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# LUSITANIAN SKETCHES

OF

## THE PEN AND PENCIL.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEF," "THE PRIME MINISTER,"  
ETC.



Goatherd of the Serra d'Estrella.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. I.

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JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

M.DCCC.XLV.





TO  
THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

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MY LORD,

I FEEL highly gratified by your Lordship's permission to dedicate to you the following pages. Though I should fear it might be mistaken for presumption in me to add my encomiums upon such works as yours on Portugal, possessing, as they are acknowledged by all to do, the philosophical views of a statesman, the elegant taste of a scholar, and indeed the highest literary merit, I may be allowed to assure you that I cordially agree in the favourable opinion you express of the Portuguese, refuting the unjust aspersions so frequently cast upon them by casual and ill-informed visitors to their lovely land. To no Englishman therefore

could I with greater propriety dedicate these slight Sketches of Lusitanian Scenery and Manners ; and I beg your Lordship will accept them as a mark of my respect for those talents and attainments, which add lustre to your noble birth,

Permitting me to subscribe myself

Your Lordship's obedient Servant,

WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON

8 York Gate, Regent's Park,  
June, 1845.

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# LUSITANIAN SKETCHES.

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## SKETCH I.



Travellers in Portugal.

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London Society. Pleasant Reminiscences. Embark at Southampton. Comfort of a private Cabin. Lack of Accommodation for Ladies. Advice to Passengers. Call at Falmouth for Mail-bags. Fellow-passengers. Vigo Bay. The Town of Vigo. Good Roads much needed. Trustworthiness of the Gallegos.

It was at the end of July 1843: the London season had been brought nearly to a close, and all the world were quitting, or preparing to quit, that vast arena for the communication of ideas and the exercise of the intellect; where the acerbities of our nature are rubbed off; where both the mind and manners become



polished ; where a greater collection of talent, virtue, elegance, and beauty,—of all that is great, wealthy, and good, as well as of all that is bad—of crime, folly, and heartless frivolity, of poverty and misery,—is to be found than in any other part of the universe ;—when, following the example of the rest of the mighty flock who were dispersing far and wide in search of health and of new ideas, to bring to the general mart on the following year, I too prepared to quit the scene.

Portugal, a land not unknown to me, was my destination, whose orange-scented gales I had oft before inhaled, whose vine-clad hills I had climbed, when my heart bounded joyously with youthful spirits ; but now I was about to return with a more matured judgment, to correct my previous observations and opinions of men and manners, institutions and events ; or, in other words, to touch up my former sketches of what I had seen, and to make new ones of what I was destined to see in the course of my sojourn in that land.

The steamers for the Peninsula then started from Southampton every Saturday ; but, wishing to visit a large circle of relations in Hampshire, I threw myself into a carriage of the earliest Southampton rail-road train on Friday morning, so as to enjoy a whole day of their society. Much to my satisfaction I found myself the sole occupant of the carriage ; for my mind was busy in communing with itself, and I wished not for idle tongue to interrupt the current of my thoughts. . . . My recollection too was yet glowing vividly with the forms of light and loveliness which had passed

before my sight—with the unrivalled beauty of England's fair daughters: and in what part of the globe has creation produced ought to equal them? Think not that the maidens of Lusitania, with their dark, sparkling, expressive eyes, and well-rounded forms, can drive them from my thoughts. Think not that the dames of Spain, though majestic the carriage of their graceful figures, though elastic the step of their beautiful feet, can surpass them; nor can the laughing ladies of France, with their elegant *tournure* and exquisite taste, nor Italia's captivating daughters, nor even the maids of Georgia or Circassia. In beauty alone none are superior to my fair countrywomen, and in other attractive qualities how far inferior are all! In the high cultivation of the mind, combined with all the feminine qualities which adorn the sex, in the bright intelligence of their souls which beams through their eyes, they shine conspicuous. I thought of the syren voices I had heard, of the assemblage of talent in which I had found myself, of the noble, the patriotic, and philanthropic individuals whose society I had enjoyed, and of the dear ones I was leaving. Bitter too were my regrets, till it occurred to me that I was but fulfilling my duty to society, and that, as a denizen of the great world, I was bound, like many others, to bring back from my wanderings my quota of additional information to the great mart of knowledge I was about to quit. The idea cheered me, and I determined to perform my duty as far as in my power lay; and if I failed to instruct, to attempt at least to amuse.

I had engaged my passage on board one of the Peninsular Steam Packet Company's vessels, and was fortunate in securing a private cabin, which, as the greatest of luxuries, I should advise all my friends to do if possible, particularly those who are not ill at sea : they may then at least be free from the horrid sights, though not, alas ! the noises, of a steamer on the ocean. Fancy the wretchedness of four human beings shut up in one cabin not six feet square ; or, worse, of twelve, contained in a place about sixteen feet long yclept the *Omnibus*, all suffering in concert, placed on shelves one above another, and within a space so narrow that they can almost touch with outstretched arms the hands of those opposite to them. Fancy the stifling atmosphere, the sickening odours, the groans of the miserable inmates, the creaking of the bulk-heads and the humiliating spectacles of the prostration of boastful manhood. "And that same voice which bade the Romans mark him, and write his sayings in their books, cries, Give me some drink, Titonus, like a sick girl." I need not go on with the description, imagination must supply the rest, as it has done with me ; for I never ventured inside the door, having once only put my head into the aperture of such a Tartarus, to inquire for an unhappy friend, quickly again withdrawing it, and am convinced that no pen could do justice to its horrors. Yet in almost as wretched a den (I am led to believe) are the fair portions of the passengers doomed to suffer, by the ungallant arrangements of the architects or managers of the vessels. The excuse offered is, that there are

fewer females at all times than men on board, and that ladies, who seldom venture on the ocean if they can avoid it, suffer patiently, while men are loud in their complaints if they do not find themselves comfortable. Oh shame on modern chivalry ! open acknowledgment of man's selfishness ! The evil might be easily remedied by sacrificing a little of the shape of the saloon, and by having the after part of the ladies' cabin with a shifting screen, which, when required, might be brought more aft, so as to increase its size, yet leaving them independent of the lords of the creation.

These steamers now leave Southampton every Thursday at 4 P.M. from the Docks, generally reaching Vigo on Sunday evening, Oporto on Monday morning, and Lisbon on Tuesday morning. Frequently the voyage is performed in even a shorter period by a fast steamer in a smooth sea. I should advise passengers to leave London by the train which starts from the Vauxhall station at 9 o'clock, in order to have time to see their heavy luggage stowed in the hold, and their lighter necessities and comforts placed in their cabins in some situation easy of access. The stewards are apt to have the whole of a passenger's luggage thrown into the hold together, assuring the owner that it can at any time be got up during the voyage : so it may if it can be found, but the chances are that the unfortunate person is so ill that he would rather remain without his comforts than go on deck, and stoop over the dark abyss to point out his property. A long thin portmanteau

is best suited to the purpose of holding a change of clothes, as it stows easily away under the berth, being far superior to that destroyer of coats and cravats, that republican container of clean shirts and blackened boots, pocket-hankerchiefs and brushes, a carpet-bag, into which one may fruitlessly rummage for what is required till the search is abandoned in despair and sea-sickness.

At that time the vessels started on Saturday, touching at Falmouth to take in the London mails, by which the voyage was unnecessarily prolonged a day.

After parting from a large circle of kindred I went on board, and, punctual to the hour, as I shook a brother's hand, the steamer cast off from the pier-head, and glided quickly down the lovely Southampton Water.

In the morning we had passed several yachts belonging to some friends of mine, getting under weigh for one of the west country regattas. How I longed to be on board instead of in a "rattling, roaring, screeching, smoking, paddling steamer!" There is a feeling of such thorough independence in one's own yacht, nothing to say one nay,—except the elements and the quarantine officers, by the by. One may justly sing:

"We are rovers where'er rolls the fetterless sea;  
For the boundless blue ocean was made for the free."

I never feel so like a monarch (of rather a small kingdom, I confess) as when walking the deck of my vessel before breakfast I put the question, "Where shall we sail to-day?" that is, when the weather is

fine. It nearly always rains when I leave England, and blue skies welcome my return—the heavens are in harmony with my feelings.

After clearing the Needles, as night advanced it came on to blow very hard from the south-west, and we spent all the following day in pitching, rolling, tumbling, and tossing most unsatisfactorily. I thought of my yachting friends, though they in their buoyant barks probably made better weather of it than we did in the clumsy, slow-moving *Liverpool*. We reached Falmouth full twelve hours after the usual time, and by 10 A.M. on Monday, Lieut. Gardner, R.N. with his mail-bags having come on board, his pennant was hoisted, and we again, with a blue sky and calm sea, paddled out towards the Bay of Biscay.

Although Falmouth harbour has few claims to the picturesque, I have always, when returning from the parched and arid south, delighted to feast my eyes on the green hills and trees which surround it, and doubly beautiful, when I next see them, will appear the well-known verdant banks of the Southampton Water, and the shores of the yacht-bearing Solent.

Lovely as are the scenes I have visited, there is one spot, wheresoever I roam, on which my thoughts ever fondly dwell, and thither I return with anxious haste, eagerly as in Arabia's wastes the thirsting traveller seeks the green oasis—that spot, more cheering than the sparkling fountain, flowing perennially with the clear stream of pure disinterested affection—that spot is my home. Ever unwilling am I to quit

it for the arid deserts of the world ; but I remember I too am a traveller, with my fortunes to carve ; I remember that it is the destiny of every human being to be up and doing ; from the proudest duke to the meanest artizan all must labour, so I take up my staff, and with a heavy heart depart. Were it not for that home, how burdensome do I feel would life become, destined rudely to buffet with the changing, heartless, mercenary world ; how cold and callous would grow my heart : but when I think of the dear ones dwelling in that home, whose thoughts are ever of me, my nature softens, and I strive to keep myself undefiled by contact with the foul monster. How does my heart bound with joy even in the anticipation of again passing that loved threshold ! As an exile in a strange land I write the dictates of my feelings.

The only passengers I remember were a Major L. on his way to join his regiment at Gibraltar, a pleasant amiable man, and his wife, an Irish lady, who was very far from making me alter an opinion I have had good reason to form, that Irish women are the most delightful beings in existence—so ingenuous and frank, so witty and sensible, so naive and unaffected.

We enjoyed a pleasant run across the bay, with a perfectly smooth sea ; but our engines not having sufficient power, we never made more than eight knots an hour—frequently not so many ; so that we were not off the Cape of Finisterre till Wednesday night. When I went on deck on Thursday morning we were running in for the Bayona Islands, at the mouth of

Vigo Bay. The balmy air came softly from the land, strongly impregnated by the sweet-scented flowers of the heather, which clothes the mountains of Galicia, then rising blue and indistinct on our left. Two hours elapsed before we entered the bay, leaving the Ons Islands and the harbour of Pontevedra on our left, and the two rocky Bayonas on our right—the inner sides of which are cultivated, and afford secure anchoring-ground and good shelter from westerly gales.

Everybody must admire the bay, or rather, from its great depth, it might more properly be called the Gulf of Vigo. It is large enough to contain all the navies in the world, and the water is so deep that I have been close up to the town in a first-class frigate, the *Castor*. As we sailed up, wooded and vine-covered hills, rising from the water, appeared on each side, covered with cultivated fields, interspersed with cottages and hamlets, and elevated into mountains on the north. About five miles up, on the south side, stands Vigo, picturesquely situated on a hill crowned by a dark frowning castle, the base surrounded by a wall and trench, which I suspect, from its appearance, would afford but slight protection to the town.

It has been my fate to visit Vigo several times. When leaving Portugal it has appeared to advantage, but the stranger from England cannot particularly admire the interior, however beautiful it may seem to him from the deck of the vessel. It is indeed very inferior to any of the other sea-port towns I have visited in the north of Spain. It boasts of a square,



in which stands a tolerable hotel, with several streets—not very dirty—containing many respectable houses. A good road leads from it in the direction of the famous St. Jago de Compostella; but how far the macadamized part extends I know not.

In the winter, and when there are threatenings of boisterous weather, the mail-bags for the north of Portugal are landed here, and dispatched by a courier, who travels night and day, on the same horse, to Oporto, enjoying only a few hours rest; but so bad is the road, except for a few miles in Spain, that he occupies nearly two days in performing a distance which he might with facility perform, were the roads improved, on three or four good horses, in less than ten hours.

The Portuguese government have already commenced forming several excellent roads in the north of Portugal; and I would earnestly recommend them to make that between Valença (the frontier town) and Braga practicable for carriages without delay. It would of course greatly increase the traffic in that direction, and, by facilitating the communication with England, would enable strangers to visit Oporto, who are now prevented doing so by the inconvenience of landing on the coast. Even now, should the weather threaten to be stormy, I would advise those bound for Oporto to land at Vigo, if they can endure bad inns, worse roads, and travelling on mules. Much of the scenery on the way is very beautiful, and there are several interesting places to visit, which will somewhat repay them for the fatigue of a land-journey.

A passport, to be procured from the Portuguese ambassador or consul in London, is here absolutely necessary to proceed to the south. The consul for England at Vigo is a Spaniard, and does not speak English; but having a secretary and a servant who do, he will assist the traveller in procuring mules and steady men, who are called *arrieiros*, to accompany them, and will give him every necessary information. A friend of mine performed the journey alone, and arrived in perfect safety at Oporto, without being able to speak a word of Portuguese; managing to make himself clearly understood by means of signs, the *arrieiros* being quick intelligent fellows, accustomed to that universal language. I have myself made the journey, and will, before I conclude this work, give a description of the route. The sky affording every promise of a serene sea, I determined, on the present occasion, to stay by the ship till she arrived off Oporto.

The Bay of Vigo extends some considerable distance above the town, when it suddenly narrows between high rocks, and then again expands into a second bason or lagoon, which I understand affords some beautiful scenery. Twice I have unsuccessfully attempted to explore it: once when cruising in a ship of war we put into the bay, and, setting off with a party in a small boat, we were nearly lost, and compelled to return; a second time my companions idled away the day in the town, until it was too late to accomplish the expedition.

The moment the steamer's paddles are stopped off Vigo (for she does not anchor) she is surrounded

by numberless small boats manned by the most uncouth, wild-looking beings imaginable, all speaking together, and at the top of their voices, a harsh guttural language—a mixture of Spanish and Portuguese, although disowned by both. The lieutenant's gig is now lowered, and he proceeds on shore with the mail-bags for the north of Spain and Portugal, to deliver them to the British consul, accompanied by an important personage, the *comprador*, who is in search of fresh provisions—milk, eggs, and fruit, to regale the passengers. As the lieutenant in charge of the mails remains away barely an hour, it is scarcely worth the while of a passenger to visit Vigo, except for the sake of saying that he has trod on Spanish soil. Some twenty, thirty, or even fifty, fresh passengers presently arrive on board, but they are considered of the fourth class, and are stowed away on the fore-part of the deck, as pigs are when brought from Ireland for the English market. What a dreadful jabbering noise they make, and how fierce and wild they look ! but they are in reality orderly and obedient, and go to the stations allotted to them without a murmur : blow high or low, sunshine or rain, it appears indifferent to these hardy sons of the mountains. They are *Gallegos*, the inhabitants of Galicia, of which Vigo is one of the chief ports, and are bound for Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz, in search of employment as water-carriers and porters, as also in the lower menial offices. From the inferior grades of servitude they frequently, by perseverance and honesty, rise to the higher situations.

They have expended all they possess in fitting themselves out and in paying their passage-money, but their hearts are light; for they put a firm trust in their patron saint, a stout arm, and a long stick, which, with a second shirt, a gay waistcoat, and coloured handkerchief, for festal occasions, constitutes the capital with which they propose to commence business. The poorer Gallegos leave their homes to seek their fortunes and work their way by land to their destination, subsisting on a dried herring and a piece of brown bread for each meal, and sleeping in stables, or under trees, with scarcely clothes to cover them.

It will be said that Galicia must be a wretched country when her people consider Portugal, supposed to be so poor, as the land whence wealth is to be obtained; but the truth is, Galicia is in general very fertile but over-populated, while Portugal is thinly populated in comparison to the vast resources she possesses within herself, and which alone require industry, set in motion by capital, with judicious direction, to be brought forth. Several examples of the perseverance and honesty of this race have come under my notice. Some friends of mine were residing at Oporto many years ago, when a youth offered himself to undertake the lowest menial office of water-carrier and shoe-black to the household, earnestly entreating to be taken into their service. He was at length allowed to remain in the house, that he might make himself useful as he best could, to do which he soon found many occasions—receiving as

his wages merely the food the servants gave him. When the French under Soult entered Oporto the family were obliged to fly the country, escaping on board an English merchant-vessel. They had already got out to sea, when the young Gallego was discovered stowed away in the hold, and when brought on deck he fell on his knees, and petitioned with tears that he might not be set on shore again, but be allowed to seek his fortune in England, promising to serve his master faithfully. Indeed it was impossible to land him, and he was consequently allowed to accompany the family to their home in England, where for some time he occupied the same unassuming office he had before held. Having narrowly watched the other servants he quickly learned the mysteries of their office, and entered the parlour as footman. He then taught himself to read and write, and became butler: he forgot his native tongue, and even form of religious worship, and regularly attended the Protestant church, saying he could not discover the difference. He proved a most excellent and trustworthy servant; and having saved some two or three thousand pounds, he returned, about three years ago, with the son of his old master to Portugal, where, when describing the wonders of England, he found himself sadly at a loss for words to express his ideas among his compatriots. From thence he went to his native village in Galicia, where he bought land, and, like Gil Blas, set up as an hidalgo; but he soon afterwards again made his appearance at Oporto, shaking his head, and saying that his was a miserable

country, that the inhabitants were barbarians with whom he could do nothing, and that he preferred a seat by the fire-side of his old friends' kitchen in England. He again went to England, but he found himself there treated as a servant, while in his own land he had been a gentleman, so he once more returned to Spain, and is now living with independence on his estate.

My butler came a half-clothed boy from Spain : (he does not confess to the name of Gallego :) by the aid of another servant he learned to read and write, and is now fully equal to any English servant—in some respects superior ; for he keeps all the household accounts with the most scrupulous honesty. I have another man who was asked by the master that wished to engage him as a groom, when he first arrived, if he knew how to clean a horse with a curry-comb and brush, as in England. The man looked at the implements. “Nāo, Senhor,” was the answer, as he shook his head. “Then you will not answer my purpose.” “But, Senhor, I am not afraid of a horse, and I can learn.” The master, pleased with the answer, engaged him ; and the man was as good as his word, for he became one of the best grooms in the place, besides having learnt to wait respectably at table. I afterwards allowed him, at his earnest request, to take the office of cook, and he at once proved that after all his other attempts that occupation was his forte.

However, I shall have in another place more to say of the Gallegos, and we will therefore quit this country to continue our voyage.

## SKETCH II.

Quit Vigo Bay. Amusing Incident. The Minho. Portuguese Towns of Caminho, Viana, Villa do Conde. Arrive at Oporto. Appearance of the City. Occasional Difficulty in landing. Fortunate Issue of a dangerous Attempt. The Boats. Custom-house : Advice to Passengers. Deficiency of first-rate Inns.

THE lieutenant in charge of the mails, and the comprador with fresh provisions return on board, the shore-boats are ordered to keep off, the paddles are set in motion, and away we steam—without, it is to be hoped, leaving any of our passengers behind—as has nearly occurred several times. Once a large party from the steamer, mostly composed of naval men going out to join their ships in the Mediterranean, actually took Vigo unintentionally by a *coup de main*. It was late in the evening when they landed in a boat by themselves, and although advised to keep the lieutenant with the mail-bags in sight, they became separated from him. Being anxious to see as much as possible of the place, the moment they reached the shore they rushed along the quay in the way sailors *will* run when emancipated from their ship. It happened that a party of raw recruits had just been marched into the place, one of whom, a half-clad being in a tattered blue surtout and chako, was doing duty as sentinel near the landing-place. He gave the challenge—*Rendez vous*, shouted in joke one of the party, as they hurried onward. The poor fellow appeared to know two words of French—those were the fatal ones. Frightened out of his wits, he

did not exactly obey the order, but, throwing down his musket, he rushed into the town, shouting that the enemy were upon them. The soldiers hurried to their arms, a scene of confusion ensued, when the officer of the guard, hastening to the spot, the affair was explained, and the party were politely allowed to proceed. They soon became divided, as they strolled about the town, and when the mail-bags reached the steamer and a gun was fired, several of their number were missing. Notwithstanding the entreaties of their friends, the captain vowed he would not wait a moment for them, and the vessel had already passed the town before their shouts were heard. He was at last prevailed on to stop the steamer till they pulled alongside in a shore-boat, well frightened in their turns at their narrow escape from being left behind.

