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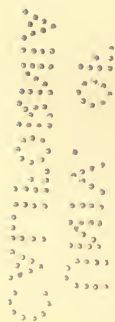


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JOURNAL
OF
A RESIDENCE IN PORTUGAL



'POR BEM'





JOURNAL
OF
A FEW MONTHS' RESIDENCE
IN PORTUGAL

AND
GLIMPSES OF THE SOUTH OF SPAIN

BY
DORA WORDSWORTH (MRS QUILLINAN)

NEW EDITION

EDITED, WITH MEMOIR, BY
EDMUND LEE

AUTHOR OF 'DOROTHY WORDSWORTH' ETC.

WITH PORTRAIT

LONDON
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HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

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NOTE TO THIS EDITION

SOME time ago a copy of the First Edition of this Journal, published in 1847, came into my possession. The pleasure I derived from its perusal forced upon me the conclusion that many of the present generation, to whom all Wordsworth associations are full of interest, would appreciate the opportunity of becoming acquainted with a work comprising such an entertaining chapter in the life of the great poet's beloved daughter. It may be said that pictures of Portuguese and Spanish life fifty years ago are not likely to afford much interest to present-day readers. I think, however, that, apart from matters of local and historical information concerning regions over which lingers the charm of old romance, the Journal contains such incidents of personal adventure, such descriptions of scenery, and records of thought, written in a pleasing and graceful style, as will secure it a cordial welcome. Some portions of perhaps more particular interest at the time it was written and other slight details have been omitted.

The opportunity thus afforded of appending a short memoir of the writer of the Journal could not be resisted. In this I have done little more than string together facts already recorded concerning the brief life of Dora Wordsworth. The sources of information are chiefly the 'Memoirs of Wordsworth,' by Dr. C. Wordsworth; 'Diary and Reminiscences of Henry Crabb Robinson;' 'Memorials of Coleorton;' 'The Transactions of the Wordsworth Society;' and the 'Memoir of Edward Quillinan,' by William Johnston.

E. L.

BRADFORD: 1895.

STANZAS

BY EDWARD QUILLINAN

THE clouds of wintry yesterday are gone ;
The blue of Heaven is pale with light to-day ;
Bright shines the morn as ever morning shone
In southern valleys, in the month of May.

Green meadows bask beneath me ; all around
Are mountains brow'd with diadems of snow ;
And Rotha dances with a silvery sound,
At play with sunbeams to the lake below.

Fair scene and sunny Sabbath ! Why this tear ?
Alas ! it is not Rydal Vale I see,
Nor Rotha's spring-tide music that I hear,
Nor Fairfield's crown of snow that shines for me.

Granada's circled plain is at my feet ;
Her mountains their eternal snows reveal ;
And myrtled Darro flashes down to greet
And mingle yonder with the soft Xenil.

And lo ! the magic palace of the Moor,
The red Alhambra haunted by Romance ;
And Dora, spell-bound by delight as pure
As ever trembled in a woman's glance.

Hark to the nightingales ! they throng their lays ;
Not one, but hundreds hail the poet's child.
O what a day was that ! Of Sabbath days
The most divine that ever hope beguiled.

Strange contrast to the sound of Sabbath bells
 That woodland music heard in Moslem halls ;
 Yet to her heart of holier things it tells,
 And dearer harmonies of prayer recalls.

But where was Dora after one short year,
 When flowers exhaled the May's delicious breath ?
 Not yet, not yet, on her untimely bier,
 But living, conscious in the arms of Death.

O flowers of Rydal, could ye bloom again !
 The last *her* mortal eyes were doomed to see
 Were roses clustering at her lattice pane,
 The blossoms from her brother's funeral tree.

Ere three-score suns and ten, from May-day morn,
 Had risen and set on Rydal's laurell'd height,
 The radiant spirit which of Heaven was born,
 For us too precious, wing'd to Heaven her flight.

When thrice the folds in Grasmere Vale had yeann'd
 And April daisies bloom'd upon her grave,
 A life broke down that would on hers have lean'd ;
 And sire to daughter, dust to dust, we gave.

In these loved haunts, where all things have a voice
 That echoes to the bard's inspiring tongue,
 Where woods and waters in his strain rejoice,
 ' And not a mountain lifts its head unsung.'

Of Him the Tarns and Meres are eloquent ;
 The running waters are his chroniclers ;
 The eternal mountains are his monument—
 A few frail hearts and one green mound are *hers*.¹

Rydal : Sunday, Feb. 2, 1851.

¹ *Poems*, by Edward Quillinan.

MEMOIR
OF
DORA WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH, more familiarly known by the name of Dora, for the purpose of distinguishing her from her aunt of that name, was born on August 16, 1804, at the time that her parents lived in refined poverty at Dove Cottage, Grasmere. She was the poet's second child, her elder brother John being fourteen months older. From her very earliest days she became the object of her father's most ardent affection, and was destined to be one of the favoured band of womanhood whose influence and devotion served to crown his life with good. Happy in sister and wife, he was also blessed in his daughter. After the close intercourse of the poet and his sister during so many years of happy fellowship he could not, as he told Lady Beaumont, his daughter's godmother, break his promise to himself to name his first daughter by the somewhat obsolete name of Dorothy rather than after his wife.

The following poem was written on being reminded that his little daughter was a month old :—

—Hast thou then survived—
Mild Offspring of infirm humanity,
Meek Infant ! among all forlornest things,
The most forlorn—one life of that bright star,

A second glory of the Heavens?—Thou hast
Already hast survived that great decay,
The transformation through the wide earth felt,
And by all nations. In that Being's sight
From whom the Race of humankind proceed,
A thousand years are but as yesterday;
And one day's narrow circuit is to Him
Not less capacious than a thousand years.
But what is time? What outward glory? Neither
A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend
Through 'Heaven's eternal year.'—Yet hail to Thee
Frail, feeble Monthling!—by that name, methinks,
Thy scanty breathing time is portioned out
Not idly.—Hadst thou been of Indian birth,
Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,
And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,
Or to the churlish elements exposed
On the blank plains,—the coldness of the night,
Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face
Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,
Would with imperious admonition, then
Have scored thine age, and punctual timed
Thine infant history, on the minds of those
Who might have wandered with thee.—Mother's love,
Nor less than mother's love in other breasts,
Will, among us warm-clad and warmly housed,
Do for thee what the finger of the heavens
Doth all too often harshly execute
For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds
Where fancy hath small liberty to grace
The affections, to exalt them or refine;
And the maternal sympathy itself,
Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless tie
Of naked instinct, wound about the heart.
Happier, far happier is thy lot and ours!
Even now—to solemnise thy helpless state,
And to enliven in the mind's regard
Thy passive beauty—parallels have risen,
Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect,
Within the region of a father's thoughts,

Thee and thy mate and sister of the sky.
And first ; thy sinless progress, through a world
By sorrow darkened, and by care disturbed,
Apt likeness bears to hers, through gathered clouds
Moving untouched in silver purity,
And cheering oft-times their reluctant gloom.
Fair are ye both, and both are free from stain :
But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy horn
With brightness ! leaving her to post along,
And range about, disquieted in change,
And still impatient of the shape she wears.
Once up, once down the hill, one journey, Babe,
That will suffice thee ; and it seems that now
Thou hast fore-knowledge that such task is thine ;
Thou travellest so contentedly, and sleep'st
In such a heedless peace. Alas ! full soon
Hath this conception, grateful to behold,
Changed countenance, like an object sullied o'er
By breathing mist ; and thine appears to be
A mournful labour, while to her is given
Hope, and a renovation without end.
—That smile forbids the thought ; for on thy face
Smiles are beginning, like the beams of dawn,
To shoot and circulate ; smiles have there been seen ;
Tranquil assurances that Heaven supports
The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers
Thy loneliness : or shall those smiles be called
Feelers of love, put forth as if to explore
This untried world, and to prepare thy way
Through a strait passage intricate and dim ?
Such are they ; and the same are tokens, signs,
Which, when the appointed season hath arrived,
Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt ;
And Reason's godlike Power be proud to own.

The poem, 'The Kitten and the Falling Leaves,' was also written at a later period of the same year. The scene of the poem was in the 'garden-orchard' of Dove Cottage. The poet said of it : 'The elder bush has long

since disappeared: it hung over the wall near the cottage; and the kitten continued to leap up, catching the leaves, as here described.'

That way look, my Infant, lo!
 What a pretty baby show!
 See the Kitten on the wall,
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,
 Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
 From the lofty elder-tree!
 Through the calm and frosty air
 Of this morning bright and fair,
 Eddying round and round they sink
 Softly, slowly: one may think,
 From the motions that are made,
 Every little leaf conveyed
 Sylph or Faery hither tending—
 To this lower world descending,
 Each invisible and mute,
 In his wavering parachute.
 —But the Kitten, how she starts,
 Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
 First at one, and then its fellow,
 Just as light and just as yellow;
 There are many now—now one—
 Now they stop and there are none.
 What intenseness of desire
 In her upward eye of fire!
 With a tiger-leap half-way
 Now she meets the coming prey,
 Lets it go as fast, and then
 Has it in her power again:
 Now she works with three or four,
 Like an Indian conjurer;
 Quick as he in feats of art,
 Far beyond in joy of heart.
 Here her antics played in the eye
 Of a thousand standers-by,
 Clapping hands with shout and stare,
 What would little Tabby care

For the plaudits of the crowd ?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure !

'Tis a pretty baby-treat ;
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet ;
Here, for neither Babe nor me,
Other playmate can I see.
Of the countless living things,
That with stir of feet and wings
(In the sun or under shade,
Upon bough or grassy blade)
And with busy revellings,
Chirp and song, and murmurings,
Made these orchard's narrow space,
And this vale so blithe a place ;
Multitudes are swept away
Never more to breathe the day :
Some are sleeping : some in bands
Travelled into distant lands ;
Others slunk to moor and wood,
Far from human neighbourhood ;
And among the Kinds that keep
With us closer fellowship,
With us openly abide,
All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he that giddy Sprite,
Blue-cap, with his colours bright,
Who was blest as bird could be,
Feeding in the apple-tree ?
Made such wanton spoil and rout,
Turning blossoms inside out ;
Hung—head pointing towards the ground
Fluttered, perched, into a round
Bound himself, and then unbound ;
Lithest, gaudiest, Harlequin !
Prettiest Tumbler ever seen !

Light of heart and light of limb ;
 What is now become of Him ?
 Lambs, that through the mountains went
 Frisking, bleating merriment,
 When the year was in its prime,
 They are sobered by this time.
 If you look to vale or hill,
 If you listen, all is still,
 Save a little neighbouring rill,
 That from out the rocky ground
 Strikes a solitary sound.
 Vainly glitter hill and plain,
 And the air is calm in vain ;
 Vainly Morning spreads the lure
 Of a sky serene and pure ;
 Creatures none can she decoy
 Into open sign of joy :
 Is it that they have a fear
 Of the dreary season near ?
 Or that other pleasures be
 Sweeter even than gaiety ?

Yet whate'er enjoyments dwell
 In the impenetrable cell
 Of the silent heart which Nature
 Furnishes to every creature ;
 Whatsoe'er we feel and know
 Too sedate for outward show,
 Such a light of gladness breaks
 Pretty Kitten ! from thy freaks—
 Spreads with such a living grace
 O'er my little Dora's face :
 Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
 Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
 That almost I could repine
 That your transports are not mine,
 That I do not wholly fare
 Even as ye do, thoughtless pair !
 And I will have my careless season
 Spite of melancholy reason

Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladsomeness.

—Pleased by any random toy ;
By a kitten's busy joy,
Or an infant's laughing eye
Sharing in the ecstasy ;
I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss,
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought,
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with Life's falling leaf.

We have in the correspondence of the poet and his sister with their many friends pleasing glimpses of Dora in her infancy and happy childhood, from which we see that she early gave promise of the sweet and lively disposition by which she was in her after life characterised. Writing to her friend Mrs. Marshall, Dorothy says : ' Dorothy improves in mildness, and her countenance becomes more engaging, but she is not so richly endowed with the gracious nature as her brother. Perhaps it is that she is more lively ; and we see, indeed, that her waywardness is greatly subdued. She is at times very beautiful, and elegance and wildness are mingled in her appearance, more than ever I saw in any child.'¹ After a short absence from home Wordsworth writes (June 3, 1806) to Lady Beaumont : ' I found everybody well, little Dorothy the most altered—I ought to say improved—for she is growing the most delightful chatterer ever seen ; all acquired in two months : nor is it the least of her recommendations that she is more delighted with me than

¹ *Life of William Wordsworth*, by Professor W. Knight.

with the new toy, and is never easy, if in my sight, when out of my arms.'

The birth of a brother (Thomas, in June 1806) was a source of great delight to Dora. Her aunt writes, 'Dorothy is in ecstasies whenever she sees her little brother, and she talks about him not only all day through, but in her dreams at night, "Baby, baby."' A gift of books by Lady Beaumont to her elder brother seems to have given equal pleasure to his little sister. 'Could you see Dorothy, how she spreads her hands and arms, and how she exclaims over each book, as she takes it from the case, and the whole together—such a number! (when by special favour she is permitted to view them) then you would indeed be repaid for the trouble and pains you have taken! She lifts her arms and shouts, and dances, and calls out "Johnny, book! Dear godmother sent Johnny book." She looks upon them as sacred to Johnny, and does not attempt to abuse them.'¹

An outbreak of an epidemic at Grasmere, when Dora was about two years old, is the means of affording a picture of the simple manner of life of the inhabitants of Dove Cottage at this period.

'A few minutes before your letter arrived William had set forward with his daughter on his back, and our little nursemaid and I were on foot following after, all on our road for the high mountain pass betwixt Grasmere and Patterdale, by which road we were going to Park House, to remove the child from danger of whooping-cough, which is prevalent at Grasmere. . . . A young man assisted my brother in bearing the child over the mountains. We went down Ulswater in a boat, and arrived in the evening at Park House, about three miles further. Our little darling had been the sweetest companion that travellers ever had. She noticed the crags, streams, everything we saw, and when we passed by any living

¹ *Memorials of Coleorton*, vol. i. p. 135.

creatures, sheep or cows, she began to sing her baby songs, which she has learnt from us, "Baa! baa! black sheep," and "Curly cow, bonny." She was not frightened in the boat, but for half an hour she screamed dreadfully, wanting to be out and in the water. This was all the trouble we had with her in the whole journey, for she fell asleep, and did not wake till we landed.'¹

Writing to Lady Beaumont on February 28, 1810, Miss Wordsworth says: 'The children each in a different way are thriving, happy, and interesting creatures. . . . Dorothy is a delightful girl—clever, entertaining, and lively—indeed so very lively that it is impossible for her not to satisfy the activity of her spirit with a little naughtiness at times. . . .'

The difference in the character and dispositions of the Wordsworth children is often alluded to by Miss Wordsworth. Writing to her friend Henry Crabb Robinson on her return home after a short absence she says (November 6, 1810):—

'There was great joy in the house at my return, which each showed in a different way. They are sweet wild creatures, and I think you would love them all. John is thoughtful with his wildness; Dora alive, active, and quick; Thomas innocent and simple, as a new-born babe. John had no feeling but of bursting joy when he saw me. Dorothy's first question was, "Where is my doll?" We had delightful weather when I first got home; and on the first morning Dorothy roused me from my sleep with "It is time to get up, aunt, it is a *blasty* morning—it *does blast* so." And the next morning, not more encouraging, she said, "It is a *hailing* morning—it hails so hard." You must know that our house stands on a hill, exposed to all *hails and blasts*.'²

¹ *Memorials of Coleorton*, vol. i. p. 144.

² *Diary of H. C. Robinson*. The Wordsworths then resided at Allan Bank, Grasmere.

An affection of the eyes with which the poet was troubled, caused by an inflammation, was at frequent intervals for many years a source of considerable trouble to him, preventing him from reading and writing. The following poem addressed 'To Dora,' was written when his daughter was about twelve years old:—

*'A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on !'*
What trick of memory to *my* voice hath brought
This mournful iteration? For though Time,
The Conqueror, crowns the conquered, on this brow
Planting his favourite silver diadem,
Nor he, nor minister of his—intent
To run before him, hath enrolled me yet,
Though not unmenaced, among those who lean
Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight.

O my own Dora, my belovèd child!
Should that day come—but hark! the birds salute
The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the east;
For me, thy natural leader, once again
Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst
A tottering infant, with compliant stoop
From flower to flower supported; but to curb
The nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er the lawn,
Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge
Of foaming torrents.—From thy orisons
Come forth; and while the morning air is yet
Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,
Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy way,
And now precede thee, winding to and fro,
Till we by perseverance gain the top
Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precipitous
Kindles intense desire for powers withheld
From this corporeal frame; whereon who stands
Is seized with strong incitement to push forth
His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge—dread thought,
For pastime plunge—into the 'abrupt abyss,'
Where ravens spread their plummy vans, at ease!

And yet more gladly thee would I conduct
 Through woods and spacious forests—to behold
 There, how the Original of human art,
 Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and erects
 Her temples, fearless for the stately work,
 Though waves to every breeze, its high-arched roof,
 And storms the pillars rock. But we such schools
 Of reverential awe will chiefly seek
 In the still summer noon, while beams of light,
 Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond
 Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall
 To mind the living presences of nuns :
 A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,
 Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom
 Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,
 To Christ the Sun of Righteousness, espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic lore,
 To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again
 Lie open ; and the book of Holy Writ,
 Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield
 To heights more glorious still, and into shades
 More awful, where advancing hand in hand,
 We may be taught, O darling of my care !
 To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
 And consecrate our lives to truth and love.

The sight of his daughter playing in front of Rydal Mount (to which residence they removed in 1813) on the ' Longest Day ' in 1817, suggested to the poet the poem bearing that title, which is also addressed to her :—

Let us quit the leafy arbour,
 And the torrent murmuring by ;
 For the sun is in his harbour,
 Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters
 Fashioned by the glowing light ;
 All that breathe are thankful debtors
 To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended
Eve renews her calm career:
For the day that now is ended
Is the longest of the year.

Dora ! sport as now thou sportest,
On this platform, light and free;
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,
Are indifferent to thee !

Who would check the happy feeling
That inspires the linnet's song ?
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling
On her pinions swift and strong ?

Yet at this impressive season,
Words which tenderness can speak
From the truths of homely reason
Might exalt the loveliest cheek.

And, while shades to shades succeeding
Steal the landscape from the sight,
I would urge this moral pleading,
Last forerunner of ' Good-night.'

SUMMER ebbs ; each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
In His providence assigned
Such a gradual declination
To the life of humankind.

Yet we mark it not—fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loath to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden !
And when thy decline shall come,
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,
Fix thine eyes upon the sea
That absorbs time, space, and number :
Look thou to Eternity !

Follow thou the flowing river
On whose breasts are thither borne
All deceived, and each deceiver,
Through the gates of night and morn.

Through the year's successive portals ;
Through the bounds which many a star
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,
When his light returns from far.

Thus when thou with Time hast travelled,
Toward the mighty gulf of things,
And the mazy stream unravelled
With thy best imaginings ;

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,
Think how pitiful that stay,
Did not virtue give the meanest
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown ;
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it—if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest damsel of the green,
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine queen.

And ensures those palms of honour
 Which selected spirits wear,
 Bending low before the Donor,
 Lord of heaven's unchanging year!

One of the ecclesiastical sonnets, written about 1821 contains a tender allusion to Dora. Part III. of the series is introduced by the following note. 'When I came to this part of the series I had the dream described in this sonnet. The figure was that of my daughter, and the whole passed exactly as here represented. The sonnet was composed on the middle road leading from Grasmere to Ambleside; it was begun as I left the last house of the vale, and finished, word for word as it now stands, before I came in view of Rydal.'

I saw the figure of a lovely Maid
 Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,
 Whose fondly overhanging canopy
 Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
 No Spirit was she; *that* my heart betrayed;
 For she was one I loved exceedingly;
 But while I gazed in tender reverie
 (Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)
 The bright corporeal presence—form and face—
 Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,
 Like sunny mist—at length the golden hair,
 Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace
 Each with the other in a lingering race
 Of dissolution, melted into air.

As the years passed on in the poet's peaceful household, it was his delight to watch the unfolding of his daughter's intellect and the ripening of her character. She became more and more his companion and grew into graceful, gracious, tender and dignified womanhood. Another instance when she afforded a subject for his muse is found in the poem 'The Parrot and the Wren.'

This poem was written in reference to a parrot belonging to Mrs. Luff, who then lived at Fox-Ghyll, and a wren that had 'haunted for many years the summer-house between the two terraces at Rydal Mount.' After contrasting the characteristics and condition of the two birds, he concludes by the inquiry addressed to his daughter:—

Say Dora! Tell me by yon placid moon,
 If called to choose between the favoured pair,
 Which would you be—the bird of the saloon
 By lady's fingers tended with nice care,
 Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,
 Or Nature's DARKLING of this mossy shed?

A source of great anxiety to her parents from time to time was a certain weakness of constitution, which grew more apparent and appeared to develope as she grew older. The following extracts from letters from her aunt Dorothy to Mr. Crabb Robinson in 1827 have reference to this. On January 6, she writes: 'My dear niece's health is very much improved. She gains strength and flesh. True, she is still invalidish, and will probably be so during the winter; but there seems to be no present cause for anxiety, and, through God's blessing, we trust to the spring for perfect restoration.' A few weeks later she writes: 'Poor Dora is now confined to her room; but this is at present owing to the severe weather, for the cough which first proved her overthrow has been subdued by a blister. My brother's heart would be as much fixed as ever upon Italy were not anxiety kept almost constantly alive. It is our decided opinion that she ought not to pass the next winter here, and all schemes must give way to her benefit. If she be strong enough for so very long a journey, a winter in Italy might be the best. But funds will, I am afraid, be deficient, and it is probable that some warm nook on the southern shore of

England may be fixed upon when summer comes, the time for deciding.'¹

On February 18 she writes again: 'My niece is much the same—not worse, but very delicate; and we are unceasingly anxious, during this cold weather, to keep her from injury. The present morning has brought that kind of fine weather which is delightful to the strong for exercise, but very trying to invalids, though confined wholly to the house as she is. . . .'

With the advent of the warm weather, the health of the young invalid happily improved. Mrs. Wordsworth, writing to Mr. John Kenyon, refers to her daughter's more satisfactory condition: 'Dora, whom you so kindly inquire after, is no longer an invalid; she has become as strong as I ever remember her to have been, but this happy state is only to be depended upon so long as the beautiful weather lasts; she is a complete air gauge as soon as the damp is felt, the trouble of her throat returns, something connected with the trachea, that causes a cough and other inconveniences. To keep this enemy aloof she has not to winter in our weeping climate; therefore before the next rainy season sets in, perhaps in a very few weeks, she, with myself for her attendant, are to quit our pleasant home and friends; but we mean to go to others, and make ourselves as joyous as we can. Our first and longest sojourn will be with my brother at Brinsop Court, near Hereford. . . .'²

In the following year, 1828, Dora accompanied her father and Coleridge upon a tour in Flanders, returning by way of Holland. When passing through the quaint old town of Bruges, an incident occurred which was made the subject of a poem, which shows her sweetly sympathetic disposition. Wordsworth said of it: 'Dora and I, while taking a walk along a retired part of the town, heard the voice as here described, and were after-

¹ *The Transactions of the Wordsworth Society.*

² *Ibid.*

wards informed it was a convent in which were many English. We were both much touched, I might say affected, and Dora moved as appears in the verses.'

In Brugès town is many a street
 Whence busy life hath fled ;
 Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
 The grass-grown pavement tread.
 There heard we, holding in the shade
 Flung from a Convent tower,
 A harp that tuneful prelude made
 To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
 Was fit for some gay throng ;
 Though from the same grim turret fell
 The shadow and the song.
 When silent were both voice and chords,
 The strain seemed doubly dear,
 Yet sad as sweet—for *English* words
 Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve ;
 And pinnacle and spire
 Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
 Clothed with innocuous fire ;
 But, where we stood, the setting sun
 Showed little of his state ;
 And, if the glory reached the Nun,
 'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,
 Nor pity idly born,
 If even a passing Stranger sighs
 For them who do not mourn.
 Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
 Captive, whoe'er thou be !
 Oh ! what is beauty, what is love,
 And opening life to thee ?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
 A feeling sanctified
 By one soft trickling tear that stole
 From the Maiden at my side ;
 Less tribute could she pay than this,
 Borne gaily o'er the sea
 Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
 Of English liberty ?

Reference should also be made in this place to the poem entitled 'The Triad,' which was written in 1828. It is of unusual interest, representing the daughters of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge as the three Graces—the united three. Edith Southey and Dora Wordsworth were nearly of an age, Sara Coleridge being a few years older. From their earliest years they were close friends, and, so far as a distance of about fifteen miles permitted, they were constant companions, for until they left home upon their respective marriages both Sara and Edith resided with Southey at Greta Hall. The poem is well known to lovers of Wordsworth, but the portion of it which portrays Dora should not be omitted. The poem opens by picturing a noble youth—

‘ from the Olympian clime
 Returned, to seek a Consort upon earth ; ’

The poet invokes the attendance of the three :—

‘ Come, like the Graces, hand in hand !
 For ye, though not by birth allied,
 Are Sisters in the bond of love ! ’

In her turn Dora is called. Lovingly does the pencil linger over the fond picture :—

‘ Come, if the notes thine ear may pierce,
 Come, youngest of the lovely Three,
 Submissive to the might of verse
 And the dear voice of harmony,
 By none more deeply felt than Thee ! ’

—I sang; and lo! from pastimes virginal
 She hastens to the tents
 Of nature, and the lonely elements.
 Air sparkles round her with a dazzling sheen;
 But mark her glowing cheek, her vesture green!
 And, as if wishful to disarm
 Or to repay the potent Charm,
 She bares the stringèd lute of old romance,
 That cheered the trellised arbour's privacy,
 And soothed war-wearied knights in rafters hall.
 How vivid, yet how delicate, her glee!
 So tripped the Muse, inventress of the dance;
 So, truant in waste woods, the blithe Euphrosyne!

But the ringlets of that head
 Why are they ungarlanded?
 Why bedeck her temples less
 Than the simplest shepherdess?
 Is it not a brow inviting
 Choicest flowers that ever breathed,
 Which the myrtle would delight in
 With Idalian rose enwreathed?
 But her humility is well content
 With *one* wild floweret (call it not forlorn)
 FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath her bosom worn—
 Yet more for love than ornament.

Open, ye thickets! let her fly,
 Swift as a Thracian Nymph_o'er field and height!
 For She, to all but those who love her, shy,
 Would gladly vanish from a Stranger's sight;
 Though, where she is beloved and loves,
 Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves;
 Her happy spirit as a bird is free,
 That rifles blossoms on a tree,
 Turning them inside out with arch audacity.
 Alas! how little can a moment show
 Of an eye where feeling plays
 In ten thousand dewy rays;

A face o'er which a thousand shadows go!
 —She stops—is fastened to that rivulet's side;
 And there (while with sedater mien,
 O'er timid waters that have scarcely left
 Their birth-place in the rocky cleft
 She bends) at leisure may be seen
 Features to old ideal grace allied,¹
 Amid their smiles and dimples dignified—
 Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth;
 The bland composure of eternal youth!

What more changeful than the sea?
 But over his great tides
 Fidelity presides;
 And this light-hearted Maiden constant is as he.
 High is her aim as heaven above,
 And wide as ether her good-will;
 And, like the lowly reed, her love
 Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill:
 Insight as keen as frosty star
 Is to *her* charity no bar,
 Nor interrupts her frolic graces
 When she is far from those wild places,
 Encircled by familiar faces.

O the charm that manners draw,
 Nature, from thy genuine law!
 If from what her hand would do,
 Her voice would utter, aught ensue
 Untoward or unfit;
 She, in benign affections pure,
 In self-forgetfulness secure,
 Sheds round the transient harm or vague mischance
 A light unknown to tutored elegance:
 Hers is not a cheek shame-stricken,
 But her blushes are joy-flushes;

¹ This is said by Sara Coleridge to be an allusion to a supposed likeness between Dora Wordsworth's contour of face and the Memnon in the British Museum.

And the fault (if fault it be)
 Only ministers to quicken
 Laughter-loving gaiety,
 And kindle sportive wit—
 Leaving this Daughter of the mountains free,
 As if she knew that Oberon, king of Faery,
 Had crossed her purpose with some quaint vagary,
 And heard his viewless bands
 Over their mirthful triumph clapping hands.

It was near the close of this year that the poet's sister Dorothy was taken alarmingly ill while on a visit to Whitwick, where her nephew John had received an appointment to a curacy. Mrs. Wordsworth having gone to be with her sister-in-law, and Wordsworth himself suffering from his eyes, Dora not only had for some time the care of the household, but also acted as her father's amanuensis, who, writing to a friend said: 'Dora is my housekeeper, and did she not hold the pen, it would run wild in her praises.'

Shortly after this the Rev. John Wordsworth was appointed to the incumbency of Moresby, in Cumberland. The following letter, dated April 22, 1830, has reference to a visit paid by Dora to him at that place: 'John is very happy at Moresby. . . . His mother spent three weeks with him in the winter, and Dora is now his companion, and will remain till fetched home by her father, who finds a sad want of her; but he willingly submits, the young people being so very happy, and her health improved with sea air and horse exercise with her brother. They each have a pony. Her winter's cough has dealt more gently with her than usual, yet she has been so far from well, though with an inexhaustible stock of lively spirits and of activity within doors, though utterly unable to follow the example of her mother's youth and mine in walking. . . . Dora longs to go to Rome; the father would truly like it, the mother would fall into any plans that

could reasonably be formed for such a purpose, and as for me, I think I should lack none of the zeal which would have accompanied me thither twenty years ago.'

The autumn of the year 1831 was signalised by a visit paid to Sir Walter Scott prior to his departure for Naples, where he was intending to pass the winter. Sir Walter was then showing signs of failing in his bodily and mental condition. Wordsworth, writing of this visit, says :—

'At noon on Thursday we left Abbotsford, and on the morning of that day, Sir Walter and I had a close conversation, *tête-à-tête*, when he spoke with gratitude of the happy life which, upon the whole, he had led. He had written in my daughter's album, before he came into the breakfast room that morning, a few stanzas addressed to her; and while putting the book into her hand, in his own study, standing by his desk, he said to her in my presence, "I should not have done anything of this kind, but for your father's sake; they are probably the last verses I shall ever write." They showed how much his mind was impaired, not by the strain of thought, but by the execution, some lines being imperfect, and one stanza wanting corresponding rhymes. One letter, the initial S, had been omitted in the spelling of his own name.'

This occasion also afforded an opportunity of a short tour in the Highlands, with which Dora was 'more delighted than words can tell,' and which was memorialised by the production of the poems 'Yarrow Revisited,' &c. This ramble, in reference to which Wordsworth has said that for more than a month he scarcely saw a newspaper, was attended by much benefit to both. He wrote: 'My spirits rallied, and with exercise—for I often walked scarcely less than twenty miles a day—and the employment of composing verses, amid scenery most beautiful, and at a season when the foliage was most rich and varied, the time flew away delightfully, and when we came back

into the world again, it seemed as if I had waked from a dream, that never was to return. We travelled in an open carriage with one horse, driven by Dora; and while we were in the Highlands I walked most of the way by the side of the carriage, which left us leisure to observe the beautiful appearances. The rainbows and coloured mists floating about the hills were more like enchantment than anything I ever saw, even in the Alps.'

Dorothy, writing to Mr. Crabb Robinson on December 1, 1831, says:—

'When Dora heard of your return, and of my intention to write, she exclaimed, after a charge that I would recall to your mind your written promise, "He must come and spend Christmas with us. I wish he would!" Thus, you see, notwithstanding your petty jarrings, Dora was always, and now is, a loving friend of yours. . . . My brother and Dora visited Sir Walter Scott just before his departure, and made a little tour in the Western Highlands; and such was his leaning to his old pedestrian habits, that he often walked from fifteen to twenty miles in a day, following or keeping by the side of the little carriage, of which his daughter was the charioteer. They both very much enjoyed the tour, and my brother actually brought home a set of poems, the product of that journey.'

¹

In January 1834, Edith Southey was married to the Rev. J. W. Warter. Dora went to Keswick to pass a few days with her old friend and to act as one of her bridesmaids. As may be supposed, the occasion was one of sorrow as well as of joy. Edith thought regretfully of the vacant chair which would be left in her father's house, and Dora shared in the regret, as well for her own sake as for her friend's. We cannot wonder that when Mrs. Warter, a day or two after the marriage, drove through Rydal on their way to the south, and left

¹ *Diary of H. C. Robinson.*

marriage tokens at the foot of the hill for the family at the Mount, 'she was so much affected as to be unable to speak to the person who took charge of them.' Dorothy writes about this time: 'I was beginning to hope that Dora might summon the resolution to go to Leamington after the marriage, but this she now declares she cannot do; she should be so very wretched at a distance from her father, till his eyesight is more strengthened and secure; so we must now look forward to the time when the two may venture on their travels together, which I hope, whenever it is, may take them within reach of you.'

The diary of Mr. Crabb Robinson contains the following reminiscence of a visit to Rydal at the Christmas of 1835: 'Wordsworth's daughter Dora—Dorina, as I call her by way of distinction—was in somewhat better health than usual, but generally her state of health was a subject of anxiety. She was the apple of her father's eye.'

Under date February 20, 1836, Mrs. Wordsworth writes to Mr. Robinson: 'Dora with her tender love, . . . bids me add that she has hitherto considered you a true friend, and hopes you still are so; but if you were aware of the flatteries which, almost every other day, her father has poured in upon him, you would be slow to increase, for our sakes, the number. For he is really, she says, growing so vain, she cannot keep him in any kind of order.'

Upon the approach of another Christmas, 1836, Mrs. Wordsworth again writes: 'Last evening, when we were all sitting drowsily over the fire, I sagely observed, "I think Mr. Robinson has cut us," to which Dora replied, "Will the Sun cut us?"'

Notwithstanding the playful allusion in 'The Triad,' Wordsworth's passionate attachment to his daughter made him desire to keep her at her old home, and it was with

difficulty he could become reconciled to the thought of her marriage.

Among their friends was Mr. Edward Quillinan, a man of high character and distinguished attainment. A native of Oporto and the son of Roman Catholic parents, he had been sent to England in very early life, and there educated. When about seventeen years of age a commission was purchased for him in the army, and he subsequently served in the Light Dragoons in the latter part of the Peninsular campaign. On the restoration of peace, and during other intervals of leisure, he turned his attention to literature, and from time to time wrote poems of considerable merit. He had in 1817 married Jemima, a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., of Denton Court, near Dover. Being in the year 1821 quartered at Penrith, he introduced himself to Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, and from thence sprang the long friendship which afterwards existed between them, and which eventually resulted in closer connection. Mr. Quillinan was so charmed with our beloved lake-land, and delighted so much in the society of its great poet, that he left the army and settled at Rydal with his wife and young daughter, Jemima Katherine, then two years old. Here a second daughter, Rotha (so named after the pleasant river on whose banks he lived), was born. Here, also, he sustained the terrible bereavement which darkened his life for many years and rendered his two little girls motherless. The dressing-gown of Mrs. Quillinan having caught fire she sustained such injuries that she died in a few days. Mr. Quillinan's friendship with the Wordsworths was cemented by this common sorrow, and the devoted ministrations of Dorothy Wordsworth and her niece to the little ones. Shortly after this sad event, Mr. Quillinan went to reside near Canterbury, and remained there for many years. It was not until nineteen years had passed that the long attachment which had existed

between him and Dora Wordsworth resulted in their marriage. Notwithstanding their friendship, Wordsworth was not for a long time willing to give his consent.

Sir Henry Taylor, alluding to Miss Fenwick's connection with the Wordsworths and Dora's marriage, says:—

'At this time her influence over him was invaluable to the family. His love for his only daughter was passionately jealous, and the marriage which was indispensable to her peace and happiness was intolerable to his feelings. The emotions—I may say the throes and agonies of emotion—he underwent were such as an old man could not have endured without suffering in health, had he not been a very strong old man. But he was like nobody else—old or young. He would pass the night, or most part of it, in struggles and storms, to the moment of coming down to breakfast; and then, if strangers were present, be as easy and delightful in conversation as if nothing was the matter. But if his own health did not suffer, his daughter's did, and this consequence of his resistance, mainly aided, I believe, by the temperate but persistent pressure exercised by Miss Fenwick, brought him at length, though far too tardily, to consent to the marriage. On May 6, 1841, Miss Fenwick writes from Bath: "Our marriage still stands for the 11th, and I do sincerely trust nothing will interfere with its taking place on that day, for all parties seem prepared for it. Mr. Wordsworth behaves beautifully."¹

The marriage took place as arranged. After returning to Rydal Mount, where they passed some weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Quillinan resided a year or two in London, and afterwards at Ambleside. The summers of 1843 and 1844 were spent on the island on Windermere, lent to them by Mr. Curwen. On August 25, 1843, writing to Mr. Crabb Robinson, Mr. Quillinan says: 'On Friday, Mr. Wordsworth accompanied Dora and me by water to

¹ *Autobiography of Henry Taylor*, vol. i. p. 337.

Low Wood, whence Dora went to Rydal in a car, and thence to Brigham with James in her father's phaeton. She went to take care of her brother's children, according to promise, while John and his wife are absent, or such part of the time as may be arranged. Very inconvenient and desolate for me is her absence, but it was a duty that called her away. Had she been here, I should have thought I could not find time to write to you such a "lengthy prose."'¹

In May of 1844, Mr. Quillinan, writing from Ambleside to the same friend, says:—

'Dora's best love to you. I wish you could have seen our good neighbours, and C—'s pleased smile when he saw his name included among the friends to whom you sent greetings. Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth started for Brigham to see the grand-children. Dora remains at Rydal Mount in care of her aunt till they return. My girls are on a visit to a young friend at Grasmere for a few days. What a heavenly-earthly season it is! It is enough to live and breathe such air, see such flowers, such stars, such moonlight, such variety of vegetation, and vapour, and shadow on lake and mountain, and to hear such joyous carolling from every bush.'²

The felicity of these few brief happy years was clouded by the continued delicacy of Mrs. Quillinan. She was advised to have a sea voyage and to spend some time in the south. Accordingly, in the spring of 1845, she accompanied her husband and her elder step-daughter, Jemima, whose place was subsequently taken by the younger, to Portugal, where they passed the following winter, and afterwards spent some time in the south of Spain. Of this visit, Mrs. Quillinan kept a journal which, it has been said, 'abounds in graceful description, and

¹ *Diary of H. C. Robinson.*

² *Memoir of Edward Quillinan.*

indicates that health was restored and cheerfulness maintained, during their pilgrimage in the sunny south.'

Returning to England in July 1846, they took up their abode at Loughrigg Holme. This residence had been occupied by Mr. Carter, Wordsworth's assistant in the stamp office, and was enlarged for the Quillinans during their absence abroad. In this delightful retreat, which stands at the foot of Loughrigg on the bank of the Rothay, they looked forward to years of happy intercourse and peaceful life. Here Mrs. Quillinan prepared her journal for the press. It was shortly afterwards published in two volumes, and contained the following simple dedication: 'These notes are dedicated in all reverence and love to my Father and Mother, for whom they were written.'

The improvement in her health proved, however, to be only temporary. Towards the end of the year she went to Carlisle to assist in the preparation of the house of her youngest brother, who was about to marry. This winter journey resulted in a cold, the effects of which she never cast off. Shortly after her return she went to stay for a time at Rydal Mount, during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth at Westminster, when she became rapidly worse. Her parents were summoned home early in April, and by the end of the month all hope of her recovery had been abandoned. She had not strength to rally. It is needless to say how intense was the sorrow of her husband and family.

Writing to a friend, Mr. Quillinan says: 'She asked me several particulars, to every one of which I answered faithfully, so she was put in full possession of the truth. The spirit in which she received the awful intimation, and with which she continues to bear to look it in the face, is in every respect admirable; so humble, so self-censuring for faults of temper, which the delicacy of her conscience magnifies, yet so cheerful; so hopeful of the mercy of

God, so willing to live, yet so resigned to die; and so loving withal, and so considerate.'

Mrs. Arnold, writing to Mr. Crabb Robinson on June 1, 1847, says:—

'Dear Mr. Wordsworth comes forth occasionally to see his old friends, and yesterday morning when I saw him slowly and sadly approaching by our birch-tree, I hastened to meet him, and found that he would prefer walking with me around our garden boundary, to entering the house and encountering the larger party. So we wandered about here, and then I accompanied him to Rydal, and he walked back again with me, through the great field, as you can so well picture to yourself. This quiet intercourse gave me the opportunity of seeing how entirely our dear friends are prepared to bow with submission to God's will. No one can tell better than yourself how much they will feel it, for you have had full opportunities of seeing how completely Dora was the joy and sunshine of their lives; but, by her own composure and cheerful submission, and willingness to relinquish all earthly hopes and possessions, she is teaching them to bear the greatest sorrow which could have befallen them.'¹

And so it was at Rydal Mount, which had been her home for nearly all the forty three years of her life—the scene of her childish gladness, her youthful love, her tender devotion, her life's intense feeling—that the poet's daughter lay patiently waiting the end. 'More than two months passed away. They were months of sadness and sorrow to them. But she who was the object of their care was cheerful. She knew that her end was near, and she looked steadily and calmly at it. None of her natural courage and buoyancy failed her, and it was invigorated and elevated by faith. She gradually declined, and at length her spirit departed, and she fell asleep in peace.'²

¹ *H. C. Robinson's Diary.*

² *Memoirs of Wordsworth.*

Under date July 10, 1847, Mr. Crabb Robinson writes in his diary: 'This morning I received a short note from Quillinan, dated yesterday: "At 1 A.M., my precious Dora, your true friend—breathed her last." Hardly a word more.' Wordsworth himself wrote to his nephew: 'Last night (I ought to have said a quarter to one this morning) it pleased God to take to Himself the spirit of our beloved daughter, and your truly affectionate cousin. She had latterly much bodily suffering; in which she supported herself by prayer and gratitude to her heavenly Father for granting her to the last so many of His blessings. I need not write more. Your aunt bears up under this affliction as becomes a Christian.'¹

She was laid to rest in the corner of Grasmere churchyard near her little brother and sister, who had died in early life, and where so many of her race have since been gathered to her side. The stone at the head of her grave containing her name is inscribed with the words: 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'

Wordsworth and his son-in-law were drawn still nearer by the bond of common loss. Writing of the poet, Sir Henry Taylor says of him: 'At his daughter's death, a silence *as* of death fell upon him, and though during the interval between her death and his own, his genius was not at all times incapable of its old animation, I believe it never again broke into song.' We are told that when, three years later,² the aged poet himself lay dying, his wife, in order to let him know the medical opinion, whispered, 'William, you are going to Dora.' For the moment he did not seem to notice the remark, but about twenty-four hours after, when the curtains of his room were drawn aside, he said, as if arousing from slumber, 'Is that Dora?' Shortly after, the newly-made widow had to bear the news of her bereavement to her invalid sister-in-law,

¹ *Memoirs of Wordsworth*, by Dr. C. Wordsworth.

which she did in the words, 'He has gone to Dora.' Few scenes in literary history are more pathetic than this heart-moving picture.

Of Mr. Quillinan's poems and sonnets, containing touching allusions to his loss, the following may find a fitting place:—

A REQUEST.

Two graves in Grasmere vale, yew-shaded both,
 My all of life, if life be love, comprise.
 In one the mother of my children lies,
 Fate's blameless victim in her bloom of youth:
 The other holds the constancy and truth
 That never failed me under darker skies,
 When subtle wrongs perplex'd me. Her, whose eyes
 Saw light through every wildering maze uncouth.
 Between those graves a space remains for me:
 O lay me there, wherever I may be
 When met by Death's pale angel; so in peace
 My dust near theirs may slumber till the day
 Of final retribution or release
 For mortal life's reanimated clay.

This request was soon fulfilled. In four years Mr. Quillinan followed his devoted wife, and on July 12, 1851, he was buried between the two he had so well loved, his grave forming one of the famous group in the corner of the 'Churchyard among the Mountains.'

PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST EDITION

IF I had set out from home with the project of writing a book, I might as well perhaps have gone to Portugal as to any remoter quarter ; for there is no accessible portion of the globe that has not been visited and described ; and after all the fightings and writings in and on Portugal, there is, I believe, no country in Europe that is less thoroughly familiar to us, none indeed which has been more imperfectly explored by tourists. It is still in fact a labyrinth to strangers, just as Spain was one immense maze of labyrinths till the other day, when Mr. Ford supplied the clue by the production of his methodical, comprehensive, and most intelligent handbook—too humble a name for so high a work—shaming the De la Bordes and all preceding pioneers through that vast wilderness. A similar publication on Portugal, on a scale of course proportionably reduced, and therefore a labour comparatively moderate, would be

precious from the same hand, not only to foreigners but to natives—especially if written in a spirit of courtesy, which we too often dispense with in our comments on the Portuguese, but to which they are nevertheless well entitled. Childe Harold's rash and unlordly sneer has become vulgar in the mouth of Echo, and is therefore unworthy of repetition by a writer like Mr. Ford. 'Our old and faithful ally,' Lusitania, revolts at the airs of affectionate contempt with which she is patronised by England, and if we would reclaim any particle of her good-will, we should learn to repress our superciliousness, and

' Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind.'

The worst symptom of her modern character, and one indeed which to us at a distance does make the Portuguese appear ridiculous, is that everlasting *civil-warring* on a small scale, which seems to begin without a plan, to pause without a result, and after a sudden lull to be resumed without any definite aim. But for these turbulent humours the mass of the people are far less to blame than some of their upstart rulers, who, availing themselves of the evils of a disputed succession, have made the instability of the throne and the fever of the public mind subserve their dishonest ambition, like thieves to whom an earthquake or a fire is an opportunity for plunder.

A stranger has little to apprehend from the natives, even when they are in commotion, if he will

but refrain from intermeddling in the quarrel. If he has the good fortune to be among them as we were, between the moves, he is safe enough. As for me, though of the sex in whom cowardice is no disgrace, I cannot say I anticipated hazard, or required much persuasion, in rambling out of the beaten tracks in a country where so few English ladies ever travel at all. Nor have I any personal adventure to relate ; for, as we met none, I resisted the temptation of getting up a few ' moving accidents and hairbreadth 'scapes,' and of so giving to my Journal the attraction of a Story-book. The truth is, as I believe, that unless you lay yourself out for danger by some bravado, or some indiscretion of temper, or by neglect of such ordinary precautions as are customary and reasonable, you may, when the country is not overrun with *civil warriors*, travel in Portugal as securely, if not so smoothly, as you can navigate the Thames from Vauxhall to Richmond, or as you may ascend the Nile from Cairo to the Cataracts, where, under the protectorate of Mehemet Ali, you have for the present no chance of an adventure if you do not make one for yourself ; and hardly of a new one even then, unless you could outdo Mr. Waterton, and ride an alligator up the Rapids to Assuan.

The following Diary, prepared solely for my friends at home, will in no degree help to supply the want that I have mentioned of a complete guide-book for Portugal, nor even for the limited portion

of it which I have seen. It gives but a slight notice here and there of a few of the more remarkable objects that to me had all the charm of uncommonness ; and it is diffuse only on the attractive beauty and freshness of the landscapes, and on the generally amiable character of the inhabitants. On the first of these two subjects, the natural scenery, I have dwelt with a fondness that may expose me to the raillery of having produced rhapsodies ‘ where pure description holds the place of sense ; ’ on the other topic, the good qualities of the Portuguese people, I can truly say, ‘ As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterised them.’ My main inducement, indeed, to the publication of this desultory Journal is the wish to assist in removing prejudices which make Portugal an avoided land by so many of my roving countrymen and countrywomen, who might find there much to gratify them if they could be persuaded that it does not deserve the reproach of being merely a land of unwashed fiery barbarians and over brandied port-wine. The shores of the Minho and of the Douro, as well as of the Tagus, so long called ‘ the home-station ’ of our Navy, are now easy of access as the banks of the Rhine ; and almost the whole length of the inland country, from Braganza to Faro, has, to most of our travellers who have been everywhere else, the grand recommendation of being *new*. It is to this ‘ great fact,’ the possibility of finding novelty even yet in the Old World, and in a

quarter within three days' voyage from the Isle of Wight, that I would call their attention, and not theirs only, but that also of rambles from the New World, the countrymen of Prescott and Washington Irving, of whom every year brings so many to the Mediterranean side of Spain, yet so few to this, the Atlantic shore of Spain and westernmost coast of Europe—a shore which ought peculiarly to interest all Americans—for hither swam Columbus from his burning ship, here he found a home and a wife, and here he meditated and prepared his plan of discovery long before Isabella's patronage enabled him to realise it. Here, too, Martin Boehm found patronage; here Magellan and Alvares Cabral were born; and here, in the service of king Emanuel, died Americus, the man from whom half the globe so strangely received a name.

In looking over my notes, now that they are printed, I fear that some observations on English prejudice may wear an ungracious air of censoriousness, as if I were lecturing my own countrywomen while praising the Portuguese. Ungracious truly, and even ungrateful should I be, who am much indebted to the civilities of English ladies at Oporto, if I could intend to express myself with discourtesy to them. My remarks are made in the spirit of my motto *por bem*, in answer to some of my friends, by whom, I think, the Portuguese are misunderstood. For example, we often heard of Portuguese mean-

ness as to household arrangements and other matters that are simply conventional, and to which we apply the reproach of sordidness, because they differ from ours. This is surely inconsiderate. Many of our usages are open to similar censure from them, if they chose to make their particular notions the arbitrary rule of right or wrong. They might compare, for instance, with ours, or with that of the French, their mode of proceeding in so strict a test of generosity as a creditor's legal power over his debtor. Every one knows that in a case of bankruptcy with us, the insolvent merchant or trader is compelled to make a surrender of every particle of property in his possession, and that the obligation is pretty rigidly enforced, except perhaps as to the watch in his pocket. His furniture and all his household goods go to the auctioneer's hammer as a matter of course, not excepting the cradle in which his babe slept the night before. This severe justice the Portuguese creditor might stigmatise as meanness; for, though the law gives him ample power over 'the assets,' he never molests the family of a debtor, by sending a broker to take an inventory of his furniture—never dreams of demanding a list of the watches, gold chains, pearls, jewels, trinkets of any sort, that may be possessed by his wife or daughters; never inquires into the amount or value of these things—never meddles with them at all; and it is to be observed that the Portuguese creditor, so far from withholding

the benefit of such lenity from the foreign resident who may happen to fail in his debt, is usually observant of even greater delicacy to a stranger in such circumstances than to one of his own people. In a commercial city like Oporto, where Bacchus sits soberly at his ledger, vigilant of profit and loss, such gentleness to distress rather implies magnanimity than meanness.

JOURNAL
OF A
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AND
GLIMPSES OF SPAIN

Southampton : May 7, 1845.

‘QUEEN’ steamer weighed anchor at 3 P.M. All well as we sailed down the river. A noisy, merry dinner, at which eleven out of the twelve passengers were present : quickly one after another disappeared, and before we had passed the Needles there was but one gentleman left in the saloon. It blew a gale in the Channel, and this increased as we approached the Bay of Biscay, and there we had a storm. We lost our top-sail, and the morning greeting of a sailor to a comrade on May 10 was, ‘ Dirty weather this, more like November than May ; ’ and as the captain was making his way along the fore part of the vessel—rather a dangerous navigation, for the waves were dashing over the deck as if determined to sweep away all before them—I overheard him say a little impatiently, ‘ One need be web-footed in a ship like this.’ But a good little ship she is, and right steadily and boldly did she work her course. We were off Corunna soon after sunset on the 10th ; but the wind

blew so strong, our captain thought it prudent not to attempt to enter the bay till daylight should clear away all difficulties. Those among us who had never crossed this stormy sea before thanked him for the delay when we found ourselves on deck at 5 A.M. on the 11th, for the first time since we left the Hampshire coast, and our vessel quietly anchored in the centre of that beautiful land-locked bay—the bright sunshine falling upon the white walls of the town, which seems to grow out of the water, and runs more than half-way up the green sloping heights, the summits of which are fringed with red-capped windmills. The outline of the hills behind these heights reminded me of the Troutbeck mountain range as seen from the large island on Winandermere. Boats pushing off from the shore, some very rude in form, some of less primitive shape, but all gay and picturesque. The two which brought the government officers recalled to memory that description of Camoens beginning—

‘Hum batel grande, e largo, que toldado
 Vinha de sedas de diversas cores,
 Traz o Rei de Melinde, acompanhado
 De nobres de seu reino ’—

though, instead of a black prince with his attendant chiefs—

‘Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed ’—

they brought only Galician functionaries from the custom-house and board of health. There were the awning, under which sat the important officer, the oarsmen, the sea sparkling under the stroke of the oar, the earnest and, to me, unintelligible jabber of the men as they closely examined our iron steamer,

whilst their master was engaged with our postmaster and captain in the cabin. All this there was to gratify the eye, and the ear was cheered by sound of Sabbath bells calling to matins. Well might such a scene make us forget the horrors of a three days' weltering in the Bay of Biscay.

