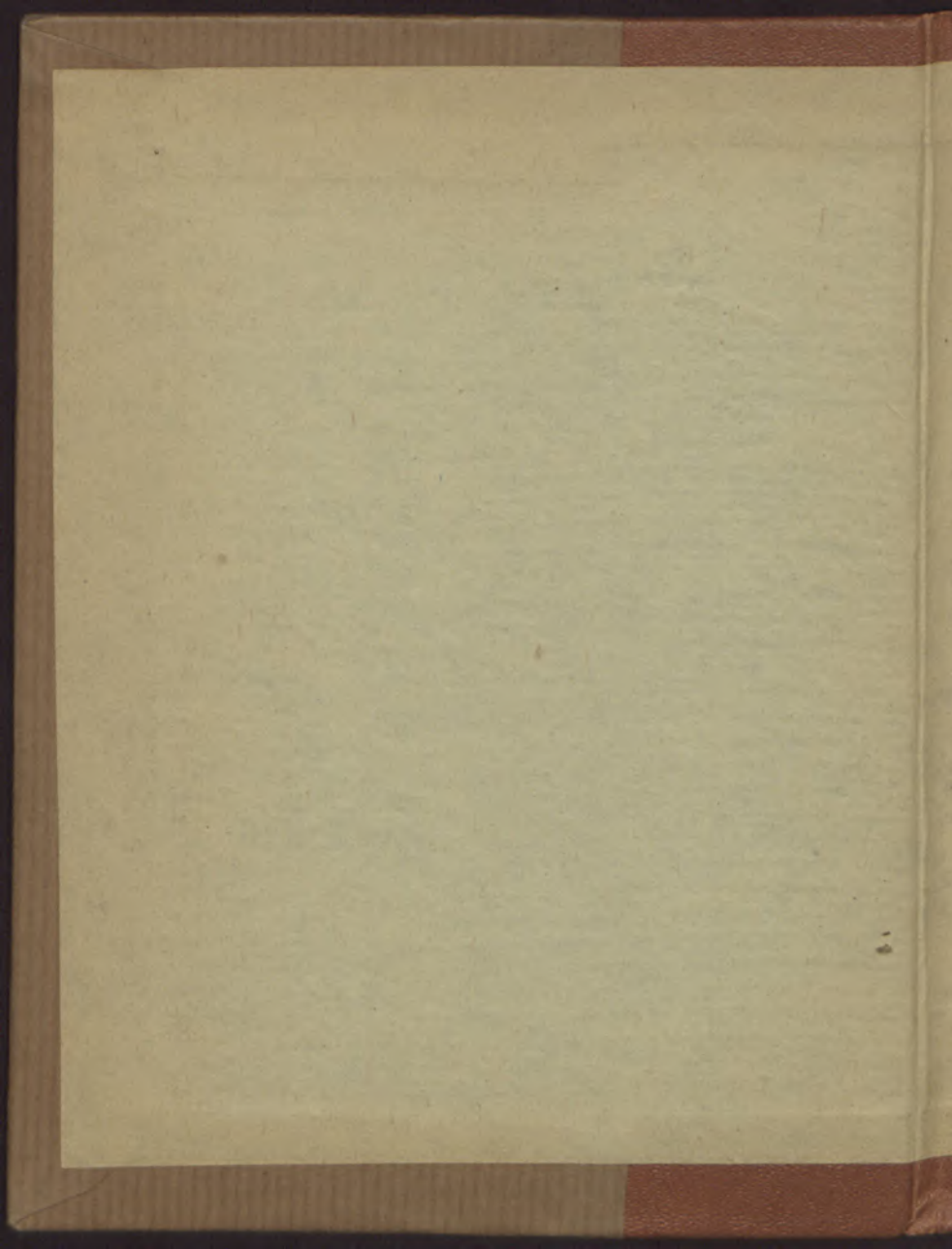
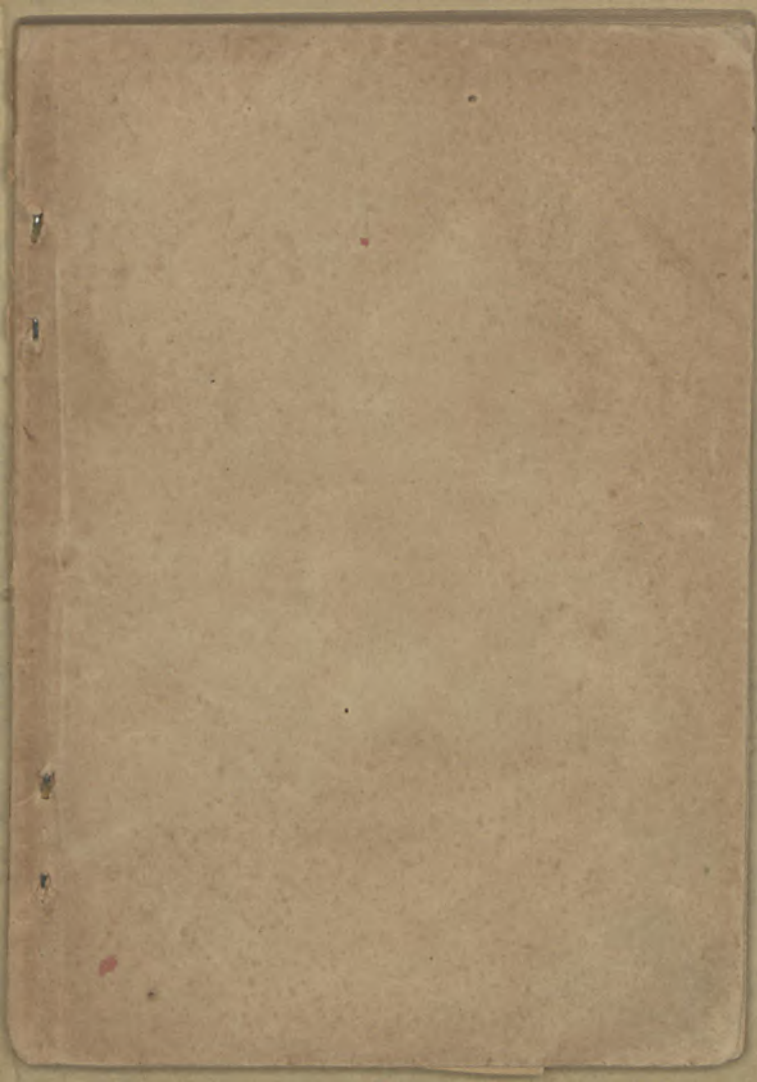


RESERVADO

4440

B. N. L.



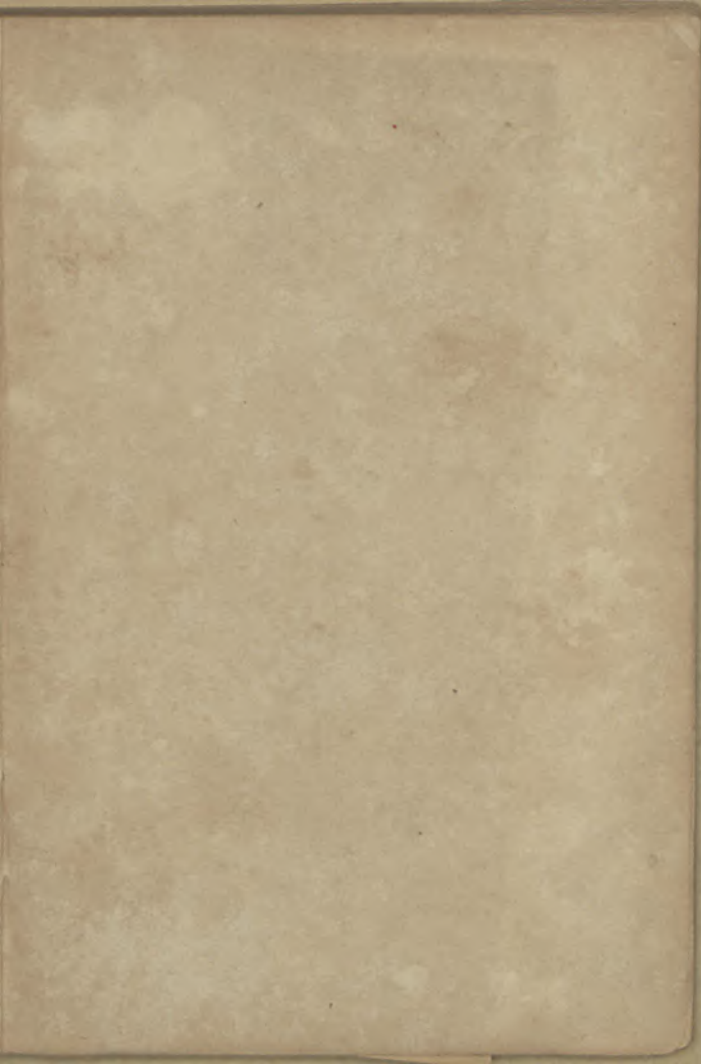


hetao

1000 Chagas

Res

4440



~~H.G.~~
~~29980~~

~~Res~~
~~4440.~~

F. F. de la Figanière, Visconde): Notes taken during a trip to Santarem, Batalha and Alcobaça, by New York, Printed at the Offices of Parker's Journal 1852. In 122 de 60-I pags. Broch.

No frontispicio carimbo VISCONDE DE FIGANIERE. Junto um cartão de visita de Henrique de Carvalho Nunes da Silva Anachoreta, Administrador da Companhia do Sul de Angola, antigo Deputado da Nação, agradecendo pelo empréstimo do "interessante folhe-

MUITO RARA.

