settled the matter. We took each other's arm, not to appear frightened, and walked rapidly away; but Bertha's fears," said Sophia, with a smiling glance at her, "could not be repressed. She fancied we were pursued; and we finally took to a very undignified scamper."

"Why, my dear little fine lady," said Mordaunt to his younger sister, "did you not hear the most puissant Antonio point out to papa those rocks as the retreat of smugglers, and extol the facilities they offered for the trade?"

"True, very true," said Mr. Grey. "I have no doubt the drinking-party belonged to the king; and they were, very probably, regaled by the smugglers themselves."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Grey, "it puts one in mind of Cowper's lines on the English excise:

> 'Drink and be drunk then, 'tis your country commands:
> Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.'

Come, let us go down to the beach. And I must take care that you do not again steal from me, Bertha; nor you either, Sophia," she continued, "in search of adventures you have so little spirit to go through with."

The beach of Cascaes is one of the prettiest and most busy in Portugal; and the scene was animated, and full of novelty. The boats called *saveiros*, with their two pointed prows; the picturesque dress of the fishermen, with their scarlet caps, blue jackets, and white trowsers; their animated and grotesque gestures, uncouth calls, and various attitudes of extreme exertion, impatient expectation, and utter indolence,—were very amusing, and full of attraction for the travellers.

In the course of half an hour's stay, they saw one large long-boat, well manned, go out to fish. When they had put off from the shore, they sung the evening hymn to the Virgin, beating time with their oars; and as their distance from the land increased, the fading single voice, and the fuller-toned chorus, borne on the wind, were inexpressibly agreeable. The boat was watched, especially by Sophia and Bertha, till it became a speck; and then they had leisure to observe the numerous small vessels gliding by, their red and tawny orange-coloured sails illuminated by an evening sun, which also displayed, in vivid colours, half the forms of their active managers, and exhibited a shifting scene of very powerful interest. Some boats, with their crews, were just landing. One moment the sailors were

seen in all the nervous exertion of every limb and every muscle of their fine figures, dragging their vessels on shore; and the next, they had snatched their empty water-barrels, and with forms relaxed into utter inaction, were whistling on their way to the fountain, offering, with their pretty-shaped and gaudy-coloured barrels, a different but not less picturesque appearance. Some idle sailor-boys, with a quickness and vivacity of expression in their dark eyes and sunburnt faces, unknown to English children, filled the nearer space, and were gambolling on the side of an old boat; while a few veteran fishermen, looking on at a distance, stretched quietly on the sand, spoke in a kind of half tone to each other, and sneered at the sentinel, who paraded the beach, in order that no foreign boat might land without giving a paper with their name and owner, to a man who sat in a tent on the shore, for that purpose, the petty sovereign of the hour.

Almost at their feet was a half-grown boy, with his red cap stuck on the top of his curly black head, exerting all his strength over the loose rope of a boat, fastened by a stake to the shore, but which the sea heaved at every wave. His utmost endeavours to keep it steady were unsuccessful; but the various attitudes into which his idle but strenuous exertions threw him, were very beautiful. Sophia would have

given any thing to have caught them, but they shifted too quickly; and it was their variety, and the energy and life of his figure, that gave them interest.

Nor was the scene less beautiful as the evening closed in, and these busy exertions gradually ceased. The boats all departed, the sun sunk behind the rocks, and the monotonous dashing of the waves against their base, with the soft, distant paddling of the oars, alone broke the stillness; and the mind, gently prepared by the softening influence of the hour, delightedly accepted the change.

It was with difficulty that the young people could leave a spot, which had so much more interest for them than they had believed possible. The ladies alone, however, were alive to the poetry of the scene. Mr. Grey was employed in making enquiries concerning the fish-trade; and an old sailor walked by his side, giving him all the information he wanted. He was complaining bitterly, how oppressive the taxes were to the fisherman.

"But I do not understand," said Mr. Grey, "how the law can press so much upon you. Fish seems abundant; and in England, where no such complaints are heard, so much per cent. is paid, as it is here, you say, for all fish sold."

"We do not complain of the law," said the old man, "but the manner in which it is enforced. The duty exacted by the crown is called *real dà goã*; but the power of exacting the duty is sold by ministers to the highest bidder. The justice and equity of the exaction consequently depends upon the integrity of the purchaser, who, however he may abuse his trust, having made the office his own for life, has nothing to fear from the law, so long as he pays the usual amount of taxes into the treasury. The consequence is, Senhor Englishman," continued the old man, "that there is no race of men more oppressed than we are."

"I see the evil now, clearly," said Mr. Grey. "The same avarice which leads the purchaser of this employment to give a high price for it, with the hope of making a greater sum by the discharge of his office, must lead inevitably to the most wanton and cruel abuse of the power."

"Nor is this all," replied the old man: "the persons employed in levying the tax, perpetually choose the very best of the fish for their own tables, and will not give for it the fair market-price, such as might be obtained with ease from the ordinary purchaser, but only what their covetousness makes them think sufficient; and in Lent, this is often a very serious loss to us."

"I can believe it, my friend," said Mr. Grey,

as he gave him a small gratuity, and dismissed him.

"What a paradise this place would be," said Mrs. Grey, "if it were but governed by juster laws: man only seems to dwindle here."

"True," replied Mr. Grey. "But, paradoxical as it seems, I doubt whether, in the end, their condition would be essentially improved. Not one tenth part of the advantages that might be drawn from the soil, are drawn from it, that I allow; but still want is unknown. The first improvements which a better administration of the laws would procure, would undoubtedly be highly beneficial; but in time, I should fear that luxury would find its way here, and mar all the simple enjoyments of the people. England exhibits a fearful lesson. The lowest class of persons are treading on the heels of their superiors. There is no contentment with us, in almost any class, because we raise our ideas too high. We have created so many fictitious wants, that we forget nature entirely. Now, what pleases me here, is to see the humblest family enjoying the simple produce of the soil, and being satisfied. It is a lesson we might, in many ways, take home to ourselves."

"But, papa," said Sophia, "is not much of this owing to the climate? In England, provi-

sions are so much dearer, I had almost said scarcer, than they are here."

"And you would have said right, my dear; for that which is dear, is always, comparatively speaking, scarce. My observation was not so much intended to blame the lower class, as simply to establish a fact. The real evil is in a class above them. Every rank of society has long exceeded its proper bounds: mediocrity has tried to vie with affluence, and affluence again has striven to compete with the richest persons in the kingdom. The consequence has been, that many families, unable to keep up their modest estate in the country, and also to flourish away in town, have fallen upon experiments more hurtful to society at large, than might at first appear possible. That little superfluity in their expenditure, which once went to their poorer neighbours, has been turned into profit. The remnant of milk and butter has been sold, together with vegetables and fruit from the garden. Houses once inhabited by their owners, who had an interest in every cottage around them, have been let, for short periods, to the highest bidders; and the strangers who came and went so rapidly, could not supply the place of the landholders. The character of the gentry of England, has thus gradually undergone a change, and fallen in the estimation of their poorer neigh-

bours. To support outward splendour, the most pinching economy has been resorted to at home. The open house, and the liberal hand, are now rare in England: the poor find every one as poor as themselves, and our very charities have assumed a different character."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Grey, as they entered their humble lodgings, "your remarks are too just. But here, I suspect, we shall have no quarrel about too great efforts being made for our accommodation. It would have been wiser, perhaps, to have examined our apartments earlier; but this climate makes us forget the accommodations of home."

Mrs. Grey's fears proved, on a deliberate inspection of the apartments prepared for them, but too true. They found only unswept parlours, and unfurnished bed-rooms; with mattresses placed on uneasy settles, which, creaking and groaning on the slightest touch, seemed prophetically chaunting a requiem over the daring form that should venture to repose on them: while quilts and blankets were unburied from huge armories, and became, in a few seconds, black with thick and shining spots of living foes.

Mordaunt and Mr. Grey laughed at the melancholy faces of the ladies; while Antonio exerted his lungs in vain, and showered upon their immovable hostess fresh threats of vengeance, at

the sight of every new horror. For awhile a glorious anarchy reigned. Sophia and Bertha retreated to the parlour, till a dawning order gleamed upon the chaos; for every thing must come to a close. The beds received their final order of arrangement; the ancient dust no longer obscured the clear, bright rays of the moon; and fatigue hushed in the most fastidious the memory of Cintra: then, with smiles and doubtful shakes of the head, they bid each other good night, and committed themselves to repose.

Bertha had a small room near her mother's, facing the street. With much repugnance she laid herself down on her uninviting bed, and was sinking into the deep slumber natural to her age, when one of those unowned dogs, half wild, half domesticated, peculiar to the country, and denominated "the scavengers of Portugal," began its shrill, incessant barking, under her window. In vain she turned from side to side. Her room was on the ground-floor, and the dog could not have barked with more effect if he had been by her side. Minutes seemed hours while suffering this annoyance; and as, at last, she gradually sunk to sleep, the howls of the animal seemed her lullaby. But short was her repose: heavy as she was with sleep, something woke her, what, she could not immediately tell; but on spreading out her hands with a rousing effort, something ran over

them. She felt it the next moment on her neck, and on her making a sudden cry, a general scamper appeared to take place. Bertha threw herself back on her pillow in an agony of terror, at first too great for her even to scream again; but there was no occasion, her door was opened in a moment, and her mother approached the bed with a candle.

Bertha started up in sudden joy. "Oh, mother!" was all she could say, as her tears fell fast.

"My little girl," said Mrs. Grey, cheerfully, "is not, I hope, crying for a flea-bite; that would be proving herself but a bad traveller."

"How goes the world with you, Bertha," said Mr. Grey, coming half way into the room, with his white cotton night-cap on, and a large flowing dressing-gown. "Have you been skirmishing half the night, as we have?"

Bertha smiled through her tears; and she now sat up in her little bed, in silence.

"What, tears!" said her father, advancing nearer, and preparing to seat himself at the foot of the bed; but Mrs. Grey laid her hand upon his arm.

"Stop," my dear, she said, "I question much, whether that frail settle will bear your weight. I tremble for Bertha, every time she moves."

Mr. Grey laughed; but presently made a hasty exclamation, and stooped to pick up something from the floor. Bertha covered her head with the quilt; but she did not speak.

"So, these are your enemies," said her father, after a moment's silence. "Look, you foolish little thing: what terrifies you?"

Bertha slowly uncovered her eyes, and gave her father a hurried glance. There was nothing particularly alarming: he was only holding out to her, her own little green slipper.

"Look again," he said.

She did so, and saw a dead mouse lying in it.

"A mouse! Poor little thing," said Bertha, now blushing at her fears. "Who killed it? How pretty it is."