We were too soon again in motion, and too soon was I obliged to quit the deck; but not before I had stored in my mind a picture of the entrance to Corunna, and had had pointed out to me the spot where Sir John Moore now rests; and had admired again and again the track of foam which the vessel left behind her, and which, lighted up by the brilliant sunshine, appeared as of shivered emeralds. But Cape Finisterre was lost to me, nor could I gaze upon the glories of 'a sunset at sea,' nor look upon the lights which told where Vigo stood; but I could hear, more distinctly than was agreeable, the noise and clamour made by some deck passengers who here came on board with baskets full of poultry—fowls, turkeys, ducks, geese—which they were taking to the Lisbon market; and difficult would it have been to decide whether the cries of alarm from the birds, or those of anger, as it seemed, from the men, were more discordant. Birds and bearers were at last quieted, and we steamed away as smoothly and as silently as a steamer can steam: the stars shone brightly, and the crescent moon astonished me by the power of her light. We who were bound for Oporto were not a little anxious for the continuance of calm weather, and not a little thankful to find, at 5 A.M., May 12, on arriving off the mouth of the Douro, that the bar was not 'up.' The morning

was glorious; sea studded with open boats, many filled with fishermen, but more carrying peasants to the famous festa at Matozinhos. A boat came out to us from 'The Huts'; the luggage was first stowed therein, and then the passengers: a pretty load! Merry pilot, merry rowers—there were twelve of them—merrier passengers. Hardly had we cleared the rocks, and shot under shelter of the breakwater, when boatmen rushed out of the boat into the sea to the shore; men, women, and children, rushed from the shore into the sea towards the boat; and by aid of all these persons the packages and passengers were indiscriminately carried to land. Donkeys were in waiting to carry our party to The Foz; we mounted them, leaving all the luggage in a heap on this wild coast, surrounded by a crowd of people wild-looking as savages, with their bare necks, bare arms, bare legs and feet, waiting till the custom-house officer should give to each the burthen that was to be carried to the custom-house at Oporto, more than three miles distant—a very inconvenient and stupid process. I looked with amazement at the girls as they passed *us*, tripping away with huge boxes on their heads—boxes that two of them could not have raised from the ground; or as we again passed *them* when they had stopped to talk with some friend upon the road, unconcerned about the weight upon their heads as if it had been a bag of down. The first flower I saw in Portugal was our own little English sea-sand bladder-plant; and in the first room I entered there was blazing in an English grate an English coal fire—but we went to the house of an English gentleman. Much, however, within

the house, and all outside the house, was sufficiently *un-English* to satisfy my craving after foreign novelties.

To give a true and lively picture of St. John's da Foz, and of the scenery of the Douro up to Oporto, I cannot do better than extract, by permission, a few passages from a story called 'The Belle':—

'A motley place is this village of Foz. Suppose in about latitude 41, longitude $8\frac{1}{3}$, a ragged curve of rocks of sundry shades, from yellowish brown to black, ranging in height from three or four to fifteen or twenty feet, and broken into a thousand forms by the everlasting pressure of the Atlantic Ocean on this salient portion of the Old World. Suppose, among these wave-rent rocks, many sands, creeks, and little bays; within them a sloping shore of soft deep sand, surmounted by a rough bank on which a village has been constructed on a scheme as rude and irregular as that of the rocks it overlooks. What must have been originally a hamlet for fishermen is now the fashionable sea-bathing place of the north of Portugal. Huts and hovels of the meanest appearance remain unabashed by the taller and more commodious residences that have sprung up among them for the reception of summer visitants. This village, which covers a considerable extent of ground, is intersected by several ill-paved lanes, called streets by courtesy; and these are linked by others still narrower, winding up and down in eccentric carelessness, and wandering among garden-walls. On a moderate height, at the northern extremity of the place, is the lighthouse of "Our Lady of the Light." The broad substantial church is con-

spicuous in the centre of the village, amidst a cluster of houses of all sizes. Below the church, on a tongue of land that projects into the sea, stands the little sullen fort that defends the mouth of the harbour, and domineers over the in-coming and out-going shipping. The opposite shore, the left bank of the river, is a stiff ridge, darkened with pine-trees. At its base are some huge greyed stones. A bank of sand, called the Cabedello, runs across the harbour, of which the mouth, between that bank and the port, is therefore very narrow. Just without the entrance to the river are many sunken and some visible rocks, with shifting sands among them, and these form the Bar of Oporto. Eastward of the fort is an unfinished wall of strong masonry, checking the tide, and within it is a large area of sand where the fishermen make, mend, and dry their nets, and bleach their wet sails in the sun' (and where we used to canter on horse-back to and fro by the hour, our horses full of fire and frolic, starting back from the half-spent foam-crested wave as it was about to break over their feet). 'This is called the Lower Cantereira. Between it and the Upper Cantereira, a pleasant, thinly-planted walk along the river-side, towards Oporto, are two sloped causeways, flagged—landing-places for the city boats and the fishermen's *catrayas*.

'This little scattered chaos of sombre rocks, yellow sands, white walls, and red-tiled roofs, of tenements incongruously spread, or rather thrown as if by chance, in clumps and patches, here huddled in bunches and there diffused in thin lines, is San João da Foz. Yet even in its architecture there are some things that strike the eye of the stranger as having

a character of elegance, particularly the stone crosses that are seen above the various chapels and oratories and, from some points of view, when the eye comes upon them suddenly, have a singularly magical appearance: for instance, when they are seen over trellises of vines that hide the building to which they belong, and show the crosses, self-poised, as it were, in air. The stone fountains, too, with their picturesque frequenters, are always pleasing objects.

‘At the back of the village are fields of grass, and rye, and maize, and dark pine-groves, so resinously fragrant after showers. All these objects, and, above all, that grand, ever-variable ocean, and the glorious sunny skies,’—made our sojourn from May to November perfectly delightful. One of our grand amusements was to go down to the beach to witness the bathing.

Here again I take the liberty of extracting the account given of this exceedingly picturesque and very strange scene, in ‘The Belle’:—

‘On a sandy flat, flanked by dark and rugged patches of rock, square tents are pitched, and thus a compact hamlet is formed of poles and canvas, with straight spaces of pathway, necessary for access to the tents, which are the dressing-rooms for the bathers. Persons of all stations come hither to bathe; while idlers, male and female, stand on the ledges of rocks and on the sands, and gaze at them as they go into these mysterious cabins, attired in their usual dresses, gay or sordid, and as they come out again—the women, clad to the throat in coarse full robes of blue frieze’ (their hair beautifully arranged, braided on the forehead, secured by bands of ribbon, and

hanging down the back in long plaits tied with ribbon, pink or blue, like the one which encircles the head), 'the men in jackets and trousers of the same material as the dresses of the women. Assistants, both male and female, who look like cousins-german to the Tritons, conduct the bathers into the sea, and hold them while there—ducking and sousing them in every big wave that comes threatening and storming over them, like a platoon of soldiers firing with blank cartridge. The bathers stand as the wave approaches, then "duck the flash"; the wild water blusters over them; then they rise, and pant, and sob, clinging to their guides. It is not unfrequent to see stout young fellows thus led into the water by bathing women, and hugging them with all the tenacity of girls afraid of being drowned. You have the blind, the lame, and the halt; the young and the handsome of both sexes, the hale and the infirm, the old, old man, and more haggard old woman, and the whimpering cherub child, all floundering in the waves together, like the crew and passengers of a wreck. Among these groups of ghastly old visages and swart young faces, illuminated by black flashing eyes, may now and then be seen two or three fair daughters of the North, English or German. The sight of all these people thus grouped and huddled together in or on the margin of a basin of the sea, and so many of them aged and feeble, suggests the idea of a Pool of Bethesda. An English person just landed on these shores looks on the scene with wonder and distaste, and resolves that his wife or his daughters, who probably are also turning away from it as if they questioned the decorum of the exhibition,

shall never be seen in such a situation. He and they get accustomed to it, however, and the next, or perhaps before the expiration of this very season, the fairest form that issues from the wave in a saturated blue frieze garment is that of his own wife or daughter.

‘Few Englishmen bathe here. They prefer another and certainly a better bathing-place, *Os Carreiros*, which *they* call The Huts, about half a mile away, where we landed. In this they are right; but the English here, as all the world over, are too exclusively English in their tastes. They even have at this little watering-place a separate and most inconvenient promenade below the lighthouse, a rough uneven causeway, approached by a rougher road, which might be smoothed at small cost. Such a promenade! Our very horses were inclined to be restive when we turned their heads in that direction; and then, when they had ploughed and plunged through the deep loose sand in which great stones were dangerously concealed, what pleasure did they evince on coming out upon the firm turf which covers the rising ground above The Huts! The English get more of the sea air here, it is true, but the Upper Cantereira, where, especially on Sunday evenings, the natives grave and gay assemble by hundreds, is not only a more social, but a level public walk; whereas the English *praia*, as it is called, might seem to have been selected for them by their Portuguese shoemakers. But let us return to the Portuguese bathing scene. Carriages of various shapes, the lumberly family coach drawn by oxen, the trim little gaudy post-chaise that looks to have

been "built in the year One," drawn by mules, rarely by horses; gay and painted litters, which are sedan-chairs with mules instead of men for bearers, and all alive with jingling bells, convey the wealthier bathers; and are to be seen soon after daylight, crowded together on the bank, with servants and muleteers, and numerous donkeys, that have also brought their morning votaries to Neptune. Sunday is the favourite day. The sands and the rocks are peopled with groups of all classes; and there is not a group among them which a Northern painter would not seize with avidity as a subject for his art; so various and striking are the features, and attitudes, and costumes, and so different from anything we are accustomed to in the North. This scene continues from dawn till about mid-day. From that time till two o'clock, that is, in the interval between the last Mass and the usual dining hour of the richer class of visitors, this same place is a sort of fashionable lounge, where well-dressed ladies sit in rows on wooden benches, and men stand round them, or cluster on the rocks: and so they stare at each other for two mortal hours, saying little, but looking pins and needles at each other's hearts, from under parti-coloured parasols, and brown or scarlet umbrellas. Many a subtle flirtation is carried on there, unsuspected by or connived at by the guardian elders, fathers, mothers, aunts.' The Portuguese, high and low, have great faith in the efficacy of a course of sea baths, and all seem to think there is a charm in exact numbers. The Fidalgo will on no account cease from his dippings till *his* number, whatever it may be, seventy or ninety, or more or

less, is complete ; and the poor man who may be able to spare only *one* day from daily labour will compress his number into the twenty-four hours, taking forty or fifty, or perhaps more dips in that space of time. There is a charm in days, too, and the anniversary of St. Bartholomew is among the poorer classes the great day. This year it fell upon a Sunday, and the concourse of people was immense. The shore was literally covered with bathers, thick as they could stand, for two or three miles. The process began before five o'clock A.M., and was on this day scarcely ended at sunset. The peasants come from great distances, are dressed in their holiday attire, and strange as various were the costumes that presented themselves to my English eye in our village, the Foz, this day. The massive gold chains and ear-rings of the women surprised me most ; chain upon chain, the weight of which *must* have been oppressive to many a slender neck that I saw thus adorned. One figure of a group that passed through the village made even the Portuguese look round—a lady on a fine black mule, attended by a gentleman on a very handsome black horse, and followed by two running footmen ; and indeed they had to run to keep up with the quick jog-trot of the animals. The Senhor was dressed as any English gentleman might be dressed for taking a ride on the Steyne at Brighton. But his Senhora ! She was the wonder. Attired in a rich, black silk, curiously fashioned, fitting tight to the figure, and showing off the well-rounded waist ; on her head a large, square, clear white muslin kerchief richly embroidered round the edge, falling down the back and below the shoulders, rather standing off

from the shoulders, and upon this a round beaver hat, of a shining jet black. The crown of the hat was also round, with a little inclination to the sugar-loaf shape; the brim might be three inches wide. The white kerchief did not appear on the forehead, but came out from under the hat, just behind the ears, leaving an unobstructed view of a pair of magnificent gold ear-rings; the neck was encircled by massive gold chains, one of which depended as low as the waist.

Temporary wooden houses and booths covered with canvas are erected on these occasions in the yards of the *vendas*, or public-houses, on the shore and in the streets; and there the peasants assemble to take their refreshment, which consists principally of bread and wine and fruit. Thousands are the water-melons that appear and disappear on this day. Here, too, they dance and make merry. The guitar is the instrument most in use, but the fiddle and a sort of drum are also very common; and what indefatigable dancers are the Portuguese during their *festas*! Day and night are alike to them. Repairs were going on in some houses nigh to ours: the workmen, who began their hammering at five in the morning, and whose hammers at 8 P.M. were hardly silent, were not too tired to join in the fun. In fact, they began a dance among themselves as soon as their work was ended, in the very rooms where they had been working, and kept it up till past midnight.

But, perhaps, of all entertainments, fireworks most delight the boys and young men. On one festival eve we heard rockets rapping off incessantly all around us. That same night a certain fashionable

and wealthy tailor of Oporto was not content with illuminating his house brilliantly and sending his rockets up into the air, but he must send them down into the street too, to see, for the fun of the thing, the consternation they would cause among the passers-by; and a rocket actually set fire to a lady's petticoat as she was walking home from the opera. Happily no serious injury was sustained, the alarm, and the destruction of the dress proving the worst of it. It is quite unsafe to ride about the streets at these *fiesta* seasons. Mr. ——¹ was on a spirited horse, going leisurely up one of the narrowest streets of the city about 3 P.M., the day very hot, and therefore he was holding up an umbrella to ward off the sun, when, without the slightest warning, out rushes a little urchin from a gateway, and lets off a rocket right in the face of the horse, which of course bolted round, and it was little less than a miracle how our friend escaped being crushed against one side of the street or the other, the space that the horse had for turning being so confined.

Having dwelt so long upon the disagreeable effects of rockets, I must be excused for describing one scene in which they played no vulgar part. It was at night; the signal gun of our English steamer roused me from a deep sleep. I got up; opened the shutters. A full moon was shining brilliantly; the white breakers of the bar were as visible as they were audible; beyond the bar, southwards, the sea was a plain of burnished—not gold, nor yet silver, but something between—which now glistened, now

¹ Mr. —— may throughout the 'Journal' be taken to refer to Mr. Quillinan.

glittered, as the waves rolled gently along. To the north all seemed wrapped in gloom; but in that direction my heart lay. I again looked anxiously into the deep gloom, and a heave of some friendly wave brought into view a galaxy of bright stars floating upon the waters: it was as if a constellation had come down from the heavens to rest upon these waters. These were lights from the steamer. I watched her long—now in sight, now out of sight, now one twinkling star, then again the whole constellation; and so it continued for, perhaps, half an hour; when, from a point midway between the vessel and the shore, and where before I had not distinguished aught upon the water, rose up as by enchantment a pillar of fire, which, after ascending to an immense height, made a graceful curve, broke, and fell—not noiselessly—into the sea. This was a rocket from the pilot's boat, on its return to land; a signal that all was right, and that the steamer might pursue her way, which she instantly did, as I suppose, for not another star twinkled from the water's breast. The light of the moon was so strong as to enable me to espy the brave little pilot-boat, as she recrossed the white breakers of the bar—a black speck tossed to and fro like a broken plank. What a spot is this Foz for moon-risings and settings and shinings, and for sunsets! Well may the Portuguese have a tradition that *Noah* came to Portugal purposely to see a sunset! and well may Camoens write of sunsets as he does. But *I* will spare you *my* description of such splendours as are hardly to be described,—

‘For they are of the sky,
And from our earthly vision pass away.’

But I must be allowed two or three pages to tell of one or two of the pleasant rides that we took during our six months' residence at the Foz. One of the most invigorating, perhaps, was along the sands to Matozinhos, fording the river Leça, skirting the town of the same name, passing under the walls of the castle, and so, still keeping to the sea-shore, galloping on o'er rough and smooth for full three miles, when all at once you are arrested by the sight of two or three stone crosses poised high in the air, which seem to rise from the top of a grand headland of rock that projects boldly into the sea. You ascend this rugged height, find to your surprise a plot of sloping greensward, and at one extremity of this plot the smallest of small chapels, picturesque in form, and bearing on its roof those crosses which had puzzled us to guess whence they sprung. The chapel is sheltered from the west by a towering portion of the rock on which it is founded, but it is open to the north and south. It is called 'The Chapel of Our Lady of Glad Tidings,' and glad tidings must the sight of those touching crosses carry to the heart of many a weary voyager by sea and land. Continuing your gallop for three or four miles further along the sea-shore, you come to the spot where Don Pedro landed, and where a pillar is erected to commemorate the fact. Returning, as we did, through the village of Mindelo, and there taking to the pine woods, makes a pleasing variety in this long ride, and the pine-wood rides are truly delicious. You canter away along smooth sandy pathways, or over firm turf, and every now and then some opening in the wood gives you a view of the blue sea, the

blue made yet more blue by contrast with the dark green of the pines ; and when a white sail, glittering in the sunshine, chances to appear as it were floating on the top of one of these dark table-pines, or is framed in between their rich red stems, the picture is magical. Another feature there is startlingly affecting—the sound of the church bell, coming to you at any moment, you know not whence ; for when riding through the lonely woods you cannot help fancying yourself far away from the haunts of man.

Another interesting ride was to St. Gens, a little chapel standing on a high hill that rises *solitary* from a vast plain, commanding sea or land as far as the eye can reach in every direction ; a most heart-moving house of prayer—for there it stands on the rocky eminence, lifting its crosses to the heavens, exposed to every wind that blows, with no other protection than that which two once fine, but now time-weakened stone-pines may occasionally afford. It was from under the walls of this chapel that Don Miguel so anxiously watched his numerous troops as they opposed, in the plain below, the small force sent from the city by Don Pedro ; and here Miguel saw his soldiers defeated, and when they began to run he threw down his telescope, and decamped.

To the city by the lower road, and back by Lordello—the village which suffered so severely in the siege, and which still bears the mark of many a cannon-ball—was a favourite ride of mine. The lower road is very beautiful, and a most entertaining thoroughfare of human life.

It runs parallel with the river, and close to it on the right bank ; rows of trees on each side, graceful

stone fountains, shaded by trees—generally weeping willows. About these fountains are women and children filling their pitchers. At the tank below are the *lavandeiras* washing linen, rubbing and beating its *life* out on the hard stones, and singing merrily in concert as they pursue their humble calling. On the road men and boys are driving carts drawn by two or more oxen, the heavy wooden wheels creaking most horribly as they slowly revolve with the lumbering axle-tree. ‘The long dry seesaw of an ass’s bray’ is melodious in comparison. Picturesque figures are for ever passing to and from the city; fish girls, fruit girls (their pretty baskets always on their heads) tripping along with a gay, light step, and hearts as light, if we might judge from their bright looks and joyous voices, and the cheerful greetings they gave us as we met. Groups of fishermen are spreading out their nets to dry, or sitting on the ground before their cottage doors, in the full sunshine, mending them; little children darting in and out of these same doors like rabbits—and often more like the rabbit’s enemy than the rabbit—racing across the road, without a rag of covering, to plunge headlong into the water from a considerable height, and there to play for the hour like so many water-spaniels. They rejoice in this sport most when the tide is coming in great strength; and what roars of laughter burst from these little fellows when half a dozen of them get knocked down by a great wave, which carries them, in spite of their puny resistance, high up on the shore and leaves them there, sprawling on the sand, till a second wave comes to make yet more sport. The river is

as much alive as the road : large vessels and small, open boats, covered boats ; the antique and most picturesque *barco* of the Douro, too. Fancy a Chinese shoe pointed at both ends, and you see something like one of these machines. Then the *scenery* on the river banks : one word on that subject, though the banks of the Douro have been so often described. The same objects may be seen in a thousand different lights, and as variously represented, yet each picture may be true and new ; but I will only tell of what struck me most : the hanging gardens with their rich flowers, and vine-clad arbours, and terrace-walks covered with trellis of vine, and the Quinta with its overhanging roof and irregular outline, its verandahs and *mirante*, and the churches and chapels and chapel-yards, with their simple or elaborate stone crosses crowning the topmost heights ; and here and there a single table-pine growing out of the bare rock, and resting its dark head against the blue sky, and the city of Oporto ‘on its bluff and craggy hills opposed by the heights of Villa Nova and the Serra Convent, with the many-coloured Douro flowing between.’ But the beggars—say you nothing of them ? What can I say after the writer I have already quoted ? But I can vouch for the accuracy of his report. They go on all through the day, ‘canting, whining, squalling, screaming at your door, or within your porch, or on your staircase. It is of little use to close your outer door, for they make no ceremony of knocking till it be opened, nor will they move from the place or cease their cant till the surly voice of one of your servants stops them with, “It cannot be now !”’ We had another sort of beggar

at our portal, a pet pig. Swine are pets, and cunningly knowing pets in Portugal. Ours was a pretty, round, plump, short-legged little fellow, who used to come grunting first at the outer door; if not attended to there, he walked forward, and grunted for some time in the hall, and if no notice was then taken of him, he would mount two or three of the steps, and there squeal and squeak until we went to him, and he would not quit the place until something was given to him. Piggy was an epicure: he evidently preferred the sweet melon to the water-melon; but the seeds of the water-melon were what he liked best of all the delicacies we hunted up for him, unless it were sweet chestnuts; apples, too, he was very fond of, and figs if they were ripe and good. He knew our voices perfectly, and whenever he heard Mr. — talking in the streets, and at a considerable distance too, he would come running to him, and he was unwilling to leave him until his back had been gently rubbed with the foot or the walking-stick; he gave a sort of grunt of thanks, 'while joyfully twinkled his tail,' and then he contentedly withdrew. Pigs and parrots are to be seen at almost every cottage door in the Foz, and both are free of the house, to go in and out when they please. This is not quite correct as to the parrots, for I observed they were not unfrequently chained to the top of the half-door, or to some other place appropriated to them near the door or window. Perhaps these chained birds were not yet quite tame enough to be trusted with liberty, or may-be their mistresses might fear their being stolen. The Portuguese and Gallegos are a little given to petty larceny. Untold gold

is perfectly safe left upon your table, but you must keep good watch over your sideboard and your store-room keys, and it is well, too, to have your wardrobe locked. The Galicians make most pleasant servants, so obliging and so courteous; and my small experience of the Portuguese maid-servants leads me to speak in like terms of them. In sickness nothing can surpass their tender and watchful care and attentions: of this I can speak from my own experience, and all the English with whom I talked on the subject, and many of whom had lived for years in Portugal, confirmed my impression, though too ready, as we English ever are, to find grievous faults with any person and thing out of our own country.

The Portuguese are certainly an industrious people. I have already spoken of the stone-masons who were employed next door to us, and the clink of whose hammers and chisels was to be heard from sunrise till sundown. The men rested at nine o'clock for one half-hour to take a second breakfast; then they set to again, and no cessation till half-past twelve. At two they began again, and went on till after sunset; and this, day by day, till their work was ended. I was surprised to observe that the workmen courted rather than shunned the burning sun; for the blocks of granite which they were hewing into shape were all arranged on the sunny side of the street, when it would have been equally convenient to themselves and the passers-by to have had them placed in the shade. I must say a word or two of the industry of the women, and this is best done by stating exactly what came

under my own observation. The occupation of the woman I am about to give as an example was to drive away the little thieves of birds from a crop of Indian corn in a field adjoining our garden, and extending up a steep slope towards the lighthouse. This woman got up with the birds (before four o'clock) and went to bed with the birds (about eight), and never left the birds all day, but ran to and fro across the sloping ground under a burning sun, or a blustering wind, or a pelting rain, never once resting her poor legs, so far as I could discover, and I chanced at the time to be confined by illness to a room that overlooked this field. She was busy the while, too, with hand and voice; one loud shrill note was for ever repeated, to an instrumental accompaniment not more harmonious—a sort of watchman's rattle. Another instance I may quote, of a tall, handsome young girl who came daily to the house where we were staying. She acted as the *aguadeira*, the water-carrier, bringing from the fountain all the spring water that was required for the day; helping in the garden, weeding or watering; and willing and ready at any moment to be sent up to the city, three miles off, on any sort of errand. Thither she went regularly every other morning; let the weather be what it might, she was off before four o'clock, and home again by eight or nine, bringing on her head, in a large basket, everything used or consumed in the house, except coal. On her return she would sit down for a quarter of an hour whilst she ate her breakfast, then away to the fountain, and if nothing more were required from her, she hastened to her mother's humble cottage; and call there at any

hour when she was not out in some other person's service, you were sure to find her busy with her spindle and distaff, or with her knitting.

The Portuguese knit beautifully, and so very rapidly; and we English might take a lesson from them. They hold their thread so as to make only two movements with the hand, instead of three, as is our mode. The Germans have only two, I believe; but here the manner of holding the thread is different from the German. The needles differ, too; those of the Portuguese are much bent, and have a little hook at the end to catch the thread and draw it through. The Portuguese are very neat needlewomen also; but this is a digression.

I must return to our industrious 'Camilla,' for that was her name. She thought nothing of going even twice up to the city in a morning, and strange burdens did she sometimes bear on her head—at least, what seemed strange to us, fresh from England; one of these was the *half* of a large heavy window. The windows in many of the Portuguese houses are real plagues, being constructed in that primitive fashion which, in default of pulleys, requires a prop for the under-sash when it is lifted up for the admission of air. One stormy day an awful crash was heard; we hastened to the quarter whence the sound came and found that the prop of a window had given way, and the sash had come down with such violence that four of the large panes of glass were forced out and had fallen in shivers into the street. 'Send for Camilla to go up to the city,' and, as I supposed, to fetch the glazier; but no, the window was to go to the glazier, and not

the glazier to come to the window ; and sure enough the clumsy frame was taken out, put upon Camilla's head, and away she walked with it to Oporto, got it mended, and brought it back. This woman is but one instance, you may say ; but every gentleman's house in the Foz would tell you of its *aguadeira* and *carreteira* as industrious as ours. The wages are very low. That woman who laboured from morning till night in the field would not receive more than 3*d.* (English) a day. The wages of the men (out-door labour) about 5*d.* ; mechanics, such as stone-masons, carpenters, &c., about 10*d.* Then it must be remembered that *broa*, the yellow gritty bread made of Indian corn and rye, is very cheap ; so are fruits and vegetables and wine. Here, too, by the sea, the people have seasonable supplies of fresh fish at moderate cost, besides their salted *sardinhas*. A vast quantity of *bacalhao*, or salted cod-fish from Newfoundland, very cheap food, is consumed also by the mariners and labouring classes, and served out as rations to the soldiery. At Oporto the average price of the best meat was 4*d.* per lb. when we were there. Up in the country the best pieces of beef may be had for 2*d.* or 3*d.* Eggs and poultry are plentiful, and consequently are low-priced, which is well, as *calda de gallinha* (chicken-broth) is the sovereign remedy 'for every ill the spittals know.' Newly hatched chickens you see running about the cottage doors every week in the year. Mutton is held by the Portuguese and Galicians in little esteem ; some of the too well fed Gallegos in English houses go so far as to say it is not fit food for Christians ; and, however good the dinner that may be set

before them, unless they have their proper portion of boiled beef (but not boiled quite to rags like the French *bouilli*), they are much dissatisfied; and yet these very men, were they to return to their own homes, would dine contentedly on a piece of salt fish, dry and hard and tough as leather, or on a few *sardinhas*—cured pilchards. On their days of abstinence they live much on vegetable soup: the pumpkin and the vegetable marrow make a capital *soupe maigre* for the poorest. You see acres of land covered with these plants. In the autumn, and late into the winter, how often did I stop to admire the green and golden tints of this magnificent fruit-vegetable, as it was ranged round the low walls of their *eiras*, or on the roofs of the cottages. Interesting objects, likewise, are those *eiras*, where the threshed corn is laid out in the open air to dry, and where the women turn over the grain with the bare feet.

To the Portuguese the cabbage is as important an article of food as to the Scotch and Germans; every hovel has its cabbage-garden—but such cabbages! I have seen them again and again ‘broad and stately,’ and ten feet high at least. Potatoes are, I understood, but little used by the native poor.

The wages of the poor, then, are small, it is true; but happily their wants too are small, and, so far as I could gather, there is no such thing as absolute *starving* poverty, as in England. One grand advantage that the poor of Portugal have over ours is their glorious climate. They require little fuel and little clothing; the latter is principally of coarse woollen cloth, and this they spin themselves, as they do any linen they may require. The women who carry on

their heads poultry, fruit, &c., to the market, spin as they go ; and they sit too, like the men, at their doors, in the full sunshine, spinning, or knitting, or sewing, while their young ones, half naked, are playing about them, and rolling in the sand like little pigs. By the way, though our 'pet pig of the Muses' was a very pretty pig—a quaint Chinese—the porkers of this neighbourhood are generally hideously ugly, immense creatures with great long ears, long backs, rising in the centre like an arch, hollow flanks, and covered with a long softish sort of black hair, but so little of it as to show distinctly the black skin beneath ; and yet the cottagers make pets of these creatures, and they answer to names, and come at call like dogs, and are quite as fond of being talked to and caressed. Almost every house has its dog, too, and a plaguy nuisance these curs are. At the Foz, and in the suburbs of Oporto, they come barking at your horse's heels out of one door after another, till you get a whole pack upon you before you reach the end of the street, and if they leave you there you will find another pack awaiting you in the next street, you may be sure. A year or two ago the magistrates, in order to abate this nuisance, offered so much for the head of every vagrant dog that might be found without its responsible owner in the street. Heads of dogs in plenty were produced for the reward at the police-office ; and the dog-decapitation trade prospered for some days, till it was discovered that not a head nor a hair had suffered of any of the mongrels against which the canine edict was issued, but every gentleman's dog that could be seized, and all the ladies' lapdogs that could be

caught, had been the victims. Of cats, also, there are enough; but it is difficult to recognise the relationship between our long-tailed pert-eared tabbies of England and these earless, tailless cats of Oporto. It is the fashion to cut off their ears and tails; they are the better mousers for such clipping, it is supposed. When I once remonstrated against such a barbarous practice, I was answered by a query which was unanswerable: 'Is it more barbarous than your English fashion of docking your horses' tails, and your dogs' tails and ears too?'

It might be edifying to some of the London world, who dine at night and rise at midday, to hear a history of a day at the Foz—this fashionable watering-place of the North of Portugal. They will be startled at the outset, for they must hear of servants knocking at the sleeping-room door soon after 5 A.M., and of merry voices under the window even before that hour—merry voices from the bathers and their attendants passing to and from the sea. The place is alive with 'fashionables' soon after sunrise, and thus continues till nine o'clock, the usual breakfast hour. When they retire, the vendors of fish, poultry, game, fruits, flowers, oil, charcoal, candles, shoes, shawls, sweetmeats, chocolate, and a long *et cetera*, keep up the bustle till three o'clock, the common dinner-hour. After that the *sesta*—and then the streets would be tolerably quiet, but for the noisy beggars. Before five o'clock the village is again astir, with ladies on foot or on donkey-back, gentlemen on foot or on horseback, children and their nursery-maids and nursery-men, infants under three years old, three or four on one donkey, followed

by two or three running footboys and old nurses—all bound for the *praia*, the sea-shore, and the rocks; there to loiter about, to flirt, and amuse themselves as might suit the age and fancy of each. The sun has long set before these crowds of people return to their homes. The Portuguese have, certainly, no dread of remaining out after sunset, or of exposing themselves to the night air in their balconies; at these they sit and talk with their friends about them, or with such as may chance to pass, till nearly midnight. Some of them are, I fear, gentlemen returning from an adjacent club-house, *alias* gambling-house.

It was between the hours of 4 and 5 P.M. that we set out on those delightful rides to which I have alluded. On our first arrival in Portugal we rode before breakfast; but that we soon gave up, for we found the sun too powerful even by eight o'clock. The ride under such a sun made idlers of us for the day; so we contented ourselves with doing as our neighbours did, keeping to the seaside and near home. Dinner parties, dances, tea-drinks among the rocks, riding parties and picnics were taking place every day; and pleasant parties all these were—for the hours were early, and there was no trouble of preparation, except for the cooks, as even the dances were attended in undress. But the riding parties and the picnics were the most charming; and, oh, the comical scenes and the comical adventures! What food for *Punch*!

I will now give an account of the most extensive of our rides from the Foz, a tour of the province *entre Douro e Minho*. This fertile province, the

smallest except Algarve, and the most populous, and perhaps the most interesting, in all Portugal, extends to the length only of eighteen leagues from north to south, and is twelve leagues in its extremest breadth from east to west at the utmost. It is bounded on the north by the river Minho, which separates it from Galicia; on the west, by the Atlantic Ocean; on the south, by the Douro, that divides it from the province of Beira; and on the east, partly by Galicia, and partly by Tras os Montes. It abounds with streams which, with a good soil and fair climate, account for its great fertility and the luxuriant growth of its trees.

It is, or was, distributed into five *comarcas*, or hundreds—Oporto, Barcellos, Viana, Valença, and Guimaraens; to which a sixth may be added, by counting Braga and its ecclesiastical district as another. It comprised 1,500 parish churches, an archbishopric at Braga (which stands in the very centre of this charming district), a bishopric at Oporto, and it did comprise till recently five collegiate churches, nearly 130 convents of nuns and friars, whose number exceeded 3,000. It has, or had, 500 chapels and shrines (*ermidas e santuarios*), and several hospitals and charitable institutions.

Its principal rivers, besides the Douro and Minho, from which it takes its name, are the Rio d'Ave, the Cavado, and the Lima. There are many minor rivers and streams, some of which will be noticed as they occur on our route.

But I will here say a few more words on the Douro, before we turn our backs on it for a while to make acquaintance with its northern cousin, the

Minho. The Douro (Spanish *Duero*; called by the Greeks $\Delta\acute{o}\rho\iota\omicron\varsigma$, by the Latins *Durius*) has its source in the mountains of Urbion (anciently Pelendones) in Old Castile, and passing by Soria (as probably as any other the site of Numantia) it runs westward by Osma, Aranda, and Roa, receiving the rivers Pisuerga, Eresma, and others. It traverses Leon, dividing it into two parts, and, after flowing through or by the towns of Simancas, Tordesillas, Toro, and Zamora, serves as a boundary between Leon and Portugal for several leagues, bathing the walls of Miranda, and receiving the waters of the Tormes, the Mansuecos, the Huebra, &c. Presently, at the confluence of the Agueda, it enters Portugal, separates the provinces of Beira and Tras os Montes, receiving from the latter the rivers Sabor, Tua, Corgo, and others, and also several little tributaries from Beira, which province it also divides from that of Entre Douro e Minho, whose fine river Tamega soon adds to its flood, so that it rolls with an impetuous current, over a rocky channel and between rocky banks, with many sinuosities and with frequent rapids, till, before it meets the tide, it checks its haste, glides placidly (unless after a flood, here called a 'fresh') between Oporto and Villa Nova, and their suburbs Massarellos and Gaya, and at our bathing-place of San João da Foz, pushes over the bar into the ocean.

A 'fresh' is sometimes occasioned by an unusual duration of the season of very heavy rains, and sometimes by the excess of suddenly melted snows, or by both causes combined, in the Spanish mountains, &c. Such an accident is not frequent, not even annual :

but when it does come it is a most inconvenient encroachment, swelling the river to such a degree that the cellars and ground floors of the lower parts of Oporto and Villanova are inundated; and the power of the flood is then so great that the old bridge of boats (now superseded by a suspension iron bridge) was sure to be carried away, if the warning given by the weather and the altered state of the water was not attended to for its timely removal. I have heard an odd adventure of an English gentleman, who, on the way to his wine-lodge, was crossing that pontoon-bridge when it gave way, and he found himself all at once embarked on a seaward voyage on one of the boats that had broken loose. Clear, however, of the perils of hawsers and cables and shipping at anchor, and of all obstructions and intricacies of the river navigation, the truant bark piloted itself rarely, till, just as the astonished man had lost all hope of escaping the roaring bar, the boat whirled off and grounded, with a shock that made him describe a summerset, and he found himself almost buried, but high and dry, in the soft sands of the Cabedello. Generally mischief was prevented by detaching the boats when a 'fresh' was expected, and mooring them safely till the peril was over. He who saw the Douro at such a time only, or even after a succession of moderate rains, would call it a coarse and muddy river; but he would be much mistaken—for it is, during the greater portion of the year, as clear as can be wished; and the sunsets on it are often delightful, adorning its surface with a fine variety of colours—here as if with polished silver, there with a rich saffron colour; here violet or

amethystine, there jasper—as if all the gems had been fused and interfused by that powerful sun into every exquisite harmony of hue, and light, and shade. This river, though narrower than the Tagus, and seventy or eighty miles shorter, runs in a deeper channel, and having, perhaps, more copious tributaries, carries much more water to the sea, whence the proverb quoted by Barros—

‘ O Douro leva as aguas, o Tejo as nomeadas.’

‘ The Douro has the waters, the Tagus has the fame.’

In Claudian’s time the margins of the Douro abounded with flowers. So they do still.

Gallæcia risit

Floribus, et roseis formosus Duria ripis.’

And, as the old Galicia here mentioned comprised also the Minho country, the praise stands good for the land which we are now going to explore.

On May 24 we set out at 7 A.M., too late an hour. Our party consisted of two ladies, two gentlemen, a Galician servant, and a muleteer. Our horses were all hired. J——¹ was mounted on a well-bred black horse that was rather fond of kicking; my steed was quite as good as hers, and much more amiable. Both these animals were in a fair condition. Mr. —— rode on a high-bred and handsome, but old and spavined, white horse, and Mr. H—— was perched on a tall brown Rosinante, whose hip-bones protruded awfully. One baggage-mule (and a baggage she turned out to be) carried all our travelling gear, including not only carpet-bags, but hammock-nets, &c. Yet she had but a moderate load, for our

¹ Miss Jemima Quillinan.

'marching orders' were, 'Leave all your handboxes at home, and take nothing that you can do without.' Our trusty Galician went cheerfully on foot, and the muleteer was also to walk. This was no splendid turn-out, but 'economy is the life of the army,' said Mr. —, who was our commanding officer. For a while we got on pretty well over rough and smooth; but the rough predominates in Portuguese travelling, and though there are now several good roads about Oporto, this way to Villa do Conde was not one of them. It was detestable, almost from the starting-point. In one part, where, as often occurs, a jumble of stones forms a causeway two feet wide as a bridge for one side of the road, while the rest is a swamp or a bog, J—— valiantly took the causeway, but when she had got about half-way over 'the bad place,' the stones seeming more and more wide apart from each other, she took fright at her own courage, gave her horse a sudden jerk, and brought him down into the swamp. He began kicking, which made his fore-legs sink deeper and deeper into the mire. Miss cried out, 'Oh dear!' and seemed determined to cry and fall off; but the servant rescued her, and brought her horse out in safety from this perilous Slough of Despond. We proceeded along narrow roads, where were plenty of great stones and plenty of holes, now dusty, now miry, between stone walls, within which were rows of pollard oaks, vine-wreathed; through pine-woods—gloomy woods they are, and few birds love them, but we heard the cuckoo in one of them. We passed many picturesque clumps of cork-trees, many pleasant varieties of verdure, and abundance of wild flowers.

Villa do Conde stands on a flat near the mouth of the river Ave. Some writers affirm that it is of very ancient foundation, and that its name was Villa Comitis. Others say that it was founded by Sancho I. in the year 1200. The huge nunnery of Santa Clare is a fine building, and a still more striking object is the superb aqueduct that conveyed fair water from far-off well springs to the noble lady-nuns, whose fingers were famed for expertness in the art of making sweet pastry. Beautiful view of this nunnery and aqueduct from the street, where an old church of *arabesque Gothic* comes in as part of the picture, with gay green trees about the church, and blue hills far behind the town.

I forgot, and it is hardly worth while to recollect, that at Povoas, a fishing village, and in the season an inferior sea-bathing place, less than an hour's easy ride from Oporto, if the road had been a road, our muleteer had the modesty to inform us, with an authoritative air, that there we were to halt till next day, at a wretched venda or winehouse! A comical altercation ensued between the man and Mr. ——. J——'s horse took the man's part, and plunged violently, as if he too had made up his mind to proceed no further. Mr. ——, who soon perceived that he had no chance in argument with the muleman, who had found the wine good here, and was fiercely eloquent, quietly ordered Grenho, our Galician, to go on with the mule. But the mule would not budge. The affair was getting unpleasantly ridiculous, for a crowd was gathering about us. A priest luckily came up, and with all the urbanity becoming his calling, settled the matter in two minutes. What he said to the

muleteer I hardly know, but the few words he addressed to the wine-possessed man appeared to exorcise him. Mr. —— changed horses with J——, and we arrived in due time at Villa do Conde ; and, after waiting there for a reasonable time, we resumed our journey. The baggage-mule at one ugly place was inclined to have a roll in a mud pond, which would have been delectable for our changes of linen ; but the muleteer remonstrated with her, and continued for a mile or two to lecture her severely, and the mule had nothing to say for herself. We passed twice under the aqueduct. We had a long and very hot and very fatiguing ride to Barcellos, over a hilly country ; and what a silent country it is ! There are cultivated valleys surrounded by gloomy hills of pine, but you meet hardly a human being. Old cork-trees are scattered here and there, single or in clumps—old, I say, for every cork-tree that I see looks, like Wordsworth's thorn, 'as if it never had been young' ; and this tree has not yet shed half of its brown wintry foliage, which, though the spring is nearly over, seems unwilling to yield place to the new leaves—small, glossy leaves, sloe-leaf like. Shabby olive-trees abound : they are like the willow we call 'sally.' Oak pollards you perceive in every direction, and on every one of them a bright green vine twining and flaunting. The magnificent hill boundary is in parts nakedly rocky, but most of it, as I have said, is covered with the eternal stone-pines, which, in the nearer masses, look in their distinct blackness more like thunder-clouds than green trees, but far away they are dimly hazily blue, till the outline melts into the bluer sky. Part of this

ride, as we approached Barcellos, was almost as good as a ride in any of the rougher parts of Westmoreland, and perhaps would have been quite so but for the want of lakes and 'trotting burns.' At Barcellos, however, the river is beautiful, and so are the views, up and down, from the old stone bridge that rests on its five or six arches over the Cavado; and what a fine old town Barcellos is! The inn is detestable, but that is nothing: it is like almost all the rest in the country.

Next day we breakfasted at eight, on chocolate with milk, fresh eggs, bread and honey. The gentlemen then sought Senhor G——, to whom we had a letter. They found him at one of the old churches, in command of the military guard that was to attend a procession. He very obligingly promised to show us the lions when his church militant duty was over. Our friends then called on a Fidalgo, to whom we had a letter from a prebendary of Braga. Our Fidalgo, a fine-looking man of middle age, received them with much politeness, told them his house was at their service, regretted that his wife, who spoke English, and his mother, were both ill, and that the other ladies of his family were not dressed; assured them that we were at the very worst inn in the place, showed them his dining-room, and did *not* ask them to dinner. Here appearances were against the hospitality of the Fidalgo; yet nothing could be farther from the truth than that he was inhospitable, as we soon found. He also showed them something much better than his dining-room (though that was very good, as was his house altogether)—an ornamental garden; some of the beds nothing but box in

fantastical knots, stiff, but very pretty; beds of flowers disposed with indescribable ingenuity; topiary fancies numberless, and all graceful. From a covered balcony at the back of his house, as well as from his garden, were striking views over the Cavado, of the rich country to the south; on the right the famed Franqueira summit; three leagues away to the left, Nosso Senhor do Monte, the holy hill near Braga. After paying a visit to the best inn at Barcelhinos on the other side of the river, near the bridge, to assure themselves that there *was* such a house, and to whet their appetite for anger against the ill-conditioned muleteer who had quartered us at the worst, when it was too late to look out for ourselves, our gentlemen returned to us, and found us at a balcony, looking at *the* procession, and all the bustle of a fair; for this was a great gala-day at Barcellos. The clatter of voices in the Square, from the motley, happy throng that filled it, was to us Babel out babbled, though but one tongue was spoken. Such a contrast to the stillness of the pine woods yesterday! St. George, the hero of the day, a wooden figure in painted armour of bronze colour, was unwilling to carry his lance, and the horse was unwilling to carry St. George. His attendants were half an hour settling this matter; but at last the lance was steadied in St. George's hand, but St. George rode very unsteadily on the shy led horse, who seemed to doubt whether he had got the saint or the dragon on his back. Marshalled by this mock Master of the Horse, came a gigantic and coarsely painted figure of Christ, dressed in canonicals, and borne on a sort of trestle on men's shoulders. He was crowned

with a most gorgeous wreath of *thornless* roses : there was something touching in *that* fancy, amidst all the worse than bad taste of the exhibition.

When it was over, Senhor G——, true to his engagement, came to us, and with him the Fidalgo, already mentioned, came to pay his respects to the ladies, and to invite us, on the part of his wife, and mother, and daughters, to a little ball, which they had suddenly determined on getting up for us in honour of our letter of recommendation. This was a proffered civility much more marked than an invitation to dinner would have been, and if we had accepted it, would have put the truly hospitable inviters to much more trouble and expense. We declined it, because we felt that we had no spare strength to waste on dancing, but must husband what we had for the hard work before us. I have since thought that it was a stupid spiritless thing to refuse the ball. Our gentlemen thought it very stupid indeed, and accused us of jealousy of the black eyes of the female *fidalgua* of Barcellos. No doubt we should have met as much of the 'best company' of the place as could have been collected on a brief summons, and we should have added something to our small stock of knowledge of Portuguese provincial society *at home*. But, besides the reason I have given, I must own that I was shy. My want of skill in the spoken language made me sure that I should *bore* and disappoint the kindness of our inviters. Some misgivings about the toilet, too, might have flitted before me, when I begged to be excused. Carpet-bags are sorry wardrobes for ladies, and we had no other. The Fidalgo was so evidently dis-

appointed at our declining the kind bidding, that we took pains to assure him of our sense of his courtesy, and we parted, I hope, good friends. Towards evening, Senhor G—— accompanied us on a ride to the Franqueira Convent (that was) and the church above it, on the top of a steep height which commands a great prospect of hills, plains, and sea; the mountain Gerêz in the distance, and Nosso Senhor do Monte, near Braga, distinctly visible. We saw also what we supposed to be, and was, the M—— steamer on its way to England. Our friend B—— was on board, and our letters for home; and so, while standing on that height, our thoughts steered homeward too, at more than steamship pace.

In Senhor G——, our guide to the Franqueira, we found not only a most obliging, but a highly intelligent companion. He had been an exile in Don Miguel's time, and had resided three years at Exeter. He still spoke English well. On our return to the inn, the gentlemen insisted on his helping us all out with a bottle of his own present of champagne; for he had sent us some half-dozen bottles in the morning, and also two bottles of Scotch ale, which one of our two cavaliers stowed away for future service as 'a juice, far more precious in this latitude than champagne, or even than tokay. Put that down in your journal,' said Mr.—. 'What?' 'The two bottles of ale, and the good fellow who sent them to us.' So here they are duly recorded. Before Senhor G—— had left us, a person from Ponte de Lima was shown up to us; he had been sent by Senhor M—— and his family, who had been expecting us for the last two or three days, and somehow

or other had been informed of our arrival at Barcellos. By the advice of Senhor G—— we had resolved to go to Viana first, and thence up the river to Ponte de Lima. But this messenger represented that it would be a great disappointment to Senhor M—— if we did not go direct to his house. We therefore changed our plan.

May 26.

We were not ready for a start till after eight this morning. When the luggage was adjusted on the mule, J——, who had been the first to mount, was moving out of the way, at which the mule became uneasy, thinking, said the surly muleteer, that her favourite white horse was going to leave her; so there was a kick or two, and a successful struggle to break the halter by which she was tethered to the wall; another wicked kick or two dislodged the luggage, and down came the stupid mule, bruising one of her knees and her side; and our things lay all littered about the ground. Mr. —— was alarmed for the champagne-flasks, and yet more for the two bottles of Edinburgh ale; but he had had them packed so cunningly in a covered basket, that they were all safe. After some coaxing, and reproaches, and expostulation, the mule suffered herself to be re-loaded; but still the cargo was not nicely balanced, and she winced, and went awry, and gave symptoms of meditated mutiny. The muleteer, who looked frightened, now assured us that she wanted a man on her back to make the baggage ride more steadily, and he desired our man Grenho to mount. On the first day's march from Oporto to Barcellos, he and the muleteer had trudged about thirty-five

miles, and we were sorry that we had not been more liberal in this part of our arrangements, and taken another mule that they might ride and tie, though it is the common custom of the country for the attendants to go on foot on such journeys. Grenho would, on the first day, gladly have mounted, but the muleteer would not let him; but now that the mule had betrayed her vicious character, he declined the honour of riding. In a little while, however, the animal seeming quieter, he was emboldened, and contrived to get on her, after several failures. The mule's feelings being thus composed by the additional weight of twelve or thirteen stone, we proceeded without further accident through a highly interesting country.

The mixture of cultivation and wildness, the farmed valleys and the rough *serras*, the varieties of verdure and of flowers, the gloom of pine-trees that clan like rocks in thousands, and the various shades, and sometimes lights, of green, of the other cone-bearing families; and the cypresses, cedars, and cork-trees: the classical and fruitful, but at present only flowerful, insignificant-looking olive-trees; the churches and oratories, with their stone crosses on every high pinnacle, as well as on hill-sides and in the valleys; and lastly, the beautiful and rich vale of the Lima, with mountain background whichever way you looked; the graceful river Lima itself, with its old long bridge, the picturesque small town, the *quintas*, the decayed mansions of Fidalgos, the very ancient buildings and remains of buildings in and near the town, all combined to give memorable effect to our journey this day. Our host, Senhor M——, met us about half a league from Ponte.

We rode under a long and capital *ramada* through his estate, which was in high and clean cultivation, along the pleasant banks of the Lima, to his house in the town, the best in the place. He received not only ourselves, but the servants and quadrupeds, in spite of our entreaties that they should be sent to the inn. His wife and children also gave us an evidently cordial welcome. We dined shortly after our arrival, which was about 2 P.M. The party consisted of sixteen persons, including our host and hostess, their son, a youth of fifteen, and daughter, about fourteen, a Senhor C—— and his sister, and other Portuguese. Our host had been in England, and the bill of fare will show that he gave us, in fact, something very like a good plain English dinner. Two soups, bread-soup and macaroni, two dishes of trout, boiled beef and bacon and a ham, roasted chicken, roasted turkey, &c., the boiled things first, then the roast, then sweetmeats and pastry, then cheese and fruit; white and red wines, and French liqueur, pretty much in the order in which such things are served at an English table.

After dinner we walked with our host and Senhor C—— to a handsome but neglected looking *quinta*, formerly the residence of the Conde de Freire, one of the ministers of John VI. We passed the house of the brotherhood of San Luiz, to which Fra Francisco de San Luiz belonged, the *Bispo Conde*, who was more than once president of the chamber of peers. He was Bishop of Coimbra, the author of some statistical works on Portugal, and other esteemed writings, and was considered one of the most learned men of his time. We also saw in the town a house of the Silveiras,

and an old mansion of the same family on a hill at a distance. The name will recall a nobleman who made a noise in this country a few years ago, the Marquis of Chaves ; a madman he was, say the new chartermongers—a *varão*—a man he was, like the Silveiras of old times, say those to whom old-fashioned bigotries are dearer than new-fangled inconsistencies.

I had not time to learn anything worth relating about certain venerable edifices of Ponte de Lima ; aristocratic houses, every one of which must have a history, square towers, old palace, Moorish *mosque*, still entire, and now a chapel ; and I had nothing like an authentic book old or new at hand, to give me some glimmering of insight into their mysteries.

On the banks of the Lima the poet Diogo Bernardes was born, one of the too numerous, but one of the best pastoral poets of Portugal. His compositions are not free from the sameness and a tameness that characterise the peninsular literature in this vein. His numbers flow very sweetly : but I am not sure that either in his eclogues or in his love lyrics there is much more of real tenderness perceptible than can be found in other Arcadian effusions. His true love of his native place, however, is unquestionable. It is shown perpetually in his writings, one volume of which he called ‘The Lima,’ the other ‘Flowers of the Lima.’ When one hears him apostrophise a shepherdess on the margin of this river—

‘Oh, Nisè, Nisè, Lima, Lima, Lima,’

one cannot but suspect that the heroine of his

raptures is as ideal a personage as the nymph of the stream, and that the poetic stream itself is the sole source of his inspiration. Whatever the quality of that inspiration may be, however, Lope de Vega has declared that he was taught to compose pastoral verse by the eclogues of Bernardes. One might suppose the 'Sweet songster of the Lima,' so he has been styled, to have passed a dreamy existence on its borders. Yet he was a man of the world, and lived in the world; he was not only a poet, but a courtier, who knew how to rise at court. He was contemporary with Camoens, and has been accused, but I believe unjustly, of having plagiarised some of his minor writings. Certain, however, it is, that both as a poet and a courtier he gained personal distinctions which Camoens never gained; among them the peculiar favour of his young sovereign Sebastian, who assigned to him the honour—unenviable as it turned out—of accompanying him on his expedition to Africa, as the poet of victories there to be achieved. Camoens had almost solicited this honour at the conclusion of his noble epic. Bernardes, before the expedition sailed, wrote a sonnet, anticipatory of the triumphs that he was to witness. Both poets proved false prophets; Camoens stayed at home to die broken-hearted, thanking God that he 'died with his country.' Bernardes was taken prisoner on the field where Sebastian fell, and his 'Carmen Triumphale' ended in a dirge. After severe sufferings—the sufferings of a Christian slave in Barbary—he was ransomed and returned to Lisbon, where he died in 1596, having survived his king about eighteen years, and outlived Camoens but a few months less.