About three miles from the town a reef of rocks extends from the south a considerable way across the bay, from which a chain was once carried to the opposite shore, to protect the harbour, and a fleet of rich galleons, from the approach of a British fleet under Admiral Sir George Rooke, an ancestor of mine. Having a strong leading breeze he formed his ships in line, driving them at once against the chain—the barrier gave way, and he captured or sunk every one of the Spanish galleons.

We passed close to the end of the reef, and out by the southern entrance. This, although the most narrow, is sufficiently broad to allow a frigate to beat in between the main and the lofty bluff Bayonas, which form so admirable a breakwater to the bay.



We kept close in with the shore, which, to the confines of Spain, is like the character of its inhabitants, proud, lofty, and bold: we could hear the roar of the sullen ocean as it dashed in curling sheets of foam against those mighty boundaries, as if striving to overleap them, or again to be hurled back; yet, like some stubborn monster, returning undaunted to the charge.

In the first opening of the mountains we saw the mouth of the Minho, which separates Spain from Portugal, and with our glasses we could discern very clearly, about five miles from the sea on the south bank, the Portuguese town of Caminha. Sir Charles Napier, when an admiral in the service of the Queen of Portugal, surprised and captured this place from the Miguelites with a few Marines and British Blue-jackets. On the opposite side near the sea is the small Spanish town of Guarda, and in the centre of the river is a strong castle belonging to Portugal. Caminha is surrounded by a low fortified wall, above which is seen a church and a convent. There is a bar across the mouth of the river, which constantly prevents the entrance of vessels. I shall describe this place more fully when I give an account of a tour I made in the north of Portugal; so for the present I need say no more on the subject. The banks on each side of the river are high, though on that of Portugal less so than on the other. The coast now assumes a softer character—the hill-sides covered with pine-groves and fields, with white glittering cottages interspersed among them. We

could hear the sound of the wheels of the ox-carts screeching, or rather singing, in concert; for when at sea, and some distance from the shore, the noise has a pleasing effect to the ear, and tells of rural life, peace, and industry. On shore, when following a cart up a steep hill, on a hot day, and suffering from head-ache, it is quite a different thing.

The next town of importance, half way between Vigo and Oporto, is Viana, on the mouth of the Lima, the largest and most prosperous port in the province next to Oporto. It stands on flat, low ground, with hills in the neighbourhood. This town also surrendered to Napier, when by the terror of his name, more than by the strength or size of his army, he won the entire part of the richest province of Portugal for the queen. The interior of the province of the Minho affords some of the most beautiful scenery to be found in the Peninsula.

The coast now becomes still lower; a long line of rocky hills appearing at some distance from the beach, which is composed of fine hard sand; yet the land still seems sweet and smiling. About twelve miles from Oporto we passed the town of Villa do Conde, the most conspicuous objects in which are the large convent of St. Clara, built on a rock above the river Ave, and an aqueduct on lofty arches, which conducts water for many miles from the mountains to supply the convent and town. The town is of no great size. A number of the small craft used in the coasting trade of Portugal, and even many of larger burden, are built here. The coast from this place to

Oporto exhibits merely a succession of pine-clad undulations, sprinkled scantily with white cottages. It was in a little sandy bay between low rocks, about a third of the distance from Villa do Conde, that Dom Pedro, with his gallant band of warriors, disembarked to liberate his country from the tyrannical power of his usurping brother Dom Miguel: a white stone obelisk, which can be descried from the sea, although of no great elevation, marks the spot.

The shades of night had just closed over the world (as the poets sing) when we arrived off the mouth of the Douro. The darkness mattered little as the night was beautiful, the sea calm, and *Nossa Senhora da Luz*, (Our Lady of the Light) shone benignly forth to welcome our approach, and guide our course. This light-house stands on a hill about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the Douro, on the north side, and just outside the town of St. João da Foz, or St. John of the Mouth. The paddles were stopped, and a gun was fired to call the attention of a pilot, whose boat is always kept in readiness to land the mail-bags and passengers. To shew our position, a blue light was then burned; and as we gazed in each other's countenances over which it cast a lurid hue, we could not help acknowledging that we looked more like ghastly spectres of some phantom-bark than human beings; the awful noise of the escape of the steam contributing to confuse our senses. We appeared indeed like the crew of the far-famed Vanderdecken, or of another sister cruizer, of whom as a boy I read, and almost believed in, which sails along the deep to collect the

souls of those who depart this life on the realms of ocean—the young—the brave—the true. Ah ! what a noble freight must she bear !

In day-light, from the decks of the steamer the city of Oporto can be clearly discerned, standing about three miles from the shore ; the most conspicuous objects being the Torre dos Clerigos, a high conical arabesquely ornamental tower, the church of Nossa Senhora da Lapa, which shews a dazzling white front. The city appears as if standing on the summit of high cliffs, on each side of a gap in the land through which the river flows. It is however entirely built on the north side of the Douro ; the large convent of the Serra, and the town of Villa Nova, in which are the far-famed wine-stores, being on the south bank, with a few scattered houses and manufactories nearer the sea. The whitewashed collection of houses with a church in the centre, the light-house standing on a hill to the left, and the low castles guarding the entrance to the river on the right, is the bathing, fishing, and piloting town of St. João da Foz, or, as the English call it, St. John's.

Observe another mound to the north of the light-house. On that spot a Miguelite battery was thrown up while Dom Pedro's party held the latter. At these close quarters for several months the two armies were playing with iron and leaden balls, and in the light-house Colonel Cotter and many other fine fellows were killed. The intermediate space down to the shore was cut into covered ways by both parties, the one endeavouring to prevent, the other protecting the

landing of provisions. A few hundred yards further north appear some boat-sheds, and here a fine stone pier runs out into the sea, forming a small boat-harbour. At this pier, lately constructed, when the current runs too strongly out of the river, or there is too heavy a sea on the bar to be encountered with safety, the mail-boat lands her bags and passengers. It has an awful appearance when there is a high sea running directly on to this dark rugged coast; but so accustomed are the pilots to the waves, and so exactly do they know when they will break, that an accident rarely occurs. It is a great inconvenience to a stranger to be obliged to land at this pier, and the so doing must give him a very miserable idea of the civilization of the country; for he is compelled to walk full a mile over sand, and a bad road, before he can embark on the Douro to proceed up to the city; every article of his luggage being seized upon by different people, and carried off to the custom-house at Foz. Being night he will find it still less agreeable; but he must remember this is the worst landing-place, and only occasionally made use of in bad weather. Generally the landing is effected without danger or difficulty; though I would advise ladies who are at all delicate to proceed on to Lisbon, and to return in a small steamer which runs between the two places.

We are waiting all this time for the arrival of the mail-boat alongside the steamer. "What can have caused the delay?" "The crew are asleep or gone to some festa, the oars cannot be found, or the rockets are damp." "No: Manoel is always on the look-out,

and his boat is in good order. There—up goes a rocket!—how beautiful its glittering drops appear as, like the drooping willow, curving round they vanish towards the dark sea, mocking the falling stars!”

“The boat will soon be here.” He is a gallant fellow that Manoel Francisco, whose cool courage and silence in danger win admiration from all, on account of the frequent absence of those qualities among the seamen of his country. Many can bear witness to his good behaviour, particularly my friend Mr. Butler, who owes his life to his bravery and determination. It was late one evening in winter when the steamer, in which Mr. Butler had come from England, arrived off Oporto. Manoel came alongside in his boat, observing the sea was high, but that he expected to be able to cross the bar. Mr. Butler consequently quitted the steamer, which proceeded on her voyage, but when they arrived near the bar of the Douro, they found that the sea had so suddenly risen as to make it impossible to cross with any degree of safety. A strong gale had sprung up from the westward, and was rapidly increasing as night was coming on, while the huge billows rolled in with tremendous force, and breaking in a long line of milky foam, threatened to overwhelm any bark which should venture within their power. In vain Manoel watched for a lull, and a spot free from breakers,—none presented itself: the same impassable barrier was seen along the whole extent of that rocky coast. Their only chance of safety—a forlorn one it seemed—was to pull out to sea, so as to gain an offing before the

increasing tempest should drive them back, and hurl them to destruction on the rocks. Not a drop of spirits, not a particle of food, had they to support nature, and now was a time when all their strength and determination would be required. By dint of hard pulling they succeeded in getting off shore and keeping the boat's head to the sea, but at length the gale so much increased that they could no longer make headway against it. As far as could be ascertained in the darkness of the night, they appeared to be nearing the deadly shore. The men's courage now gave way, some of them throwing themselves into the bottom of the boat, and refusing to contend any longer against their inevitable fate. Manoel retained his post at the helm, endeavouring by words of encouragement and his own calm behaviour to keep up the spirits of the crew; but his expostulations availed not,—the seas were breaking over the sides of the boat, and by constant baling they could scarcely keep her afloat. He gave one hurried glance towards the shore,—his experienced eye saw the imminent danger. Begging Mr. Butler to take the helm and attend to his directions, he suddenly threw off his coat, and seizing an oar, thus shamed some of the crew to return to their duty. Although their strength could not have held out much longer, every time they were about to abandon the contest Manoel urged them to fresh exertions, and thus for many hours, death staring them in the face, they continued battling the waves. At length, as day dawned, they perceived to their great joy a sail: the vessel fortunately soon

discovered them, and bearing down upon them, took them on board and their boat in tow. She proved to be a Newfoundland ship bound for Oporto; but, alas! the captain and all his crew belonged to the Temperance Society, and not a drop of wine or spirits had they on board to cheer the hearts and warm the chilled bodies of the half-perished boatmen. The gale continued for three days, so that had not this vessel so providentially appeared the boat must have been lost; for once brought broadside on to that raging sea she must inevitably have been swamped. Manoel's courage and perseverance saved the party from that fate, which but for him would have been theirs on the first night of the adventure.

When the sea is thus stormy, the steamer does not attempt to communicate with the shore; but if she has not left her passengers and mails at Vigo, she carries them on to Lisbon, whence they return by the Oporto steamer.

The boat employed to land the mails is one of a class called a *catraia*. It is about thirty feet long, sharp at both ends, with great beam, and the rudder is in the shape of, and hung like, that of a Dutch galliot. She pulls from ten to fourteen oars, double-banked, that is, two men sit on each thwart, placing their feet on the after one. Each oar has but one thole, to which it is fastened by a grummit, so that when not used they are allowed to swing fore and aft. Except at the stern where the passengers sit, there are no bottom boards, so that the water is easily baled out. I have seen in good weather one of these fine



boats cross the bar with thirty persons and an immense quantity of luggage. They have but one sail, bent to an enormously long slender yard, and hoisted to a slight mast without any stay except the halyards brought aft to windward.

Such are all the pilot and larger fishing-boats at the mouth of the Douro; and I know of none that are better. The fishing-boats are particularly fine, for they are much larger than the pilot-boats, and are without a particle of paint, being merely varnished and oiled over. It is a pretty sight to see a fleet of them coming into the river with their prodigious stretch of white canvass swelled by the sea-breeze, carrying twenty or more men each, fine athletic fellows, tanned to a bright copper colour, and dressed in long pendent red caps, blue waistcoats, and broad short white trowsers, while they sing in loud chorus, their hearts cheered with the thoughts of finding a good market for their finny prey.

At last the catraia with Manoel came alongside and, bidding farewell to my friends, I followed the huge mail-bags, which were handed into her.

We pushed off from the vessel which had thus far borne me safely on my way. "Go on!" I heard cried; and with puffs and groans the huge monster glided into darkness. How solitary I felt as, left in comparative darkness on the world of waters, I beheld my late home moving rapidly away, the cheerful lights shining from her cabin-windows enticing me to follow her,—it seemed as if the last tie which yet bound me to England had been rudely severed.

It was a lovely night, the beacon on the shore burned brightly ; at each stroke of the oars the water sparkled with phosphorescent brilliancy, and, gliding over the now tranquil bar close to a long black reef of rocks on the north, and a spit of sand to the south, we passed under the walls of a darkly frowning castle, and landed at a jetty called the *Cantareira*, running out from the town of St. João da Foz. I found a party of kind friends waiting to receive me ; nor was I put to any inconvenience with regard to my luggage, having indeed always received the greatest civility from the Portuguese authorities. When however a stranger lands at the *Cantareira*, the custom-house guards seize upon every article of luggage, and if it be night, deposit it in a guard-house, where he is obliged to see it sealed. Next morning it is sent up under charge of one of their people (for which payment is demanded) to the custom-house at Oporto : here it is examined, though seldom strictly or vexatiously, particularly if a clerk from one of the mercantile houses to whom he may have letters of introduction attends instead of himself. If he lands early in the day, and is not dying of hunger, by all means let him accompany his luggage himself at once to the custom-house, to get the examination over, conquering any annoyance he may feel, and treating every body politely, when he will assuredly receive the same civility in return : he may then repair, with his mind at rest, to the hotel or house he intends to reside in. There is a small hotel at Foz, kept by an English person, to which I would

advise him to resort if he lands late in the evening. Suppose he lands early in the day, let him place himself with his luggage and a guard in one of the boats which ply for passengers on the Douro. They are of the race of the gondolas; but there is as much difference between them and a Venetian gondola as there is between the Portuguese and the graceful Italian architecture. They rise forward with a long bow overhanging the water, and are low and rounded at the stern, while the floor is perfectly flat. The oarsmen row standing, and facing the bow, one at each end, the aftermost one guiding her with a broad-bladed oar, which he every now and then trails astern. The roof is nearly flat, painted green, with curtains. They hold about ten passengers, who sit on benches along each side, facing one another; but the rowers are at times in too close contact to be agreeable; for the roofs are so high that the aftermost man is compelled to look through the boat to see his way. They carry a sprit-sail of the most ugly form, broad at the head, and narrowing at the foot, set on a light rough mast, which a man can lower in an instant. Though rudely built they are very well adapted to the purpose for which they are used; and being flat-bottomed they pass over the warps and shallows in the river, nor did I ever hear of an accident happening to one of them. Such is the Oporto *toldo* boat. I have never seen one used in any other place.

It takes about half an hour to reach the quay of the custom-house—the *Alfandega* it is called;

where having gone through the necessary forms, a stout porter will place an hundred weight of the traveller's luggage on his back, and for the sum of two testoons, about ten pence, will carry it to any part of the town he may wish.

Oporto has nothing to boast of with respect to its hotels—indeed, I know of no city in Europe of its size and consideration which possesses so few, and those so bad. The two best, kept by English women, are small but very respectable ; one by a Mrs. Blunt, in the Rua San Francisco near the river, and the other by a Mrs. Romon, in the Rua do Bello Monte, who has lately established a very excellent one at St João da Foz. They are, at all events, superior to any the traveller is likely to meet with in the interior of the country. I believe that a large hotel, fitted so as to receive Portuguese visitors as well as English travellers, with all the modern luxuries, would answer to the proprietors, and would most certainly be a very great advantage to the place.

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### SKETCH III.

Oporto. Bravery of its Inhabitants. Extent and Population. Appearance from the River. Topographical Ramble. Principal Streets. Suspension Bridge. Fountains. Convent of San Bento das Freiras. Localities of different Trades. Unconcernedness of the Shopkeepers. Praças or Squares. Town Hall. Italian Opera House. Lovely Walk of the Fontainhas. Fine situation of the Largo do Torre da Marco. Suburbs of Oporto. The more Ancient portion of the City. Recent Improvements.

THE heroic and ever-unconquered city of Oporto, as it is now designated, is one of the most irregularly built towns with which I am acquainted. Few of its streets are level, and fewer still run at right angles with each other ; indeed, its inhabitants seem to have an abhorrence of right angles ; it is, however, a very picturesque, interesting place. It well earned the title of heroic from the gallant defence it made against the army of the usurper Dom Miguel, in 1832, when every military man declared that, according to all the rules of military tactics, it ought to have been taken. The armed inhabitants, the few regular troops, and the foreign auxiliaries, thought otherwise, or, being ignorant of the art of war, did not know when to yield ! so the city was preserved, to prove the nucleus whence the genial beams of true liberty and enlightened education may radiate over the fair surface of Lusitania. As to its claim to the title of "the ever-unconquered," the inhabitants, when they gave it, surely must have forgotten the circumstances of its capture by Soult, and all the miseries they suffered during the short time his army held possession ;

as also too, probably, its relief by the gallant British troops under our great duke. The Portuenses have so well proved their prowess under their great duke (of Braganza), that they ought to be above any vain boast: they ought not to forget that the fierce hosts of Gallia brought havoc, destruction, and all war's miseries into their fair land—they ought to remember that the armies of Britain brought them succour, peace, and happiness.

The extreme width of Oporto is rather less than a mile from the river: it commences about three miles from the sea, and extends in length about one mile along the banks of the Douro, up hill and down dale; half this space, too, being occupied by gardens, which few houses are without, except those close to the river. It contains, if I am informed rightly, about eighty thousand inhabitants, but no one seems to be exactly certain on the subject. The houses are built to the very edge of the water, whence the city rises on two high steep hills, which are themselves again broken into smaller hills and valleys.

It was once surrounded by a wall of large square stones, fastened without any cement—many suppose built by the Moors; but it is in reality of much later date than the time of their short sojourn in Oporto, though an imitation of their style. The greater part of the wall still remains entire, but the city has grown very far beyond it. That part along the side of the river is in perfect preservation, with a walk extending its whole length, on which the doors of houses open, flanked on the western end by a low round

tower. At each end of the city it runs directly up the hill from the river, surmounted by a pointed parapet, and having a steep precipice on the outside. Two square towers, and some hundred yards of the wall, are also to be seen from the Rua de St. Antonio, which is now the very centre of the city. The architecture of the houses varies very much: those on the wall facing the river put me in mind of Havre de Grace, and similar Norman towns, while others, in the oldest parts of the city, are of substantial stone, richly carved, somewhat like the old town of Edinburgh; and others, again, would almost vie with many of the Italian palaces, in size, if not in elegance; but the buildings of a later date are of an architecture peculiar to themselves, in which all rules and plans have been entirely discarded. Indeed, esteeming the Portuguese as I do, for their many admirable qualities, I must say that at the present day they are the very worst architects I have in any country ever met. Looking at the city from the river, the most conspicuous object is the episcopal palace—a large square stone building with many windows, standing on the summit of a hill in the centre of the oldest part of Oporto. Near it is seen the cathedral, a substantial edifice of stone, whose towers rise above the surrounding houses. Again is seen high above the many belfries scattered throughout the city the arabesquely-carved tower of the Clerigos. To the extreme east is an elegant chain suspension-bridge, lately erected, connecting the two banks of the river, and just above it is one of the ancient towers of the city-walls, in later years con-

verted into a summer-house for the nuns of Santa Clara, whose convent, built on the edge of the rugged precipice, is seen near it. On the summit of a high and rugged cliff on the south side stands the now dilapidated, but once rich convent of the Serra, with its lofty circular church and domed roof. Below the convent, directly facing Oporto, and extending down the river on the sloping sides of its banks, is the town of Villa Nova da Gaia, the long low buildings seen in which are the wine-stores of the Oporto merchants.

Such is a rough sketch of Oporto from the river. We will now land and wander through the city, first setting foot on the new, broad, handsome quay near the Custom-house, at which vessels of two hundred tons' burden can discharge their cargoes. Passing up a short steep hill among bales of goods and ox-carts, with the Custom-house, a shabby looking building, on the right, we enter the Rua Nova dos Ingleses—the New Street of the English. It is of no great length, but the broadest in the city, and contains some good houses, the finest of which is the English Factory House. High above it, at one end, appears the bishop's palace, looking down from its eyrie, and at the other is a collection of churches. Here the merchants hold their exchange, and congregate to talk of business, or the last new opera. At one end a broad street has lately been opened, extending up the slope of the hill, in which a fine stone front is being erected to the extensive walls of the suppressed convent of St. Francisco. It is to serve as an exchange, with rooms for offices. Within the building a handsome



hall has already been opened, on the plan of the commercial rooms in most large English towns: here also the Commercial Association hold their sittings. Close to the exchange another fine stone building is rapidly rising, intended for the banking-house of the Branch Bank of Lisbon. Both buildings will soon be completed, and will add much to the beauty and dignity of the commercial part of the city. In the Rua Nova and its neighbourhood are the counting-houses of the merchants; but their dwelling-houses are generally in the higher parts of the city, or in the country. The most regularly built street is the Rua Nova de San João, rising on a steep hill from the river, and crossing the eastern end of the Rua Nova dos Ingлезes. By a regulation, which has been strictly adhered to, each house must correspond with the one opposite to it, to prevent, we may suppose, the one staring the other out of countenance, so that if the builder of one side has displayed any remarkably bad taste (no uncommon occurrence), the builder of the other, though a man of superior judgment, has been obliged to imitate him. As it is, the effect when landing is good, for the houses are high, with gaily painted and gilt balconies; a handsome stone fountain against the gable end of a house to the right, and reaching to the roof, first meeting one's sight. Had the suspension-bridge been carried across the river from the foot of this street, as was first intended, it would have been a sight of which the people of Oporto might have been justly proud. As it is, the bridge is placed completely out of the way, with a wretched

approach at each end. This fault was committed to take advantage of the solid rocks on each side, in which to fix the chains, and because the river is there a few feet narrower. It was erected by a French engineer, and belongs to a company. By its bad position a large sum is lost occasioned by the number of persons who cross the river in boats who would otherwise have gone on foot.