Res
4440

200\$00

2
Re
46

Res
4440



Henrique de Carvalho Nunes da Silva Anachoreta

ADMINISTRADOR DA COMPANHIA DO SUL DE ANGOLA
ANTIGO DEPUTADO DA NAÇÃO

*Compremente V. D. e fazer
desceja de ter relido em car*

QUINTA DE ALMOUROL
SANTAREM

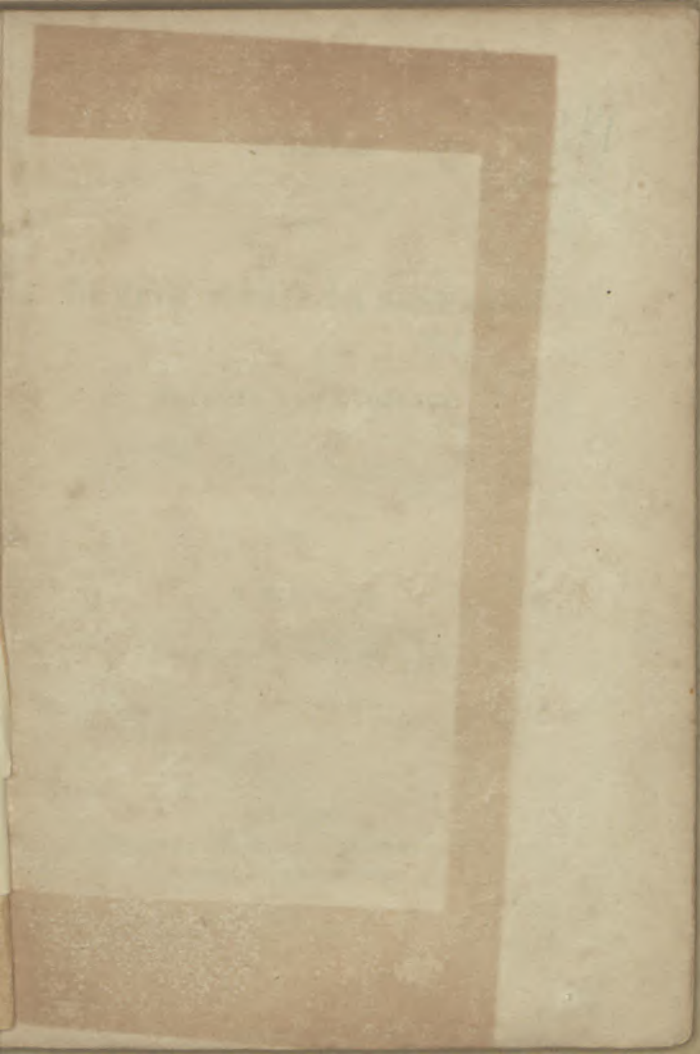
TELEF. 185 N.

R. Nova do Loureiro, 36-LISBOA

Profrat, - sisterhood of Fort St
Sherman to Fort St. Angelo. 4th
see also 18th & 20th Jan 1862.



1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100



H. G.
~~29980~~

Res
4440

NOTES

TAKEN

DURING A TRIP TO SANTAREM,

BATALHA AND ALCOBACA.

BY

F. F. DE LA F.

VISCONDE DE FIGANIÈRE



NEW YORK:

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF PARKER'S JOURNAL,
NUMBER 22 SPRUCE STREET.

1852.

COMPRA

180238

Res
4440

NOTES.

OUR party consisted of my uncle and his lady, my wife and myself: we embarked at *Lisbon*, at 7 A. M., the 19th March, 1851, on board the steam-boat for *Villa Franca*.

The day was beautiful, and the atmosphere as mild as in June.

The appearance of the city, as we went up the river, is very majestic; we passed along its eastern quarter which is more remarkable than the other; the ground is more elevated; then, most all the old monuments are located in this part, in consequence of its having been the site where *Lisbóa* was first founded. The *Sé* (cathedral,) *St. Vicante de Fóra*, the convents of the *Grillo* and *Madre de Deos*, founded by two queens, the large unfinished monument of quaint architecture, commenced by the Philippes, and left to decay before half completed, which gives it the appearance of some aged ruin,— all are worthy of notice, as well as several other more modern edifices, and a number of large palaces of the old nobility. The whole is surmounted by the castle

of *St. George*, which can point its cannons down upon the highest eminences of the city. But one of the greatest embellishments, are the marble parapets of the quays, which extend from almost the extreme eastern end of *Lisbóa*, to beyond *Belem*, a distance of six miles, and form one of the monuments of *Pombal's* glory.

For the first five or six miles, the view is limited to the northern side of the river, and on account of its great width here, the opposite shore is scarcely visible; but even when the latter appears as the river narrows, it has nothing worthy of notice, being low ground and devoid of animation. The other side, however, is hilly and woody, in some places covered with small villages, and every now and then a country seat appears, surrounded with the *quinta* or park. About ten miles from *Lisbóa*, we passed *Verdelha*, where *Count Farrobo* has factories for the preparation of chemical substances, and making of glass; their produce is brought down to the water's edge by a railroad, one mile long, on which the wagons are moved by hand. Near this place the *Tagus* is divided into several branches, by long narrow flat islands, called *Lesírias*, they were formerly part of the property of the *Infantado*; but, when this right was extinguished, they fell into the hands of a company who lease out part of the land, and cul-

tivate the rest, (the shares of this company are at a very low figure at present). The soil is very fertile, in consequence of its being entirely flooded when the river rises, for which reason no houses are seen thereon, with the exception of a very large one belonging to the company, who use it as a store house.

At half past 11 A. M., we reached *Villa Franca*, after a very slow and tedious run of four hours and a half—distance, twenty-five miles from Lisbon.

After visiting two hotels, we took rooms at the cleanest, which, indeed, had but poor accommodations. In the afternoon, we took a ride to the *Quinta do Farrobo*, the only place worth seeing in the neighborhood, and a league from the village. The grounds around, are altogether devoid of shade, and are planted with vines. The mansion itself is the great attraction; it consists of two stories, besides the ground floor. We went through the interior, having obtained a permit from the Count, and found it fitted up for the accommodation of eighty or ninety guests, with every means for amusement, billiard room, ball room, and also a small theatre, which can hold from one hundred and fifty, to two hundred persons. It is here that the Count comes for a couple of weeks every year, with a number of

friends, whom he brings down in a boat chartered for the occasion : it is said that his entertainments during that time, are princely in the extreme. His taste for theatricals is well known, he takes part with his children and those of his friends who are competent, in the representations of plays and even operas. In the rear of the building there is a fine shooting ground, which extends for miles and miles around, and is plentiful in deer and other game.

Before returning, we went to the telegraph. From this place, we witnessed a most beautiful panorama. Notwithstanding the approaching darkness, the eye could reach in all directions over a country covered with villages, and rich and cultivated fields; *Palmella, Salvaterra, Azambuja* and many other places could all be seen in the distance; to the right was the Tagus, flowing towards the ocean, and widening until it becomes almost a bay near *Salvaterra*. It then winds its way through an immense plain, extending from *Alhandra*, just below *Villa Franca* to beyond *Santarem*. This plain is the most extensive one in Portugal, the only other considerable one being that which commences at the mouth of the *Vouga*, near *Aveiro*. When great floods occur, almost the whole of this plain is under water, which sometimes reaches several feet above the

level of the streets of its many villages; the alluvial deposits render the land extremely fertile and productive to its owners. The village of *Villa Franca*, is situated in this plain, it has nothing very recommendable in its appearance, and contains about five thousand inhabitants.

At eleven o'clock, Thursday 20th March, we left *Villa Franca*, in the midst of a heavy shower of rain, which continued until we approached *Azambuja*. At this place, the navigation of the river by steam is at an end, on account of the little depth of water beyond. At one P. M., we got on board the canal boat. This canal is the only one in Portugal, and was made more than one hundred and fifty years ago, but has been somewhat improved by the present company, and continued to within one league of *Santarem*. At four P. M., we landed at the *Debarcadeiro* of *Cartaxo*, we had a mile and a half to ride before reaching the village itself, and, as it was still raining, the ladies were glad enough to accept the offer of a woman who was on board the boat, and had a vehicle drawn by two oxen waiting for her at the wharf; otherwise, I know not what they would have done, for horses alone could be found. A slight incident occurred relating to this person, at which we had a hearty laugh. She had a very large trunk, which, instead of being

placed behind the carriage, was to our astonishment, deposited by her orders in the interior, thereby filling up the place intended for the feet L. S. Jr., whom we had met on board the boat, advised her to put it outside, but she would not consent, saying that it contained something she would not like to lose. Thinking that she was fearful of having her dresses spoiled by the rain, he made no further remark, and our two ladies, with herself and maid got in, and made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit; but the best of the story is, as it afterwards turned out, that the trunk enclosed some money which the woman feared would be robbed, if she permitted the precious trunk to go outside. The place, however, was as lonely as could have been desired by the most inveterate misanthrope, and scarcely a soul was met with on the road.

L. S. Jr., my uncle and myself found horses at the dépôt, and we arrived at the town at half-past four o'clock, P. M. Instead of going to the hotel, which it appears is none of the best, L. S. Jr., was able to procure us some rooms at a shop-keeper's, who was called by the people of the place *Realista*, on account of his having served under *Dom Miguel*: this man has one of the best houses in *Cartaxo*, and notwithstanding the repairs going on in the interior, its unwhitewashed

walls, and unpainted doors and casements, we made ourselves very comfortable. Our companion had brought with him a large piece of roast-beef, and *we* had a boiled chicken; we sent for bread, wine, etc., and sat down to table. It may well be imagined, that we all had a pretty sharp appetite after our tedious journey, and the repeated showers we had experienced, which had drenched us to the skin. We were still seated around the table engaged in conversation, when at about half-past six, P. M., Mr. C., called in. He is uncle to L. S. Jr., (being brother to the mother of the latter,) and lives the whole year round at *Cartaxo*. He suffers continually with the complaint of the spine. I found him to be a very well read man, and agreeable in conversation; he is well acquainted with *Paris* and *London*, and their society, where he has spent a long time. From his conversation, he proved to be perfectly ignorant of what was going on in other parts, even the old news of *Lisbon* were new to him, showing how isolated his mode of life was, which struck me as singular in such a man, so generally well informed. At ten o'clock, P. M., these gentlemen left us, promising to return to breakfast the following morning.