May 27.

We did not breakfast till eleven o'clock, for some of our party consoled themselves for the fatigues of travel by sleeping till nearly that hour, not aware that all the family, though early risers, were politely fasting till their guests appeared, and would not suffer them to be disturbed. No Scotch breakfast was ever better than ours to-day. Coffee, tea, *beef-steaks*, quince marmalade, and other sweetmeats, with bread as white as milk. The table was tastefully decorated with flowers. We passed our morning—or, rather, afternoon—in sketching, lounging, sauntering, and the *dolce far niente*, which was really *dolce* to the wearied limbs of J—— and myself, who were new campaigners. We dined about five, and in the evening the drawing-room was filled with visitors, invited by our hostess. The beauty of the ladies was not so remarkable as their affability and lively good-humour. There was not a pretty girl among them; but every one of them had good teeth, dark eyes, and jet-black hair. They were all dressed nearly alike—plainly, in black. Some of the young men were better looking, but they were more reserved, had more starch in their manner, than their sisters. Two or three of the young ladies played difficult pieces, of Italian music from recent and fashionable operas, admirably on the piano. One of the young gentlemen, after much solicitation by the lady of the house, overcame his bashfulness, and sang, with good voice and good taste, several very pretty though melancholy and rather monotonous *modinhas*. But the star of the night was Senhor Jeronymo, a pro-

fessor of music, who had been a pupil of a celebrated pianist, Senhor *Bom Tempo* (Good Time)—no bad name for a musician. Senhor Jeronymo performed on the pianoforte with exquisite delicacy, but one of the ladies present, a maiden lady of about forty, continued exclaiming every minute, ‘Bravo, Senhor Jeronymo!—ah! Bravo, Senhor Jeronymo!’ The effect was most ludicrous, for no other person uttered a syllable, and the short way in which she snapped out so repeatedly, ‘Bravo, Senhor Jeronymo!’ cut the music, as it were, into bars in the wrong places. The effort of the silent auditory to keep grave faces was painfully comical. Senhor Jeronymo also sang an Italian aria, and was, as before, interrupted in his most critical quavers by the enthusiastic lady. ‘Bravo, Senhor Jeronymo! *Ai, que gracinha!*’ (‘Ah, what darling grace!’) But we had some plain talk, as well as vocal and instrumental harmony. Admiral Napier (Don Pedro’s admiral—the Nelson of his cause) lodged himself in this house in the course of his gallant vagaries as an amphibious warrior in the north of Portugal, after his exploit at Cape St. Vincent. Senhor C—— gave a curious account of his bluntness in deportment to the astonished natives. Senhor C—— called on him here. ‘What do you want?’ inquired the admiral. He was lounging on the sofa in the drawing-room, smoking a cigar; he was dressed in clothes once blue, now of no colour, and was altogether the most slovenly-looking of heroes. ‘I called to pay my respects.’ ‘Will you write?’ ‘Whatever your Excellency pleases.’ The admiral throws his cigar out of the window, takes a pinch of snuff, and reflects. ‘Write, then, to the

Juiz de Fora ; he must feed all my men directly. Is that done ?' ' Yes.' ' Send it off, then.' A pinch of snuff. ' Write to such an authority of such and such a parish or village. He must furnish three bullocks, &c. &c. ;' and so he went on, taking pinches of snuff, and issuing his requisitions. The abbot and principals of a neighbouring monastery waited on him in form. They were introduced, and ranged themselves in semicircle, making their bows. The admiral on his sofa seemed in a ' brown study,' till reminded by some gentlemen that these visitors were persons of distinction. ' What do they want ?' ' They come to offer their compliments to your Excellency.' He got up, inclined his head, and thanked them, '*Muito obrigado, muito obrigado*' (' Much obliged, much obliged'), and bowed them out. His demeanour here was thought altogether rough and eccentric. I dare say he had neither leisure nor inclination to bandy compliments with Portuguese gentlemen and friars, the greater part of whom, he might well suspect, wished him and all Don Pedro's partisans at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. I give this report—without offence, I trust—just as it was made to us by Senhor C——, and confirmed by several of Senhor M——'s friends. Senhor M—— was absent at the time of Napier's foray ; for he, too, had found it prudent to expatriate himself during the tyranny of Don Miguel, by whose government every man of substance and of local influence who did not declare himself for the ' king absolute ' was treated as a foe and a traitor. Senhor M—— took refuge at Liverpool.

We set off in a boat at 8 A.M., accompanied by

Senhor M——, down the delightful Lima. The sail was arranged over the centre of the boat as a coved awning, and under it was a couch all ready for J—— and me, and a basket with wine and cake, &c. Thus the attentions of our host and hostess were minutely thoughtful to the last. The sail protected us from the sun without impeding our view. Two men, one at the head, the other at the stern, shoved the boat along with poles. The bed of the river is of soft, clean sand, and abounds with shallows, through which the men are sometimes obliged to *dig* channels; though the flat boat in which we were, not drawing above half a foot of water, would probably seldom or never require such a clearance—at least, unless much more heavily freighted than it was now. At Bertendos, about two miles below Ponte de Lima, we observed a handsome *quinta*, belonging to a Fidalgo—a stately house, with stone pinnacles, open galleries, square stone tower, battlemented, and standing within a grove of noble trees. We were told that it was occupied by lineal descendants of those Pereiras whom old Gil Vicente describes.

‘They are thorough-bred nobles and good cavaliers,
Good defenders of right, *if the cost be not theirs* ;
Full of zeal for the realm, both abroad and at home ;
And, when once they are married, not given to roam.
But the women, the genuine pride of the race,
Oh, they are the women for beauty and grace !
No flowers are so lovely, no birds are so gay,
And a spell is in all that they do and they say.’

At Passgens, a mile or two lower down, our worthy host took leave of us, and mounted his horse. We often could perceive our own horses and mule,

along the river side, leisurely wending towards the same point to which we were so pleasantly gliding. We too, however, were tempted to land at Veiga de Corilho, on the edge of a plain three leagues in extent, well cultivated, and now alive with waving rye, nearly fit for the sickle. This plain is backed by cone-shaped rocky hills. The river banks are more than fringed with oaks and olives; the *old* olive-trees thus intermingled with oaks by no means disfigure the landscape; the lichen-stained trunk is almost as picturesque as that of the time-silvered birch. Under the far spread shade of the oaks we sauntered along for a mile or two, then took to the boat again. On a hill to the left is a pretty chapel, *Nossa Senhora de boa morte*, 'Our lady of the good death,' and another, not far off, *San Estevão de facha*, 'St. Stephen of the torch.' On the right bank we have passed the small white chapel of St. Christopher, on a grey rock; lower, the chapel of St. Justa. Yonder, on the left bank again, is Victorina, a hamlet, near the Cassa dos Abreus Cotinhos, a mansion which was grossly abused a few years ago, and had all its furniture destroyed by the *National Guard* of Ponte de Lima, because *Miguelite* papers were found, or pretended to have been found there. But the 'little wars' of retaliation are never ended in Portugal. Miguelites and Pedroites, Hump-backs and Thumped-backs, Chartists and Septembrists, &c. &c., for ever reappear under some new nickname or other, and fight their little spites, and never fight them out; and so it will ever be, unless this fair region shall at last be blessed with a strong and honest government. It is a pity that the

noisome subject of Portuguese discords *will* obtrude itself everywhere, even on the Lima. But yonder are some men fish-spearing; better that than spearing one another. Just now we passed a group of fishers netting. As we glide along we are greeted, in mid-river, by men who are wading across with baskets on their *heads*; the first *men* that I have seen carrying burthens in that fashion; but hands and staff are needed here to steady them across the unequal shoals. Nightingales are in full song in the hazel and olive copses with which the river margin is decorated as with hedgerows—‘hardly hedgerows, little lines of sportive wood run wild.’ The distant cuckoos are calling to each other. Now we come upon a fleet of boats, in full sail; for here is deeper water—above twenty boats, and a very pretty fleet it is. They are working up from Viana to Ponte de Lima with *bacalhao*, &c., and empty pipes to fetch wine. Blue dragon-flies—blue, green, golden—are hovering over the water; and *in* the water is a kind of long delicate weed, that looks like seaweed, the finest, most beautiful that ever was seen; but it is the growth of the river sand, for there it has its root, and the long fibres wave and stream under the current with more life than the current itself, and look, indeed, like the tresses of some group of nymphs whom the silver sands have suddenly hidden at our approach, leaving nothing of them visible but their hair. The sky above and around is all bright azure—no, not all just now; for there are eider-down-like clouds, with brown edges, hovering over the mountains, which those white clouds darken but not sadden with their shadows. The men have now

taken to their paddles, and we glide along against the breeze, if breeze it may be called, that comes so soft and so fragrant from the west, and need not 'whisper whence it stole its balmy sweets,' for yonder is the orchard it has been robbing—a grove of orange-trees and lemon-trees in flower. The hues of the slightly rippled and quite transparent river are now more beautiful than ever. As we look down through the water, the effect on the sandy bed is as if it was overlaid with a golden network of large open meshes. This is the reflection of the slightly-curved water, the edges of the little waves sparkling and dancing in the sun, and so on the light clean sand beneath. In some places the effect of the sun on the *surface* of the water is that of myriads of diamonds dancing. Almost all the way down, on both banks, except with such intervals as make an agreeable variety, by letting us in to peeps at the fields, the river is luxuriantly edged, but not hedged, with brushwood; and the branches, not only of the olives and tall oaks, already spoken of, but of this underwood, reach far over upon the stream in many places, and there on the lithe twigs the nightingales swing and sing. I *saw* some of them perched in this manner, while they sang against each other, with so merry a note.' They were not so shy of being seen as nightingales usually are in England, where, though they seem to like a populous neighbourhood, they shun the *eye* of man or woman. Of the scores of these birds that I have heard at Richmond-on-Thames, at Woolwich, and other frequented places, I have seldom espied one, though, like Chaucer's

‘Lady of the Flower and the Leaf,’ and many a time,

‘I waited about busily
On every side, if I “that bird” might see.’

I suppose they are here unmolested by bird-snarers, and too happy to be suspicious.

Within a league of Viana the tide comes up, and the river widens; we heard no more nightingales. On the left of the river, near Viana, is a hill, with its backbone bristled up with pines, a striking isolated object.

We were almost sorry to arrive at Viana, so pleasant had been the passage down the Lima. Our horses were already at the pier. J—— and I mounted ours, and the gentlemen walked by us to the house of Mr. N——, of Oporto, who had, with his ever-ready gentlemanly kindness (the air of doing himself a favour when he was bestowing one), commanded us to make that house our hotel.

May 29.

The hospitality of Mr. N——’s representative here, and the excessive heat of the day, caused us to be later in starting than we had intended. We had ordered our mule-man to be ready at 3 P.M. The surly fellow mounted the baggage mule and started off without us, at the hour. At five we set out, first riding round the town, accompanied by some Portuguese friends of our English friend, Mr. N——, looking at the Guildhall, a bald-fronted stone house, another civic building (of which I forget the name and use; but it had a handsomely sculptured stone

front), the churches, convents, the queer long sort of zigzag bridge, &c., and the castle—a strongly barred, dismal prison on the seaside.

We then pursued our way, and our fugitive baggage and *arriero*, passing two hamlets, Arioso and Careço, where reside the women and children by whom the lands in the neighbourhood are most exclusively cultivated; the men, for the most part, emigrating to Lisbon for more remunerative work. These women all look old, and their young fellow-labourers have the appearance of imps rather than children. The constant exposure and exertion seem to deform their features, as much as they darken their skins. Our way from Viana, at first, was along a fair sandy road; on the left, a plain of corn-fields to the sea side; on the right, grey hills with rough ridges. The villages are mostly on the side of these rocks. The latter part of our journey was over soft sands, then through a village; and then we came to an extensive pine-wood, on the nearest outskirts of which we found our *arriero* waiting. He had halted, afraid, as he confessed, of going through the wood alone, lest he should be robbed. His cowardice satisfied us of one thing, that he was not a rogue as well as a sot; for nothing would have been easier for him, had he been so inclined, than to have arranged a robbery with some of his pot-companions at any lone *venda*, and so to have eased the mule of her load in this very wood, or some other convenient spot, without any witness that would 'peach.' He might even have done worse, without much risk of proof against him. A posse of ruffians, supposing him to have been in intelligence with such persons,

might in this wood, or in any other of the many lone woods and wilds that we traversed, have robbed the whole party of everything valuable about them, for we had no arms with us. This mode of plunder by connivance of the muleteer does not often occur ; for most of the *arrieros* are as trustworthy as Arab guides. I can, however, cite two instances in which personal friends of ours seem to have been betrayed by their guides. Our companion, Mr. H——, can furnish the particulars of one of these adventures.

Let us ask him. ‘ Mr. H——, what o’clock is it ? ’

‘ Why do you ask *me*. You are always asking me what o’clock it is, and you know I have no watch ! ’

‘ And how come you to have no watch ? ’

‘ You know as well as I do.’

‘ But I should like to hear the very particulars from yourself. I have not yet heard them from your own mouth.’

‘ Well, then, it is a short story, unless I make it a long one to revenge myself on your impertinence. I was lately at Vizeu. A young gentleman, also from Oporto, was with me. We were about to return home by Lamego and the Alto Douro. At Vizeu, where we were both strangers, we hired, from a man whom we knew nothing about and who knew nothing about us, two mules to ride, and an *arriero* to walk—all three very bad. The *arriero* was an old fellow and very slow, but not slower than his mules, so he had no fear of being left behind. We had a terrible pull to Castro d’Aire. Whenever a village came in sight, we asked, “ Is that Castro d’Aire ? ” “ No, sir,” was still the answer. At last we approached a

considerable cluster of houses on the edge of a ravine. "Is that Castro d'Aire?" we eagerly inquired of a passing countryman. *Abr' olhos* (Open your eyes), he answered with a grin. Uncivil churl! thought we; but the name of the place *was* *Abr' olhos*. The man then pointed out to us a confused mass of buildings on the other side of the ravine. This was Castro d'Aire, a very picturesque object at this distance; a wretched place on nearer acquaintance. We descended to the edge of the gully, crossed the bridge over the rushing Paiva, and painfully climbed the steep to Castro d'Aire, whose walls and steeples looked as if a touch might hurl them down the precipice. In this place we passed a miserable night. The filthy hovel called an inn was full of mule-drivers and vagabonds.'

'Never mind, go on.'

'But some of them minded *us*, and would not let us go on.'

'Ay, come to that.'

'All in good time, ma'am; hurry no man's cattle, the mules are slow. At daybreak we left Castro d'Aire in a thick fog, which soon turned to drizzling rain. When we had proceeded about a league, we overtook a blind beggar mounted on a donkey, with an old man on foot who acted as his guide, and we all jogged on together. Presently my mule threw a shoe; this occasioned some delay; we stopped at every hut or hamlet we came to, inquiring for a farrier, but without success. We had just gained the top of a particularly steep and broken piece of road, and my mule, from which I had got off, was already limping, when I was joined by a pedestrian in the

common dress of a farm servant. He offered to lead the disabled animal. We declined his services, but he continued to walk and talk with me. I was now in the rear of the party. Shortly after, I was overtaken by a horseman, well mounted and armed, attended by an *arriero*, whom he was upbraiding for having let him sleep too long. "Pray what o'clock is it, sir?" said he to me, with a grave salute. I took out my watch, and answered eight o'clock. He thanked me and hurried on. By-and-bye, on turning a corner of the road, I was surprised to meet the said horseman coming back alone, and faster than he had left me. When within ten paces of me, he levelled his carbine and commanded me to stop on pain of death. I suppose I looked rebellious, for the peasant at my side suddenly pinioned my arms behind, and told me not to make an ass of myself! In a minute or two all my party was brought back, beggar on donkey and all, by others of the gang who had burst out upon them from the brushwood. The horseman now dismounted, and telling us that he was a *soap-guard*, an officer employed by the contractors for the soap monopoly, and that he had received information that we were engaged in smuggling soap from Spain, declared that we must accompany him to the commissary of the nearest village. They then led us a good way off the main road, the captain always keeping his carbine ready, within rather a ticklish distance of myself. Finally, after crossing several fields and enclosures, they came to a small wood of oak pollards. "This will do," cried the head thief. In a moment our valises were taken off the mules and thoroughly rifled, each thief helping himself. We, too, were

carefully searched, and eased not only of the contents of our pockets, but of our very coats and waistcoats. The rascals, however, seemed grievously disappointed at the amount of their booty, for they only got thirty or forty crowns in money; and they reproachfully assured us, that if they had known we were worth so little, they would not have taken so much trouble!

‘But your watch, Mr. H——?’

‘Yes, they got our two watches and chains; that was the worst of it.’

‘And was that all that happened?’

‘Not quite; they tied us by twos, back to back, and bound each couple to a tree. We must have looked rather ridiculous. The robbers then left us, promising to send some one to release us in two hours, and threatening us with all sorts of deaths if we attempted to get loose sooner. In about half an hour, however, our muleteer, who no doubt was in the plot, and had been loosely tied, easily got free, and gave us liberty. The blind man we found in the next field, the thieves having contented themselves with turning him round three or four times, so as to make him lose all idea of the points of the compass, and there he was, shouting with all his might. Mules and donkeys also were left quietly grazing, our polite knights of the road having merely cut the girths of the saddles. We got to Lamego about four in the afternoon.’

But let us get out of this dark pillared wilderness of wood, ‘questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte.’ We had silently plodded among its sands for half an hour, when J——, in a tone that was not like her own merry voice, said, ‘Gloomy enough!’ and those

two words were all that were uttered while we followed our guide through its pathless and seemingly endless intricacies. Bats were flitting over our heads, and the sea-murmurs were heard ; but though there was no moon, cheerful stars were glistening that appeared the brighter as we looked up at them through those solemn black pines. In half an hour more we got clear of the wood, and we reached Caminha soon after nine o'clock. We found the inn a very poor one, and, luckily, we had a letter of introduction from Senhor M——, of Ponte de Lima, which we did not scruple to send to its address, as soon as we had glanced at the wretched accommodations. Senhor C—— was at the Governor's with his family, but immediately came away on receiving the letter, and escorted us at once to his own house, whither he was quickly followed, not only by his wife and children, but by the Governor, and three ladies and two gentlemen besides. It was quite a little party assembled in ten minutes. We had tea, and were then entertained with music—guitar and piano. One of the nieces of the Governor sang *modinhas* very pleasingly. Dancing was proposed, but I pleaded our fatigue as an excuse ; and before midnight we were kindly suffered to retire to rest. Our mattresses were hard, but everything was clean and comfortable ; and had they been stuffed with down, we could not have been more grateful for them.

May 31.

We have sent our horses and servants to Valença, and engaged a large boat, with two boatmen, to take us up the river. So here we are, at 10 P.M., within

arrow shot of Spain and Portugal; and yet in neither. We are in the centre of the Minho, rowing up to Valença with the tide. The Minho is a fine broad stream to the sea all the way from Valença, and far higher up. It is at present, that is, to us, who have now our eyes on it, of a dull, light sea-green colour. There are several villages on or near its banks on both sides. The landscape is chiefly composed of slopes and taller hills, darkly green with pines, or grey with rocks, or brownish-red with short heath. Near the river, here and there, are livelier patches of cultivated grounds, and pasture fields. We met a few boats from Valença, bringing down hams and Indian corn. They were sailing against the tide, but the wind was in their favour. We passed other boats that were *poling* up; these were laden with salt for Valença. At Villa Nova de Cerveira we landed, and as our *condessa*, or provender basket, had been, by a blunder, suffered to take its usual place on mule back with the rest of our luggage this morning, we bought bread for ourselves and the rowers, and also a *canada* of wine (two quarts), which cost about fourpence. Villa Nova de Cerveira is a very little place, but has its ramparts, bastions, and battlements. There is a small elegant chapel on the ramparts. In the diminutive town is a handsome church. On the Spanish side of the river is, of course, a rival battery; a little higher up is a round mill-like watch tower, called the Tower of the Rat, and opposite to it is, of course, another Portuguese battery. On the bald hills of Galicia, as well as on the Portuguese side, are numerous steep roads and tortuous paths distinctly visible. Both sides are

hungry-looking, and scarcely interesting, except as boundaries between two nations that detest each other with the vigorous ever-green hatred of near relations at feud.

About two miles below Valença the boatmen—good-natured fellows, but rogues, who preferred their own convenience to ours—were about to land us, saying, ‘This is our port.’ A pretty trudge we should have had to the town! Mr.—declined landing there, and they pulled on. The morning had been exceedingly sultry; the wind had died away, and the sky became overcast; thunder began to mutter, and large drops of rain gave notice of a storm. Presently, ‘it did not rain, but it poured’; floods of large rain, intermixed with hail, came hurtling viciously down, and drenched us in a few minutes. The effect on the water was as if it had been suddenly covered roughly with live snow, so long as this ‘sharp rain of arrowy sleet’ lasted. The blackened sky and pine-woods and mountains looked like a drawing in Indian ink. The terror and helplessness of the boatmen were soludicrous that even J—, who is not very courageous, could not refrain from laughing at them, though the thunder now echoing among the hills was awful. At every flash of lightning our watermen cowered down like men marked for doom, and at every rattling peal they loudly invoked St. Jerome, and rushed from one end of the boat to the other; luckily it was a large boat, or they must have upset it. In an interval, when there was a little breeze and a lull of the storm, they put up a sail to expedite their escape. At the first clap of thunder that followed, they lowered the sail in all precipitation,

and left it, all wet as it was, flapping on J——'s head and mine, till our gentlemen removed it. The boatmen then rowed away to the nearest bank, and took shelter under some trees; but when Mr. —— told them that that was much more dangerous than keeping out, away they hurried, and we were again in the full stream. They then rowed as if for their lives, and soon put us ashore at the foot of Valença, the first view of which was very bold and grand—a pyramid of buildings on a hill. Tuy is similarly situated nearly opposite. After an ugly, though sharp walk up the hill, slippery with rain, we passed under the gloomy archways of the fort to the small town, where we put up at the inn 'O Galego.' It was a *goodish* provincial Portuguese inn; would be a wretched pothouse in a more civilised region. After receiving the visits of two or three gentlemen, to whom we had forwarded letters, and walking round the ramparts and through the poor town, we dined, and retired early to rest.

In the morning all the party except myself strolled again over the ramparts and town. I went into the nearest church, invited by the open door, and I suppose the morning service was already over, for I perceived no living creature within. But there a little girl, about ten years old, lay dead on her open bier, crowned with flowers, and dressed in silk, trimmed with tinsel and ribbons. She was covered from head to foot with a white transparent veil, a bride for the worm.

Valença is said to be the third strong place of Portugal; Elvas and Almeida being the other two. It is in bad order, but might, no doubt, stand a good

siege if well repaired and manned by a more resolute garrison and Governor than those that surrendered it to Napier when, as a Portuguese gentleman told me, they had men enough to beat him back 'with nothing but stones,' and might have laughed him to scorn with their formidable twelve-pounders, brass guns, mortars, &c., if all this warlike gear had been in serviceable condition and well served. On this very site, nearly two thousand years ago, a Portuguese warrior shepherd (a bandit the Roman historians called him), after having in many fields foiled the legions, and conquered peace, erected a strong place of refuge, as if suspicious of the treachery to which he at last fell a victim. No shred of the shepherd's mantle, if he wore one, descended to Don Miguel's Governor of Valença when he surrendered to Napier's handful of seamen and marines. The cowardice, however, of the garrison and the chief was probably rather political than physical. They knew their cause was gone.

Don L——, of Tuy, to whom we last night sent our letter of introduction, called at 11 A.M., and accompanied us in the ferry boat to Tuy. The heat was excessive. Four Portuguese volunteers, whose regiment was on duty at Valença, crossed the ferry with us, and the moment they landed on *Spanish* ground, began to abuse the Spaniards as the lowest of the human race, and they continued their vituperation as long as we let them walk behind us. This must have been pleasant to Don L——, our companion, on his own ground.

He took no notice whatever of their insulting language. We stopped that they might pass, and

one of the men, who saw how disgusted we were, said civilly enough to Mr. —, ‘Oh, you don’t know these Gallegos; ask them how they treated us formerly, when we were outnumbered by the Miguel traitors, and forced to retreat into Galicia.’ ‘But true soldiers,’ replied Mr. L——, ‘keep their tongues, as well as swords, in the scabbard, in time of peace.’

The man smiled, and all four raised their hands to their caps, and walked off.

Don L—— conducted us to his house, a good and pleasant one, where an elderly good-humoured lady and two handsome young ladies (one a visitor from Vigo, and the other a sister of Don L——) received us. J—— was almost immediately asked to play on the piano, which she did. Several airs were then played with much taste and remarkable dignity of carriage by one of the young *Spaniards*; for, let the Castilians sneer as they will, there is as true Spanish blood (and blue blood, too) in Galicia as in either of the Castiles. Sweetmeats and wine were offered us, and then we were guided up the hill to various points of view, some of them very fine, the Spanish and Portuguese mountains uniting in a natural and noble harmony, which the two nations seem determined never to imitate. At the very top of the town, the cathedral with its rich gateway and cloisters, and its dark elaborately sculptured stalls, is worthy of much longer examination than we had time to give to so venerable an edifice. There is a magnificent prospect of mountains, fertile vales, and river, from the robing-room of the bishop. The Tuy prison for men is, of course, strongly barred with

iron ; but that for women, right opposite, had the casements secured with wooden bars only.

On our return to Valença, the Brigadier-General commanding there, to whose attention we had been recommended by letter, sent an aide-de-camp to explain that he had been absent on our arrival, and had only just come back, and that he would come to us presently. But we sent him word that we were about to depart. I only mention the circumstance, otherwise of no interest whatever, as another instance of the *invariable* respect paid by Portuguese gentlemen to letters of introduction.

At 5 P.M. we started for Monção. The ride all the way was beautiful ; the road, comparatively speaking, not bad. The borders of the rivers are richly wooded ; and, when I use this phrase, I do not mean with the pine only, but with trees of more cheerful character—oaks, chestnuts, walnuts, &c. Sometimes we rode under *ramadas* of vines, which are of the most delicate verdure at this season. The vine is trained on upright poles, or on stone shafts, at each side of the road, and on cross poles at top, and thus forms these charming highway arbours. Exquisite views of the river by the setting sunlight. Tuy looked out boldly and clearly in the full light as we left Valença, while the hills at the back of Tuy were already shrouded in the deepest and richest blue. At San Mamede, a village about equidistant from Valença and Monção, is a bridge across a deep little woody glen over the Rio da Gadanha, a stream that joins the Minho just below. Near this bridge, which is called Ponte do Manco (the Cripple's Bridge), is a saw-mill ; and a little further on is a quinta,

with a most imposing breadth of gateway of carved stone ; but the house to which it invites attention has no claim to notice. This incongruity reminded me of the story of an English squire, who, having constructed as pompous a gateway to a paltry paddock and insignificant mansion, caused his chosen motto to be inscribed on the gate thus : $\overline{\text{O}}$ VANITAS ; on which, a sarcastic visitor observed, that the squire's *omnia* seemed very small, and his *vanitas* very great. But some of such gateways in Portugal are of hoar antiquity, and though they may now be 'passages that lead to nothing,' like Gray's in the 'Long Story,' the arms thereon sculptured have often a proud and melancholy interest. They tell of men and things that were when Portugal was a nation, and when Fidalgos were statesmen and heroes.

Half a mile onward we passed the bluff square tower called the Castle of Lapella, said to be one of the many forts built in the reign of King Diniz, the poet-king, whose songs of the thirteenth century have but just been printed for the first time from a manuscript in the Vatican. On the Galician side of the Minho, a little beyond O Castello de Lapella, is the sullen-looking fortress of Salvatierra.

By eight o'clock we reached Monção, whither Mr. L — had preceded us, and where, finding the inn uninviting, he accepted for us the proffered hospitality of a gentleman to whom we had a letter, and who made our party, servants and quadrupeds excepted, as comfortable as he could on so short a notice. We ladies, having got tea, were glad to go to rest before ten.

Monção, according to some antiquaries, who have

access, I suspect, to archives in the moon (for 'Ciò che si perde qui, là si raguna,' says Ariosto), is so ancient that its first name was Obobriga, from King Brigus, its original founder, one thousand nine hundred years before the birth of our Saviour. So we may peculiarly apply to this place the observation more largely applied by Camoens :—

' de hum Brigo,

Se foi, ja teve o nome derivado.'

'It derives its name from one Brigus, if such a one ever lived.' Its second founders were the Greeks, who named it Orozion, whence, as it is pretended, it was afterwards called Mons Sanctus, and abbreviated to Monção. After it had been again dismantled and deserted, it was refounded by Alfonso III., not exactly on the same site as before, but where it now stands, close to the Minho. His son, King Diniz, walled it round, and built the castle. The arms of the town are, on a field argent, a woman on the walls, holding two loaves, and the motto is *Deu-la-deu*, 'God gave her,' in memory of the courage and discretion of a noble lady, *Deu-la-deu* (or Theodosia) Martinez, who, after the Castilians had for some time invested the town, and cut off all supplies, baked some bread, and threw the loaves from the wall, calling out to the Spaniards, 'There, if you want food, speak, for we have plenty, and will spare you some.' The besiegers, when they saw fresh bread, gave up the siege. They had hoped to starve the garrison out, and had nearly done so : but woman's wile saved the place.

For those leaguers 'little knew
What that wily sex could do.'

June 1.

We were up at half-past four, but could not get our servants to be ready till seven. At breakfast, our host, who had travelled much both in North and South America (and who was sixteen years in Brazil, chiefly in Pernambuco, which, he said, contains the finest scenery he ever saw), dispraised the Spaniards in no qualified terms. Thus it is wherever we go; and the Spaniards are not one whit less uncharitable to the Portuguese. Pitiably is the discord between two people who worship the same God, follow the same superstitions, have nearly the same language and manners and customs, and a soil which nature seems to have intended for one vast brotherhood.

On another subject, the vagaries of our acquaintance and countryman, Major P——, of which we had heard something at Valença, our obliging host was more entertaining than that of his antipathy to his neighbours. The Major, being engaged in the wine trade, was here for some days, looking to the vintage produce in every direction; for the English formerly used to procure wines from this vicinity. They were then, it is said, better than now; the vines at present cultivated yield more grapes, but of inferior quality. The Major, after his field-inspection of the vines, started off for Valença one afternoon, on foot, with no servant: but he was accompanied by two or three men, hired as guards, and a mule that carried his luggage.

When he had proceeded some way, the thought struck him that he might 'kill two birds with one stone'; and as he was at no great distance from Valença, and had time to spare, he might just as

well cross the river, and look about him on Galician ground. A boat, with its owner, was unluckily near, and perhaps the sight of it was 'father to the thought.' He hailed it, made an agreement with the man to take him across and back again, and left his sumpter-mule in charge of his trusty guards. By the time he got across it was dusk; so, after jumping ashore, and seeing nothing, he jumped back into the boat, and was soon once more on Portuguese ground. But where were his attendants and where was his mule? Gone! He hoped they had, at the worst, but mistaken his directions and gone on before him, leaving him to follow in the boat. No such thing. They had divided his luggage among them, and let the mule loose to find its own way to Monção. About eleven o'clock at night he presented himself at the gate of Valença. He gave no intelligible account of himself, though questioned in Portuguese, Spanish, French, and Latin. His excitement probably made him forget the little that he knew of any of these languages, or at least that he knew as he heard them pronounced here. He only contrived to betray the fact that he had crossed over to Spain, and on examination of his passport it was perceived that it had not been countersigned with any permission to cross. This was irregular; and there seemed some mystery about the dust-covered man. There unluckily happened to be a guerilla, at this time, prowling about the neighbourhood of Monção. The garrison soldiers would have it that this was no English Major, but one of that band of robbers—perhaps its chief, for he was 'a fine-looking man.' They proposed to kill him, whether in jest or earnest it is

difficult to say ; but a mob was by this time collected, and the shout was raised that the leader of the Monção guerilla was taken, and ' Kill him ! kill him ! ' was the cry. The Governor opportunely arrived, and lodged him in prison, to save his life, for which he sent the Governor a challenge to a duello with pistols or swords. No notice was taken of the challenge ; and the next day, after a respectable native of Valença had identified the Major as the rightful possessor of the passport, the good-natured commandant sent him away with a guard, who were ordered to see him safe in Viana, where there is an English vice-consul. But the Major, having no fancy for their protection, got rid of them at Caminha, and finally found his way back to Oporto.

Before we mounted we looked into the church, and walked through the square of Monção, which is graced by two grand old oaks and a modern fountain. We had a green and agreeable, though hot, ride to the magnificent mansion of Berjoeira, the seat of the family of P—— de M——. It was begun about forty years ago ; and, according to the design, should be a square building of 180 feet breadth to each of the four fronts ; but only half of the plan has been completed. The house contains grand suites of apartments, with ill-painted ceilings and panels, &c. In one of the saloons are family portraits, in all the ugliness of stiffly daubed caricatures. The paintings in the house of every description are wretched specimens of art. The pleasure grounds are very handsome and well kept ; cool alleys, vine-roofed parterres of flowers, fountains, terraces with shrubs, gravelled walks, bowers paved with blue pantiles of

many patterns, are among the ornaments of these gardens. The house, perhaps, stands in the centre of the proprietor's grounds; for it commands no view of importance, and not a single glimpse of running water. The surrounding country is, however, rich and woody; and the remote mountains are a good background in every part of this district. By the way, or rather, out of the way, we took a boy to guide us as far as the Berjoeira; and we had also a volunteer conductor—a tall, thin madman, of middle age, ghastly and fierce in aspect, but harmless. Poor fellow! he seemed to have an instinctive hostility to *dogs*, which no doubt often worry him. He went out of his path to give them battle wherever he heard their bark, and threw stones at them valiantly wherever he saw them.

We had a fine, wild sylvan ride to Arcos; but how hot; and what roads! 'If roads they should be called, that roads are none.'

To the village of Rio Bom the way was not only so intricate that we went astray several times, but it was as rude and bad as possible. The Portuguese roads are often mere watercourses, formed by the torrents in the rainy season, and torrents are rough paviers. The ride from Rio Bom, too, over the mountain Estremo, was rather arduous; up hill and down dale, and along the mountain sides, with their half-paved furrows and pits of roads, but with glorious green views all round us, high and low, of the pine-clad Serras, d'Estrica, d'Anta, and more distant, those of Bolhoza to the west, and da Panheda to the east, shutting in luxuriant valleys of corn and wine. Huge stones (one or two giants reminded me

of the *bowderstone* in Borrodale, and many of our prospects to-day were of Cumbrian feature) lay on the hills on our way, and there was one hill that was an entire cone of granite, flattened at top, and supporting great square stones, like a castle-wall and tower. We wanted Professor Sedgwick here. We stopped at the foot of the Estremo, at a village called Choças (pronounced Shossas), to refresh ourselves and quadrupeds at a *venda*, and to replace a shoe that one of the horses had lost. We dined on bread and meat that we had brought with us, and some superior wine of Monção, of which we found three or four flasks in our *condessa*, into which they must have been smuggled by our host; for we did not know they were there. We chanced, however, to be so scantily supplied with meat that there was none for the servants, so their fare was *sardinhas* and plenty of bread and wine. The horses and mule also had the latter, *sopas*, bread soaked in wine, for neither barley, nor Indian corn, nor rye-straw was to be had in this miserable place. Our churl of an *arriero* broke out into one of his fits of rage; but this time he was so impudent—as if we were answerable for the village of Choças not containing diet to suit his palate—that Mr. M—— was compelled to rate him harshly. He had latterly taken to riding our baggage mule, which he had never suffered our own man to mount, except once, when she was in a vicious humour. Mr. — now insisted that he should not mount again, and rode at him when he attempted it. The mutineer found it would not do; we were as much frightened as amused by the squabble; but the mule settled the matter, for she began kicking, and

set all our horses prancing. The man now turned his eloquence on the *macha*, and did not flatter her; but her eye, and a certain revolution of one ear, told him that he was safer on foot. Mr. — who knows the country and the ways of its people, declares that in all his experience he never had to deal with so discontented, ill-tempered, and ill-conditioned a railer as this *arriero*, who, I am sorry to add, is not a native of Galicia, as most of his calling in this land are, but a Portuguese. As a set-off against this man's misconduct, Mr. — says that the very best, the most obliging, and the funniest *arriero* he ever employed was a Portuguese who accompanied him all the way from Oporto to Coimbra, the Batalha, Alcobaca, &c., to Lisbon.

Every hill on our route in this fatiguing ride, wherever culture is possible, is as carefully tilled as the vales; the land is partitioned off into small fields which are fringed with rows of dwarf oaks, vine-clasped; there are terraces under terraces of these tree-bordered fields, and instead of a wall of stones to support the side of each terrace, there is often a casing of green sod that looks as well as the trimmest hedge, and adds much to the cheerful verdure of the scene. Between Choças and Arcos are the villages of Pogido and Gandara de Porzello. It took us seven hours and a half, including halts, to perform this day's journey, though the distance from Monção to Arcos, in a direct line, is less than twenty miles.

Arcos stands pleasantly in the Val do Vez, on the river Vez, that runs shallow and brawling near it, and disembogues into the Lima a few miles to the south.

From a plateau on which stand two churches and a large house thrown back between them, are fine views of the river, valley, and surrounding mountains. I believe there is nothing of man's work very remarkable at Arcos, where, on account of the heat, we remained till 3 P.M.

June 2.

The innkeeper, a civil man, warned us that it would take us at least seven hours, probably more, to accomplish our journey to Braga, and he advised us to defer our departure for twelve hours. He represented the difficulty of travelling at night on such bad roads, and the danger of being waylaid by robbers. But we did not put much faith in these arguments for delay. Besides, if we wished to start at three in the morning, there would be no possibility, we believed, of getting our intractable *arriero* to be ready before six or seven. So off we set. There is a beautiful prospect of river, church, and town, and fields and mountains from the bridge of Arcos—a very beautiful view indeed; and the ride all the way to Barca de Bico, the ferry across the Cavado, within a league and a half of Braga, which was as far as the daylight served us, is magnificently rich. The first part was delightful along the margin of the Vez, with abundant verdure on every side, and lofty steeps wooded to the very summit, and the green much enlivened by the yellow flowering broom, which grows to uncommon height, and blossoms in great luxuriance among the woods here at this season. This country must, I suppose, be exceedingly lovely in autumn, when the leaves are turned and the grapes are ripe, as there are many evergreen trees also. We did not find the road

so bad either as our landlord had reported, except in two or three places, and those not so very bad as many that we had passed. For the first two leagues the road was easy enough, and we could hardly have thought it otherwise, or thought about it at all, through such a succession of charming landscapes. The Vez, which had been our lively travelling companion into Arcos, did not desert us till we reached Ponte de Barca, where it glides into the Lima. There is at this place a pretty quinta, called Paço Vedro (old palace). We fancied it might have been, centuries gone by, the site of Maria Lopes da Costa's residence. This woman, who died at the age of 110, and whose traditional fame is alive yet in Ponte de Barca, was twice married. Her children and grandchildren were no less than 120 in number, of whom eighty were living around her at the time of her decease. King Emanuel, on his return from Compostella, nearly 340 years since, slept in her house, and was liberal in donations to her progeny. The Da Costas, for the matronymic is not extinct, are still as proud of the great King's kindness as of their many times great-grandmother's longevity.

Our evil genius of this pleasant ramble, the *arriero*, figures in to-day's adventures. He is always drinking, and always in a rage. It is quite ludicrous to observe how Grenho (curly head) our great stout Galician, is afraid of him. He is most respectful to him, and as watchful of his movements as he might be if he were an unchained tiger. As he was not permitted to ride, he now repeated a trick which he had played us several times; he so arranged, or rather disarranged, our baggage, that the mule became uneasy and nearly

kicked it off. This gave him an excuse for stopping, and he lingered till we were out of sight; but Mr. —, suspecting his intention from the insolent humour he saw him in, suddenly rode back, and seeing him just about to take his seat on our carpet bags, forbade him to mount. The man yielded, but not without loud and vehement complaints. Mr. — now told him that as he was a selfish and obstreperous churl, and as he had from the commencement of our acquaintance behaved as ill as possible, he should thenceforth always go on foot, adding that he would 'break his head' if he saw him make another attempt to mount that mule while she was in our service. Mr. — then fell back and rode behind the *arriero*, who sulkily led the mule, while we ladies rode on with Mr. H—. All this was very absurd; but no words can explain the plague this muleman gave us, and Grenho's terror of him always increased our difficulty, though it made us laugh. The man did not like Mr. —'s riding behind him. He suddenly roared out that the mule pulled his arm off, and let go the bridle. Mr. — desired Grenho to lead her, or to ride her if he chose. But he was *muito obrigado a sua senhoria*—much obliged—and casting a queer look of awe at the muleteer, declared that he very much preferred walking to riding, though he had been continually complaining to us that the man would not let him ride. The mutineer dropped astern, and we were in hopes we should see no more of him till we got to Braga. A chance wayfarer whom we met, and who heard part of the altercation, took us into favour and joined us, going back, out of his way, to show us ours over the Pico de Regalados, and

carefully leading J——'s horse whenever we came to 'a bad place.' He advised us to remain at Pico for the night, proposing to accompany us to Braga early in the morning. He was very civil, and probably equally honest, but he had a cunning look that was not prepossessing. Pico, too, did not appear to be an eligible quarter for a night's billet; so we gave the stranger half a *pinto* (which does not mean half a *pint*, but half a new crown, that is, we gave him a coin of value little more than a shilling), and pushed on. Grenho, after many a lingering, but not longing look behind, to ascertain if the *arriero* were fairly out of sight, got upon the mule, to his great content and ours; but, lo! just as we had congratulated ourselves on having, as we imagined, surely left our marplot far behind, the very man appeared at the moment when Grenho had halted to recover a fish pannier that had dropped. The man must have skulked after us, keeping us in view the whole way. Grenho was about to jump off, but Mr. L——, picking up the pannier for him, told him to remain where he was. We went on, and the man followed at some distance. Presently he rushed up, and, adopting Mr. ——'s expression, assured the Galician that he would 'break his head' if he did not dismount. Grenho was meekly going to comply, but was prevented by Mr. ——, who promised the muleteer that if he gave us any more of his impudence, there should be but one broken head of the party, and that should be his own. The bully muttered and growled, but made no further attempt to interfere till we got to Barco de Vico, the ferry across the Cavado, at half-past eight. Here we were detained till ten for the

boat, which was waiting on the other side for some cars and their oxen. The muleman now swaggered, and seemed to enjoy Grenho's distress, when the baggage, being ill-mounted, again became disbalanced. He refused to help him, though Grenho humbly entreated his assistance, confessing his own want of genius to settle such important affairs. At last the fellow did lend him a hand.

The boat did at last arrive too, and was of such commodious breadth and form that we all rode on it without dismounting. The distance from the ferry to Braga may be five miles: we made it at least twelve, wandering about the country through woods and villages, raising the barkings of all the dogs in the district, and disturbing the slumbers of the inhabitants at several houses by thumping at their doors, till some one or other now and then summoned courage to answer; for no doubt they took us for a band of mounted brigands. But the information thus obtained was so confused that we could make nothing of it for a long time. Mr. — had at first taken the lead, and in the right direction, as it happened; but the *arriero* called out that he knew the way perfectly well; that we were on the wrong track, and must take what he termed the lower road. Of course we complied, and so got into a labyrinth, and then no one was so anxious and so timid as our besotted guide, till, by finding our way back to the spot from which he had called us, we were at length fairly out of the scrape. During all the time the woods and lanes were very dark; for though there was starlight, there was no moon. We were cheered and delighted, however, by the

nightingales ; some of which, though very near us, did not cease singing for the tramp of our horses' hoofs. We entered Braga an hour after midnight, rattled up the people of the inn, got supper, and were in bed by half-past two.

Braga : June 3.

The cathedral was the first object we visited. We attended service ; and if to some of us the mass was as a dead letter, none of our party could be insensible to the solemn eloquence of the organ. After service (at which our Oporto friend, Senhor P——, one of the canons here, assisted) the sacristan showed us all the rare treasures : first, in the sacristy, several antique pieces of church plate, and the robes, ancient and modern, of the archbishops. Among the silver things was an elaborately-worked image of the Virgin and Child, a great curiosity, because it was carried at the battle of Aljubarota by Don Lourenzo, primate and rebuilder of the cathedral, to inspirit the Portuguese soldiers. The mummy, which was afterwards exhibited to us in the chapel of *Nosso Senhor do Livramento* (Our Lord of the Deliverance), is the corpse of this gallant churchman-martial, who was wounded in that successful struggle for the independence of Portugal. We were assured that it was no *mummy*, that it had not been embalmed, but had been left to dry naturally, and had not corrupted—a marvel attributed to the odour of his sanctity. At the Batalha, one of our fellow-travellers has seen a corpse in equal preservation, shown as that of one of the sons of the victor at Aljubarota, John I. That also is said not to have been embalmed,

and its preservation is the more remarkable in that damp and neglected edifice. We saw the chalice used by the first Archbishop of Braga, Saint Gerald, 1113. We also saw this dignitary's pontifical dress, and a curiously rich and heavy vestment worn by some of the primates after the discovery of the south-east passage to India, where it was wrought. There was another chalice, fancifully worked in the form of a Gothic church tower with little bells, and inscribed with the date 1509. Several paintings and prints of religious subjects and portraits were in the sacristy, but none of much value. We are always eagerly looking out for worthy specimens of pictorial art, and almost always disappointed.

From the sacristy we went to see the 'Altar of the Sacrament,' where is a highly curious and ancient wood carving of the Church Triumphant; an allegorical piece of many figures, all cut, and well cut, in one massive piece of timber. In the *Capella mor*, the great chapel, we saw the stone tombs of the Conde Don Henrique and his wife Theresa, the parents of Alfonso Henriques, first king of Portugal. Near the main entrance to the *Sé* is a bronze monument to an Infante, who died at Braga, a son of John I.

We next visited the gorgeous choir, with its rich old wainscots and stalls of dark wood carved; the wainscotting is partly gilded.

We here examined also the double organ, so much admired for its power of sound. We likewise saw the ritual and breviary, black-letter on vellum, from which the Mus-Arabic liturgy was performed, as at Toledo. Our kind friend the canon conducted

us over every part of the cathedral. Thence, accompanied by Major B——, an officer on the staff here, we visited several other churches and public buildings. We then went to the Carvalheiras, the oak-trees, where are several grand old oaks, some of the trunks above sixteen feet in circumference; and here, fronting and flanking one side of the chapel of St. Sebastian, are twelve of the tall, round, huge milestones which the Romans placed on their five roads that led from Braga to Astorga, &c. These twelve were first removed to the great square, the Campo de Sant' Anna, by one of the archbishops, and subsequently by another, for yet greater security, to this more retired part of the city. I shall have something more to say respecting them presently.

After our return to the inn, *Os dous Amigos*, the two Friends, several persons called—for we had more letters of recommendation than enough; and some gentlemen rather awkwardly met in our room, whom political antipathies usually kept out of each other's company. Our friend the canon brought his brother, a colonel in command of a regiment stationed here, who was most obliging.

Among other good offices, he civilised our *arriero* for us by some menace which I did not clearly comprehend. The man, who knew Colonel P——, was frightened and humbled, and begged the colonel to say nothing to his master, so we hoped to have no more trouble with him.

June 4.

At 8.30 A.M. we paid another visit to the cathedral, and afterwards revisited the Carvalheiras, the oaks, and the Roman milestones, the handsome Church of

the Hospital, the Church of the Franciscan Nunnery of the *Remedios*, and that of the Ursuline Nunnery. The gentlemen returned the call of Mr. G——, who was not at home, or probably was at his *sesta*, as it was during the heat of the day that they called, so we missed the view of some paintings by old masters, to which he had promised us access in several private houses. At half-past 4 P.M., we set off for *Nosso Senhor do Monte*, accompanied by Colonel P——, his brother the prebendary, Major B——, and the adjutant of Colonel P——'s regiment, and Major P—— of the cavalry. We were a clattering troop, for Portuguese cavaliers are rather fond of keeping their horses in a fidget. J——, on her white horse, which followed the example of the others, was not half sure that she liked all that prancing, but she soon became reconciled to it, and then enjoyed it, till the party being misdirected up the left side of the Mount, a very steep ascent, some of the gentlemen persuaded her to alight and walk with them to the top. There we met a gaudy procession, which was picturesque enough, with its silken flags, its tinsel-decked images, in tinsel state equipage, carried aloft on poles on men's shoulders. These were preceded by a band of drummers who belaboured their parchment lustily, and followed by a train of holiday officials and gazers. From Braga to the foot of this very remarkable eminence is about, or above, two miles. We rode over a roughly paved causeway the greater part of the way; the country on each side rich and green. When we reached the foot of the Mount we should have ridden up a stone causeway, shaded on each side by a line

of cork trees, then proceeded up a zigzag road, walled in, and also flanked by fine oaks, the meeting branches of which form a most agreeable roof, allaying the glare not only of the sun but of the newly whitewashed walls, for whitewashed they always are the week before Whitsuntide, the week of the great festival. We should have dismounted at the gateway superscribed Jerusalem Renewed; there the acclivity is very steep, and we ought to have pursued the zigzagged angularly walled road, which is furnished at intervals with flights of steps of polished stone, and pinnacled oratories right and left all the way up, containing figures sculptured and painted, as large as life, representing the Divine Tragedy, the Last Supper of our Lord, His Sufferings, and Crucifixion. At the side of each oratory is a fountain received by a stone basin; there are shaven edges of box along the walls. Then there are allegorical figures of the *five senses*; and figures of saints. Then on a pedestal fixed on a huge round stone, a statue of St. Longinus on horseback, spear in hand. This is said to be a good sculpture, but is just now disfigured with whitewash. It used to be gilded. Above this, and near the top of the richly wooded Mount, is the elegant church of *Nosso Senhor do Monte*, which we entered with difficulty, for great was the press of devotees. In the sacristy is a large and much-admired crucifix in ivory, the figure and cross skilfully carved. Above this church, on the flat head of the mountain, is an area enclosing several chapels, gilded within and furnished with statuary in the taste of the oratories below. The site of the church and of these chapels is very fine.

Huge mossy stones and rocks lie scattered about, among the glades of the woods, or detached; and the wide prospect of plains and forests, and fertile fields, and swelling hills, and pointed peaks, is as admirable as man may wish to look on.

I have only attempted to convey a general notion of the sort of place, and I have not been very particular in my enumeration, nor in my description of the various objects of devotional art with which it superabounds. For the most part there is more intensity of purpose manifest than skill in execution. The mere *virtuoso* would turn away from most of the details as libels on architecture, painting, or sculpture. But look at those crowds of pilgrims. They are no critics. Look in the faces of any twenty of them who are assembled about any one of these chapels. Surely Faith has led them hither, though Folly may here have usurped some of her functions. You may see that they have hearts, and that the spirit of the place has *found* them.

This mountain, or rather the whole range, was anciently called *A Portella de Espinho*, 'the thorny passage.' The name, allusive probably to the then state of the Serra, a wilderness of thicket and bramble, does not violently or inaptly give way to that of Calvary, which the summit and the church of this 'Monte do Bom Jesus' now bear. Argote, in 1774, gives an interesting account of the pomp of this sanctuary as it was in his time. Barros, the historian, two centuries earlier, mentions it as a simple Ermida, the little chapel of St. Magdalen, with a cell adjoining. The priest who occasionally officiated there received as his due from the parishioners three

early ripe figs and a gourd of water. The chapel was named after Mary Magdalen, and the parish was then called Christina. There are two ways of considering such exhibitions of religious enthusiasm as are seen here. For my part, I am unwilling to take part with the scoffers.

We walked to the foot of the mountain by the way already described as that by which visitors usually make their approach. We then rode back to Braga, and dismounted at a nunnery, at which the Lady Abbess, through Colonel P—— and the *Conego*, had invited us to drink tea. It was the *Convento dos Remedios*, the Franciscan, not the Ursuline, which is also a noted nunnery here. The Abbess, a stout, elderly person of cheerful aspect, two old sisters, and three or four young nuns—one of them pretty, another witty, and all merry—gaily bade us welcome. We sat in the parlour, barred out from the nuns by a double fence, two gratings of iron about two yards apart, the inner one stronger and more closely grated than the outer, but both open enough to admit us to an easy view of the nuns' figures and features, as they sat in semicircle opposite to us, as blithe and talkative as caged parrots, each range of bars being at least eight feet square.