"I put my foot upon it," replied her father, "as it lay *perdue* in your shoe."

Bertha now described how they had awakened her; and that, as the idea of mice had never occurred to her, she had fancied herself attacked by something very dreadful.

"I assure you," said her mother, "I should have been thankful for your mice; for we have really been half devoured in the next room: there is no chance of rest there."

"Nor here either, mother," said poor Bertha, with a lengthened yawn.

After a variety of consultations, it was agreed

that Bertha should be carried to Sophia's room, that her mother should take possession of hers, and that Mr. Grey should retire to the sofa in the parlour. These arrangements were successfully accomplished, and the rest of the night passed in uninterrupted repose.

When the family met at breakfast, each had something ludicrous to tell. Mordaunt declared, the brazen dish, which, he protested, had gone the round as a wash-hand basin, was the only dish in the house, and the sole cooking apparatus he was able to discover. Sophia said, she had been indebted to Antonio's shaving-glass by way of a mirror; for though there was a large one in her room, it was hung with so graceful a curve, that the face was the only part of the person it seemed not intended to exhibit.

"Well," said Mrs. Grey, as she heard them in smiling silence, "all you have seen is nothing to what I have to relate, and to which I myself was an eye-witness. The kitchen was desired to be washed, and I saw that untidy article of a girl take in one hand a broom, and in the other a can of water*, out of which she inhaled prodigious draughts, which she afterwards squirted on the floor with great force; and when it was sufficiently wet, she trailed the brush over it, and

* A literal fact.

the operation was most satisfactorily concluded on her part."

Mordaunt, at this recital, almost rolled off his chair with laughter; and Bertha's enjoyment of it was little less than his own. He wandered about the house, poking his head into every corner, in hopes of fresh amusement; but the intense heat soon drove them out of the house to the rocks; and the pure, cool breezes they found there, were inexpressibly refreshing to their hot and feverish frames.

Though, from its being Sunday, the beach no longer wore the animated appearance of the day before, yet the fine expanse of water, the strand crowded with clean boats, drawn up from the sea and ready for the morrow's use, was no unpleasing spectacle. A few vessels, with singular painted prows, were reposing in inactivity upon the water, with their red pennants flying, and mats flung over the tops of the masts by way of shade, underneath which the owners might be seen reposing; while the waves, breaking in halos of white foam over the dark, pointed rocks at their feet, added another interesting feature to the general character of the landscape.

There the little party sat and mused, gazing with wistful eyes on the hills of Cintra, and thinking how pure and cool all was behind them; when, by some unaccountable and very unro-

mantic alchymy, their thoughts fell, in a most vulgar way, upon what prospect of dinner they were likely to have. After pausing upon the pros and cons, they determined to return home and examine the point narrowly.

From Mrs. Grey and Antonio they heard a delightful account of their coming meal. There was a lobster, too large to put on any dish in the house; fried eggs and bacon, with potatoes; a delicate stewed cucumber; and Parmesan cheese. It was downright luxury, and most impatiently was the apparatus of the table-cloth waited for. Alas!

"How oft the joys we seek, when touch'd, dissolve and turn to pain."

The dinner sounded well; but ah! how different was the reality. Two o'clock came, but no dinner; and when Mordaunt's impatience induced him to descend to the lower regions to make enquiries, it was found that the potatoes were not ready.

"Well," said Mrs. Grey, "let us keep them for supper: we must content ourselves with a part, instead of the whole of the feast."

Amidst the laughter of the young people, the huge lobster was laid on the cloth, without any dish; and Mordaunt, on pretence of composing its limbs decently, spread it out to its very utmost extent.

On being dissected and tasted, it proved excellent. But vainly were the fried bacon and the eggs looked for; and upon enquiry it was found,

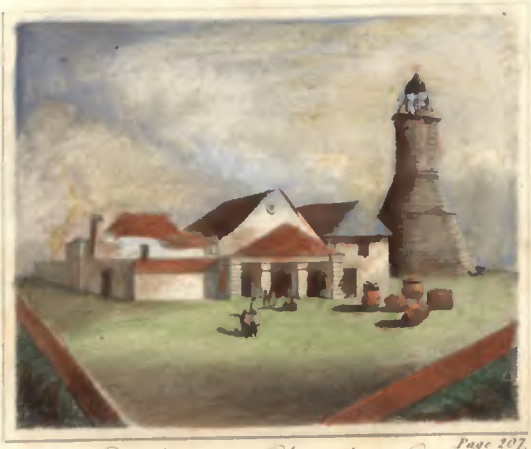
> "That the baker, that terrible sloven,
> Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven:"

or, in other words, that their landlady had spoiled the eggs in endeavouring to poach them; and of the bacon, no account whatever could be learned.

In the mean time, Mordaunt had resigned the lobster's enormous claw, and was expecting the gratifying presence of the stewed cucumber. Antonio, however, appeared in its stead, and, red with rage, announced that the landlady had herself dined off it. "May it choke her!" said the friendly Antonio, with sundry other wishes as kind.

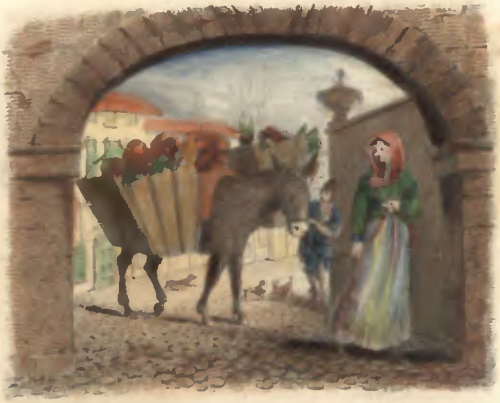
"This," said Mr. Grey, smiling, as the man at length withdrew, "is the crown of our grievances. We must really look out for another lodging. Mordaunt, what say you, can you bear a ride in the heat, as far as the lighthouse? I am told that there are excellent apartments adjoining it."

"Willingly, father," he replied, as he in vain endeavoured to make some impression on the sides of an impregnable piece of Parmesan cheese, and in silence digested his hunger and disappointment.



Page 207.

Lighthouse & Chapel at Cascaes.



A Vegetable Seller of Lisbon.

Published by Harvey & Darton, 55, Gracechurch Street, London 1836.

During the absence of Mr. Grey and Mordaunt, the rest of the party were entertained by the not always faint echoes of the perpetual skirmishes kept up by Antonio and the landlady. His indignation that the wants of the ladies were not instantly supplied, and her astonishment at the inconceivable number of wants of the English, were equally amusing. But when the ambassadors to the lighthouse returned with a favourable answer, and permission for them to remove there on the morrow, every evil which they had been preparing to bear with patience, seemed insufferable; and the expectation of comfort again within their grasp, made the want of it doubly uneasy to them. Mordaunt staid with Antonio the morning of their departure, to witness and enjoy the last parting squabble; but the rest of the party thought they could not be too early on their road to the lighthouse, and accordingly were mounted a little after sunrise.

The scene that presented itself on their arrival, was doubly agreeable from its novelty. The house, which was adjoining the lighthouse, was the first object of curiosity. It was large, beautifully clean, and the rooms lofty. The breezes from the sea were also very refreshing, after the close, dusty atmosphere they had been breathing in the town.

Next to the house there was a chapel, dedicated

to our Lady of Concession, commonly called our Lady of the Guia. It was a fête-day at the chapel, being the birth-day of the wife of the man who had charge of the lighthouse. She was of a humble class in life, but infinitely superior to the inhabitants of Cascaes. She was twenty-one, on the day the English travellers arrived at her house. She had been married nine years, and had had seven children, though only two were living. Bertha, on being better acquainted with her, and seeing afterwards how the surviving children were fed, assured her mamma that the rearing of the five would have been a positive miracle, after the food she had seen given them.

Mrs. Grey smiled at the earnestness of her manner. "But what is it shocks you so much, Bertha? I suppose these children are not fed differently from other Portuguese babies; and this country seems tolerably populous."

"Oh! mother, if you had but seen her. She took the child and laid it on its back upon her lap; and then with her fingers, (there was not even the shadow of a spoon,) she crammed it with a horrid mixture* of bread, salt, and oil. Oh! Ma'am, I assure you, it made me quite sick to see her."

"Very possibly, my dear; but the child, I

* Literally true.

dare say, liked it. Such sort of food would be very hurtful to a child that had always been differently fed; but to one accustomed to it from its birth, it would probably be as nourishing as our bread and milk."

Bertha gravely shook her head, and was only roused from her reverie by the voice of Sophia, talking under the window, to the young woman whose evil treatment of her children she had just been lamenting. She ran out to join them, and found her sister nursing the youngest baby, and gaily questioning the mother.

"What!" she was saying, "you married when you were only a year older than Bertha. Why, you could hardly have given up your doll. I remember loving to dress mine at fourteen."

"My father," said the young Portuguese, with simplicity, "was very old: my husband, very steady, and very capable of valuing me. I was an only child; and, to oblige my father, I married. My husband is always what you see him now, fond of his children; and has never given me a moment's uneasiness since I became his wife."

"And where are you going to carry that eldest child?" said Bertha.

"To the fountain, Senhora: Terésa is washing there. We are obliged to take advantage of the tide."

"Can we go?"

"I shall be proud, Senhora, to show you the way: it is down yonder, amidst the rocks."

Sophia put the baby back into its mother's arms, and followed their guide, who led them to a spot of unexpected beauty. After descending about a dozen of rude stone steps, formed partly by nature, and partly by art, to which they owe a somewhat smoother form, they found themselves in a wilderness of rocks, thrown together in a form the most imposing and awful. Immediately facing them was a narrow but natural archway, formed by a huge projecting rock, that met another equally gigantic, and through which the deep blue sea was seen to great advantage. Below was the fresh-water spring, that trickled, but could hardly be said to gush, from a large stone on the right. Faintly as it appeared to flow, their guide assured them that it never failed: a rocky basin below was full of it; and the sisters thought they had never tasted any thing so pure, or so cold. They lingered long in those cool though stony shades, and then ascended to examine the lighthouse.

As they returned, their hostess told them, with simple credulity, a wonderful story of the saint to whom the chapel is dedicated. "Senhora da Guia," she said, "suddenly appeared at the fountain below, and, walking up the steps, fixed upon the spot where the church now stands,

refusing to move till one was built for her accommodation."

"No church, I believe, in Portugal," said Bertha to her sister, "was ever undertaken without some such reason;" and turning to the Portuguese, she gravely asked her, if Senhora da Guia was not very tired with her journey.