The village of *Cartaxo* is comparatively of new date, the houses are low, of one story generally,

but very clean and kept well whitewashed *outside*; its population is about five thousand, the people very industrious and thriving. Almost every man has a piece of ground of more or less extent, and a house. Those possessing a very limited property, employ their leisure time in working for those of the richer class—no beggars are seen in this vicinity. The principal produce is wine, which is of a very good quality, partaking of the *Carcavellos*, but of a still more agreeable flavor in my opinion. The entrance to the village is pretty in the extreme, and the avenue leading to it shaded by large trees and hedges, and watered by a brook.

On the arrival of our two guests next morning (Friday,) we sat down to breakfast, and I proposed that we should extend our journey as far as *Batalha* and *Alcobaça*, for our first intention was only to visit *Santarem*, and return home. S. and C. encouraged the idea; however, we deferred the decision until after our arrival at *Santarem*. We left *Cartaxo* at half-past eleven, A. M. L. S. Jr., whose father has a *quinta* half a league from the village, sent for two of his own donkeys, which he lent to the ladies that their ride to *Santarem* might be more comfortable. The distance to *Santarem* is nine miles. The country between this and the place we had just left, is not alto-

gether devoid of the picturesque; the soil is of a sandy nature however, but about three miles from *Santarem* the scenery is very pretty, as you pass through what is called the *Valle de Santarem*. The ground is well cultivated, and covered with olive trees, the oil extracted from their fruit, being the chief produce of this district.

We arrived at our destination at a quarter before two P. M., and alighted at the *Hotel de Torres*, situated in a very narrow street, with hardly room sufficient for two horses to go abreast. Although the best in the town, the appearance of this hotel is dirty and ungainly, and the linen was the only thing clean about it. We ordered dinner, and in the meanwhile, went to deliver two letters of introduction, one to Senr. V. P., Secretary of the Civil Governor, Viscount da F. B., who was absent in Lisbon, and had given us the said letter, the other was for Senr. J. do P., the richest man and *Fidalgo* of the place. They both received us well, the latter extremely so, he pressed us to remain at his house during our sojourn at *Santarem*, which invitation we might, perhaps, have accepted, had his wife not been away at Lisbon. After dinner, we saw the procession of *Nosso Senhor dos Passos*, which happened to be celebrated this very day; the only thing to be noticed was a female penitent, under the cross barefooted.

In Lisbon now-a-days, the penitents never go barefooted, as they used to do some years ago.

On our rising, on Saturday morning, the 22nd March, we found that Mr. M., an employé of the Civil Government, who had been sent by Mr. V. P., to show us all that was to be seen in the town was waiting for us, so after breakfast, we sallied forth.

The first thiag that we went to see and the most remarkable, was the aacient Citadel, maany of the walls of which are still erect and strong, so much so, that *Dom Miguel* some eighteen years ago, defended himself there for a whole year, against his brother's army. The position is formidable, and is defended by nature on the south-east and west; besides, the fortifications are built on the edge of immense precipices, which appear inaccessible. It was hero that *Affonso Henriques*, the first King of Portugal, attacked *Santarem* in 1146, which was then inhabited by the Moors. Finding it useless to continue an open attack, the place being far too strongly fortified, he caused a small but resolute band to scale the walls during the night; scarcely had a few gained the summit, when the besieged wore aroused from their slumbers, and flew to arms, but it was in vain—the Christians had time to throw open the gate, which is still showa,

through which the conqueror and his army poured in; the scene which followed was horrible, for the Christians, influenced by the fanatic disposition which formed one of the characteristics of those dark ages, committed the most dreadful carnage, butchering men, women, and children indiscriminately; the darkness of the night, the heart rending screams of the helpless women and children, and the savage exultation of the victorious, formed a hellish cortege to the conqueror's triumphal entry. This victory was the cause of *Affonso's* founding the monastery of *Alcobaça*, dedicated to the order of *St. Bernard*. As no important occurrence could take place, in those early times, unconnected with the marvelous, so was it in this case. The victory was attributed to the prayers and intercessions of *St. Bernard*, then living in France, who, it was said, at the very moment *Affonso* was entering the Citadel, called together, out of their beds, five of his disciples and acquainted them with what was taking place in Portugal, and told them to go to that country to receive from the new King, the donation he was about to make to their Order. On their arrival, the King received them kindly, and went with them to *Alcobaça*, where he laid the first stone of that monastery, which, in futuro ages, was destined

to be among the most famous of the Cistercian Order. The latter part of this account is historical, but I cannot vouch for the truth of what relates to the saint.

We entered the chapel founded by *Affonso Henriques*, called *Santa Maria de Alcaçovas*, but which has nothing of its primitive erection, with the exception, perhaps, of its foundations. The chapel, notwithstanding its small size, was granted the privilege of having a chapter, which it retains to this day. Immediately adjoining the chapel, to the east, are the walls of part of the ancient palace, built by the same monarch; they are its only remnants; the ground in the interior is cultivated as a garden. The principal entrance is still to be seen, but the sculpture of the portal denotes it to be of a later period than that of the foundation; I attribute it to the beginning of the fifteenth century, in the reign of *Dom Deniz*, who died in this very palace, in 1325. The bust of *Affonso Henriques* was taken from a niche in the wall, over another entrance further on, some years ago, by order of the present king, *Dom Fernando*, and placed, with other relics, in the Monastery of the Franciscans of this town. This bust is said to be of the time of the king it represents.

We afterwards proceeded to a terrace forming

part of the fortifications, now enclosed in a private garden. From this point, the eye enjoys the most beautiful of the many lovely prospects of *Santarem* and its environs; it stands immediately over the river, at the height of about three hundred feet. To the right, facing the river, lies, in a rich and deep valley, the small, but very ancient village of *Alfange*, where the ruins of several of the old palaces of the nobility are still existent. The inhabitants of this little place played a prominent part in the events which resulted in placing the Grand Master of Aviz on the throne, under the name of *D. João I.*, in 1385; it is in this spot that our poet, *Garrett*, has placed the scene of his celebrated play, '*O Alfageme de Santarem.*' Beyond, the hills obstruct the view, but that on the other side of the *Tagus* extends for miles and miles over many fertile plains, intercepted with *quintas* and farms, and, far to the south, is seen the elevation upon which *Palmella* is located, raising its proud head high above the surrounding eminences. Turning to the left we look down on the village of *Ribeira*, larger than the one just mentioned, also situated in a valley.

Our next visit was to the Jesuit Convent and its church. The former has been turned into offices for the Civil Government; the queen, also, resides here, when she comes to *Santarem*. This

church is the largest in the town. The small remnant of richness it still possesses shows that it must have seen better days; its walls are in a dilapidated state. It has one or two beautiful marble mosaic chapels. From the top of the convent we had a general view of the country surrounding the town; its most prominent feature is the olive trees, which cover the ground as far as the eye can reach.

Not far from the Jesuit temple is the monastery of the Franciscan monks (for *Santarem* has a convent dedicated to almost every order). This building now serves as barracks for a regiment of cavalry; the church has been profaned and made a receptacle for horse-fodder, and its altar and side chapels have been torn down. Just on the right of the entrance there is a richly-sculptured tomb, but in consequence of its great mutilation the inscription cannot be decyphered; it is evidently of very ancient date. The only remarkable things to be seen here are enclosed in one of the side chapels of the church, the entrance to it being by the cloister of the monastery; they consist of:

1st. A mosoleum to the memory of *D. Duarte de Menezes*, one of the most renowned heroes of the African wars, who was killed in the battle of *Bonacofú*, in the year 1464, on the 20th of Janua-

ry. *D. Duarte de Menezes's* body was never recovered, but his wife had preserved a tooth which he had had extracted before departing to the war, and on learning his death she erected the mausoleum in his honor, and caused his tooth to be enclosed therein. It was finished about the year 1467, and is about 15 feet high, terminating in a point; the sculpture is of the most delicate texture in the moresque style, and surprizingly well preserved, while all around it is mutilation.

2d. The bust of *Dom Affonso Henriques* already referred to, is placed in this chapel, and, if as old as it is said to be, may be considered in very good condition, although several parts of the features are broken.

3d. Underneath this bust is the tomb of one of the Infants, son of *Dom Affonso Henriques*, also taken from the palace of this monarch. Besides these monuments, and others of lesser note, the tomb of King *D. Fernando 1st.*, who died in 1383, is to be seen in the choir, very much bruised and broken, having been burst open by the French during their last sojourn in Portugal; it has been plastered up in many places, which, in my opinion, has still more injured it; the sculpture is Gothic, with many quaint figures, according to the fashion of that age.

The most remarkable collection of antiquities

exists in the Dominican Monastery; but, unfortunately, we were not able to visit it, as admittance is not to be obtained; the doors being wall-ed up, in consequence of the depra-dations committed by the people of the town, who formerly had free entrance therein.

There exists in *Santarem* fourteen Monasteries, two of which are Nunneries; the latter are still scantily inhabited; there are also 26 churches, and withall the town has never had more than 10,000 inhabitants, its present population; so that, in the times, before the extinction of such establishments, the place must have presented a formidable array of flowing gowns, black, white and grey! One of these churches is that of *Nossa Senhora da Piedade*, founded by *Affonso VI.*, to commemorate the battle of *Ameizal*, gained over the Spaniards under the orders of *John of Austria*, in 1663. The Portuguese were commanded by *D. Sancho Manuel*, first Count *Villa-Flor*, ancestor of the present *Duke of Terceira*.