They gave us good tea, excellent sweetmeats, and flowers. The latter they divided amongst us, not without some arch allusion to 'The language of flowers,' which they seemed very well to understand. To J—— and me they presented the first bouquets, and the choicest. To Mr. —— and Mr. H——,

who were strangers also, they gave the flowers which, I believe, had no meaning but that of an offering of common courtesy. To Major P—— and the canon, both of whom bandied irony with them, they gave flowers intended to turn them into ridicule, which produced a good deal of laughter, and animated the merry warfare of words. The bouquets were passed by a young nun through the rundle, or little rotatory wicket at one corner; but never, when for a gentleman, without being first offered to the inspection of the Abbess, who always assented to their delivery without examining them. One of the young vestals went out, and returned with a bunch of flowers, which, after being thus held up to the Lady Abbess, for form's sake, were handed by this pretty religieuse to the *Conego*. Every blossom of which it was composed was a satire on him: so he gaily revenged himself by pretending to have found a billet-doux concealed within it. He affected to put it hastily in his pocket, and acted his part very well: but the Abbess was nothing discomposed by all this innocent raillery. The Abbess told me that she and her sister had been imprisoned by Don Miguel, for two years and more, as suspected *Malhadas*, or persons tainted with Liberalism. What a churl must Don Miguel have been! As if a nunnery was not of itself prison enough.

By-the-bye, this prince, during the siege of Oporto, resided, for a short time, in the Archbishop's Palace at Braga, and of course visited N. S. do Monte. The canon assured me that on that occasion the road, the walls, the trees on each side were loaded with men, women, and children, who hailed him

with transports of loyalty, those who were on the ground kneeling as he passed.

After taking our leave of those affable nuns, we went to see the Quinta de Viscainhos, which was tastefully laid out, and inclosed by walls with rampart walks, and turrets with eye-holes, commanding agreeable views. Mr. — saw this quinta nearly twenty years ago, and again in 1836. It was on his first visit in better order than it has been since the war of the brothers. The owner, as he was informed in 1836, had expended so much money in entertainments while Don Miguel was at Braga, that he afterwards retired to his country seat to economise, having let his quinta with the mansion to which it is attached.

We returned to the inn, with the companions of our ride. Colonel P—— had ordered the band of his regiment to be in attendance. They played in the square under the windows of our apartments till past ten, when they were dismissed, and our friends left us to rest, as we were to rise early. They had tried to tempt us to stay at Braga over the next night, with the promise of a ball, but we were unable to afford the time, and anxious to be among the mountains of Gerêz.

June 5.

We were to-day to look upon sterner forms of mountains than we had yet seen. We rose at 3 A.M., and were out of Braga before 4 A.M. First to Carvalho d'Este, a long league, uphill for the most part, till, turning round about a quarter of a mile before reaching that village, we got a noble view of

Braga and its rich plain, and a glimpse of the western ocean, just at sunrise. From this hill also we witnessed the finest effect of vapour I have seen, except once, in another mountain land, when descending from the summit of —. But there it was a pompous army of clouds marching and deploying under me; here it was one vast stiff body of whitest fog imbedded on our left in the deep valley which it filled, and so motionless, so fast asleep, as if it would never wake or stir to the call of the winds, and as if it were impermeable to the sun, and lay there as a shroud to some great mystery. We proceeded over hills green with fern, rhododendron, laurustinus, and gay with a thousand flowers, gum-cistus, heaths white and red, yellow gorse, yellow broom and white, wild mignonette, yellow jessamine, clematis, lavender, heartsease, white thorn, dog rose white and red, and thousands, thousands more, all, or most of them, in bloom, all sending forth an exhalation of 'rich distilled perfumes'; and scattered among this wilderness of sweets were huge grey stones, or rather hillocks of stone; further off were stony mountains of similar appearance to these hillocks, but in parts well sprinkled with trees, oaks, cork-trees, beeches, and interspersed with the birch, the wild almond, and many others of the minor sylvæ. Our route lay through the villages of Pinheiro and Anjaes, leaving on our right the lone steep crag on which stands the church of N. S. do Pilar and the old tower of a castle in which Alfonso Henriques, if the legend be true, imprisoned his mother. Both are striking objects, which we proposed to visit on our return. A little incident that occurred as we passed through the next

small village (Val de Luz) produced from one of our party the following :—

LYRICS ON HORSEBACK.

In Val de Luz, the Vale of Light,
A hamlet neither fair nor bright
That valley's title bears—
(As honours oft, by merit won,
Descend to some ignoble son,
Or wealth to worthless heirs).

A narrow street of squalid huts,
Fierce-visaged men, and fiercer sluts
With eyes and elk-locks black,
And earth-brown features grinning scorn
The passing stranger seems to warn—
'Beware of an attack !'

Such hints are spurs ; but yet the last
Ill-omened shed was scarcely past,
When checkt was every steed !
What stops us here ?—a torrent strong,
A mighty flood of glorious song,
Indignant of our speed.

The Nightingale of lusty lungs,
The bird that has the gift of tongues,
The key to every breast ;
'Twas he, that as we rode along
Waylaid us with a force of song,
And held us in arrest.

No wanderer through a dark pine-wood
To brigand mandate ever stood
More suddenly than we ;
Stopt by a bird in open day,
An Attic bird that ambushed lay
Behind an olive tree !

This is no mere fancy versified. The fact happened as it was told. J—— and I, Mr. —— and Mr. H——,

all pulled up at once, as if at the word of command. The servants being behind us could not do otherwise. There, on our left, in an olive-tree close to the road, 'the cunning master of the spell' was hidden. The tramp of our cavalcade and our abrupt halt did not disturb him. He continued to 'cheer the village with his song,' and us too, till at last we broke away.

Igreja Nova (new church, which might now be called Igreja Velha, from the aged appearance of its stone church) and Posadouro were the next villages we passed. As far as the latter place and a little further, you are on the road from Braga to Salamonde; but not far beyond Posadouro, you have the Salamonde road above you on the right, and take the lower road down, or down and up to the Gerêz. But less than a mile before you thus diverge from the Salamonde road, there are on the left several eminences, from which are to be seen prospects that when once seen are not to be forgotten. The first of these memorable views opened upon us as we rambled off the road among the hills on the left, and the eminence from which we witnessed it chanced to be the very point of view that we had been cautioned by Captain and Mrs. D—— not to miss; but as we were not aware that we were so near the turning off to Gerêz, about which they had warned us, it came upon me, as it had at first done upon our friends, with all the force of a surprise. From a green ferny slope, about which are scattered huge smooth brown and black stones, 'dropt in Nature's careless haste,' you all at once descry the deep, rich, very green and woody valley of the

Cávado; a long and narrow and tortuous pass, through which the eye may trace the river almost as one might fancy from its cradle near Montalêgre (where by-the-bye are antiquities worthy of note), winding far away westward, for the prospect extends both up and down the river, of course at two views, right and left, from this acclivity. But the mountains of Gerêz, thus abruptly brought home to us, engage the sight for some minutes to the exclusion of other details. There they are 'in grim repose'; and my first sensation was as if I had suddenly perceived a lion sleeping across my path. I mean that the grandeur and air of power in repose of those heights, unexpectedly discovered so near, convey an impression of awe akin to that which might be produced by such an adventure as meeting a lion *couchant*, real, not heraldic, though of course without the fear and the retrograde impulse that would be produced by such perilous propinquity to the great wild cat, who is called the king of beasts. There are several views, each varying in character from other eminences here, on the left side of the road equally good, I think, with this (which I call 'D——'s station,' because he marked it out to us), but none perhaps that would produce quite so striking an affect of awe *after* this view was *first* seen. The contrast between our side of the river, with all its depths and undulations of verdure, at once graceful and noble, and that stern rugged husk of the Gerêz, stony and bare and steep, is indescribably solemn. Those mountains, as viewed from this quarter, are a heap of crags, ridges, and peaks, so fantastic in their outlines and angles, that in parts their features might

be called elegant, if the whole effect was not too grand for such an epithet, and if they did not seem more like elements of chaos than like forms which plastic Nature had handled with care.

On quitting the Salamonde road for that of the Caldas, turning our backs on the Cávado, to meet a smaller but as bright and spirited a river, the Rio Caldo, the ride became more difficult than it had hitherto been; for the ways were steep, narrow, and rugged, dipping and rising and twisting most uneasily; as they led us through several scattered hamlets of one name, as we understood, Caniçada, then by Bouças, and by Villar da Veiga to the Caldas. But the views were ample compensation for the heat and fatigue endured. Nothing could be more beautiful than the richly wooded slopes shelving down the river; and (as seen through glades of groves of oak and chestnut, and often *over* the heads of these and other lively green trees, so steep were some of the rocky and ferny declivities on which they flourished) nothing could be grander than those formidable mountains, with the many-tinted river, chafing and foaming and shining over its stony channel, yet so translucent that the great rocks under water in the deeper parts of its bed, as well as on its borders, were as distinct to the eye as if no river covered them. This clearness was the happy accident of the fine weather in which we were travelling. The Caldo, which is always a 'river running with a young man's speed,' must have a very different appearance when swollen and turbid with heavy rains or the melting of the snows of the Serra. On our right, too, all the way from Posadouro,

as we went up and down and wound along our hill-sides, there were stony and woody mountains which would have engaged more of our admiration elsewhere; but in the vicinity of the Cávado valleys and the glens of the Caldo, and the Gerêz Serra, we had not much to spare for them.

Admirable was every part of this day's ride, and even the stoic philosophy might forget the cold egotism of the motto *nil admirari* in such a wonderful country. I must confess, however, that the fatigue, under a burning sun which we could not always escape, was sometimes too much for me, and it seemed as if we should never reach Villar da Veiga, our resting-place, one league short of Gerêz. The village of Bouças lay, as it appeared, at our feet at every other turn, and then away we went again, leaving it behind us :—

‘The long rough road, returning in a round,
Mocked our impatient steps, for all was fairy ground.’

But the groves of ilex, chestnuts, ash-trees, plane-trees, and even of olives (picturesque, as I have before remarked, when grouped on uneven surfaces though not so on plains), and the ever-recurring *ramadas* of vine, were refreshing and cheering, the more so for that fierce, bald background of *the* Serra. At last we did plunge down into Bouças; we crossed and recrossed the river over a bridge of wood and another of stone, both narrow and without rail or parapet, and therefore somewhat unpleasant to ladies' nerves. Then we worked up and down, chiefly up, to the village of Villar da Veiga, which is a pretty place, and by the aid of comfortable archi-

ecture might become quite attractive. In front of a hut, which is the *venda* or wine-house, is a sort of *Champs Elysées*, but more worthy of the name than the Elysian fields at Paris; for here it is a grove of strong-armed and wide-spreading oaks, on one side bordered by the river, over which is a solid stone bridge, parapeted.

As soon as we arrived, hooks were screwed to four trees, and my Indian hammock and J——'s were slung. Into them we got without delay and were asleep in five minutes; a tiny clear brooklet tinkling along just under us on its way to the river. While we slept, the gentlemen had our cold dinner set out on a table, also *al fresco*. When all was prepared we were called, and after we had dined under the oaks, we retired to our hammocks again, and slept for two or three hours more under the greenwood trees, till man and horse were ready to start. J—— mounted, singing:—

‘Come, stain your cheeks with nuttle berry,
You’ll find the gipsy’s life is merry.’

But she, poor girl! is in no need of the gipsy cosmetic, for sun and air on this tour have already stained her cheeks nut-brown. We were on horseback again at 4 P.M., and rode leisurely up to the Caldas, which is itself on high ground, though at the foot of the grim mountain. A nearer approach to the Serra by no means abated our sense of its dignity.

The village of Caldas de Gerêz is small, comprising but a few cottages and several lodging-houses; all the latter and most of the former shut up and deserted, except for two or three months in the season, which

had not yet commenced, for its hot baths. The natural heat of the springs is about as much as the hand may comfortably bear. The street is intersected with rivulets, which, being *cold*, seemed to be the very paradise of frogs : they were leaping and croaking in every direction, and they serenaded us all night.

We had taken the precaution, conformably to advice given us at Oporto, to bring two days' provender from Braga, and also to send on a person from Villar da Veiga to open one of the lodging-houses for us ; for there is absolutely no accommodation of any description to be had here. We were, therefore, introduced into an empty house : but with the hammocks, &c., that we brought, and the civility of the two or three persons who came with our messenger from Villar da Veiga, we did well enough. We had tea without milk, and bread without butter (next morning at breakfast the same)—no great penalty for curiosity that had been so abundantly gratified. By-the-bye, how the cuckoos played at hide-and-seek among the mountains on our ride from Braga !

‘ O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ? ’

And how we flushed the red-legged partridges, whir, whir, whir, among the underwood, and even on the dusty, lonesome roadsides ; the hen bird, followed by her small brood, usually taking the alarm first, while the bold male challenged and scolded us, and almost suffered himself to be rode up to, before he took to flight.

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Were the relative height of mountains to determine their influence on the mind, those of Gerêz would hold a subordinate rank among Alpine sublimities. The loftiest of the range is less than 4,000 feet high, not so high as the Righi or Ben Nevis, not higher, perhaps, than Snowdon, nor much superior to Scawfell, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw, and far less elevated than the Marão, the Estrella, and some other Portuguese Serras. But at Gerêz, as at Cintra, it is by the peculiar characteristics, rather than by the vastness and elevation of the range, that we are affected with admiration. Many a mountain of more than thrice the altitude of either of these, is comparatively barren of effect. Without considerable height, it is true, there can be no mountain worthy of the name; but I doubt whether an ascent of even 2,000 or 3,000 feet only, if striking by its position, noble in form and outline, and grand in features of wood, water, and rock, may not, in all its combinations and contrasts, produce as full a sense of Alpine sublimity as any Alps or Andes that ever awed the heart of man.

June 6.

‘There is but one step,’ said the modern pioneer of the Alps, ‘from the sublime to the ridiculous.’ The croaking of the frogs all night made it impossible for us to sleep. I suppose these creatures give up possession of the Caldas village when the bathers come. If not, how can the hapless invalids derive benefit from hot baths, unless deafness be part of the complaint? And then, if the waters should cure the deafness, one night’s concert of frogs would, I think, make the patient wish himself deaf again.

We were up before daylight, and resumed our ride about sunrise, but were long covered from the sun by the mountains.

A little adventure occurred just after we had started. The mule, who is a lady of capricious disposition, and sometimes a downright termagant, shocking our ears with her horrible bray, and laying about with her heels in a most unladylike fashion, took one of her wicked fits as soon as she came to a bad place. She pretended to be frightened at an old woman, started aside with one resolute plunge, dislodged from her back the muleman (who had again been permitted to mount), and nearly deposited the man, the luggage, and herself, in the bed of the river that foamed deep below under a precipice. She scrambled up again, however; the *arriero* had fallen on his head and was uninjured, and Mr: H—— remained near him, while he and Grenho readjusted the cargo, and expostulated with the mule. We met two peasant-sportsmen with rifles, going, they said, to shoot deer on Gerêz; another, who told us he was going to shoot wild goats. Wolves are said to abound in this neighbourhood. Mr. —— and J—— and I rode on through Villar da Veiga and the other villages which we passed yesterday, now and then leaving the road to hunt for prospects, often with success, till we arrived at the place where we yesterday left the Salamonde road; but wishing to see *D.'s Station* again, we rode on towards Braga for above half or three-quarters of a mile further. Having then visited the station, we returned and took the way to Salamonde. We had now the Serra da Gerêz again in face; majestic in every point of view, but so scarred

and rent and bare of soil, as to look like mountain majesty in rags, but without the least loss of dignity : it wore its guise of poverty so greatly. The road, a good one, and pleasant maugre the heat, was high on the side of a green sylvan mountain, through several villages, and through noble groves, woods of chestnut-trees, whose *hearts* were grey and broken and hollow with extreme old age, while their massive, leafy heads were as green and fruitful as youth. On our left was the Cávado and its valley, and the Gerêz, which now showed still loftier peaks than we had seen yesterday. All the last league (say four leagues) to Salamonde opens out prospects wonderfully fine. About mid-day we arrived at Salamonde, a village on the mountain border of this province, Ruivaens being in the *Tras os Montes*. Mr. H—— (sleepy, dreamy, dumby and blindy, as we often jestingly call him), who had kindly remained with the servants and mule to superintend their movements, performed capital service to-day, and quite redeemed his character ; for, knowing that we must have advantage of time over him, he struck up by a short cut, mule and all, though with difficulty, and got into the village long enough before us to make some preparations at the inn. The first thing we did was to send for the schoolmaster and an old woman, to each of whom we had to deliver a message and a parcel from Oporto. This commission executed, our gentlemen set about arrangements for dinner, resolved to have a feast ; but first, the ladies' hammocks were slung in one of the rooms, that we might rest before dinner as usual. Having brought fowls, we had the *potage*, which the Portuguese call *calda de galinha* ; two *tender* fowls

(*rare*), one boiled, one roasted—both hot ; a cold Melgaço ham ; roast beef out of one of our tin cases of preserved meat, which proved excellent when heated ; good bread, and clean salt ; we had also a bottle of Scotch ale, and a bottle of champagne—all of which things we brought with us—the latter from our friend at Barcellos ; and we did fare sumptuously. Nothing like mountain air to make bad fare good and good fare exquisite.

But though thus brought down by toil and hunger to such kitchen and cellar joys, we had not forgotten that we had objects of more interest to look after, and our having dined well in no degree blunted the edge of appetite for those. So when the heat of the day began to slacken, we got again on horseback, taking no servant, and we went eagerly in quest of the bridges by which Soult retreated, as described with interest almost romantic by Southey, Napier, the Frenchman Noble, &c. &c. From none of these, but from a friend who has been here before, and who is now riding at my side, I take the description of this famous pass :—‘ The road from Salamonde, which place stands high on the Serra de Viana, though sheltered, is at first partly cut through sandstone, which banks it on both sides ; then it opens out over a space purple with heather, and green with ilex and fern, arborescent heather, tall fern, and gum-cistus, &c., an open view for some distance all round : with here and there steep and deep ravines and gullies ; some of these pits filled with woods of ilex, &c. Then the road becomes steeply tortuous, down towards the Cávado that flows between this Serra de Viana and the grander and more rugged

Serra de Gerêz: the way thus drops crookedly through wilds of tall heather, intermingled with dwarf-oak, going sheer down in places as if much ploughed by torrents, but not difficult of descent with such sure-footed horses as ours had proved to be. Presently the bridge of Ponte Nova, the *Saltador*, is seen deep below you through a grove of olive-trees, under which tall ferns, &c., grow luxuriantly—a scene altogether wild and pleasant to travellers at their ease like ourselves. The Rio de Ruivaens, that flows under the *Saltador* (or Ponte Nova) is a mere shallow brawling brook in dry weather, tumbling along noisily over a channel of smooth stones, and between large blocks of grey and white granite, the upper parts of which are tinged with lichens. The views from its borders upon both sides have a wild richness; on the left are castle-like crags, with a foreground of hills and slopes, verdant with ilex and rough with stones and gorse, &c.; on the right are rude hills, where oaks grow among smooth stones and rugged rocks. The banks of this torrent stream, the Rio de Ruivaens, which joins the Cávado a little below the Ponte Nova, are margined with yellow flowering broom, ilex, heather, gum-cistus, and other plants: the water is white and transparent; and a mere toy for an angler just now. How different was it on that dismal night of storm and rain, when Soult and his thousands were hurrying over it, while the floods were out, and

“The angry spirit of the water shrieked!”

the English cannon (though but one gun was up, the echoes must have made it seem twenty), thundering upon them, and plunging into their serried

masses! The bridge (Ponte Nova) is one-arched, and of solid stone; the arch is by no means lofty, and there is nothing in its appearance to account for its name of *Saltador*, the Leaper; so no wonder that Colonel Napier and others have made a mistake in transferring this name to another bridge, the Miserella, to which we shall come presently. Having proceeded along the left bank of the Rio de Ruivaens, up-stream, we crossed the bridge, turned sharp to the left, down the stream on the right bank, and then the road, leaving this stream, wound off to the right, up the left bank of the Cávado, which was here and there whitened with natural water-breaks. The road was here good and level, of fair white sandstone, and its breadth might vary from four to six feet; it led us through a grove of oaks and old chestnuts, then over a stone causeway, and little bridge that spans a winter-torrent course, now dry. To the left, wherever we wound, the rocky mountains on the opposite side of the river on the right bank faced us closely; to the right we were always greeted by the richer mountains of the left bank. So the road winds along; now again a steep slope, after having been level for a while, again through a grove of chestnuts, and again over a torrent-course, bridged with rough stones, and shortly afterwards another, where the road roughens. The herbage of the hills now becomes more scanty, and the way more stony, till on the left is a picturesque waterfall of which the accompaniments are both striking and pleasing; for above the rocky chasm from which it flows is a bold embattled crag, so exactly like a fortress that the delusion was complete for a minute: the water falls

behind, and as it were into, a little steep wood, in which it is lost ; and on the lower skirt of this wood hang some fresh little pastures. Beyond, the valley expands and the verdure becomes richer ; olive trees, oaks supporting vines, and even fields of maize, appear in gay relief to the severe background of rough peaks. Here, I think, we lose the Cávado. Leaving it on our left, and turning to the right up the left bank of the Rio de Venda Nova, another stream, which joins the Cávado a short distance behind us, we proceed through the village of Os Frades do Pinheiro (where there is no pine-tree, but a fine chestnut-tree, of great girth), up and down a winding, narrow, and rough road, which twists through masses of great rocks, as the stream itself does, till we reach the lofty bridge of the Miserella, whose one tall arch does indeed leap boldly across the roaring water, and might therefore well be mistaken for the *Saltador*. The power of this torrent when swollen is attested by the enormous piles of granite that are worn and drilled into holes and cavities, and into all sorts of shapes, and about which, even in this calm and dry weather, it foams and rattles, and plunges as a waterfall just above the bridge. The view up and down, and on every side from the bridge of Miserella, is rocky and savage ; but not without the grace of evergreen oaks and cork-trees, which do not at all detract from the wildness of the scene. This track is little known, except to the *Almocréves* of Montalêgre, Chaves, and the Spanish frontier, and to the *contrabandistas* of the border, to whom it is familiar, and one of whom was the guide and saver of Soult's army. The minute-

ness, therefore, and perhaps tediousness, of the description may on both those accounts be tolerated. To old Peninsular campaigners this "pass of peril" has always been of peculiar interest since that fearful night when Soult and his battalions crushed through it, so soon after their ruthless triumph at Oporto.'

The sun had set before we left the bridge of Miserella, yet we were not in darkness; for not only were there visible stars, but to J——'s great satisfaction, as *she* first observed it, there was a thin crescent moon, with its circle completed by a dark ring, reminding us of 'the fine old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence'—

'Yestreen I saw the old moon
With the young moon in her arms.'

We arrived late at Salamonde, but without having lost our way; for in going we had made accurate observations, without which, in that doubtful light, we might have been puzzled on our return by the many divergent paths. We supped on a soup which the gentlemen pronounced worthy of *les trois frères provençaux*, though it came out of one of our tin cases, where it had been for two or three *years*, and it only required fire for a few minutes. As Mr. H—— had the previous night, at Gerêz, slept upon a bare table, Mr.—— thought it but fair this night to offer him the third hammock, which he also had only used once (at Gerêz). Mr. —— therefore committed himself to the mercy of one of two very dubious-looking beds; for this inn of Salamonde was not a cleanly house, though the old host and his respectable-looking old wife and two daughters were very civil persons, to *us* at least.

Mr. — had not been long in bed before he became aware that he was self-sacrificed to the little black skipping demon whose name is Legion. Mr. H—— blundered about for two hours before he could fix his hammock ; at last he got into it, and, having done so, as Mr. — informs us, with an ‘Oh-how-comfortable’ sort of flounce, he resigned himself for some moments to the ‘sober certainty of waking bliss,’ preparatory to the sleeping bliss in which his fancy revelled ; then his contented ‘Good-night’ gave notice that he was about to drink deep of the luxury of rest, so he gave himself one last comfortable turn, and the hammock one good swing, and down came he and the hammock, hooks and all, and brought him to the floor, where he lay struggling and chafing in the dark for a quarter of an hour, head and feet entangled in the meshes of the hammock net, before he could rise and grope his way to the vacant mattress. The *tapage* was so great that we, in an adjoining room, were for a moment alarmed, but the roars of laughter from Mr. — soon reassured us ; and I do believe he laughed all night at his friend’s disaster. J—— soon was asleep, in spite of the noise ; and after last night’s wakefulness, I would gladly have slept, too, but I again found it impossible. There was an incessant jingling of mule-bells in the stable right under us, which was unfortunately full of cargo-mules ; this inn being a resting-place for the *almocréves* (mule-drivers or carriers) on their way to and from Montalêgre, Chaves, the Spanish frontier, &c.

The mules, which are never allowed to lie down, but are always tied up short, have for their night-caps the same bell-gear which they wear by day ;

so that, whether they are munching their *milho* and straw, or nid-nid-nodding as they stand asleep, it is one perpetual motion of sound—jingle, jingle—from numerous little brass bells. The *almocréves* have the odd notion—or perhaps they pretend, to avoid the trouble of grooming their beasts—that the bells both cheer and lull the mules, and that they would neither work nor sleep without them; just as the carters profess that the oxen would not draw well if the revolving axles of the cart-wheels were greased. In that ear-excruciating wheel-music, however, there is one advantage: it warns the far-off rider or driver that a cart is coming, in the narrow and intricate lanes of Portugal, where there may be neither room to pass nor turn. An English surveyor would say, ‘Widen your lanes, grease your wheels, and have mercy on your beasts.’ But oh, frogs of Gerêz! and oh, mule-bells of Salamonde! ‘Oh, to forget you, thrilling through my *head!*’

Another incident may be mentioned among the humours of the night, though we were but indirectly concerned in it. We ladies had, by the recommendation of the old host’s two daughters, locked the passage door, which, as we understood, shut in no room but our own. But through that passage, it seems, the elders of the family should have passed to *their* room. The old people, therefore, could not get to bed, and they sat up in the kitchen, for the old landlord was too polite to let us be disturbed, though he was impolite enough to permit himself to beat his respectable old wife for an accident which was in no way her fault. This ungracious fact was reported to us next day by our man, Grenho.

June 7.

Our host made out a heavy bill for us in the morning, to indemnify himself, I suppose, for having been excluded from his chamber. We did not demur to the payment, though we had really had next to nothing but what was our own. We set off again at daybreak, and reversed the ride of yesterday as far as the turn-off of the Geira road ; then we bore to the left (revisiting D——'s favoured station), through Posadouros, Igreja Nova, and Val de Luz, as on the 5th, only retracing our way till, from the latter place, we went to the left again ; on to Povoá de Lanhoso, where we halted all through the heat of the day. Though in getting to this place we passed over a fine bold country, everything appeared tame after Gerêz : everything but that bluff crag already alluded to, of Our Lord of the Pillar. We rode for some time over an open heath before we reached Lanhoso, which is a very pretty place, standing, as Braga does, in the centre of a rich undulating plain, and having, like Braga, its Holy Hill near, and its circuit of mountain-barrier complete in the distance.

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June 8.

A wet Sunday. Far more rain fell to-day in a few hours than in all the days put together since we have been out on our tour. Lucky that we were well and commodiously housed. In crossing the little square to the church close at hand, we hardly escaped a thorough wetting. About three or four o'clock the sky cleared, and we walked to the Convento da Costa—of course, no longer a convent—

most beautifully situated on a hill a mile from the town. In the church is a good organ. The ornamental grounds behind the convent are handsome. There is a noble wide flight of stone steps to the convent front, which faces Guimaraens. You approach it between two lines of stately oaks, one of which is a grand tree. But the great lion or lioness of trees is one of the two *carvalhas* (female oaks) for which the convent is famed. It stands at the end of what was formerly the monks' bowling-green, at the back of the building, and 'is supposed,' says Urcullu (in his 'Elementary Treatise on Geography,' published 1837), 'to be coeval with the monastery,' that is, above seven hundred years old. We measured this tree. It was $32\frac{1}{2}$ feet (English) in circumference close to the ground, 27 feet 4 inches at about a yard above the surface of the roots—no such vast girth compared with many well-known oaks. It is indeed a grand and *flourishing* tree, with broad and picturesque ramifications, but the trunk is not *one* bole for above two yards, when it forks off into two minor trunks, as it were. The lowliness of the main support detracts from the majesty of its aspect. What tales could this old tree tell us if it was a 'talking oak,' a 'babbler in the land,' like Mr. Alfred Tennyson's! But, being a female tree, she has all the discretion proper to her sex, and is not given to garrulity even in old age. In her infancy she probably saw Affonso Henriques, the founder of the convent. She grew up with the monarchy, strengthened with its strength, and like an insensible ingrate ('hard wood' she is, 'and wrinkled rind'), she has kept up her heart through all the sad changes

and decline of the realm, and is vigorous yet, though more than two lustres have passed since she saw the last of her Jeronymites. They were shadows—she is substance.

Guimaraens is not a place to be seen in a day or two, even with advantages of fine weather and a resident cicerone, both of which were wanting to us: the latter we might probably have had if a more favourable state of the atmosphere had made it worth while for us to deliver our letters of introduction. We were beaten home by the rain, on our way to the castle, a remnant of no small note, for it was the habitation of Count Henry and Theresa, and the ruin is haunted with a tradition that might furnish matter for a score of historical romances. We missed, too, our intended circuit of the old town walls, which we would have gladly made for the sake of the royal architect, King Denis the Poet, who was a great patron of masons, a builder of lofty walls if not of lofty rhyme. Camoens says of him:—

‘Nobres villas de novo edificou,
Fortalezas, castellos mui seguros;
E quasi o Reino todo reformou,
Com edificios grandes, e altos muros.’

‘Old towns he built anew, superbly planned,
And towers of strength and gallant castles reared,
Till, with its pride of walls and domes, the land
As if a realm re-edified appeared.’

But Guimaraens, the cradle of the Portuguese monarchy, owes less of its repute, I fear, ‘in these degenerate days,’ to its antiquity and history than to those gaily-papered circular boxes of delicious plums that make the name familiar to many an English nursery.

June 9.

The rain, which poured all night, did not cease at daybreak, and we did not get away till 9 A.M. But we were little or not at all incommoded by slight showers that fell in the course of the day. We first rode to the baths of Vizella, about a league distant. There is more than one village of this name on the river so called. The Caldas de Vizella are in a most beautiful locality. In the hollow of a green basin is an open space with baths, pleasure walks, and houses round it, and this basin is within a rich valley with vineyards and fields of Indian corn, &c., and pastures and meadows. Timber trees, fruit trees, and copsewood happily intermingled, and a bright river runs rapidly across the valley, which is, moreover, shut in by an amphitheatre of hills of irregular elevation, and of all sorts of picturesque forms, clad half-way up with oaks, chestnuts, and cork-trees, and then to the top crowded with enormous blocks of granite, multi-form as if they had been shaped by the genius of variety. The road to Vizella from Guimaraens winds for two miles through a most fertile and carefully tilled country, and for about two miles more it has the additional advantage of being part of the admirable new road from Oporto to Guimaraens, which was not quite completed when we were there.

On a rock overhanging the river is a beautiful Swiss cottage, the property of Mr. W——, an English merchant of Oporto, who had kindly offered me the loan of it for any number of days that we might find it convenient to remain here. Unfortunately, we could not avail ourselves of the offer. I mention

it to gratify my own feeling in regard to this specimen of Portonian kindnesses to an invalid stranger, who had only left my native hills for a warmer climate, as a rain-vexed bird comes out from the wood to dry its feathers in the sun and take a strong flight home again.

We rode up to the church, which stands on a hill, to obtain of the curate, who dwells close by, any information about Roman remains in this neighbourhood. Mr. H—— went in to speak to him, and after a conference that lasted a quarter of an hour, came out with a misdirection to Villarinho, about a league up some stiff country, almost wholly out of our way. When we got to this Villarinho, under the guidance of a good-natured peasant, we found nothing but a *modern old* chapel, and could neither see nor hear of a vestige of Roman antiquity hereabouts. We have nevertheless been since assured that we were very near what we were in quest of. Our ride over hills and heaths and happy-looking valleys was pleasant in spite of a vile bewildering road, which was the worse trial to our patience, because we knew that we were all the way near the excellent new road, from which we ought not to have deviated on a wild-goose chase, leaving ‘a trusty guide for one that might our steps betray.’ In vain did we try to revenge ourselves on Mr. H——. His imperturbable good humour baffled our malice, and here, as throughout our tour, it was impossible for us, under any mischance, to be long or seriously discomposed in the presence of so much equanimity.

That dreamy, quiet, clever Mr. H—— is gone far, far away to the New World. When last we heard

of him, he was among the 'smart men' who dwell in Natchez. I should not be at all surprised, when next we receive tidings of him, to learn that he is smoking his cigar among the Coctaw or Chickasaw Indians. I hope he is not as irrecoverably gone from us as the treacherous Bonds of Mississippi. If these pages should ever reach his hand, some of them may serve to light his amber-mouthed meerschaum; but this one page he will preserve; for I think he will not be sorry to know that in sending him our Minho tour in a printed form, both Mr. — and I echo, in regard to him, the words of a venerable bard addressed to a valued friend and fellow-traveller in Italy:—

' Companion !

These records take, and happy should " we " be
 Were but the gift a meet return to thee
 For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
 And prompt self-sacrifice to which " we " owe
 Far more than any heart but " ours " can know.'

We halted near a village, named, if I recollect rightly, Agrella; and while the horses and mule were led to the *estalagem* for rest and refreshment, we chose our bivouac, for we were no sleepers to-day, in a charming spot by the banks of a clear little river, and there we had our luncheon in a grove of 'oaks that hid their knotted knees in fern.' We had gray stones for seats, and for our table a plane of granite, that seemed made for the purpose, for it was just of the most convenient height and dimensions. The river looked as if it ought to be full of trout; so one of our party employed himself for two hours in tempting them to 'come and be killed': but the trout, if

there were any, did not understand London-made flies, and we had the pleasure of laughing at him for his want of skill, at which he was rather piqued—exactly what we meant him to be ; but the moment he found that out he spoiled the joke by joining in the laugh, and putting up his reel and rod.

Our horses were now ready. We left the men and mule to come on at their leisure, and rode on merrily, cantering almost all the way over the new road to Oporto, and thence back to the Foz. We had had a series of trying rides, and now and then rough accommodations, but the Lima might be Lethe enough to make us forget all poor troubles, and the noble Gerêz is enough to make us in love with them, if they cannot be forgotten. To propitiate our piscator¹ for my betrayal of his ill success in the art and mystery of angling, I will here insert the ungal-lant man's *apotheosis* of Gerêz.

SERRA OF GERÊZ.

Were I an idol to adore,
 Nor glittering gems nor golden ore
 Could so pervert my mind ;
 Nor Man, nor Woman, nor the Moon,
 Nor Sun, the most divine-like boon
 That cheereth mortal kind.

The Moon, than Woman lovelier far,
 Is yet but an unsteady star,
 In growth or on the wane ;
 Like Woman's too her smiles are sad,
 And make the earnest gazer mad
 At springtide of the brain.

¹ Mr. Quillinan.

The dazzling God of olden days,
Veiled in a mystery of rays,
 Hath still too many a shrine ;
Too many a Poet's heart supplies
A vainly burning sacrifice
 To Phœbus and the Nine.

The strange immeasurable Deep,
Low panting in his awful sleep,
 A God benign might seem ;
But I too oft have seen him wake,
With every wave a hissing snake,
 More dreadful than a dream.

So none of these, Moon, Sun, nor Sea,
The idol of my choice should be,
 ' Though all have had their praise,'
I'd ask of Nature to supply
Some fixed transcendent majesty
 Like thee, sublime Geréz !

Girt with a stedfast cloud of pines,
His star-loved head above them shines
 Serenely than a star,
While Eagles with a desert voice
Around their Father-king rejoice,
 Or hail him from afar.

Behold the mighty Serra stand,
Grim Patron of a smiling land ;
 His bounty never fails,
And freely from his generous veins
He yields the streams that feed the plains,
 The lifeblood of the vales.

When stormy uproar round him raves,
When winds howl wolf-like in his caves,
 And through his forests chide,
A type he stands of sufferance meek :
The peevish tempests smite his cheek,
 The lightnings pierce his side ;

And when their idle rage is o'er,
 More like a God he seems to soar
 And shine with all his fountains—
 Yet, lip to earth, on height like this,
 'Tis but a footstool that I kiss
 Of HIM who made the mountains.

We were the last of the lingerers at the Foz. Portuguese and English had all returned to their homes by the end of October: gladly would we have remained through November, but the weather was so wild and boisterous, no St. Martin's summer this year, that we were fairly driven up to the city a fortnight sooner than we had intended.

How amusingly un-English was this removal. The house was not a house rented for the season, but belonged to our friend, and the furniture belonged to the house, and yet every article of furniture had to be removed to Oporto, and with the exception of two or three small wagon-loads of kitchen goods, mattresses, and such things as could not be injured by jolting, everything was carried up by the *carreteiras*. Between thirty and forty of these merry, laughing, joking girls assembled themselves round the street door early in the morning; and there they waited until they were admitted, about a dozen at a time, into the room where the several packages were arranged; and it was amusing to observe what a rush was made towards the burthens that looked the lightest or most convenient for transfer, and how quickly they were deserted for others if the hand discovered that the eye had proved a treacherous guide. After much good-humoured squabbling among themselves, and no little equally good-humoured rating on the part

of their employer at the delay occasioned by all this jabber and nonsense, each helped the other to raise the load to her head, a ticket was given to each which was to be shown to the officer at the city gate, and off the party went to make way for another ; and the same scene was acted again and again till the house was cleared of every vestige of furniture. We stayed to see the fun out, and then mounted our horses and rode up to the city, and were lucky enough to escape a wetting—for a wetting in Portugal is a wetting not merely to the skin, but *through* it, as it seemed to me the once or twice I was caught in a shower—literally, in less than three minutes, I was just as wet as if I had been soused in the Douro.

In a few days our bright skies returned and continued for weeks ; the air out of the sun was colder than I had expected to find it in Portugal, and I often wondered how the camellias in our garden braved the keen clear air—trees, large as common sized Portugal laurels, covered with flowers of every shade from the purest white to the richest crimson. The orange groves, at this season laden with golden fruit, are truly gorgeous. The fields are as green as English fields in spring ; lambs are sporting on the grass as they sport with us in April and May ; primroses and violets spangle the steep banks of the more retired lanes. In the ever-green pine-woods herds of goats and flocks of sheep are grazing, tended by their picturesque and youthful goatherds and shepherdesses, frolicsome as the kids and lambs themselves. The sun too is so powerful that, with all those vernal seemings, had it not been for certain leafless trees in the gardens and hedgerows, and the keen air *out* of the sun, I

should have quite forgotten it was winter, as we pursued our daily rides exploring, for three or four hours, every passable and many almost impassable roads for ten miles round Oporto. Among the passable roads the most beautiful perhaps is the one to Vallongo. I use the epithet beautiful as applied to the country through which the road is taken, and it is equally applicable to the road itself, which is as well conducted across that mountain pass, as well made, the surface in as good order, as any seven miles of that famous road through North Wales before the days of railways. There is much traffic on this road, for the village of Vallongo supplies Oporto with the greater part of its wheaten bread. It is brought in three times a week, and if you travel that way, on these days you will find almost one continuous string of mules or asses from village to city: the bread is in large panniers, swung across the backs of the animals; each bakeress sits enthroned upon the pannier of the leading mule or donkey of her file, and she guides him by the whip more than by the bridle. It grieved me to observe that very many of these women and girls were suffering from weak and inflamed eyes and eyelids; and this is too easily accounted for when you hear that these *forneiras* are up at one o'clock to make and bake the bread, which they leave at the doors of their several customers in Oporto at eight o'clock, in time for breakfast (what is not disposed of in this way is taken and sold at the stalls in the bread market, a small square appropriated to this purpose). Well, then, may the eyes of these industrious creatures suffer, coming as they do through summer and through winter direct from

their hot ovens to encounter the always fresh and often cuttingly cold air on the high ridges that rise between Vallongo and the city. The return mules carry flour for the bread they bring. 'Why, then,' you will probably ask, as I did, 'is the bread made at Vallongo?' Because the transfer of bread and flour costs less than that of wood, which is very plentiful in the neighbourhood of this village.

Taking the new road to Vallongo, and returning over the hills by St. Cosme, and so back to Oporto, a ride of full twenty miles, shows you as much of rich and wild and beautifully varied scenery as, I should think, could anywhere be found within the same space. We ascended and descended three several ranges of hills crossing the narrow valleys that lay cradled between these ranges. A dashing brook or a dancing rivulet made its way down from the bare hill-tops through the pine-woods and forests of cork-trees and ilexes into each of these snug little fertile vales, there to inlay the green fields and serve as a looking-glass for the stately cypress-tree or golden orange grove. The hill of St. Cosme, with its chapel and crosses, is a very striking object—a landmark to the landsman, and to the wave-worn mariner a well-known beacon: the view from the chapel-yard is one of the most commanding in this part of the country. The road from St. Cosme to the city is perhaps the best of the old-fashioned paved roads, but bad is the best; and it is not a pleasant road, on account of the number of coal carts you fall in^{with}, and they move along so slowly you have no chance of escaping both a meeting and a passing with the same set—seventy

in a string!—each cart striving to out-creak and out-squeak its neighbour. To one who has not heard a cart-wheel chorus in Portugal, to describe it would be talking to the deaf.

I have spoken of banks spangled with primroses in December. I cannot refrain from describing one particular bank and one particular bunch which we fell in with, in one of our by-way rides. We were fording the stream that runs through the valley of Campanhã. A blind man was feeling his way with a long stick over a simple stone bridge, hardly a bridge, for it was only a succession of long and very narrow slabs supported by upright stones, with no fence whatever. Under this bridge, growing on the river's brim, we spied a bunch of primroses reflecting itself in the grassy pool below, which was not ruffled by two tiny waterfalls that leaped down the bank from the field above, and between which falls the primrose grew. This was a pretty foreground to a middle distance of green meadows with rising ground beyond, on the most elevated point of which stood the fine old church, neighboured by a large and handsome building formerly a convent, round which the village gathered, its lowly roofs peeping out from among the orange-trees that sheltered them from sun and storm. The village was backed by pine-woods stretching away to the blue hills that rose range above range in the far distance.

We had crossed from the Vallongo road and skirted a portion of those pine-woods, and how grand the sea-like music made by the wind among the branches! We were perfectly sheltered from the wind, and being so must have complained of hot

sun only, could we possibly have complained of anything amid so much beauty.

One of our frequent rides was down the Bond Street of Oporto, the Rua das Flores, through the fish and vegetable markets on the quay, where, by the way, is still to be seen that curious specimen of historical painting meant to represent the merciless doings of the French on Soult's entry into Oporto, in March, 1829, when they cut down or hurried into the river some scores of the unarmed fugitive populace who were endeavouring to escape over the old bridge of boats. Here we crossed the suspension bridge to Villa Nova, ascended the heights where stands the Serra Convent, and roamed far way into the country beyond. After getting fairly clear of Villa Nova, the first village we came to was distinguished by the high title of 'New-Town Paradise,' *Villa Nova de Paraiso*. The next village was *Esprito Santo*. Hence we struck off to the right, pursuing our way down to the coast till we found ourselves in front of the lonely chapel of *O Senhor da Pedra*, 'The Lord of the Rock,' on the wild seashore where this chapel braves the waves of every tide that flows and ebbs. Hither the families of fishermen and seamen resort to pray for the safety of those friends who are exposed to 'the dangers of the seas'; as the seamen and fishermen also do to return thanks for their preservation, or to implore a blessing on their intended voyage. Hence along the sands for two or three miles, then up to Magdalena, a tree-embowered village, which is chiefly inhabited by potters: happy moulders in clay! for they do not congregate in one enormous factory,

working under one enormous capitalist ; but each man's home is his factory, and his garden his drying-ground ; and you see him sitting before his cottage door, assisted by his wife and cheered by the sight of his little ones playing about him, while he is moulding, just as they were moulded in the days of Rachel, the graceful jars and pitchers that are used to convey the water from the well.

Another charming ride we made out for ourselves, by keeping among thick woods that still clothe the summit of the left bank of the Douro, and coming out upon the Cabadello sands opposite Foz. One day we went thither to look at two vessels that had been wrecked the previous afternoon in attempting to cross the bar. We found this large plain of sand covered with people as if it were a fair. One of the luckless vessels (luckless, for twelve ships came in by the same tide all safe, and these two were following close upon them) was visible from keel to mast-head, standing upright and looking uninjured in the middle of the channel, where she had struck on a rock which is left dry at low water. But of the other vessel not a trace could I discover, and hardly could I be persuaded that one curved piece of wood, more than half-bedded in the sand, was all that remained of her on the spot where she was stranded. 'Yes,' said the Portuguese tide-waiter who pointed this out to us, observing, perhaps, my incredulity, 'the sea is a grand workman ; he can undo in one hour more than all the shipwrights in Portugal can put together in a month.' And true enough ; the vessel had been knocked to pieces in that short time ; the sands were strewn with her timbers, ropes, sails,

and cargo. Already many of the sails were converted into coverings for tents, under which were collected portions of the wreck. Some of the people were guarding those tents, others raking up more wreck to bring to them; others loading oxen-cars with goods so much injured as to be of no use except to burn and spread as ashes upon the fields; others taking away what was least injured to the boats for conveyance to the city. It was one of the most melancholy *busy* scenes I ever witnessed.

One more ride on the Villa Nova side of the river, and I have done. Up the stream to Oliveira, now a Quinta, once a convent. Honour to the philosophers of the cowl!—with what fine taste did the monks invariably select the loveliest spots wherein to set up their rest! In river scenery nothing can exceed the charm of this situation, whether you look up to it *from* the river, or look down from it *to* the river, which here makes a considerable bend; the banks are high and steep, and covered with wood; a lateral valley empties the bright, clear waters of its rocky stream into the Douro just at the centre of this bend, and half-way up the bank which overhangs the Douro stands the convent. The site commands extensive views both up and down the water; and within a few minutes' walk from the door, along a pathway shaded by forest trees and conducted over and round some rocky knolls, you come to a point whence you look down into the lateral valley, with its wood-fringed, murmuring stream winding away through soft green fields; patches of wheat, and maize, and rye; cottages half lost among orange groves and ramadas of vine, or

creeping up the hill that closes in this sequestered vale on the opposite side to Oliveira, and on the top of which hill stands the church, guarding the village of Avintes that nestles round it, embowered in wood, with here and there a pine-tree, *breaking* with its dark table-top the *broken* outline of this rocky, wooded range of hills.

Byron has his Albanian beauty among the workers upon the road, Rogers his statue-like nymph at the well near Mola di Gaëta, Wordsworth his Highland girl, and his Italian girl too; but of all the radiant beauties I ever beheld, the most lovely was an *aguadeira*, a lassie at the fountain in the village of Oliveira. She was about fourteen. Our poets *must* have awarded the palm of beauty to her, had they been present, when, in compliance with a signal from us, and encouraged by some matronly *lavan-deiras*, who were busy with their linen at the well-pool, she put down her pitcher from her head and joined a troop of youthful companions that were running after us, roguishly begging alms. I will not attempt to describe the indescribable: 'to see her was to love her.'

In the village of Avintes is made most of the *broa* that is consumed in Oporto and its neighbourhood. Here, too, the female bakers are their own carriers, but their bread is taken by water; and one of the most cheerful sounds on the river is the chorus of voices that comes from these girls as they merrily row along, twelve or fourteen, perhaps, in one boat.

As villages in Portugal are often occupied by people of one trade, so in her larger towns some of the streets are exclusively possessed by particular

classes of artisans. In Oporto there are the shoemakers' street, and the braziers' street, and the carpenters' street, and the cabinet-makers' street, and the coopers' street. To these last is allotted a street most inconvenient in some respects, though near the river, as it ought to be—the very old, and *very* narrow, and very picturesque, Rua dos Banhos, so narrow you might almost shake hands across from an upper story. Yet in this street, before the open doorways of their dark open workshops, the coopers light their fires, and on these fires they place, when necessary, the casks they are in progress with—a pleasant variety for my young, spirited Andalusian barb, when all of a sudden a blaze of fire issued from the top of a great cask, that had concealed from him the kindling shavings which might have in some degree prepared the animal for this outburst of flame.

Oporto is a most interesting and entertaining town for an English stranger to explore, and I believe we poked into every square, large and small, every street, every lane, where a horse could go; and certainly we carried into these places even more wonder and amusement than we brought out. To see a lady on horseback, riding in English fashion, and in English riding costume, in itself creates what the French call sensation; but to see her in such out-of-the-way corners, the wonder was tenfold, and comical were the remarks we used to overhear, both in the town and country. I was once requested to spare a piece of my 'vestido,' to make a coat of; another time, I was politely told I was dressed in man's attire; another time a little urchin ran after me, crying out, 'Que diabo' of a long gown! and so

on. Almost every child you see, and this is most common in Villa Nova, repeats as you pass, '*I say, I say.*' Do not fear; I am not going to enter upon a lame description of every strange thing and every strange place I saw in Oporto. I will only for one moment allude to its gardens, which make it so fair and so agreeable a city to dwell in; and to the steep and rocky ground on which it stands, and by which it is surrounded. When leaving the town by the Rua Santa Catherina, I was always reminded of Edinburgh. From one elevated point of ground you looked upon the city at your feet; the sea beyond, the mountains behind you. Proceed but a few steps, and you found yourself amid a waste of grand rock and wild moor, with not a trace of man.

I ought, perhaps, to say a word of one or two of the churches and convents, and of the public library, though I do not forget that many a tourist and artist has been here before me. There are many fine old churches in Oporto, but none that can boast of a tower like that of the Clerigos, which is a land-mark and a sea-mark for leagues. The church of St. Bento is very fine; the high reliefs in wood, which cover the walls of the organ gallery, most curious, and well worthy of attention. The Portuguese are surely unrivalled as carvers in wood and as hewers in stone, especially in the latter art: they work very slowly; but the work, when done, is first-rate. The church of Francisco is magnificent, and its wood-sculptures (*talhas*) are admirable.

The Cathedral, with all its discrepancies of styles, is of a stately, though rather plain and heavy exterior. It has two lateral towers. Within, it is very

handsome, though not gorgeous; but so dirty and neglected as to make one melancholy. The carved wood-work of the chief altar here, again, is remarkably fine. This *rococo* is not classical: but even fastidious judges of art have assented to its beauty. There is also a silver altar, of the year 1713, much celebrated for its elegance. The sacristy boasts of a painting of the Virgin and Child, to which high excellence is more than questionably imputed. Large sums, it is said, have been offered for it. The report of such offers for objects of little value too often reminds one of an ungracious proverb, which does not apply to Solomon, who was wise as well as rich.

Some native authors carry back the date of the foundation of this church so far as the seventh century; perhaps confounding the time of its erection with the date of the See, for Oporto was a bishopric before the close of that century. Other writers assert, less improbably, that it was originally constructed by Theresa, the Countess of Portugal, after the decease of Count Henry.

The granite staircase of the bishop's palace is handsome; painted walls and ceiling, the latter finished by a cupola, round which were pictured birds of paradise on the wing. Private chapel of the palace pretty, but not sumptuous, and the paintings very so-so. The apartments spacious, but simple in their 'fitting up.' Views from these living rooms, and particularly from the parapets of the palace, very extensive and fine, down the river to the sea, and up to the mountains of Arouca. A pleasing youth, in his priestly dress, black silk reaching to the ground, conducted us through the palace.

The Lapa church, a modern building, of homely aspect, is handsome within. Here rests, in a silver urn, behind the high altar, the heart of Dón Pedro, which he bequeathed to his 'faithful city of Oporto,' and on the anniversary of his death the church is richly hung with black velvet and silver, and the mass for the dead is performed. The urn is on this occasion exposed on the high altar, which is guarded on each side by an officer in full uniform; the body of the church crowded with military.

Behind the church there is a large cemetery which, when a few more years have rolled away, will remind you of the cemetery of Montmartre. There is another small and pretty cemetery attached to the Cedofeita church, a church well worth visiting; it is the oldest church in Oporto, and one of the most ancient in the realm. Till those and other cemeteries were recently established, everyone was buried in the churches—a dreadful old custom, not yet obsolete even with us.

When we went to visit the convent of St. Anna, we rode into the courtyard; the clatter of our horses brought some of the Freiras and young pensioners to the grated window. The English lady on horseback, or rather, perhaps, her hat and long riding habit, seemed to attract much attention, till our two Newfoundland dogs quite 'cut' her 'out,' and absorbed their admiration. In the centre of the secluded courtyard was a pretty marble fountain with a large circular basin shining full to the brim with limpid water. No sooner was it perceived by the dogs than up they sprang, splash into the basin, and swam round and round it as if it had been made

for them. Every now and then they dived to the bottom, and brought out stones, which they duly deposited in the court, then sprang back again, and were not tired till they had not left a pebble in the fountain. The roars of laughter and cries of admiration from the ladies behind the gratings showed that they were as much surprised and diverted by these canine proceedings as if the dogs had been conjurers. While waiting the permission to see the chapel, we exchanged a few words of civility with one of the elder nuns through the iron grate that separates the chapel at the west end from the rest of the convent.