"Our Lady can never be weary," said the young woman, gravely; and a look from Sophia restrained the gay reply upon the lips of Bertha. She contented herself with wishing, in English, for some of the saint's miraculous strength, as mounting so many steps tired her.

Her fatigue, however, was but of short duration; for, on Mordaunt's putting his head out of the lighthouse door, she ran lightly forward.

He drew out his watch with much pomp: "There are a hundred and two steps," he said, "in the lighthouse staircase: how soon could you run up and down them?"

"I do not know how soon, as to time; but I am sure," she answered, "I could run quicker than you."

"A dozen oranges to a lemon, that you do not, Bertha," he said, holding his hand.

"Make it purple figs, and I will accept your wager.

"Well, figs then."

"Done," said Bertha.

"Done," repeated Mordaunt; and the thoughtless couple ran gaily into the building.

A few minutes, however, had hardly passed, when a smothered cry was heard: a man, from the top of the lighthouse, called loudly, in Portuguese, for assistance; and, a few seconds after, Mordaunt staggered out of the low door at its entrance, bearing in his arms Bertha, her white frock red with blood, and a fearful crimson stain across her forehead. As her brother trembled beneath his load, and bent one knee upon the ground to support her more firmly, her pale face reclined upon it in utter lifelessness; and though he bent over her in almost frantic sorrow, and covered her with kisses, she heard him not, felt them not, but remained totally insensible, with an expression of terror on her sweet features, the last feeling, probably, to which she had been alive.

The first person to come to their assistance was Antonio: the well-known cry for aid made him run out of the house, but to be of little use. When he saw the state of Bertha, he stood by, helpless and sorrowful, weeping like a child.

"A surgeon!" were Mordaunt's first distinct words to the crowd of persons now gathering round; when suddenly they all moved aside, and Mr. Grey, walking hastily forward, saw,

without a moment's preparation, the frightful spectacle, of Bertha seemingly dead.

"She lives, Sir," said Mordaunt. "But I did it: it was my fault," he added, in a tone that roused his father to immediate exertion.

"It is but a swoon: bear her into the house," he said, "while I go for a surgeon. And you, Mordaunt, supply my place to your mother;" and he was gone before an answer could be given.

Mordaunt was a boy of a strong mind, and seldom gave way to sorrow while others were gazing on him, or when circumstances called for immediate exertion. His father's last words acted, as he meant they should, as an additional stimulus to firmness; but, as he sought his mother, after having laid Bertha on a bed, under the care of Sophia, his countenance was so greatly altered, that she was more overcome by the first glance at it, than by the subsequent details.

A remorse, a horrible consciousness that he had been the cause of this accident, was added to the grief it would at all times have inspired. When, however, Mrs. Grey herself saw Bertha, who still remained perfectly insensible, she felt hope die in her heart; while, with all the firmness she possessed, she struggled with her feelings. One child seemed already lost to her; and the senses, certainly the happiness, of the other,

appeared involved in the same calamity. Mordaunt stood at the foot of the bed, as pale, as mute as Bertha, but with an expression of concentrated passion in his countenance, very mournful to see in one so young. Antonio fixed himself a few paces off, still weeping, the very image of helpless grief.

Providentially, Mr. Grey found an English surgeon at Cascaes, who had arrived to meet the deputy-inspector of infantry there; and, in less time than could have been anticipated, he returned with him to the lighthouse. There was little time for ceremony, as the scene spoke for itself; and, after one grave bow, Mr. Wilson turned to his patient. He examined the wound in her forehead: it was merely superficial, though of some length. The head and limbs had sustained no injury.

"Did she touch the ground in falling?" said the surgeon, addressing Mr. Grey.

Every eye turned upon Mordaunt. After a pause, during which a painful struggle with his feelings was expressed on his countenance, he uttered distinctly the word, "No."

"You caught her," said Mr. Wilson, mildly. "You are certain she gave herself no blow, and came against no part of the building?"

"I am quite certain," said Mordaunt, in a

fainter tone of voice, for his physical strength was deserting him.

"This swoon, then," said the surgeon, "is probably merely the effects of terror: I shall bleed her immediately."

For the first minute of time after the incision of the lancet, no blood flowed. Mr. Wilson's face looked ominously grave: each anxious gazer held their breath in deep suspense; and Mr. Grey moved to the side of Mordaunt, whose life seemed suspended on the fiat about to be pronounced.

Mr. Wilson took the arm of his patient, rubbed it gently, and the next instant the blood flowed freely. Bertha gave two or three deep, convulsive sighs, and opened her eyes.

Mrs. Grey and Sophia sunk upon their knees, and hid the grateful gush of tears, and the silent prayer, in the coverlid of the bed; and Mr. Grey received Mordaunt in his arms, who had fallen back insensible at Bertha's first sigh. His consciousness quickly returned; but it was some hours before he was able to articulate a word. Nature had been too severely tried. A strong opiate was administered; but it was not till the next day, when, by the advice of Mr. Wilson, Bertha was suffered to go and see him alone, that his head became clear, and his pulse less alarmingly high. His stoicism gave way at the

sight of her pale face and the black ribbon bandage, and he wept long and violently. Bertha's gentler tears mixed with his; and when Mr. and Mrs. Grey joined them, Mordaunt was fast asleep, and Bertha sitting quietly beside him.

Mr. Wilson smiled, in benevolent pleasure, at the success of his little stratagem; and, after feeling his pulse without rousing him, he pronounced that he would wake quite well, and that he might himself return to Lisbon, without leaving a shadow of anxiety on the minds of the parents. He shook Bertha by the hand, and mounted his horse, under a glow of the best feelings of our nature, the pleasure of having been of service.

Deep, serious, and abiding, was the thankfulness of the relieved parents, at the merciful escape of their children; and when Mordaunt awoke late in the day, with recovered health though chastened spirits, the evening they spent together, though more silent than usual, was perhaps one of the most perfect enjoyment they had ever known.

Mordaunt compelled himself to detail the manner in which the accident happened; and, though he still shuddered and turned sick at the recollection, he went through with his story, by way of punishment, as he said, to himself. After

mentioning the wager, he went on to describe their entrance into the lighthouse, and their finding the lights descending, in order to be filled with oil. "It was agreed," he said, "that I was not to follow Bertha; but Providence induced me to do so, contrary to our arrangement: for, on turning the first flight of steps, she laid her hand upon one of the iron bars round the lights, fancying it to be firm. It swung round, Bertha lost her balance, and I am thankful that I was near enough to catch her."

"Thankful, indeed!" said Mr. Grey, in a voice of deep emotion; while his mother involuntarily shut her eyes, as she drew Bertha near to her.

A few days restored the young people to their wonted health, and they were able to join Mr. Grey and Sophia in their scrambles on the rocks. Mrs. Grey, on these occasions, always declined to be of the party.

One evening, they all set off to reach a distant point of land, that they imagined would bring them to the level of the sea. By the aid of some rough steps, they descended into the heart of the rocky wilderness they were to pass through; and though disappointed in the principal aim of their walk, yet their path led through scenes so novel, and so magnificent, that they felt no regret.

"I wish your mother had been with us," said Mr. Grey to his children: "we shall hardly be able to give her an idea of what we have seen. It was here that the sea usurped the empire of the land, during the earthquake; and what was once a fine beach, is now, you see, choked up, and filled with these prodigious masses of stone."

"With what solemn grandeur," said Sophia, "the sea dashes over them, and sends up its feathery spray!"

The little party jumped fearlessly from rock to rock, till they reached the last accessible projection; when they paused, to watch the sun sinking behind the highest mountain, bathed in floods of liquid gold; and then retraced their steps, with spirits softened by the hour and the scene.

On returning to the lighthouse, they found there a very merry party of Portuguese sailors, who had come to the far-famed Lady of the Guia, accompanied by their captain, to perform several vows made at sea, in various situations of distress. One man, who had broken his leg, came to offer a waxen one and six pounds of candles, in grateful memorial of his recovery; others presented oil; others, again, only celebrated mass.

They had just returned from the Brazils, and, their devotions over, were dancing the fandango

before the chapel-door. The English travellers derived great pleasure from their harmless gaiety. When the moon rose they returned to Cascaes, having first emptied a skin of wine which they had brought with them.

"I wish," said Sophia, one morning, when she had been sitting some time at the window, "I wish I could transport some of my English friends, to see this beautiful view. Though the expanse of ocean is so wide and majestic, yet my eyes are still regaled by the sight of land. The furthest view I can take is not all water; and the edge of the horizon is softened by a lovely outline of distant hills, so faint and so shadowy, that none but eyes like mine, which loved to seek it, could perceive them."

Nor was Sophia too enthusiastic in praise of the lovely prospect before her. On the left-hand side were rocks boldly projecting into the sea; and the profusion of white sails glancing past, was not the most uninteresting feature in the landscape. Some were turning the point, and apparently nodding at the very top of the rock; others, already past, were tacking with a pretty variation of sail, to meet the wind at the corner; a few were taking down theirs; and others had already quietly anchored in the little bay beneath the window. On some of the rudest

points of the rock, where, at a distance, it seemed as if no human being could stand without peril of his life, a fisherman was seen casting his solitary line into the sea, and formed a very picturesque point of view.

At a short distance from the lighthouse was a fort, which, though then dismounted, was once in the occupation of the English and the French. It formed one of those long chains of forts, which were the defence of English ships wishing to land their forces; and under its protecting guns, thousands of our brave countrymen first touched the shores of Portugal.

On a fine morning, Mr. Grey and his family walked over to see it. It was not without some melancholy feelings that they hung over the battlements, while an old soldier, who had the care of it, stood beside them, and in a few words of broken English, tried to make them understand the scenes of slaughter he had witnessed. As they stood in the place where cannon had sent forth a murderous fire, and where, as the old man expressed it, "much kill was done," Sophia's imagination took fire.

"How striking appears the change in this place!" she said to her mother. "This spot, now so tranquil, was once full of life, of passion, and of death in its most fearful form. Below, in that rude place of debarkation, how many

thousands have landed, in all the fire and spirit that accompany the pomp and circumstance of war."

"And here too," said Mr. Grey, smiling at her enthusiasm, "our army once meditated to embark, with baffled hopes and abandoned prospects."

"And where," said Mrs. Grey, "are the thousands who landed here? 'I asked, and the echo answered, 'where.'"

The old soldier interrupted their moralizing, by drawing their attention to the telegraph, now only distinguishable by a long striped pole of red and blue colours. In homely language he described what "a heart-shaking budget its inanimate figures had often displayed."