The idea of making the opposite houses match, originated, it is said, with the Marquis of Pombal, who ordered several streets to be built, and planned many others, of which the monuments remained for many years in the shape of very magnificent door-ways and lower window-frames of highly carved stone, some covered with the humble roof of a cottage, and others serving as walls to gardens. Of late years, as the city has increased in wealth, most of those buildings have been completed. Granite being the foundation on which the city stands, every edifice has the window and door-frames of well-carved stone, and is most substantially built; even the lowest cottage being formed to endure for ages.

In all parts of the city are fountains, generally formed after Moorish models, in what I call the arabesque style. Some are built under arches, and against walls, as are to be seen in Italy—but all have some carved work about them, and are, at all events, far more elegant and ornamental to a city than is the Aldgate-pump, *par exemple!* At every hour of the day they are surrounded by Gallegos with their water-barrels, and girls, some with pitchers, to fetch

water, and others washing clothes. The inhabitants of all warm climates delight in fountains, and lavish the greatest care on their construction ; indeed, when walking the streets on a hot sultry day, it is truly delightful to see the pure bright water bubbling forth, and running over the stone basons or tanks in every direction.

At the top of the Rua Nova de St. João, turning to our right, we enter the Rua das Flores, the best paved street, and containing the richest merchandise of any in the city. It is principally inhabited by the goldsmiths and cloth-merchants : the shops of the latter are dingy-looking places, without glazed windows, the light being admitted by two open door-ways, in front of which the bales of cloth are piled up. The goldsmiths' shops are very attractive, being filled with the most beautiful ornaments of light filagree work in gold, very similar to those made in Genoa of silver. Even the richest shops are of small size : the commoner ornaments are hung up in glass cases on each side of the windows, to attract the peasantry as they pass on a market-day, and the counters are elegantly decorated with the more costly jewels, also in glass cases. The gold used is without any alloy, nor can that so called by English jewellers be worked in the same way. The Portuguese look upon it as some base metal, unworthy of the name of gold. Their precious stones and jewels are also very beautiful, and are sold at a much lower price than is paid for inferior ones in England.

At the end of this street is the large and once

wealthy convent of San Bento das Freiras, the Nuns' Convent of St. Bento. A few nuns advanced in years still reside there, who employ their time, and gain a livelihood, by making sweetmeats and ornamenting boxes of dried fruit, which they sell chiefly to the English merchants. A flight of steps leads to a court-yard in front, through which is the principal entrance. It is a high white-washed edifice, full of closely barred windows, whence in days of yore many a fair face has gazed forth with a hopeless, wistful look, longing to escape. The church is on one side, and behind it is a secluded garden, of which the old wall of the city forms one barrier.

Turning to the left for a few yards, we enter the Praça de Dom Pedro, at the foot of two of the widest and gayest streets, the Calçada dos Clerigos and the Rua de Sant Antonio, which face each other, rising up two steep hills. At the summit of the first is the church and lofty tower of that name, of which I have before spoken, and at the top of the Rua de Sant Antonio is the Church of Sant Ildefonso. The shops in these streets are chiefly those of the linen-drappers, mercers, French hair-cutters and milliners, and of French bijouterie. Here are to be found the trunk- and saddle-makers, and the manufactories of hats, of which great numbers are exported to the Brazils.

The people of each trade congregate very much together. The grocers live in the Rua Nova de San João, the shoemakers chiefly in the Bello Monte, the ironmongers in a dark, narrow, winding street, that

of Santa Anna, the tinmen in one equally dirty and obscure by themselves, the shops of the *soco*-makers are found in numbers together. The *soco* is the wooden shoe worn by all the lower orders: the sole is formed of orange-wood with a high heel, the upper part, generally of some bright leather, is shaped like a slipper. As the wearer runs along the pavement they make a loud clattering noise, and one is surprised that they can be kept on the feet: a novice attempting to walk in them will most assuredly kick them off at the first step he makes.

But to return to the shopkeepers. Unlike most other shopmen, they appear to be utterly careless whether they sell or not, throwing about their goods without seeming to know even the prices; generally asking at first more than they will take, and indeed being perfectly ignorant of the illustrious San Slick's art of dealing in 'soft sawder.' I have frequently entered a shop with the intention of purchasing some article, and have quitted it without getting what I required, merely from the people not choosing to take the trouble to search for it, although I have had no doubt that the shop contained that, or something which would have answered my purpose. They are both in manners and appearance the most disagreeable class of the inhabitants of the city, yet even they at times are polite and attentive to a stranger. They are also absurdly proud, and expect to be addressed by the title of "O Senhor"—as, "The gentleman will have the goodness to shew me a pair of gloves." These remarks refer more to the

shopmen, frequently raw lads from the country, than to the masters; though there is abundance of room for improvement in them also.

There are seven or eight large open spaces in the city rightly called *Praças*, to which we in England should give the name of squares; though as few of them are built with much mathematical precision, they cannot lay claim to the latter appellation. The largest is the Praça de St. Ovidio, one of the highest parts of the city, whence there is a fine view; the air also is excessively pure and healthy. On one side stand the principal barracks, a fine building capable of containing three thousand men, the space in front serving as their exercise-ground: here also all grand reviews are held. On another side is the house of the Visconde de Beira, with some pretty gardens before it, which he throws open to the public every Sunday in summer. Behind the barracks is the handsome church of Nossa Senhora da Lapa, containing the heart of Dom Pedro; a broad well-paved space being in front, and a fine flight of steps leading to it. Near the church is also a beautiful terrace cut in the side of the hill, planted with trees, and ornamented with a balustrade and stone-seats. The view hence over the city, river, and neighbouring country, covered with pine-groves, fields, and hamlets—the isolated rocky height of St. Jeans to the right, and the castle and town of St. João da Foz in front, with the broad extent of the Atlantic beyond—is very beautiful. The high road to Braga passes here, and it is by far the best approach to the city.

The next praça in size is the Cordoaria, or rope-walk, so called from being exclusively appropriated to the use of the rope-makers, who ply their trade across it. It was formerly surrounded by noble trees, three only of which now remain, the others having been cut down during the siege to form palisades for the trenches; but it has again been planted with young ones. In every direction appear fine buildings, but so irregularly placed that their effect is lost. On one side is the prison, a handsome edifice of dark stone—opposite is a college, incomplete, but already occupied as a school of medicine, and behind it is the Foundling Hospital. In one corner is the lofty tower of the Clerigos, and close to it the new market-place, in constructing which the useful has decidedly been more consulted than the ornamental. On the other side, towards the sea, is the fish-market, on the side of the hill, so that the roof alone is seen. Near it is the small pretty church of the Anjo; and in another corner the grand hospital, by far the finest edifice in the city, but much of it is hid from view; the ground sloping down to it, and a row of houses standing in front on a more elevated site. The other sides of the Cordoaria are filled with the houses of the rope-makers, and by a number of miserable sheds, which are being gradually pulled down. If however the rope-walk were removed, as proposed, to a more proper position on the banks of the river, this would be a very fit place for public gardens; being in a central position, and the approaches to it easily made

good. Just below the Cordoaria is a very pretty spot for a public walk, called the *Virtudes*—a terrace on the summit of a wall built up to a great height from a valley; but it is of small extent. It is ornamented with rows of lime-trees, which in spring emit a most delicious odour, and has stone seats along it, reposing on which one may enjoy a view of the shipping crowding near the quays below, the suburb of Maçarellas, the whole length of the river, with its rugged cliffs and shallow bays, to the very mouth, the castle of St. João, and the bright blue glittering sea beyond. Yet lovely as it is, from being open to the road, few people except those living in the immediate vicinity ever resort thither.

Leaving the Cordoaria, we descend the broad street called the Calçada dos Clerigos, and reach the square now called the Praça de Dom Pedro; but it has changed names with each revolution in the form of government. On one side is the Casa da Camara, or Town-hall, exhibiting a specimen of the taste of the Camaristas; it being painted on the outside a bright blue and yellow. Some of the rooms are of considerable size, but as a building its pretensions to beauty are not very great. The side next it is occupied entirely with the church and convent of the Congregados, now used partly as a tobacco-manufactory, and part fitting up for private houses. On the other sides are dwelling-houses and shops, and in one corner appears the old city-wall. The centre space is perfectly level, and is surrounded by stone-pillars, and an iron railing, with trees planted on each



side, forming a very neat and pretty square. This was formerly the place of execution, and here the ten Constitutional judges who had formed the Provisionary Government were put to death by Dom Miguel when he usurped the crown—two others who were respited being compelled to witness the death of their friends. So little did the unfortunate men believe in their danger, that though they might have escaped from prison they refused to do so.

Ascending the broad but somewhat steep street of St. Antonio, to the right of which between gaps in the houses is seen the old wall of the city, we reach the Praça de Batalha, where at one end stands the church of St. Ildefonso, and at the other the Italian Opera House, a large pile having not the slightest claim to architectural beauty, being a high oblong edifice, with pink walls, and crowded with windows.

There are several large houses here, the principal one being that of the Condessa de Pangim and Senhor Manoel Guedes her husband. This is the most irregular praça in Oporto: all the buildings appear to have started forward eager to reach the centre, but finding the ground too rough for their advance, had remained twisted and turned in every possible direction. At the end of the street leading from hence is the Praça de San Lazaro, the only one laid out in public gardens. They are surrounded with stone-work and a handsome iron railing: the flower-beds are in the French style, with numerous seats, and a large circular bason with a *jet d'eau* in the centre: altogether a very pretty spot, each year improving as the trees grow up, and

the resort on a summer-evening of many respectable people; sentries being stationed at the gates to prevent those who are not so from entering. Two entire sides of the praça are formed by convents; one, the Nunnery of Sant Lazaro, is still inhabited by a few of its former inmates: it contains also an establishment for young ladies who are left orphans and have no friends with whom to reside. The other is now converted into a public library and a picture-gallery, of which I will hereafter give a description. A little way beyond it are some gardens, established by an Italian, the former Impressario of the Italian Opera House. He has given the name of Tivoli to them. They are completely in the French taste, containing a *Montagne Russe*, roundabouts, swings, a shooting-gallery, and other means of amusement; but are not much patronized by the fashionables of Oporto society.

Turning down a narrow lane from the Batalha, we reach the beautiful but much-neglected walk of the Fontainhas, running along the very edge of the cliffs above the river. Few cities are able to boast of a more lovely view than that seen from it. In the depths below, the dark-shining stream glides rapidly along, spanned on the right by the graceful iron suspension-bridge, above which, crowning rugged cliffs on the north side, appear the ancient walls and towers of the city; and on the opposite side, on the summit of yet higher rocks, the circular dome-roofed church and convent of the Serra, now falling into decay. Beyond, again, stretching along the shore and up the hill, is seen the wide extending town of Villa Nova.

To the left, between the high and barren cliffs, we catch a glimpse of green and smiling banks covered with trees, and the turrets of the picturesque palace of the Freixo in the distance. Here and there too below us a tiny cottage is seen on some jutting point, or the white sails of a windmill—vines and shrubs growing among the broken crags, and many a sparkling stream darting down over the moss-grown rocks. At the end of the walk to the east is a ruined building called the Seminary, the first post the British gained at the passage of the Douro. A large space near it, formerly the gardens of the bishop's quinta, is now converted into a public cemetery,—one of the most important improvements made of late years in Oporto.

I delight in the view I have attempted to describe, particularly as seen from the gardens of my friend Mr. H——, which overlook the walk, when seated in a summer's calm evening on the stone seats beneath the trelliced vines, the last rays of the setting sun tinging the crumbling summits of the convent-walls and the topmost points of the rugged cliffs, a dark shade thrown into the chasm below, while the distant hills are yet glowing with a ruddy hue. Then as the shades of night draw on, the lights twinkle forth one by one from the bridge and from the windows of Villa Nova, and the song of the boatmen is heard ascending from the depths below; while, perchance, from the bark of some party returning from a pic-nic on the lovely banks high above the city, a flight of rockets shoot up from the dark abyss in a jet of mimic stars, the bright sparkling drops reflected in the placid mirror

of the silent stream as they take their downward course. A few years ago, Lieut. Holman, R. N., well known as the blind traveller, paid a visit to Oporto, where I had the pleasure of meeting him; and I one day took him to the walk of the Fontainhas, minutely describing every point of view. "I see, I see!" he exclaimed; "it is very lovely:" and seemed as much pleased as if he could actually behold the prospect with his visual organs. Should he publish a further account of his travels, I doubt not that he will give as exact a description of the spot as I have now done. He is, indeed, a most extraordinary person; possessing, notwithstanding his entire deprivation of sight, the most undaunted courage, the highest spirits, and a vast fund of humour: he is also full of information and anecdote; having, as he says, through his own perseverance seen the greater part of the world. He is accompanied by no servant, but hires always a native of the country he is visiting: he writes his journal, shaves, dresses, and invariably packs his own portmanteau, never losing an article. He visited the interior of Portugal during his stay in the country, riding on a mule, and was once nearly killed; the animal, having got on some sand, threw him off, and commenced rolling over him. He was stunned, but not otherwise seriously hurt, and again mounting, continued his journey as if nothing had happened.

At the end of the walk is an enclosed space with trees, seats, and a fountain, but not kept in order; indeed, a row of shabby houses on one side prevents it from becoming a fashionable resort. If some hand-

some houses were built in this place, it would be as delightful a spot as any in the city,—similar, but far superior in beauty, to the terraces near the St. Vincent's rocks at Clifton.

Besides the *praças* or *largos* I have mentioned, there are, close to the Cordoaria, those of the Ferradores and the Carmo, in which is the most frequented church in Oporto. The barrack of the municipal guard is in the convent to which the church formerly belonged. In the former are a number of wine-shops, and also the shops of the makers of deal-boxes, chairs, and tables—the highest-priced costing half-a-crown: they are formed of the pine of the country, fastened together by wooden pegs, but are strong and serviceable. In the centre of the Carmo is the corn-market, where the dealers in corn sit on the market days, before moveable stalls, with trays, on which their samples are displayed, while their carts and cattle are collected around. Out of the Ferradores runs a long street, called the Cedofeita, in which are several good houses, and from it numerous other new, well-paved streets branch off to the north, all the houses of which have gardens: they may be considered the outskirts of the city. There are also several other *praças*, the names of which I forget.

I must not, however, omit to mention a large open space, within the barriers to the west of the city, called the Largo do Torre da Marca, on the summit of some cliffs overhanging the river, a road running down at their base. It takes its name from a mark which formerly stood there for the entrance of vessels into

the river, shaped like the gable end of a church with a large arched window in it. The building was knocked down by the cannon-balls from an opposite battery during the siege of Oporto, and the materials were carried off to erect a new mark in a more convenient position, nearer the mouth of the river. On one side is a group of beautiful quintas, one below the other, nearly to the water's edge; on the other, some barracks for soldiers; indeed, this space is often used as their exercise-ground. Both up and down the river the views are lovely: to the west between the cliffs the entrance to the river is seen, with the castle of St. João da Foz on one side of it, and a long sand-bank on the other, between which the richly laden barks dash boldly on from the wild waves of the ocean into the tranquil waters of the Douro. To the east, the city is seen rising from the stream, house above house, many a church steeple elevating its head among them, till all are crowned by the elegant tower of the Clerigos. On the opposite side is the now shattered, but picturesque convent of the Serra; the wide-spreading town of Villa Nova extending in the form of a theatre up the hill, while far beyond are seen range above range of mountain-chains, each more blue and indistinct, till lost in distance. The river, taking a sharp bend some way higher up, gives the water from hence the appearance of some land-locked arm of the sea, increasing its picturesque beauty. Nearly opposite is the site of the ancient Calle, the hill on which it stood now crowned by a round signal-tower, and directly in front the church of St. Antonio,

belonging to a suppressed convent, whose once picturesque gardens, full of statues and fountains, are now rooted out and destroyed. On the inner side of this beautiful spot is a row of dirty houses; but I have heard it proposed to pull them down, and to build in their stead a fine crescent, such as adorn some of the heights on which Bath and Clifton stand. Should such a plan ever be followed out, the residences here will be the most desirable in Oporto; for even in the calmest day of summer the sea-breeze seldom fails to reach this spot. Behind it is one of the largest houses in the city, the residence of the Conde Terrena Jozè, a square edifice with a fine old square tower at one corner. Near it is also another large building, called the *Casa das Carrancas* (The House of Ugly-faces), where the Emperor Dom Pedro took up his abode during the siege, and which was successively occupied by Marshal Soult and Lord Wellington during the Peninsular war. This is the most airy and cleanest part of the city, and in this neighbourhood the greater number of English reside. Here of late years several straight, level, and broad streets have been opened, and a number of good houses have sprung up—indeed a variety of improvements are still going on.

The suburbs of Oporto to the north and east extend for a considerable distance on each side of the principal roads; the houses being chiefly small, but here and there a few of good size appear. The chief high roads are those to Viana, still left in the old style of badness; to Braga, a fine broad macadamized

road, to Guimaraens, also a fine new road; to Amaranthe, a tolerable paved road for some distance; and to Valongo near the river, partly macadamized and partly paved—then across the river, and through Villa Nova to the south towards Lisbon, a fine road is progressing rapidly.

It may justly be said, that in comparison with most other cities of the Peninsula, the streets of Oporto are light, clean, and airy, with the exception of the most ancient, which run along the river within the wall, and those which surround the height on which stands the *sé*, or cathedral, and on which hill there is no doubt the first foundations of the city were laid. These streets are however well worthy of an exploring visit to those who have any taste for antiquarian research, as, though narrow dark and winding, the houses are lofty, of fine hewn stone, now blackened by time, and contain many curious specimens of that elaborate carving, with which our ancestors delighted to adorn their domiciles. Here, as in the old town of Edinburgh, many of the ancient families possess mansions, now mostly abandoned for more airy situations, or inhabited only during their short visits to this the northern metropolis of Portugal.

One of the most foreign-looking (if I may be so allowed to call it) of the streets of Oporto, is the Rua das Hortas, which is paved entirely across with large smooth flag stones, and is of great length, extending up to the Campo do St. Ovidio. Like the streets in many Spanish towns, it has no raised



trottoirs: the houses are high, with several rows of projecting balconies, and so narrow a space between, that people in them can conveniently carry on a conversation across the street. When on the day of some grand procession, crowded with well-dressed ladies, and hung with various-coloured flags and cloths, the ground being strewed with flowers, the effect is excessively pleasing. Few of the houses in Oporto are without one or more rows of balconies, supported by brackets of carved stone, and having iron railings painted and gilt, which give them a very gay appearance.

From the faint outline I have drawn, my readers may judge that Oporto is a very picturesque and handsome city: it is so—and a rapidly improving one in every respect. Ten years of constitutional liberty have worked wonders—ten years more of internal peace and mercantile prosperity, and I doubt not still greater and more beneficial changes will take place. People who knew it some years ago will say that I have overcoloured my drawing: if this work is read ten years hence by a visitor to the place, he will declare that I have not done it justice; for I feel assured that my prognostications will prove correct.

## SKETCH IV.



View of the Alto Douro.

The River Douro. Brilliant Action on its banks. Course of the River traced. Contemplated Improvements to facilitate its Navigation. Mournful Disaster from its sudden Rise. Voyage up the Douro. The Rio d'Ouro. Suburbs of Maçarelos. Quays. Church and Convent of St. Antonio. The Portuguese skilful Shipbuilders. Merchants engaged in the odious Slave-trade. The various Craft on the River. Suspension-Bridge: frightful loss of life owing to its giving way. Serra Convent. Palace of the Freixo.

THE Douro is worthy of a sketch to itself; and well may the inhabitants of its banks be proud of their beautiful stream, possessing, as it does in its course, every variety of lovely scenery, and affording a high road from the interior of Spain to the wide ocean, by means of which they reap the advantages of an extensive commerce. To Englishmen it is a

name ever allied to recollections of triumph and victory.