The city library and museum, heretofore a convent, form one side of the handsome square of St. Lazarus, the centre of which is occupied by a public garden, small, but very rich in rare and beautiful flowers and shrubs. The museum contains many pictures, but no good ones, which is fortunate; for the gallery is on the ground floor, and so cold and damp that any picture must soon be destroyed. One interesting relic was shown to us, the sword of Affonso Henriques, no longer a 'trenchant blade'; but its very rust rebukes the doubters, who must have a proof for everything. What a pity they cannot evoke from Mahomet's paradise some one of the scores of Moslems whom it slaughtered, or the Cardinal Legate whom it terrified! I could not get up any enthusiasm for Don Pedro's black cocked hat and white plume; nor for his pocket telescope, though it was presented by his graceful widow the Duchess of Braganza. These things are preserved under a glass case, on a richly carved stand, placed in the middle of the Gallery. The library is upstairs,

a magnificent apartment, occupying two sides of the square of the convent, the old gallery and the cells on both sides having been thrown together to form this one room.

One picture worthy of record, and only one, by a Portuguese hand, have I seen in this city, 'The Fountain of Mercy,' in the sacristy of the *Misericordia* Church, Rua das Flores.

Our Saviour is represented dead on the cross, which rises from the centre of the stone basin of a fountain: St. John stands on the brim of the basin to the right, the Virgin to the left; spectators, all portraits from life, form a circle round the fountain. King Emanuel, 'the great and the fortunate,' and his sons, his second wife and two daughters, are in front of the picture. The Archbishop of Lisbon and other ecclesiastical dignitaries stand behind the king: next to them the civil dignitaries; behind the Queen and the two princesses, Donna Beatrice and Donna Isabella, are the ex-Queen Leonor, widow of John II., and several other female figures. This group, uniting with that of the civil officers, completes the circle.

The expression of the Virgin Mother and St. John, wonderful! The utter woe of the former in touching contrast with that of the beloved disciple—a sadness subdued and elevated by firm faith in the God-in-man—Him over whom they mourn. A dignified priest, who showed us this picture, expressed himself most feelingly upon it. He said he had been years and years in discovering all its meaning, and that the charm of the composition was still unexhausted.

Much, and perhaps the reader may think far too much, has been written of our outdoor pleasures during the winter we spent in Oporto; and much might be written of pleasant evenings at the Italian Opera, which is open three times a week, and whither we went, like many others, on foot or on *donkey*-back. And here lovers of music may really enjoy music; for the house is neither too light nor too dark, nor too hot nor too cold for comfort, and you may go without the fuss of 'best bib and tucker,' for to appear in undress, except on gala nights, is the fashion. On gala nights the crimson curtains before the Queen's box, which occupies a large space in the centre of the theatre, are withdrawn, and there a portrait of her Majesty is to be seen occupying the place that she herself would occupy were she on a visit to the city.

The almost death-like stillness of the principal streets, festa seasons of course excepted, as you pass through them between 10 and 11 P.M., is very striking to one fresh from England; and you ask yourself involuntarily, where can all that industriously busy and resolutely idle life be gone to, that a few hours ago thronged this very place? No knots of young men collected at the corners of the streets, no idle boys playing pranks at door and windows. You may meet or be overtaken by private carriages, sedan chairs, and gentlemen and ladies on foot returning from the opera or theatres, or from private parties, but you see none of the lower orders. The industrious portion have betaken themselves to their homes, and the idlers have vanished at the sound of a bell, which rings every night at nine in summer

and eight in winter from one of the churches, and is called 'The Bell of the Vagabonds,' or 'Rascals'; and if any unfortunate wretch answering to this description be found in the streets half an hour after the bell has ceased, he is taken up by the police, and a prison is his home for that night at least.

Dinner parties were to be heard of almost daily among the English, and balls and evening parties, which both Portuguese and English attended, were very frequent. The Factory House gave its dinners and its grand ball: and the usual winter balls, once a month, I think, were given at the *Assemblea Portuense*; but of none of these will I write, because circumstances prevented me from availing myself of the privilege I had, through the kindness of our host and other friends, of being present on such occasions. One, and I think only one, private ball in an English house I attended, and could not but greatly admire the graceful dancing of some of the young and pretty Portuguese ladies. English women are much too fond of crying down their sisters of Portugal. They go so far as to say that the mental endowments of the Portuguese ladies are so little cultivated, that they can find no better or happier employment for their precious time than sitting on the *esteira* (the mat), which is spread on the floor in the centre of the sitting-rooms, to gossip and eat sweetmeats; or in standing out on their balconies to stare at such of the passers-by as they do not know, and to bow to those whom they do know. This *may* or may not be true; but how can the English ladies *know* it to be true, when, with the same breath, they go on to complain of the meanness and inhospitality of the

Portuguese, who, they say, never invite you to their houses, though they are willing enough to be invited to yours, and that they are rarely admitted by their Portuguese friends even on a morning call? I think in my account of our trip to the Minho country enough is told of our reception at the houses of Portuguese gentlemen to refute the assertion of want of *hospitality* in Portugal. The fact is, the English ever will carry English habits and English prejudices into foreign countries; and so the English carry London hours to Oporto, and they dine between six and seven o'clock. The usual dinner hour among the Portuguese is three, after that comes the *sesta*; and such arrangements are not consistent with dinner-givings. The *sesta* over, the ladies prepare to pay or receive visits. Many families have one day or more in the week appointed for an 'at home,' which is known in their circle, and where any one of the circle may present him or herself and be sure of a gracious welcome; and this visit answers the end, too, of our stupid morning calls. This plan of life of the Portuguese of course does not agree with English hours. In our houses the dinner is not yet placed upon the table, and, probably, before that meal and the after-dinner sitting are over, the *soirée* is broken up. The few English gentlemen whose good sense and right feeling induce them to give in to Portuguese hours and habits, and to accept in their own way of their hospitalities, say that there is no backwardness whatever on the part of the Portuguese to associate with the English. The language, no doubt, is a great obstacle to friendly intercourse. Few Portuguese ladies speak English; and Portu-

guese, though an easy language to learn to read, is a very difficult one to learn to speak. English ladies will not even take the pains to learn to read it, making a comfortable cloak of a high-minded reason in which to conceal from themselves the true one, indolence. 'It is great waste of time to learn to read a language which has but *one* book worth reading, Camoens.' A great mistake, by the bye.

These ladies, contenting themselves with a strange jargon, picked up from their Galician servants, which answers for all the purposes of the daily drudgery of life, do not feel themselves equal to enter into conversation with the Portuguese, and this makes *friendly* intercourse impossible, and throws a restraint over mere acquaintanceship, which, under its best aspect barren and unprofitable, in Portugal is benumbing in its interchange of etiquette; for these visits of compliment are truly spirit-freezing. You go to the portal, which is always open: if the owner be wealthy, you find two or more servants in attendance in the hall; if he is in moderate circumstances, you must make your way through the hall to the door at the foot of the stairs, there clap your hands or hammer at the door till it flies open, the latch being pulled from above by a string; clap again till the servant comes. If you are to be admitted, and the master of the house or his son be within, he presently follows his servant, meets you on the stairs, gives you his arm, and conducts you to the sitting-room, at one side of which is placed, against the wall, a cane-backed, cane-seated, coverless, cushionless sofa. At either side, and at right angles with the sofa, four or five chairs are planted close together.

A pretty *esteira* (straw mat) or a handsome woollen rug covers this square; the rest of the floor has often no covering, in summer at least; chairs and tables are ranged stiffly round the room, one table, perhaps, in the centre, and few ornaments anywhere. To this formidable little square the visitors are led, and placed in the seat of honour—the sofa; the ladies are seldom in the room, but soon come down from their private apartment, and even the lady of the house would on no account sit by you on the sofa; she takes the chair nearest to you, and the other members of the family occupy the other chairs: and if more are needed, they are placed opposite the sofa, closing in the square. Think how utterly impossible for an English woman, with but a few words of broken Portuguese on her tongue, to attempt to use them, knowing they must be overheard by every one present, and knowing, too, that the Portuguese have a natural genius for quizzing. For myself, all I could say was ‘Yes’ or ‘No’; all I could do was to look like a half-wit; and all I could think of was, ‘When may we escape from this pinfold of ceremonious misery?’ Feeling certain that the visited would be as thankful as the visitors when the moment had arrived for the latter to depart, we made our calls very brief, following a wise example set us by the Portuguese ladies when they first called upon us. The gentleman again offers you his arm downstairs, and does not leave you until you are seated in your carriage, or on your steed, ass, or mule.

The Portonians, both male and female, are passionately fond of music: they have lately set on foot a Philharmonic Society. On St. Cecilia’s Day, to do

honour to the day, this society offered themselves to assist in the performance of high mass (the music composed by one of their own members) in any church the bishop might select for the purpose. Each member had the privilege to admit the inmates of his own family, and, luckily for us, our English host was a member; so we dressed ourselves, according to order, in black dresses, and threw over our heads very large black lace veils, which were borrowed for us from our next-door neighbour, a Portuguese lady; and we stepped into a gay, trim little postchaise, built in the time of Noah, and were soon one among the train of carriages on their way to the church. I will spare you the particulars of this church festa-day; suffice it to say, we came away much gratified—not with the music, for that, though very good for a concert or a private room, was not fitted for a church, as it too frequently recalled passages that we had heard at the opera-house—but with the general effect of the building, which was most tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers. Vases full of flowers were placed on every shrine, and in every niche; the pillars and crosses were wreathed with flowers and festoons, chiefly composed of the blossoms of the camellia, hung from the ceiling; and the lights from the four or five hundred wax candles, amid the brilliant sunshine that poured in from the high windows, had not the effect of light, but of lustrous jewels, especially those that were burning overhead in the glass candelabra that were suspended from the lofty and richly ornamented roof. One passage in the ceremony was very striking, when, at a sudden burst of triumphal music from the orchestra in the gallery immediately above the great

west door, that door, which until then had been kept closed, flew open, and the bishop, with a numerous company of white-robed attendants, entered, and walked up the aisle, with a dignified humility of manner, dispensing his blessing to the congregation as he passed along to take his seat within the rails of the altar. Service then began at twelve o'clock, and was not over till half-past four; but we came away immediately after the sermon was ended—not a very profitable discourse, as far as I could gather, being a laudation of the saint, rhapsodized with all the conceit of a dilettante preacher.

I have said nothing of the religious processions on certain saints' days, nor of the decorating and lighting up of the churches for the celebration of the Nativity, nor of the mournful solemnities of Passion Week, because in all Roman Catholic countries these ceremonies are, I believe, conducted much in the same way, and have been described again and again with great spirit and exactness. The preparation for the season of Lent is surely strange; amusing, and very amusing no doubt it is. The masking spreads from high to low; every little child that plays in the street has its mask. Troops of masked horsemen clatter by; and carriages, containing parties of maskers, are driving up and down the town throughout the day, and in the evenings you see them standing at the doors of the houses of the gentry, waiting for their owners who are paying their respects to the family within. A party came to our house, and great fun they made. Some of the group were soon discovered. They remained several hours, and we got up an impromptu dance, always a merry dance. Among the equestrian maskers in the streets

appeared a figure representing an English lady; there she sat—and a shocking bad seat was hers—on a side-saddle, her long petticoat almost sweeping the pavement, and her black hat looking not much more at ease upon her head than she on her saddle.

There are sermons or courses of lectures delivered both on Sundays and week-days in many of the churches during Lent, and on these occasions the churches are crowded to excess. I attended a Sunday afternoon lecture at the Cedofeita. We went very early, but not an inch of standing-ground was vacant in the body of the church, not a seat in the gallery unappropriated; and we were coming away in hopeless disappointment, when the organist, overhearing by accident our conversation with a young person belonging to the sacristy, most kindly came forward and proposed to retire with his half dozen singers from the organ gallery, when not needed there, to make way for us, if we would withdraw when his services were required. The organ was directly opposite the pulpit, and parallel with it, so that we were as well situated as it was possible to be, both for seeing and for hearing. The service commenced with an anthem, and then the preacher rose: his delivery was distinct, his style eloquent, and his manner certainly impressive, though there was too much theatrical action and too much of sameness in the action to please me. He was addressing the poor: the subjects he selected were restitution and repentance, and he handled them in a masterly manner, while a humble and truly Christian spirit pervaded the whole of his discourse; and to me, upon whom it came quite unexpectedly, the effect was stunning,

when, with tears rolling down his face, he exclaimed, 'Let us not delay; now, now at this very moment, my children, let us humble ourselves before the Lord, and implore His forgiving mercy!'—on which the whole of that large congregation fell upon their knees, smote their breasts and wept. Another anthem was performed, and the people dispersed.

One ceremony of the Church of Rome, when it takes place *at night*, may impress even a true-hearted member of the Protestant Church of England with religious awe, and this is the procession which bears through the streets the last sacrament to the dying Christian: a little tinkling bell warns you of its approach; voices are heard chanting a hymn; you go to your window; already the canopy, under which the priest walks, bearing the host, is passing your door through a blaze of light which precedes the holy elements far as the eye can see, while behind all is in black darkness. It is the custom, on hearing this bell, for everyone to hasten to place lights in the windows, and to withdraw them as soon as the procession has passed by; and thus are produced the startling darkness and light, cheering symbols for the spirit departing from a world dark with sin and sorrow, for that other world so bright with love and peace.

If it were for no higher motive than to give myself an opportunity to express private feelings of respect and gratitude to an English chaplain abroad, for public services faithfully and diligently performed in trying times, through a series of years, I could not leave Oporto without naming our own dear Church, where for so long a time we heretics have

beer permitted to offer up our prayers and join in the simple rites of our Church, undisturbed by the jibes or the threats of those who bear rule in the land. There is nothing attractive in the appearance of the building, as may be inferred from the conditions under which permission was obtained for its erection, viz., that it should not look like a church either within or without, and must not aspire to tower, belfry, or bell—none of which it possesses—but the situation partly makes up for these deficiencies; and Nature, with her never-failing bounty, has in the chapel-yard supplied ‘pillars’ of lime trees, whose branches ‘have learned to frame a darksome aisle’; and soothing it is to repose for a while under the cool green shade of these aisles, before entering the little chapel, where you are too often oppressed by heat and glare.

We left Oporto on March 31, 1846, for the Foz, where we took up our quarters at a tolerable summer inn kept by an Irishwoman, in the Rua Direita, and only open during the winter for the accommodation of the English steamboat passengers. Here we had to wait till nine o’clock next evening, when, just as we were comfortably seated round the tea-table, the signal-gun was fired, and the servant came in to tell us that the steamer was waiting off The Huts; and almost before we could rise from our seats the door of our upstairs sitting-room was literally besieged with women and children, each trying to force herself into the room and seize the first package she could lay hands upon to carry off to the boat. The noise and confusion were something appalling: we were obliged to call for the landlady’s husband

(a Portuguese), and beg him to insist upon these Carreta girls leaving the room till we had arranged our luggage; and no easy matter was it for him, assisted by two or three of his Gallegos, to clear our premises of this vociferous, half-joking, half-quarrelling mob of most industrious human beings. They remained outside the door till we were ready; we then entreated them to enter one at a time to prevent confusion, but we might just as well have entreated the winds and waves, for in they all rushed, and we ladies were obliged to take refuge in the far corner of the room, to secure ourselves from being run over by the crowd, or knocked down by the great boxes, as they were in the act of being lifted upon the heads of these very pretty creatures, most of them acquaintances of ours, each of whom had some pretty compliment or kindly word of farewell to give as she left the room. At last every package was disposed of, and the few girls who got nothing, being *thus* assured there was nothing for them, quietly departed. We soon joined our luggage-bearers in the street, and all proceeded together on foot to The Huts. The road thither has been already described, so you may easily imagine what a singularly wild and picturesque group we made, ploughing our way by moonlight through that deep sand, close to the white waves of the Atlantic, which were breaking upon or dashing over the great black rocks—oh, such grand music!—and then the cheerful voices of the girls as they sang in chorus, or interchanged the merry jest, or raised a scream of affected distress when one or other stumbled against a stone hidden in the sand. Some of the boatmen came to meet us, and in terms not

over-courteous urged us to hurry on, or we should be left behind—‘The steamer would wait no longer.’

The luggage was all safely disposed of in the boat, which had been dragged down from The Huts to the water’s edge. We took our seats as best we could, while the boatmen were now up to their knees in water, pushing or hauling at the boat, now jumping into it, seizing an oar, and trying to force her off with that. At last, by dint of pushing and pulling and screaming and scolding, we were fairly afloat ; the oarsmen in a moment were *seated*, the pilot at his post *standing* at the stern. Another moment brought us to the point of peril, the end of the pier, where the waves break violently even in what the sailors call ‘good weather,’ and where, if the greatest judgment is not shown on the part of the pilot, and prompt obedience on the part of the boatmen, the boat must be swamped. We passed it safely, though not without feelings of anxiety, sufficient to prepare the way for those of light-hearted thankfulness when we found ourselves out of danger’s reach, on that fine stirring sea, making quick way to the steamer—our old friend the little *Queen*. She anchored in the Tagus about midnight on April 2. This was unlucky, as we missed the entrance into the river. I was on deck just as the sun’s full morning light was first falling upon the high ground above Belem. The Tagus at Lisbon is most magnificent, but the view of the city from the river did rather disappoint me—a want of towers and spires, such as those of the Clerigos, and of other churches at Oporto, to break the outline ; nor are the dwelling-houses so picturesque, and the banks of the river strike an eye

fresh from the Douro as tame and wanting in variety. We landed by boat at the stairs of the custom-house, passed under a covered way to the pretty flowery terrace in front, crossed that to the office merely to show ourselves, then back to our boat, which took us down the river as far as 'Black Horse Square,' as the English sailors call the *Praça do Commercio*, of which the original name was *Terreiro do Paço*, from its being the site of a palace which was destroyed in 1755 by earthquake and fire. We went to the *Hotel da Peninsula*, where, after some consideration, the manager agreed to receive us—four persons and an English man-servant—for about eight shillings per day each, including attendance: less than the somewhat high rate laid down in their printed notice. We had a private sitting-room and five bedrooms; and here we and all our luggage, which had been most carefully and carelessly turned over and out at the custom-house, were housed soon after mid-day.

A magnificent mansion is this Peninsula Hotel; the front looking upon that beautiful and entertaining fountain in the square of the 'Two Churches,' the back into a pretty garden, gay and rich with sweet flowers, and commanding views of the river and hills beyond, caught between the houses and gardens that run down to the water's edge. The arrangements of the house are in keeping with its appearance; all neat and clean as possible, furniture handsome, cooking first-rate, servants courteous and attentive—in short, quite an air of English comfort and aristocratic elegance about the place.

Our first walk was to the public garden, whence we had a fine view of the city, standing, like Rome,

as the Portuguese say, on seven hills (I contrived to count nine). The flowers in this garden are most luxuriant, especially the geraniums, which form the hedges, and the heliotrope, which, with other flowers, clothes the very lofty walls to the top; and the 'Lily of the Nile,' literally *groves* of this fair and elegant flower, but the stem of the flower does not shoot up in the way you see it within doors in England; it is scarcely half the height, and the plant, though so much more prodigal of blossom here than in England, is not quite so elegant, the effect being somewhat buncy. From this garden we pursued our way down a street steeper than the roof of an English house, into the large oblong *Praça de Don Pedro*, or, as it was formerly called, *do Rocio*, at the head of which stands the new 'National Theatre'; a very handsome building but for the ugly, heavy roof, which, we were told, was to be altered. Passed the bank in the *Praça do Pelourinho*, and stood for some time looking up at that little spiral pillar, so full of dreadful history. It is a very ancient column, of a single piece of fine marble, exquisitely chiselled.

April 4.

Lovely morning. Down to the '*Caes do Sodré*,' and off by boat for Belem soon after nine o'clock. To the church, too beautiful and too sumptuous in its beauty for me to describe. Those who have seen the Chapter House at Wells have seen something resembling the upper part of this magnificent edifice. At the west end the roof is low and groined, and as you enter there is a mysterious and imposing gloom produced by this, which adds to your feelings of wonder

and admiration, when a few steps bring you under the lofty roof, springing out of those noble and elegantly wrought pillars. The two nearest to the high altar are more richly worked than the others, and reminded me in their workmanship of the lovely flower-wreathed pillars in Roslin Chapel. Two rich altars opposite each other at the upper end give the building a cruciform shape. An organ, or rather organs—for there are two of them—are placed in the gallery at the west end of the church, above the low-groined roof. The west door, the main entrance, magnificent in its stone carvings, but, alas ! like all things in Portugal, the building is unfinished beyond the roof, and instead of two fine towers there is one miserable pigeon-cote-like turret, where hang two or three tinkling bells. The convent, which joins upon the church, and which must have been beautiful, is spoiled by whitewash and vulgar sash-windows ; the cloisters have escaped all retouching, and are fitting neighbours of that gorgeous Gothic church. This convent is converted into an asylum for poor girls. We walked on to the *Torre de Belem*. This tower is truly elegant in its proportions, and rich in Gothic stone-work decorations. It is used, I believe, as a register office of health for ships entering the river. The perfume of the orange flower, which came to us as we were hobbling along the ill-paved street to the 'Torre,' was delicious ; the hedge of aloes to the right not to be forgotten, for it was the first I ever saw. Royal carriages were waiting at the door of the church, guards on duty within and without : Queen coming to mass. Unluckily we had not half an hour to throw away in waiting for a sight

of her Majesty, and her gaudy, tawdry turn-out; for such the cortège must have been, if we might judge by the two carriages and half-dozen liveried servants that were in advance. But I am told that on state occasions her court can appear truly magnificent. On our way down the river we passed two of her palaces, *Paço das Necessidades* and the *Paço da Bemposta*, and saw a third on the hill, that of the 'Ajuda,' a very fine building of white stone, so white as to look like marble, but unfinished. Passed, too, the *cordoaria*, or rope walk, where is a naval school. The building *looks* as of red brick, faced with stone, very large and handsome, and apparently in perfect repair; it stands close upon the river. The 'Necessidades' *is*, or looks—for I was not near enough to ascertain—of red, or rather pink brick, faced with stone. The 'Bemposto' is a whitewashed building, also faced with stone, handsome, though small. Its foreground is a pretty garden, which, unluckily, is separated from the river by a public road. This palace was built by Donna Catherine of Portugal, the Queen of our Charles II. Many handsome, and picturesque, and grotesque-looking houses, belonging to the old and new *Nobreza*, were noticed by us, and all called forth the same remark, 'What a pity that the garden does not run down to the water's edge, as would be the case in England.' But *English* feeling prompted this remark. The Portuguese have different ideas on the *charm* of a garden, which to them is incomplete unless it affords a view of a busy street or public road, as the chief recreation of the ladies of a family is to sit at the janelle of their *quintal*. Their maligners, as I have before observed,

pretend that it is not only their recreation, but the sole business of their daily life.

Took a boat again from Belem, and were rowed over to Almada, on the opposite side of the river. Here parted with our boatmen, who received contentedly the sum for which they had agreed to bring us so far, and so we gave them a trifle more, '*para beber*' (to drink); walked up the steep paved road, which commands fine views down and across the river to the little town, where the streets are filthy, just what Mr. Southey describes those of Lisbon to have been half a century ago. I begged to be taken into a poor but clean-looking *venda*, and here we were served by a handsome youth, of manners superior to his station, who brought us cool water, drew us wine from the cask, put before us oranges, more by far than we required—oranges with fresh green leaves attached—brought us knives and plates, and then, like a true gentleman—for there are gentlemen of Nature's fashioning—left us to eat our luncheon undisturbed by his presence, left us in his shop, his counter our table, on which were piled up oranges at one end, and divers bottles, &c., at the other; standing behind the counter were several large wine-casks, and a few smaller ranged on shelves above. The room contained little more of furniture, nothing, I think, except one small wooden bench, that the master pulled out from the wall for us to sit down upon; the walls were unplastered, the roof unceiled, the floor bare earth; the house presented a contrast to its owner, which you would never meet with in England.

At first the oranges were not included in his '*bill*,'

and when we insisted on paying for them, 'the total of the whole' was about *threepence* English. He came out into the street to show us our way to the castle, and then courteously took leave.

Went into the chapel of Santiago, close to the castle wall. Groined roof (black and white) of the altar very noticeable. The ceiling of the body of the chapel painted in panels.

An old soldier at the castle gate admitted us, and conducted us all over the place. *Castle*, I know not why, it is called, for it is merely a mud fortification faced with stone. Our guide was not satisfied with pointing out to us the views from the topmost wall, but in some parts made us walk round at three different heights.

The Tagus from Lisbon to Aldea Gallega is twelve miles in breadth, and for more than as many miles above the city it looks rather like a sea-born frith than a runaway from a far-inland Spanish mountain, whence it has travelled about 400 tortuous miles, all the way from the wilds of Albarracin. The views from the castle of Almada are in every direction fine: up the river towards Alhandra, right across it where the whole of Lisbon is spread before you, and down the tide to Belem, beyond and behind which rise the rocky, jagged heights of Cintra. We could see the white houses glittering in the sunshine. To the south is the rich valley of *Piedade*, whence Sartorius takes his title of Visconde, and where is his convent home—strange title, strange home, and strange history for an English blue-jacket! And the gallant Admiral Viscount Piety has another conventual estate at Cintra. Both were purchased

with the funds received from the Portuguese Government for his services to Don Pedro, the subverter of monastic institutions.

We took leave of our soldier guide, giving him for his trouble a small gratuity, with which he was more than content. We descended the hill, on the side opposite to the one by which we had ascended to the pier of Casilhas, passing under garden walls, over and down which hung branches and festoons of sweet-smelling and richly-coloured flowers of various kinds, and through streets not particularly clean, but not so dirty as those of Almada. Before we reached the pier we had a mob of boatmen about us, each underbidding the other for our passage across the river. The noise they made was so great they could not hear Mr. —'s assurance that donkeys not boats were needed by us. At last, when this *was* understood, the turmoil only became the greater, and I really thought Mr. — was about to be demolished between boatmen and donkeymen, when, to my astonishment, he cried out to me, 'Come —, mount this grey.' I was immediately assisted by the nearest person, and I wondered by what magic the storm had been appeased. R——¹ mounted another; Mr. — mounted a third. We forced our way through the crowd, followed by our tall, slim, dark-eyed guide, with his scarlet cap falling over the right shoulder, up the village, then to the left to the valley of 'Piedade.' Matters had been arranged thus. 'Don't talk, but listen to me. I want three donkeys to take us to the convent of Piedade, and will give six vintens each for going and returning, guide and

¹ Miss Rotha Quillinan.

donkeys waiting for us there as long as may be necessary.' At once the proposal was accepted by the person nearest to him; the other donkey-owners held their peace, and we were on our road. Nothing particularly striking in the appearance of the valley, which is surrounded by low swelling hills, some of them covered with pine-trees, but in general there is a great want of wood, both on the north and south sides of the Tagus. We passed through a hamlet that reminded me of an English, or rather of an Irish village, with its green, and its houses fringing the green—a lazy, muddy stream stealing through it. A very old and curious bridge of three arches—small, low, and circular—evidently Roman, leads over the stream to a comfortless looking inn, such as were wont to be seen on Stanmore, with 'Good entertainment for man and horse' painted in huge black letters on the whitewashed walls: here was similarly painted 'Casa de Pasto.' We passed several hedges of aloes and cactus; palm-trees here and there, and beautiful flowers everywhere. Twenty minutes' ride brought us to the convent gate, which is of hewn stone, and handsome, and surmounted by a pretty simple cross. Much of the convent has been pulled down, and the portion left is not handsome—a flight of stone steps outside, the only break to the long straight line of front. An English servant led us through the garden, where was one pretty picture, a small mill, something like one of our threshing mills, shaded by a group of palm-trees. We then ascended the stone stairs, entered a large, low room, where stands a billiard-table, and where hang portraits of saints and monks, and many curious relics of bygone

times. We turned to our right through an ante-room, where hung more monks and saints, and at the end of which is another low, long apartment, the drawing-room, with windows on three sides—such a pretty room! a mingling of English comfort with Portuguese coolness and *Oriental* richness of colouring and splendour. The admiral's hobby—the oil-press—was shown to us, as were also the wine-press and the cellars, which are the most remarkable parts of the building. We hurried back to Casilhas to catch the three o'clock steamer, but luckily were just too late—*luckily*, because some of the noisy boatmen, of whom I have already spoken, offered to take us over for eight vintens, and so they did most pleasantly, in their pretty clean boat, with its Moorish sail, and landed us at the *Caes do Sodré*. We passed close by three men-of-war, the *Vasco da Gama*, quite new, *Ferdinando*, and *Don João*.

All that we paid for the grand and beautiful sights of to-day, including boats and boatmen, donkeys and guides, and wine and oranges, was 5s. 6d. We had no trouble with any of the men; they named at once the sum for which they had engaged to take us, were contented with it, and well pleased with the few pence given over and above.

During our stay in Lisbon we visited most of the churches; among these the two in our own square and that of St. Roque, which was not far from us, again and again. In one thing we were unlucky, the pictures were all covered—it being Passion week.

The curtain before the chapel of St. John the Baptist in this church is only withdrawn on certain grand days. It is a most beautiful chapel. The

pictures in mosaic are like first-rate paintings—the ‘Baptism of Our Saviour,’ the ‘Annunciation,’ and the ‘Pentecost.’ I think I prefer the Annunciation to the more celebrated one of the Baptism; the expression of the Virgin is divine; and in the third picture, the Pentecost, our Saviour’s face is truly spiritual. This chapel is indeed a gem, and a gem of great price it would be without the pictures, which are gems in the gem: for, in addition to these beautiful pictures and exquisite mosaic work of altar and floor, and pillars of jasper, it is very rich in precious stones—*real*, I suppose they are, as we were told so; though, if so, it is marvellous how they have escaped the French war of plunder and the civil wars of necessitous *soi-disant* patriotism. In undoubted relics, yet more precious to superstitious reverence, this chapel is also rich. I never heard that Marshal Junot or any other Frenchman of the Empire had any fancy for appropriating this sort of treasure. The mosaics were preserved by virtue of a protest on their behalf, which was happily respected, for mosaic pictures were not convenient things to carry, and might have been harder to put together again than a child’s puzzle by the time they got to Paris. Pope Benedict XIV., surnamed the wise and pious, said the first mass in this chapel. It was built in Rome by command of John V., and given to the Jesuits. It is said to have cost him 300,000*l.* On our way to the cathedral we stopped before the admirable entrance of the Conceição, one of the oldest churches in Lisbon, built by King Emanuel, and much resembling his glorious work at Belem, though on a less magnificent scale. We

went into the church, but found within nothing remarkable.

Cathedral very fine, pillars and floor of marble, rich altars, rich even in Passion week, when all of ornament that can be concealed is concealed. Five silver lamps suspended from the roof before the high altar, at once costly and elegant.

The church of San Vicente de Fora (which forms a part of the convent of the same name, the residence of the Cardinal Patriarch) is superb. Magnificent altar of mosaic at the end of the southern cross aisle. The transept dome on vaulting shafts is very beautiful. We were taken all over this old convent and church, up to the top of the church towers, round the roof, whence you have glorious views of the city, river and country beyond, and through the public apartments of the 'Patriarch,' who is a Cardinal in right of his office. He is President of the House of Peers. For a person so dignified, the apartments reserved for his own use in this extensive and once splendid building strike you as very humble. The rooms are low and small; there are some interesting pictures and some very old and admirable tapestry hangings, and rather well-painted ceilings. The council room is at the top of the building, and is rich in tapestry and in the portraits of former patriarchs. After showing us all this, our guide led us down into 'The Tomb of Kings,' where we saw the coffins of John IV., by whose seizure of the throne the national independence was restored; his second son, Pedro II., the filcher of his elder brother's rights; King Joseph, great in his minister Pombal; John VI., who was not

great, and many other personages great and small. Don Pedro, too, lies here, and his son-in-law, the first husband of the Queen.

The widow of Don Pedro hears mass in this vault on the anniversary of her husband's death, when she always brings some little offering to place on his coffin; the last was a circlet formed of the flowers of the yellow everlasting, and made by herself. On our taking leave of our obliging and intelligent guide, a young man between eighteen and twenty, he was offered money as a matter of course; he shrank from the offer. Still he declined it in such a pleasing manner, that you felt he was amused and not offended by the mistake. I should like to know what office he filled in the palace; his dress was that of a rather subordinate attendant. The smart livery servant in his cocked hat and long blue stockings was right pleased with the six vintens we gave him for asking permission for us to see the convent, and for bringing to us this young gentleman guide; and the old butler-sort-of-a-man, who led us through the rooms of the patriarch, as willingly accepted his twelve vintens as any of our Church vergers would take a fee.

The guide-books tell us there are some good pictures in the church, but all were covered. The sacristy! how could I forget that, with its walls from roof to floor of the most beautiful mosaic work in marble? We were gravely shown by our young guide the room in which the two miraculous crows were formerly kept, and we were told that one of the race still lived, and was now in the cathedral.

But what, perhaps, impressed me most of all that

I saw in Lisbon was that field of cypress and tombs, the English burial-ground, where the gayest and brightest flowers are growing luxuriantly among the graves, and gracefully wreathing some few of the tall dark cypress spires from their base to the very top. The solemn gloom of these avenues of cypress is very imposing, and here you are completely shut in among the dead. The eye cannot wander beyond the cypress fence, within which lie the remains of Fielding and Doddridge (this life and the next), and some other names familiar to our ears. The exact spot where Fielding was buried in this inclosure is not known. His monument, a huge ungainly thing, is on a spot selected by *guess*. The bones it covers may possibly have belonged to an idiot. On quitting this lower part of the consecrated spot, we ascended the slope which leads to the principal entrance, and here is a really splendid view of the city ; the Tagus and the country beyond opens upon you, and you find yourself among orange-trees, and lemon-trees, and other sweet and cheerful-flowering shrubs—a contrast great and not unwelcome to the melancholy seclusion of the cypress gloom you have left behind you.

We drove on to the aqueduct, and not being able to get upon it, as the gates are now kept strictly locked in consequence of the horrid robberies and murders that were committed there, we at once made our way down into the valley, over which it carries 'its silver thread of waters,' and in descending the hill I was taught a lesson of 'trust and be safe.' Our postillion told us that the road was bad and the carriage could not go further than the top of the hill ; the distance to the foot was greater than the strength of

one of our party was well equal to, and fancying the man wished us to walk merely to save his mules, which were strong, in good condition, and had not come far, I said, 'But cannot you take us a little nearer?' He shrugged his shoulders, opened the door, and we got in: but hardly had we proceeded one hundred yards, when, turning a corner, the road became exceedingly steep, and, being paved with small round stones, was very slippery, and down went one mule; hardly had it recovered its footing when down went the other, upon which the man was riding. The poor fellow was nearly off; he, however, contrived to keep his seat, and the mule to recover her footing, and our servant, who in the meantime had jumped from the box, wedged a stone under one of the wheels, and so stopped the carriage. *We* lost little time in getting out, and the man lost less in getting off, shaking like an aspen-leaf, pale as a ghost, and saying, 'Now, Senhora, was I not right in telling you the carriage could not go further?'

I felt this mild reproof, and answered, 'Yes, quite right, and I am rightly served for not trusting to your warning.' Thankfully did we hasten on foot down the hill, and stood under one of the three highest arches of this noble work—a work so substantial that it stood untroubled by the great earthquake. These three arches are 314 feet high and 100 wide; the extent of the aqueduct from the hills to the grand reservoir within the walls of the city is two Portuguese leagues and a half. It was begun 1729, by John V., and finished 1748, two years before his death. When we were set down again under our inn gateway at Lisbon, a very trifling gratuity, in

addition to what he had a right to expect, was given to the postillion. The honest good fellow was as grateful as if we had not, by our foolish disregard of his prudent advice, put his life in jeopardy that day.

Our weather was unseasonable for Portugal, more like an April in London than in Lisbon; on the 7th it was so bad it was impossible to move out after mid-day, when it became a thorough tempest of wind and rain. In the morning, between the heavy showers, we did contrive to go as far as the convent of San Francisco, now converted into a public library, museum, &c. &c. Many valuable illuminated manuscripts, the spoil of the convent of Alcobaça, were shown to us; also an old Hebrew Bible, several of the old chronicles, in one a very curious view of Lisbon, encircled by an army; second edition of Camoens: copy of G. Resende's 'Cancionero': numerous portraits of monks, and bishops, and benefactors to convents. It was with a melancholy and no common interest one looked upon the portraits of the monks of *this* convent of San Francisco, taken down from the walls against which some of them had rested for centuries, torn from their frames and hung like tattered rags to dry, on ropes that ran down the centre of those spacious yet gloomy galleries, where their prototypes were wont to pace to and fro with princely dignity and power. The books are ranged in shelves on either side of these galleries, and the little cells which open upon the galleries are also filled with books; the library contains from 80,000 to 100,000 volumes. There are a few interesting pictures in the museum. The two that pleased me most were 'The Child Jesus' and 'The Descent from

the Cross'; the former by Gran Vasco, the other by Giulio Romano. The 'Menino entre os Doutores,' also by Gran Vasco, is likewise a most interesting picture. Two or three beautiful engravings by Bartolozzi, who died at Lisbon. Nothing very good in the statuary gallery: it is principally occupied with plaster-casts from the antique. Another old convent we visited, but that is almost a complete ruin, the Carmo, which gave the name to the little square where it was erected by the Constable D. Numo Alvares Pereira, 1422, in fulfilment of a vow upon the victory of Aljubarto. It was thrown down by the earthquake of 1755. The church is a grand ruin: the marble pillars and arches are standing. I was told it had been in contemplation to restore the building to its former state; that they began with the church, but the good work, through want of funds or some political movements in this fitfully distracted country, had been stopped; this would clearly account for what struck me as almost supernatural—those grand pillars and arches, keeping their places unmoved when roof and walls and everything else was thrown to the ground—a melancholy sight to see a work so glorious thus destroyed! Lovely bits of columns and pillars and ornaments, delicately carved in marble, lie strewn about unheeded.

The western gateway, which opens upon the square, where, by the way, is a very beautiful fountain, that in its form reminded me a little of the chapel on the sands near Matazinhos, is particularly rich in ornament. The rooms leading from the cloisters are converted into stables for the Municipal Guard, and splendid stables they make. Such parts of the convent as stood the earthquake, so far as to

allow of repair, are now used as dwelling-houses, and some of these look upon the standing arches of the church, and the heaps of fallen rubbish out of which rise the stately pillars that support them; these beautiful Gothic arches, all perfect, standing amid such a mass of ruin, make the picture even more melancholy than if they too were broken.

We turned aside to the terrace before the custom-house, and the river view was peculiarly interesting, the weather being like that of a wild fitful English April day, masses of black cloud, fields of blue sky, sunshine and shower; the ships tossing about at anchor as on a stormy sea, seagulls flying in and among the sails, then suddenly sinking to dip their white wings in the whiter waves, then rising again, and as they rose the sunshine catching their feathers, and turning them for a moment into burnished silver.

The next morning beautiful, at which we much rejoiced, as we had arranged to start for Cintra at mid-day: this we did, and had a fine view, as we were leaving Lisbon, of the Church of the Estrella, and not long after of the three highest arches of the aqueduct, and for several miles here and there we caught a glimpse of this grand work. On the road to Cintra we pass the gay *Quinta das Laranjeiras*, or the Orangery, a suburban seat of the Conde de Farrobo, better known with us as the Baron Quintella. Strangers may obtain a ticket of admittance by application at the Conde's magnificent town residence in the Rua do Alecrim—Rosemary Street. Both the town and country mansions were somewhat over-furnished and over-ornate; the wealth of the owner is every-

where conspicuous. Detached from his villa is a private theatre, one of the most splendid in Europe. In the grounds are various gardens, a labyrinth, summer-houses, costly conservatories. The king of beasts, with his grim court of tigers, panthers, and other uncivil brutes, is royally lodged in a marble menagerie. There is an artificial lake, a canal for irrigation, and a suspension bridge, and an obelisk which was raised by the father of the present proprietor, as a memorial of the expulsion of the French.

The present residence of the Princess Dona Isabel, who was regent till the arrival of her brother, Don Miguel, is also in this neighbourhood. It was formerly known as the Quinta of the Marquis of Abrantes, also of De Visme, by whom it was laid out 'in the English taste.' It is famous for its botanical rarities. Here are two of the finest cedars of Lebanon in the kingdom; two South American pepper-trees, of rare beauty and height; two Japan Salisburys (*Salisburias de Japan?*), the only specimens in Portugal, and an avenue of magnolias.

The deserted convent of Saint Dominick of Benefica was purchased a year ago by a German merchant. This monastery is described in the life of Saint Dominick by that excellent classic Frei de Sousa, whose long-lost 'Annals of John III.' have recently been discovered in the original manuscript and published. Two remarkable men were buried in this convent, João das Regras, the famous juriconsult and statesman, whose influence determined the Cortes of Coimbra to confirm the claim of the

Master of Avis (John I.) to the throne; and Don João de Castro, the Viceroy of India.

At Luz are the ruins of a convent and church which were demolished by the earthquake, the principal chapel alone resisting the shock. In the centre of this chapel is the tomb of the foundress, Dona Maria, the learned daughter of King Emanuel. A few old paintings are preserved here, of which the most remarkable is that over the first altar on the left. In the sacristy is the 'Adoration of the Kings,' by Gran Vasco. At Queluz is the palace which was the usual abode of John VI. and of Don Miguel; and here Don Pedro, 'the romantic emperor who fought for liberty,' died in a chamber that had something ominous in its name—the chamber of Don Quixote. The palace is two leagues from Lisbon, on the left of the road; it is a large and irregular mass of building, erected at various periods. It has not, like the Ajuda, a connected suite of rooms of state; but the Sala das Talhas is a majestic apartment, of which many of the appropriate Oriental ornaments have been removed to Belem; and the Hall of Mirrors, too, is of great splendour and beauty, though it has lost its magnificent carpet, that was not long since cut to adorn three of the saloons in the Palace of Necessidades, which we may therefore fairly anglicise, the Palace of Makeshifts. The fishponds and the extensive preserves of game round this Queluz palace made it particularly attractive to that sporting character, Don Miguel, on whose cranium the organ of destructiveness was, or should have been, largely developed. My account of these places on or near the road I have taken from the little Lisbon guide-

book already referred to, and from the report of one of my fellow-travellers, to whom the ground is not new. There is nothing striking in the face of the country till you come within sight of the Serra of Cintra—truly a Serra! Green hills, or rather mounds, part arable, part pasture, with no other wood than a few stray trees here and there in the fences that mark the different fields. Were those round green hills judiciously planted, this sort of country would be lovely—a soothing contrast to the restless ocean, and to the wild, jagged mountains you are approaching, which rise so unexpectedly out of those soft green mounds that have so long concealed it from your sight. We descended gradually from the higher ground, whence the mountain first showed itself, and were soon in among the orange groves and lime-tree avenues of this lovely spot. Passed the palace and gardens of Ramalhão to the left. What strange anecdotes are related of its late possessor, the old Queen Carlota Joaquina! But they cannot all be true; royalty in Portugal has long ceased to be a shield against party faction and popular malice; and the mother and supposed instigator of the dark policy of Don Miguel may have been much maligned. Even Don Miguel himself can hardly be so black as he has been painted. Until the expulsion of this would-be *Rei absoluto* in 1834, Ramalhão was the richest of all the palaces in furniture, decorations, and things of vertu; but Don Pedro ordered all to be removed to Lisbon, and great was the demolition of clocks and china on the road, from careless packing. The Palaces of Necessidades and Belem, or Ajuda, were enriched by the spoils;

but many of the more serviceable and some of the precious articles were subsequently transmitted to Cintra, to yonder famous 'Moorish' palace, which now, as we wind round the north-east shoulder of the mountain, comes in sight, with the little town nestling close under the huge rocks, at the instep of the Serra—Mafra, in the northern distance, breaking the outline of the horizon. The Portuguese, ever jealous, or perhaps nobly emulous of the Spaniards, boast of their Alhambra in that Moorish palace, and of their Escorial in yon majestic Mafra, raised by the piety of the colossal builder, King Alfonso V., in honour of the King of kings. But such parallels are hardly judicious, for they cannot be well sustained; and we may be content to admire the desolate grandeur of Mafra, and the hale old age of the quasi-arabesque pile at Cintra, without disturbing our admiration by invidious comparisons. Between Cintra and Mafra, undulating ground, but so slightly undulating that beyond the space of a mile or two it appears like a dead flat, *not very* green, and with scarcely any wood; but the spring is backward, and a week or two hence more verdure may appear. This bare country, which extends for miles below Cintra, by contrast increases the richness of her gardens and groves and stately forest-trees; and, in conjunction with the brave rocky heights that rise above the town, makes Cintra a place to dream over rather than to describe; it is so unlike any other reality that it has been my lot to witness. I remember how Mr. Canning, when a visitor at Storrs on Win-andermere, used frequently to ride into our own dear Easedale, and to linger there for hours together,

because, as he said, it reminded him of Cintra. The association, however strong, could not have been complete. Crag, wood, water, freshness, and peace belong to both : some of the features are alike ; but the form and the expression are altogether different. I can fancy many an Easedale in the world, but no second Cintra. So thought Mr. Southey, to whom our fells and waters were almost as familiar as his books. Many a time has he told me that he knew no place which resembled Cintra ; and, thus prepared for its peculiarity, I was as much surprised and delighted as if I had never heard of it.

We drove to one of the two principal inns, and tried to make a bargain with the hostess, an Englishwoman married to a Swiss, but could not succeed. ' I have but one price,' was her reply, and that to us seemed an extravagant price for such accommodation as her dark, damp, tumble-down house could afford, three new crowns (eighteen vintens per day) a head. The weather continued beautiful through the day, but cold, even for an April day in England, and I was glad to wrap myself up in a long woollen cloak while we strolled towards evening on the Collares road, where we fell in with a flock, which we had the curiosity to count as it passed, 139 goats and 15 kids, following one goatherd. We could only stroll about this evening ; but in the morning—a very beautiful one—we started soon after nine o'clock for the Penha, a small convent of Jeronymites, built on the highest point of the Serra, by order of King Emanuel, in 1503. It was at first made of wood, which only lasted eight years. The king, seeing how perishable such material was in so exposed a

situation, commanded it to be rebuilt of stone. This was in 1511. The convent was capable of containing eighteen monks.

Our *monture* was of the humblest. Even the poet who would be carried up these steps in safety must submit to leave his Pegasus in the valley, and console his pride with the old Portuguese proverb, 'Better is the ass that carries me than the horse that throws me.'

We ascended the hill at the east end, the road stiff and winding, but very good, and commanding fine views of the rich garden-ground immediately below you, and the soft undulating tract beyond, which extends to the horizon.

Picturesque churches and *quintas*, and those heart-moving stone crosses making beautiful foregrounds to these grand Rubens-like landscapes; and then, hanging overhead, the jagged rocks and peaks of this singular and most romantic mountain. The first half of the road is paved; you then enter upon a capital macadamized road, just made by the king-consort, up to the convent, which he has purchased and converted into a summer's day residence for himself and his queen. He has rebuilt the high tower, which had fallen, restored the old building with additions and approaches that give it the air of a Gothic castle, rather than of a convent, and he is now adding a square tower to the west, which will be in keeping with the other parts. In the pleasure grounds neat bridges have been laid across the ravines, but I hardly know what to say of the summer houses and other small structures in the guise of Grecian temples. Walks are cut in every direc-

tion, and the ground is clad with geraniums, scarlet and lilac (planted, of course), as our Cambrian heights might be with heather. The monks might well-nigh see what was passing in Lisbon, and watch every ship that sailed thence down to the sea. The mountain view beyond the Tagus is very fine. From the convent we proceeded to the 'Moorish castle,' that crowns another peak hard by. Little remains except the outer wall, and this the king is restoring; at the same time planting and laying out in pleasure ground the space within. A few wild beasts and birds, not European, are kept here; two or three head of deer, and a pair of lovely little gazelles. We descended the hill more to the west, and joined the Colares road near to the Marialva Palace, and on this road proceeded as far as Penha Verde, a *quinta* built by Don João de Castro after his return from India, where he was the fourth Viceroy. The view from a platform before the little chapel (or rather hermitage, for 'Ermida' it is called) upon a projecting rock at some distance from the house, a double avenue of noble trees conducting you to it, is rich and beautiful down into the plain, and up to the mountain behind very grand. On quitting the Penha Verde, we retraced our steps as far as the Marialva Palace, and thence went direct to our inn, which we reached before one o'clock.

In the afternoon we tried to gain admittance into the Moorish Palace, but failing in this, we strolled towards the Marialva Palace, taking the road below the house. Presently we turned to the left, along a pretty wild green lane that runs under the boundary wall of the palace pleasure grounds, and which is terminated by the entrance gates to some other

quinta. Here we opened the wicket of an immense yard door, which disclosed to us a most tempting pathway through a beautiful wood. We took it, hoping it might lead us out upon the Upper Cintra road; but having pursued it some distance, it seemed prudent to retrace our steps, as the path for ever made its way downwards, and not upwards, as we desired. A lovely walk it was: fine cork-trees; immense rock-like stones, some bright with silver lichens, others rich with golden ones; ground carpeted with starry periwinkles; white stars and blue stars; Jacob's ladder; laurustinus, no longer in blossom; ferns, such as we have in our woods, and heather too, and the whortleberry, and the foxglove (the 'Folk's Love,' the 'weed of glorious feature,' loved by the fairies), and the elder-tree; and here and there a primrose peeping out from under a huge overshadowing, mossy stone, and hyacinths and bluebells and the hawthorn, all these in full flower; and then the orange groves, and lemon groves, laden with bloom and green fruit, and yellow and golden fruit, all at once sending to you on the wings of the wind the most delicious perfume. But often you know not whence the fragrance comes; for unfortunately the walls are so high, that when you are on the main roads you can see little beauty except what their rich clothing of moss and ferns and flowers presents, and that of the forest trees and majestic rocks which appear above them.

April 11.

A very showery, unpromising morning, after a night of boisterous wind and heavy rain. Between showers we got as far as the palace, and after some

little delay, were admitted. A flight of broad wooden stairs, not handsome, leads you to the *entresol*, whence you ascend a very pretty winding staircase to the hall, into which some of the principal apartments open. The trickling of a fountain placed at one side of this hall must be a most grateful sound on a hot summer-day.

The first apartment we visited was the 'Swan Chamber,' so called from the ceiling being tastefully painted in compartments, each containing a swan, and the attitude of every swan varying a little. It is a very large, long room, beautifully proportioned; windows on each side; those to the south looking on the mountains, those to the north into a pretty upstairs court, paved with blue and various-coloured tiles; a fountain in the centre, which only plays when told to do so, and a most fanciful bath and shower-bath chamber, tiled floor, and walls, and roof, partly painted and partly bas-relievos in plaster. The shower-bath comes not from the roof, but from the upper part of the end walls, and the water is ejected with so much force as to meet in the middle of the room. But all this is baby-play, and hardly worth noting down, where we have to speak of the apartment in which Don Sebastian held the fatal council in which, notwithstanding some warnings, ominously wise, it was decided to undertake the expedition which led to the overthrow of Portugal. It is a small low room, with a narrow slip at one end, marked off by four simple round pillars. Sebastian's chair occupies one end of this slip; it is simply a projection of the wall, with arms built up at both sides, the arms, seat, back all covered with pantiles. Along the side wall, and at the opposite end, runs a

narrow stone seat, where sat the peers. The wall above this seat—rather higher than the head can reach, and below it to the floor—is covered with the same sort of tiles that adorn the king's throne. The floor is of common unglazed red tiles. In this little simple room did Don Sebastian and his peers come to that disastrous determination. The dining-room, *Sala das Pegas* (Magpie chamber), is a very curious and elegant apartment. The *Sala das Armas* (Hall of Shields), one of the most remarkable rooms in Europe, is now degraded to a billiard-room, to the disgust of Duarte d'Armas, if the ghost of the old heraldic painter still haunt these walls, which it was his glory to decorate. It is yet a truly splendid chamber. The ceiling was painted by command of Emanuel, with the arms of the chief Portuguese nobility. This ceiling is dome-shaped. The royal arms occupy the centre; below that a broad circle comprises the escutcheons of the princes of the blood, and below that again are two circles or rounds, hung with the arms of the nobility. The effect is gorgeous, 'more fair and pleasant to look on,' says a quaint old writer, 'than a field full of flowers.' There is a *unity* in the *diversity* which is indeed very beautiful, for each shield rests on the same sort of background, a stag *couchant*, the shield being suspended like a locket round the stag's neck. Immediately below the cornice of the ceiling the following verses are painted on the four walls in great golden letters:—

Pois com esforços e leaes
 Serviços forão ganhadós,
 Com estes, e outros taes,
 Devem de ser conservados.

Honours by worth and loyal service gain'd,
 By these, and such as these, must be maintain'd.