Sophia stood lost in thought: the principal events of the late war rose to her recollection; the hopes, the fears, the triumph, the defeat, all passed in swift procession before her mind's eye, when the old man touched her arm, and the vision fled. He led the way to the small chamber, belonging to the English officer who commanded the fort. It was a low, dark room, with a little recess for a straw mattress, which was still there; "and comfortless as it appears to us, a soldier would, I doubt not," said Mrs. Grey, "enjoy many a sweet repose upon it."

Having shown them every thing within the

fort, their guide insisted upon their going to see a fountain, yet more curious than that of the lighthouse. Through a long, narrow passage, enclosed on each side by rocks, high, wild, and desolate, lay their path; at the end of which, under a humble arch in a stone basin, rose a fountain of the finest water.

"How wonderful!" said Mr. Grey, "that in the midst of this rocky wilderness, utterly uninhabitable but for this bountiful supply, Providence should have provided two springs of water, which never fail, and equal the most sparkling fountains in the world."

As the shades of evening gathered round, the scene assumed a more awful aspect. The sea roared tremendously, as it broke over the lesser masses of rock, and sent up to the higher situation a foamy spray, more beautiful than can easily be imagined; giving a degree of life to the still solemn scenery, which, though it was an animation bordering on the terrific, yet preserved it from that utter feeling of desolation which is still more awful.

The party returned home by moonlight, and found, on their arrival, a letter from Lisbon, in which Mr. Grey was advised to lose no time in beginning his tour in the Alemtéjo, as otherwise the season would be too far advanced for their excursion. A council was immediately held on

their plans; and after a short debate, it was decided that they should return by water to Lisbon, in two days.

The tour in the Alemtéjo had been long a favourite project, and the prospect of its speedy realization gave general satisfaction.

CHAP. XI.

Mr. Grey staid but a short time in Lisbon; for being informed that the necessary number of mules and muleteers would be more readily procured at St. Ubes, he removed there immediately.

Though the young people were impatient to be gone, yet every arrangement was matter of interest; and at length the important day was fixed, and the promised pleasure fairly within their grasp.

It was requisite to rise early, in order to reach Alcacer do Sal, their first place of destination, with the early tide. At three in the morning they quitted their house; and their way lying through the town of St. Ubes, they were much amused to see all the men sleeping on mats, before their doors, from the extreme heat of the weather.

The travellers traversed the street carefully, not to disturb them; and Sophia's poetic imagination made her assimulate it to a city of the dead.

"What do you think of comparing it," said her mother, "to the army of Sennacherib, killed by the destroying angel. Look at those mules, ready caparisoned, and those listless forms stretched beside them. Can you not make out the rest of the picture, Sophy?"

At this moment a donkey brayed violently; every one laughed, and none louder than Mordaunt.

"That is a most mundane sound indeed," said Mr. Grey; "I am afraid it has effectually put all your solemn visions to flight, my dear."

"Look back! look back!" said Bertha, eagerly, as they were about to turn the corner down to the beach.

Every one stopped, and acknowledged the *coup d'œil* to be beautiful. The long, picturesque street, part of it in shadow, relieved by the bright, clear light of the moon; the groups of sleeping figures; the gaily-caparisoned mules, with tinkling bells, which, as the animals moved, alone broke the stillness of the night, were formed to inspire great admiration; and nothing but the reiterated assurances of their guide, that the tide was escaping them, could have prevented a longer stay.

They got into the boat in silence, and Mordaunt, in five minutes, renewed his severed slumber, as Bertha called it; while she herself,

though protesting against his laziness, gradually nodded on her mother's shoulder, and was soon in so sound a sleep, that she did not feel her father lift her in his arms, and place her on his knee.

Sophia, however, had no slumber in her eyes. In an hour, she knew, the sun would rise; and she watched the deepening blue sky, and the stars, as, one after another, they seemed to disappear, till she at length saw the sun rise from out of the water, deep, glowing red.

In a very short time its rays were felt, and Mordaunt and Bertha awoke. The boatmen prepared the breakfast; and they were very much amused to see steam from the tea-kettle, rising up and mixing with the clear, pure air. The supply of fruit was magnificent, and it was past five before they had finished eating. Though the river was wide, there was yet land clearly to be seen on each side. While standing up to look round her, the attention of Sophia was excited by a long dark line across the water, at some little distance. She asked the boatmen what it was. They looked, but made no answer.

"Beyond there," she continued, "just before us."

"Right a-head," sung out Mordaunt.

The men again looked over their shoulders,

and when very much pressed, confessed that it was the mud-bank; that they had felt the waters receding for some little time, and that they very much feared they should be unable to reach it time enough to pass in it.

There was a general pause; each looked in dismay at the other; and presently, all eagerly questioned when they should float again, in case they should be stopped now.

"At five in the evening, with the first tide," the man replied.

The affair seemed too desperate to be believed; the men were declared to be croakers, but were encouraged and bid to use their best strength; and every eye was fixed upon what had once been a dark line, but was now clearly and plainly a ridge of mud.

The water, in fact, rapidly receded; the movement of the boat was sluggish, and continued only by great exertion: on all sides the mud was appearing, and in ten minutes more the boat fixed, and no effort could stir it.

They got up, looked, doubted, would not believe it possible; and then sat down again, to laugh at the incredulity of each other. Their situation, indeed, was ludicrous, as well as disagreeable. Beyond the ridge of mud, which they had been unable to pass, there was deep water; and, as the day advanced, they saw boats

passing and re-passing at pleasure, while they remained a fixture on an island; not of fairy-land, certainly.

Every now and then, crews of the vessels who saw their pitiable situation, sent towards them a shout of derision, which was particularly annoying to Mordaunt. Bertha, on the contrary, laughed at them heartily; the ridicule of their position appearing to her in as strong colours as to others.

Time passed on with a leaden wing: there was nothing in the world to amuse them. Eating and drinking, prolong it as they might, could but take up a limited portion of their day; and they had but few books, and those of little interest: one was, the second volume of "Voltaire's Peter the Great," which is little more than a nomenclature; and the other was a half-torn volume of "Gisborne." Neither of the volumes belonged to them; but were used by the boatmen to light their pipes. Indifferent, however, as they were, each were glad of them in turn, and at last they hailed with rapture the lengthening shadows.

Time and the hour, get through the longest day. By half-past five the rippling waters were again heard, and at length, with a joyous shout, the oars were once more in motion, and the boat launched again on the water.

In three-quarters of an hour they reached Alcacer do Sal, so called from its extensive salt-pans. Mountains of salt extended down to the water's edge, and, with the sun on them, were too dazzling to look upon. They found their accommodations at the inn very imperfect; and while the room was preparing, they all went to stretch their cramped limbs, and see what kind of place it was.

They strolled towards the water, and though it was an oppressive evening, they were surprised to see the inhabitants sitting by the side of small fires made of damp wood, at a little distance from their doors. They passed on, however, without asking any questions: in a few minutes Sophia complained that she felt as if a thousand minikin pins had been run into her shoulders; and the assault of some unseen enemy was soon so generally felt by the party, that they determined to leave the water-side.

"They are mosquitos, I have no doubt," said Mr. Grey: "nay, I think I see swarms of them high in the air. Depend upon it, that was the reason of the fires we saw. It is a very useful rule, to attend to the manners of the natives, on entering a strange country, for they have commonly a foundation in good sense."

"Papa," said Bertha, "do not you remember Mr. O'Conell telling us that, in Ireland, when

they cut turf, or dig in the bogs, they always make fires to keep off the midges.

"I do, my dear; and the practice here and there, doubtless, has the same motive."

"Well," said Mordaunt, as he danced about in all the excitation of pain and anger, "well, I wish we had known that before, for I am half crazy with the irritation."

"I do not know what they will take us for," said Bertha, as they approached the houses. "We seem doomed to misfortunes to-day. We return as if we had been paying a visit to Scotland."

"I do not think," said her mother, "we have much to fear from the critical remarks of our landlady. The inn put me very much in mind of a caravansera. I think there seemed to be more customers than beds."

Mrs. Grey was right in her suspicions. The only room they could give the party, was a passage which led to a suite of apartments occupied by all descriptions of persons. They took their tea in this place, which was a perfect thoroughfare. Muleteers, travellers, bagmen, every description of person, passed and repassed; and they thought themselves fortunate to be able to secure an apartment with a lock to it, where Mrs. Grey and her daughters slept, while Mordaunt and his father partook of humbler accommodation.

The travellers found it nearly impossible to sleep, for some hours after they retired. The mosquitoes greatly disturbed them. But there were other causes of annoyance. Perpetual arrivals caused perpetual demands. The shrill sounds of the servants and the customers, the tinkling bells of the mules underneath the windows, and the shrieks of no very refined mirth, kept them waking when they would gladly have slept. The climate, however, made the early rising matter of pleasure; and as they got on their mules by star-light, to avoid the heat of the day, they could not help remarking upon the agreeable effects of so pure an atmosphere.

"In England," said Sophia, "how painful it would be to me to get up so early. There, I always wished to sleep a little longer, let me be called when I would."

"And so did I," said Bertha; "but here, the moment I wake I am glad to jump up, and I feel light as a feather."

Mordaunt did not feel so comfortable. He was sleepy, half cross, and half laughing. His father, as he heard him discoursing to his sisters upon the abominable ill-manners of the Portuguese, rode up to them, and told him that he had not recovered his shaking yet. "Come, Mordaunt," he said, "confess you were ready to give the man a good beating."

"I wish I had him here," he replied, flourishing his whip.

"Papa, tell us what it was: tell us about it," said Bertha. "Mordaunt has not said a word to us. Did he hurt you?" she continued, turning to her brother, who, however, pretended not to hear her enquiries.

Mr. Grey laughed heartily. "I never," he said, "witnessed a more amusing scene. I was awaked out of a sound sleep by a broad blaze of light, and I perceived a man standing by my side with a lantern. On seeing me stir, he very politely assured me that it was two o'clock, the hour at which I had desired to be called. Forgetting Mordaunt was in the room, I replied that he had made a mistake, that I was not the person who had given the order, and that it must be some one else. Upon this, he proceeded to disturb Mordaunt, who, having on his mind a consciousness that he was to rise early, gave some imperfect replies, and made several efforts to awake. But not accomplishing his intention, the man gently shook him; and when he resented this, my hero kept apologizing and shaking again, reminding him that he had told him to do so, and not to mind his disliking it, but to persevere till he was thoroughly awake. So the man shook, and Mordaunt struggled; and the more he complained, the more vigorously the

man attacked him. I laughed so heartily, that it was some time before I could come to his assistance; and it was some little time longer before the man was convinced that he had attacked the wrong person."

They all laughed exceedingly at this account; and Mordaunt, at length, laughed too.

"Ah!" said Sophia, "that was what the waiter was apologizing to him about. I was surprised to see him answer him so rudely; but now the secret is out."