There still remains a tower built by the Moors, on the top of which was a bell for calling the faithful to prayers, and also two mosques, converted into churches by the Christians, one of which is now a theatre. The streets of *Santarem* are very narrow and dirty, and one occasionally

meets with antique arches, so common in Moorish towns, and all these peculiarities fail not to bring to the stranger's mind reminiscences of Mahometan history, in which, if imagination could stretch so far, he might almost believe himself an actor. In the vicinity, however, of the monasteries, situated in the eastern part of the town, there are several large commons, which give quite a grand appearance to the place, and form a striking contrast to the other quarters.

I forgot to mention that one of the first places we visited was the church called *Graca*, where *Nuno Alvares Cabral*, the discoverer of Brazil, is buried behind the altar—this church is located just without the eitadel, and is one of the oldest of Christian foundation; it contains two very ancient and costly tombs, one being that of its founder.

In the evening we took a walk to the village of *Ribeira*, to see the little monument said to have been erected by Queen *Izabella* of Portugal, (called the saint,) on a miraeulous occasion. We will first refer to the legend, as related by the old chroniclers of Portugal, and which gave rise to the circumstance alluded to. Having referred to the old chronicles, I find that they relate the story with pretty much the same details.

'About the year 651, at the time when the

Romans had possession of the Spanish Peninsula, there lived in the neighborhood of *Nabancia*, (now called *Thomar*,) *Christinaldo* Count of *Nabancia*, one of the first lords of the country, both in point of wealth and birth. *Britaldo* was an only child of this count. He was, then, about twenty years of age, and endowed with the most prepossessing qualities; he was handsome, intelligent, and good-hearted. There also resided, at that time, in a neighboring convent, a young girl, as celebrated for her beauty as for her religious propensities; an aunt of hers presided over this convent. The good qualities of *Irene*, for such was her name, had attracted the attention of her uncle, *Celio*, abbot of the monastery of *Santa Maria de Nabancia*; wishing to encourage her in the path of virtue, he had placed her under the special guidance of a monk, renowned for his great austerity and religion, whose name was *Remigio*.

‘ In those early times, convents were not submitted to the strict rules of after ages; seclusion was not then an established principle, nor did it serve as a refuge to the superabundant number of daughters of feudal families, as was afterwards the case, the vows were strictly voluntary, and, consequently, the same rigorous regulations were not necessary. The nuns were in the habit of going to the public churches to hear divine ser-

vice; nevertheless, *Irene* so sympathised with the retirement of a conventual life, that she was rarely seen out more than once in the year, secluding herself from the rest of the world, of her own accord, during the remainder of the time.

‘ On one of these occasions, while attending mass in the church adjoining *Count Christinaldo’s* palace, she was seen by the young *Britaldo*. He felt almost instantaneously the effects of her charms, the fire of love ran through his veins, and in a moment, his heart and his imagination became enchained by the most ardent and passionate love. But still, the calm modesty of demeanor he beheld in the young girl, so unconscious of the power of her beauty, served as a check to his growing passion; he made several attempts to accost her, and make her acquainted with his feelings, but she seemed so enraptured in her communion with God, that she departed before he dared to take a step towards her, and was soon lost to his sight in the crowd.

‘ *Britaldo* could not bury within his breast this sudden and overwhelming burst of passion, without harm to his physical strength, and he soon felt its baneful consequences in a lingering disease, which completely prostrated his whole frame.

‘ Being an only son, cherished by his parents,

who saw in him the only hope and solace of their old age, the heir to their name and fortune, this change threw the utmost consternation throughout the whole castle; nor did it stop there, for, in those good old times, when so many ties existed between the lords and the inferior classes, the latter invariably sympathised in the misfortunes of the former, and the news of *Britaldo's* illness ran like wildfire through the neighborhood, and was considered a public calamity. Medical aid proved of no avail, and the youth lingered until there was no hope left for his life; no one could guess the cause, for he persevered in keeping it secret in his own breast.

' At last, when all hope was over, Providence chose to acquaint *Irene* with the origin of her unknown lover's malady. Her generous and pious heart was touched at the knowledge of being the innocent cause of a fellow-creatura's suffering; she resolved upon visiting him, in order to see if her presence would work a favorable change, and thereupon proceeded to the Count's palace, accompanied by two or three companions.

' The sight of the one he loved had the most beneficial effect upon *Britaldo*; the gaiety and cheerfulness for which he was once so noted, began to return and gleam in his sunken eyes. It was needless for him to confess his passion to

Irene, he read in her expressive countenance that she was perfectly well aware of it. She told him what had happened to her, how she had learned his secret, and added, that her visit was merely dictated by a charitable feeling, that he must entertain no hope of ever possessing her, for that she was irrevocably espoused to God.

‘ After several vain attempts to dissuade her from her fixed intent, perceiving that he could in no way bring her to cast a favorable eye on his passion, *Britaldo*, as a last resort, engaged her to solemnly promise him never to wed another; she unhesitatingly gave a willing consent, which seemed to cause her lover almost as much satisfaction as if she had accepted his offer of marriage. *Britaldo* shortly afterwards recovered entirely, and lived happy in the contemplation of his platonic love, to the great contentment of his parents and the country around. Thenceforth, *Irene* was considered a saint of goodness and virtue.

‘ The quietude which followed these incidents was not destined to last very long. Two years had passed away since *Britaldo’s* recovery.

‘ *Remigio*, tutor of *Irene*, had constantly attended the latter with the pretext of guiding her in her religious duties, but the truth was soon to transpire—he had become completely enraptured with his pupil. When it first broke forth to her

not
r
 evidence, *Irene* could scarcely believe it, first she doubted, then pretended to perceive it, but when the mask fell from the face of the dangerous deceiver, the more dangerous on account of the fame of sanctity he had acquired by apparent austerity, she could no longer let it pass unnoticed, and intimated to him the necessity of his keeping away from her company. Not at all baffled by this intimation, the boldness of the monk increased by degrees, and soon knew no bounds. *Irene* at last, perceiving the danger she was in, firmly forbade his appearing before her, at the peril of denouncing him.

‘*Remigio*, perceiving the uselessness of his wicked designs, was forced to yield, but, blind with rage and passion, he vowed to take the most atrocious revenge; he accordingly procured a beverage, possessing the virtue of simulating pregnancy on the one who should take it, he found means to have it administered to his innocent victim, whose state in a short while caused her to blush with shame, as well as those who saw her.

‘No sooner had *Britaldo* learned of *Irene’s* apparent state, and imagined that she had broken her word to him, than he resolved to punish her for her supposed crime. It was not difficult for him to find an instrument to execute his purpose;

for a small sum of money a soldier, named *Banam*, agreed to put *Irene* to death.

'The latter was in the habit of going every evening to the river-side to pray, close by the convent. *Banam* knowing this, hid himself among some bushes hard by, *Irene* came according to her custom, the assassin remained quiet until it began to grow dark, and then, while his innocent victim was on her knees, in the act of prayer, he rushed from his hiding place, and plunged his sword into her bosom. He then stript the corpse, threw it into the river, and buried the clothes, so as to leave no trace of the bloody deed.

'That night *Irene* was missed at the convent, the next day passed without her appearing, no one could give the slightest clue to her absence; and it was, at last, thought by many that she had fled to hide her shame and give birth to the child she was supposed to have within her. This belief continued until Providence chose again to interfere, and acquaint the Abbot *Celio*, *Irene's* uncle, with the truth. After making known the villainy of the monk, *Remigio*, and the girl's assassination, it was divulged to the abbot that, so soon as the body was thrown into the river *Nabáo*, the current conducted it down the stream into the river *Zezcre*, and down the latter into the river *Tagus*,

and when it arrived in front of the town of *Escabelicastro* (now *Santarem*) it was placed in a beautiful tomb in the middle of the bed of the river, by angels.

‘So soon as this was publicly known, a procession started from *Escabelicastro*. On its arrival on the banks of the Tagus, the waters divided and allowed it to tread the bed of the river. As announced, a most elaborately worked tomb was here discovered, surmounted with *Irene's* effigy, artistically sculptured. Several fruitless attempts were made to raise the body from its tomb, in order to take it back to *Nabancia*, that it might honor its native place; but, perceiving, that it was God's manifest will, that it should remain where it was, the procession had to relinquish their object and return.

‘It is said by some, who wish to satisfy their reader's curiosity by letting them know the fate of the three criminal personages, that *Britaldo*, the monk *Remigio*, and the soldier *Banam* went to Rome, to seek for pardon from the Pope, which they obtained and finished their lives in penitence and saintly retirement. (?) *Irene* was soon after canonized.’

Such is the legend reported by the old chroniclers of Portugal, and notwithstanding all the marvelous mixed up with it, from which, indeed,

historical events could seldom, if ever, escape in that age, and much less anything with a romantic turn (for the marvelous was to the people of that time, what romance is now to us), notwithstanding, I repeat, all the marvelous, there no doubt existed some good foundation for the story, which may have been embellished by the wily monks, to serve their own purposes.

The name of *Santarem* is supposed to be derived from *Santa Irene*, its name before the epoch just referred to, as has already been stated, having been *Escabelicastro*.

Our queen, *Santa Izabella*, wife of *Dom Diniz*, who reigned during the end of the 13th and the beginning of the 14th centuries, desired very much to see the tomb of *Santa Irene*, and was one day indulged in her wish; for the waters of the *Tagus* separated while she was strolling along the beach with the king and some officers of the court, during one of their frequent residences at *Santarem*. The queen immediately availed herself of this apparent invitation, by entering the bed of the river, and arrived at the grave, which she found to be just as it had been described to her. It is said, that the king wanted to follow *Izabella*, but the waters, by beginning to unite just where he was standing, warned him that the favor was only intended for his

virtuous queen, and for no one else. So the good monarch and his courtiers remained quiet spectators of the prodigy, while his better half was pouring forth her orations over the body of the unfortunate *Irene*. They must have had a good amount of patience, for *Izabella* did not return to the shore before sunset; very likely that *PACENCIA* was a virtue just as much venerated by our ancestors as it is by the present generation; but I trust it is not the only good quality we have inherited from them!