I should like to know the meaning, if there be a meaning, of the stags, and the swans, too. The magpie ceiling has its own pretty tale, which was well told by the guide. A young Portuguese lady in our company reading '*Por Bem,*' on every magpie's tongue, prettily asked, 'What good?' I wish I could repeat his answer verbatim.

'John I. had risen early to hunt at some distance from Cintra. In passing through this chamber he chanced to meet one of the maids of honour, and presented a rose to her, at the same time saluting her on the cheek. The gallantry was not unwitnessed, for the queen was entering the room by a side door. In the confusion of detection, the king could only say, "*Por bem, por bem;*" meaning that he had meant no harm, only taken an innocent liberty. The queen made no remark; but her revenge showed that she was not implacably offended. On the king's return, after a few days, he found the roof of his dining-room painted all over with magpies, each bird holding a rose-branch in its claws, and a label in its beak, on which label were painted the words "*Por bem, por bem.*" The king was pleased to be rebuked so playfully, and adopted the *Por bem* for his motto.'

This was our guide's version of the tale, and much the prettiest of the *three* traditions that are current. A second tells us that the king himself caused the ceiling of the room to be painted in that manner, in attestation of the innocence of the proceeding in which he had been detected, and that he now applied, in the sense of our *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, the motto *Por bem*, which he had previously adopted as a declaration of his disposition to do good to his people.

The third interpretation is, that the adventure was whispered from mouth to mouth among the ladies, to the scandal and great disturbance of the poor maid of honour, and that the king, to punish the palace gossips, caused their malicious garrulity to be thus typified.

On the floor of another apartment, a small and humble room, we gazed with a yet deeper interest than upon these richly-painted ceilings—the floor of the room in which the ill-starred Don Affonso VI., brother-in-law of our Charles II., died a prisoner in his own palace, confined by his own wife and brother, whose impious union at the altar had followed his deposition, and had afterwards been sanctioned by his Holiness Clement IX.; for not even the form of a dispensation had been previously obtained.

The captive king—for he was yet a king—not formally discrowned, though so effectually dethroned—made the circuit of his mill-horse-like tether as wide as his narrow cell would permit, for his feet have left their traces as near to the wall as well could be: there is the foot-grooved pathway to tell its own tale of his misery. It may be that his youth was wild and his manhood wilful; it may even be that he was incorrigibly weak, perverse, debauched, low in his habits, and in his choice of companions, and that he was altogether unroyal. So says the Abbé de Vertot, whose popular account is drawn from sources that required much more careful filtering than he was disposed to trouble himself with.

Affonso VI. was born in 1643. His father, John IV., who, less by his own energy than by that of his Spanish wife, had wrested the kingdom from the grasp of Spain, died in 1656. Donna Louisa, the

queen-mother, held the regency for her son long after his legal minority (15) had expired. This would rather seem to imply a flexibility of will in the youth than the stubbornness attributed to him. His mother was an able and magnanimous but imperious princess, tenacious of power; and happier might it have been for him if she had been allowed to retain her authority yet longer. But he demanded his right; she resigned her sway, and soon retired to a convent, where she survived but a short time.

She has been accused of undue partiality to the younger brother Pedro. At least she was no party to the worst of his deeds against the elder, for they were perpetrated after her decease. Affonso married in 1666 a French princess of the house of Nemours. If the beauty of her mind had been equal to that of her person, he might have become a respectable prince, or at least have lived out his days undistinguished by the peculiar fate that must ever excite sympathy.

But she was a willing instrument in the hands of the Jesuits, for her husband's brother had found favour in her sight. The king was deposed and exiled to the island of Terceira, whence he was brought back and shut up more securely in this grated cell, from which death released him in his forty-first year. Communicating with that cell by a side passage is a little square apartment closely grated and close to the ceiling. From this spot we looked down into the chapel through the very grating through which Affonso, himself invisible from below, was allowed by the piety of his fraternal gaoler to witness the daily performance of mass.

Did the woman, his wife and his brother's wife, did the man his brother, ever dare to pray in that chapel, in the presence of their victim? I suppose not; for the chapel stands where it did, and the roof, of peculiar carved wood, curiously painted, is said to be the same roof that was there when Affonso VI. heard mass.

But his bones are royally lodged at Belem. Let us leave the grave he lived in, and descend to the kitchen of the palace; for that is a curiosity of its kind. It would have been comparatively merciful to have made a scullion, a Simnel, of him there; for it is a great and not uncheerful apartment. The two immense glass-manufactory-looking things outside, which rise from the east end of the building, and of which it is impossible for a stranger to guess what can be or ever could have been the use, are the kitchen chimneys, and they answer for walls, ceilings, chimneys, and windows too! for the base of each is so wide that the two occupy the whole room. The lowest part I call the *walls*, so far as it keeps nearly perpendicular; and when the sloping off begins, *that* I consider chimney. But the *build* I cannot attempt to describe, as I could not well understand it; for the kitchen is not divided in the middle, and yet the two chimneys are quite separate; and how that enormous weight of stone-work is supported, coming to the ground only on *three* sides, I know not. Now, there are stoves all down one side of this immense kitchen, and from them there are iron flues to conduct the smoke far away up, if not to the very top of these huge funnels; so now they are of more use as light-admitters than smoke-conductors. In addition to

the light which comes down from the top, and which is but little, as the funnels diminish almost to a point, there are windows half-way up, four in each chimney, and at the same height.

One of our party tried the effect of a flute in this kitchen. It was strange and delightful. The softness, the power, the growing swell of notes meant to be soft and subdued, and the reverberation, louder and yet sweeter than the notes themselves, was almost awful, for it gave to the delicate flute the character of an organ played by a wizard. The player, however, was soon obliged to leave off; it shook his nerves so, he could hardly stand. When he was afterwards rallied on his faintness, he declared that the reverberations thrilled on him intolerably, and that the flute itself had got a sudden life in it, so that after a few minutes he seemed himself to be rather the thing played upon than the player. We saw the private apartments of the king and queen, most simply furnished. Chintz and muslin curtains; floors covered with Portuguese matting, very pretty; some few large and handsome china bowls and other ornaments of this kind; and baskets and boxes of carved ivory from India, delicate in texture and workmanship. The apartments of the children modest and pretty, opening upon a charming old-fashioned French garden, whence you see the little town, the lofty Serra, the mighty ocean, and the soft undulating ground that lies between the rough rocks and the often rougher waters. But I must hasten away from this spot, such a mine of sad history, and tell of one more mountain ride up to the Cork convent.

On our way we again passed the Marialva Palace and Penha Verde, and kept on the Collares road as far as Mr. Beckford's place, Monserrat; so called, not after one of his West Indian estates, as it was pretended, but because the site on which he erected his villa had been long known by that name, from an oratory built there in 1540 by Gaspar Preto, a priest, who, however, seems to have had no fancy either for the colour or substance of *the* image of Monserrat in Catalonia, for instead of a black wooden Virgin he procured one of alabaster from Rome. The villa of 'England's wealthiest son,' as Childe Harold termed him, stands on a green knoll that projects far into the valley, forming a complete promontory, and thus commanding unobstructed views in every direction. The ground immediately about it is exceedingly beautiful, with sloping lawns, now green and soft as the richest velvet, dashing, sparkling, leaping, roaring waterfalls, silent pools, gardens and orange groves, stately trees, and wooded park-like sward, extending to the outskirts of the uncultivated country, and so partaking both of the wild and cultivated beauty of Cintra. The house is a temple for the winds; many buildings that have been ruins for centuries are not so ruinous, not a tile of a roof remaining—truly a melancholy spectacle. We were told that the French soldiers unroofed the house, and industriously destroyed everything that could be destroyed, out of malice to the English. On the other hand, it has been asserted that the original vicious construction of the building, hastily run up, was the cause of its dilapidation, and that, like the Tower of

Fonthill, it was devoted to early ruin by the negligence of the architect or the impatience of his employer. On leaving the gateless gateway of Monserrat, we crossed the road, and at once began to ascend the hill, very steep in many places, wild and beautiful in all. Stone crosses at regular distances would have marked our road, had we not had good guidance in the path, and still better in our donkeys. After a considerable ascent we descended a little, and then came to a green hollow; here we spied, among immense grey stones, something like the lines of a lowly dwelling. The donkeys threaded in amongst these huge stones, and then stopped; we dismounted, but could discover no entrance. Our boy pointed to a tiny aperture behind one of these grey giants; we passed through it, and saw a few stone steps before us; these we ascended, and found ourselves in a little oblong-square grass plot, shaded by rocks and trees, with stone seats and a stone table, and a pretty fountain and a *tiny* chapel at the far end, and crosses everywhere, all of the cork-tree bark. A poor lame man answered the boy's call, and opened the convent door, which we crept through, and then came to another pretty lawn, circular in form, in the centre of which once stood a stone fountain; the basin only now remains, and below this grass plot lies the terraced garden. We again entered the convent, and groped our way upstairs and into the *cupboard* cells, and down to the refectory, which is just spacious enough to hold a stone table and a narrow bench on each side. Ten monks must have found some difficulty in sitting at that small table.

The kitchen is close by. The altar of this tiny chapel has been extremely pretty, but nothing now remains of its fittings-up except the marble pix, and that has been robbed of its crowning ornament, the cross. The old man told us that the proprietor of this convent meant to restore it exactly, and that the good work was to begin this summer. But *cui bono?* Can he restore the monks? Or would he if he could? The kernel gone, of what use is it to repair the cracked nutshell?

We descended by the Collares side of the mountain; and here, above Collares, its character varies. You have left the rocks and stony peaks behind you, and they are exchanged for round green hills, which gradually diminish in height till they reach the sea. Nothing can be more grand, and at the same time lovely, than this descent into Collares; for on leaving the crags you at once find yourself among orange groves and orchards and gardens, and quintas, and tinkling rills, with a wide stretch of wood and meadow below you, and those towering convent-crested, castle-crested heights above you. We were most fortunate, too, in our weather; not a drop of rain fell, but the sky was full of clouds, and the sun made a great struggle for victory, the wind helping him, and driving the shadows over hill and over vale, so as to produce that witchery of sunshine and shadow so familiar and so dear to mountain dwellers.

Collares is situated in the valley of Varséa. It is no longer the paradise of Carmelite Fathers, but its quintas and orchards still flourish, and it can yet boast of its wine. The district abounds in orchards

so fruitful that the Gallamares stream, as soon as it enters the Varséa, or open plain, takes the name of Rio das Maçans—the River of Apples; and in Lisbon the general name for female vendors of fruit is *Collarejas*, from the number of Collares girls who cry their apples, pears, and peaches about the streets. All the way from Collares to the sea-shore, about a league westward, the river runs through a little Herefordshire. Near its mouth is a bathing-place called the Apple-strand, Praça das Maçans, much frequented in summer, though known to be dangerous. Seven or eight years ago three ladies, while bathing, were suddenly sucked in by the waves, their guides sharing the same fate. Only one of the bodies was recovered. The rest were never more seen.

On this coast is an enormous rock called the *Pedra de Alvidrar* (the Stone of Judgment), rising almost perpendicularly from the sea, which thunders at its base. This rock is one of the lions of Cintra, where a very foolish and perilous custom prevails, unfeelingly encouraged by visitors. For the smallest gratuity, men and children will crawl on hands and knees down this slippery precipice till they are wet through with the spray of the surge; the least slip is perdition, for there is nothing to hold by. An adventure that the stoutest-hearted soldier would shrink from is repeatedly braved by almost any youth or boy of the neighbourhood; and so it has been from time immemorial. Duartes Nunes de Leão, in his description of Portugal, speaks of it as a most ancient practice.

Aloft on this same coast is the Oratory of our Lady of the *Peninha*, or the Lesser Rock, so called

as standing on a crag somewhat inferior in elevation to that on which the convent of Penha was built. The Visconde de Jurumenha gives us a tradition which he relates with the plain seriousness of one who believes what he tells. This devout simplicity, if it must be so called, pervades his work, and is to me its not unpleasing characteristic. I cannot for myself, however, pretend that I have the least faith in the following legend, or 'sacred idyl,' as the Visconde calls it; yet I will repeat it after him, for it is proper to the nation and the place.

Once upon a time then, that is to say, above 320 years since, in the reign of John III., there was a little dumb girl of a neighbouring village who used to tend her flock upon the mountain. One day a white ewe ran away from her as fast as it could run, until it reached the very pinnacle. The shepherdess followed in great distress. On gaining the summit she saw with wonder, at the side of the runaway ewe, a most beautiful maiden, who asked her what she was looking for. The shepherdess, suddenly acquiring the gift of speech, pointed to the stray sheep, and answered that the animal she was in search of was there. The bright stranger told the child to take it back to her mother, and ask her for bread. It was a year of scarcity, and poor people were starving; so the girl declared that her mother had no bread to give her; but the stranger assured her there were several loaves in a certain chest in the house. On reaching the door of her home, the shepherdess called out to her mother, who could hardly believe it was her daughter whom she saw and heard, for no one had ever heard the child speak before. The

astonished woman was so loud in her joy that the neighbours came to learn what was the matter, and they also were wonder-smitten at hearing the 'dumb girl' ask for bread. Her mother answered that she had none; but the daughter told her that she had; and leading her to the chest, opened it, and there were five or six loaves! The child then explained all that had happened to her on the Serra. Thither her kinsfolk and neighbours hastened in search of the stranger, and examining every nook and cranny, they at last perceived some newly-hewn stones that had been carefully laid over a crevice by some unknown hand. On removing these stones, they found a rudely sculptured stone image of 'Our Lady,' four spans high. This they carried to the very ancient hermitage of St. Saturninus, not far off, and there they left it. But 'Our Lady,' who had already selected her own location, returned to the spot whence she had been removed. Twice more was she restored to St. Saturninus, and as often did she desert him for the peak of her own choice. The poor villagers, thus assured of her will, resolved to build for her on that spot an oratory, such as their scanty means could supply. Accordingly, they erected a very little chapel of uncemented stones, and placed the image on a bracket within it. The simple structure, in so exposed a position, was soon dilapidated by wind and weather; but the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets then repaired and strengthened it.

In the time of King Henry the Cardinal, about 1579, the veneration in which this image was held having been gradually much increased, a fund was raised, by which a little more state was given to

'Our Lady' of the Peninha in her chosen home, and here she remained without further disturbance till about 1672, when Brother Peter of the Conception, a master stonemason, in the prime of life, came with some brethren of his craft to the Oratory, and having resolved to pass the remainder of his days here, in the service of the *genius loci*, assumed the habit of an Eremite of 'Our Lady of the Carmo,' and commenced the construction of a new church. But the *Padres Vicentes*—Vincent Fathers—soon interfered, and required him to compound with them for the alms and offerings to 'Our Lady;' that is, for the profits of the place, or else to give up a site which they claimed as an appurtenance to the Ermida of St. Saturninus, held by their order in right of gift from Sancho I. The sturdy hermit, however, successfully resisted their demand, and prudently refused to pay them even one *chicken* per annum, or what we call a peppercorn rent; for he was wily enough to foresee that their claim thus sanctioned, his rent might be raised, or an ejection enforced. The dispute throws a light sufficiently significant on the original miracle, and the repeated escape of the prize from St. Saturninus.

The Carmelite Fathers, too, now put in their claim for both the image and the fane, on the plea that the builder of the latter was, by his own act, a Carmelite. The hermit, however, managed to defeat them also by conciliating the protection of the Archbishop of Lisbon. The work then proceeded prosperously, and a handsome church was completed, and also accommodations for pilgrims, the Serra supplying abundance of various-coloured marbles both for use and

ornament. The image of the Peninha thus became, no doubt, a nest-egg of value. But the hermit Peter was no sordid hypocrite, for he expended his own substance (a legacy from a relation) on the work to which he believed himself called. Don Pedro II. granted him some waste land, by the cultivation of which he was enabled to furnish the chapel with wax and oil, and to pay a stipend to the Archbishop of Lisbon's chaplain, who said mass there on Sundays and holy days. Was this donation of Pedro II. one of those salves to his conscience, if he had any, for his fraternal dealings towards the royal prisoner at Cintra? The hermit Peter lived here for thirty-five years. He died at the age of sixty-three, and was buried at the outside of the church door, in a grave that he had dug with his own hands, and this was his epitaph: 'Here Lies the Anchorite of Our Lady of the Rock. Brother Peter begs a Paternoster and an Ave Maria from all good pilgrims'—*pelos bemfeitores*, not for his own soul, but for the souls of his benefactors, as I interpret it.

The road from Collares to Cintra is exquisitely beautiful; it is carried along the side of the hill, is overshadowed by the finest trees, and for ever crossed by streams and streamlets that come leaping and dancing down the rugged mountain, now in slender cataracts, now in pretty falls of water, whose white foam you see sparkling among the grey stones, through the green leaves, or under the dark trunk of some noble old cork-tree.

These rills and rivulets are, may be, the greatest charm of Cintra; if you see them not, you hear their sweet music everywhere.

Below you, to the left, green fields inlaid with a quiet stream, fringed here and there with wood ; and orchards and orange groves and quintas, and cottages peeping out from among the leaves or overshadowed by grand forest trees ; and then the flowers, both in the gardens and growing wild by the roadside, and the picturesque fountains to receive the pure cool water that comes leaping down the hill, and give it out to the thirsty pilgrim ! The fountains are always shaded by trees, with seats most tempting to repose. In addition to all this tender beauty is the sublime beauty of the white waves of the Atlantic breaking upon the shore behind you to the west.

Another stormy night ; a wet, unpromising morning. Between the showers I strolled out with my sketch-book, and succeeded in getting what I wanted—the outline of the Serra from a turn in the Collares road. I mention this that I may tell of the difference in manners between the people here and in Oporto and its neighbourhood. There, in the most retired place, I was literally mobbed by men, women, and children, whenever I attempted to make a sketch ; while here, on the contrary, though I was standing in the public road, not a creature even slackened his pace to stare at me, but every one greeted me as he passed with a gracious *Viva Senhora*, or some other kind words. Probably they are much accustomed to sketch-books here which is surely not the case in the North of Portugal.

I have not seen a pretty woman since we left St. João da Foz, and in figure and gait these Southerners are far inferior to their sisters of the North. Of their figure, to be sure, you cannot judge so well, as it is generally concealed by the long dull-brown cloak which

is universally worn by all who can afford to purchase a cloak. A square white kerchief tied under the chin, the corner hanging down behind, is the only covering to the head. Those who do not possess cloaks wear some shabby shawl or cotton kerchief pinned over the shoulders. In Lisbon I observed a few of the long scarlet cloaks trimmed and faced with a broad stripe of black velvet.

In Collares I saw a man wearing a black hat, the crown of which was very high and sugar-loaf shaped ; but the hats most generally worn have low, round, barber-basin-like crowns, ornamented round the top with tufts of black silk or worsted.

The oxen are much larger than in Oporto—more like the breed of ‘Durham short-horns.’ The carriages are built in the same unwieldy fashion, wheels and axle-trees revolving together, and the wheel (as if) of one solid circle, with two very small semicircles cut out near the middle. The wheels are much larger in diameter than in the north of Portugal, and the pole of the waggon stands high in proportion ; sometimes, when the oxen are under the usual size, the pole is almost on a line with the line of their backs, and the effect is particularly awkward.

I left Cintra with a heart full of deep thankfulness for having been permitted to see a spot which *must* be one of the loveliest spots on earth, and if not *the* very loveliest one, certainly unique in its character of beauty and its strangeness. By Cintra, I do not mean merely the town, the palace, the convents, but the whole range of mountain. What man has done is nothing to the situation itself ! Enchanting is the sudden transition from a comparatively barren and

treeless waste to the richest verdure and most beautiful garden-land, woodland, and finest forest scenery, with those grand mountain-peaks rising out of the mass of foliage, where the nightingales in this season sing rapturously, and whence at all seasons comes other waylaying music, that of the streams and rivulets, which come dancing and leaping and rushing down the steep hill-side, over huge grey stones, or among stones clothed with the greenest moss, and overshadowed by the noble trunks and branches of secular—twice, thrice secular—trees. What pictures do these falls of water make, when framed in by these old trees ! There was one immediately opposite the window of our sitting-room, and we looked at it and listened to its song under peculiarly happy circumstances, while the moon, nearly at her full, was casting her soft bright light directly upon the Penha convent, and the rugged peak from which it rises. All else was in deep shade, except the fall of water, and that was light to itself. This was a picture not to be forgotten ; but the charm of Cintra is, that it is *not* to be forgotten by anyone who has seen and *felt* its loveliness.

The drive from Cintra to Lisbon is less pleasing, I think, than taking it the other way. But our day was less favourable ; we had little or no sun, and the face of the country was cold and dreary. We were too much in the dark too before we *joined company* with our old companion the Aqueduct ; but we had other friends this Easter-day evening, who seemed to brighten their lamps by way of greeting, as we passed them—‘ Glow-worms that love their emerald-light to shed ’ by the wayside ; we remarked one on the

face of a high garden wall. How the little creature got there or remained there, not pounced upon for the supper of a nightingale, is more than I can tell.

We were much amused by our post-boys partially unharnessing their horses and then quietly drawing up the carriage to a fountain where the animals were allowed to quench their thirst. Half an hour before we had halted in a small village—there the horses were fed with very good wheaten bread. Beggars for *cinco reis* (a farthing coin, but literally ‘five kings’) crowded round the carriage. Most of them were children, and boys and girls all told the same story, ‘I am fatherless.’ Not one among them would allow he had a father.

Between the Quinta das Larangeiras and Lisbon it seemed one string of carriages, so many were the persons going on this Easter Sunday night to witness an amateur performance at the private theatre already spoken of. We returned to our rooms at the Peninsula Hotel, where we were received with quite a home welcome.

Monday, April 13.

Shocking weather—high wind, and rain falling in torrents—no going out till evening, and then only to the Opera, which is close to our hotel.

Tuesday.

Bright morning—a great improvement upon yesterday, but still the sky is unsettled. In our walk we passed through the fish-market. A few of the outside stalls are appropriated to fruits and vegetables; the oranges and lemons are tastefully arranged among green vegetables and pretty baskets of dried fruits, and make these commonplace stalls look quite

gay and neat. The mistress of one of the gayest was a dark bright-eyed lassie, the prettiest girl I have seen on the banks of the Tagus. Observe the manner in which the fish-vendors arrange the conger-eels in their baskets; they are made to look like magnificent silver ornaments for giants. There you have the Highland broach, and a broach in the form of a 'true lover's knot,' and the crescent moon, &c. I must again allude to my sketch-book, and for the same reason I did so at Cintra, that I may tell of the courtesy of the labouring class of the natives here. I was sketching the outline of the hills on the south side of the Tagus, from a sort of masons' yard, near to the Braganza Hotel. The yard was full of workmen, some hewing stone, others passing to and fro with rubbish. Not one of these stayed hand or foot to stare at me, but all greeted me civilly, and pursued their work as if I had not been there. In about half an hour I observed the master man and several others standing about the gate. Presently I heard a jingling of keys, but still I did not *take*, until another jingle opened my eyes. It was sundown—their day's labour was over, and they wished to lock up for the night. I sent the servant to inquire—it was so, but they were too polite to hurry me away by directly telling me this.

We were at the Opera again—ballet the best part of the entertainment. It was an Egyptian fancy mystery—the dancing excellent and the scenery brilliant. The Queen and King Consort were present in their private box. Her Majesty is very fond of the Opera, when she can go to her private box; anything of display or state is distasteful to her. She is

never so happy as when riding in the lanes and woods of Cintra on her donkey, with her husband and children, to whom she is devoted. We heard much of her amiable disposition. She is too tender-hearted for a queen—for her own happiness, I mean. When tales are brought to her of distress which she has not the power to relieve, she weeps like a child. But she has no real power. Her sceptre may be likened to a living serpent, that may glide out of her hand any day, but not without having stung her. She is distracted by Proteus charters and ever-changing constitutions—by *Liberal* ministers, who would govern her and her people with absolute sway, less too for the lust of power than the lust of filthy lucre—by an ill-armed, ill-paid, ill-conditioned soldiery, ever ready for riot at the call of the highest bidder, and military chiefs who would all be Cæsars over Cæsar—by a discontented pauper people, who are tired of carrying on their shoulders the quacks and demagogues that have fooled them—a people who have trusted everybody till they will trust nobody. She is distracted between old friends and new friends, the new prevailing.

One night our gentlemen went to the new theatre in the Square of Don Pedro (how long will it retain that name? for streets and squares change names with every change of party). Our English friends were much amused with the new tragedy, or melodrama, right merry and tragical, of *The Twelve of England*, in which *twelve* English ladies, who have been slandered by *twelve* English knights, are championed by twelve Portuguese knights, none of their own countrymen daring to fight for them. The

twelve Englishmen, so dreaded, when arrayed in the lists, shrank at the first onset, and stood in a row with their heads down, to be struck in the back by the valiant Portuguese, the *Lusos valerosos*, and were all killed in a moment. The enthusiasm of the audience was tremendously funny; and when they called for the author, the poor man presented himself on the stage, pale as a tallow-chandler with the triumph of genius. Camoens has told the story well, and, like a true poet, patriotically and inoffensively. But this play was the *ne plus ultra* of swaggering balderdash. The story itself is as true, or as likely, as the stories of Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant Killer.

Some of our party succeeded yesterday in a call at the door of the *Torre do Tombo*, that is, of that part of the old convent (new parliament house) in which are now deposited the archives that were formerly kept in the Tower of the Tomb, or in the Castle-tower, which fell in the earthquake. Here are preserved original state papers, laws, charters, grants, and an immense collection of rolls and records, some of them dating from the commencement of the monarchy. We thought of poor Mr. Southey. What a diligent historiographer would he have been here had but leisure and opportunity been his! How often did he long to be among these records, and how frequently would he say that he looked to his projected History of Portugal as *the* work on which he founded his hope of a name—as if he had not done enough to establish a reputation! Not a page of his history has appeared, nor perhaps ever will, nor can, in the form that it would have best taken

from his own hand. The History of Portugal—the most romantic of histories—is still unwritten; so we must console ourselves with such a one as we may get from Senhor Herculano, librarian to the king-consort. He is a hater of the English, because the burgesses of Plymouth did not discover that a man of mark had come among them, when he did them the honour to make their town his place of exile for a few months or weeks, I forget which, when Don Miguel was king absolute, many years ago. He has never forgotten the neglect, but has made for himself opportunities of abusing us, through the periodical press of Lisbon, in articles magnanimously signed with his own name. We will forgive him all that nonsense if he will truly and honestly digest the materials open to him, and give us an orderly and dispassionate compilation of facts. We can hardly expect that he will be fair in this exposition of the complicated relations that have subsisted for so many centuries between England and Portugal, considering the temper of the man; but that is of no consequence to us. Senhor Herculano's first volume, already referred to, is the only one yet published. It extends from the eighth till nearly the close of the twelfth century only, and is more judicious than might be expected from the *fewilliste* of the Lisbon 'Panorama.' In his advertisement, he even assures his readers that his disposition is so impartial, that in penning the history of his country he endeavours to forget that he is a Portuguese. His readers would scarcely wish him to do that. They will be contented if he will soberly select the wheat from the chaff, as to important particulars, and if, with the moral

courage to which he lays claim, he 'will nought extenuate, nor aught set down in malice.'

We here saw the famous Bible of the Jeronymites, seven magnificently illuminated and written folio volumes, vellum. This treasure was stolen by Junot, and repurchased from his widow for a large sum! Among its ornaments are some beautiful paintings, attributed to Giulio Romano, but thought more like Perrugino's. The book containing designs of the ancient fortresses of the realm is most curious—the illuminated prayer-book of our Queen Catherine was a welcome sight.

We paid another visit to the Cathedral, to look at St. Vicente's monument, which we had not observed before. Nor must I omit to note two dead infants which we saw carelessly laid on a sort of stone shelf or projection, behind the high altar. They were dressed neatly in white muslin caps, coloured cotton frocks, and white pinafores, as if just taken out of the cradle in their mother's cottage. I insisted upon it that they were wax children. Mr. —, who had been accustomed to such sights, assured me they were dead infants—'angels,' as they call them, and consider them—left there for burial: still I could not help feeling sceptical. The clasped hands of both—clasped and resting on the bosom—were so like wax hands! beautifully moulded certainly, for they seemed conscious that they were not merely clasped but *clasping*. Yet there was in the countenance of one of those 'angels' a painful expression which might have convinced me the child had lived, and that it had died in a convulsive agony. On visiting the Cathedral early the next

morning, we saw in the same place, from which the two others had been removed, three more waxen-looking infants. There could be no longer any doubt that they had been living flowers, 'no sooner blown but blasted.' These are children of poor people, who are allowed to leave them for Christian burial without charge.

Thursday, April 16.

Beautiful morning; wind from the north, fortunately for us, who were bound for Cadiz by the English steamer, which was to leave Lisbon at 2 P.M. We were on board at the time specified, but a full hour elapsed before command was given to weigh anchor, and we were not sorry for this, as it gave us an opportunity again, from the river, to study the town, which a bright sun brought out in full beauty. Still I felt Lisbon to be inferior to Oporto in *picturesque* beauty; but then it must be borne in mind that almost all the striking points—the towers and spires of Lisbon—were thrown down by the earthquake, and few of them have been restored; and the Estrella Church, which has the one handsome tower and cupola, was disfigured just now by a scaffolding, erected several months before, with the intention of repairing some serious injury done by lightning. No advance was yet made in the repairs, and probably, according to Portuguese usage, this scaffolding will be allowed to decay before they are ready to begin the work.

In going down the river we saw that splendid Church of Belem; but seeing it thus you can form no conception of the glory of the building. The Adjuda Palace looks imposing on the hill—the tower

of Belem beautiful ; and the mouth of the Tagus, with the fort of St. Julian growing out of the sea, backed by the jagged Serra of Cintra, is indeed deserving the fame it has acquired. Truly it is a grand entrance to a mighty river, and such the Tagus is, up to and beyond Lisbon.

The coast between the Tagus and the Cabo de Espichel is rather tame, but that is a bold headland. We passed Cape St. Vincent in the night and also Trafalgar, and next day, soon after 2 P.M., were in sight of Cadiz. The weather was brilliant, and Cadiz looked under the bright blue sky a marble city just evoked from the sea by some enchanter, to glitter for a while in the sunshine. As we approached, the town lost nothing of its Eastern story-book character ; the walls are so very white, and the bay beautiful, and the curve which the buildings make with the line of water most graceful ! My heart jumped as a steamer passed us with 'Sevilla' painted in large letters on the paddle-box : it told me that a dream of our lives was about to be realised. We were presently at anchor among crowds of vessels. We observed two French frigates and one French war steamer. The health-boat and another boat came out to us, and from the latter a Spanish military officer, attended by an interpreter, and two soldiers with swords drawn, came on deck. The lieutenant in charge of the English mail asked the meaning of that proceeding. 'This vessel,' said he, 'conveying the British mail, comes into your harbour as a man-of-war ; you bring an armed force on board, and that is an insult to the British flag, which must be reported.' The Spaniard civilly apologised, ordered

his men to return to the boat, and requested to speak privately to the officer in charge of the ship, and with this 'plucky little man of the letter-bag,' as one of the passengers termed him. The explanation consequently given in the cabin, to which they retired to discuss the great secret, was satisfactory and amusing. A story had been got up all along the coast that a grand dinner had been given to Espartero in London, and that he was coming out in this, the 'Madrid,' steamer. No boats were allowed to come off to us till the result of the officer's visit was communicated to the authorities on shore. Then many crowded round our vessel, and a pretty picture they made for us. We were saved all trouble of bargaining with boatmen, &c., by putting ourselves into the hands of Ximenez, to whose inn we had been previously recommended by some fellow-passengers. He came on deck, and took us ashore in his boat. There was a strong wind against us, and we were some time reaching the pier, which was crowded with people gaping for news; and much disappointed they were, I dare say, that we had none to impart. All the luggage was put into a covered cart and taken to the custom-house. We followed, and were civilly treated: not half the packages were even opened; maybe five shillings slipped into the hand of the officer had something to do with this. The custom-house is in the gateway of the *one* entrance into the city from the sea, *Puesta de la Mar*: this conducts you into the large square, and thence diverge the different streets: even here the fairy character of the place does not leave you—you find the houses as fair and white as they appeared, the streets very narrow

and admirably clean, no dirt or rubbish of any kind to be seen, save a few fresh orange rinds dropped here and there. To our inquiry how they came to be so clean, our guide replied, 'It seldom rains at Cadiz, and the streets are carefully swept three times a day, in the early morning, at noon, and at nightfall.' Good shops, tastefully arranged; upstairs windows curiously built, for they project considerably from the wall, are glazed from top to bottom, and frequently the floor of the projecting part is also of glass; they are protected by iron bars, and all have balconies. The form of the windows square. The balconies of course project considerably beyond the glass, and in looking up you see no support, so that they appear, as one of our companions observed, like cages hung out in the sun; and the ladies, who were looking from them, half lost among roses, geraniums, and other flowers that adorn the balconies, look like imprisoned birds. The glass at the bottom is, I conclude, to allow the fair prisoners to see and hear more distinctly what passes immediately under their cage. After threading for some time these high, narrow, clean, and quiet bird-cage walks, we came out upon the ramparts and the dashing, sparkling sea; and here I found some of the little fellows, who were holding the strings of those star-like kites which had caught my eye as I entered the large square, sailing in the deep blue sky, high above the marble palaces. Our inn—'Ximenez, English hotel,' not 'the head inn'—was close by. We had bedrooms on the first floor, and took our meals in the public room, not very public, for the house is small. The furniture poor; and all looked comfortless, after our

luxurious quarters at Lisbon. Our beds were, however, more comfortable than those we occupied there—not so hard; the perfection of a Portuguese bed to be harder than a stone. The *table* very good; and the obligingness of the servants, and the courteous and really valuable assistance of the young *maître d'hôtel* about passports, &c. &c., far more than compensated for any deficiencies in the household arrangements. We had lost two full hours by that foolish Espartero story, and consequently did not reach the inn till six o'clock; and before we were ready to take our evening walk upon the Alameda, it was too dark for us to judge whether or not report speaks truly of the beauty of the Gaditanas; it cannot speak too highly of this walk, or rather of the luxury of sitting under the green trees at nightfall, catching the fresh breeze from the sea, and listening to the music that it makes on the water at your feet and among the leaves overhead, and this after a day of hot glaring sunshine; and you may imagine what a glare there is in the white, white sea-girt city of Cadiz.

Finding there was no steamer for Seville (we English do wage war on euphony almost as much as the French) till Sunday, we engaged a guide, and off we went immediately, sight-seeing. We first visited the convent of St. Francisco, now converted into a penitentiary and school. Saw the Garden of Palms, and in the church two most interesting Murillos, 'The Conception' (the Virgin with a halo of stars, and standing on the crescent moon), and his last work, 'The Marriage of St. Catherine.' When employed upon this picture, he fell from the scaffolding, and

he died soon after, at Seville, from the injury received by the fall.

The museum is a fine building; but it contains no valuable pictures, and not one that touched me in the least. We ascended the 'Torre de la Vigia,' which gave us a striking view of city, sea, and land; and another view quite novel to us, for hence we looked down upon the inhabitants 'at their daily labour' on 'the house-top,' some hanging out linen to dry, others sitting on the roof busy with their needles, others strenuously idling away their time looking about them, as we were. All the houses at Cadiz are built in this Moorish fashion, with flat roofs, and all have their *patio*, courtyard, round which the house is built, with a draw-well in the centre. The city is without any springs of water; and what is not brought from St. Mary's, on the opposite side of the bay, is all rain water, and is conducted by pipes from the roofs into the tank that occupies the whole space of the *patio*, and is thence drawn up by buckets from the stone well in the centre. These tanks are most carefully covered in, and lined with stone, which acts, according to the guide's assurance, as a filtering machine, so that the water is not bad, even to drink; 'Very good,' he said, but that cannot always be, though certainly the water that he made me taste as it was brought up from a well in an immense convent-tank was excellent—fresh and cool and spirited as spring-water.

We went into the *Plaza de Toros*—not merely into it, but through it, examining every part. To describe it, it suffices to say, a Roman amphitheatre. This building is new, and is, I believe, considered a superior

building of the kind. Called at the English Consul's : his house, for a *town-house*, is one to tempt you to break the tenth commandment. It has its cool marble patio, and fountain for ever flowing, and flowers, and orange-trees, and galleries open to the patio, which would be open to the sky but for the canvas cover drawn over the top, to keep out the sun. The galleries on every storey are hung round with pictures, and all sorts of *curious* curiosities ; they are also adorned with the richest flowers, planted in elegant vases or pretty fantastic boxes. It would be a liberty to speak of the interior of the house, and therefore I will keep silence even on those pictures that still grace its walls.

Passed under the cathedral. Strange in its architecture certainly, but the effect is good, that is, in good keeping with the buildings over which it presides. The doors were closed. One of our party who visited it later in the day tells me there is nothing remarkable within. Stepped into a house where artisans were weaving the very pretty mats with which most of the floors are covered in this country. It is a simple process : cords are stretched at certain distances on pieces of wood, raised about three or four inches from the ground, the whole length of the room. The weavers sit on the floor at one end, threading, or rather *darning*, the reeds in and out. This is done so quickly that, as you stand watching, you are puzzled as to *how* it can be done. When they have darned in a certain number of reeds, they take a wooden instrument, made something like the head of a rake, each tooth fitting in between each string of the warp, and with this they

give the reeds a strong pull towards them, which makes the work close, and straight, and smooth. Then on they go, weaving again, and pulling again, till the mat is finished. There were half a dozen men, 'all in a row,' employed upon the mat we saw in progress. The *esteras* are woven of all sizes—to cover the largest room, or merely to lay before the smallest sofa. The small ones are in shape like English hearthrugs, and have borders of red and black, in Etruscan and other pretty patterns. The large mats, too, have borders, and you can have them woven to the exact shape of your room.

Next day we were up early. We had chocolate brought to our rooms, and were on our way to the steamer before half-past five. Beautiful morning, but a strong cold wind from the north. People were already astir. Some were sweeping the streets: the sweeper has a donkey with panniers, or more properly bags of matting, which bags are in form precisely like the paper ones into which pounds of sugar are put in a grocer's shop in England. The upper points of these open pouches are fastened together, and laid over the animal's back. We met many persons bringing into town fruits and flowers and vegetables. Fish, in great abundance, was already spread out in the fish market. We again passed through the 'gate of the sea,' and were presently seated in the small boat that was to take us to the *Rapido*, and no easy matter was it to get there, though our boat was doubly helped on by oar and sail. The wind was strong, and right ahead; and had not our active innkeeper accompanied us, we should probably have shared the fate of another load of passengers, who,

though they started before us, were nevertheless left behind. Cadiz looked fairer than ever, under the light of the early morning sun, and the bay was beautiful, with its many-flagged ships riding at anchor on that lively sea: too lively for the comfort of steamboat passengers; and thankful were some of us to enter the mouth of the river and get into still water. We passed the village of Rota to our right. At the mouth of the river, on the same side, a little inland, stands St. Lucar. Low hills rise behind the town; on the opposite side is a level plain, broken only by far-stretching woods of pine.

We were now fairly on the river, and soon came to another village (Bonanza), where we took in several passengers, some of whom, as is now frequently done, had made that long journey over the sandy isthmus, and round the bay, to avoid the crossing from Cadiz to the river, which is always more or less rough off the Cipiona headland. This practice has quite changed the character of the village; modern-built houses and warehouses face the river, and convenient landing-places fringe the water's edge. Two Spanish ladies, one wearing a silk, the other a lace mantilla, both graceful, were among those who here joined us.

The banks of the Guadalquivir are certainly not grand, nor rich, nor even beautiful, in the common acceptation of the term, as applied to *scenery*. But it is unlike Mr. Ford's quick sensibility, to almost everything that has its characteristic grace, to write as he does of those vast plains, fringed with pine-wood, and covered with herds and flocks innumerable, and stretching away to those blue Ronda hills of which the outline is so bold and varied. Then there

is a character of self-possessed majesty in the river itself, that vast body of water winding its way so steadily and silently through these plains down to the roaring ocean. Mark, too, all the animal life that is feeding and sporting upon its banks—those tiny birds that build their nests so trustingly within the reach of its waters in time of storm and flood—those of larger form (the bee birds), *Aves rocos*, that sport about in the sunshine, as if wishing to display their lovely green plumage to the voyager—those innumerable hawks that are wheeling about overhead, watching an opportunity to pounce upon their prey. Higher up the river, orange groves and lemon groves give you notice to look out for them by the delicious perfumes they send to you over the water before they become visible. In the thickets close to you on the left, you hear the rapturous song of the nightingale. The hill beyond those copses is encircled by a Moorish wall and crowned by a Moorish castle, peculiarly interesting as the spot where the Moors made their last stand, after they had lost Seville. At last, the long-looked-for, longer-wished-for, tower of the Giralda rises before you, and that mighty cathedral, now full in front of you, now far to the right, now as far to the left, for the river becomes more and more serpentine as you near the city.

The banks become populous, and gardens and orange groves follow upon each other till they end in the public walks of the city, *Las Delicias*, which are crowded every evening with the old and young of all ranks.

We landed near to the 'Golden Tower.' Our

luggage, examined on the steps of the pier, was turned out upon the bare stone, for the amusement, I suppose, of the crowd that always congregates on the public walk to witness the arrival of the steamer. We were civilly treated; the officer barely peeped into our carpet-bags; but some ladies complained to us bitterly of the manner in which their smart caps and collars had been hauled over on the dusty ground. This 'rough-and-ready' fashion would not quite suit our weeping skies in England.

The Cathedral was our first object. Into it Mr. — and I had not been able to resist taking a peep as we passed from the steamer to the hotel, and then I was awe-stricken by the solemn grandeur of the building. Now that I have visited it again and again, this feeling seems but to increase. Those majestic pillars, as you look up to them, ending in that glorious roof, truly appear as a work super-human, seen by the dim religious light that pervades the whole edifice. When you first enter, the gloom is such that you can only discern the pillars and the roof, which is lighted by the painted glass windows. Altars, organs, pictures, dawn upon you by degrees. You know they are there by the tapers you see burning, and by the solemn sounds you hear booming through the building. The gorgeous colouring which is cast so softly from the painted windows upon the stonework of the roof is indescribably beautiful.

We ascended the Giralda; and how delightfully strange was this ascent! It is wide enough for three persons to walk comfortably abreast; well-lighted, each window a charming resting-place, whence you

have views of the town below, and a grand expanse of country beyond. When we reached the belfry the 'ringers' were about striking the mid-day chimes: we were much interested in watching the operation, and in reading the names of the bells; so much so, indeed, that one of our party began to compose a song on the bells, in return for the music they made for us—music it was not—when we were thus close to them: we were obliged to shut our ears, or we must have lost the power of hearing; and we were glad, after a little while, to continue our ascent, now up a narrow winding staircase that takes you to the top of the more modern portion of the tower, which, though in itself handsome, would, I think, be better away. It is too much like one of those elegantly made ornaments that you see planted on the top of a 'Twelfth Night cake' in Gunter's shop. The simply grand square tower would be more dignified without this addition, though it gives no less than a hundred feet to its height. The day was most favourable, and the view from the top repaid us for our steepish climb.

Not the least singular feature in this view was the multitude of sparrow hawks, and hawks of a much larger size, that were hovering about the tower, or sailing close under our eyes, or sweeping along the roofs of the cathedral, in chase of the thousands of small birds that have their home in this vast building. The poor pigeons, too, that are sufficiently daring to take a lofty flight and visit the cathedral top, are a tempting prey to these beautiful birds, which haunt the tower of the Giralda, as jackdaws and stock-doves haunt a cathedral tower in England.

From the Cathedral we proceeded to the Alcazar,

or Moorish Palace ; and when I entered the ' Hall of the Ambassador,' and yet more when I looked down from one of the balconied windows upon the garden, I literally trembled in a sort of transport of delighted surprise, and for an instant thought Aladdin must be our guide, for here was one of those fair gardens that I imagined could only be heard of in the ' Arabian Nights.' But what pen could describe the witchery of that glorious sun and deep blue sky, and of those orange groves and cypress-trees, and rich flowers and flowering shrubs, and marble fountains throwing around them so beautifully their cool waters ; and the marble baths and grottoes, and cloister walks all of fine marble ; and the historical interest attached to all this, with the thought that you are treading the marble floors that the Moor and the Christian trod so many centuries ago, and for the possession of which they struggled so bravely. The preservation of the stucco work is wonderful, mere plaster, as fresh and perfect as the labour of yesterday ; we had an opportunity of comparing old with new. The young queen is restoring this palace ; it is her royal property ; she is repainting it, keeping precisely to the original colouring, and where the Moorish decorations fail, supplying the deficiencies ; and when completed (will that ever be ?) it will indeed be a right royal abode. The only colours employed are greens, blues, and reds, and these colours are repeated in the pantiles which line the walls all round to a certain height, and frequently run up the corners of the rooms to the ceiling. What is now mere bare wall was probably hung with silk. It is astonishing to look upon these tiles ; the colours bright as if just

out of the potter's hand; the patterns beautiful, every one differing from its neighbour, and every colour a distinct piece of tile. These pieces are necessarily very small, and yet not one has dropped, or even stirred from its place, except such as have been destroyed through love of destruction, or through that wicked desire of relic possession, no matter at what cost.

We visited the *Contaduria*, where are preserved the Indian archives, that is, the archives of South America, from the time of Columbus to the loss of Columbia. These papers are arranged in glass cases (book-cases with glass doors), and occupy both sides of the three immense rooms that form the sides of the large square; and in this figure all the houses seem to be built, with open galleries looking into the *patio*. The staircase leading up to these rooms is of magnificent marble; all is marble—walls, pillars, floor, steps, rails, and balustrades. The floor of the rooms is black and white marble, alternating in lozenge shape. Filling up the right angle between each room or rather gallery—for the length of these rooms vastly exceeds their width—is some elaborate pattern that would make the fingers of many of my carpet-work-loving friends in England tingle with the desire to copy.

To the *Caridad*, rich in pictures by Murillo. Here is an exquisite 'Infant Saviour,' and a still more exquisite 'St. John'—the one where he is hugging the lamb. This picture disposed me to break the tenth commandment more than the famous picture of 'Moses Striking the Rock,' or the 'San Juan de Dios,' or the 'Miracle of the Loaves and

Fishes.' If I might presume to criticise a painting that the world ranks so high, I should say that the rock in the 'Moses' was too insignificant a feature in the composition. There is a fine figure on horseback in the foreground, more conspicuous than the rock or Moses himself. These treasures are in the chapel of the 'Caridad,' a hospital for poor men. The patio is very handsome. The chapel fills the north side of the patio: the great western door of this chapel opens upon the square of the Caridad, which is outside the city walls. Public walks, shaded by trees, occupy the space between this *Plaza* and the Guadalquivir.

To the *Merced*, now the *Museo*. Standing in the cloisters near to the entrance is that curiously wrought and much-celebrated iron cross, by Sebastian Conde, which formerly stood in the Cerrageria. There is a good deal of ancient sculpture, brought from Italica, arranged in these cloisters, but nothing, I believe, considered first-rate. The museum contains galleries on galleries of pictures; but as there was no catalogue, I kept to the Murillos; and the one of all these that riveted my attention, and drew me back again and again, was the one which I found the painter called 'his own picture'—*San Tomas de Villa Nueva*. The benign expression of St. Thomas—the breathing beggars—the cripple, that you seem to see crawling to receive the piece of money which is held out towards his uplifted hand—the beaming countenance of the little child, who is telling her mother what *she* has just received—the mother is in deep shadow; so is the child, except the profile of her sweet face and the top of her head,

which catch a portion of the strong light that comes in from behind, streaming upon the head and upper part of the *bishop's* figure—truly a light from Heaven!

St. Thomas's Dream, of our Saviour's coming down to him from the cross, is a wonderful picture; the San Leandro and San Buenaventuro are very fine. These are all in the 'Murillo Gallery.' Amongst those in the gallery on the ground floor, 'La Concepcion' is the gem—the little angel to the right, angelic indeed. The *Child* in the 'Virgin and Child'—the one called 'La Servilleta'—is really alive; one sees it 'struggling to get out of its mother's arms.'

You need only walk through one street in Seville to be convinced, if it were necessary, of the truth of Murillo's pencil; for there you are sure to meet figures that *must* have stepped down from some one of his canvases. I have seen his 'sweet St. John' more than once, and his beggars again and again; alas! not his monks, for their 'occupation's gone.' His *Marys* do not satisfy me: they are 'perfect women,' and often faultless in featured beauty, but nothing more. They are *Marys* such as Protestants might paint; but a Catholic, more especially a native of Seville—where they hold that the Virgin was born free from any taint of original sin—ought to make her more spiritual: but Raphael only can effect this. I am putting things down just as they come into my head, which is too full of poetical impressions and dreamy realisations of cherished day-dreams to allow me to record in what order of time and place such visions were presented to me.

A vision of visions was the lovely child who danced

to us last night her own national Spanish dances, and after those the dance of the Gipsies. She was dressed in costume, red satin-peaked bodice, fitting tight to the shape, short tight sleeves, short and very full white muslin petticoat, trimmed with alternate rows of red and blue ribbon ; white stockings and shoes ; no gloves ; bracelets and necklaces, and flowers and pearls decking the head ; a wreath round the back-hair, which is dressed very low, quite in the neck ; a white lily pinned just above the left ear, and resting upon the jet-black hair of the front braid. Then the large and soft dark eyes, the long and elegantly formed face, the rich Murillo colouring, and the sweet gracious smile, and the natural trusting—not shy, not forward—manner with which she pressed upon me some *dulces* of which she herself was eating, and the child-like clapping of the hands, when, after some persuasion, she prevailed upon me to taste her sweetmeats ; all this seemed to me at the time as a waking dream over a Murillo picture. And the dream was prolonged, not disturbed, as I followed her graceful swimming motions in the dance, in the slow parts of which there is more movement of the body and arms than of the feet, though in some of its changes there is a long succession of springs from the ground into the air, high as possible, with what in the North of England is called a ‘double cut,’ but effected with an easy grace, ‘too far south’ for our attainment.

Our little beauty was in training for the stage, and the thought of her being destined to that wretched life cast a sadness over the interest with which we gazed upon her innocent face. One of the girls who danced for us is already a dancer at the opera, and

considered an excellent performer ; but the younger and more childlike the dancer, the prettier the dance. One youth only was in costume—by costume I mean the holiday dress of Andalusia. He wore a short blue jacket, braided almost all over with silver lace ; white knee breeches, with small silver buttons placed close together up the outer seams, white stockings and black shoes, cut very low and square ; the girl's shoes were of the same shape ; and how they managed to spring as they did off that hard tiled floor, and not hurt their feet, I cannot imagine. The dresses of all the girls were in character, the same as the dress I have described, varying only in colour, and with more or less ornament of ribbon, flowers, and trinkets ; for all wore necklaces and bracelets. The two youngest boy-dancers were dressed precisely as boys of ten or twelve are in England. One of the elder youths, the most accomplished dancer, wore neither jacket nor waistcoat, but danced away merrily in his shirt sleeves with his gaily dressed partner. This carried me back to the days of my youth, when at a ' fancy ball ' in the North of England some of the young men, by way of obeying the order ' to appear in fancy dresses,' threw off their coats, tied a coloured cravat round their waists, stuck their large straw boating-hats carelessly on one side of their heads, and thus presented themselves in the ball-room, to the no small astonishment, and probably disgust, of the stewards and lady patroness.

Our guide informed us that the dancers on these occasions expected some little offering from the gentlemen of the party ; and the way it is managed is this. The ' Gipsy Handkerchief Dance ' is danced,

and during its progress the lady drops her handkerchief at the feet of any gentleman she may please to select ; he picks it up, ties a piece of money in one corner, and restores the handkerchief to the young lady as he leaves the room.

How came English writers on Madrid to say that *Spanish* ladies have no love for flowers? The assertion may be true as regards Madrid, though I do not know that it is true there ; but it is most erroneous as regards the southern and eastern maritime provinces. Every patio and every balcony falsify the assertion, and every girl that you meet wears a natural rose or some other sweet flower fixed in her jet-black hair ; and many, not content with the single flower on the temple, wreath the plait behind with flowers, or weave them with it. Children, soon as they have hair to deck, 'prick it with flowers,' and grey hairs, too, do you see thus adorned ; and not one of the 4,000 girls, who work in *one* long room at the Government tobacco factory, is without a flower.

At this factory we saw also numbers of men and mules at work both on snuff and cigars. The girls are pale, and the men look sickly ; we observed, however, many old men among them ; and on our inquiring of one of the superintendents, who accompanied us round the building, if the occupation were injurious to health, he replied : 'Quite the contrary,' and gave as a proof the many old men whom we must have observed, and who had passed their lives from childhood in the establishment. He added, they had never fever among them, and that during the cholera which raged in Seville they had not a

case. The workmen are rather long-lived than otherwise. For a description of this extensive fabric, and of all others in this city, *vide* Ford, for he describes most accurately everything. He tells us the city contains 60,000 marble pillars, most, if not all, of which are Moorish ; well, then, may Seville be called the 'Marble City.' You see them forming the colonnades round the patios, which generally, too, are flagged with marble ; and during the season of heat these patios are converted into the living rooms. Furniture, pictures, ornaments, all are brought down, and the rooms on the ground floor are turned into bedrooms, the upper floor being quite deserted. The houses generally are only two storeys high ; they are so built for coolness, and coolness must, indeed, be the first object to aim at here, for we, before April is out, find it impossible to walk in the middle of the day, and the thermometer is now at least eighteen degrees lower than it often stands here in the autumn. But such weather ! I thought nothing could surpass the beauty and clearness of the deep bright blue of an Oporto sky, but then I had not looked upwards, standing at the base of the Giralda Tower at Seville.