"Tiresome fellow," said her brother, "to mistake me for some fat old Portuguese, who had the inclination without the power to rise. If it had not been for my father, I should have brought him earlier to his senses; for when I saw him laughing so heartily, I could not help joining in myself, and then I lost my strength. I gave the man, however, some capital boxes on the ear."

"Oh! what a comical scene it must have been," said Bertha: "how I should like to have seen it."

"*There* is something as well worth seeing," said Sophia, as the sun just rose above the grey hills in the distance, shedding at first a dim light upon the prospect, and enabling them only to discover that they were surrounded by purple heath, and that the aromatic scents which they

had for some time enjoyed, proceeded from the herbage they were treading under their feet. Every feature in the landscape soon assumed its natural distinctness of form.

Their guide pointed out to them Montemor Novo, situated on a high hill, and which was to be the extent of their day's journey.

As the beams of the sun grew powerful, every one began to get weary; and as their path led through a fine, open country, without much to captivate the attention, the last five miles were thought immeasurably long. At length they reached the inn, which was a solitary house, with a wide common in front; and the only living things to be seen were a flock of turkeys. Breakfast over, they retired to sleep during the heat of the day, which they found a very necessary arrangement, travelling, as they did, the greater part of the night.

On parting, Bertha laughingly advised Mordaunt to make the people of the house perfectly familiar with his face, that he might not undergo a second shaking.

The apartments for the ladies, though clean, were rather confined. Mrs. Grey and Sophia had each a small mattress on the floor; but Bertha was obliged to be content with a few cloaks, put on the top of a very large chest: her feet were placed against a wooden shutter, half of

which was broken; and the window, which was down to the ground, looked out upon the common. When very compactly laid, the chest did nearly hold her; but when she moved at all, her head either fell off the edge of the chest behind, or her feet threatened to pass through the window. She was, however, too weary to be nice; and she sunk so speedily into a profound slumber, that even Sophia, who thought herself sufficiently drowsy, envied her. Long, deep, and profound was their rest; when, about three o'clock, Mrs. Grey was awaked by mingled screams and laughter, and, to her surprise, found Bertha endeavouring to ward off the attacks of a turkey, which had flown in at the window, and seemed making his assault with malice prepense. After suffering some severe pecks, with the assistance of Sophia the intruder was dismissed as he came; and it was some minutes before the peals of laughter which followed his exit, permitted Mrs. Grey to learn how it had all happened.

"I believe," said Bertha, when she could speak, "that I was first awaked by a broad ray of light, which fell full upon my eyes; and the next moment in bounced the turkey-cock, and attacked me as you saw. It was fortunate I had some little warning, or otherwise he might have pecked my eyes out, for I laughed so much that I had no strength to do any thing to him at first;

and really, if Sophia had not helped me, I believe he might have fairly beat me off the field."

"Poor Bertha," said her mother, "what will Mordaunt say to you? This adventure makes his look poor and tame. But I think I can guess the cause of the turkey's anger. I heard your father bespeak one for dinner; and I dare say it was upon its being separated from the flock that the offence was given."

Bertha tried to sleep again, but she could not forget the turkey, which was still lingering near the window; and she at length arose, an example which the rest of the party soon after followed.

They had just finished their toilette when dinner was announced; and the first dish placed on the table was an immense tureen of turkey-soup, in which the turkey itself was visible, bodily.

Bertha and Sophia could not eat for laughing; and as soon as Mrs. Grey had told the story, they had a ready companion in Mordaunt.

"It is astonishing," said Mr. Grey, "to see the attachment that some domestic animals have for each other. I remember having, when I was a boy, two turkeys; and one, by some accident, died. The other pined and refused to eat. After some time I got a companion for it, but without restoring its spirits; and at the end of a week it was dead. I have heard similar stories of the goose; but the comon domestic fowls and ducks

are, I think, animals of little sensibility: they will sit moping and dull, if left alone; but, as far I know, will not refuse to eat."

"It is extraordinary," said Mrs. Grey, "what attachment the superior animals, in a state of confinement, will show to the inferior animals. You have all heard of the fondness of a lion, at Exeter 'Change, for a little dog which was kept in the same den with him."

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Grey: "and there was something exceedingly peculiar in it; for when the dog died, and the lion pined in consequence, several dogs, one after the other, were put into his cage, and he destroyed them all immediately."

"Papa," said Bertha, "was there not a bear in Paris, which, when you were there, took a great fancy to a dog?"

"Not that I recollect. The bear I saw there was the hero of two very tragical stories; but there was no dog in the question."

"Tragical stories are what I love better than any thing else," said Bertha: "pray tell them to me, papa."

"The bear was then kept in a deep pit; and those who went to see it, looked over the mouth of the hole, which had no covering, and which was, in consequence, very dangerous. A woman, with a child in her arms, was looking over the

pit. The child gave a spring: the mother lost her hold, and the child seemed inevitably gone; when a soldier made a dart at it as it descended, caught it by the petticoats, and restored it to its mother."

"Oh! what must have been her transport," said Bertha. "Did you see her, papa? Did you see the child caught?"

"I was in the gardens at the time, but not near the pit. I saw the woman in a senseless state, for she fainted as soon as the child fell; and I dare say you will think me particularly fortunate, when I tell you that I saw the child he had saved, in the soldier's arms.

"Yes, indeed, papa, I do. But what was the other story? Did it end as well as this?"

"No, my dear; I am sorry to say it did not. The sentinel on duty thought he saw, by the light of the moon, a five-franc piece at the bottom of the bear's den; and as, from the constant habit of seeing the bear, his terror of it was gone, he thought he should like to have the money, and make a better use of it than the bear could. He looked attentively down the pit. The bear appeared to be fast asleep. The opportunity seemed too good to be lost: he got the keeper's ladder, descended, stooped to pick up the money, and found it only a piece of tin. At this moment

the bear roused, rushed upon him, and killed him instantly."

"Killed him!" ejaculated Bertha, with horror.

"Yes, my dear: in the morning there was nothing found but a bone of a leg, a hand, and some remnants of his clothing."

"And how was it known," asked Mordaunt, "that he went down there?"

"He had mentioned his intention to a comrade who was to succeed him in his duty, and who was almost an eye-witness of his fate."

As he spoke, Mr. Grey rose from table and invited them to walk.

The evening was exceedingly beautiful, though sultry. The common, though uninteresting in itself, was not unpleasing, from its extensive views; and though Montemor was on a hill, yet it was surrounded by hills much higher, on the summits of which, fires, one after the other, were seen, till at last every part of the surrounding country seemed in flames. A deep, lurid glow was given to the sky; and the richest reflections fell upon every stone, and all the prominent parts of the building behind them.

In answer to the questions of his children, Mr. Grey explained to them that the fire was occasioned by the shepherds, who, in order to fertilize the soil, set fire to the heath; and that,

in this country, it burnt with astonishing quickness, from its dryness. "I have heard," he continued, "that there is a law expressly to forbid it; but that avails little, for it can never be brought home to them. Extensive forests have been thus burnt down, contrary to the intentions of these incendiaries."

"Well," said Sophia, "when the effect is so beautiful, I cannot quarrel with the cause, though this practice makes it insufferably hot. When we breathe the air in the direction of the fire, it really seems to come out of a furnace."

"If it were not, indeed, for the heat," said Mrs. Grey, "we should be much obliged for an effect which gives even this uninteresting stony common an air of beauty."

They wandered till late in the evening, and then returned to take a few hours' rest, before they once more proceeded on their journey.

By four in the morning they were again in the saddle, and on their way to Evora. The road improved as they advanced. Some parts of the scenery became almost grand: the deep ravines, rich in a thousand hues from innumerable flowers; the extreme beauty and sweetness of the heath that abounded on all sides; the solemn groves of olives, the hardy cork-trees, and the sharp, precipitous nature of the ground, gave

a varied, and, at times, uncommon beauty to the landscape.

They arrived at Evora later than they intended, breakfasted, and were glad to retire early to rest. This time, Bertha took special care to protect herself from the intrusion of turkeys.

Evora is an episcopal town, and in the bishop's palace, it was asserted, there were many things worth seeing; but, unfortunately, they heard that it was only accessible to strangers on particular days, and that neither that day nor the morrow was one of them. They were unwilling to delay so much time unnecessarily, and Mr. Grey at length decided upon making a personal application at the palace, trusting to the reported affability of the bishop, for admission; and accordingly, after dinner, the party set off, and were very civilly ushered into the audience-room.

Before Bertha had half made the tour of the apartment, the bishop himself entered. He was a short, fat man, about seventy years of age, with a good-natured, though not a sensible face. He was dressed in a thick black-silk gown, tied round the waist by a black cord; and Mordaunt afterwards protested, that he took him for a fat old woman, who had not paid particular attention to her toilette. On the third finger of his left

hand was an immense massive ring; a sign that he was wedded to God, and had renounced for ever an earthly bride. As he advanced towards the party, he received them with some surprise, and evident admiration.

Mr. Grey, in a few words, mentioned the motive for their intrusion; and solicited, as travellers could not always command their time, permission to see the museum and the palace on that day.

"Did you come here on purpose to see it?" asked the bishop.

"We are travelling through the Alemtéjo," replied Mr. Grey, "and we would not willingly pass Evora, without seeing what is, I understand, alone worthy of attention."

"Nor shall you: I will show you the museum myself. But who are these who accompany you?" glancing his eye upon the rest of the party.

"My wife and children," said Mr. Grey, with a smile.

The bishop immediately paid his respects to Mrs. Grey; but he quickly turned to Sophia.

"You also speak Portuguese, I hope," he said.

She replied to him immediately, in that language.

"You are a Catholic," he rejoined, looking at a black rosary she wore, and which had been purchased at Arrabida.

"No, indeed, I am a Protestant."

"At least, that rosary says that you feel inclined to change."

"I assure your reverence that it misinterprets my feelings," and her hand involuntarily rested upon it.

"Keep it on, keep it on," said the old man, eagerly: "it may, at least, save you some days in purgatory; though I cannot believe any thing so fair destined to perdition. You will change."

A quiet smile was Sophia's only reply.

"Yours is the wrong religion," said the bishop, good-humouredly; "yet, I do not know how it is, the ladies of England differ from any I have ever seen. It is not only in beauty; but they know more. Is this from climate, or religion? for you are a sadly inquisitive race of people, and will never let things rest quietly. Can you read?"

Sophia, commanding her features, assured him she could.

"And you?" he said, turning to Bertha.

With a manner half timid, half arch, she replied, she believed so.

"Ah, not quite sure yet," said the bishop. "But it will come in time: you are young."