In commemoration of this miracle, *Izabella* had a small monument erected on the beach, upon which the image of *Santa Irene* was afterwards placed. This monument, as it now stands, consists of a few triangular stones placed one upon the other, which, altogether, form a pyramidal column standing erect upon its end, to the height of about twelve feet, on the top of which is the image of the saint, in iron, placed in a sort of small temple, of the same metal, open on all sides. The people of the place say, that the foundation stone is of *Izabella's* time, and that the rest has been replaced at different epochs; but, I cannot believe any part of it is of so early a period, for the apparent age of the foundation stone may be accounted for, by its being eaten away by degrees by the water, which almost

continually covers it. When great floods occur, as it is only a few feet from the river, the monument is often entirely under water; but the people say, it has never once reached so high, as to wet the saint's feet, although very near doing so several times—they think that if such a thing were to occur, it would be the omen of some portentous event.

Having made up our minds to continue the journey as far as *Batalha* and *Alcobaça*, we started on Sunday, 23d March, at half past seven, A.M. The day before, we had engaged four horses, besides a donkey to carry our baggage. Two *arrieiros* accompanied us; these fellows follow on foot and always keep up with the horses—they sometimes walk great distances, fifty miles and more, and are always ready to continue the journey, after a night's rest. We took the direction of *Rio Maior*, which is at a distance of sixteen or seventeen miles from *Santarem*. The road, for about three miles, is pretty good, but, beyond, it becomes exceedingly rough and disagreeable, until within four miles of *Rio Maior*; however, there are parts where, had it not been for the late rains, it would have been tolerable. The scenery is picturesque and possesses variety. There is one spot in particular, about one quarter the distance from where

we had started, where a small rivulet is seen winding its way through a valley, the borders of which are covered with fine rich grass (so rarely seen in the southern provinces of Portugal), and shaded with large old trees, with spreading branches, and thick with foliage; the contrast between this and the scenery we had passed through, so devoid of turf and wood, with the exception of the olive and the pine, was as striking as it was pleasant. We could enjoy the view of this romantic little spot but for a few minutes, as we had still farther to go, to spare any time; and, after crossing the stone bridge which unites the road, interrupted by the stream, we were soon far away from it. The only village on the whole road is *Malaqueijo*. Most of the wood, of which there is a great deal, is olive or pine; of the latter there is a thicket just outside of *Rio Maior*, through which we went for two miles.

We arrived at *Rio Maior* at one o'clock. It is a thriving and industrious place, of about 5000 inhabitants, very clean in its appearance, and the houses are all kept very white outside. At the hotel, we found out that it would take us a long while to go to *Alcobaça* this night, so we determined to go only to *Batalha*, which is at a distance of two leagues less. The hotel keeper

and the *arrieiros*, said all they could, to prevail upon us to remain there during the night, but we would not hear of it, so, after dinner, off we went, it was three o'clock, P.M.

We were not long in reaching the high road to *Coimbra*, which also leads to *Batalha*. We had yet twenty-six good miles before us; but, at the end of a couple of miles of slow travel, we perceived that it would be too arduous an attempt on account of the ladies, who were worn out with fatigue, even before leaving *Rio Maior*; so we resolved to put up either at *Candieiros* or *Molianos*, the only two places before reaching *Batalha*—the former eight miles from *Rio Maior*, and the latter nine miles beyond. The road for six miles was terrible; large stones torn up from their beds and scattered all about, prevented the horses going at more than a slow walk, and, even so, had they not been perfectly accustomed to such travelling, they must several times have fallen.

At one time this must have been a splendid road; it measures one hundred and sixty to one hundred and seventy-five feet in breadth, and has a parapet about four feet high on each side, and so straight that, were it not for the hills which obstruct the view, one might see several miles ahead; the hills themselves are not high, and

form a gradual slope. The road in its whole width (and they say as far as *Coimbra*) is paved in the old fashion, with stones more or less large driven into the ground,* like the streets of cities, and which, when kept in repair, forms the best sort of road; but when it is neglected, as is the case in this instance, renders travelling exceedingly uncomfortable; for in some places, these stones are in perfect heaps, caused principally by heavy rains, and the horses can with difficulty get over them. At intervals, there are unpaved spaces, where the road is really very good, and with but very little expense—merely removing the present pavement and substituting the *Macadam*, or even leaving the ground bare—it would be, without exaggeration, as desirable a road as any in France or England.†

The sun was fast declining as we reached *Candieiros*, a small place immediately on the roadside, composed of not more than a dozen hovels; though much fatigued, and with darkness rapidly gaining on us, we could not reconcile ourselves with the idea of remaining there for the night, so we took courage, and pushed on. The scenery along this road is soon

* This sort of road in Portugal is called *Calçada*.

During the last ten years all the roads that have been made, and are making, are *Macadamised*.

depicted—on the right, that is to say, to the east, at the distance of half a mile from the road, is a long range of mountains, not very high, but barren of everything, except coarse pasture for goats. On the left, wide spread fields, as far as the eye can stretch, and with every sign of careful cultivation, which alone breaks in upon the general monotony of the view. After groping about in utter darkness, for above three hours (it was indeed so dark, that we no longer undertook to guide our horses, but left the reins loose), we at last reached *Molianos*, to the great contentment of all, and especially of the ladies, who were overwhelmed with fatigue. As for myself, I had got so accustomed to my position on horseback, that I think I could have ridden for many hours more, although I was very sore, for soreness had in a way grown upon me and become normal state; nevertheless, I was as glad as any of the rest, to find myself in a very comfortable bed, and between two very clean sheets. My wife had unfortunately insisted upon having a regular lady's saddle, instead of the *albarda* used by ladies in Portugal when travelling, by which her right knee, being continually in one position, resting on the saddle hook, caused it to become exceedingly painful; so severe was the pain, she at times endured, that she had often to dis-

mount and walk. I suppose we must have walked, in this way, some three or four miles. It was ten o'clock when we arrived, which made twelve hours and a half, that we had been on horseback. We soon forgot the fatigues of the day in the arms of Morpheus.

On awaking, and looking out of the window, I found that the place we were at, was merely an inn situated on the road side, and perfectly isolated; for the village, (if it may so be called) was not less than half a mile off. Having breakfasted on a couple of broiled fowls, bread and butter and tea (which we always carried with us), we mounted our horses at 9 o'clock, of the morning of the 24th March, with the pleasant prospect of only a nine miles jaunt, in order to arrive at *Batalha*. The ladies still felt the effects of the long ride of the previous day; but still, being considerably refreshed, they were able to go along with some degree of comfort.

Not twenty paces from the inn we entered a wood, or rather orchard of olive trees (called *Olival* in Portuguese) through which the high road is cut for about four miles. These trees are planted in such regular rows, and all their avenues intercepting each other at equal distances, that the whole has very much the appearance of a park; it extends over a surface of four by two and

a-half miles. Before the extinction of convents in Portugal, in 1834, the whole of this property belonged to the monks of *Alcobaça*, and must have returned them a very handsome revenue; for, even now, in the present neglected state of the trees, it yields 1000 pipes of oil per annum, the produce of which averages 75 *contos de reis*, or 84,000 dollars. On the expulsion of the monks, government sold part of this property, and divided the rest in lots, which it leases out. On leaving the *Olival* the country becomes more diversified and picturesque; the fields on either side of the road are well cultivated, cottages and farms are seen every now and then, and there are more signs of life than are displayed on the former part of the road. But, still, the great drawback to the beauty of all these neighborhoods is the want of wood, so essential a feature to scenery; nothing of the sort is seen here, except the black capricious shaped olive tree, or the stiff monotonous pine, with the sole exception of a small village, situated in the midst of about 100 old oak trees, from which the place takes its name, *Carvalhos*.

Two miles from *Batalha*, we entered a forest of pine, which completely covers the country to the North-West and the West, and gives indication that it is not very distant from the famous *Pinhal de Leiria*, or pine forest of *Leiria*, one

of the most extensive in Portugal. We issued from this wood to enter the village of *Batalha*.

The village itself consists of a small cluster of houses, situated in a romantic little valley, interspersed with shrubbery, and a few trees of different species. A number of small cottages cover the surrounding country, which are all considered as belonging to the place; the total number of inhabitants amounts to about 2,000.

The first object that strikes the stranger's eye is, the great monument itself; his first impression is, the contrast between its rich and animated sculpture, its innumerable turrets, its perfect grace and splendour, and the seeming poverty that surrounds it; and his first exclamation: 'Why should so fine a work of art be sacrificed to such a wilderness?' But, before attempting to satisfy one's wonder, let us go and take some lunch at the inn, for we have ridden far, and want some rest. . . . it was half past twelve o'clock.

The beautiful edifice commonly called *Batalha*,* but the real name of which is *Santa Maria da Victoria*, was founded by Dom João 1st, in 1386 or 87, (it is not certain which) to commemorate the celebrated battle fought the 14th of

* This is not the only instance of a monastery receiving the name of *Battle*, for *Battle Abbey*, near St. Albans, in England, is an edifice of historical notoriety.

August, 1385, on the field of *Aljubarrota*, gained over the Spaniards, and by which he definitively secured to himself the crown of Portugal, disputed by John 1st, king of *Castile*. Before the battle, our John vowed to found a templo to our Lady of Victories if she should favor his cause. After his success he proceeded to fulfil his promise, and not liking the field of battle as a site, he chose the prettiest spot near it.* Such is the reason given for the temple having been founded on the spot where it now stands.