On the 11th of May, 1809, the French advance guard of Soult's army having been driven into Oporto by the British, who were advancing from Coimbra, destroyed the bridge of boats. When Sir Arthur Wellesley arrived at the banks there were for some time no boats to be procured. Having sent General Murray up the river to cross at Avintes, and General Sherbrooke to the lower parts of Villa Nova, he posted himself on a rock to the east of the Serra convent overlooking the river, having a broad valley below, in which the main body of the army were drawn up, sheltered completely from the sight of those in the city by the lofty cliffs on which the convent stands. At last it was reported to the general that two boats had been procured: "Let the men cross," was the order given. A company of the Buffs, under my gallant friend Major M<sup>c</sup>Crohan, were the first to pass, when clambering the steep rocks they took up a position in and round the seminary before the French were able to attack them. The rest of the army crossing, and Murray and Sherbrooke appearing on each flank, the French hastily retreated, leaving their sick and wounded, fifty pieces of cannon, and great quantities of ammunition behind them. It is said that so little did Soult imagine that the British would cross, that he was actually about to sit down to a banquet in the Casa das Carancas, when he was obliged to mount his horse and fly; his conqueror partaking of the feast thus ready prepared. Pursued

by the British, the French general made a most masterly retreat into Spain, through the pass of Salamonde; of which I shall hereafter give a description.

The Douro rising near Soria in old Castile, traverses the kingdom of Leon, and then taking a southerly course, forms the eastern boundary of the Portuguese province of *Tras-os-Montes*. Again trending to the west, it separates the latter province from that of *Beira*, as also *Beira* from the *Minho*; running continually between almost inaccessible mountains till near *Oporto*, below which city it falls into the sea. It was formerly navigable only for a distance of about twenty leagues from the sea to a place called *St. João da Pesqueira*; a line of solid rock there running across its course. But some years ago an English engineer was engaged, who by blasting the rock removed the impediment, making the channel deep and safe; so that there is now a free communication along the entire distance into Spain. Many rocks and sand-banks even at present much impede the navigation throughout its whole course; but several improvements have already taken place; and it is now in contemplation to deepen all the shallow parts, so as to allow boats of large size to proceed from the mouth into Spain without unloading, which at present they cannot do, at all events during the dry seasons.

Works of great magnitude have already been commenced to improve the entrance of the river. It is intended to narrow the stream by means of stone walls, and to throw out an immense breakwater of stone

on the north side, from the castle to the Figueira rocks. This will both turn a large body of water which now flows in that direction to the main stream, and will break the force of the waves which now roll in with north-westerly gales. The rocks in the centre are to be blown up, so that it is anticipated, that except during freshes (that is, swells of the river) vessels will at all times be able to enter, and that the steamers from England will always communicate, even if they do not enter the river, which I see no reason why they should not then do. On the north side of the entrance is a dark stone castle, of little value as a modern fortification, were it not protected by reefs of rocks, which would prevent a hostile bark from approaching near enough to injure it. From the south, a spit of sand a quarter of a mile in length runs directly across what was probably, some centuries back, the embouchure of the river, leaving only a narrow passage near the castle. The point of this spit it is which the engineers propose to remove, as well as to blow up the hidden reef and the other rocks between it and the northern shore.

I love to gaze on that stream, either in calm and sunshine, or when, as swelled by the wintry floods, its foaming billows chafing the shore, it rushes on with headlong force towards the ocean. It is pleasant, too, on a sultry summer's day to glide in a light bark over its calm tides, and to dart forth from beneath the walls of its frowning castle into the broad Atlantic. Oh what words can describe the delicious coolness one enjoys, the elasticity and purity of the air, the

feeling of boundless liberty one experiences, as the boat dances gaily over the bright sparkling wavelets just raised by the fresh sea-breeze which has not yet reached the scorched shore. None but those who have dwelt in climes where, stopping the breath and parching the skin, the hot sirocco blows, can fully appreciate the delightful sensations one enjoys as the first breath of the ocean-gale fans one's cheeks, and one enhales its saline coolness, restoring vigour and energy to the exhausted frame. Yet those waters, now so calm and smiling, may become to-morrow a sea of foaming breakers, that, rushing onward with terrific force, would hurl to fragments, if once within their grasping power, the proudest ship which ever ploughed the ocean's bosom.

The time when the Douro assumes truly a character of wild grandeur is in the early spring, when under the influence of a warm southerly wind the deep snows melt rapidly from the mountain's brow, and at the same time deluges of rain fill the many rivers and rivulets which run into the main stream. A few hours only have passed since with a clear current it flowed sluggishly along, and it has now become a mighty roaring torrent of turbid and foaming waves, sweeping in its irresistible force buildings and cattle, human beings and their frail barks, to destruction. In that time the water has risen twenty to thirty feet between the lofty and confined banks, filling the ground-floors of the houses in the lower part of the city and of Villa Nova, sweeping away the bridge of boats across the river, and tearing many

vessels from their moorings, has borne their shattered remains out to sea. I speak of times past. Such was the fate of the last bridge of boats, now replaced by a handsome suspension one of iron. I have stood on the banks watching the tumultuous and yellow tides bearing in their vast eddies whole trunks of trees, whirled round like mere straws; the leafless branches now lifted high, and again in a moment the roots appearing above the waves, till I have been compelled to turn away my head, made giddy by the rapid whirl of the waters, and my ears stunned by their loud roar, as indignantly they chafe their shores. But it is when it reaches the river's mouth that the most terrific conflict is seen between the fierce current and the ocean-billows as they meet on the bar, throwing high aloft the foaming and sparkling spray, and rearing like two enraged horses of the desert, loudly snorting in desperate combat as their flowing manes toss wildly in the air. The river however triumphs over all opposition, and its yellow tide is seen stretching far out to sea, ere it consents to mix with the clear waters of the wide ocean.

Many years ago—I remember well the time—with scarce any warning, the waters from the interior of the country rushed down upon the city, tearing several vessels from their moorings, driving them high up on the banks, or carrying them far out to sea. In one, called the *Fair Hibernian*, which it was proposed should sail the next day, General M'Crea, afterwards so celebrated in India, had taken his passage; all his luggage being on board, though

his family were providentially sleeping on shore. He had himself gone on board, when down came the roaring tide—the iron chains and stout ropes which secured the vessel parted like packthread—he had just time to leap on shore, and she was hurried whirling round and round down the boiling stream. Some of the unfortunate crew who were below rushed on deck, to witness their awful situation, without the power to save themselves. They were quickly bearing down upon a line of raging breakers, when the vessel giving one heel, turned keel uppermost, and her masts drove firmly into the sand. Some of the hapless mariners still remained alive, and managing to climb up the sides, secured themselves on the keel, the water foaming round them, and forming a complete cataract on the side towards the sea. There they remained for hours waving their hats, and making every signal to the shore for assistance which the energy of despair could dictate; for well they knew the uncertain hold the masts could have, and that a moment might sweep them away. Crowds of people lined the banks, endeavouring to devise means to send them assistance. The consul, Mr. Crispin, the British merchants, with the philanthropy and noble liberality which always distinguishes them on occasions of real emergency, offered the highest rewards to the persons who should save them; but no human power could guide a boat through that mad whirlpool, and no one dared venture towards them. Higher up boats with strong hawsers were carried across, serving but to add the pangs of bitter disappointment to the



feelings of the unfortunate wretches on the wreck, for not one could reach them. Still more wildly did the hapless beings wave their hats, more despairingly they shrieked; but their cries were drowned by the far louder roar of waters. The spectators' hearts beat quick: those were awful moments: with anxious looks each man regarded his neighbour. "Can no aid be afforded them?" was the eager question often asked. "None! They are in the hands of God," was the answer. Yet no one could withdraw from the sad spectacle. "Great Heaven!" was the general cry, "the mast has given way!" The vessel moved—but still the mariners cling to life: madly she turns—in a moment she is among those watery mountains; and ere the pallid wretches can offer up a prayer for mercy, they are swept from their hold. The greedy billows hide them and their once proud bark from mortal ken, and their mangled forms find fitting shrouds amid the tangled sea-weed in their ocean-graves.

But I have dwelt long enough on wrecks and disasters, and on the whirlpools and tempests of the Douro. I will now describe that lovely stream in its calmer moods, with the smiling aspect it generally wears—the sun shedding forth its brilliant and somewhat scorching rays—the sky blue, how intensely blue none but those who have dwelt in a southern clime can credit—the water calm and pure—the finny tribe leaping forth in very joyousness to gaze on the lovely world. A gallant bark, the white and azure banner flying at the main, is just entering with all canvass set,

from her long western voyage, welcomed by an hundred anxious spectators, and surrounded by numerous pilot-boats ready to carry out warps, should the light breeze fail, to tow her from the threatening rocks. What a confusion of tongues there seems, above which the deep-toned voice of the pilot or of captain is heard, issuing his orders, or the creaking of the yards as the sails are trimmed to meet the changing wind, or brailed up, ere the anchor is dropped in its well-known home. A few of the river fishermen, in their narrow flat-bottomed canoes, turning up at each end like a Chinese shoe, are on the bar, lifting their nets, while a fleet of the large fishing-boats, with their single lofty latine sail, are gliding quickly in towards the shore. Some hold their course up the river, and others land their scaly cargo at the Cantareira, now crowded with women eager to fill their baskets: some of the crews are unloading the boats, others are washing their nets, and troops of boys are scrambling for the smaller fry, shell-fish, and crabs, while all are laughing, shouting, and jabbering. At the end of the Cantareira (a pier which extends over some rocks into the stream, with a slip by its side) is a small watch-tower with a domed roof, and which contains a shrine dedicated to the patron saint of mariners.

Before we commence our voyage up the river, observe a troop of urchins—I mean not *achini*, but little human beings, *sans* clothes, and *sans* shame, gamboling in the water near the end of that rocky point: they holla to us with their shrill voices, and ask us to throw a piece of copper-money into the

water; so quickly do the amphibious little monsters dart down, that ere it has reached the bottom they have caught it, returning with it in triumph as their reward. In the centre of the river is a structure of solid stone-work to mark a ledge of rocks, and on the south side is the commencement of a wall to confine the stream. This wall is about to be concluded. Beyond it is a shallow bay stretching some way inland, its shores of pine-covered hills, on which are seen a few country-houses.

St. John's, formerly a mere fishing village, now possesses a number of neat pretty houses, with its club and billiard-rooms, and is, during the bathing season, a favourite resort of the Oporto fashionables. From it a fine broad road cut into the rock extends the whole distance to Oporto, lined with lime-trees, poplars, and willows. For nearly a mile on the north side extend the houses of fishermen and pilots, undulating hills rising behind them covered with pine-groves and cottages. We then come to the Naval Arsenal, whence several beautiful vessels have lately been launched. A brig of war is on the stocks before it: her architect has a right to be proud of her, and far may she bear the blue and white banner of her constitutional sovereign over those seas on which the Lusitanian name has reaped undying renown! Now arise on each side lofty and precipitous cliffs, that on the north extending near to Oporto, that on the south forming a high bluff point. Where the northern cliff commences, a small stream falls beneath the road into the river. It is called the Ouro, and is said once to

have contained gold, whence the river takes its name. *Ouro* being the Portuguese for gold. The *Rio d'Ouro* is, literally, the river of gold. I suspect however it gained its name from the colour of its waters after rain, which may, like those of the Tiber, poetically be said to be yellow as gold.

At the foot of the cliffs by the side of the road are several fountains, whose cool streams spout forth from the solid rock into tanks overshadowed by drooping willows, beneath whose shade stone-seats are formed, grateful resting-places to the weary pedestrian on a scorching summer's day. At the termination of the cliff is the suburb of Maçarellos, behind which is a beautiful valley, whose sides are covered with houses, and large gardens filled with the orange and every variety of tree. A line of houses along the shore extends hence to the city, every nook in the cliffs above them containing buildings and terrace-gardens—crowds of vessels, bearing the flags of all nations, moored to the broad quays before them. First appears the Brazilian custom-house, an extensive edifice, and higher up the former convent of Mont Chique, now turned into a military store, the tower of which is worthy of notice. There is then a broad esplanade, the houses receding far back with an arcade before them, extending to the ancient gateway and wall of the city. The wall runs directly up the summits of precipitous cliffs, at right angles from the river. It is now however almost concealed by modern houses. The city rising on many hills to the north, and Villa Nova

opposite to it in the form of a theatre, I have already sketched.

Opposite to Maçarellos on the south side is the bluff cliff, which forms a picturesque feature in most views of the city. In a slight indenture within it is an uncultivated spot among the rocks, where, in former days of bigotry, the remains of the English and other Protestants who died in the city were deposited. A little higher up are the ruins of the church of St. Antonio, to which a convent was attached, with lovely gardens extending up the hill, full of orange- and lime-trees, and the sweetest flowers—with flights of stone steps, terraces and balustrades surmounted by flower-pots of all shapes and sizes, having fountains spouting the coolest waters into tanks, some full of gold and silver fish, and others serving as reservoirs to preserve the snake-like but delicious lamprey. But the boast and pride of the good monks were their statues; and certainly a most extraordinary sylvan gallery of them they possessed. Not only had they all the saints of the Christian calendar, but all the heathen gods and goddesses on record, so completely mingled in amicable disorder, that it was a difficult task to distinguish whether the personages before one belonged to sacred or profane history: indeed, their worthy owners, not possessing a superabundance of classical knowledge, were under the impression that they were one and the same characters; an idea which has occurred at times to less pious persons. Venus therefore was often paraded as the Virgin Mother, Jupiter was exhibited

as St. Peter, while to Mars was assigned the honour of representing St. Anthony. Every one affirmed that a statue with his caduceus in hand, and wings to his heels, was no other than the angel Gabriel, and would have considered the person most impious who doubted it. Apollo with his harp was always introduced as the king of Israel; and poor Pan, that amusing monster, was pointed at as the King of Darkness. There was no end indeed to the mistakes committed; but it mattered little—the pious crossed themselves with equal devotion as they passed, and never failed to return to their homes highly edified by the spectacle.

It must be confessed that the worthy friars took every lawful means to increase their creature comforts; for which purpose as the fishing-boats came down the river at night (their usual time of sailing to follow their calling on the deep) a light was seen burning brightly before a shrine on the beach, where was stationed a holy friar to invite the mariners to offer up a prayer for their preservation, and success in their expedition, he promising to employ himself during their absence in seconding their petitions. On their return, they never failed to give their spiritual advisers the choice of a certain number of their booty. In these enlightened times the fishermen have learned to fancy such was an useless tax. Poor men! they forget that their golden goose is killed, and that friars, if their prayers were of no service, and if they indeed did not eat fish themselves, at all events encouraged others to do so, while now few eat it except when they feel inclined. Peace be to the friars, and

the goddesses, the saints, and Jupiter's court; for they all disappeared some years ago, hewn down by the ruthless scythe of war, and the spot which once knew them, knows them no more. The property was put up to auction: it was bought, alas! by a man who cut down the trees, ploughed up the land, which now bears Indian corn and cabbages, and filled the church and convent with pipes of wine. May the spirits of the thirsty friars still hover over the spot, and suck dry the wine-casks, so that when the dull, miserly owner comes, he may find his treasure has disappeared.

As one sails up the river, one is struck by the number of beautiful vessels of all classes, from the heavy Brazilian merchantman to the light *rasca*, which float on its waters. A great many English vessels, of from seventy to two hundred tons burden, trade to Oporto, but except a few from the port of Liverpool, they appear to great disadvantage alongside the Portuguese merchantmen; for, though the latter people have sadly fallen from their ancient naval supremacy, they still build some of the finest models in the world. In the dock-yard at Villa Nova there are frequently eight vessels—ships, brigs, and schooners—at a time on the stocks, seldom taking more than three months from the time the keel is laid till they are launched. The Portuguese are first-rate caulkers and riggers; and I have frequently seen them sheath a large ship with copper on both sides in three days. Most of their vessels are honest traders to the Brazils; though I have seen many a lovely but most wicked-looking craft—a sharp

low schooner with taunt raking masts, square yards, and light canvass, which I had good reason to know has had a different destination. It is said that these vessels first run to some American port, where they fit out, taking their manacles on board, and then proceed to the African coast to load with a cargo of human beings. Certain it is that the Brazilian slave-market is abundantly supplied; that many of their own, as well as Portuguese and Spanish vessels, are engaged in that detestable traffic; also that many wealthy merchants trading with Rio de Janeiro have made their fortunes by employing their money, if not personally engaging themselves in it. Aye, several whose names stand well in the world are known to have gained their wealth by that cursed means. Many of the Portuguese either cannot see, or wilfully shut their eyes to the heinousness of the crime; nor do they understand the feelings of detestation with which Englishmen regard it. As a proof that my assertion is correct, I need but mention a conversation which occurred between me and a person whom I encountered during one of the tours I made into the interior of the country. He was a man wealthy and respected, with a large family whose pursuits he was describing to me. "One son," he observed, "is assisting me at home in my business, another is at the university, and two elder boys are merchants at Rio." "You have settled them well," I said. "Yes, thank God! they are prospering bravely: I heard lately from the two in the Brazils, whither they had just returned with a large cargo of



slaves from the coast of Africa." "Trade in slaves!" I ejaculated unconsciously, while a feeling of repugnance to the man crept over me. "Yes, they have been, with the blessing of Heaven, very fortunate: they have themselves run several cargoes without losing a vessel, though they have had some narrow escapes from the British cruisers." "The same British, my countrymen," I exclaimed, "you are aware, would imprison if they caught them, and would a short time ago have hung them!" "They are well aware of the risks they run," he answered, with a short laugh; "but think of the immense profits they make—the temptation is irresistible." He probably would have inveighed against the British for this interference, and I dared not trust myself to speak further, lest my indignation should uselessly break forth. I should have felt more satisfied with myself had I turned my horse's head and galloped away from the man who could speak thus, instead of partaking as I did of his hospitality. He all the time was perfectly unconscious of the effect he had produced on my mind. The slave-trade he had been taught to look on as a lawful traffic: he could not comprehend its foulness—its enormity. We Englishmen must thank Heaven that we have been brought to think rightly on the subject. By the aid of that merciful Heaven may the free sons of Britain at length put a stop to such deeds of darkness!

The Portuguese, as I have said, do not, or will not understand our motives and feelings, declaring that we are anxious to put down the slave-trade,

because, having abolished slavery in our own possessions, like the dog in the manger, we are unwilling others should enjoy its benefits ; and, observing that we were fools in the first place to do so, they laugh at the idea of any philanthropical motives now swaying us. To which I indignantly answer—Do they affirm that justice, honour, humanity, exists not in the world? Do they suppose that philanthropy is a mere chimera, which dwells only in the brains of a few madmen? Can they, whose countrymen I have seen share their last loaf with a beggar, who shrink from inflicting pain on a dumb animal, who are by all acknowledged to be a charitable people—can they affirm that justice, charity, did not demand the sacrifice? It did, and I know that I speak the truth. It was a spirit of exalted, of the purest philanthropy, unadulterated by any base interested motives, which animated the bosoms of a whole nation ; which made them rise with one accord, and demand of their rulers that the foulest stain on the national character should be wiped away without a moment's delay. They knew perfectly well that it would injure their pockets, they knew they must pay for their demand ; but they felt like the beggar with the hideous wen, which he insisted on having removed, though he had hitherto gained his livelihood by its exciting compassion, and though he knew perfectly well he might bleed to death from the operation and should be obliged to work honestly, or starve, but yet determined at all risks to get rid of the hideous deformity. I am proud that they were my countrymen who did that noble deed,

who set that bright example to the rest of the world ; an act which itself places them at the head of the true chivalry of the age, and which will be remembered through all times, though even our nation itself pass away. History will hand it down to the latest posterity, that Britons were the first great abolitionists of slavery.

If people do not believe what I affirm, they cannot believe that virtue has any existence—philanthropy must be to them a mocking phantom ; they cannot believe in goodness, they cannot believe in charity, the very essence of their nominal faith ; they are recreants from their God, they are infidels—they are the worst of infidels—they are Atheists ! Let the world sneer—it was an action of which Britons must be proud, and our foes know it right well. Perhaps Heaven's approving smile for that very deed may remit the curse which seems to hang over all great nations, and the downfall of England, in which an envious world would rejoice, may yet be far distant. Let this thought be a cheering consolation to those who have lost their wealth by the most noble act of our young sovereign's reign.