Bertha retreated behind her brother, to hide her laughter.

Mordaunt was the last person the bishop addressed. As he stopped before him, and fixed his eyes on his spirited, handsome countenance, he said, abruptly, "And pray, Sir, who are you?"

"My father's son," he replied, using a very common Portuguese idiom.

"You can read and write, I dare say," said the bishop.

"Yes," was all that Mordaunt could venture to utter; for the malicious Bertha gave his coat a twitch, and a very little more would have overcome his gravity. Mr. Gray saw the precarious tenure of their good manners, and came to their assistance.

"In England," he said, "we cannot boast such a climate as yours, and the consequence is, that, being more confined at home, we are more sedentary in our habits. In our country, almost every child has the opportunity of learning to read and write, and the number of those who do not acquire this useful knowledge, is very limited.

"Not at that age," pointing to Bertha.

"That little girl," said Mr. Grey, smiling, "is twelve years of age: she has known how to write these six years."

A look of incredulity succeeded, in the countenance of the bishop, to his astonishment; but

he contented himself with observing, that there was not a lady in the province who could write. And then turning to Sophia, he asked her what brought her to Portugal.

"I came in search of health," she said.

"Health!" he repeated. "Ill, with that fine colour in your cheeks! impossible."

"I am not ill now," she replied, while the fine colour he admired deepened as she spoke; "but I have been."

"If the English," said the bishop, with a sigh, "were but Catholics, they would be angels."

There was a general smile among the party; and the bishop himself shook his head, with good-humoured anger.

After a little more desultory chat, he led the way to his library, where they found two young clerigos in attendance. There was nothing remarkable in any of the books, though the bishop repeated their names with no small complacency. He opened a book of coins, to show Sophia, who was evidently his favourite; and he was very much astonished, when he heard her name them all without hesitation.

"What a memory!" he said.

"Not at all," said Sophia: "the symbols immediately told me the names of the heathen gods and goddesses; and on the heads of these emperors there are the initials."

"Why," said the bishop, "this is more wonderful still; for you can reason as well as read." And turning to the two young clergymen who were in waiting, he said, "She knows more than you do. She makes you look very small."

Instead of laughing, as might have been expected, these young men coloured, raised their heads scornfully, and cast a jealous, angry glance upon Sophia.

Mordaunt was enchanted. He rubbed his hands, whispered to Bertha, and did his best to upset the gravity of his mother, who found some difficulty in concealing her smiles.

As they passed a massive inkstand, Sophia stopped to examine it. The shape was that of a fountain, and its appearance altogether was very singular. In answer to her enquiries, the bishop said it had been left by the French; but how obtained, or whence it came from, he knew not. He seized a pen, however, and beckoning Bertha, he put it into her hand, and bid her write. Bertha hesitated, coloured, but, encouraged by her father, wrote in Portuguese, "If your reverence had been in England, you would have seen little girls, younger and poorer than I am, write better."

The bishop watched her eagerly. She wrote rapidly; so, at least, it appeared to him: there was no prompting; and when he took the lines

and read them, his exclamations of delight, praise, and astonishment, were almost overpowering.

Mordaunt, on looking at the young clergymen, saw a darker frown on their brows; and, with increased glee, he heard them sullenly whispering to each other, and eyeing the party with no friendly looks.

The bishop soon sauntered into the museum; but there was very little to see. The young Greys had seen greater curiosities in private collections in England, though they were too well-bred to say so.

As a particular favour, the bishop, who grew every moment fonder of Sophia, led the way to his garden, and lamented that the weakness, or, as he termed it, the infirmity of his legs, prevented him escorting the party round the town of Evora. The garden was small, and a meridian sun was illuminating every object with a too dazzling splendour. The bishop paused, to rest himself in an arbour, and took the convenient opportunity of their being all together, to ask the age of every one.

The young clergymen were still in attendance, and Mordaunt was doing his best to engage their attention, and increase, as much as possible, their ridiculous jealousy of Sophia.

When again they moved forward, the order of march was as follows: Sophia and the bishop led

the way, then came Mordaunt and the clerigos; and Mr. and Mrs. Grey, with Bertha, closed the rear.

The bishop returned by a different way from that he had come; and, as a climax to his kind feelings, showed them into his *sanctum sanctorum*, his bed-room. It was, indeed, a room full of greater curiosities than any they had yet seen. On the pillow lay a greasy, soiled night-cap; and close to it the episcopal robes, in which he had officiated in the morning, and which were gorgeous beyond any thing they had yet been shown. With a smile and expression of profound satisfaction in his good-humoured countenance, he drew Sophia up into a corner of the apartment, where the dust had long slumbered undisturbed, and showed her two picture-frames, of a tolerable size, and glazed. Instead of a picture, something was stuck into the middle of each, but of what nature she was unable to discover: it defied her keenest penetration, and she was compelled to ask an explanation.

"That," said the bishop, pointing to one she held in her hand, and crossing himself with rapidity, "that is a piece of the true cross: it was found sticking in the heart of Judas Iscariot, and was supposed to have been the real cause of his death."

Sophia was startled: the story was new to her.

"I thought," she at length said, mildly, "that Judas Iscariot died before the crucifixion of our Saviour, and that his death was occasioned by hanging himself, in a fit of agony at having betrayed our Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

"Where did you learn that?" said the bishop.

"In the Bible."

"Who permits you to read it?"

"In my country, it is one of the first books that a child reads."

"Your version is an incorrect one. See what mistakes you make, by being permitted to judge for yourself. No lay person should read the Bible: it is only for the heads of the church. I, for example, am permitted to read it; but I leave it to wiser heads even than mine: the traditions of the church are sufficient for me."

Sophia was too polite to smile, and too wise to argue; she reverted, therefore, to the other picture, and requested she might be favoured with an explanation of it.

"This," said the bishop, taking it up with much solemnity, "this is a holier relic still. It is some of the blood and water which our Saviour shed from his side, to convince the unbelieving Thomas."

Sophia stood in undisguised astonishment, and the young clergymen construing her looks

into mortification at her ignorance, drew near, to hear her acknowledgment of it. But this time she was wiser: she quietly laid it down, without making any remark whatever.

The bishop, whose admiration of her was still undiminished, showed her a variety of other treasures of similar value; interspersing his information with various religious instructions, all tending to persuade her to become a Catholic.

"I want faith," she replied, at last: "there are many things that others are content to believe on mere assertion: I must have proof."

"Ah!" said the bishop, instinctively retreating from the argument, "ah! that is the way you English destroy your souls. You reason too much. Nothing satisfies you."

Much argument of the same kind passed, which the bishop, however, enlivened by the warmest praise of her extensive knowledge; and again he assured the young men that she was greatly their superior.

Mr. Grey smiled; and thinking the bishop had been sufficiently absurd, he prepared to take his leave, thanking him, in very handsome terms, for the trouble he had taken to amuse them.

The bishop was not to be outdone in civility: he accompanied them to the outer gate, that his neighbours, he said, might see the honour

and the happiness he enjoyed. He took an affectionate leave of Sophia; and told Mrs. Grey, that she ought to consider herself as peculiarly blessed by Heaven, in the possession of such a daughter.

Mordaunt also had his parting compliment for the young clergymen; and when they were fairly beyond the palace, he gave way to a fit of merriment so immoderate, and so loud, that Mr. Grey told him he would attract every one to their doors.

"Well," he said, "as soon as he could speak, "it is worth going from England to Evora, merely to listen to those young men. Oh, Sophy! if you had but heard how they questioned me about you; how they remarked your dress, your manner! Nothing escaped: even your very shoes were matter of observation and enquiry."

"I do believe," she replied, "they were jealous of me. Did you ever see such a couple of geese? And the old bishop: I could not help smiling, sometimes; but when one reflects upon it, there is something very melancholy in seeing old age without a little more wisdom."

"Or any age," said her father, "when a man fills the high office he does."

"True, papa; but one would have old age more particularly venerable. It is so calculated, of itself, to inspire reverence and regard, that one

grieves to see it so different from what it should be. Perhaps it is because there appears no hope of improvement, while youthful folly has that alleviation."

"Your remark, my dear," said her mother, "is exceedingly just. No doubt, it is the feeling of opportunities lost for ever, that occasions the involuntary pain we feel in the society of such a man as the bishop of Evora. If youth would take the salutary lesson home, and lay up a better store for the future, such impressions would be worth volumes of advice."

"I have often wondered, mother," said Bertha, "why we see so few old persons whom we feel disposed to reverence and love for themselves. Do you remember the old men and women we met at Bath, their white hairs crowned with flowers, and looking any thing but what one loves?"

"I have often wished," replied Mrs. Grey, "that old persons would grow old with more dignity; —that, having passed through all the changing scenes of life, they would, on the borders of another world, offer to the young the beautiful example, of those who have outlived the petty delusions of mortality, and, having anchored their hopes on the Rock of Ages, are cheerfully waiting for their dismissal hence. But it is religion, a sincere, practical belief in the promises God

has given to the just man, that can alone enable them to feel in this manner; and that, perhaps, is the reason we see so few who do."

"It has been said," observed Mr. Grey, "that, in youth, death is seen or anticipated without terror, like a small cloud in a clear horizon. In middle age, it forces itself more upon our thoughts, and, at times, engages our reflection; but, in old age, it is as a dark shadow, destroying all our comforts, and shading all our joys. Now, with the majority of the world, I believe this feeling, with regard to death, is very much such as I have now described; but certainly, it is not thus a Christian should view it. The loss of others who are dear to us, may be permitted to afflict us; but a Christian is told, that 'to die is gain;' and he who really strives to deserve the name, will not be insensible to the promise here held out."

"And yet," said Mrs. Grey, "the best of men have had, perhaps, a physical, rather than a moral terror of death."

"I know it has so been said, my dear; but these feelings, thus handed down to us, are not always to be relied on. Many, who in health have expressed this horror of the supposed pangs of dissolution, have died with calmness and resignation. Honour, the fear of being thought cowards, has enabled criminals, both of high and

low degree, to meet a violent death with unshrinking firmness. I would have the Christian as much in earnest in his belief, as these men were in theirs, and we should, I think, see old age not only more dignified, but more happy in itself; for, to retire from life with the same jealous but helpless feelings towards others, as an old actor has when he sees a young one supplant him in public esteem, is a truly pitiable state of mind. There is but one thing can rob death of its sting, and that is, the sure and certain hope of an hereafter."

As Mr. Grey concluded, they arrived at their inn. Their host kept below-stairs a shop for wine and liqueurs, and sold lemonade and brandy to all comers. In the portico before the door were two stone benches, from which there was a complete view of the street. Mordaunt and Bertha, who had run on before, met them at the entrance, with the assurance that the rooms were so stiflingly hot up stairs, that there was no possibility of sitting there, and that the man had offered them the benches before the door.