The architecture is of the purest gothic. On the North side of the church are still to be seen some parts of a building once forming the convent, but destroyed by fire by the French during their invasion into Portugal; what remains, denotes it to have been worthy of being alongside the church, for the same taste and style of architecture are displayed. To the south of the latter is the royal chapel, which forms part of the church itself, and its only entrance is from the interior of the same. There are two entrances into the building, one on the south side, and the principal one on the west, which is the front.†

* *Bathalha* is four miles from *Aljubarrota*.

† Until recently, all Roman Catholic temples were built with their grand entrance, or front, towards the West.

This latter entrance is one mass of rich sculpture from top to bottom, consisting principally of scriptural and historical images, and subjects taken from the same source.

On entering the church, I was struck with the majesty and grace of its proportions—a beautiful pearlsh colored stone is seen on all sides, the arched ceiling, the walls, the columns, all, in a word, is formed from this stone; here, none of those gaudy carved wooden ornaments, washed with gold, exist, with which the walls around the altars of other churches are generally empannelled, and which so much contribute to give them more of a theatrical character than ought to be in a house of God. What can be more solemn, nay, more costly, and more worthy such a place than stone, specially if of a beautiful hue and well worked? All here is sincere, true, and durable, it requires no polish, for its beauty exists within itself. On entering such a place, over the thoughts of an Atheist must be of a religious nature.

As we entered, the light streaming through the rich colored glass of the high arched casements was falling in variegated hues upon the opposite columns and conveyed a serene cheerfulness through the otherwise solemn and mournful nave. On the right, a few steps from the entrance,

the royal chapel which serves as the resting-place of the magnanimous founder, his queen, and his four celebrated sons—it forms almost a square of from sixty to seventy feet—the ceiling is of great height, but in most perfect symmetry to the rest, it seems as if one inch more or less would mar the general beauty; a large skylight throws its clear and luminous glare into this beautiful repose of the dead, and the light falls full upon the tomb of *John I.* and his queen, *Donna Philippa*, who rest, side by side, in the same tomb. The effigies, as large as life, of the king and queen, lie on the top of this tomb, either side of which is covered by an extensive inscription relating to each respectively, in some places it is much obliterated, in consequence of the depredations of the French. At the foot of this tomb, a few feet off, is the wooden altar, taken from the Spanish camp, after the battle of *Aljubarrota*, and which is one of the few relics of the many trophies taken on that memorable occasion. Niches are made in the wall on three sides of the chapel, one side of which alone is occupied by the king's four sons, the remainder being vacant. These four tombs are all similar in size, and in sculptural ornaments; like that of the king; ~~they all~~ bear the insignia of the Order of the Garter.

*those of
Pedro & Henrique*

In the first tomb, to the right, lies *D. Pedro*,

Alfonso V.
Duke of Coimbra, along with his wife ; this prince governed the kingdom, as regent, during his nephew's minority (Alfonso V.) and lost his life in the battle of *Albufarrobo*, where, the young king, by the preverse counsels of his courtiers, attacked him.

Then comes the tomb of the Infante, *D. Henrique*, the great navigator, who gave the first impulse to all our brilliant discoveries, and indeed, to those of the whole world. The French, who profaned all the sepulchres they came across, in search of hidden treasures, treated this one with more than usual severity ; learning that the corpse was richly clad, it was taken out, stript, and the bones scattered in all directions, only a few being found and re-interred. I mounted on the tomb, and saw by an opening, about four feet square, what remained of this famous navigator and prince.

The next is that of the Infante *D. Jodo*, Master of the Order of Santiago in Portugal, and Constable of the kingdom, whose name is famous in the wars of his time.

The last of these four princes is *D. Fernando*, who remained in the hands of the Moors of Africa as an hostage for the delivery of *Ceuta*. However, like *Regulus* of Roman history, he sent word to the king to leave him there, and keep the

place; the latter, notwithstanding his desire to retrieve his ~~son~~, was prevented from so doing by his nobles. The bones of this martyr prince were bought, some time after his death, by ~~his father~~, *brother* ~~at the price of giving up the place at last.~~ *Affonso V* These tombs are all surmounted with the effigies of their respective occupants.

In conclusion, this chapel is the admiration of all who see it; the combination of simplicity and harmonious proportions give it an air of grandeur worthy the resting-place of such an illustrious stock. It is, certainly, the most interesting part of the edifice.

After leaving the royal chapel, we proceeded to visit the other parts of the church. In front of the grand altar, lie the king, *D. Duarte*, and his queen, *D. Leonora*, in a tomb of black marble; and in front of the side altar (in the right of the grand altar) is the tomb of *D. John II.*; it is of wood, and merely a temporary one, at least it was so intended to be, at the time of his burial, in 1495, but since that time, although the wooden tomb has been renewed at different periods, his projected resting-place was never finished.

The total length of the church is 360 *palmos*, or 240 feet, the height 146 *palmos*, or 97 1-3 feet, and the width 100 *palmos*, or 66 2-3 feet, viz.:— the nave 22 feet, each of the aisles 14 1-3 feet,

and each column 8 feet, which would give to the latter a circumference of between 24 and 25 feet. Some of the panes of colored glass, which have subjects of both scriptural and profane history painted on them, are of the primitive time of the foundation; in many places where the old glass had been broken, some of new manufacture has replaced it, but it is easily distinguished from the old, for the colors are not near so vivid; it is well known that the old process has been lost. In the vestry we saw two helmets of great size; one belonged to *John I.*, and the other to his future namesake, *John II.*

Our next visit was to what are called '*capellas incompletas*' (unfinished chapels). These consist of an addition to the eastern end, or back of the church, immediately behind the grand altar, but no opening is made here to communicate with them; the entrance is around through the vestry, and, from thence, through a gallery, so that it forms a distinct building, although its walls touch those of the church. These chapels were founded by *Leonora*, wife of *John II.* about the year 1494 but they were scarcely begun when *Dom Manuel*, successor to *John II.* undertook to continue the work. The style of architecture forms a great contrast to the old building; it is pure moresque. They were originally destined for the burial place

of *D. Manuel*, his family and successors, but the idea was never carried out, in consequence of the work being abandoned at that monarch's death. The form is circular; all round, large recesses exist in the walls, destined for the different tombs—and it is these recesses that are called chapels, as probably altars were to have been placed in each. What remains to complete the buildings, are the dome and the summits of the towers, each of which is formed by clusters of smaller ones, and serve to ornament the exterior. The walls, the columns, the towers are entirely covered with the most exquisite, rich, and complicated chiseling; there is scarcely the smallest place unworked; but the richest of all is the arched door-way, the only entrance to these chapels. The whole of this *lace-work* has the most sumptuous appearance, and I must differ with *Beckford*, when in his 'Recollections of a Journey to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha,' he calls it 'a perverse architecture, a deplorable waste of time and ingenuity.' I admit that when comparing it to the majesty of pure gothic architecture it must give way to the latter; but considered within itself, I cannot refrain from admiring it; and, most certainly the beauty and correctness of execution (which was all done by the hands of Portuguese workmen) of the unfinished chapels,

are highly worthy of notice. Murphy, an English artist of the last century, published some beautiful drawings taken on the spot, enters into the detail of the execution, and gives a very correct idea of it.

Among the many little statues that ornament the columns, on the inside of the arched door-way of these chapels, we remarked two without heads. Our octogenarian guide, who had been all his life at Batalha, and whose father had been in the service of the monks, said that the missing heads had always been particularly admired by visitors, for their classic beauty and perfection, which were rare in such small images. Towards the close of the last century, a wealthy Englishman, on a visit to the place, took a fancy to them, and offered to give their weight in gold in exchange for them. The matter was thought important enough to call for the meeting of the Chapter; for the monks of Batalha were never wealthy, and the offer was tempting. The proposal was debated for a long while; however, the majority of the monks voted against the exchange. But two of the monks, who had shown great perseverance during the debate in favour of taking the Englishman's money, and giving up the heads, determined not to let so good an opportunity pass, and, during the night, broke off the admired parts of the statues, and

delivered them to the Englishman, who stuck to his bargain and gave the money in return.

About half way between the roof and the ground, there is a piazza on each side of the church and which is, in fact, the roof of the two aisles, and from which we were able to examine more closely, the work adorning the exterior of the building. On the north-eastern corner are the remains of the tower, which formally rose to a great height, but was struck by lightning some years ago, and caused the upper half to fall to the ground, doing some damage to the roof of the church. These remains are being removed at present, in order to prevent any further accident, for many of the stones are loose.

The roof of the church is entirely of stone, and can serve as a promenade; it is ornamented with innumerable turrets and small towers, and fantastic images—such as the gutters, for instance, all terminating in the figure of some reptile or other animal.*

The convent of Batalha adjoining the church, with its admired cloister and fountains, its arched passages and large interior openings or windows, with their admirable mouldings of sculp-

* Since 1834 the government has appropriated a yearly sum of 2,000,000 reis (2,300 dollars), for the restoration and keeping in good order of the church of *Batalha*.

tured *lace-work*, next attracted our attention. What is called the chapter is still entire, and the same beauty of proportions are to be noticed as throughout the rest of the edifice. Its particular merit is, that its ceiling, while entirely of stone and arching to a very small degree, has no columns to support it, and depends altogether for support on the four walls, and the solidity of the structure. Some say, it fell twice, after being completed—others say once—that it fell once is certain, and the king wishing to have the original plan carried out, caused it to be raised again by another architect, whose work remains sound to this day. In recompense, his bust was placed on a pedestal in one corner, where it still remains. The centre of the chapter is occupied by the tombs of King *Affonso V.*, and his grandson, the Infante *D. Affonso*, only son of *John II.*, who was killed by a fall from his horse, in consequence of which the crown devolved upon the king's brother-in-law and cousin *D. Manuel*. These tombs, like that of *John II.*, are in wood, for their occupants, as well as the body of that king, were to have been interred in the unfinished chapels, had these ever been completed, and their present resting places were merely intended as temporary. Issuing from the chapter, we entered the principal cloister, which is large

and spacious, and the architecture of which is in good preservation. The square open space in the middle is covered with long rich grass intermixed with weeds and denotes the total abandonment of this place, which was still more confirmed by the fluttering of birds and bats, roused by our intrusion.