Besides the handsome Portuguese ships, brigs and schooners, and the lean-sided, deep-waisted English merchantmen, there are tub-like Dutchmen of yellow varnished wood, Danes, Swedes and Prussians ; nor must I forget the native *rascals*—little decked vessels employed in the coasting trade, generally with round sterns, long narrow and low, having three short stumps as masts, on which are set lofty and tapering latine sails,—the most picturesque craft they are

which dance on the waves. Then also there is the *hiate*, which ventures on longer voyages, and is of the most ugly and graceless style of rigs the idea of man could invent. She is a species of schooner, but the masts rake in different angles; indeed the foremast frequently rakes forward, while the head of the foresail is nearly square without any peak, and the mainsail is peaked up in the most awkward fashion: the hulls are however very fine, and I have never been able to discover why they are rigged in so hideous a fashion. The large fishing and pilot-boats I have already described, as well as the *toldo*, or Portuguese gondola, and the small flat fishing-boats shaped like the toldos without the roof. Then there are the *Ovar* boats, like canoes, with decks turning up at each end; the *caiques*, little flat-bottomed punts; and the long narrow canoes cut from the trunk of a tree, and used by the ship-builders and caulkers. The custom-house has also several large boats, with a complete room in them containing a table and chairs. Such are the different varieties of craft which float on the waters of the Douro.

At the extreme eastern part of the city, with a high cliff at each end, is the new suspension-bridge; the supporting columns of handsome white stone, the ends of the chains being fixed into the solid rock. It is a very beautiful and ornamental object, but not so picturesque as the unfortunate bridge of boats, which crossed a few yards lower down the stream, and over which the heaviest waggons could pass, each

of the boats forming it measuring sixty to seventy tons. At the taking of Oporto by Soult it was the scene of a dreadful calamity. After a brave defence of the place, by the armed citizens, who were encouraged by the bishop and the priests, there being but a few regular troops under the command of the Baron d'Eben, the entrenchments were stormed, and the French cavalry entering, cut down all they encountered. The people, panic-struck, fled towards the bridge—a current was running at the time—the bridge gave way beneath the weight of the foremost—the rest, not seeing what had occurred, pressed on, precipitating those before them into the stream. Several thousands, it is said, thus perished. A picture was hung up till lately at the end of the bridge commemorating the catastrophe, with a box beneath it, on which was inscribed, “Give alms for masses for the souls of those who died.” Passing beneath the suspension-bridge we have lofty and rugged cliffs on each side; the walk of the Fontainhas on the summit of those on the north, with the seminary and bishop’s quinta, now masses of ruins, and the Quinta de China on the extreme point. Crowning the dark and precipitous rocks on the south is the Serra Convent—how changed from what I once knew it! battered by shot and shell, the roof fallen in, its walls tottering, and its once rich gardens a wild stony waste, except that, here and there, amid the shattered fragments of columns and vases, a few sweet roses still struggle into existence, to mark the spot where once they grew in rich luxurance, under the

skilful care of their priestly owners. Emerging from this narrow and romantic gorge, the river expands into a lake-like scene, with soft and smiling banks, covered with hamlets and villas peeping forth from the varied foliage which surrounds them. A quarter of a mile up the stream stands the palace of the Freixo, with its hundred windows, turreted walls, and terraces reaching to the water,—the most picturesque edifice in the neighbourhood. It was built by a descendant of the Lancaster family, and belongs to the Visconde de Azureira, who resides entirely at Lisbon.

Though we have seen scarcely four miles of the river, I must conclude this Sketch, as I shall describe the chief part of it on my return down its course from the confines of Spain.

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## SKETCH V.

Society in Oporto. Assembly Rooms. Agreeable Reunions broken up by change of Rulers. Friendly Intercourse. Skill of the Natives in Music and extempore Poetry. Different Classes in the Social Body. Festas, or Merry-makings. Courtships. Marriages. Christenings. Funerals. Visits of Condolence. Feelings regarding the Dead. Belief in Purgatory. Procession of the Host to a sick Person.

To describe the society of a country in which one has resided a long time on intimate terms with a large portion of its members, may be easy; but it is certainly a delicate task: praise may be considered as flattery, and censure would be condemned as ingratitude towards those from whom one has received constant attention and kindness.

Lord Porchester observes, "Were I asked in what country society had attained its most polished form, I should say in Portugal. This perfection of manner is perhaps most appreciated by an Englishman, when seen in that portion of the aristocratic class, which has adopted in minor points the refinements of the first European society, and has retained the spirit, while it has in some degree dropped the exaggerated ceremonial, of the old Portuguese courtesy. Portuguese politeness is delightful, because it is by no means purely artificial, but flows in a great measure from a natural kindliness of feeling. A Portuguese has a real repugnance to wound the feelings of the humblest individual, and sedulously avoids any expression which can possibly have that effect; not only because it is ill-bred, but because the act of inflicting pain on

another is disagreeable to himself. A Portuguese possessed of strong sarcastic talent, will seldom direct it, however veiled, against any individual present, and will use the utmost circumlocution in conveying an unpleasant truth."

"The restless feeling so often perceptible in English society hardly exists in Portugal: there are no ardent aspirations after fashion; there is little prepared wit, and no one talks for the mere purpose of producing an effect, but simply because his natural taste leads him to take an active part in conversation. In spite of manners apparently artificial, society is more unaffected in Portugal than superficial observers would at first suppose."

Speaking of the fair Portuguese, his lordship observes: "They do not possess, to the same extent, the heady passions and romantic feelings of their beautiful neighbours; but they are softer, more tractable, and equally affectionate. Certainly, with some few exceptions, they are not highly educated; they feel little interest on general subjects, and consequently have little general conversation. A stranger may at first draw an unfavourable inference as to their natural powers, because he has few subjects in common with them; but when once received into their circle, acquainted with their friends, and initiated in the little intrigues that are constantly playing along the surface of society, he becomes delighted with their liveliness, wit, and ready perception of character. The best society in England is perhaps the best in the world, because it combines civilization of manner with cul-



tivation of mind ; but, without reference to intellectual culture, the last finish of polished breeding distinguishes, perhaps in a still greater degree, the higher orders of Portugal."

With the above observations of that highly-talented and amiable nobleman, an admirable discriminator too of character, I most cordially agree. In one respect he would find an improvement. Education, now widely extending among all classes, has not been neglected by the fair and young *fidalgua*. Many with whom I am acquainted possess all the usual accomplishments of our own fair countrywomen ; they are well read on many subjects, and speak both French and English with facility ; some also Italian. I will but mention the names of a few belonging to the first families of Oporto. The Condessa de Terrena José, and her fair daughter-in-law Donna Maria Guedes, the wife of Senhor Francisco Brandão ; the young Condessa de Rezende, and her charming sisters, daughters of the Visconde de Beire and nieces of the Duke of Palmella, with whom I have conversed in each of the languages of which I have spoken. I might give a long list of other ladies of the highest families in the kingdom, whose education has been carefully attended to, including many also of less exalted birth, who possess equal attainments. To a stranger they are as reserved as Englishwomen generally are, if not more so ; and the idea of displaying their knowledge never entering their heads, a visitor to the country may remain a considerable time, and depart, under the impression that they do not possess it. Many English

residents not mixing in the more select circles of their society, have been unable to form a correct opinion on the subject; indeed, I know of few writers on the country who have enjoyed opportunities of observing the higher classes correctly. The known character and rank of Lord Porchester at once gave him the *entrée* into the best society, and he therefore has described the nobility of Portugal in true and very pleasing colours. With few exceptions, the Portuguese gentlemen of the present day, whatever may be their rank or fortune, are possessed of an elegant education, though their classical attainments rarely equal those which our universities afford. When I describe Coimbra, I shall speak of the subject more at large.

There are but trifling differences in the style of general society of the present day throughout all the large cities of Europe, particularly where, as in Portugal, the aristocratical privileges,—those barriers which served to keep the different classes asunder,—have been completely overthrown. At the large balls in Oporto all ranks of gentle birth and education meet on equal terms; the daughters of the highest noble giving their hands in the dance to any gentleman, whatever may be his lineage, who claims the honour, without waiting for the formal introduction of the lady of the house, or the master of the ceremonies. There are at Oporto two assembly-rooms, which the higher classes frequent, being invited by the respective members of the associations to which the rooms belong. The oldest is the British Association, commonly called the English Factory House, established some fifty

years ago by twelve or rather more of the principal British merchants of the city. The ball-room is of most elegant proportions, with a drawing-room and supper-rooms on each side ; and I have seen it crowded with a brilliant assemblage of rank and beauty, such as few other establishments of a similar nature can boast of. Many royal guests have honoured it by their presence ; balls having been given by the members to the Emperor Dom Pedro, the young king of Portugal, the young Prince de Lippe, Lord Beresford, and many other personages of distinction who have visited Oporto. I mention these names merely to shew the style of the society in these assemblies. At one time the fidalgos only, with few exceptions, were invited there, including the chief military and civil authorities in the place, with their families. Now, however, it would be impossible to keep up such a distinction, and consequently all respectable families, who mix in the general society of the place, are in turn invited.

That next established was the *Assemblea Portuense*, or Oporto Assembly-rooms. Every gentleman of whatever nation is eligible to become a member by ballot ; most of the principal people in the place belonging to it. It is a regular club-house, with the addition of a very handsome ball-room, rather larger than that of the Factory House, where six balls are given during the winter, ladies only being invited ; no gentleman who does not belong to the club being admitted, unless he is a stranger. The greater number of the fidalguia frequent them, and the music and refreshments are

very good. There are also several large private houses in which balls are given, but far less frequently than formerly.

A few years before Lord Porchester visited Oporto, some of the principal fidalgas opened their houses, each an evening in every week, so that not a night passed without an agreeable reunion of very delightful society. Those once admitted into their circle might drop in at pleasure; no invitations being issued. At that time many British officers held commands in the Portuguese army; and those who still remain alive will remember the elegant *soirées* of Donna Anna Forbes d'Albuquerque, Donna Emilia de Souza, Donna Gertrudes Leite, and of many others, where the most polished manners were combined with vivacity, wit, and courteous kindness towards their foreign guests. So many of the principal families supposed to be favourably inclined to Dom Miguel retired to their country-houses on the arrival of the liberating army, that the circle I speak of in Oporto was completely broken up; nor have they since assembled in the same form.

A similar agreeable style of society is however still general in the place, although the greater number of the actors in it are changed; but I cannot pretend to say it is equal to what it was before the present democratical tendency had gained so much ground. The bitter feelings of animosity engendered during the strife between despotism and liberty are gradually wearing away; and as the present generation of nobles grow up, accustomed to associate with their

countrymen of less aristocratic birth, though equally well educated, it is fair to suppose that all acerbities will vanish, and that society, though enlarged, will be equally polished, and carried on in the same amicable way as formerly.

It is however on their own estates in the country, surrounded by their relations and dependents, that the Portuguese nobility are seen to the greatest advantage; and if a stranger is pleased with their demeanour when meeting them in the society of a city, he will be doubly so on such occasions. In the country their houses are open nearly every evening for the reception of their neighbouring acquaintance, who there meet and amuse themselves much in the same way that we do in England, though perhaps with more vivacity. Dancing, of course, where there are young people, forms one of the principal sources of amusement. They have a variety of games, such as French blind-man's-buff, cross questions and crooked answers, and one in which a person gives a line, and each of the rest of the party must add another rhyming to it. Then there are few young ladies who do not play on the piano—generally very well. Most of them, as well as many gentlemen, touch the guitar, with which they accompany their voices in their exquisite *modinhas*, and they will frequently sit round in a circle, each of the party following the other, singing *improviso* verses. There is also scarcely a neighbourhood without its poet, who recites his verses on all great occasions, without the slightest degree of *mauvaise honte*; and if there are two or more present,

they will frequently enter into an amicable contest for superiority, like the bards of old. The Portuguese language is admirably adapted, as well for tender and pathetic (of which there exist as beautiful specimens as any language can produce) as for comic and satirical poetry, in which the people certainly excel; and on the occasions of which I speak, much amusement is afforded by the poets reciting verses of the latter style; for though they will generally raise a good-natured laugh against some of the party present. they take care never to make use of expressions which can offend.

As in most continental countries, it is much the custom for people to visit each other in their boxes at the opera—a very agreeable way of passing the time between the acts, and during the ballet; though they love music too well not to attend to the singing while that is going forward.

From what I have said, it may justly be supposed that the best society in Portugal is most agreeable and polished; nor can even a stranger fail to be pleased with it. Of the second class I know less, though there are two other assembly-rooms in club-houses, besides those I have mentioned, to which a great number of members belong, where large balls are constantly given; one called the *Civilizadora*, the other *Recreative*. Many of the young ladies whose families frequent them are possessed of considerable beauty; and though I cannot say how far their mental education may have been attended to, they all dance remarkably well, and most of them are very fair

musicians: indeed, there is scarcely a house of any respectability in Oporto which does not boast of a pianoforte. I speak of the class of society—a very large one too—whose members are not precisely the most wealthy merchants, and who are yet above tradesmen or artizans—such as rich shopkeepers, clerks in public offices, brokers, &c. In dress they vie with the higher orders; the ladies universally now appearing in Parisian costumes, as do the men; a slight difference only in the style being discernible between them and the higher orders, and the he beings appearing with a greater profusion of oily locks and gold chains, according to the custom of *La Jeune France*.

The only time ladies now wear the mantilla is when they go to mass, or rather to confession; on which occasions it is not the etiquette for any of their gentlemen acquaintance to notice them, as they are supposed to be *incognita*: even that custom is gradually going into disuse, and I believe many ladies do not even possess this article of dress. The richer females wear a mantilla of thick black silk: it consists of a petticoat and a long hood with a triangular piece of pasteboard at the top bent over the head. It is then kept in front by the hands of the wearer, and is far from an ungraceful costume. The lower orders wear it made of a sort of camlet. In a few years it will probably entirely disappear; for little girls even of the lower ranks are invariably dressed in bonnets, though their mothers adhere to their old style of dress. The third class of the social body have

also their peculiar amusements ; the principal of which is a visit on a holiday to some neighbouring village, where there is a *romaria*, a festa or merry-making. A *romaria* is a fête held in honour of some saint, generally in an open space before the village-church. Here booths and stalls are erected for the sale of fried fish, sweet cakes, and prints of the saint, with the latter of which the visitors adorn their hats on their return home. The people from the neighbourhood for several miles round assemble in their gayest costumes, the young men with their low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, set jauntingly on one side, their jackets thrown over one shoulder to exhibit their bright-coloured waistcoats and white shirt-sleeves, most of them carrying their three-stringed guitars in their hands ; the young women in a far greater variety of dress—some with a white handkerchief thrown over the head, and a gay one over the neck, with or without any cloak ; others wearing low-crowned broad-brimmed hats, from beneath which the most coquettish cork-screw ringlets appear. Then again others have high-crowned ponderous black hats, bedecked with flowers and ribbands, and a bright shawl worn on the shoulders. But the most magnificent of all are the farmers' wives, with the last-mentioned style of hat, and a blue riding-habit, their necks literally covered with gold chains, and large gold rings of filagree work pendent from their ears. They generally arrive on the back of a mule, donkey, or horse, their lords following on one of those animals behind them ; nor can the noblest lady in the land look more proud than



they, as they return, having their hats adorned with a print of the saint, and well filled with *bacalhao*, sweet-meats and wine. The older men wear long blue coats, carrying a thin stick of considerable length in their hands. Then come the citizens—the wife with a bonnet of a far from fashionable shape: for want of style a profusion of flowers makes amends—a bright shawl covering all other defects—either on foot, or on a pack-saddle; the husband sometimes, if they are not blessed with offspring, on a small donkey, or else carrying, with paternal solicitude, his last infant in his arms, and leading one or two other little cherubs by the hands; the mother and the maid-servant accompanied by a like number each. The people on these occasions perform a small quantity of praying, a good deal of eating and drinking, and a vast quantity of dancing and singing: but although numberless wine-casks are brought to the ground in carts, drunkenness is very rare; nor are there any of those quarrels or disorders which take place on similar occasions in most other countries. The dances consist (the partners first facing each other) in performing the figure of eight to a slow tune, with sundry hops and skips, but without much spirit; their countenances generally wearing a grave expression,—except perhaps when a witty observation is made by one of the beaux, on which the girls will clap their hands, and give way to a hearty shriek of laughter, apparently almost uncontrollable. The castanets are peculiarly Spanish, I believe; at all events, I have never seen them used in Portugal: The guitar is the instrument generally used, accom-

panied by the voices of the dancers, except on grand festas, when large bands of musicians attend.

It is highly amusing to accompany a large party of people returning from a romaria, a dozen or more men walking together with their guitars, or rather violas, in their hands, with which they accompany their voices, as one after the other they give forth extemporary poetical effusions; sometimes pathetic, and at others jocose, as their spirits incline them; the women answering them in return. There is a monotony in their airs, which may at length fatigue the ear, but it is extraordinary what beautiful images these rustic poets will invent; nature—the great master—being their best instructor. The bright skies of day, and glittering stars of night, the pure sparkling atmosphere of their delicious clime, their green fertile vales, their picturesque mountains, their clear streams, and, more than all, their dark-eyed maids, the gallant sons of Lusitania, and their love of liberty, are in their turns the subjects of their muse. I have heard the same style of singing in Germany, and it must be confessed that the peasantry of that country are far more scientific musicians, though I doubt their being such good poets.

In my walks I have frequently stopped at the door of a cottage, where a large party have been assembled, amusing themselves with music and dancing. The dances I have then seen performed have been very similar to quadrilles, with all the gravity and decorum to be seen in more brilliant assemblies; and I must do the people the justice to say, that I have never seen in

their behaviour anything at which the most fastidious person could cavil—except such as would deprive the humble peasant of all light and innocent amusements suited to their taste.

From dancing we naturally turn to the style in which courtships are carried on in Portugal. Here the gentleman seldom enjoys the same opportunities of paying his addresses to his mistress as in England : not that love-matches are not common, but the arrangements are more frequently made by the parents, and a *mésalliance* is consequently scarcely ever heard of. With regard to the higher ranks, there is but little difference, if indeed any, with the custom of our own country. In the next class the gentleman walks as frequently as possible under the lady's window : when he has attracted her attention, he stops and utters a few complimentary speeches, and then, if observed by strangers, he moves on, and returns again to renew the conversation. He next meets her at church, and as he kneels near her at some side altar he must be dull indeed if he cannot send her a *billet-doux* expressive of his admiration. The chorister-boys, or sacristans, on these occasions frequently perform the office of Mercury, if a lynx-eyed duenna, or severe mother accompany the young lady. It being the custom at balls to hand a lady to her seat next her *chaperone*, as soon as the dance is concluded, a lover has little time for that tender style of conversation which we Englishmen find so delightful in the retired alcoves and snug boudoirs with which our luxurious houses are so properly supplied. It cannot be surpris-

ing therefore that they are of the Italian opinion, that *Tutto il tempo e perduto che in amor non se spende*, and that they make the most of the time they are together. Where the gentleman has good birth or fortune to recommend him, of course the parents afford him every facility of meeting their daughter, under, however, a stricter *surveillance* than an Englishman would approve of.

Among the peasantry love-making is a more refined affair than in England. A Lusitanian clown when he meets his mistress respectfully takes off his hat, and stands leaning at some distance on his long stick, while she, on the other side of a gate, or with her basket resting on a wall, looks demurely on the ground, a smile playing on her lips, every now and then turning on her swain such sparkling glances from her bright eyes that it is no wonder his heart is enflamed; and I believe that very rarely is either party fickle or false. I have a very high opinion of the Portuguese peasantry, but particularly of the females, who are possessed of all the amiable qualities which adorn the sex throughout the world, with as large a share of beauty as generally falls to the lot of any.

The courtship concluded, the marriage-ceremony takes place, among the lower orders in the parish-church. The priest literally ties the hands of the loving couple together with the end of his surplice, before he puts on the ring. He reads the service in Latin, the spectators all the time not thinking it necessary to act with any great decorum; and as soon

as it is over they salute the bride and bridegroom with showers of bon-bons, before even they can get out of the church. I remember on one occasion seeing the officiating priest almost blinded by one hitting him in the eye, greatly to the amusement apparently of all present. The higher orders are married in the private chapels belonging to their houses, the ceremony being the same as in other catholic countries; a ball afterwards taking place at the house of one of the party, at which the newly-married couple are invariably present.

They frequently live on for years in the house either of the lady's or gentleman's parents, till their family increasing over much they seek another home, though more often till it becomes their own.