Mr. Grey smiled. "I do not know what they might think of us in England," said he, "if they could see us sitting before the door of a wine-shop; but I believe we shall lose nothing of our dignity by doing so here" And down he sat. The prospect, though consisting only of a

single street, was very amusing: every one who passed had something civil to say to them; no one offered to disturb them; and at ten o'clock they retired to bed, charmed with their evening's entertainment.

Their next stage was to Evoramonte, which they reached in good time to breakfast, highly delighted with the country through which they passed.

Evoramonte is a pretty, clean town, without any thing to recommend it in particular; yet they passed the day there, to recruit their strength, as the next day they wished to reach Elvas, and the stage was long and fatiguing. In the evening, they again saw the fires lighted on the heights, as they had done at Montemor Novo, and were again oppressed by the extreme heat they occasioned.

They were off in the morning, long before daylight; and when the stars faded in the sun, a prospect of such extreme beauty was revealed to them, as surpassed all they had hitherto seen. The road through which they wound was broken in the most picturesque manner: cork-trees, which seemed the growth of centuries, and chesnut-trees, whose immense bulk and fantastically-wreathed roots defied all imitation, filled up the space on the left hand; while, on the right, was seen the channel of an impetuous stream, which,

in winter, descended rapidly from the hills, and which was now dried up by the summer's drought. The roots of the trees, down to the river's brink, were bare, and the foliage all washed away by the waters; while oleanders of every hue, grew in profusion on its banks, and were lovely beyond description. Their path, as they proceeded, became still more intricate and romantic: they threaded their way through tufts of trees and broken rocks, and it seemed to them, as they looked around upon the unpeopled waste, where not a cottage was to be seen, that they were alone in the wilderness.

While Sophia was expressing this thought, a gun was fired so close to them, that it took off the red tassel stuck in the cap of their guide. "The banditti!" was immediately circulated by their attendants in a whisper, which, low as it was, was distinctly heard; and all reined in their horses, in a speechless agony of terror. The parents drew closer to their children, while they yet felt, with almost maddening agony, that they could do nothing for them. Their guide alone seemed unmoved: he removed his cap, took a white ribbon from the inside, placed it where the tassel had been, and then moved boldly on. All followed, some with renewed confidence, others with breath hardly drawn, and cheeks blanched by terror, either for others or for them-

selves. No one appeared, however, to detain them, or obstruct their path: once or twice, they thought they saw figures moving at a distance amongst the heath, and that the sun glanced now and then upon armour hid amongst the trees; but this might be their fancy, and at length they reached Elvas, without meeting with the least opposition.

It is one of the finest towns in Portugal, and very carefully fortified; and there is always a considerable military force kept there. The houses are lofty; and, as the travellers slowly walked their horses down the principal streets, they were stopped by a military procession, which suddenly moved up from another street. They drew up on one side to let it pass; and as it approached nearer, perceived it to be the funeral of a cavalry officer. All the troops were under arms, and walked with their muskets reversed, and pointed to the ground. Then came the horse of the deceased, caparisoned as if for war, though its master had fought his last fight. Next followed the coffin, borne likewise by soldiers; and the sword and the plumed cap of the dead were laid upon it. The steady, silent march, the muffled drum, the mixture of pomp and sorrow, made a strong impression upon the minds of the young people. It was the first military funeral they had seen; and they gazed after it

the whole length of the street, without attempting to proceed.

"Why," said Sophia, when they afterwards conversed upon the subject, "why was that ceremony more painful to me than a common funeral, which seems so much more melancholy? I felt a sort of struggle with my feelings, and a grief more acute than the circumstances called for."

"Perhaps," said her father, "your distress arose from this very struggle. In a common funeral, there is a simple, unmixed sensation excited, of gravity slightly tinged with sadness: the whole scene is before you, and the natural emotion subsides with the cause that gave it birth. In a military funeral, life and death are, as it were, brought into close contrast: we see clearly all that has been resigned; the imagination has more play: it is a kind of pantomime, in which, though no word is uttered, the whole story is very intelligibly told."

Mordaunt here interrupted them, by walking rapidly into the room, and throwing upon the table a small, dirty piece of paper.

"What is it?" asked Bertha.

"A pass."

"A pass! what can you mean?"

Mordaunt looked exceedingly important, but was silent.

"Nay," said his father, "do not let us burst in ignorance. Our amazement has, I should think, been sufficiently gratifying to you."

Mordaunt coloured deeply at his father's raillery, and resuming his usual manner, said, "It is the pass Juan bought before we left Alcacer, and which enabled us to pass through the very midst of the banditti, without their attacking us."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Grey; "and who gave it to you?"

"Juan: but he says it is useless now; and that, when he goes up the country again, he must buy another from Hilga, a convict, who, though now working as such in the fortifications of Elvas, yet commands the whole of the banditti*."

"A fine state of society, truly," said Mr. Grey. "But I believe the fact to be as this man states: were it otherwise, the government would have put down these robbers."

"Do not quarrel with them, my dear," said Mrs. Grey: "let us remember our safety, and be thankful."

"I believe you are right," he replied; "but man, stubborn man, is too fond, sometimes, of the right, to follow that which is most expedient. Shall we walk?"

There was nothing gratifying to the taste of

* A fact.

the young people in the town, or in the stiff walk round the fortifications. All was neat, clean, and orderly; but there was nothing that suited their tastes. As they walked a little way beyond the gates, and looked over the plain, Mr. Grey said: "Three leagues off is Badajos, so celebrated in the late war. A small rivulet, that runs through the land before us, divides Spain from Portugal. Here, you see, Mordaunt, nature has made no natural division, no barrier: it was clearly intended to be inhabited by one people."

"I understand you, father. But could we not go to Badajos? it is a place of which we have all heard so much, that we long to see it. The opportunity may never recur again. Let us go there now."

"I have but one objection to make: the plague is said to be in Spain. My doubts on this point removed, your mother, I am sure, will be as ready to gratify you as myself."

They quickly returned home, while Mr. Grey went in another direction, to obtain the necessary information. After the suspense of an hour, their father returned: he entered with a smiling countenance, but he did not speak.

"We shall go," said Bertha, clapping her hands: "I see consent in papa's eyes."

"Yes, there is no danger," he replied, stoop-

ing down to kiss her animated countenance. "We will all set off to-morrow; but we must go no further than Badajos, for the line of health is beginning to be closely drawn, though, I am assured, only for political purposes; and if we go, we cannot return."

Mrs. Grey looked earnestly at him; but she did not speak. He caught her eye, and going instantly to her, he replied to the expression of her countenance, rather than to her words.

"I cannot," he said, "mistake the meaning of that look. There is, I assure you, no danger: I have been most careful in my enquiries. Their object in spreading this report, is entirely political. For instance, though persons are closely examined, goods are allowed to pass without hesitation, and without any formula. In times of real sickness, this is never permitted. You may be perfectly satisfied: I had my information from the governor."

"I am quite satisfied," said Mrs. Grey, as she joined cheerfully in the joy of the young people.

The happy morning came at length; and they were all mounted, and slowly crossing the plain that separates the two fortresses, before a word was spoken. When they came to a small stream, into which this branch of the Guadiana had dwindled, they passed it at a canter; and then

stood up to look back upon Elvas, which rose, as it were, in martial array against the sky. When they arrived at the gates of Badajos, the market-people were passing through it with vegetables and fruit for sale; and they could perceive the greatest difference in the countenance and manners of the people. The large hat of the Spaniard, which threw the upper part of his countenance into deep shadow; the haughty and independent air, the curling moustache, and their serious, if not melancholy aspect, were not so acceptable to the younger branches of the party, as the thoughtless, good-humoured appearance of the Portuguese. A man stood at the gate, who asked for their passport, and looked steadily at the party, as, one after the other, he suffered them to pass through the gateway. They seemed objects of general attention; but no one spoke to them.

The inn was very acceptable, from its cool, airy rooms; and they flocked to the shady veranda, to feast their eyes with a view of the town. There was, however, little to be seen: the pavement was, in many places, torn up, never having been replaced since the siege; marks of cannon-balls were yet visible in the opposite houses; the streets seemed deserted; and the place was large, yet this only added to its desolate appearance. When they were refreshed, they wandered into

the market-place: a few old women only were there; and, scanty as was the supply, it seemed more than adequate to the demand.

"This is truly melancholy," said Mrs. Grey: "houses without inhabitants;—a city, the skeleton only of what it has been, appears to me more lonely than the most sequestered wilderness."

"And," said Sophia, "do not you think that in every face there are recollections of the past? How dark a gloom is impressed on every countenance!"

"I cannot bear them," said Bertha. "What fiery eyes! Oh, I like the gay Portuguese a thousand times better!"

"I do not know that: I cannot agree with you, Bertha," said Sophia. "Spain has suffered cruelly; and her children feel it deeply, because they are a proud and haughty people. They may not be so loveable, but one's own feelings go with them. Where there is great national misfortune, I would rather see a deep sense of it."

They were on their way to the castle, and Bertha's attention was drawn to Mordaunt, who pushed something aside with his foot, and looked exceedingly disgusted.

"What was it?" said Bertha.

"A bone, a human bone."

"Oh no, you mistake, surely," she answered: "how could it come here?"

"Ask my father," said Mordaunt, "for he was better informed."

"My dear," said Mr. Grey, on being eagerly applied to, "the whole of this spot is a perfect Golgotha. Here, close by this gateway, where there were once massive doors, the slaughter raged dreadfully. It was considered as the key to the castle; and, as fast as those who defended it were cut down, fresh numbers rushed to supply their place."

As they passed on, they had ample means of observing the justness of the narration. Arrived on the keep, they saw, whichever way they turned, a mass of human bones blanching in the sun. Fragments of clothing were interspersed amongst them; and the young people stood in mute distress at the scene before them, till Bertha's sorrow overflowed at her eyes, and the tears fell in torrents.

"My dear," said her father, putting his arm kindly round her, "you weep; but think how much severer the sorrow of others has been. You see now the most melancholy effects of war; but the cause for which these fierce battles were fought, the benefits these brave men died to secure to their country, are passed from your recollection."

Bertha, however, was no heroine: her sobs lessened, indeed, as her father spoke, but she

was not the less overcome, whenever she looked up. Theirs was indeed a mournful pilgrimage: ruin and desolation were around them; below they saw the breach made in the walls; at a distance the marks of cannon-shot were still in the houses; and the once populous city of Badajos was now peopled only by recollections—the ghosts of the departed.