To English taste and feelings these patios, so very pretty to look into, are dull to live in, as I found even in one day, when slight indisposition kept me to the house. To be shut up within four walls, be they of the purest and whitest marble, soon becomes oppressive to the spirits ; and I fairly longed to knock down some of those Moorish pillars that I might get at the view beyond, were it but into the narrow street.

I had two most pleasant early-morning strolls whilst in Seville—one to the market, the other to the

Cathedral. The market is very large and handsome, quite a little town, the different streets and squares of which are appropriated to different dealers, with the money-changers sitting in the corners of the streets. It seemed to me that every *possible* want that a cook could have, whether of instrument or vessel to cook with, or thing to be cooked, might here be supplied, were the repast required for a palace or a cottage. The fruit and vegetable stalls were most inviting, and the flowers beautiful; and a pretty sight it was to see the women and children returning from market with the flowers that each had purchased already fastened in the hair. Many of the girls were on their way to the cigar manufactory; they are at once known by the black silk mantilla bound with velvet, and by the one flower on the left temple—in their case an affecting badge, from the contrast of the freshness and sweetness of the flower with the oppressed and oppressive air of that immense apartment in which they toil from morning till night.

It is the custom at Seville for the gentleman of a family to attend the market himself; and whilst in Portugal the poorest shop-boy would not be seen carrying the smallest parcel, here the first of the *nobleza* of Spain will come with his basket under his cloak, make his own 'marketing,' and actually carry home the laden basket. When on this errand they wear the Andalusian hat with the cloak; this hat has a low flat crown, a widish brim turned up all round, and is bound with velvet, and decorated with one or two small tufts on each side of the top of the crown. Another marked distinction between the Spanish and Portuguese is, that in Spain you seldom

see women carrying burthens, while in Portugal the women and the Gallegos do all the burdensome work. At this market in Seville, I observed few women attending at the stalls ; in Portugal the men would have been yet more rare. Then, again, the Spanish women walk a great deal, both in the early morning and late evening. A Portuguese lady would seldom or never dream of *taking a walk* for walking's sake, except at the seaside or at the Caldas ; she walks to mass, to the opera, but nowhere else. Spanish ladies may walk, and do walk, alone, without the smallest fear of meeting with any annoyance. A Portuguese lady would be considered crazy were she seen alone in the streets. My stroll in the Cathedral was a solitary one. Matins were going on at four several altars, and also in the great church, which is at right-angles with the Cathedral, and, I suppose, is considered a part of it. And what a charm it was to walk amid 'the sumptuous aisles,' or

' Thread those intricate defiles,
Or down the nave to pace in motion slow,
Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
And mount, at every step, with living wiles,
Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
By a bright ladder to the world above.'

In this Cathedral there is no 'tall tower,' but here the pillars 'lead the will' heavenwards ; and how fine is the 'branching roof,' scooped

' Into ten thousand cells
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells,
Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality ;'

And where

‘ the stone-work glimmers dyed
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light ; ’

And where

‘ The music bursteth into second life.
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife ;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast before the eye
Of the devout a veil of ecstasy.’

The roof of the choir is exquisitely wrought, but the choir itself is sadly cut up by the three partitions which, though full of beauty in themselves, destroy the general effect. Many of the side chapels are richly ornamented, and abound in pictures, but for these there is not light enough admitted through the stained windows to allow of their being seen at all satisfactorily. Even of Murillo's famous picture, ‘ St. Francis,’ I brought away but a very imperfect idea. Finding I could make very little out of these *lifeless* pictures, I turned to the *tableaux vivants* that were to be met with at every turn, single figures standing or kneeling or prostrate before some favourite saint. Most affecting were some of the attitudes, and the expression always that of deep piety—no acting here, I am quite sure : the heart was truly in earnest ; no external object could divert it from the holy one on which it was engaged. The men were as numerous as the women. I am speaking of those who were at private prayer. I feared to approach near to the altars where the priests were performing mass, lest, through ignorance, I might wound their feelings, for they are very sensitive on all things con-

ned with the observances of their Church, probably more so than ever since the total destruction of so many of their rich convents and churches, and the impoverishing of all. You meet a few priests walking about the streets of Seville in their long black gowns and curiously-formed hats, like a long black roll placed lengthways on the head: we were always greeted courteously by them as we passed.

From the divine to the devilish; for nothing less is it to leave that sublime and holy Cathedral and enter the *Plaza de Toros*.

Thankful was I when four o'clock struck and we were summoned to rise and prepare for our departure by the steamer which was to start for Cadiz at half-past five. As we hastened through the quiet streets, and passed under the noble Cathedral, and along the charming avenues and gardens by the banks of the Guadalquivir, I sincerely grieved that we could not linger here, especially as the odds were against our reaching Cadiz in time for the *Pacha*, the quickest steamship on the line. The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and their suite were fellow-passengers with us to Cadiz, and fellow-hoppers for the *Pacha*. They kept us waiting full half an hour, for which we felt greatly indebted to them, as the delay gave us an opportunity for accurately observing the 'Golden Tower' (near to which our steamer was anchored), the river, the shipping, the bridge of boats, the town on the other bank of the Guadalquivir, and the rising ground in the distance, near to which stands the village of 'Santi Ponce,' where once stood the ancient Italica. Those ruins, to our regret, we

were obliged to leave as a 'Yarrow unvisited;' as we did many other places and things of deep interest in and near to Seville, partly because for a day or two of our necessarily brief stay we were robbed of our admirable guide, Mr. Willinski, by the mayor, who required him for the Duke in the absence of Baillie.

On this morning the sky was grey and threatening, and a heavy shower presently sent us all down into the cabin. The heavens soon cleared, the sun burst forth, and all was cheerful; the bright morning light fell upon the lofty Giralda, whilst a softening haze hung about the body of the Cathedral, and the building looked more grandly beautiful than ever; the orange groves seemed to send out a sweeter perfume, and the nightingale's song was more rapturous than heretofore, for so it appeared to us who were leaving them; and there were the wheeling kites, the hawks, the bee-birds sparkling and croaking on the water's edge, herds of cattle, flocks of goats and sheep, and countless troops of horses, reminding one of the plains of South America, covering the vast plain between us and the Ronda mountains and the Sierra Morena and other hills that have a name: all this gave poetry and life to the banks of the Guadalquivir. On we went, happily and merrily, hoping and fearing for the *Pacha*, till we got to Bonanza, where we passed the steamer *from* Cadiz. We hailed her, and received the pleasant information that the said *Pacha* had arrived the day before and sailed for Gibraltar the same evening. *Paciencia!* there was nothing else for it. We were no sooner anchored in the Bay of Cadiz than Senhor Ximenes

appeared on deck, and took us, with other passengers, to his inn. We found our old rooms ready for us, and here we must patiently await the next steamer.

Saturday.

A most bright day; too hot a sun to face in shadeless Cadiz. But we were glad of an excuse for rest to body and mind after the excitement of Seville; and a quiet, happy day I passed, sitting at my window watching the pretty tiny boats as they skimmed like so many nautiluses over the green sea; and the boys flying their kites, of which I counted as many as fourteen up in the air at once; and the children leading about their paschal lambs. At Seville, too, we saw numbers of such pet lambs, and Mr. Willinski told us the history of them. At Easter there is a great fair of lambs, when every family that can by hook or by crook raise the money purchases a lamb, which is called 'The Paschal Lamb,' and which is kept a longer or a shorter time, according to the circumstances of the family. The very poor are obliged to kill it at once: the wealthier keep it so long as it is gentle enough to be a safe plaything for their little ones. The children deck them with gay ribbons, and put them into harness, and drive them about with a long whip, and the little creatures seem quite to understand what they are to do, and enjoy their sport as much as their drivers. One child has a pair of baby panniers, such as I have described before, fastened on the back of his lamb; another little fellow has turned his into a baggage-mule, rolled up his cloak, and tied it upon the lamb, which he drives before him with his muleteer's whip.

Here at Cadiz almost all these 'paschal lambs' are black; at Seville they were generally white.

The mules, both here and at Seville, are magnificent creatures: truly they do not belie the character the mules of Andalusia have gained for themselves the wide world over.

Sunday: April 26.

This is a soft, cloudy, gleamy day, with scarcely a ripple on the water, so that one wonders how those little fishing-boats glide to and fro, with their one white sail, as they are for ever gliding; and that stately vessel, where finds she the breeze to fill her many white sails? The hue of the bay is marvellously varied; it is of every shade of green and blue and slate-colour and sand-colour, each exquisitely blending with and dying away into the other. Light and shade are playing gently with each object on the opposite coast, now bringing it close to us, now whisking it miles away, and sometimes quite out of sight. At one moment St. Mary's seems so near that we might almost step across the water and walk upon the pier; the next, the town is a dimly-seen object; the next, gone entirely; and so it is with every other part of the coast.

As the tide came in the rampart-wall before our inn was thickly set with men and boys, with their long rods, fishing for red mullet. Well-behaved anglers they were; sitting as they did close together, their rods and lines must often have interfered one with the other, and yet I heard not an angry word, nor even a raised voice, during the many hours they remained there.

Much heavy rain fell in the night, and Monday morning was a dull one for Cadiz; anywhere else rain would have continued to fall. Having so much spare time, it was tantalizing enough not to be allowed to take out a sketch-book; but there were too many sentinels about for me to venture on this prohibited gratification. Mr. —— was only gazing towards the Trocadero, when a soldier with his bayonet came up, looking black as thunder and yellow as oil, with 'What are you looking at?' He answered, 'El Trocadero,' and the blunt reply made the soldier look daggers, though there was no fear of his using the sharp argument that was fixed on his firelock.

Steamer arrived, but does not sail again till Wednesday. *Paciencia!*

Tuesday: April 28.

Another gloomy morning this, with high wind from the west. We had planned to go across to St. Mary's, but gave it up, fearing the boatmen might refuse to bring us back again, were the wind to increase. We therefore hired *borricos* and a boy, and went to see the English burial-ground, for the formation of which Mr. Brackenbury, the father of the present consul, at last, and after great difficulty, succeeded in wringing permission from the Spanish Government. We went through the town, and out of that gate of the city which leads to the dreary slip of sand that unites Cadiz to the mainland, and whence there is a fine view of the city, sea, and lighthouse, which I longed to sketch but durst not. After about half an hour's walk on an excellent

broad road that is carried over this treeless waste, we came to a dreary looking village, with rather a handsome church, opposite to which, and nearer to the sea, is the Spanish cemetery. Here we took to a sandy lane to our left, that presently brought us to the English cemetery, a most gloomy-looking place, in spite of gay flowers that flourish even luxuriantly in that waste of sand. By-and-bye, when the cypresses and other trees that are planted get up, it may be less cheerless, or its gloom may acquire a more soothing character—may convey to the mourner or to the casual musser more of the sentiment that it is *God's Acre*; a name given by our Saxon forefathers to the ground set apart for the last earthly homes of 'the Dead that shall rise again;' but as it is, I had rather think of a beloved friend at rest beneath the restless ocean, than in this dreary spot of earth. The monuments, as yet, are few, not more I think than half a dozen. The first before which we happened to pause bore a name familiar to our ears, that of ——. We had not remembered that he died at Cadiz, so the meeting this name brought a shock of sadness to my heart, and I could not help wishing that chance had given him a grave in that solemn yet lovely burial-ground at Lisbon, or that beautiful one at Oporto; but *his* lot in life was one of such peculiar melancholy, that maybe a spot like this was more congenial to the broken spirit, of which the broken column that stands by the head-stone is a meet emblem. A young cypress grows near to the column, and the grave is almost lost among geraniums, especially the scarlet, which were in full flower.

This grave-yard is merely a piece of the sandy plain marked off by a hedge of aloes, and planted with shrubs and flowers, and intersected by walks in every direction. The only shrub that appears to thrive is one resembling our broom, though taller and more straggling, and this being out of flower had a most dismal effect. The walks are dismal, too—soft sea-sand, into which you sink ankle-deep at every step. Quitting this uncouth garden of the dead, we turned to the left, when a few yards brought us to the beach of the inland bay, where many vessels were riding quietly at anchor, whilst just over the narrow slip of land the sea was running mast-high.

Had all our party been on foot, we might have returned to Cadiz along a pleasant public walk; but as some of us were donkey-riders, we were obliged to go back as we came, along the bleak high road. I was not a little amused by two kite-flying companions, young men of eighteen or twenty, who were as much delighted with their paper *comets* as children eight years old; but, to be sure, their *cometas* were of a size that required a strong wind to lift; and then a strong hand to hold. The youths kept with us all the way; we entered into conversation with them. They offered R—— and me the use of their playthings; we of course accepted the offer, but quickly resigned them, for though we were on the *Via Heraclea*, we did not find ourselves qualified for the Herculean task of struggling with these unruly kites. As for me, I might as well have attempted to rein in a horse that was running away with me, a trick that the kite actually served me; and the

owner of it was much entertained by my calling it his wild horse. He echoed the words again and again, allowing himself at the same time to be run away with by his kite, as I had been.

Gibraltar : April 29.

A Spanish steamer, the *Villa de Madrid*, one of the steadiest and cleanest steamers I was ever on board, brought us hither. The sun had set before we weighed anchor, so we saw little after leaving the bay of Cadiz except the clear crescent moon, and the bright stars in the heavens, and the fiery ones that flew from our chimney, and which, as they dropped into the water, looked like falling meteors. We were in our berths as we passed Trafalgar, and unluckily, too, we missed the passage of the Straits. The morning star called me out of my berth full an hour before sunrise, as she shone more brilliantly than I ever saw her shine, over that bold rock of Calpe, which, seen from the bay immediately opposite the town, takes something of the shape of a cowering lion. It is well to see this rock, and the lovely bay of which it is so remarkable a feature, under the various lights it was my good fortune to look upon it this morning—by starlight, by the first faint dawn, and then as the increasing light gradually brought out the details. The *town* gains nothing by the full sunshine ; a more uninviting residence, looked at from the sea, was never beheld. As soon as the port was open boats came out, and we were presently landed on the pier. Officers very civil ; no trouble with passports. A step brought us into the heart of the interest and popularity of Gibraltar—the market,

which is held outside the city gate, and here we saw Christian, Moor, Turk, Jew, each striving hard to cheat the other: the Moor certainly was the most gentlemanly-looking figure in this motley company.

We made our way to an English lodging-house, to which we had been strongly recommended. Unluckily it was full, nor could we be taken in at 'the Club House Hotel;' for the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and his suite, though not yet arrived, were hourly expected, and had secured all the vacant rooms. Mr. — asked for 'breakfast at all events.' 'Certainly,' answered an obliging waiter, who, though not an Englishman, spoke very good English, and in due time—for it was not then seven o'clock and the household was hardly astir—a most sumptuous breakfast was put before us. Excellent tea and coffee, red mullet, devilled chicken, mutton chops, eggs, and capital bread of every possible sort—French, English, Spanish. Whilst this feast was preparing, we secured rooms in a second-rate inn on the right of this square. After breakfast our gentlemen went to the post-office, and brought us back pleasant letters from our own dear homes, and then secured for the day a charming open carriage, which took us first to Europa Point. The day seemed made for us; bright sun—fresh breeze—deep blue sky, with a pomp of silvery fleecy clouds hanging over the mountains, and resting upon the higher points, and casting their soft shadows over the lower ground. The coast of Africa was brought so near to us, that we could see distinctly the houses at Tangiers. The form of Mount Abyla is very beautiful: and how the clouds do love to rest upon its peaks! From Europa

Point we drove back by the lower road. The views across the bay, looking to Algeciras and San Roque, reminded me so much of the tamer part of Windermere, that I could have dreamed I were on its banks, but for the aloes and cactuses and other strange and curious plants about us, which told of another land. We changed horses as we passed through the town, and then drove on to the eastern bank, immediately under the rock which sends forth thunder. Owing to some works that are going on here, the carriage was prevented from proceeding so far as to give us a peep into Catalan Bay. Mr. ——— climbed up the hill far enough to enable him to look down into the bay and on the little village that nestles under the overhanging rock, and there he saw a pretty picture of a goat with her kid, couched on the end of a crag, which nothing but a goat would have chosen for a resting-place. The goats here are larger and handsomer than any I ever saw. They are brought into the town to be milked.

While we were waiting in the carriage I took up my sketch-book, and for something to do began copying an outline of a bit of the rock near to us, when to my amusement up came a red-coat, with his ‘Pray, ma’am, have you a permit from the Governor to sketch?’ This question in English sounded *most* strange. In Spanish I had thought it tyrannical enough; in my mother-tongue it seemed to me *ludicrous*, and I fairly laughed in the poor man’s face as I answered ‘No,’ shutting my book most meekly, and declaring that I would on no account have taken out my pencil had I known it was contrary to order. The sentinel was courteous as possible,

and thought it necessary to apologise for doing his duty. From this quarter we crossed the neutral ground—neutral, indeed, for it looks more barren and useless, and much less interesting than the bare sand. There is a good road across it, but that ends almost before you reach the first Spanish sentinel; and over the rest of this low barren isthmus, which unites the rock with the mainland, you have to travel with one wheel actually in the waters of the Mediterranean, and the other among the sea-weeds they have cast up. You come, however, to a very good road when you have passed the sandy waste and a lowly fishing village—one of its lowliest cottages would have made a characteristic sketch, with its sheltering palm-tree and little garden hedged with aloe and cactus; these plants here grow to an immense height, and are the common fence, indeed the only fence I have observed. On we went over undulating ground, well, but not neatly cultivated, regularly ascending till we reached San Roque. Whilst the horses were eating their bread, steeped in wine, we loitered on the Alameda, eating bread and oranges, and feasting our eyes on the glorious views before us—the Bay of Gibraltar, the rock and the mountains of Granada to the left; in front the Mediterranean, bounded by the hills of Africa, of which, from this point, Mount Abyla is the highest, and to-day it wore a lovely diadem of silvery cloud; to our right the Ronda hills—the distant ones of a fine deep blue, the nearer, a playground for cloud and sunshine. The drive from San Roque is almost more beautiful than that on our outward course; for we had the Rock ever before us, and there the mists

were hanging as on the rocks of Africa, and as if with a wish to unite them again.

Our road across the sandy waste and neutral ground was enlivened by strange contrasts. Young ladies cantering away on highly-groomed palfreys, wearing long riding-habits and black hats, that would have looked 'the thing' in Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne, and escorted by cavaliers as fashionably attired; dark-eyed peasant lasses, with the simple kerchief tied over their jet-black hair, seated on a rude sort of pillion behind their cavalier, and holding on by a handkerchief put crupper-wise under the tail of the horse; open carriages, that might have just rolled out of Bond Street, filled with fair matrons and blue-eyed flaxen-haired children; smugglers wrapped in their handsome *mantos* (scarfs), making towards the Ronda mountains, on horses that looked as strong and sturdy as the men they carried; the English officer; the Spanish private; and then, as we got within the gates, the Turk, the Moor, the Jew, the Greek—in fact, almost every nation under the sun; and this it is that makes Gibraltar so amusing and instructive a place.

May 1.

May-day, but not a poet's May-morning. The heavens are overcast. We had the pleasures of cloudland yesterday, and to-day, I suppose, we must have the pain. Donkeys at the door by eleven, to take us up to the Flagstaff. We were fortunate enough to procure, without any difficulty, an order to see the excavations. So we ascended the hill towards the west, and at the first gateway were met

by a sergeant of artillery, who conducted us thither. We passed under the Moorish fort, built in 725. This castle bears the marks of many a cannon-ball. Beautiful views to the south and west, seen through and framed in by grand rocks and stones that have been pierced to form the road up to the excavations, which are wonderful ; but I do not presume to appreciate their merits as military works. I could understand the skill, and power, and industry that had formed them, and feel the marvellous grandeur of the Rock itself, and the beauty of the views that were lying before me as I looked out upon them from the gun-holes. ' St. George's Hall,' which will contain seven or eight pieces of ordnance, is quite a handsome apartment, with its one arch in the centre, springing from lateral pillars, all cut in the solid rock. Those emblems of peace, almost always to be met with by visitors to these homes of cannon, are what touched me most—I mean the wild pigeons that haunt the chambers and galleries, not merely for shelter, but for water, which is always to be found there in large tubs. It is used for steeping the tow, or whatever it is with which the cannons are cleaned. We ladies were allowed to ride all through the lower line of excavations. The upper and newer tier is not sufficiently lofty to admit of a person on donkey-back : so here we, too, took to our feet, and the asses and drivers met us at the upper entrance, and there we parted with our sergeant. We then proceeded up to the summit, in spite of the rain that had begun to fall while we were underground, and which continued falling till we gained the Flagstaff. Here it kindly ceased, and though the clouds did not clear away to

our hearts' content, they did allow us to see the two seas and the Ronda mountains very finely, and Tangiers and Mount Abyla ; but they hung sullenly over Mount Atlas, barely allowing us to look upon his feet, and entirely concealing from us the African coast to the further east.

The Rock itself is indeed very grand, grander even to look down upon than up to. We had the little bay and little town of Catalan right under us. We descended the hill by the Jews' burial ground. Oh, what a wild spot is this ! Fancy a portion of Nab Scar, just under the scree, on the mountain road to Grasmere, covered with flat grave stones placed close together, of all sizes, one lying this way, another that, and another that ; and you see this burial ground of the Jews, only you must fancy a place where no tree grows, and where hardly a blade of grass springs.

The barrenness of the place is the more remarkable, as you have left behind you mountain plants in abundance, and are just coming upon the one only *finely* wooded spot on the Rock, the Admiral's pleasure grounds, and below that the Alameda. The mountain plants are beautiful, one with a yellow flower something like our furze, and another quite peculiar to a hot climate, and which I, in my ignorance of its proper appellation, named the fan plant, from the fan-like form in which the long, narrow pointed blade-like leaves grew from the stem. Many of these fans spring from one stem, and many stems from one root. And what happy denizens of the Rock are the goats, half lost among these shrubs, or perched upon a bold bare rock ; and the pretty little

kids, how they did frolic along the steep hillside ! The monkeys were gone off to the east to shelter themselves from the west wind. The Alameda is one of the loveliest I have seen ; the design has been admirably adapted to the ground : there are level walks, and ascents and descents, and pretty slopes and hollows, and retiring nooks, and all laid out in right good taste, with one notable exception, a hideous statue, which one would gladly consign to the hammer of the stone breakers on the high road *below*. The flower plants and shrubs give out their blossoms as they only can in a southern climate in spring. The aloe and cactus appear before you come to this wooded spot, but not till after you have left the burial ground of the Jews. The parade occupies the lowest part of the Alameda. We observed a noble chestnut tree among the trees that form a long line of grateful shade to the walk that runs at the lower end of the parade.

Back to our inn, when Mr. — had to hurry off after his fatiguing walk, to answer a summons from the captain of the steamer, a summons sent to all the passengers, in consequence of the disappearance of a Spanish gentleman, one of the richest merchants of Cadiz, who came on board the steamer at Cadiz, and was not *missed* till the passengers were counted over as they were about to land. He was in the cabin at eight o'clock the evening before ; he was very sick, and was seen to go on deck, but no one can remember to have observed him after that, and it is supposed he must have fallen overboard. His luggage was found all right. He was going to visit a

daughter, who lives at Gibraltar. What a turning of sweet to bitter for her, poor thing !

The circumstance was not mentioned to any of the passengers at the time, and we knew nothing of this fearful accident till next day, when we were summoned to remove our luggage from the steamer, which had been forbidden by the authorities to leave the port, in consequence of this disastrous event. After further inquiry, however, the prohibition was removed, and we received notice to be on deck before sunset.

We left Gibraltar well satisfied with the disposal of our time during the too few hours we had passed in this most remarkable place, and deeply impressed with the beauty of the Rock, the bay, and the distant mountain scenery. The town, indeed, is ugliness itself ; but when you get away from it, and in among the rocks and shrubs and flowers, and into sight of the sea, with its distant girdle of blue, blue hills, then indeed your heart tells you that you are in a land of poetry and beauty, such as can only be found perhaps on the shores of the Mediterranean.

We did not weigh anchor till long after the sunset gun was fired from the Flagstaff. The delay was mortifying to us, who wished to see the south-east side of the Rock as we passed under it. The town looked less inviting than ever this evening, and the Rock, from the point where we were lying at anchor, a *lumbering* lump dropped from the clouds. The western side of the bay and the African coast appeared as if bewitched under the evening light ; the sinking sun fell upon the rocky front of Mount Abyla, and brought out distinctly every bold feature of that

grandly-formed mountain. The night was perfect—a clear, bright, crescent moon, and brilliant stars ; but, alas, what a disappointment ! I had flattered myself that when the smooth waters of the inland sea were reached I should enjoy myself as much as any sailor off watch, who spins long yarns ; instead of which, I suffered more from those odious little rocking, tossing waves of the Mediterranean, than from the grand swell of the waters of the Bay of Biscay.

We were at anchor in the Bay of Malaga long before sunrise, and I was again on deck, to witness the gradual dawn on earth and sky. The town stands so nobly, with its fine mountain back-ground, that the appearance is impressive, in spite of its strange-looking Cathedral, of a nondescript style of architecture, and its custom house, an immense square heavy building. Then the old *Moorish* walls, that zigzag up the hill to the castle, which crowns it, give an interest to the place, that possibly without such associations might be wanting. The lower hills are clothed with vines to their very summits, and at their feet almost any tropical plant will thrive. The palm trees are finer than any I have seen elsewhere. The cactus is quite the weed of the country.

Breakfast over, and business matters with consuls and bankers settled, we went to the Cathedral, but found it closed ; we, however, ascended the tower—a splendid view of the bay, the sea, the pier, and the town, which is much larger than it appears when approached from the sea. There is no very fine building ; the most conspicuous after the Cathedral itself is the detestable Plaza de Toros. Mountains rising above mountains, and of forms fine and varied.

The nearer heights, which may be spoken of as hills, are covered with vines, the valleys with olives.

Table d'hote dinner at three—company numerous ; fare first-rate. English more plentiful than blackberries in autumn. Dinner ended, we sallied forth, sight-seeing. Hired two calashes (gigs with covers), into each of which three persons can squeeze, the driver sitting on the shaft.

We were first taken to the English burial ground, about a mile and a half out of the town. It is on the hillside, not more than three hundred yards from the public road, which has no fence whatever between it and the garden pleasure ground that surrounds the consecrated spot. The little cemetery, however, is enclosed by a high stone wall, outside of which is a fringe of tall cypress trees, planted close to each other, and the sides of the wall within are covered with roses and jasmine, and all sorts of cheerful-looking and sweet-smelling plants. Over the entrance rises a stone cross, now almost lost amid embowering roses. The grave-yard is a square, composed of two platforms—the lower appropriated to mariners, the upper portion to landsmen. It is not a tender grave-yard, for not a blade of grass is to be seen, and no earth is to be found, except in the flower-pots, or vases, which are placed upon the walls, and by the side of the flight of steps between the platforms, or within the rails that enclose some of the graves.

The graves themselves are all made precisely in the shape of a hard, cold, stone coffin, resting upon a stone slab of the same form ; and the top of this stone coffin is covered with shells of a large sort of cockle, placed close together and not in a pattern.

If this shell-lid had been placed only over the last homes of those whose vocation it was to 'go down to the deep in ships,' there would have been a sentiment in it most pleasing; but being laid indiscriminately on all the graves, except those that are covered by pompous monuments, it seemed a fancy without a meaning; and to me there was something uncomfortable in the sight of so much elaborate trifling with mortality. Over one tomb a trellis-work was raised, round which clung the passion flower. Every grave, I think, had something of a head-stone, bearing name and date, and most of these were wreathed with climbing plants. The garden outside the graveyard is of some extent; and as there is no perceptible fence on any side except what the cactus and aloe may make, and as the whole country is so garden like, it is almost impossible to say where garden ends and vineyard begins. The consul, Mr. Mark, has a small ornamental cottage in this garden, where, as we were told, he and his family often come to pass an evening hour of social quiet, near the dead of their own far-off isle. This consul has made for himself a character among rich and poor at Malaga, that does honour to the English nation.

Leaving this lovely spot, we drove to the end of the pier, whence you have a glorious view of the mountains that rise behind the English burial ground, and to the south-east, as I suppose, of the bay. Some of our party walked up to the first gateway in the Moorish wall, but were not allowed to pass forward to the castle, not having an order, with which we did not know before it was necessary to provide ourselves. Back to our boarding house by the Alameda, the least

pretty of all the Alamedas I have seen, though our best guide and counsellor calls it 'delicious.'

Just as it was growing dusk, we walked off to look after *terra-cotta* figures of local costumes, which Mr. —— had been pleased with as he passed the shop in the morning. We found the streets somewhat crowded, particularly the great square, but all was orderly. Whilst we were in the shop, endeavouring to decide upon a selection of figures—no easy matter where every separate one is sure to possess some attraction or good point peculiar to itself—all at once there was a rush out of the square into the street where we were. The moulder of images quickly shut his door, and with such a bang that I was startled and not a little alarmed. The man smiled, though his own consternation was evident enough, and he begged me not to be alarmed, as it was *only a pronunciamiento*. It did not amount to that, however, as it turned out. It was *only* an incident such as that between our Felton and Villiers. Soon all was quiet again, and we walked through streets less crowded than on our outward way. We found most of the dinner-party assembled at the supper-table, and in a state of no moderate excitement. 'The General had been shot at'—'There was a revolution'—'Not safe to be out in the streets'—'No diligence would be allowed to leave the town,' &c. &c. To proceed to the diligence, notwithstanding, at eleven o'clock that night, we made up our minds, should our luggage be sent for, as was arranged. It *was* sent for, and off we went, five in party; and two Spanish gentlemen, with whom we had breakfasted and dined, were in the passage as we passed,

and ready to follow presently to the same vehicle. As we entered the square, six coach-mules were jingling in at the opposite side, and two were already harnessed to the heavy machine that stood at the office door. R—— and I took the two places in the *coupé*, leaving space for a lieutenant-colonel unknown, who was to occupy the third seat. Presently the door was opened, an umbrella was introduced between the straps overhead, and a plaid scarf took possession of the seat: so here vanished the hope that had whispered, 'We shall have the *coupé* to ourselves; no officers can be spared from the town to-night.' After waiting a long, long time, I inquired the cause of the delay, and had for answer, 'Did you not see those two gentlemen taken prisoners—one of them the lieutenant-colonel that was to have been your companion? They were seized just as they were on the point of stepping into the diligence, which is now waiting for permission to start.' After a full hour's further suspense, word was brought that no coach must leave Malaga before sunrise. What was to be done? The 'Casa' was full, and to return thither would be to return to pass the night on the floor of a common room; and it was too late then to look out for other lodging. So we resolved to wait where we were the rising of the sun, and consoled ourselves with the thought that we should travel by daylight, and see the country through which we had to pass. By-and-bye the door of the *coupé* was opened by an officer, who said to us in Spanish what I thought it convenient not to understand. 'There were three persons here, were there not? Where is the third, and who are you?' I called to one of our gentlemen,

who explained matters ; and after being told whence we came, and where we wished to go, the officer courteously withdrew, and we were allowed to remain undisturbed. A soldier, not long before, had ordered the gentlemen who occupied the body of the diligence to descend and show themselves in the office. Some of them obeyed, got out, and declared their 'birth, parentage, and education.' One, however, coolly answered, 'If your officer wants to see me, you must tell him to bring a light. I have no wish to see him ; so I do not intend to get out.' The door was closed, and nothing more was said or done. The mules were all taken away, and we tried to compose ourselves to sleep. One of our Gibraltar friends was successful, and took too much pains to announce his success for any one else to sleep. For me it mattered not ; the situation was too novel, and the whole scene had been too exciting, for sleep and me to meet that night. Besides, the passing of the soldiers, tramp, tramp, six at a time, every quarter of an hour, engaged as they were in taking prisoners, must of itself have driven sleep away. Except for this, the town was perfectly quiet—not a sound of disturbance far or near.

At last three o'clock struck, the hour at which we were assured we should start ; but half-past *four* was told before the glad sound of the bells of the mules was heard again. The clocks were almost on the stroke of five when the driver mounted the box, and began cracking his whip most lustily, while his companion on the seat made as much noise with his tongue—now giving strange and loud shouts, now talking softly and kindly, now scolding

each mule in turn by name, now addressing them in a tone of encouragement, promising them 'beautiful bread' and 'good wine' when their work was done. The coachman had eight quadrupeds in hand—enough to do to keep such a straggling-looking set together, even with the assistance of the postillion on his leader—a *horse*, with gay ribbon-plume of every colour on its head. The postillion, too, was as gay as his steed.

The diligences take the road through Loja. In leaving Malaga we crossed the channel of the rivulet, which in winter must often be a fearful torrent, and we very soon began to ascend that range of hills we had admired so much the evening before from the end of the pier. Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than this ascent. The road winds round and round the over-wrapping hills from first to last; and the lovely views below you, of which you fancied you must have taken your last farewell, surprise you again and again. Malaga, in its sunny little bay, was visible to us almost at the very summit. The mountain views were grand as those into the plain were rich—a sea of ridges, none of those round lumpy hills, which, when they come to be oft-repeated become so tiresome.

The road was enlivened by numerous travellers—not travellers such as you meet on the banks of the Rhine, lounging at their ease in London-built or Paris-built carriages, but wayfarers most picturesque, whether on foot or on mule-back, or on horseback, or driving a squad of donkeys along—the little animals, all but their patient heads, lost among bundles of broom or heather or pine, that

they were bearing to the city from the high lands. Strings of mules laden with corn were also frequent. The contrabandist, perhaps, is of all these travellers the most picturesque, with his large and handsome scarf, woven of many colours, so gracefully wrapped about his fine, manly figure. We likewise met many women, but none, I think, on foot. They were generally riding on mule-back, and behind their *hombre*, holding on by a handkerchief, which went under the tail of the horse, as I have already mentioned first observing near to Gibraltar.

When the top of the first range of hills was gained we travelled for a long time on the ridge, and often it was more grand than pleasant; for the road was not the best, and there was no sort of defence whatever, and sometimes the wheels of the diligence were within half a yard of the brink, and had the mules turned restive, or taken fright at any object on the opposite side of the road, we must have been precipitated hundreds of yards. The lower hills are covered with vines on every side; when you mount a little higher, on three sides, then on two, then only on one—the south—and lastly the vines disappear altogether, and you come upon tracts of land covered with grain, or green pasture where troops of horses are grazing, or flocks of sheep tended by their shepherds. Then, for a shorter space, it is all rocks and stones, as bold in form as anything can be. We were fortunate enough to look upon this country through mist and vapour and bright sunshine: at one time the effect of a sea of silvery mist resting between the magnificent mountain ranges was something too magical to be described. I observed many

hills wearing cypress crowns, and here and there we saw a lonely farmhouse nestling under its own peculiar vine-clad knoll, and almost lost among olive-trees and fruit trees and luxuriant flowers. There are no hedges except what the cactus and the aloe make, and when you get up too high for them, every appearance of a fence is gone. The Spaniards seem fond of the cypresses, and generally plant them, as the French plant poplars, in rows. Along a portion of the ridge, we travelled through an avenue of these stately mourners. Not very long after we had really taken our last look at the Mediterranean, we stopped at a miserable hovel to change mules. It was about eight o'clock, and we were all ready for breakfast; so we pulled out our basket of provender and took it into the hut, where, on a mud floor, a table was placed covered with a cloth that might once have been white, two or three plates, and as many knives and forks and glasses. They gave us a bottle of wine (which was very good *sweet* wine), but nothing else, and for this they made an exorbitant charge—'for the use of the room,' as they pleased to express it.

Our first set of mules brought us all this distance capitally, and it was astonishing to me how the wheelers could keep their feet at the hard gallop which their skilful driver kept them at, rattling them down the steepish slopes, on such a road! The jolting was, to be sure, something uncommon. The muleteer was most loquacious. No parrot can chatter and rail half so fast. He always got down and ran alongside his mules when the road was more than usually steep or dangerous, and then words were not his only weapons; he took up stones, and threw

them at the would-be lazy beast. We kept the same postillion and coachman with the fresh mules, but changed our muleteer. After leaving 'the hotel' for some time we continued to descend, and then mounted to the stony region I have already mentioned. The road over this part—this Arabia Petraea—was *dreadful*; but oh, how lovely the country as we again began to descend! Magnificent timber trees—cork trees, oaks, &c. &c.—thickly scattered over the mountain-side. The distance between the trees was just sufficient to show the beauty of each tree; no nobleman's park could be finer. Sir Uvedale Price, had he seen it, must have confessed that *nature* understood the *art* of planting, even better than he. Then imagine those bold rocky heights rising out of this glorious timber forest; and we could perceive that this wood extended to the highest peaks, for wherever there was a ledge to harbour soil, there was to be seen the rich green foliage; though, from the distance we looked at it, these trees appeared but shrubs.

This sylvan magnificence continued with us and on both sides of the road for a long, long way; and as we reached the lower ground, grass or fine crops of grain covered the land, and there, too, amidst the glebe, were groves of stately trees. We then passed over ground rather less cultivated, then spied Loja on a hill below us, and not very far distant. But it was further than it seemed; for we had to tack and turn at a great rate, and at a great rate did we go, before we found ourselves fairly in the town—a poor beggarly place now, but most charmingly situated; and of all the rich green vales I have yet seen,

the one upon which Loja looks down is the richest and greenest—the *Vega*! The diligence ‘dined.’ As we had brought with us a good dinner from Malaga, we thought it no sense to waste that and pay for a second; so we looked about us while some of our companions, who were more considerate for the landlady’s purse than their own, entered the house. When they came to pay their bill, the woman demanded half-price for each of us, who had had nothing. The demand was resisted, and the woman was silent; but afterwards, on further inquiry, we found that her claim was not quite so preposterous as we at first imagined; for in some places they have a legal right to exact the half-price as a remuneration to themselves for providing, at great trouble and no small expense, for chance travellers. This regulation has been made recently, as a sort of bribe to the encouragement of better inns through Spain; but the *right* did not extend to this inn at Loja when we were there, and hence the silence of the landlady when the gentlemen quietly refused to pay.

We were persecuted by children, who followed us wherever we went; our English straw-bonnets, I suppose, puzzled them not a little; and how hideous must *they* have thought them, when even the smart Parisian silk bonnet and well-adjusted Indian shawl looked dowdy to my eye after it had been accustomed only for a few weeks to the graceful mantilla. Thus dogged by a wild pack of merry little mendicants, we were thankful to resume our seats in the coach.

The road lay through the Vega; its pretty stream the Xenil, our wayside companion; we crossed it more than once. Such roads! but not quite so bone-

breaking as on the heights, though worse for the poor mules, as they had to pull the ponderous vehicle generally through deep sand. I cannot attempt to describe the face of the country further, for night was fast closing in, and I could see little more than the outline of the hills; only I know for some time the bed of the river was our carriage road. The waters are turned again and again over the road without the least ceremony, whenever and wherever they are required to irrigate the land; so you may imagine what smooth roads they must be. Often our way lay over a sandy common, where you might select a fresh path for yourself every day, and this within a few miles of Granada! It was mortifying to lose the approach to this city of song and romance. I saw the groves and the cypress trees, and nothing more, but I heard the nightingales.

Our carpet-bags were taken to the custom-house, close to which the diligence stopped, and though we literally had only a carpet-bag each, and two or three small baskets, it was a full hour before we were set at liberty. We saw at once the game. The inspectors wanted a bribe, which we did not choose to give, and therefore we sat down quietly, and let them turn over every stocking and handkerchief, one by one, which they did as slowly as possible. At last I fell into a fit—of laughter—as they began to turn over the last bag in the same deliberate fashion. The soldier who was doing it was then, I suppose, struck with the absurdity of the proceeding, and good-naturedly joined in the laugh, closed the bag, and beckoned to the porter to carry it off. We followed to the 'Golden Lion' in the same square. The house looked *most* uncomfortable—nothing ready;

no beds on the stocks, and to some of the rooms the *stocks* had yet to be brought in. We asked for tea; it came at last; and at last the rooms were ready, and when I did lay down I found my bed very clean and comfortable; and so ended this long, and to me eventful day—a realisation of things heard of with a shudder—of scenes and places read of with the liveliest interest, and of day-dreams that had haunted me from my very childhood.

Granada: Monday, May 4.

What a lovely morning! and what a view did I look upon this morning from the roof of the house! Neither pen nor pencil can delineate such a prospect. The Alhambra! the Vega! the Sierra Nevada!—all before me, and the town with its groves and fountains at my feet. We had a *table d'hôte* breakfast, *really* a *table d'hôte*: for here, not only the host, but his wife and children sit down with their guests. At breakfast you may sit down when you please, and have what you please—tea, or coffee, or chocolate, and bread and *butter* (such as it is), and eggs, or a still more substantial repast, with wine. The charge is just the same, whatever you take: as in Spanish inns you pay by the day—two dollars a head. At dinner you must, of course, appear at the appointed hour, which here was four o'clock, and partake of whatever may be prepared. The table is not neatly arranged, but everything is good, and the bread excellent.

Some of our party were so much knocked up by the jolting of the diligence, that they were compelled to keep quiet all day; and I too stayed at home, as the Alhambra was shut up, in consequence of a 'rising' that took place in Granada two days before

our arrival, when many of the 'ringleaders'—between thirty and forty of them—were seized and sent to prison *in* the Alhambra. I spent my day, quite in Oriental style, 'on the house top,' and not a little amusement did I find in listening to the sounds that came from below; not street sounds, but sounds from our inn—baby squalling, lap-dog barking, two parrots strutting about the house at their own sweet will, now imitating the bark of the dog, now screaming out their own wild wood-notes, pet lambs bleating, canaries screeching, cocks crowing, hens cackling, chickens chirping, women washing and babbling in the patio, men pelting them with what the Americans call 'soft sawdor' (*anglicé*, flattery), from the windows above; master and mistress calling out to the men to mind their own business and attend to the bells, which have been ringing away for the last half-hour, unheeded as the bells on the mules that are for ever passing in the street. And yet, with all this confusion, and all this want of neatness and order—for all these bipeds and quadrupeds have the free range of the house—I like our quarters much. There is something so pleasant in the good-natured landlord; he first won my heart by the *pride* with which he showed off the glorious view that the top of *his* house commands. Then his fat, rosy wife, too, is so obliging, and there is such a sweet look and natural manner in the elder daughter; and the dirty drab of a maid is most desirous to make you comfortable, after her fashion. There was always supper at nine o'clock in the public room for those who required it; we preferred tea or coffee in our own sitting-room, and both tea and coffee were very good, though at

first we had much difficulty in making the waiter understand that a tea-pot was required to make the tea in; and when at last the all-important article appeared, it was full of *warm* water, and into this we were expected to put the tea. I suppose the man was new to his office.

It was a brilliant day—a day made for the occasion—that found us, soon after eight in the morning, on our way to the Alhambra; passing through narrow streets, irregularly built, and not very picturesque, till we came to the one through which the Darro flows. Here the open *mirador* (with its overhanging roof, supported on those graceful Moorish arches springing from two slender columns), the balconies, and the open wooden galleries, are tantalizing to one who carries a sketch-book that may not be opened without offence in a Spanish town. Some of these houses, which hang over the river just where it is crossed by a very ancient and most happily-shaped one-arched bridge, would have made a pretty and characteristic drawing. Leaving this street, you enter a large square, which at that early hour was filled with temporary booths or tables, where men and women were busily employed buying and selling fruits and vegetables. It was with difficulty our donkeys made their way through the herds of goats that almost *paved* the ground, resting themselves, I suppose, after being brought thither from the country to be milked. Out of this square you pass into the Calle de Gomeles, a steep street which is closed in by the gate ‘de las Granadas.’ Pass under that, and you at once find yourself in a thick, shady wood, with broad walks diverging in three directions, but each

leading to some portion of the magic palace. We followed the central walk. The nightingales were singing around us, as I never heard nightingales sing before. It seemed as if every branch must harbour a songster. Such a chorus of sweet voices! The Darro was rushing down on our left, and fountains everywhere were sending forth their *cool* and gurgling song. This delightful shade and sweet music, and refreshing harmony of waters, do not leave you till you reach the grand entrance to the Alhambra, *La Torre de Justicia*; but here we turned to our right, and continued some time longer under this delicious shade, for we first visited the Generalife.

In this most interesting place we positively saw common plasterers in the very act—*flagrante delicto*—of daubing the delicate Tarkish all over with common whitewash; while a young gentleman, who was reported to us as the proprietor, was complacently watching a process which it almost choked me to witness, while it did actually choke up and smother the fine stucco traceries. But for an account of the Generalife, I say as I said at Seville, and must say in whatever direction we turn in Spain—consult Ford's 'Handbook.' You will there find a most clear and accurate description of the colonnades, pillars, arches, flowers, fountains, and garden, with the Darro flashing right through the middle of it, with a splendour all its own; for the water is protected from the burning sun by arches of evergreen. The view from the colonnade is glorious. The Alhambra—grand in its external simplicity—rising out of a girdle of trees in the foreground, and looking down upon the town, and over the whole of the

Vega—a vale thirty miles long by twenty-five wide, and shut in on every side by a noble range of mountains, the Sierra Nevada at the head, the gorge of Loja at the foot. Some cypress-trees, old as the time of the Moors, are the pride of this garden. I measured one, and found it full four yards in circumference, half a yard above the ground; and higher up, where the trunk had swollen out into large excrescences, such as you see on old oaks, it was very much thicker. We went up to a modern summer-house, erected on the highest point of the grounds. The prospect obtained from here is more extensive than the views from below, but not so lovely. From this point we contented ourselves with looking *at* the Silla del Moro; for it was so very hot none of us had the courage to climb up that short, steep bit of bare hill, with a sun so burning falling upon our backs.

We descended the hill, and entered the Alhambra by the Patio de la Barca, which, Ford tells us, ought to be 'Berkah'—court of blessing; and from thence to the Court of Lions. But here again I must refer myself and my readers to Ford. His description is as accurate as a patient and observant eye, with time and opportunity to study, and, above all, a scientific knowledge of his subject, can make it. And a pen like Ford's, and drawings such as I have seen, can give you a most distinct picture of the form and fashion of the place; but the Alhambra must be visited, and visited, too, on a day in May such as we were favoured with, if you would understand and feel the spirit of the place. High as were my expectations, the reality far, far surpassed aught

my fancy had pictured of palm-like column, circular arch, conical ceiling, with marvellous pendant ornaments like perfect stalactites, and walls covered with the finest lace-work ; marble floors, fountains at play in the centre of almost every room. Nor was I at all prepared for the extraordinary natural beauty by which this wondrous palace is surrounded. The views from the different rooms, especially from the window of that most exquisite apartment, the Sala de las Dos Hermanas, are enchanting ; and what a fairy window from which to look down upon such a prospect ! What superb views, too, from the open gallery leading to the *tocador*—the dressing-room of the sultana—and, above all, from the Torre de la Vela, whereon the Christian flag was *first* hoisted, and might be descried from the Sierra Nevada as far as Loja, by all the dwellers on that vast rich plain, or along the grand mountain range that guards the vale. And what a guardian is the Sierra Nevada, lifting her pure white head to the very skies ! All this sublime beauty in the distance is mingled with much of the stern and bold among the lower heights ; and close at hand you have all that is soft and lovely and graceful and delicate. Murmuring fountains—and how grateful their murmur under a Spanish sun !—air perfumed with flowers ; groves of orange and lemon ; the shade-yielding fig-tree, the gadding vine, the sky-seeking cypress, and the aloes and prickly pear ; and many other curiously beautiful plants, not to speak of flowers and shrubs yet dearer to an English eye, because they are greeted as English friends. And then the nightingales, singing on all sides of you ! Mount what tower you may, go to

what opening you will, and there the rapturous music will surely reach you.

Nothing can be a stronger proof of the wondrous effect of the peculiar beauty of the Alhambra than the utter disgust with which, on emerging from this enchanted palace, you involuntarily turn your eyes from that huge, pompous pile of unfinished building which Charles V. intended for a palace that should eclipse it. A large portion of the Alhambra was destroyed to make way for this coarse Brobdingnag monster, which has far less claim to affinity with its Moorish neighbour than a Flanders cart-horse with an Arab barb.

We lingered about the Alhambra, going from room to room, and from court to court, and always thinking the thing last seen the most magical—with one exception, the *mezquita* (the mosque); that disappointed me. But it was never built to bear the burden of that ugly altar at one end, and that hideously tawdry gallery for the orchestra at the other. The niche in the ante-room, where the Koran was kept, is perhaps for its size the most exquisite specimen of stucco-work in the whole building. But beautiful as is this work in plaster, it is the delicacy of the arches and pillars of dazzling white marble, and the flat roofs, and the conical roofs, that delight my eye most, and the floors, and the fountains, and the——what not? The stern simplicity of those plain, square towers and turrets has an indescribable charm. And how fine the building looks from the Alameda de Darro, crowning the wooded precipice, at the foot of which the Darro runs to tell to the busy, baking city of the cool, calm quiet of the

Alhambra! We, too soon, were obliged to do as the Darro does—hasten to the city; for the clock was on the stroke of four.

After dinner we went forth again, to see the sun set from the chapel of Saint Michael, which stands on the top of a hill that rises above the old town, and is considerably higher than the one on which the Alhambra is built; so that the chapel-yard commands a perfect view of this vast structure, running round the very edge of the hill, and rising and falling with the natural rise and fall of the ground. Enough of the old walls remain for a stranger to see at a glance the enormous extent of ground which the palace and its gardens, &c. covered. Our road to the San Miguel took us through a great part of the old town, where almost every house is Moorish, and every well is a Moorish well, very simple in construction, built of brick or stone, much in the form of a bee-hive with a large door. Moorish houses and Moorish wells; but what a contrast do these wretched-looking brick and mortar hovels offer to the marble palaces and fountains at Seville!—and they, too, are Moorish. Ford explains this, which otherwise to me would have been a puzzle: ‘Granada was built by impoverished, defeated refugees; not, like Seville, by the Moor in all his palmy pride.’ Yet what Moor was ever lodged so proudly in Spain as the Lord of the Alhambra?

We were not particularly fortunate in our sunset; but under *any* circumstances this view must be well worth the drag upon limb or purse which is required to get at it. In one respect it is finer than that from the Torre de la Vela; you have a noble mountain

prospect behind you, into and beyond the gorge where the Darro has its birthplace.

We met herds of goats coming down from the hills into the city. Some of the tribe seem to live altogether in the streets; for, go out at what hour you may, you are sure to see them resting under the shade of the houses, or feeding upon vegetables or branches of trees that are lying about the door. Paschal lambs are still very numerous; we could well dispense with two or three out of our neighbouring patios; they sleep little themselves, and seem anxious to keep everything wideawake around them. At dinner to-day, we had the pleasure of being joined by the friend of our arrested friend, the lieutenant-colonel of the diligence, and of hearing from him that the lieutenant-colonel, too, was in Granada. He was the first cousin of the officer that was shot, and was on that account taken up for examination; and the fact was this: A Colonel Don Raphaël *Fulano*—for I did not catch the name—while walking on the Alameda, had been shot at by some man, who, as he presented the pistol, said: ‘That is the death that tyrants should die.’ The assassin escaped, but was supposed to have been a Prussian officer in the Spanish service, for such a person had absconded. The officer shot was not believed at the time to be mortally wounded, but he died a few days after we left Malaga, as we saw by the papers. He was said to be a martinet, and personally disliked by those whom he commanded. This might, or might not be true, yet one cannot help thinking some political movement was at the bottom of it, seeing there was a simultaneous rise at Granada; and when we

arrived there, our coach was beset with people, all eager to hear of the outbreak at Malaga, rumours of which had already reached them. I know not how many prisoners were taken at Malaga. From Granada sixteen persons were expelled, sent to different parts of the kingdom. The rush through the narrow street at Malaga, when we were in the shop purchasing figures, was a rush of soldiers and townspeople in pursuit of the assassin, who, leaving the Alameda, crossed the great square, and ran down the street. The Alameda was crowded at the time the Colonel was shot, and he was quietly walking with the General and other military men, among the dames and damsels, who were inhaling the odour of flattery and cigaritos from the lips of their admirers.

May 7.