Christenings being frequently consequent on marriages, it next occurs to me to describe them. Those I have seen have taken place in private chapels. I once accompanied an English Protestant friend who had been requested to stand godfather to the child. The guests first assembled in the drawing-room, when refreshments were handed round, and we then repaired to the chapel, where each person was presented with a long wax-taper, with which in our hands we stood round the font on the left side of the entrance. There was only one godfather, and one godmother. They stood close to the priest, who, habited in rich vestments, took the infant in his arms, anointing its lips and eyes with oil, and afterwards made the sign of the cross with water on its brow. A few prayers quickly hurried over in Latin completed the cere-

mony, when we gave our tapers to a servant, and took our leave. One important thing may be noted, that people can scarcely be called bigoted who will admit of Protestant sponsors, for it is at once acknowledging them equally good Christians with themselves; and I know many Protestant residents in Portugal who have several Catholic godchildren. Perhaps, however, the most rigid Catholics would not allow it.

The only church-ceremony which is in Portugal performed in an imposing manner is the burial of the dead: all others are hurried over as fast as the priests can get through the work. When a person of distinction dies, he is laid out in state on the following day in his chapel, which is lighted up by candles. In the evening the corpse is carried in an open coffin to one of the principal churches, where it is placed beneath a black velvet canopy trimmed with silver, on a bier covered with the same. The attendant mourners line the church, with long waxen tapers in their hands, while the burial-service is read, and some music is performed—frequently very fine, though the tunes are not always appropriate to the gravity of the occasion. The coffin is then closed, and the key handed to the person of highest rank present, or to the most intimate friend of the deceased, whose duty it is to hand it to the nearest relation. The mourners then accompany the coffin to a cemetery near at hand. The same coloured canopy is used for matrons, but for maidens it is always blue and silver, and for young children of various gay colours. The canopies I

speak of might be called temples, raised for the occasion in the centre of the church: the devices are elegant, and the pillars being ornamented with silver wound round them, they have a very handsome appearance.

The Portuguese give the very poetical name of *anjinhos*, little angels, to young children when they die; and considering that they are at once translated to heaven, without the unpleasant passage through purgatory, instead of mourning for them, they rejoice, putting on their gayest attire: thus at their funeral no one appears in black, and the parents are congratulated instead of condoled with. I remember attending the funeral of a friend's child, but when people went up to congratulate him, he shook his head, observing, "A father feels the same whatever may be his child's age."

Hearses have lately been introduced at Oporto, which were much required, as the cemeteries are all now on the outskirts of the city. Throughout the country it is prohibited to bury the dead in churches; a wise regulation, which followed close upon that made in England to the same effect. The poor think much of the way their children are buried, and will make any sacrifice to get the little corpses decked out gaily. One frequently meets a woman with a small blue coffin open on her head, and a dead child, dressed in silk and tinsel, with its cheeks painted, to give it the appearance of life. I like the idea which prompts this, for at the last glance the mother takes of it, before it is closed for ever from her sight, it

appears to her eyes to retain all its beauty ; and she thus thinks of it only as a lovely angel about to enter the realms of bliss.

The most disagreeable, and I think absurd ceremony, which takes place after the death of a person of any family, is the visit of condolence to the nearest relations of the deceased, called the *pesemo*. On entering the house the visitor finds the hall and passage dimly lighted, and following a servant he is conducted into a room hung with black, with a single small taper burning in it. Groping his way up to where he supposes the owners of the house are sitting, he bows and makes some appropriate speech—they rise, and bow in return, and he then retires from them, and finds a place on the seats arranged round the walls of the room among the other guests, with whom he may converse in whispers. He ought to sit there till some fresh guests arrive, when he may rise, make his bow, and depart. I have always found these visits the greatest tax upon my politeness ; and I should think that having thus to sit up for three evenings must be excessively irksome to people whose feelings have just been agitated by the loss of a near relative. The custom arose from the more intimate friends calling to console those who were in affliction ; but at present it is considered incumbent on all persons to receive even their common acquaintance. It has now become the practice to issue notes of invitation to funerals ; and rather curious compositions they are. The paper surrounded by a broad black edge, and a print of a tomb at the top, sets forth, that as Heaven



has pleased mercifully to take to itself the illustrious Senhor Jozé Antonio Teixeira Pinto Alvarenja d'Azi-verdo, his widow requests you will do your utmost in paying respect to his memory, and accompany his body to the grave. These invitations are frequently issued by the undertakers, who send round according to the lists they have had on former occasions, without reference to your acquaintance with the family of the deceased; but of course in such case it is not necessary to comply with them.

A relation of mine, commanding in this district, was once asked to take charge of the key of the coffin of some person of consequence, who had died, and to deliver it to the widow. One of his officers, led by curiosity, approached the coffin after it had been locked, and examining it, found that there were no hinges. He afterwards mentioned the circumstance — "Oh," said somebody present, laughing, "of course the sacristan would never think of burying the fine clothes with which the corpse is covered, and that handsome coffin: the clothes he will sell for a good price, for they will serve to deck some of our city dandies, and the coffin will probably contain the remains of fifty other illustrious personages."

The truth is, that in general the Portuguese think little of the bodies of their friends after death: the last obsequies are paid—they have done their duty—and it is given over to the arch-devourer of kings and beggars, the hungry worm. It is for the soul, the *alma*, the essence, they utter their ejaculations: they offer up their prayers, and expend sums in masses, to

free it from purgatory. This idea, or feeling, is, I conceive, more general among the southern nations of Europe, than those of colder climes, and is certainly more philosophical than the one which causes people to regard with affection the mouldering remains of their friends. The North American Indians bury the implements which will they think be required in the happy hunting-fields; the ancient Irish laid the weapons of the warrior by his side; the Scandinavians did so also; the Saxons raised magnificent monuments to the dead, whom they fully believed appeared often in their bodily forms;—even in the present day the Russians, Swedes, Danes, Germans, and English, talk and think far more of the body of the deceased than of the spirit. We speak of our departed friends—the Portuguese invariably express themselves regarding the souls of the dead. They pledge each other to the *alma* of the departed. I remember particularly a friend of mine relating a circumstance to that effect. During a *pesemo* visit the lady of the house rose from her seat, and pouring out a glass of wine put it to her lips, saying in a solemn voice, “Let us drink to the soul of my deceased brother.” The effect of the speech may be more easily conceived than described.

The numberless pictures of bodies surrounded by flames over the altars by the road-side, as also over all the money-boxes at the entrance of the churches, and in various other places, would lead one to form a different opinion, had they not the words above them, “Give, that masses may be said for the souls in purgatory.” That same belief in purgatory is, for

obvious reasons, more deeply instilled into the minds of the people than any other ; and I have found many who had little trust in every other article of their faith, still cling to that. Though most certainly no authority can be produced from the scriptures in its favour, it is one at which the mind eagerly grasps, and was a theory of many philosophers long before the Christian æra—not in its present grotesque form, which represents potentates, monks, priests, nuns, statesmen, soldiers, and beggars, grinning with agony in a burning caldron ; but the old heathens taught that the soul, after throwing off this earthly and gross coil, must be cleansed by fire from all impurities, to prepare it for the bright realms of eternal bliss. It has been proved to be a most dangerous doctrine (if its falsity is not so clearly made known) by the very gross abuses to which it has given rise, and should not be credited by those who found their faith on the revelations of scripture.

To be no longer serious, the subject puts me in mind of a Portuguese story, said to have been told by the Bernardine friars, who have the same reputation of repeating facetious anecdotes as the celebrated Joseph Miller, esq.—A certain person who had been guilty of piracy, and various other objectionable acts, by which he had amassed a large fortune, was told, during his last illness, by his confessor, one of their order, that he must leave his property to their convent, or he would most assuredly have to sojourn for a very long period in purgatory. Though unwilling to undergo so disagreeable an alternative, he did not im-

mediately comply with the advice the friar so disinterestedly gave him, but took the first opportunity of informing his son of what he was about to do, and that he should be obliged to leave his children destitute, or take a long spell in that place of torment. To his son's expostulations, he answered, "Think, my son, of the burning flames, and the wicked characters with whom I must associate for thousands and thousands of years, if I do not pay for a sufficient number of masses." "And think, my father, of the poverty and misery I and your other dear children must endure if you give your property to those lazy friars," responded the affectionate son, pressing tenderly the hand of his dying parent. "Think of that, my beloved father: besides, what is it after all? *You know you will soon get accustomed to it!*" When the friar next came the old pirate had departed this life, and his son ever proved himself a most exemplary character—being esteemed one of the most wealthy men in the place.

I forgot to mention a ceremony which I should think must often hasten the departure of a sick person of delicate nerves. When the friends of the invalid see his end, as they think, approaching, they send to the parish-priest, who, at whatever hour of night it may be, hurries to the church, where he assumes his vestments, and, taking the box containing the wafer, the ointment, the wine, and oil, issues forth; four men holding a canopy over his head, and a number follow with candles, one person preceding him ringing a bell, to give notice of the approach of the Host, while a collection of choristers

accompany him chanting. As the emblem of the sacred mystery approaches, all hasten to do it reverence. Ladies will leave the gay dance, and rush to the balcony to kneel—gentlemen will rise from the social board—servants open the street-door to gaze on it—the porter deposits his load, and falls before it—the cavalier dismounts, and bends bare-headed, while the line of torches is in sight: indeed, the man who would refuse to do so would be regarded as the most impious wretch. He would formerly have run the risk of being stoned to death, though now he would escape with perhaps a threat or so, and a shower of abuse for his want of proper courtesy to the opinions of the people. Arrived at the house of the dying person, the priest and his immediate attendants enter with much bustle and parade, while the remainder stand outside the door loudly chanting. The holy sacrament of extreme unction is then administered, according to the usual style in the Romish Church, and the priest and his *cortège* allow the sick man to die in peace, or recover, as he best may. It is said a person has been *sacramentado* when this ceremony has been performed.

I have invariably dismounted from my horse, and taken off my hat whenever I have unavoidably met the procession of the Host, sometimes with a feeling far from complimentary to the ceremony or the performers. A little reflection, however, will convince most unprejudiced persons that what appears gross idolatry in the surrounding multitude, is not so in reality, with the more educated portion at all events.

The belief in transubstantiation being established in their minds, they kneel before what they conceive to be the real body and blood of Christ passing at the time. Previously therefore to one accusing them of idolatry, one must prove that article of their belief to be absolutely false and absurd. That is more than I can pretend to do, whatever I may think on the subject ; and indeed I suspect it will serve as a bone of contention between both parties to the end of time. The lower orders, probably no great reasoners on the articles of their faith, kneel. and pronounce the proper prayers, for the simple reason that they have been taught to do so from their earliest days ; so that they, at all events, are not to be condemned.

I will conclude this sketch with a piece of scriptural advice to the traveller in Portugal: "Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

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## SKETCH VI.

A Trip into the Interior. Comparative Merits of the Horse and Mule in Travelling. Macadamized Roads. Singular Occupation of female children. Various Features of the Country. Ancient Church at Sobrao. Beautiful Village, and Mineral Waters, of Vizella. Its ancient Baths reopened. Lovely Scenery on the road to Guimaraens. Arrival there on the Eve of the Festival of its Patron Saint.

As I suspect my readers must by this time be weary of hearing so much about Oporto, I shall beg leave to take them for a short period into the interior of the country, before I conclude my sketches of that far-famed and interesting city.

It was on a beautiful morning in August 1844, when, accompanied by a party of six friends, all of us well mounted on stout, active steeds, I left the city of Oporto, to make a tour through the lovely and fertile province of the Minho. Our baggage-mule was sent on ahead by the direct high road to Guimaraens (the place we proposed resting at on the first night), while we took a circuit to the right, to visit the long-celebrated baths of Vizella.

We disdained employing the slow and heavy mule to convey our own valuable persons; for however steady that truly sagacious and philosophical animal may be in ascending or descending rugged and precipitous mountains, he causes a sore trial to the temper when a sylvan glade, or a long line of smooth level road opens before the traveller; and such are constantly to be found even in the most mountainous districts, however much the stranger may suppose to

the contrary; I always, therefore, when travelling in Portugal, prefer the horse to his sage cousin, either native bred, or, what is better still, a small stout Irish cob, after he has been a short time acclimatized, and has learned to masticate the chopped straw and Indian corn,—the only provender he is likely to enjoy. The mule, it is true, will always perform the same distance as the horse in the course of the day, or perhaps even farther on consecutive days of travelling; but then his unfortunate rider has to undergo an eternal jog, jog, jog, bump, bump, bump, from sun-rise to sun-set, without any variation in pace, except it be a canter, from which may his patron saint deliver him! for the chances are, that at the end of it his *macho* precipitates him (gently, or not, as may be) over his head; while the beast refuses again to rise, till he has enjoyed the pleasure of rolling the saddle, holsters, and other accoutrements, in the mud, or dust, according to the season of the year, or the situation of the spot, he has selected to perform his feat.

The said animal is admirably calculated to carry the august persons of reverend priests, or sedate merchants, who care not how long a time they employ on the road to heaven, or to wealth, so that they attain their respective goals at last. For my part, I prefer the exhilarating gallop, on the soft turf, the enlivening trot on the hard road, or the steady walk, while I admire the beauties with which nature has so bounteously sprinkled the surface of our earth, to the jog-trot pace of either priest or trader.



After all, which man enjoys the happiest old age, he who has jogged and bumped through life on a mule's back, to attain gold which he cannot enjoy, or he who can look back on the joyous scenes of his youth, when he galloped across the pampas of South America, or the steppes of Tartary, climbed the dizzy precipices of the Alps, or bounded over the dancing bosom of the ocean? Give me the retrospect of the latter,—the delights of a traveller's existence.

All the party being of my opinion, had, as I have said, chosen horses. A guide we had, who assured us he would shew us the way, mounted on a mule, but, like true members of the new generation, we soon left him and his mule far behind; nor did they again overtake us till we halted to bait our steeds and ourselves.

The rays of the sun, it must be acknowledged, as we proceeded were fervent, but our spirits were light, and so were the white loose coats we wore, our heads being protected by broad-brimmed hats of thick straw, while our feet were covered by large yellow boots. There was also a clear elasticity in the pure air, which made us care little for the heat. Some of the wiser ones of the party tore down boughs from a chestnut-tree to beat off the flies from their horses' necks, in imitation of a peasant we passed with a large leafy bough over his head serving in the place of a parasol.

The idea may be useful to an army on their march, under a burning sun, and the slight additional

weight would be amply recompensed by the luxury of shade. It would look more military, too, than Colonel Rolt's proposal of having an umbrella stuck in the saddle of each cavalry soldier. Besides, Malcolm set the example when Birnam wood marched forth to Dunsinane. I believe the gallant colonel intends only the officers to carry parasols; but such an exclusive privilege I deem very unfair, when the men might equally well enjoy it; and I doubt if he could *thus* keep his *moral command* over them. Fancy Lord Cardigan on a parade-day charging at the head of his regiment with parasols guarding the men's complexions! I suspect the idea was taken when the king of the tournament at Eglinton rode into the lists with an umbrella expanded above him. With due respect do I mention that magnificent outward revival of the pageantry of chivalry. I must persuade that excellent officer to adopt the Portuguese peasant's plan of a bough.

To commence our journey. After leaving the roughly-paved streets of the city, taking an easterly direction, our pleasure may be supposed when we found ourselves on the newly-constructed broad macadamized road leading to Guimaraens. Those only can duly enter into our feelings who know what that road was, full of stones and ruts, rugged and broken. Our horses seemed to know our thoughts; so, without waiting for the touch of whip or spur, away they gaily cantered, nor seemed willing to stop for some miles till we turned off on the road leading to Vizella on the right.

“Ah!” I exclaimed, “I have now firm hopes of the regeneration of Portugal!” On each side were green and fertile fields of the ripening Indian corn; on the left, low undulating ground with a serrated ridge, on which the Miguelite entrenchments were thrown up in 1833, and on which I saw drawn up the last remnant of Dom Miguel’s army before they finally dispersed. It was a sad day, for they madly descended to the plain, and were met by the followers of Dom Pedro, when a gallant constitutional officer, colonel Pacheco, fell; the hands of countrymen being uselessly dyed in each others’ blood. At that time the royalists’ cause was lost. We passed a pretty villa, much like an old English country-house, near the road-side. Here, I believe, the prince held his head-quarters for a short time.

On our right for several miles extended the seemingly barren ridges of the Valongo hills, whose bosoms are however filled with rich stores of minerals, among which coal and antimony are not the least valuable, while gold is still found on their surface; and the streams which flow from them turn the many mills and irrigate the fields of the corn-producing valleys below.

We now passed under high banks, crowned by small trees and shrubs, which forming a complete harbour, sheltered our heads from the rays of the sun; reminding us of the shady lanes of our beloved England, albeit the ground beneath our feet was far from soft or even. With a few bad bits, which had served as watercourses for the winter-rains, the rest of the

road allowed of quick transit. Observing seven crosses scattered on the side of a lofty barren hill, I asked of an old woman at whose cottage I had stopped to inquire the way, why, and by whom, they were there placed. "They were there planted by a holy bishop many, many years ago, Senhor," she answered. "He called the spot 'the holy Calvary,' and thither the young women go up yearly to worship the Lord." We first drew rein at the small village of Alfena, where we breakfasted, and breathed our steeds, who required a little rest after their morning's gallop.

One of our number, the soul of the party, who generally led the van, rejoiced in wearing a huge pair of boots reaching up to his thighs, something between such as are worn by the Life-guards and Dutch fishermen; and I was much amused, as, entering the village the last of the party, a respectable-looking personage made me a profound bow, demanding "if the gentleman who rode first in the boots was the baron?" What baron, he said not; but I conclude he meant a certain German baron, minister from the court of Prussia, who was then travelling about the country. "Sim, Senhor," I answered, bowing equally low, "O Barão das Botas;" and the title has stuck to our excellent friend ever since. We were not always, when we had become travel-stained and dusty, taken for such exalted personages.

As we again rode on, we passed some ten or a dozen men with drums, fifes, and other musical instruments. "Where are you going, my friends?" I

asked. "We are going, Senhor, to play this evening at a festa at Ramalhão, on the other side of Oporto; and we have come this morning from a place three leagues off. We are musicians, and travel about to gain our livelihood. Adeos, Senhor!"

Passing through a pine-grove, one of the party exclaimed, "Why the trees grow little girls!" and looking up to the top of one of the highest pine-trees, whose slender straight stem was destitute of boughs, there surely enough I beheld a young child, steadily poising herself on a slight bough, and chopping off the ends of those around her with her hatchet. In the same way on different trees several other girls were thus occupied. How they could have climbed up seemed the puzzle, for the stems of the trees afforded not the stump of a branch on which they could fix their tiny feet. I remember, some years ago, riding in the neighbourhood of Oporto with a friend, when we were followed towards a pine-grove by a young and very pretty girl, bearing a hatchet and a bundle. We lost sight of her for a minute; when a figure appeared with the head-dress of a woman, but the nether garments of a man, and throwing a broad band round the stem of a pine-tree, and fastening it also round her own waist, commenced a gradual ascent by lifting the belt with her hands, and pressing the trunk with her bare feet. It was our fair friend, who soon reaching a lofty bough commenced strewing the ground around with her green trophies. The young shoots of the pine are used as litter for oxen, and afterwards as manure; while the cone is burnt in the houses of

the rich, it yielding a pure bright flame. The lower orders eat the kernel when baked : it is found between each leaf, and has a strong oily taste.

Our road, gradually ascending, carried us to the summit of some lofty hills, whence behind us the bright blue sea could be perceived, the intervening country being composed of rich luxuriant valleys and gently-rising pine-clad hills ; the city we had left being hid from our view by the summer-haze, as was the Douro itself ; while towards the east, and in every other direction, rose hill upon hill, and mountain upon mountain, in endless succession, till lost in the azure tints of the pure sky. After again descending from our elevated position, we rode along the course of a rich valley, till we came to a small hamlet containing a little inn newly built, completely in the Elizabethan style ; though I doubt not the builder had never heard of such an order. From the upper story an oak bridge, under which we passed, led to the opposite bank : on the summit of the bank, or rather it may be called a rocky and green mound, was a small platform surrounded by venerable trees, and in the centre stood a small low and ancient church. Into the body of the building, which could not contain twenty people at the utmost, we did not enter ; but before it was a porch, about the size of the rest of the structure, containing a round stone pulpit, and on each side of the platform were rough stone benches, while several crosses with figures representing various events of the crucifixion stood in different positions around. About the whole structure was much elaborate carving, stained

and defaced by time. Here, then, probably, in the primitive days of the Lusitanian empire, or even before the time of Roderick, the aged priest would discourse on the mysteries of our holy religion, while his flock sat around, listening to his words, beneath the shade of the thick foliage, or knelt before the emblems of their Saviour's suffering. In those days the gorgeous pagantry of Rome had not carried away the minds of men from the contemplation of the simple truths of Christianity,—or, if I mistake not, that rustic church would never have been built. The name of the hamlet is Sobrão. On leaving it, a light stone bridge carried us across a clear stream, and we continued along the valley.