A Spanish sentinel was on duty: a flannel jacket was his uniform. Mr. Grey addressed him, but the man's answers were short and gloomy; and, though they had many questions to ask, they refrained from putting more to one so little inclined to answer.

They were turning away silently, when they met a gentleman, who courteously took off his hat to them. He was gaily, if not foppishly dressed: a dagger and a brace of pistols were in his belt, and a sword by his side. His eyes, dark, fiery, and deep-set in his head, scanned the party with great attention. Moustaches of the darkest hue curled round his mouth; his figure was firm and athletic, though but little above the middling height; and, if not formed to engage esteem, he had an air that commanded respect. After the hesitation of a moment he approached, and lifting his large plumed hat from his head, he bowed with great courtesy to

the ladies, and immediately addressed Mr. Grey, apologizing for the freedom, by saying he saw he was a stranger, and that was a character particularly honoured in Spain.

"I am here," replied Mr. Grey, "a stranger, indeed; but hardly chose to call myself so on this ground, where my countrymen have established so good a right to be considered as friends."

A shade passed over the countenance, a fiercer light was in his eye; but Mr. Grey's look was as steady as his own, and the feeling either passed away, or he thought proper to smother it; for he soon resumed a calmer look, and offered to conduct them to the breach. They accepted his guidance; and his observations, as he led the way, were those of a person who had been an eye-witness to the bloody scenes he spoke of.

When they arrived at the breach, which, to the inexperienced eye of the travellers, seemed very small, their conductor stood like one absorbed in deep and painful thought. His eye was fixed, but surely not on vacancy: to him, that solitary place was peopled with phantoms of the past; and sounds reached his ear unheard by others, though real, most real, to him.

The hilt of his sword struck accidentally against a portion of the wall, and the sound

roused him. He turned courteously to the party, and engaged their attention by a variety of details of the last assault. He gave a generous praise to the brave defence made by the French, but not one word in praise of the English escaped him.

On their return, he accompanied them to their inn; accepted of the refreshment they solicited him to share; and, for a while, assumed a character so well-bred, a courtesy so refined, and manners so insinuating, that all admired him.

On rising to go, the sense of something stronger than mere regret appeared in his manner; and taking Mr. Grey by the hand, he said: "You had a brother, General Grey. Is he still alive?"

"No," said Mr. Grey, with a saddened countenance, for his brother had been most dear to him: "he died at Waterloo."

"He was ever foremost in the hour of danger," said the stranger. "He died as a brave man loves to die. The woe is for the survivor. I am a lone and desolate man. I have no country, and no home; for Spain is no longer a nation, and the invader has destroyed all that I loved. But your brother, he was most dear to me, and I can still grieve for him."

The stranger paused; and Mr. Grey, agitated in no common manner, laid his hand kindly on

his shoulder as he pronounced the single word, "Empezenado."

"The same, yet how changed," said the stranger, wildly, while his whole frame quivered with emotion, till his features again assumed their stern expression. He looked steadily on each of the party for a moment; and after a hearty signal of courteous farewell, he walked out of the room, and they saw him no more.

The party he left sat down with saddened feelings, but his name had dissipated their astonishment.

"This is the man," said Mr. Grey at length, "we have heard your uncle speak of. Brave, but imprudent; hating the French with a bitter hatred; himself and his three sons ever amongst the warmest friends of their country. He lost them all but the youngest and the dearest; and he, unused to the severity of English discipline, refused to adhere to it, and was arrested as a deserter, and condemned to suffer so many lashes. Frantie, his father sought my brother. You know his generous, active friendship. He was successful in saving the son from punishment. He and his father immediately betook themselves to the guerilla warfare, in which both distinguished themselves. The son died a few months afterwards; and though cordially hating all other Englishmen, the father yet preserved

the most devoted attachment to my brother. What he is now, I know not."

This accidental meeting threw a gloom over their stay at Badajos; and as they returned to Elvas the next day, Mr. Grey closely questioned their guide, Juan, whether he knew any thing of the Empezenado. After a good deal of cross-examination, it appeared that he was the supposed chief of all the banditti in the province of Alemtéjo; and that he had been seen closely examining the direction of their baggage, and asking more questions than their domestics could answer. A closer enquiry at Elvas confirmed all these particulars; and Mr. Grey was grieved to find that so much of what was good should yet be mixed up with such fierce and untameable passions. "That man," he said, "would, I doubt not, go through fire and water to serve us, because some grateful recollections are attached to my name; yet would stab without remorse, perhaps, the first unoffending traveller that fell into his power. Poor human nature!"

It cannot be doubted that the young people long talked of this uncommon adventure; and that, as they journeyed home, they could not always, at the first sight of a stranger, refrain from thinking of the Empezenado, though they saw him no more.

After staying a few days at Elvas, they proposed to return home by a route different from that they had before taken. Their first day's journey was to Campo Maior, through a country wild and romantic in the highest degree, and which always excited in them a never-slumbering fear of the banditti. Mr. Grey, indeed, knew there was nothing to fear; but he could not restrain the imagination of the young people.

As, on their first day's journey, they reached their sleeping-quarters early, they had time to walk about the village, and were shown, as a great curiosity, a pig in the right state for killing. The poor animal had been unable to rise for six weeks, and was confined in a small place, between two walls, where she neither stood upright, nor yet fairly lay down. The lean of pork is very little eaten in Portugal: the fat is the chief article consumed. To ascertain whether the creature be fit to kill, they have what appears a very barbarous method, but which, they assert, gives no pain. They plunge an iron tube into the animal, and when he winces they withdraw it, for then they know they have touched the flesh. They have, therefore, only to fix upon what depth of fat they require, and ascertain by measurement when the animal has acquired it.

"It seems," said Sophia, for whom the huge, overgrown creature had no attraction, "it seems

as if such a treatment must make the animal unhealthy. Like the overgrown livers of geese, such excessive size must be disease."

"Brawn is made in England in that manner," said Mrs. Grey; "only that, I believe, the poor animal is never suffered to lie down, but is supported entirely by the pressure of the boards against her side."

"Poor thing!" said Bertha, "if it were but wise, it would be thankful when they came to kill it."

The road they had chosen to return to Lisbon, though very beautiful, had fewer towns of interest than their former route. There was no Evora and no bishop, and what adventures they met were all of a humbler kind. The weather having become cooler, they sometimes travelled late in the evening; and arriving one day later than usual at Arroches, they were charmed to find no travellers, and that they had the kitchen to themselves.

"Oh, how glad I am," said Bertha, "none of those odious muleteers are here, who have so often sent us from the kitchen. Now let us enjoy ourselves."

Their rooms were arranged, and they were just preparing to eat their supper of eggs and bacon, when the fatal tinkling of bells was heard; the sound increased; the trampling of mules reached

them; and they had only time to remove up stairs, before the kitchen was filled with carriers.

A gallery ran round the upper rooms, from which the apartment below could be perfectly seen, with all its motley group. Mordaunt went out to reconnoitre, but soon returned, insisting upon their all coming with him, to see the most singular spectacle in the world.

"Would I ask you now," he said rather impatiently to Sophia, answering the glance she cast on her father, "would I propose it, if there was any thing wrong in your going?"

"Forgive me," she replied, with a mock curtsy, as she gaily rose and followed.

Mordaunt had not exaggerated the scene, which was exceedingly piquant. The large kitchen below was filled with muleteers and travellers. Some had retired into the depths of the chimney-corner, and were smoking with impenetrable gravity; others were cooking, and others eating; some were lying down to sleep; and a few were dancing to the jingling sound of a guitar, which a traveller was playing. The picturesque dress, the crimson sashes garnished with knives, the variety of countenance and gesture, the graceful attitudes, and the variety of expression, made a combination truly amusing, and offered a picture to the mind as well as the eye.

By degrees, this busy activity subsided; the

supper was eaten; the dance was over; the tinkling guitar was heard no more; and, one by one, the weary lay down to rest. Every stair was a bed, which contained some recumbent form. Below they lay thick as bees in a hive. Some were wrapped in large cloaks; others seemed to have dropped asleep almost in the midst of their amusements, and to have resigned them only with consciousness. Over every face there was a profound repose; and as the travellers, the next morning, on descending, threaded their way through the prostrate forms, they sometimes paused involuntarily, to examine the motionless countenances they had beheld so full of life and animation the evening before.

Portalegre, which was their next stage, detained them for a day. It is remarkably clean, with rather a pretty square in it, and a fine fountain. It is a military station; but offered nothing in the way of amusement to a resident.

From thence they pursued their way to Santarem, through a country fair as Paradise: for miles, every breath was fragrance, and the eye wandered from one scene of enchantment to another.

At Santarem they were amused by seeing two fine stacks of hay, which had been made by two English gentlemen, who had hired the ground for that purpose. The situation of the land was

favourable for it, extending down to the water's edge.

Mr. Grey smiled. "English perseverance," he said, "surmounts even the obstacles to industry that are found here. Yet, now the hay is made, I doubt much whether the Portuguese will suffer their horses to touch it; though the English residents may gladly buy it of them *."

"I should like," said Mrs. Grey, "to have seen it being made: that must have been a curious spectacle, for it must have attracted so much attention."

"At any rate," said Mordaunt, "they would have fine weather: no fear of rain here."

"No, indeed," said Sophia, as they drew up to the inn.

When they were about to depart the next day, Mr. Grey entered the room, to propose to them, that, instead of continuing their journey further by land, they should take a boat, and go on to Lisbon by water.

"There is nothing," he said, "to detain us at Santarem beyond the river, and the country has nothing to boast of. We shall enjoy both by the plan I propose. Yes, or no."

"Yes, yes," said all the party, and the arrangement was concluded.

* The government would not allow them to proceed, after the second year: they obliged them to give up the ground.

As they glided gently down the stream, the conversation fell perpetually on their recent journey. Each was reminding the other of some particular event, and all dwelt upon the regret they felt at leaving Portugal. But by and by came the near prospect of home, and with it a thousand recollections dear and precious to them.

Home! there was a magic in the sound, which, when they arrived in Lisbon, gave them courage to prepare to leave it with tolerable fortitude.

"No man," says Dr. Johnson, "looks upon the most indifferent thing, for the last time, without a feeling of regret, or takes a last farewell without a pang." Something of this feeling was felt by our travellers, as, standing on the deck of the packet when it slowly sailed out of harbour, they viewed, for the last time, scenes now become familiar; but when the distance from the shore increased, and they were about to enter the wide world of waters, their farewell gaze to the shores of Portugal was dimmed by tears.

THE END.

rvey, Darton, and Co. Printers,
Gracechurch-street, London.