A cloudy day. The sun broke through before ten o'clock. We went to the Cathedral. It was closed; but the door of the 'Capilla de los Reyes' was open; and this was what we most wished to visit. It is divided into two parts by a beautiful iron gate, which is kept locked; so we could only see enough through this splendid iron barrier to prepare us for what we hoped to examine carefully another day, the altar, the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, and all the other interests enclosed within these narrow walls. We walked round the Cathedral, *round*, indeed; for there are dirty, shabby houses built up against it on the east side, so that you cannot get near it at all. Externally, it is a heavy, ugly edifice; the only part I could admire was the Chapel of the Kings, and a portion that runs at right angles

from that, an upper gallery, with circular arches and wreathed pillars. The archbishop's palace is a melancholy building, in spite of pleasant memories of Gil Blas. We crossed the Plaza de Vibrambla, and saw the Moorish arch. This square, once so famous for its *Juegos de Canas* and bull-fights, is now converted into a market place; and here is held the *Fiesta* of Corpus Christi. Preparations for this festival were going on, erection of booths, balconies, &c. Excellent fruits and vegetables abounded here—peas, beans, tomatoes, artichokes, cucumbers, vegetable marrow, oranges, lemons, strawberries, cherries, apricots. The apricots are delicious; the strawberries like our wild mountain strawberry in look and flavour, but much larger.

We walked through the Zacatin, the shopping street of Granada, its Burlington Arcade, with this grand difference, that the passage has no other canopy than the sky, and that the shops on either side are doorless and windowless. I am not quite correct in saying no other canopy; for while the hot sun is aloft, the Zacatin is covered with an awning. We first saw it on a cloudy day, when this protection was not needed. Here the best things are to be met with. We were in quest of *Spanish* fans. The shopkeeper frankly assured us at once that none were to be had in Granada. He had plenty of fans, which he showed us; but they, like all the rest, were painted in France for the Spanish market. Now a man in the Vibrambla insisted on it, that his fans were entirely Spanish; but they told too plainly their own history for us to be taken in.

Our *table d'hôte* dinner is very amusing; fresh

faces every day; and one or two old ones we are always pleased to see. An elderly gentleman who sits next to ——, with a most benignant countenance, is so quietly attentive, that I long to talk to him, and tell him how much obliged I feel. There is another regular guest whom I should like to talk with too—a young man with a very large black moustache; and to him I should say: 'It is not gentlemanly to sit with your hat on and *smoke* all the time you are not eating, when ladies are dining at the same table with you.' Our dinner comes thus: soup; then vegetables; then a mixed dish of a sort of sausage and bacon; then bouillé; then some stew or other, generally seasoned with tomato sauce; that is followed by boiled fish; then come artichokes dressed in oil, not good; then roast meat; and then some roasted birds—chicken, or partridges, or quails, or larks, or wild ducks, or I know not what: then fried fish; and often, after all that, anchovies were handed about. And then the dessert was put upon the table, and with it some sweet dish of pastry or custard, and at the same time 'cheese for the English.' Four or more plates piled with olives were always on the table: and I observed that the Spaniards were constantly stretching out their forks towards these plates. The landlord's pretty daughter eats them with everything; and I really think her fork visits the olive plate oftener than her own. The plates were all small white ones, not larger than English 'cheese plates.' Where so many are required, it is wise to have them small—so much more convenient.

We had heavy rain in the night, and showers

were still falling when we started at nine o'clock for the Cathedral. Mass was going on. The sound of the organ was very fine in this building, which is certainly no mean temple, notwithstanding much wretched taste in the fitting up, especially in the whitewashing of the stone work and pillars; even that noble arch in the 'coro' has not escaped.

We waited till mass ended, and then were fortunate enough to fall in with a *table d'hôte* acquaintance, who came hither on the same errand as we did—to see the Cathedral. He had a friend in one of the canons, and both courteously invited us to join their party, by which lucky accident, and Ford's invaluable book, we saw everything. The carved and painted Virgins, by Cano, and other pictures in the sacristy by the same artist; the priests' splendid vestments; the capilla de San Miguel, and the chapel opposite to it; the pictures of the Life of the Virgin, above the high altar; the statues of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the chief interest of the Cathedral, the chapel where they and their descendants, for two generations, lie entombed. We examined attentively these splendid monuments: we descended into the vault, not forgetting Ford's well-timed caution, 'mind your head,' and looked upon their simple coffins. The vault contains five, those of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Philip and 'crazy Jane,' and of their son, the youth who was killed by a fall from his horse. We ascended to study the bas-reliefs in wood, representing the surrender of Granada, which decorate the sides of the altar; very curious, and admirably reported in *the Handbook*. In the sacristy belonging to this Chapel of the Kings are preserved

the sword, and the sceptre, and the simple gold crown of Ferdinand ; and each of these we held in our hands. And we saw the queen's beautifully-illuminated missal ; also some of her embroidering in gold, which she wrought for this chapel ; and with shame we heard, and hoped it was not true, that an English lady—a relic *maniac*, I suppose—cut out a small portion of this embroidery. There is a curious picture, supposed to be by Ferdinand Gallegos, of the 'Descent from the Cross,' in a side chapel close by. There were not many persons in the Cathedral when we entered, but it was late ; the last mass was half over. It was pleasing to observe that of those few, the men were as numerous as the women, and apparently as serious in their devotions.

The mantilla is universal ; I have seen no bonnets except our own and that of an English lady, who is also an inmate of the 'Golden Lion.' Mantilla excepted, the dress of the women is just like ours. The one red rose, or other flower, in the hair is common here as at Seville. The costume of the men is most picturesque, whether they wear the large blue cloak, gracefully thrown over the left shoulder, and showing its handsome black velvet, scarlet, or Prussian blue cloth facing, or the short, silver-broidered jacket, with slashed sleeves of divers colours ; or, enfold themselves in the ample scarf, woven of many colours, or may be of one colour, with a gaily embroidered border. I have remarked many hats of conical shape, as well as those with low flat crowns, which are universal in Seville. Mr. — is quite right in saying that the Spanish cloak does not look so graceful when not accom-

panied by the Andalusian hat; the French hat suits it not.

At the stalls and in the markets as many women as men are to be seen; but you never meet a woman carrying a heavy burthen, or driving mules or donkeys, or walking when the men are riding, which used to disturb me so much in Portugal. Here the order of things is properly reversed; but I think you oftener see the lady riding behind the gentleman than alone on her steed, and holding on in that comical way by the handkerchief, secured crupper-fashion under the animal's tail. The saddles and bridles are so gay! and even the harness of the diligence, in spite of its untidy rope traces, looks very showy: with the crimson breeching, bound with yellow; bridles to correspond; and the collars, also, lined with bright yellow. The Spaniards love gay colours, and well do they harmonise with the bright sunshine and clear blue sky.

Among the pleasant and characteristic *sounds* of this fair land is that of the castanets. You hear it constantly from the groups of children playing out of doors. Among the *street* sounds is one painful to English ears—that of the clinking of the chains of convicts, who here, as in Portugal, are the only street-makers and menders. There is a band of them at work at this moment below our window. The chains have been my reveille every morning at half-past five. In the precincts of the Alhambra you are not secure from the distressing clank. I was again in this enchanting spot. To-day I took my way thither through the Alameda; this *is* a delicious Alameda, with its stately avenues, its fountains, and flowers,

and water-jets, and nightingales. And the towers of the Alhambra brooding over it on the left, and the river Xenil, so famous in song, singing to it on the right; and the Sierra Nevada, like a pure white spirit, watching over it from her home in the blue heavens. On reaching the bridge by which you may cross the Xenil, I turned up to the left, passing under terraced gardens that sent down sweet perfumes from their walls richly garlanded with flowers. Then I came to curious old Moorish dwellings and Moorish wells, and then to the houses of the gipsies—houses scooped out of the living rock, with a hole left in the face of it by way of a door. What wild-looking creatures the children were that were squatting about these apertures! I was soon under the shelter of the deep green shade of the wood that girdles the Alhambra. The views that this approach commands at any turn of the steep ascent are glorious.

It is now always necessary to ask permission to enter the Alhambra. My donkey-man (for I had no other attendant to-day) understood nothing about this matter, and he was even ignorant of the quarter where the General lived. So I was myself obliged to mount the staircase, and find my way as best I could along that narrow, low, and rather dark passage to the door of the General's apartments, and there deliver my card to an orderly-man in attendance, and ask leave, in the best Spanish I could muster, to enter the Alhambra. A servant took the card from the orderly, and the General himself came out, to look at, I suppose, as a curiosity, the bold Englishwoman who ventured thus to present herself alone at his door. He, however, was most gracious, and at once

granted my request; and I hastened down the steps with a lighter heart than I had ascended them—for then I felt not a little awkward; yet the strong desire to loiter for a few hours more within those walls that I had longed to see all my life, and might never see again, carried me through. I went at once to the Court of Lions. The more this beautiful building is studied, the more exquisitely wondrous does it appear. Its beauty seemed to me even more impressive on this second visit than at the first, though that was on a true Alhambra day, which this was not; for heavy rain fell the whole time I was there, and a chilly raw wind found its way into every corner of the building. Four hours passed upon the wings of the wind. I started on looking at my watch, and found my time expired, when I flattered myself half of it was not yet spent. By that time the rain had ceased; and when I came out of those Aladdin courts, the Vega was looking more luxuriantly beautiful than ever, under the varied effects of light produced by bright sunshine, dark cloud, and soft curling vapour.

Heavy rain came on again soon after five, and continued to fall; not lucky this for persons about to return by coach to Malaga. It ceased, however, before eleven o'clock P.M., when we took our seats in the *body* of the diligence. We had been so much shaken in the *coupé* as we came, that we fancied trying another part, and more especially as we saved a dollar each by the exchange. We were unfortunate in a second time traversing the plain of the Vega by night; and though the moon was nearly at the full, her light was so much obscured by cloud, and the

valley was so nearly lost in vapour, that we could see nothing of what we had missed before. Day dawned just as we reached that part of the road where the Xenil is your companion for some time, running through rich green fields, or under finely-wooded banks, where a nightingale was pouring forth its song from every tree. We heard these birds singing rapturously in the avenues of the Alameda as we passed from Granada; and the music was ever with us till we reached 'Arabia Petræa'—that grand, stony, rocky wild on the very top of the pass.

Loja, where we breakfasted, stands most charmingly, and is indeed the lock and key to Granada. It is built on the instep of the hill, and its castle commands the grand mountain-pass on the one side, and the whole extent of the Vega, shut in by the Sierra Nevada, on the other. The clouds would not allow us a farewell look at the snow-clad heights. The Xenil is here crossed by a picturesque Moorish bridge.

These Spanish inns are comfortless-looking places. Generally you first enter an immense arched square, which occupies almost all the ground-floor of the building; and if you are not pretty sharp in looking about you, you are in considerable danger of being run over by some of the eight or ten mules that, being unharnessed, follow you through the great doorway to their accustomed place at the further end of this 'entrance hall.' Certainly these halls offer fine studies for the painter, with their stronglights and broad, deep shadows, and picturesque groups or single figures scattered about. Under one arch are a mule and muleteer, eating from the same

loaf, or resting on the same bed ; under another, a rude table, covered with a white cloth, at which the coachman and postillion are seated at breakfast, their gay dresses offering a fine contrast to the gloomy back-ground ; while dogs and two-legged beggars are imploring with like earnestness the fragments that may be spared from their table. Women are sitting on the mud-floor, displaying the contents of their baskets—fruit, bread, cakes and other sweet-meats, and pedlars' wares, thread, and trinketry and trumpery ; and every saleswoman is persecuting you to buy. In one corner is a knot of men, wrapped up in their long cloaks, talking earnestly, as if the welfare of the nation depended upon them. In another is a group of idle staring lads and lasses ; and you may be sure a very handsome face or two will here rivet your attention, and as surely your sorrow will be excited by seeing a *cigarito* in the mouth of a child who has not yet told his ninth spring. The Spaniards are, if possible, greater slaves to the smoking passion than the Germans.

The drive from Loja to Malaga is, I think, if possible, more beautiful than taking it the other way. Oh, how much would you have found to admire ! As we were passing through that sylvan chase, where every tree is a study for a painter—great oaks, great chestnuts, great cork-trees, with that mountain back-ground—we said one to another, 'I know not but this would please *him* even more than Granada with its Alhambra.' At last the hill was surmounted, and we soon again found ourselves (among cypresses, and vines, and olives, and the cactus, and the aloe) winding round and round those over-wrapping hills—one

turn commanding a billowy sea of mountains, the next the Mediterranean, without a wave, and blue as the sky overhead; and Malaga basking in her sunny bay. It was enchanting! so enchanting that I did not feel the awful shaking of the diligence, which made little R—— look quite funnily cross, and Mr. —— patiently enduring. R—— said to me: ‘Why, you seem *determined to insist* on feeling no inconvenience whatever from being knocked about in this terrible way; one would think you were shaken up into the seventh heaven.’ We reached Malaga at a quarter-past four. A man, whose appearance was that of a thriving farmer, in his national costume, round hat, short braided jacket, crimson scarf round the waist, &c., got into our division of the diligence at the outskirts of the town. Mr. —— talked with him a good deal. He asked if we were English, and was answered politely in the affirmative. On stopping at the office, we found to our surprise that this man was the inspector of baggage; and when we were about to unlock our carpet-bags, expecting a like scrutiny to the one we had undergone at Granada, he said to Mr. —— ‘Ladies’ night-sacks, I suppose, nothing more’—and without giving further trouble, told a porter to carry them away. We followed to our *Casa de pupillos*, where rooms had been secured for us by two gentlemen who had accompanied us from Gibraltar, and returned to Malaga before us. We were all ready to do justice to the dinner that was quickly prepared, for we were too late for the *table d’hôte* meal. As a caution to others, let me say that I was made quite ill when at Malaga by drinking *café au lait* at night—rather milk, with a little coffee poured into it.

The goodness of the milk tempted me to this 'act of folly,' as the Spaniards would call it, and they are quite right. Milk is not good in hot countries, except for breakfast. I paid dearly for my folly, as I was kept a prisoner to my room, and prevented from seeing anything more of Malaga.

I ought not to have omitted noticing the flowers which we saw on the *heights*: broom—the large kind and a dwarf sort, very pretty; blue iris, convolvulus, of a lovely lilac colour, forming graceful wreaths on the ground and around the lovely shrubs. The orcus, wild rose, gentianella, and another tall flower of the same rich shade of blue.

Malaga : Monday, May 11.

Steamer arrived, and to sail for Almeria at 6 P.M. We were on board at that hour, and weighed anchor just as the sun was sinking in all his splendour behind the blue mountains that encircle this lovely bay. Nothing can exceed the beauty of scenery like this, under such circumstances—not a cloud in the sky, hardly a ripple on the water; to the west the hills in shade, and in colour a deep blue; whilst those to the east, touched by the rays of the setting sun, were something between golden and roseate, dying away on the more distant ranges from lilac into a pinkish blue. Even the Cathedral looked well in that dim light between the setting of the sun and the rising of such a moon as, I suppose, can only be seen, in Europe at least, over the Mediterranean or the Adriatic. The night was so exquisite that I could not tear myself from the deck till long after it had been converted into a dormitory for what are

called deck passengers, who are taken from Cadiz to Marseilles for 6*l.*, when the fore-cabin passengers pay about 14*l.* 10*s.*; and, as far as I can see, in weather like this, they are as well off as we. They have the free run of the whole deck both by day and night, and greatly do I prefer the deck to our cabin. I was up soon after five, and saw the sun rise out of the sea, and by-and-by fall upon the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada. The mountain is very fine from this side, but not so fine as from Granada, though here you look upon its highest point; but this point is not so well shaped as the 'Watch Tower,' which from Granada appears to be the summit. The range of mountains that runs between the Sierra Nevada and the sea is good in form, but bare and arid; not a tree to be seen, and rarely a white wall glitters in the sunshine, to tell that the earth is inhabited by man. The shore, for a considerable distance, is very peculiar, more like the high and steep bare bank of a river than that of a sea. It wore this appearance when we were opposite the snowy mountain. Then it became a sort of rounded bank of red sand, the hills retiring and leaving between them and the sea a plain of considerable extent. A small town, Roquetas, rises up close upon the shore, where the plain runs to a point, and the mountains again advance to bathe their feet in the blue waters of the midland sea—such a kind sea to us! having allowed us to float for twelve hours upon its waters in perfect comfort. We did not land at Almeria, as we were told by more than one of our most intelligent fellow-passengers who knew the place well, that there was really nothing to see to repay

us for the trouble and expense of landing. The boatmen are extravagant in their charges, and will cheat you into the bargain if they can. I amused myself sketching the town and its peculiar rocky back-ground, so to me the day passed swiftly.

May 13.

On deck before six. We were then within sight of the outer bay of Carthagenæ. The same character of coast continues. Barren mountains finely formed, rising boldly out of the water—not a sign of vegetation, and little or no variety in the colouring.

*The bay conceals itself so ingeniously that, approaching from the west, you are at a loss to guess where the opening can be. A castle on the height above us, and another fort rising on the opposite hill, assist to unravel the mystery; and a small island to the right, a natural outwork protecting the bay on the sea-board, now shows itself to be an island; and very soon you round the point, and the land-locked bay opens beautifully upon you, encircled by a range of mountains that fall away gradually towards the centre, there to rise again, as if to form a commanding site for a castle; and on it *does* stand the semblance of a veteran stronghold, which we hope to get nearer to presently.*

The plain, for the most part, has a barren appearance, almost as barren as the hills that encircle the bay, though here and there the eye is refreshed by a green field, and a few trees which a knot of houses has gathered round it. The want of verdure is what strikes you most on entering the bay of Carthagenæ. In fact, there seems but one

colour, and that a melancholy, arid, dusty reddish-brown. At first you can hardly distinguish the houses from the rocks on which they are built; and in looking down on the town from the castle-hill, whence you only see the flat roofs, it is almost impossible for a short-sighted person to distinguish the houses. There are a few sloping roofs; but the Oriental fashion greatly predominates.

We made a progress through the principal streets on our way back to the *posada*, where a party of fourteen—all, I think, fellow-passengers—sat down to an excellent, yea, excellent though genuine Spanish dinner, and where we had an olla and salpicon, and what they called soup, but what we should call stewed macaroni rather sparingly supplied with gravy. This last-mentioned dish I thought excellent, though the calling it soup, and serving it up in a tureen, and eating it with a spoon, seemed ridiculous.

The dishes followed each other as I have described at Granada; dessert and sweet things placed on the table at the same time. The wine was very good, that is, it was not Murcian vinegar. We were waited on by the mistress of the house and her children—one, a sharp little fellow of about twelve years of age, who would have done credit to any inn in England; he had his wits about him, and was proud of his office.

This was the first time I was actually in company, in a really social sense, with the majority of our fellow-voyagers. There was one young gentleman whom we had before remarked on deck as the merriest, the most good-humoured and most mischievous, although the greatest sufferer from sea-

sickness of the noisy troupe of young Spaniards who contrived to amuse themselves with one another from morning till night. This youth, as we afterwards learnt, was married; and his wife, a French woman, was in her native country. The boy-husband, a thoughtless harum-scarum as he appeared to be, was, however, so thoughtful of his lady-love, that he purchased for her at Barcelona a costly set of jewels; and of this splendid love-token I shall have a word or two to say by-and-by. Our two friends, Don C——y S——, and the young French gentleman before mentioned, were to us the most agreeable among the rest of our companions; but by far the most remarkable for eccentricity was a little—very little sharp-featured but rather handsome Castilian, with large jet-black flaming eyes, and a profusion of jet-black curling hair. He was an enthusiast, an orator, a poet, and, I believe, a madman. He told everybody severally and apart, and with the strictest injunctions of secrecy, that he was an Infante travelling *incognito*. He favoured me with his notions on the art and excellence of kingcraft. His intended system of monarchy, if he should ever come to the throne—an accession which he seemed to look to as a not improbable event, was very simple; but I fear it would hardly prosper in this Iberian realm. ‘I would rule my people,’ he said, ‘with a loaf of bread in one hand, and a whip in the other. They should have plenty of bread, and plenty of blows. That is the way to govern.’ Fancy this smallest of black dwarfs, who spoke like an oracle, the stay and scourge of the trembling Spains! Our diamond Benedict played him off admirably; and the royalty in

disguise did not seem to have the least suspicion that the professed deference and homage were waggery in disguise, almost amounting to *lèse-majesté*. Yet the drolling and gleeking of the wag could have deceived no one else. To me the farce was less amusing than unpleasant; for I could not, as I watched the flashing glances of the Castilian, get rid of the impression that he was insane, and therefore an object of pity.

After dinner, profiting by a lecture from our lecturing friend, Don C——y S——, on the *sin* of employing the mind when all the nervous force is required by the stomach to assist it in the process of digestion, I took my chair, placed it in the balcony, and there sat idly under the shade of the grass-woven blind, peeping out at the side to watch the passers-by.

The handsome scarfs excited my envy. They are made precisely like the Highland plaids, only much larger, and generally of the gayest colours. I saw some, however, of black and white check, like the common Scotch plaid. A white ground, crossed by broad stripes of scarlet, and narrow stripes of gold colour, and finished at each end with handsome tassels, not large but very numerous, appeared the favourite style. Some are brown and white, and some self-coloured, richly embroidered at the ends. Hats with sugar-loaf crowns, surmounted by a gay ornament: sometimes a tassel of silks of every colour, sometimes a bow of ribbons, sometimes an ornament of gold or silver, or what looked like a precious stone set in silver. A sandal shoe, made of the feather grass or Spanish rush, is much worn; it is laced on the foot by strings made of the same

plaited grass; short wide white trousers, hardly reaching to the knee; sometimes feetless white stockings; but more frequently the legs bare, so that this costume of Murcia has much of the Highland character about it, differing only in colour. The fashion of both is of Roman origin, and each country has coloured its dress in harmony with its respective earth or *sky*. Mantillas are universal; we never see a bonnet. In undress, a handkerchief merely is worn over the head. Cloaks, among the gentlemen and burgesses, are universal too; with the French hat, or the Andalusian hat, or a cap of any sort. Carthagenas is one of those places that impress the mind with a deep feeling of melancholy, difficult to shake off. It is not the state of utter ruin of the ancient works on the heights that produces this effect, for time can clothe even ruins with cheerfulness; but it is the falling into ruin of the more modern buildings, the decay of trade, the complete stagnation of the national works of that grand arsenal, and the consequent absence of life and spirit in the town and among the people, this it is that so saddens the heart. When you look round and see what nature still does for the place, and what man *has* done to carry out her protecting principle, you cannot but mourn over such a wreck of former greatness.

We returned to our steamer, as enjoined, by six o'clock, but we did not sail till eight.

Thursday, May 14.

Again on deck before the deck-passengers had removed themselves and their beds from the floor. No easy matter to steer your way through this sleep-

ing company, and most disagreeable. These filthy steamers do, indeed, want some reform; to English notions, nothing can be much more disgusting—but enough of that. This was a cold, dull morning, and heavy rain came on about eight o'clock.

The same barren coast still! Fine outline of mountains rising abruptly from the sea before you enter the bay of Alicante—bay it can hardly be called. The mountains to the west fall away, or rather retire, to leave place for trees and houses and green fields; while to the east a bold hill rises abruptly, crowned by a castle, and fringed on each side with its walls and towers. Under this hill lies the town and its shipping, which is now considerable, for Alicante has taken the place of Carthage as a port of call. We did not land, the weather was so unpromising; and we were assured we had the best of the town from the sea; for we should not have had time to go about, hunting for leave to enter this gate and that tower, or to examine churches, &c. Some of the passengers, however, did land at Alicante, at the earnest request of our French friend, who had come down into the cabin, imploring somebody to go *à terre* with him, as he was half-dead with sea-nausea.

Many showers continued to fall all day, and at last a hurricane of a *small* kind overtook us: then followed thunder and lightning, and then pelting rain. The two steamers of Cadiz met here, and had a closer meeting than either liked. It was during the hurricane, which whisked them both round before they knew where they were; and thump went the stern of our old *Gaditano* against the side of his younger brother, and stove in some planks of his own

boat, which was slung astern. Happily, no greater mischief was done ; but no little effort was necessary on the part of crew and passengers to separate the combatants, and get them beyond each other's reach. As the storm passed away, the effect of sunshine and gloom on earth and sea and sky was indescribably beautiful. We left Alicante at seven ; and so long as I remained on deck the coast preserved the same sullen character. But next morning my eyes opened on a different country. Those barren-seeming rocks which we had left behind carried their wealth within—all *that* was the mining district between Almeria and Alicante. Now, the wealth is on the surface ; and it is grateful to the eye of the voyager to rest upon green fields and green trees, after that long tract of brown bare rock and sand ; and it does gladden the heart to see again the dwellings of man glittering and glistening in the cheerful sunshine ; for as the day advanced, the sky, which in the early morning was an English sky—dark and gloomy—brightened up, and by the time we anchored at Valencia the day was cloudless.

Got on shore as quickly as possible, and into a *tartana*, the carriage of Valencia—like an English covered cart, but comfortably stuffed and lined with cloth, cushioned seats, *swung* along each side, windows in front, and door with a window in it at the end. In a carriage of this kind we seated ourselves, along with the young Frenchman, and a person from one of the inns, and were *jolted* up to the town, a distance of full two miles. The road, though so bad under foot, was very pleasant ; one long, continuous, shady avenue of weeping poplars and elms, and on either

side the country was rich and smiling—clean, comfortable, whitewashed houses, neatly thatched, standing among luxuriant cornfields, vineyards, meadows, and gardens. The whole of the plain around Valencia, indeed, has so much the appearance of one vast garden, that you hardly are aware when you do come into the garden-ground of the city.

We crossed the bridge, which has for its guards at the town end the Virgin Mary to the right, and St. Pascal opposite to her. The river at this season is a mere streamlet, and very muddy (probably, too, its water was drained off for irrigation); but that at some seasons it must bring down an immense body of water is evident from the length of the bridge. This being crossed we were soon under the city wall—the *Moorish* wall, perfect, as if but finished yesterday. The door of our carriage was opened, as we passed under the gateway, by a soldier, who at once took our word that we had ‘no luggage,’ and allowed us to proceed. The first building we came to was the cigar manufactory—not so large as the one at Seville, but very handsome.

After breakfast *à la fourchette*, we went off, to make the most we could of our two hours and a half for *seeing* Valencia. We followed Ford’s directions, and by this means saw as much as was possible, except that as it happened to be Friday, we lost too much of our precious time in going to hear the *Miserere* at the chapel of the Colegio de Corpus. The gentlemen were disappointed in the effect. We ladies were not permitted to enter the chapel, as we were not dressed in mantillas. From this chapel we went to the Cathedral, which we *raced* through; then up to the top of the tower—a glorious view. The plain of

Valencia is even richer than the Vega of Granada ; it is much more highly cultivated, and much more populous. Maybe it is not richer by nature, but art enriches it more. Valencia is a rising city—Granada a declining one. Here the wonderful works and plans for irrigation, introduced by the Moors, are kept up and applied as in their time—certainly not to the advantage of the poor robbed river. Mountain outline good, but nothing after Granada. Town striking, with its many towers and spires, and gold and silver and blue cupolas. The Cathedral itself is a most curious building, with its low square lantern-tower, and its numerous gold cupolas all round the roof. These cupolas are not golden, nor even gilded, though I have given them an epithet from *El Dorado* ; they are simply covered with a glazed tile that has the effect of gold. Again we raced down the tower, and round the choir and high altar : on our way out saw two good pictures near the door ; but we had no time to look at pictures, and therefore did not pretend to attempt it. Besides, had time allowed, the light would not ; for the building is so dark, we could not have seen them, really seen them, without lamps. Many of the windows are rich in painted glass ; the green, and the yellow, or rather orange, struck me particularly.

From the Cathedral we pursued our way down the principal streets, and into the market, which was plentifully supplied with fine fruits and vegetables, and to the Alameda ; and then we were obliged to hasten back to our inn. The Museo was closed. The streets are very narrow, and, for the most part, not paved ; but in the principal thoroughfares

there is a well-flagged footway on each side. The houses are very picturesque and handsome, each with its arched gateway, conducting to a patio surrounded by arched colonnades. Many of the houses are painted tastefully outside. Many flat roofs ; but it seemed to me that here the sloping roof is more common.

Sorry were we to be compelled so soon to say farewell to pleasure-giving Valencia ; for how genuine is the pleasure that it gives to a traveller to enter a busy, cheerful, flourishing town in Spain, where he meets too frequently desolation and decay. Indeed, it was a trial to turn our backs on Valencia, to return to that *dear* (I mean expensive) dirty, dawdling steamer, and her *spitting* company.

We, however, received from Valencia a valuable acquisition to our society, a young and handsome English matron, one of those noble-looking women, of manners unaffectedly refined, which it is refreshing to one's patriotism to meet with abroad, now and then. Mr. ——, when he first saw her, said to me, *sotto voce* :—

‘ She is not happy, though her smile would fain the truth deny ;
I know too much of sorrow's guile to trust a laughing eye.’

And he was right. We were heart-saddened, long afterwards, when some particulars of her story were related to us. She was accompanied by her child, a handsome sprightly boy, about nine years old.

The wind was up, so I was down, and in my berth, and obliged to remain there till we were within an hour's sail of the bay of Barcelona. Could not answer the call to come and look upon Montserrat. Here the coast of Catalonia is certainly very fine—a rich green plain running down to the water's edge,

thickly sprinkled over with trees, and studded with dwellings, bounded by a range of mountains, of which the outline is magnificent; now rising in peaks, now presenting a bold rounded head, now falling away suddenly as if purposely to show to the passer-by other heights behind, as rich in verdure and in mountain variety as their own, which have so long gladdened both eye and heart. The white houses of Barcelona are seen long before you near the harbour, which lies snugly under one of those bluff headlands that rise abruptly from the plain, and this headland you have to double, coming from the west, before you are in harbour; and how thankful we were to round it just before the sun sank behind the hills—and how gradually did he sink! One quarter of an hour more and the time for landing would have expired, and we must have rocked for twelve or fourteen hours longer in that horrid steamer. But, thanks to our good star, we landed; and, thanks to Don C——y S——, we were very speedily in a carriage, through the custom-house, and on our uninterrupted way to our inn, the 'Cuatro Naciones,' on the Rambla; and, thanks to the warm baths of the Calle de San Francisco, we could that night go to rest in comfort.

Barcelona: Sunday, May 17.

Beautiful day for us. Fresh breeze and no burning sun, but just enough of sunshine and cloud to give life and beauty to all around. Our friend the lecturing Don came to us soon after 10 A.M., and proposed that we should accompany him to the end of the pier, whither he was obliged to go about his passport, and other obligations most odious to the

feelings of a freedom-loving Catalan fresh from New York. He was to apply for permission to take up his abode for a few weeks in Barcelona, his native city! And should he be inclined to leave the hotel where he has now settled himself to go into another lodging, or to take a house of his own, he must again appear at the office, state his wishes and intentions, and obtain leave to move.

We bent our steps towards the Muralla del Mar, a broad, well-kept, breezy terrace-walk on the ramparts, where the fashionables of Barcelona resort after sunset, when the cool shade of the Alameda is no longer grateful. It was, indeed, a gay and cheerful scene this Sunday morning, thronged with peasants in their holiday garb, laughing and talking away most merrily. The harbour below crowded with vessels—small craft chiefly, their gay flags waving or fluttering in the breeze—such a display of flags as I never saw. Each vessel must carry two flags—the national flag and the flag of the town or district to which it belongs, and many have private flags besides. Barcelona is undoubtedly a fine city, but too modern to be interesting or picturesque; in proof of which I may mention that but twice during our long walks to-day have I regretted the impossibility of attempting to sketch, on passing, the church of San Miguel, and again another church, which looks as ancient, ^{*}in the street that leads to the Angel gate. Doubtless, had we had time thoroughly to pry into the old parts of the town, we should have discovered subjects for the pencil without end; and we did observe many curious old houses, and many bits of Roman ruin in the heart of the ancient city.

After walking almost to the end of the pier, we returned and entered the church of Santa Maria del Mar. Splendidly painted glass windows, especially the circular window over the great door. The tall, light pillars branching off to form the roof are peculiarly elegant. Leaving the church, we passed through the fruit and vegetable market, more crowded, I suppose, than usual, because it was Sunday. Fine-looking women, and such very pretty, neat, *tight*-looking girls—their small, rounded waists shown off to great advantage by the black or very dark coloured bodice, which fits close to the figure, with a coloured petticoat finished by a simple hem. This *saya* is generally of printed cotton. Lilac I observed to be a favourite colour. A kerchief on the neck, neatly pinned down behind and before, and long black mittens, which reach to the short, tight sleeve of the bodice, complete the costume. They wear a kerchief, too, over the head, tied under the chin, as in Portugal. This simple covering for the head seems universal on the coast of the Peninsula. Prussian blue is a favourite colour for the neck kerchief, and a rich crimson or scarlet for the one that covers the head : these two colours agree well together. The southerners have certainly an eye for mingling and harmonising gay colours, which we northerners know little about.

From the market to a public walk, 'El Lancasterin,' so called from Don Augustin de Lancaster, the Captain-General of Catalonia, under whose direction it was finished in 1801 ; and a delightful spot it is for the inhabitants of Barcelona to loiter in, with its tree-shaded seats, and fountains, and garden-plain seen between the trunks of the trees, stretching away

to the blue hills, and bounded at one end by the blue waters of the Mediterranean. To the ramparts: fine view inland of hill and plain thickly sown with villas, farmhouses, and comfortable cottages. To the Cathedral: the building was commenced in the thirteenth century, and, alas! it is not yet finished. The portal, or main entrance, has yet to be done. The long, broad flight of stone steps to conduct to this *would-be* magnificent entrance is falling into decay, and hardly a stone of the entrance is laid! The Cathedral, though small after those of Seville and Granada, is very beautiful within. But the general effect of the building is destroyed by the heavy marble wall of the choir, which, as you enter from the west, entirely cuts up the view you otherwise would have, through a long vista of noble columns that support the lofty roof of the sanctuary, and its graceful semi-circular colonnade of ten pillars meeting at the top to form a canopy over the high altar. The relics of Saint Eulalia, the patroness of the city, repose in a superb shrine in the chapel under the altar. Two flights of steps lead down to the chapel, from the front of the sanctuary. Raymond Beranger, Count of Barcelona, and his wife, were the founders of the Cathedral; their ashes are preserved in the urns placed near the sacristy. The painted glass windows are gorgeous; and how richly do they tinge the dark grey stone of roof and pillars!

In the course of the afternoon we walked to the 'Puerta del Angel,' and a little beyond that we got into a public shandrydan, and were conveyed to Gracia, the Hampstead of Barcelona, a full mile and a half distant from the gate; and all this way you travel on a public walk carried through shady avenues.

There are three roads abreast ; the centre, which is very broad, is appropriated to pedestrians, and the other two to carriages and horsemen, the goers to the city keeping to the right side, the outgoers to the left. (You pass by 'chocolate-gardens,' prettily laid out ; and to these the townsfolk resort, as to the tea-gardens in the neighbourhood of London.) A low wall, that also answers for the purpose of seats, runs along both sides of this triple road, and the wall is guarded outside by a hedge of sweet roses. These the children seem free to pluck, for every child we met had its hand full of roses, and still the hedge appeared laden with flowers. The country is a continuation of what we looked upon from the ramparts, only the circumstances under which we saw it on our return from Gracia this evening were peculiarly happy ; there were stray lights streaming from a sun setting in a stormy sky, a slight shower falling, and a brilliant rainbow, forming an arch over the city of Barcelona. On our walk city-ward, we turned aside into one of the chocolate-gardens, and were pleased to observe the quiet, orderly manner in which the people were enjoying their holiday.

Next morning we went very early to the Cathedral, hoping to ascend the tower. Mass was going on and we could not see the sacristan ; and after lingering about the building more than an hour, studying the painted glass, the pillars, the roof, and the curious altar, and the boots and scissors engraven on the cloister-floor—honest symbols of the trades of those who lie buried beneath—we were obliged to give up the ascent for the present, and go about some shopping, in which we had failed at Granada. Our grand

wants were books and *Spanish* fans. The books were not to be had, and the fan-hunt was hardly more successful ; though, after a great deal of trouble, and trotting hither and thither, we were directed to an immense warehouse, and here we did find some fans, made and painted in Spain, and by Spaniards ; but it is quite true that ninety-nine out of a hundred—or even more than that—of the fans *sold* in Spain come from France. Nor is that to be wondered at, when you see what clumsy things the Spanish *abanicos* are. Cigar-cases, too, and all little dandy appendages of the kind, are French.

At mid-day four of us started in a double fly for Horta. Beautiful day ; beautiful drive ; abominable road ; fig-trees very fine ; aloes and cactus in flower ; orange-trees in fruit and flower ; corn fields and potato gardens ; vineyards and olive grounds ; level ground—undulating ground ; hills round—hills conical, covered to their summits with vines, and at their feet single houses, or hamlets, which often extend up the dingles and look most snug abodes, half lost among fig-trees and groves of oranges. In one of these dingles lies *El Laberinto*. This garden was the main object of our drive—a pretty thing of the sort, with its gravel walks, walls of cypresses, steps, terraces, summer-houses, grottoes, fountains, pools filled with gold and silver fish, statuary, labyrinth, bosky waterfalls, open and shady pathways, where the nightingales sing delightfully ; and more than all, that deep wooded dingle, down which a dancing brook would be your eye as well as your ear companion, were its waters not diverted from their natural course to play mountebank pranks among rocks and stones,

and which, though pretty enough, are not half so pretty as the gambols the brook would play if left to its own fancy. The house is poor, and the paltry, make-believe, castle-like additions which were in progress when we were there will only add to its poverty. The views from the garden terraces are very extensive, over the rich and populous vale through which we had driven, and bounded in front by the Mediterranean—on either side by vine-clad hills.

From this fair garden we drove to another, that of Señor Anglada, about a mile distant, situated, not like El Laberinto, in a dingle, but on the top of a knoll of the same mountain side. Here all the beauty, except that of the landscape which the position commands, is artificial, consisting of fountains, statues, summer-houses, clipped hedges, &c. I was not a little entertained by the high garden walls which are painted to represent houses; here is a window where a cat is sitting to sun herself; there, at a half-open door, a set of little heads are peeping out; by another and lower door a cock is strutting in to look after his brooding partlet. One very pretty effect of artifice I observed in the pools that encircle some of the water-jets, groups of the Lily of the Nile; the vessels in which they are planted being sunk under the water, the flowers seem to be the native growth of these pools. The useful was here attended to as well as the ornamental, for a full half of the pleasure-ground, and close to the house, too, is devoted to the produce of grain: and cherry-trees, laden with ripe fruit, were standing among the corn. Both at this Huerta Anglada and at the Labyrinth, there were tablets setting forth, rather ostentatiously, the fact that

the Catholic Majesty, Ferdinand the Seventh, had honoured the place with a visit.

We reached the city before six, and hurried off to the Cathedral, hoping to be more fortunate in our *aspiring views* than in the morning. Prayers were over, but christenings were going on, and the sacristan was engaged. We watched our opportunity, and sent him a message by one of the children of the altar. The answer was, 'No one can ascend the tower.' This did not satisfy us, and we would speak to the sacristan ourselves: so we lingered about the Cathedral, which you cannot enter too often; and most beautiful it was this evening, with the strong light of a sinking sun pouring through the splendid windows, and falling upon the fine pillars of the colonnade that encircles the altar. We spoke to the sacristan, and received the same answer; on which Mr. — inquired the reason. 'I have received orders from the Captain-General to permit no one to ascend the tower.' We walked away almost as moody as mutinous Catalans. We had a tower-ascending mania; and we had been up all the towers within our reach from Dan to Beersheba, and found nothing barren of interest. The prohibition, it was said, was in consequence of the feverish state of this turbulent province, the tops of such towers being convenient positions to make or receive signals.

On coming out of the Cathedral, we paid a second or third visit to the Plateria, and its enormous earrings and gold chains, and strolled leisurely through other streets, going we knew not exactly whither—the pleasantest of all ways—till we found ourselves in the Plaza del Mar; and thence we returned to our

inn by the 'Muralla del Mar,' which was crowded with people of all degrees. I am never weary of admiring the graceful mantilla and the elegant fan; and what a picture it is when, by the side of her mantilla-coifed mother, some lovely child, her head uncovered, is running along, while the sea-breeze plays with her ringlets. Many such pictures we saw; for it is common here for children to walk out without kerchief or other coiffure; but the custom is by no means universal, for we often saw small damsels in French bonnets walking with ladies who wore mantillas; and at Barcelona the fashion of wearing bonnets is more prevalent among the ladies than I liked to see. White mantillas or scarves—some of silk, others of stuff or cloth—are much worn among the poorer classes; the effect is heavy and unbecoming out of doors; but on kneeling or prostrate figures amid the deep gloom of the churches, that sort of head-dress is very touching. It is impossible for a stranger to enter these dark churches without some feeling of awe. When you first go in from the bright sunshine, you literally seem to be going into utter darkness; by degrees one part of the building after another opens upon you, and at last you can see distinctly all but the finer sculpture and the pictures.

The Rambla was crowded, and so it is always. Barcelona is unlike any other Spanish town we have visited; it is noisy and busy by day, and noisy and idle by night. Our hotel, the 'Cuatro Naciones,' we found most comfortable, and the bill extremely moderate. We left these pleasant quarters at five A.M. on Tuesday, the 19th—a beautiful morning; many of the shops already open; men sweeping the

streets, which are kept very clean. Mr. — had promised last night to wait for *Number Forty-four*, Monsieur St. P——, the young Frenchman; but a waiter, who was sent to his chamber before we started, came back with the report that 'No. 44' was not to be found. He was already gone out. We met him in the street, on his way back to the inn, after an hour's unsuccessful cruise in search of some early-rising hatter who would sell him a *sombrero*—a shady hat.

The pier seems the *granary* for the city, a remarkable proof of the dryness of the climate. Heaps and heaps of corn, for sale or exportation, lying on mats; but with no covering whatever over the grain. Pretty umbrella-tents were scattered about this part of the pier, protecting the store-keepers from the sun; round the stick of the umbrella was a table, and round that again a circular seat; the covering was of white and blue cotton, in squares or stripes, and with a deep flounce.

Before we got into a boat to return to our detested *Gaditano Primero*, Monsieur St. P—— made his appearance, having settled his affairs at the hotel, and having, moreover, at last achieved the purchase of a *sombrero* that would have won the heart of a Virginia planter's daughter by its breadth of brim.

Few words will suffice for the coast, as any good map will give its outline, and the names of the towns and villages we passed by. We kept all day very near the shore, which from Barcelona to the Gulf of Rosas is a succession of pretty bays, divided by hills that run into the sea. In several of these semi-circular bays small towns were sparkling; between

each of them and the sea was a platform of clear reddish sand ; behind them a range of green hills, cultivated to the top, and behind these again a fine back-ground of loftier hills, rocky and varied in form ; but the general effect was rather graceful than grand ; though some of the turreted peaks close over upon the sea, and some of the more abrupt great hills, were far from wanting in majesty. There was more verdure, more trees, on this eastern side of Spain than we had usually seen on the southern side.

Gulf of Lyons: May 20.

On deck early. Sea as smooth as our own Windermere on a mild May morning ; no land in sight ; fish coming up to feed, or play on the surface of the water. First words from Mr. — when he joined me on deck about eight (how welcome, and how unwelcome !) : ‘ You are now off France ; do you see the coast ? ’ Welcome, as telling of our approach to England ; unwelcome, as telling of our having left Spain, after having seen so little (yet *multum in parvo*) of that magnificent land.

I did perceive the French coast, and tame and uninteresting it was, and barren it looked, till we came within sight of the rich and populous neighbourhood of Marseille, behind which a high and irregular outline of hill again appears. The bay is very beautiful ; to the left is gently sloping ground, thickly studded with villages, villas, and cottages ; to the right, bold bare rocks and rocky islands, on which fortresses are raised ; and the mainland, resuming its bolder character, forms a fine mountain back-ground.

Whilst almost everybody was on deck watching

the coast, or looking out for the haven, as we glided over the smoothest of waters—for there was not a breath of wind strong enough to raise a ripple—the Infante was below in the saloon, singing to himself with loud glee. Attracted by the noise, Mrs. B——'s little boy peeped down the skylight and saw him attitudinising and gesticulating with great force while he sang. The child called to some of the gentlemen to witness the odd scene; and one of them, the wicked wag of the diamonds, told the boy to go down and ask the Infante whether he was rehearsing for the opera. Indignant at being taken for a player, the Castilian demanded the name of the person who had sent the boy on so insolent an errand. The boy, innocently enough, answered that it was one of the gentlemen on deck, but he did not know his name. Up rushed the Infante in a fit of rage that it was awful to see even in that *homunculus*: and he unluckily directed his fury against Mr. St. P——, whom he took it into his head to select as the author of the affront, while the real offender was silently grinning and enjoying the success of his silly joke. The Infante's vituperation of the astonished Frenchman was wonderfully fierce; he did indeed 'tear passion to tatters.' But he was no actor here: his passion was too earnest to be ridiculous, though he foamed at the mouth, clenched his fists, gnashed his teeth, and stared as if his eyes were going to start out of his head. But he did at last make us smile, when, drawing up his person to the full dignity of its height—about four feet at the utmost—he said to Monsieur St. P——, 'Do you know, sir, the peril you have incurred? I could throw you up to the

top of that funnel. I feel such strength within me at this moment, that I could take up an elephant and hurl it into the sea.' Monsieur St. P—— behaved perfectly. He at first tried to soothe the wild little man with assurances that he was mistaken in supposing that any affront was intended towards him. This only seemed to exasperate him the more. St. P—— then declared that, at all events, he was not the person in fault, if any provocation had been given. The disclaimer was met with a flat accusation of falsehood, and in the twinkling of an eye the Infante drew out a knife from his pocket and unsheathed it. Mr. ——, who had been trying to pacify him, now seized his arm, and a woman, the wife of the captain of the steamer, dexterously wrenched the knife out of the Infante's hand. Monsieur St. P——, whose patience was gone, said: 'Well, sir, since you fasten a quarrel on me, we will settle it on shore. Don't let us make any more noise here.' 'What do you mean?' said his Highness. 'I mean that I will fight you when we land,' was the answer. 'Fight *me*! *You*, a plebeian, fight *me*!' exclaimed the Castilian. 'When I fight it must be with a nobleman, not with a clown.' 'Have you got your patent of *noblesse* in your pocket?' replied the Frenchman; 'if you have, show it, and I will produce mine.' But the captain now came up from the fore-cabin, and taking it for granted that the Castilian must have really received some outrage, began to reproach the Frenchman with an air of authority. He was, however, soon silenced, and the Infante's fit of passion ended in a fit of tears, and there the matter ended. The moment it was suggested

to Monsieur St. P—— that the Castilian was in all probability a maniac, the brave young Frenchman recovered his good-humour, and said, ‘If I had thought of that, I should have taken no notice of his abuse.’

Some of the passengers had told the jester, who was the cause of all that disturbance, and whom R—— called Don Diamond Younghusband, that the jewels he had bought for his wife would certainly be seized at the French custom-house as Spanish contraband. Alarmed at this intelligence, he consulted the Frenchman as to the fact, and he, by way of gay revenge for the trouble he had been put to with the Infante, assured the wag that his diamonds would be seized, though he confessed to us that he knew nothing about the custom-house regulations. The idea of losing those brilliants was no joke to the young Spaniard, and in his perplexity he was advised to ask me to take charge of them, as they might be more likely to pass among a lady’s things. He was, however, too modest to ask the favour, so one of his friends asked it through Mr. —— . Little R—— insisted upon it that Don Diamond’s wife must not lose her diamonds. I did not suppose there was any risk of that, and I answered that I would not attempt to smuggle them, but that I would, if the owner liked, place them in one of my boxes where they might be seen at once, and where I had no doubt they would be safe enough. The precious casket was brought to me, and I had it carefully placed in a portmanteau in such a way as that it could not seem to have been concealed. Mr. —— told me that this was the best plan. Before we landed, Mr. —— gave our keys to the Commissioner of the Hôtel

Orient, and we did not even accompany our luggage to the custom-house; yet when we got to the inn, rather a long walk, which we took leisurely, there were our packages all ready, and all safe, diamonds included; while Mrs. B——, who went with us to the same inn, and who had her Italian courier and her own maid to look after her effects, did not receive them for some hours. We attributed the speedier clearance of ours to Mr. ——'s having trusted everything to the Commissioner.

As we were going ashore, Mons. St. P—— asked us to take in our hands two green velvet foot-cushions embroidered in gold. He had bought them at Tangiers for his mother at Nantes, and was doubtful whether they would pass among his luggage. I took one of them and R—— another. Mine was examined by an officer on the pier, and allowed to pass. Neither little R—— nor her cushion were seen. She passed in the crowd, and was greatly delighted at being, as she said of herself, 'too small to be visible. So you see,' she added, 'there is an advantage sometimes in being little.'

The entrance to the port of Marseille, like that of Carthage, is wonderfully protected by nature, and the port itself is a grand harbour, and crowded with shipping; the number of steamers remarkable. But the air of this port is dreadful, and one thinks it impossible that Marseille can ever be free from pestilence, and yet they say that the effect of the foul *air* is not injurious, though that of the water is fatal; for we were assured that no one was known to recover who had fallen by accident into this harbour from ship or shore. This might be an exaggeration; but let no

traveller be persuaded by any one of that persecuting tribe, customer-catchers for hotels, more troublesome than Ramsgate *touters*, to go to an inn upon or near to the quay of Marseille. We were fortunate in being strongly recommended to the Orient, and found that hotel well deserving the character that had been given to it. Don Diamond soon came for his treasure, and he could hardly believe that it was not only secure, but that there was nothing to pay, and that he was free to take it where he would. He was grateful; and we were pleased because we had *not* smuggled it for him, but fairly let it take its chance with our own things. '*With your own,*' objects Mrs. Scruple; '*yes, and as your own.*' '*Aye, there's the rub*'; Mrs. Scruple, I fear you have taken a sound objection to an unsound plausibility, and I am not quite easy on that point. I must call in the aid of my Portuguese motto: I meant nothing wrong: it was all *por bem, por bem.*'

The town is very handsome, but too English-looking to be interesting, and too well-known to be dwelt upon here, though in ancient historical interest it may leave even Seville or Granada or Carthage far behind. We rested here two days, and then hastened forward by diligence through Aix, Avignon, and Valence to Lyons. There we remained over Sunday, and on Monday we again proceeded by diligence through Roanne, Moulins, Nevers, Briare to Orleans, and thence by railway to Paris, where we remained three weeks. We then went to Rouen by railway, and down the Seine by steam to Havre de Grace. Once out of that harbour we were at home, for we were in the English Channel, and in a few hours we were landed at Southampton.

What! pass from one extremity of France to the other, and through the best part too, and not one word? Not one. Avignon, Vaucluse, Petrarch, Orleans, Maid of Orleans, away, all away! I will not be tempted. We left a world that is nobody's when we left the Serras of Portugal and the Sierras of Spain. In France we were in a world that is everybody's, *pace Gallia*. I might as well babble of our own green fields as of the garden of Provence, or of the mighty waters of the Rhone, or of the poplar-fringed banks of the Loire and the Loiret. I might as well say something of the architecture of Trafalgar Square as talk of the Place Vendôme and its bronze column, where 'The Man' of the grey coat, and three-cornered hat straight to the front, stands aloft once more on the cannon of Marengo! as he did before his first abdication, and looks over the city, wondering what bold Venus gave that stony cestus of fortifications to his Paris, and with it no 'apple of discord'; wondering still more what hand, even bolder than his own, has reduced the fair proportions of Le Notre's Garden, and fenced off nursery-walks and playground for new lodgers in the Tuileries. I spare the reader, if I have one who has travelled with me so far, my sage reflections on these and other things as marvellous. I say not one word either about the Louvre or the Morgue: I leave Notre-Dame to Victor Hugo, and the Citizen King to Chateaubriand and to M. Thiers and Maria Christina. I say nothing of St. Germain, where the sailor king, the last discrowned of our Stuarts, was content to die, but where his courteous host, the fourteenth Louis, called the Great, could not endure

to live, because the palace commanded one unpleasant prospect, far off but yet too near, the church of St. Denis, where he must one day be gathered to his silent ancestors. I could more wisely describe the Force of Dungeon Ghyll and the Fall of Foyers, with the pictures painted around them by the mistress-hand of Nature, than St. Cloud and its water-works, and Versailles and its water-works, and its works in oil-colours, and its Trianons, and its everything, all admirable as they are—all gay as Youth, and sad as Memory. Rouen, with its St. Ouen, and its Palais de Justice, and its—but here again I was tempted to be an echo to Echo. Here again, too, that haunting unlaidd ghost, the Maid of Orleans, stirred my woman's pulse and bade me cry out, 'Shame on Bedford!' But the stones that pave the little square, where her effigy now stands, the place where she was burnt alive, are eloquently hot, and warned me off.

There were two boys, each of whom possessed a magpie. The one boy boasted to the other, 'My magpie talks—yours can't.' The owner of the mute bird answered, 'Yes, my magpie can't talk, but she thinks the more!' Unluckily for the reader, I did not hear this story till I landed at Marseille; but having heard it, I travel from one end of France to the other, and say nothing; or cry his mercy for not having been equally thoughtful and taciturn on my perch in Portugal, and on my flitting along the south and eastern coast of Spain.

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