As we were proceeding through a muddy lane and stream, "Some of these horses are given to rolling in water," exclaimed a good-humoured Irishman of our party; "look out, my friends." The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when down went his own horse; he fortunately managed to extricate himself and scramble up the bank, but nothing would induce the animal to rise, till he had rolled over and over, crushing and wetting the saddle completely. Neither thrashing behind or hauling at his rein had any effect,—roll he would and did. It was impossible to resist laughing. "Why, O' Shaughnessy, your horse is as bad as a mule!" we cried. "Arrah! sure his mother was one before him, the baste!" he answered, applying his whip to the animal. "It was your own fault, my good fellow; why did you not spur him?" observed some one. "That is good! how could I think it

was *my* horse that was going to roll!" This naive answer drew forth loud shouts of laughter at our friend. When at length the horse thought fit to finish his bath, a warm sun soon dried the saddle, which escaped without material injury, besides being well washed in the stream; so in a few more minutes we were again *en route*.

We now mounted to the summit of the highest hills we had yet reached, and rode for many miles on an almost level path of soft gravel, along what is so justly likened to the back of a gigantic hog. The air in those elevated regions was pure and cool as on a spring morning, while the scenery on each side was wild and beautiful. On the hills in every direction were scattered immense rounded blocks of dark granite, like the petrified skulls of a race of giants, who might be supposed to have there fallen in some terrific combat. No mortal hand thus placed them, so there they must have remained since the Flood, though we might suppose that it would require the washing of the waves for centuries to have brought them into their present form.

On one of the highest points of the hill we passed a rough stone cross by the road-side, surrounded by a heap of small loose stones. "Who was murdered here?" we asked of our guide, who, for a wonder, was with us. It is the custom to place a cross on the spot where a murder has been committed, that each passer-by may say a prayer for the soul of the victim. "No one was murdered here, Senhor; but an *almocreve* was struck dead by lightning; and each



of his calling as they pass throw a stone to keep away the evil spirits." The *almocreves* are the carriers who, taking charge of six or ten mules each, transport goods to every part of the Peninsula. "Then why, Silvestre, do not you too throw a stone to keep the devil at a respectful distance?" we asked. He gave a scornful look with his handsome features, shrugging his shoulders as he answered, "*Orra*, Senhor, who cares for the devil? the devils and the saints, they are all alike—a set of cheats and thieves." "Hillo! Senhor Silvestre, I am afraid you are a bad boy: has the French school of infidelity sent its masters abroad to teach its doctrines to arrieiros and mule-drivers?" I thought. "I hope your opinions do not extend far, Silvestre," I observed. "There are more fools than wise men in the world," was the philosophical answer.

I must describe Silvestre (our arrieiro), who was an old acquaintance, having made a long journey with a relation of mine who spoke scarcely a word of Portuguese, and taken exemplary care of him, without cheating him of a sous—an admirable example of honesty. He was a good-looking, strongly-built youth, of middle size, and with a remarkably modest air; indeed, except when animated, his countenance had rather a heavy, frightened expression. His dress, with the exception of a broad-brimmed, round-topped, black felt hat, and a red sash, was somewhat nautical both in cut and neatness. He had paid attention to his dress; for he was now acting the part of squire to some English fidalgos. He rode proudly along on his mule, carrying two brace of saddle-bags containing

sundry bottles of liquor, cold chickens, and tongues. Notwithstanding his sad want of pious faith, we found him a steady good youth, although of no great wit in his profession.

People mostly talk of the broiling clime of Portugal, and here were we on one of the hottest days in August travelling for miles, and enjoying the cool air—warm enough, it must be confessed, the valleys were, but we cared not for that, braced as our nerves were by the air of the upper regions, nor did our horses either in any way suffer.

While yet on high ground a broad valley suddenly appeared before us, clothed with fertile fields and thick woods, beyond which rose, rugged, dark, and precipitous, a lofty mountain. At the foot of it, surrounded by trees, stood a house of considerable size, belonging to a Senhor Passos. The grandeur and solitude of the spot, and the barrenness of the mountain, reminded me of one of Scotia's old baronial castles; for many such I have beheld when wandering through that lovely land of heather, mountain, and lake. It might be Tullibardine, for instance.

We now again descended, and travelled along one of the most fertile valleys I ever saw, literally crowded with orchards; containing enormous cherry-trees, the vines loaded with the ripe and clustering grape hanging in thick festoons, from trees which lined the road-side, and almost capturing us in their snares, to avoid which we were obliged to bend low over our horses' necks. The vegetation was the most luxuriant I ever beheld: it is impossible to name

the vast profusion of gigantic trees, shrubs, and plants, which literally shut out the neighbouring hills from our view. A complete garden of Eden it seemed, and so indeed might be the whole province.

Descending the hill, suddenly a turn of the road brought us upon a high single-arched bridge, beneath which flowed a bright sparkling stream, and on each side rose high banks, clothed with trees, and covered with villas and cottages. "The valley of Ems in miniature, but more lovely far than Ems!" I exclaimed. The cottages, perched about on craggy heights in all directions, particularly on the left, were much in the Swiss style of architecture, with broad eaves to the roofs, and wide balconies painted in various colours, while flights of steps led up to them. I had not seen or supposed there was any thing like this vale in Portugal, which I at once rightly concluded was that of Vizella, famed for its mineral waters. The most conspicuous and prettiest cottage was one on the left, built by an Englishman, who took up his residence there for the sake of his health. Riding along a narrow but not uneven road for half a mile, with the style of scenery I have described, the valley expanding considerably, we found before us a wide space, bordered on the right by neat clean-looking houses of various sizes, and the rest occupied by public gardens, full of graceful trees, with walks and seats in all directions. Here was another new feature, also unlike any thing I had supposed existed in Portugal. Skirting the gardens, and a collection of curiously shaped low buildings, which we

learned were baths, we rode round the praça to the *estalagem* which stands in one corner. The approach to the upper story of our inn was by a flight of wooden steps on the outside, leading to a broad verandah. Shaking the dust from our hats and coats, and dispatching some of the contents of our saddle-bags, we sallied forth to visit the baths.

It must be observed that the valuable medicinal qualities of the highly sulphuretted waters of Vizella were well known to the Romans, and that they here formed a large establishment of baths. When those civilized people were driven away by the Gothic hordes of barbarians, the new inhabitants, ignorant of the virtues of the waters, allowed them to fall into disuse, till the baths gradually becoming filled up, were entirely lost to the world. About fifty years ago a peasant in digging discovered a bath in perfect preservation, with a fine tessellated pavement and sides to it. About twenty baths, of various shapes and sizes, have since been discovered, all in the most perfect state of preservation; so that buildings being raised over them they are now of as much service as they were to the Romans in days of yore. Probably there are in other directions many more baths yet undiscovered; for the luxurious Romans always amply supplied their wants in that respect. How rich and elegant must have been the edifices built over them, and how lovely must the vale have been with its marble temples and shrines to the various deities who preside over these healing fountains of nature! The

government, with beneficent charity, took possession of them, and rebuilding the edifices over them, have placed the baths at the service of the public, without receiving payment of any sort. A person is appointed as a superintendent to take care that each is not occupied longer than necessary by any individual.

The guardian of the baths offered himself as guide in our tour of inspection.

The first we visited was a small square bath, to hold one person. The temperature was 91°, which the guardian informed us was the coldest. I tasted the water as it trickled from the channel, and found it tepid, and but slightly impregnated with sulphur. There were several others of about the same size, and but slightly increasing in temperature. On the doors of each was painted the moon in its different phases, which we learned is to shew the time of the month when each bath was discovered, and to distinguish also one bath from another. Some are also named after the sun and stars. We now entered a large round bath with tessellated sides and bottom, which was discovered about three years ago. It is of 96°. It was occupied by a person, who seemed perfectly indifferent to our entrance, and quietly described his sensations as, floating in the centre, we stood round asking him questions. Another we entered is in the shape of a half circle, in admirable preservation, also 96°.

It must be observed, that winter or summer the water retains the same temperature, and never alters

in quantity. As we walked along we knocked at several doors: "Occupied by women," was the answer, so we passed on; but when men were there our guide insisted on our entering, and invariably the invalids seemed perfectly accustomed to be thus exhibited.

It is supposed that the most advantageous time to bathe is before sun-rise, when the guardian has the privilege of excluding all who refuse to pay him, and consequently at that time the baths being cleaned out, the richer classes take the opportunity to bathe in privacy. Were it not for this regulation, it would be impossible for respectable people to enjoy the benefit of the waters.

We now came in front of a building considerably larger than any of the others, and on entering we found a bath thirty feet long, twenty-five broad, and about five deep. The temperature under 100°. It will easily contain fifty persons at a time; and while we were there several were robing themselves after their ablutions. As the figures stood round in the distance seen indistinctly through the obscurity, with white sheets thrown over their forms, one could fancy them the spirits of the old Romans, who had bathed there eighteen centuries ago. This bath was discovered about forty years since, if I understood our guide rightly. The water rises into these baths from the earth, almost directly beneath them, and after having been used, is conveyed by pipes under ground to a neighbouring marsh.

Near this large bath was another small one, into which the water was pumped up. Though the door

was open, the stench of sulphur and the humid heat of the atmosphere were most oppressive. This water is the hottest used for bathing in: it is 120°. Plunging my hand in it I found it as hot as I could well bear.

This village of baths was at one end, and on the outside of the gardens, which we now entered: in the centre of them is a small circular bath with a domed roof. Passing through the shady walks, we arrived at a semicircular wall, with seats placed round it, and from the centre of the wall gushed forth a steaming fountain. It was precisely similar to those public seats to be seen in several elevated positions in Pompeii. "This is the hot drinking fountain, Senhor," said the custos: "it is considered very fine, and admirable for the health." One of our party, eager to taste a draught of the precious liquid, stooped down, and took a large gulp, but his face of dismay, disgust, and pain, convinced us he would rather not have done so. "Boiled rotten eggs and sulphur, by all that's horrible!" he exclaimed, as soon as he could speak. Notwithstanding my friend's warning I partook of the medicated spring. It was at a temperature of 120°, and tasted precisely similar to the Harrowgate waters, which are not remarkable for their niceness. At one end of this semicircular fountain, which was discovered about fifty years ago, was an obelisk of late date.

After going the rounds of the baths, we rested on some seats in the gardens. The walks, cutting each other at right angles, with high box borders, were well kept: the beds were full of gracefully weep-

ing willows, chestnuts, sycamores, acacias, and many other trees, while in the centre of the spot where we sat was a stone tank and fountain throwing around its cooling showers. Beyond the trees could be seen a row of neat Swiss-looking houses, with broad verandahs and deep eaves to their roofs, and rising directly above them appeared the steep banks of the valley, in most places clothed with luxuriant vegetation; though here and there the rugged rocks peeped forth, giving effect to the scene. "Yes, this is more lovely than Ems!" I exclaimed. It requires, nevertheless, a certain finish—smooth cut walks winding slowly up yon rugged hills, to make it like. The large hotels and dashing equipages too, are wanting, with the bands of music, and the gay company.

This was not however the season for taking the baths, and consequently few people were there; but I met one family with whom I was acquainted. The two months considered most favourable are July and September, and then there is no lack of company, or even bands of music to enliven them; but it would most certainly puzzle a stylish equipage to get there. Still, I do not despair of seeing some there in the course of a year or so, when the road from Oporto to Guimaraens is finished; for between the latter place and Vizella we found a fine broad way.

While we sat in this quiet lovely spot a most dreadful collection of beggars crawled up—the maimed, the halt, and lame—all waiting at this pool of Bethesda for the troubling of the waters. A few coppers purchased numerous blessings on our heads.



The custos of the baths now came up to inform us that he had emptied the large circular bath for our inspection. We therefore repaired thither, and descending into it found the mosaic at the bottom in some places as perfect as when first formed, but in others sadly broken away ; nor did our guide seem to have much regard for it, as he knocked off several of the bits and offered them to us. We learned that there are many other baths at the end of the valley near the bridge.

Two or three people have done much towards improving Vizella, and I should much like, I confess, to construct over each of the baths an elegant white marble building, after the classical models of Greece or Rome. Perhaps some more wealthy man may take my hint, and I shall be delighted to procure the designs. When the good roads are finished, Vizella must, both by the beauty of its scenery and the invaluable qualities of its waters, draw large crowds to it, and consequently hotels and the other conveniences and amusements of German and English watering-places will make their appearance.

Having rested our horses, seen everything that our guide was able to shew us, and collected all the information to be gained, we again took the road.

The views all the way to Guimaraens are very lovely, and the road affords excellent riding ground. Indeed, it was once evidently a fine looking broad road, but being ill constructed, and neglected, is in many places sadly worn away by the rains. It would be endless to speak of the overhanging vines

loaded with their ruddy fruit, because every road was bordered by them ; but I must describe a charming vale on our right, full of the most graceful trees of every description ; those bearing fruit being twice the size of any I had before seen, while high and rocky hills rose beyond, now tinted of a pink hue by the rays of the setting sun. Most of the houses we passed had roofs the eaves of which reach a long way beyond the walls, with verandahs, and slabs of stone projecting under the windows, on which stood pots full of flowers. Indeed all the cottages had a greater appearance of neatness and comfort than I had been accustomed to see in other parts of the country.

It was nearly dark when, leaving the broad road which led directly into the centre of the town of Guimaraens, we, in order to make a short cut, turned to our right, and after taking several twists, passing some mean looking suburbs and various churches, to our great delight we found ourselves in front of our *estalagem*. Throwing ourselves from our horses, we passed through the most unpromising entrance of the *estalagem d'Oliveira*, and up stairs to some rooms we however found to be very comfortable and good. The windows faced the lofty gothic tower and richly worked entrance of the cathedral, in front of which stands a small gothic shrine, and a tree carefully railed in, which is supposed to have existed since the foundation of the city. On our left was the town-hall, a very ancient edifice, supported by arches, while dwelling-houses filled up the other sides of the square. Some of the party sallied out while supper was preparing

to see the town, but it being dark, they found considerable difficulty in so doing. To prove that Guimaraens is a civilized place, they discovered a billiard-table. Hunger soon however drove them in.

We were all seated, doing justice to a capital supper, and congratulating ourselves on a quiet night's rest, when one of the party observed that it was the eve of the day dedicated to the saint, the patron of the cathedral, or the city, I know not which:—"Oh! then we shall see all the beauty of Guimaraens abroad," said another. "We will soon to bed then, and be up to hear early mass, and see the fair worshippers," exclaimed a third. He had scarcely uttered the words, when "dong, dong, dong," every bell in the cathedral—and large ones they were too—directly facing us, began to toll; every other bell in the city keeping them company. At the same time all the windows of the houses in the square were lighted up. Suddenly up went a rocket before our noses, and flames burst forth from the windows of the tower, while the whole platform on the summit appeared one mass of fire, among which dark figures could be seen moving about. Then rose up a flight of rockets, throwing their sparks in a fiery shower below. It was difficult to persuade one's-self that the tower was not really in flames. As the rockets arose, so did the sound of some twenty large drums most unscientifically played, while the bell-ringers redoubled their efforts. "I hope this will not last all night," I exclaimed. "Depend on it it will: the people here are very pious. By their works ye shall know them," said

a friend. "By their fire-works you mean," observed another. "Come, no joking on so serious a subject," I cried. "Oh dear! oh dear!" Bang, bang, bang! drum, drum, drum! whiz, whiz, whiz! What a hurly-burly. The city must be on fire. Oh! hang these sort of righteous people. Away flew the rockets, more sonorous rang the bells, louder beat the drums. "There is such a noise, I cannot see to eat," exclaimed O'Shaughnessy. Bang, drum, whiz—there will be no end of it. "Thank the saints, the bell-ringers' arms must get tired," observed some one. "Do not solace yourself with that idea, my friend," said another; "there are relays of bell-ringers and drummers; for every man who pulls those bells, and beats those drums, gets a dispensation for so many sins." "Oh dreadful! then the rockets cannot last for ever, that's a comfort." All this time we were hallooing at the top of our voices. "Well! I shall try to sleep. A midshipman slept through the battle of Navarino; and I don't think this noise can be much louder," cried the most sleepy of the party, with a hopeless yawn. At that moment the dreadful assemblage of somnifugeous sounds increased tenfold, but great was our delight to find it was a last effort. Suddenly the fires ceased to burn, the drums to sound, the rockets to whiz; the lights in the windows disappeared, the people retired to their homes; and in ten minutes not a noise was heard but the cry of a roving cat, or the howl of a hungry dog. We did thank the saints as we threw ourselves on our couches, and I believe the cessation from the previous hurly-burly made us

sleep the more soundly—if any thing was wanting to make us do so.

Such was the end of the first day of our tour, and thus I cannot select a better moment to bring this Sketch to a conclusion, hoping that my readers have been half as much amused in glancing at it as I was in taking it, and have not fallen into a soothing slumber over the work.

## SKETCH VII.



Cathedral of Guimaraens.

Visit the Cathedral of Guimaraens. Malapropos Inquiry. Marvelous Legend respecting a Tree held in great veneration. Magnificent *coup d'œil* of Guimaraens and suburbs. Ramble through the Town. The Castle. Traditional Notices regarding it. View from the Walls. Ancient Chapel. The "Treasures of Our Lady" in the Cathedral. Quit Guimaraens. Baths in the neighbourhood of Taipas. Extensive and beautiful Scene on approaching Braga.

WE rose early, for we had a long day's work before us ; besides, the first hours of a summer's morn in a hot clime are invaluable. My brother and I were the first on foot, and, as may be supposed, we directed our steps to the cathedral ; not, however, to see the faces of the fair worshippers ; for the many lovely ones which doubtless were there were so occupied with

their devotions, that they did not give one upward gaze at the strangers who were passing. We also, as in duty bound, were careful not to interrupt the service by intruding among the crowds of kneeling figures.

The whole interior of the cathedral has been renewed in a modern style; but being free from the paint and gilding so much in use in Portugal, it is one of the most chaste edifices I have seen. To the right of the high altar I observed an elaborately-chased silver shrine, which by some miracle escaped the sharp eyes and pillaging hands of the French.

We then wandered into the sacristy, but could find no one to shew us the treasures it contains. These treasures are called "The Treasures of Our Lady"—*Os Thesouros de Nossa Senhora*. A young lady of my acquaintance made an odd mistake on that subject when visiting Guimaraens some time ago—a very natural one, it must be confessed. On her first arrival, while dressing, the maid-servant at the hotel informed her that among the many wonderful things her native city contained were those in the cathedral, particularly, "*Os Thesouros de Nossa Senhora*," which she understood—Our Lady's scissors. When, therefore, she with the rest of her party visited the sacristy, and several venerable priests, whose fair round bellies were with fat *caldo* lined, were standing round, and politely exhibiting the holy treasures of their shrine, she, after all had been shewn, with much hesitation, from considering that they might be unwilling to allow eyes profane to behold so valuable a relic, begged to see "the scissors of *Nossa Senhora*." "What does

the lady want to see?" said one worthy priest, holding his sides, while his cheeks filled out, his lips curling and a bright sparkle illuminating his eyes. "The scissors of Nossa Senhora," said the young lady quietly. "The scissors of Nossa Senhora! Ha! ha! ha! The scissors of Nossa Senhora! Ha! ha! ha!" repeated the priests in chorus; and never was such holy cacchination before heard. At length the first who recovered his breath and voice, with tears in his eyes, explained, amid numerous bursts of merriment, that however much they should value so inestimable a treasure, they did not possess it; that they had already exhibited "*os thesouros de Nossa Senhora*," but that for "*suas tesouras*," they unhappily possessed them not. Ha! ha! ha! and again they all laughed. Whoever visits the cathedral of Guimaraens, and wishes to hear a hearty laugh, let them ask to see the "scissors" of Nossa Senhora. It should be explained, that *thesouros* are treasures, and *tesouras* are scissors.

We did not then see them, though we afterwards did; and again wandering forth, we examined the exterior of the building. The belfry is square, with beautifully-worked, delicate columns at the outside corners; the windows of the purest and most elegant Gothic, as is a vaulted apartment on the ground-floor, seen through them. The principal entrance and a window over it are of the most elaborately-worked gothic architecture, but, alas! one end of the edifice, having fallen into decay, has been repaired with an Ionic column. How the man who erected that



column could be guilty of such a solecism in architecture, I know not; but yet more dull and destitute of taste were the whole band of reverend prebends who allowed so barbarous an innovation on their elegant cathedral.