As I strolled around those now solitary passages, paved with the slabs covering the remains of departed monks, I thought to myself, what a different scene they must once have presented, when thronged by those over whom we were treading, and whose bones were left, as relics, to their worldly habitation. I could fancy at one moment, seeing a number of dark figures walking to and fro, almost elbowing one another—nothing could be heard but the fall of many feet—they were monks—it was the hour of silence and meditation.

At another moment, they would be engaged in convivial conversation, and the busy sound of voices might strike the ear with an occasional laugh, from some jolly fat friar. But change the scene—behold that long procession of monks, in their dark flowing gowns—they advance down one of the passages—on a sudden, they halt, then a coffin is lowered into the ground, service is read, a bare slab is thrown over the spot, and

the name of a brother monk is soon forgotten, lest it dwell in the memory of some intimate companion, for the stone bears no inscription, no sign, that can distinguish it from the rest. Not long after this solemn ceremony, the very same spot may be the scene of gaiety and mirth; for, let it not be thought, that such were banished from monasteries.

Such was the cloister of a convent in monkish times, it served for many purposes—it was a place for devotion, as well as a resort for leisure hours—it served as a burial place for the dead, as well as the *point de réünions* for the amusement of the living!

I think this custom, though unique and quaint, had its agreeable side—it must have been consoling to the dying monk to know that his mortal remains would still rest in the midst of his companions, and be present at their daily reunions and social eutertainments; it seemed as if he were but taking a partial farewell; for, though reason told him, that his better part would be gone, who can, when the fatal hour is at hand, sufficiently overcome the instinctive love he bears towards his mortal part, to think with stern indifference of its future abandonment? Let philosophers talk, but I believe, that we could die with much more resignation, knowing

that our remains would rest in the midst of our friends, than when conscious of their being removed, far away from the living. May it not be, that the Egyptians of old, embalmed their dead, not only to enjoy the sight of the cherished departed one (which enjoyment may be contested with reason), but in a degree to reconcile the latter, with the knowledge that his remains would still be among his friends?

We left *Batalha* at four P. M., after dinner. The distance to *Alcobaça* is about nine or ten miles, but, with the exception of a couple of miles, the road is very bad, although in the time of the monks it is said to have been an excellent one. A little less than half way we passed by the field on which the battle of *Aljubarrota*, already alluded to, was fought. It is only a few hundred steps from the village of that name, and is now cultivated as a garden by its proprietor, showing no vestiges of the great action of which it was once the scene.

After going over several very dangerous precipitous places, and wading through many puddles, so large and deep that the water reached the body of the horses, and one of those lakes, among the number, taking us full a quarter of an hour to cross, we finally reached the town of *Alcobaça* at eight o'clock; night having set in

two hours since. We dismounted at a new hotel, not quite finished, but where we found very good accommodations; it was just in front of the convent.

Next morning, the 25th, we visited the convent and church of *Alcobaça*. The latter is situated between two wings, each of about 300 feet in length by 200 feet in width, and consisting of two high stories. The one on the right, facing the building, is entirely in ruins in the inside having been burnt by the French, some say by the English, when the latter also burnt down a manufactory of calico, one of the first established in Portugal, in order that it might not compete with their own exportation; though the act was cruel and mean, it is, nevertheless, more than probable. The other wing still possesses many apartments in good condition, and those which used to be occupied by the Sovereigns during their visits, have been taken up for the Offices of the Municipality. The architecture of the convent has nothing in it to be admired; it is built of stone, covered with stucco. The church outside is built of a brown colored stone, and has two steeples in front, but little ornamental work. The most remarkable thing about this edifice is, its immense size.

We were taken throughout the left wing, and saw many of its innumerable cells, now all deserted.

ed. The library room is very large and beautiful, about 160 feet long by 60 wide, with an upper gallery; this room, until 1834, contained the historical and literary archives of the kingdom.

This was the home of the *Bernardos de Brito*, the *Brandoës*, the *Boaventuras*, and such others of our first historical characters, who were mostly monks. This convent possesses six cloisters, which may give an idea of its magnitude. It had room for over one thousand monks, which number was reached at various periods, although, towards its latter days, it had greatly decreased. The greatest curiosity is, however, the kitchen—imagine a room about 70 by 50 feet in measurement, the vast chimney in the centre, of a conical form, and the space under it large enough to roast two oxen; all around several stone tables are disposed, appropriated to various culinary purposes—here is the fish table, there the meat table, further on, one for vegetables, then another for fruit, &c., &c. At one end there is a tank, two or three feet deep, full of water; when the kitchen floor was to be washed, a wooden machine, made exactly to fit the tank, was let down into it, and filling up the space previously occupied by the water, the latter, of course, went over the floor, by raising this machine of a sudden, by means of ropes; the sudden vacuum caused the water to rush back in

a current, bringing with it all the offal, by repeating this process several times, it answered all the purpose of a hose, and was certainly an ingenious contrivance, at a time when the latter was not in use.

The church of *Alcobaça* is larger than that of *Batalha*, but does not possess the same beauty of structure. Its length is 476 *palmos* or 317 feet, its height 100 *palmos* or 67 feet, without calculating that of the dome. The nave takes up three-quarters of the whole width, leaving but about eight or nine feet for each of the aisles; the ceiling, walls, and columns are of stone of a whitish, or rather greyish color.

On the left of the entrance there is a room containing the statues of the whole series of the kings of Portugal; they are all as large as life, and made of clay, commencing with *Affonso Henriques*, our first king and founder of this convent, and coming down to *Affonso VI.*, whose reign finished in 1668. On the wall, the principal events attending the foundation of the convent, may be seen painted on China, called '*azulejos*,'—such as the taking of *Santarem*, the vision of *St. Bernard*, the arrival of the five Cistercian monks, the foundation, &c., &c.—all very well executed, the figures being about one-fourth the natural size.

We next visited the royal chapel; the most an-

tique of the tombs is that of *D. Urraca*, wife of *Affonso II.*, third king of Portugal; she died in 1220; her body was disinterred by the French, and found incorrupted, in consequence of its having been embalmed (as all our kings and queens have been and still are embalmed to this day) it was stript of its clothing and left on the pavement by these depredators; but, is now again in the tomb. There are also the tombs of *Affonso III.* and his queen, *Beatriz*, and also two princes of royal blood. Tho most conspicuous tombs are, however, those of *Peter I.* and his unfortunate consort, *Ignez de Castro*, so far famed in romance and poetry. These two mausoleums are of a quadrangular form, having the effigies of *Peter* and *Ignez* on their respective tombs. Tho sides are richly carved with quaint figures, representing various circumstances taken from scripture, mixed up with those attending the murder of *Ignez*, and the vengeance of her husband upon two of her three murderers.

There is nothing remarkable about the grand altar, except its great size; it is surrounded on either side by a number of small chapels, connected one with the other by doors, they follow in a circular form, and contain several good paintings. Beyond the vestry is a small room serving as the repository of a number of precious relics, with

which the walls were once covered, but there are very few remaining, for, as they consisted mostly of precious stones, the French took them away.

In the principal cloister is to be seen the famous iron cauldron used by the Spaniards at *Aljubar-rotá* to cook their soup, and taken from the camp after their defeat. It measures from four to five feet in diameter, and about the same in height. This cloister is covered in all directions with antique sepulchral inscriptions, some of which are dated in the fourteenth century. Immediately under the door, leading from it into the chapter, is a slab devoid of any inscription, it is said to cover the remains of one of the Generals of the Order, who, during his rule, led so sinful a life, and was so ill-behaved towards the congregation, that they decided, after his death, to place him there in order that he might be trodden under foot by all those entering the chapter, as a sign of their contempt for him, so that the punishment might be a warning to his successors not to follow his example.

Over the north entrance of the convent, just on the edge of the roof, is placed the colossal statue of the founder, *D. Affonso Henriques*; it is said to be the original one, made during that monarch's life.

We left *Alcobaça** at 1 p.m., for *Caldas*, a distance of twenty-two miles; a short while after starting my wife dismounted to pass a wide ditch, in which I joined her, meanwhile having let the horses loose, they both scampered off, and it was some twenty minutes before the men could overtake them, much to our annoyance. Being very much indisposed, my wife found it would be impossible for her to proceed further on horseback, so on our arrival at *Caldas*, about four miles from *Alcobaça*, I obtained an oxen cart to take us the rest of the journey, while my uncle and his wife continued on horseback, accompanied by one of the men with my horse; the donkey and the other horse remaining with us, in charge of the other muleteer. They had a full hour's start of us, for it was only at 3½ p.m. that the cart was ready. The bottom had been strewed with grass and a new straw bed put over it, and, by making use of our carpet-bags as bolsters, we managed to make ourselves pretty comfortable.

* The town of *Alcobaça* is much larger than *Batalha*, possessing some 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants, and several manufactories, such as paper and calico. Its locality is pretty and healthy; to the east, south, and north it is surrounded by mountains. The monks of *Alcobaça* were the richest in Portugal; all the land around *Alcobaça*, besides the revenue of thirteen large towns, and many other places, belonged to them. Their wealth was almost incalculable.

Caldas

For six long hours we rolled along at a most slow and tedious pace, as may well be imagined, over the most abominable road it had yet been our fate to meet with. At times, we were going up and down hills, where none but a cart drawn by oxen dare venture; often expecting to be thrown out and dashed down the rocks, for the road, in some parts, was on the very verge of a precipice, while the cart leaned over some forty-five degrees, in consequence of the unevenness of the track; at other times we were ploughing deep beds of sand, or wading some wide creek or pond; I do not think that we enjoyed more than three miles of good even road. Every now and then I would mount the horse to vary my position, which was very cramped in the cart, it being very small. It was 9½ o'clock at night before we reached *Caldas*, where we found that the other party had arrived about two hours before. We here, before retiring to rest, dismissed our men and their horses, and engaged a couple of *seges* (kind of gigs) to take us to *Villa Nova*, there to meet the boat for *Lisbon*.

After breakfast we took a stroll around the town of *Caldas*. It possesses some good houses and about 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants. Its principal attractions are its excellent springs, which take most of the Lisbon society there during six

or eight weeks of the summer months. The special virtue of these waters consists in their cure of the gout, rheumatism, &c., &c. They acquired reputation about the end of the fifteenth century, when queen *D. Leonora*, wife of *D. João II.*, driving past it, saw some peasants sitting with their feet in the water; on enquiring what they were about, she learned that the common people used these springs as a remedy for the above-named complaints.

So soon as she had acquired this knowledge, the queen caused the waters to be examined by medical men, and finding that their opinion was in favour of their efficacy, she had the establishment, which now exists, built over the springs, the expenses of which were defrayed from her own privy purse. The establishment was richly endowed by her, and opened gratuitously to all sufferers. We went over this institution, which is kept in very good order, and open from June to September; for, at other seasons, the water has an injurious effect; here, those who wish to be cured can do so at the trifling expense of 480 *reis*, or two shillings sterling, per diem, having a private room, table, service, &c., &c., all included. The baths are on the ground floor, there are two departments, one for men, the other for women. In each there are two tanks, capable of containing

twenty persons. The water is hot and of a sulphurous nature, the smell partaking of sulphur and phosphorus, the source is extremely abundant. In the centre of the hall, a well has been constructed, the water of which is used for drinking, and is of the same nature as the other springs. The upper part of the building contains the apartments of the patients. There are several physicians and an apothecary attached to the building; there is also a good sized park in front, filled with fine old trees, and a sort of club-house, with billiards, &c., &c., all appertaining to the establishment. Fashionable people, however, generally reside in a fine hotel that was built, some time ago, close by.

This day, 26th March, at 12½ p.m. we got into our *seges*, each holding two persons, and drawn by two puissant mules. The weather, ever since leaving *Santarem*, had been remarkably fine and pleasant, but it rained this day for a few hours, at short intervals. The whole of this road has been recently under repair, which is still going on in a few places, and will be a very good one when the stone is pressed down by travelling, for it is made on the Macadam system, and requires some use before its benefit can be felt. In consequence, therefore, of the freshness of the road, our mules went on the walk the whole way, and although

Cercal (which is half way between *Caldas* and *Villa Nova*) is only seventeen miles from the former place we did not arrive until past six o'clock in the evening; we remained there during the night, and were told by the postillions that we should have to start at half past three in the morning, in order to be in time for the steam boat.

We left *Cercal* an hour before dawn, at 4½ a.m., the air was very chilly, and we felt it, notwithstanding that the cover of the *sege* was drawn to. As day-light appeared we met many groups of peasants going to their labor. The country all along this road, from *Caldas* to *Villa Nova*, has much sameness in it, and a great deal of waste land, called *charneca* in Portuguese.

We were at *Villa Nova* by 11½ p.m., and had, therefore, been twelve hours and a-half to come forty miles. Nevertheless, the journey can be made in five hours, if horses were changed at *Cercal*, in which case they might be made to trot instead of going on a walk, as we had been forced to do.

It was near 1 p.m. when we stepped on board the steamboat, which landed us safely at Lisbon, at a little after 4½ p.m. During our nine days' absence from home, we had gone over about 225 miles.

I found the hotels throughout the whole journey very tolerable, and not near as bad as represented to be, by many discontented people; the fare was also passable—fowls, beefsteaks, soup, eggs, bread and butter, and two or three kinds of vegetables were to be had everywhere, and in many places the dinners were as good as in the capital. The people we met with were very civil, willing, and pleasing in their manners: a person is never passed on the road but that he bids you good day, and lifts his hat; this, however, is the custom throughout Portugal. The linen in all the hotels was always very clean. The prices, as well at the hotels as for the hiro of horses and other items, are exceedingly moderate, and, altogether, the journey was pleasant and interesting.

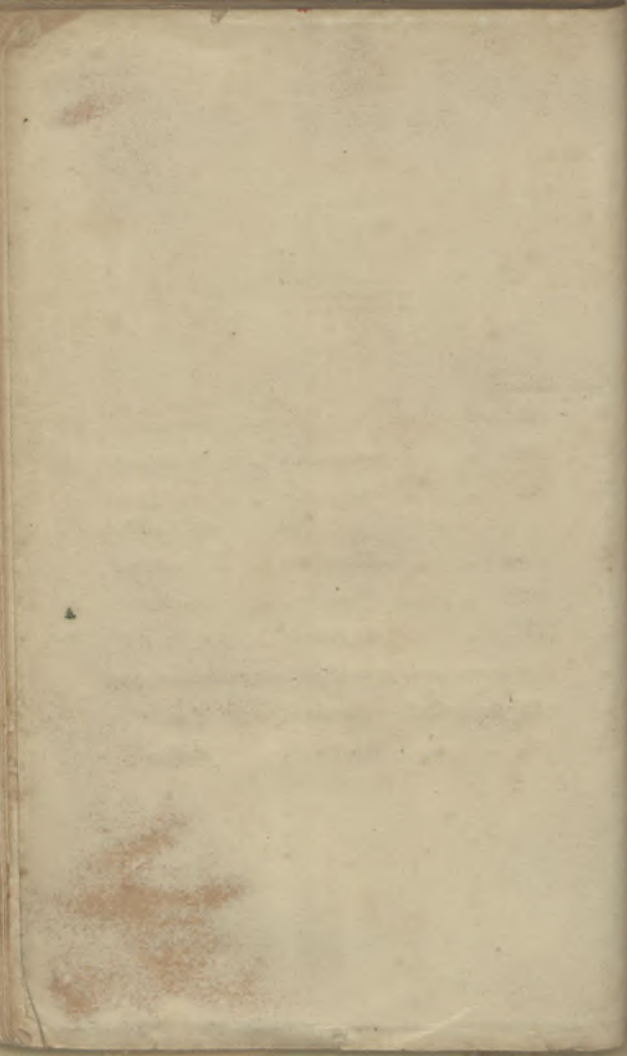


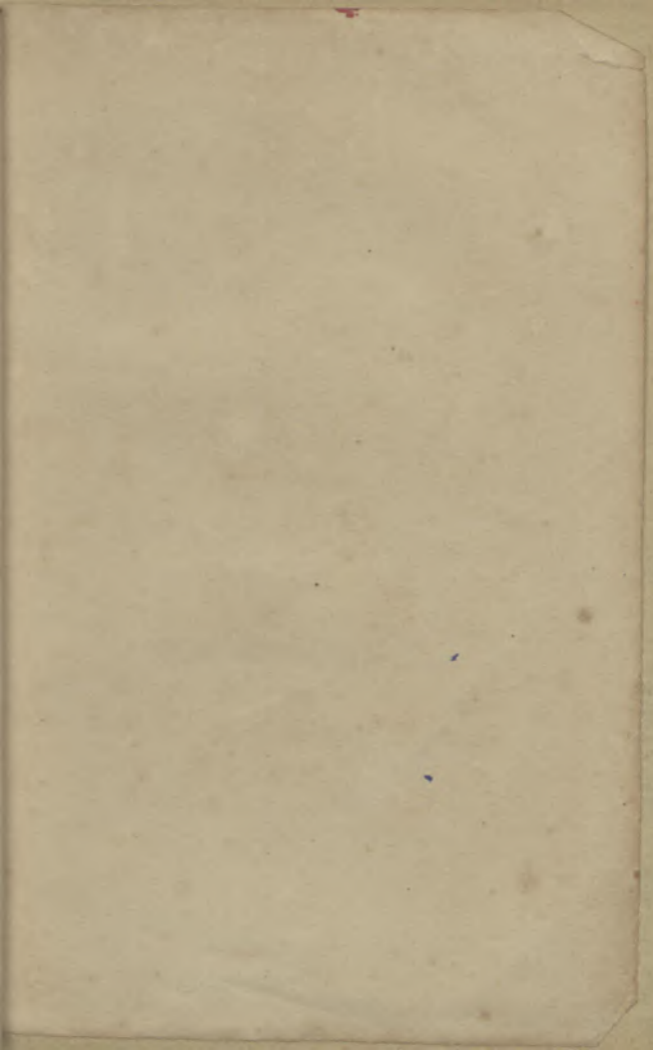
Res
4440

ERRATA.

PAGE	LINE	
21	12	instead of <i>ardeet</i> , read <i>ardent</i>
24	2	" " <i>pretended to</i> , " <i>pretended not to</i>
39	26	" " <i>they all</i> " <i>those of Pedro and Henrique</i>
40	4	" " <i>Albufarrobo</i> " <i>Alfarrobeira</i>
41	2	" " <i>son</i> " <i>brother</i>
"	4	" " <i>his father</i> " <i>Affonso V</i>
"	5	erase: <i>at the price of giving up the place at last</i>
"	18	instead of <i>(in the</i> read <i>(to the</i>
55	10	" " <i>Caldas</i> " <i>Cellas.</i>

~~H. G.~~
29980





2007