To the right of the principal entrance was an inscription in modern and ancient Portuguese. The modern I copied, but lost patience before I had finished the first line of the ancient: the tablet on which the latter was carved was surrounded with small shields bearing the arms of Portugal.

The translation of the inscription is as follows:

"It was in the year one thousand three hundred and eighty-five, on the sixth day of the month of May, that this work was begun by order of Don John the First, king of this realm of Portugal, son of the very noble king Don Pedro of Portugal. This king Don John engaged in a royal battle with the king Don John of Castile, and was the conqueror of him; and in honor of the victory which the holy Mary gave he ordered this work to be performed."

Nearly in front of the chief entrance stands the little Gothic shrine or temple of which I spoke. It is formed of four pointed arches with a domed roof, and in the centre stands a highly carved cross. Near it is also the ancient tree so much respected by all the inhabitants.

I had been examining its high pointed arches, and massive pillars, when I turned round to look at the tree which on a green mound surrounded by iron palings stands near it. I was wondering why it was thus carefully preserved, when I heard a voice in a low tremulous tone, with but a slight touch of the

beggar's whine, asking for alms, and taking a small silver from my pocket I let it drop into the withered skeleton-looking hand I saw extended towards me. "May God and the Holy Virgin and all the saints guard you from harm, my young fidalgo," said the voice, which I found proceeded from a woman of advanced age, as her white locks, her tottering steps, and her bent body, which she supported by a long stick, fully declared; yet she made no attempt to excite compassion by a squalid or tattered dress; on the contrary, her clothes, though patched in many places, were as neat and clean as her circumstances would probably admit. She had too, I doubt not in her youth been lovely as the lily of the valley, a being on whom lordly man might have set his fondest affections, or who might have warmed his bosom with the most ardent flame—now she was one from whom he would turn aside with disgust. I judged this from the regularity of her thin parchment-like features, and the large eye now sunk and dim, which had been either of a dark blue, or a purplish blue grey, a colour so attractive among the fair Hibernians.

"You are gazing at that little tree, Senhor, with a curious eye; yet perchance you have not heard the tale of its holy origin," she observed. I confessed my ignorance, and begged the old woman to enlighten me, if in her power so to do. "I can, Senhor, and gladly shall I thus be able to repay you, though inadequately, for your charitable feeling towards a poor forlorn old woman like myself—in Heaven must you look alone for your great reward." "I am eager to

hear your tale, my good lady!" I exclaimed; "pray commence it." "I will, I will, Senhor. Youth is always in a hurry," she muttered.

"You must know, Senhor, that many hundred years ago—I might almost say thousands—there lived in this province a man of the name of Wamba. He was a person noted for his extraordinary piety, his bravery, and his learning; for it was well known that although he could not write like the learned clerks to be found in the monasteries, he was well able to read, and thus was he reputed far and wide by those of all ranks who knew him throughout the Peninsula. The former king of the country having died, the people were anxious to elect a new one, but had great difficulty in making their choice. In this emergency they fixed their eyes on Wamba. At that time the spot where we now stand was an open space, in a fine grove, where the neighbouring proprietors used to assemble to exchange their cattle or corn and wine for what they might require. There was one day a collection of people far greater than usual on the spot, when the principal ones again began to discuss the subject of electing a king; and at last it was agreed that no man was more fitted for that office than Wamba. He had not then made his appearance, but scarcely had he been unanimously elected, when he was seen approaching the spot, driving before him with his long stick a remarkably fine pair of oxen. He drove them into the crowd, and offered them in exchange for so much corn and wine and oil, which he was anxious to present to

some holy monks who lived up in that sheltered nook in yonder mountain, which you see from hence ; when what was his surprise on beholding all the surrounding people take off their hats and hail him king !

“ Wamba was a pious man, and modest respecting his own virtues and acquirements—a sign of true talent, it is said, Senhor ; he therefore at once taking off his own hat, entreated his friends not to expose him thus to ridicule, but if they wished to make a mockery of any one, to select some other person as their laughing-post. They one and all declared, that far from wishing to mock the good Wamba, they were never more serious in their lives ; again entreating him to accept the regal dignity. ‘ It cannot be !—it cannot be ! ’ he exclaimed. ‘ I am not fitted for so high an office. Heaven has appointed me to the quiet life of an humble *lavrador*, and in that, please God, I will remain. Receive many thanks, my friends, for your good opinion of me, of which I am sufficiently proud, and do you select some more worthy person.’ ‘ No one is more worthy than Wamba ! no one is more worthy than Wamba ! ’ was shouted among the crowd ; and the chief people again stepped forward, entreating him with prayers to accept the regal crown. Now Wamba, though a pious man, was a little impatient in his temper, as even the best of us are at times when tried ; and he was anxious to dispose of his oxen, and to return home to his wife ; so when thus unexpectedly delayed, he began to lose patience. ‘ It is enough, my friends ; I beg you do not mock me ! ’

he cried: 'I must away to my home.' But as he endeavoured to retire from the little mound on which he was standing, they thronged still more round him, taking hold of his robes to detain him. 'This is folly, my friends!' he exclaimed, striking in his vexation his long iron pointed goad (his *pau*) into the ground with considerable force. 'When my stick, which I cut twenty years ago, begins to flourish, then, if it please Heaven, I will be your king, or anything you require; but till then I swear on the four evangelists and the holy gospels I will never make so great a fool of myself.' At hearing these words the people were sadly disappointed, for they knew well that no earthly power would make him break so great an oath; and though they were determined to have a king, they knew not whom else to select.

"They were all retiring disconsolate to their homes, and the humble Wamba was about disposing of his oxen, when a loud exclamation of wonder was heard from those standing round the little mound where in his vexation he had left his stick. They rushed to the spot, when what was their amazement to behold the dry iron-pointed stick, which they had seen thrust into the ground a few minutes before, now sending forth green leaves in every direction! Wamba flew towards it, and his first impulse was to attempt to draw it forth, thinking it was the work of witchcraft, but it resisted all his efforts; it had taken too firm root—an emblem of the Portuguese monarchy. Overcome by his feelings of pious amazement, he fell on his knees, beseeching power might be vouchsafed

him from above to fulfil the onerous and honourable task he now clearly perceived he had been especially selected by Heaven to perform. He was at once proclaimed king with loud shouts from all the people as they rose from their knees, on which they had fallen at sight of the wonderful miracle. He no longer made a pretence of refusing the regal crown. They immediately set to work to erect a palace for him near the spot where Heaven had itself conferred this dignity on him; and that was the very first house built in Guimaraens, which has since become so important a place. His reign was long and prosperous, nor were the people ungrateful for the benefit Heaven had conferred on them. The tree, too, has always been preserved with religious care by succeeding generations, but has never increased nor decreased in size, being the first to put forth leaves in the early spring, and the last to shed them in the autumn; a living manifestation of the truth of miracles which the most sceptical cannot doubt.

"Adeos, Senhor! I trust your heart will be moved by what I have said," concluded the old woman: "I must now away, for I have a sick grandchild at home—a lovely bud, who requires my utmost care, and I go to buy some delicacy with the charity you have bestowed."—"Stay," I cried, "for one instant. Many thanks for the wonderful legend you have narrated; but I am far more interested in hearing something relating to yourself; for, if I mistake not, judging from your air and language, you have passed through some strange vicissitudes." "You judge

rightly, Senhor, I have; and if you will follow me down yonder street near which I live, I will narrate some of them, and I do not think you will have cause to regret your curiosity." To be brief, leaving my companions, I followed the old woman into a low but neat cottage, where on a couch, in what appeared to me the last stage of consumption, I beheld a being so fair, so passingly beautiful, that she seemed already more fitted for an inhabitant of the pure ether than for the heavy earth. The old woman left me for a few minutes, and when she returned with the purchases she had made, and administered some food to her grandchild, she sat herself down by my side, and narrated a tale of such deep, such thrilling interest, that I cannot interrupt the course of my present sketchy tour by repeating it. I therefore reserve it for another time, when I promise faithfully to describe all the strange and wonderful events she told me, as well as to give an account of the youthful being she called her grandchild.

After spending some time with the old woman, with whom I left a larger donation than before, and promising to return on the first opportunity, I hurried to regain my brother, who was wondering what had become of me, while waiting for my reappearance in the square.

Having thoroughly examined the cathedral, we strolled onward towards an open space, called the *Praça da Feira*, at one end of which a most lovely view appeared before us. Over a small stream, by whose sides grew several large and gracefully weeping willows, a bridge with statues at each end, half

shrouded by the light green foilage, led to an elegant church. To the right of the church appeared a grove of olive-trees, and further on to the left, on an elevated terrace, the palace of the Baron de Villa Pouca, while beyond all arose a range of richly clothed hills, dotted with quintas, cottages, and convents. Passing the bridge we mounted by a flight of steps to the broad terrace in front of the mansion of the baron. Having the honour of his acquaintance, and having but a few days previous received a kind invitation to visit him at one of his many houses in another part of the country, I knew that he was not there, and consequently did not wish to intrude into the house. This much-esteemed and amiable nobleman is not only the senior baron of Portugal, but is also one of the oldest families in the country. His father was the Visconde de Pezo de Regoa; but he takes the older title, which is hereditary, the higher one not being so.

The magnificent view from the terrace amply repaid us for our walk. Before us lay the town full of convents, churches, and steeples, and surrounded by gardens; fertile fields stretching away on every side, interspersed with pretty quintas, groves, and orchards. In the centre appeared on a rocky mound the lofty square towers of the castle and palace of Alfonso Henrique, while around arose the green laughing hills which form the sides of the bason in which stands Guimaraens. We sat for some time on the seats of the terrace congratulating the baron in having so delightful a possession, admiring the loveliness of the view, and enjoying the fresh morning



air, when on a sudden all romantic associations were driven from my thoughts by my brother, on whom the air had been working, exclaiming, "I wonder if the others have begun breakfast!"

I had not before thought of hunger—in a moment I was ravenous; and rushing down the steps, we hastened to the inn, where we found the rest of the party making a first attack on a dish of "*biftakes*." I mention the circumstance merely to remark to my incredulous countrymen, that the Portuguese have a dish which strangers invariably mistake for a very capital plate of English beef-steaks.

On our walk through the streets we remarked that they were paved with very large flat flag-stones, and that even the smallest houses were built of well cut square blocks of considerable size, nearly all having broad balconies.

While the rest of the party were finishing breakfast, I took from the window of the sitting-room a sketch of the cathedral.

I ought not to omit an extraordinary circumstance which occurred in my morning-walk, when entering the church at the end of the bridge. It convinces me that not only are the inhabitants of Guimaraens most piously inclined, but that so are the very animals of the town. My brother will bear witness of the fact, though I have not ceased regretting that O'Shaughnessy and the rest of the party were not with us, to add their testimony. Leaving the bright sunshine, I at first thought no one was in the church, till I observed an old woman in a ragged mantilha

paying her devotions to a saint over one of the side altars. No other human being appeared. Advancing further into the body of the church, I beheld, as if to set an example to those who ought to have been there, (*mirabile dictu*!) two little black pigs before the high altar, in an attitude of adoration! "A miracle! a miracle!" I exclaimed; but the old woman was perfectly deaf, and half blind; besides that, having been absorbed in her own devotions, she had not observed the occurrence. At length she rose from her knees. I pointed to the juvenile worshippers, and explained that they were worthy of canonisation; but, dreadful old sinner! she misunderstood my words, and, regardless of the sanctity of the place, she kicked with many a curse the pious little pigs out of the church, and then begged for *cinco-reizinhos*, as if she had performed a meritorious action.

I was also much annoyed when relating the story to find some of my friends incredulous: even O'Shaughnessy, who being a good catholic ought to have believed it without hesitation, as he would if father O'Teole had told him, was sceptical, hinting that some one might have dropped a few crumbs of bread, biscuit, or sweet cake, from his or her pocket on the steps of the altar, which might possibly have tempted the little pigs to the spot. I vowed that I would never again give an account of any other miracle I might be blessed by witnessing; nor would I of this, did I not hope that it would meet the eyes of some pious believers who will, I feel assured, place that implicit confidence in it that it so fully merits.

There was to be no rest for us this day, so with a guide to shew us the lions, we sallied forth again. Passing through a long street with a handsome nunnery in it, that of St. Clara, and several large houses belonging to fidalgos, we turned to our right, and ascending a rocky mound through a grove of olive-trees, we stood before the gates of the palace, built, it is said, by the warlike Alfonso Henrique, the first monarch of Portugal. It is yet very perfect, and part of it, of course repaired, is used occasionally as barracks for troops. To the left stands the once proud castle of Guimaraens, yet a stalwart ruin, refusing to sink into decay. The castle was built by the gallant Count Henri of Besançon, the father of King Alfonso.

This Count Henri was a French knight, who marrying Teresa, the illegitimate daughter of Alfonso VI., king of Spain, the government of Portugal was conferred on him, in consequence of the assistance he had rendered his father-in-law (the famous conqueror of Toledo) against the Moors. Before that time, A.D. 1095, that part of Portugal not in possession of the Moors had been subject for several centuries to local governors, dependent on the counts of Galicia. Count Henri died A.D. 1112, leaving his son, Alfonso, only in his second year, during whose minority the administration of the country was assumed by Teresa his mother. This Donna Teresa appears to have been a princess not only of a fierce and warlike disposition, but addicted to the softer passion of love, if the scandal relating to a certain Dom Fernando Perez is to be credited. At all events, her son quarrelled with her,

and routing her army under the walls of this very castle, drove her to take shelter in that of Lanhozo, about which I shall hereafter have a story to tell. It appears he took her prisoner, and bringing her back to Guimaraens, he shut her up within a lofty tower which has but one entrance, twenty feet from the ground. This he did from being a great advocate of female morality, and wishing that his mother should set a better example to his subjects than she had previously done.

The Count Alfonso first assumed the dignity of royalty A.D. 1140, after his ever-memorable victory on the plains of Ourique (in the Alemtejo), obtained over the Moors. A winding pathway amid rugged rocks and crumbling walls conducted us to the narrow and strongly-guarded gateway of the castle. The walls and turrets are still perfect to their full height on the outside; though within time has made greater ravages. The building is of an oblong form, with square towers guarding the entrance, also one at each corner and half way at each side. In the centre rises the enormously high, dark, frowning tower, which formed the prison of the naughty Donna Teresa. It is said that for centuries no one has entered that prison-tower. Climbing over a ruined wall, through a narrow doorway, we looked up at the lofty keep, and there surely enough appeared a narrow window, or doorway, full twenty feet from where we were standing, while the other sides were destitute of any opening at all to a considerably greater distance from the ground. It is affirmed that there was no subterraneous entrance

to this same keep. This tower was probably intended to serve as the last place of defence in case of the outer part of the castle being stormed, and in the good old days, before gunpowder was invented, it might have enabled the garrison to hold out for a considerable length of time, till relieved by their friends. It is more likely that it was built for the above purpose, than, as the keeper of the castle informed us, to confine the fiery Donna Teresa.

Besides the rooms of the keeper who has charge of the castle, we found several of the turrets roofed in and inhabited. In one square tower, with strongly-barred windows, wretched maniacs of the male sex are at times confined, and an opposite tower is destined for females ; but neither now contained any occupants. Into a dark vault, the roof of which had given way, we looked down : it is said to have been the dungeon of the castle, and such probably, from its central position and gloomy appearance, was its use, though a castle of that consideration must, in those times, have contained many more prison-holds.

The view from the walls as we walked round them was beautiful in the extreme. Directly below us was the palace of Alfonso, beyond, the town, with the quintas of the Baron of Villa Pouca and of Senhor Aruxelles, all which were surrounded by fields and groves, interspersed with the cheerful white habitations of men : then again rose bosomy hills covered with trees and shrubs, among which could be discerned the convent of da Costa ; and above all, on a serrated ridge, appeared the little chapel of Penha, built up

there to tempt the piously inclined thus to win their way towards heaven.

We were much amused by the keeper's description of the castle and palace. "You must know, Senhores," he observed, "that yonder palace was built by a certain count, who came from a far distant country, a long way over the sea ; but what the *diabo* was his name, I cannot recollect"—and he shrugged his shoulders, took off his hat, and scratched his head ; but to no purpose ; so we allowed him to continue his tale. "Know, Senhores, that in that very palace was born, many years ago, one of the greatest kings the world ever saw, the mighty Alfonso Henrique, who when a baby was baptized in the little chapel below, which I am about to shew you. Now, the king Alfonso when he grew up had a wife, who unfortunately was no better than she should be, so he built that high tower which almost breaks your neck to look up at, and shut her up in it, which served her right, and there she died : this is all I know on the subject. Let us now, Senhores, descend to visit the chapel, which is well worth seeing."

A few steps brought us to the door of a small very ancient-looking chapel in the olive-grove near the castle. The interior of the chapel is of roughly-hewn stone, and contains nothing worthy of notice, except a printed paper in a frame, which the keepers shewed us with great reverence, certifying that, A. D. 1008, was here baptized the great king Alfonso Henrique. Without the leave of the alcade, even the bishop himself cannot enter the church. Throughout the

building everything was simple—the chairs on which the alcade sits, and the confessional box, which was a mere screen of thin wood with a seat behind it, and a French print stuck to it. The edifice was renewed in 1795. This was the first church in Guimaraens.

We then entered the court-yard of the palace, and wished to penetrate into the ruined church beyond: the finely-trelliced and highly-worked windows of which we could see through another window directly facing us, also beautifully carved; but, unfortunately, the person who held the key could nowhere be found. Much of the palace was pulled down to build the convent of the Capuchins. Thus many of the most beautiful Gothic and Moorish remains have been treated, and now, in their turn, the convents are being destroyed, or converted into dwelling-houses, barracks, or stables.

It must have been one of the most delightful residences in ancient days, for the rooms are large, and lofty, with windows of good proportions, looking down upon a view which could never have been otherwise than lovely. At two corners of the building were turrets with winding stairs leading to them, which establishes the antiquity of that part of the building. Some of the rooms had fire-places with enormous chimneys, and indeed so had the castle itself, which proves that Count Henri, though a great warrior, was fond of his comforts. All the very old houses in Portugal have fire-places, and those only of later days are without them, for what reason I cannot understand.

The court-yard is a large square, with the walls of the palace and its offices on each side, the church in front, and the gateway and towers on the fourth side; indeed, the whole pile must have been in a style of magnificence rarely to be found in those days, but worthy of the gallant warriors who inhabited it. Some of the rooms had those broad tables round them intended for soldiers' bed-places, as had others pallets for the non-commissioned officers; but the windows were open and the floors swept, so that all looked clean and in order. Should the spirit of the war-like Alfonso think fit to revisit his abode on earth, he would at times find some hundred men ready-armed to follow him at a moment's notice to battle—only, I suspect, he would experience considerable difficulty in manœuvring them.

Having satisfied our curiosity, we descended to the plain on the other side of the castle, whence I wished to take a sketch; but the patience of my companions being exhausted, I deferred doing so to a time which has not yet arrived, and accompanied them to see more of the town.

We passed outside the ancient walls, which have, like those of Oporto, indeed of almost all the towns I have seen in Portugal, pointed parapets. They extend in a line of considerable length, part of them serving to enclose the garden of the convent of Santa Clara. After paying another visit to the garden of the Baron de Villa Pouca, and to the church of the pious little pigs, which O'Shaughnessy regarded with peculiar reverence, though he pretended the contrary,



we passed through several open spaces with churches in them, and entered the large square of the city.

Here are numbers of the shops of cutlery for which Guimaraens is celebrated in Portugal. The iron comes from abroad by way of Oporto, and being manufactured both here and at Braga, is distributed over the country in the shape of every description of knife, spurs, locks, and carpenter's adzes. One of the party bought a most formidable-looking cut and thrust clasp knife, with a spring and hilt, and a saddle at the end of the handle on which to place the thumb, in order to drive it with greater force into an antagonist's body. The cutlery which was shewn us, though inferior to the English, looked well and neatly made, and the blades of the knives properly tempered. It is manufactured here on account of the abundance of wood, and the consequent cheapness of charcoal.

While the party were completing their purchases, I amused myself by looking on at the proceedings of people in the square. In the centre was an elegant fountain, formed by a succession of shell-like basins, placed one above another, decreasing in size towards the summit, whence the water flowed forth, splashing in sparkling showers over the lower ones, and falling into a large circular tank below. A pretty young girl sat with her basket by her side on a stone seat near me, her face so placed that I thought she could not see me as I stood admiring her beauty, till seeing a modest blush rise on her cheek, her eyes sparkle, and a smile wreath itself round her lips, I discovered

that the little rogue had been all the time aware of the admiration she had been exciting. *Così fanno tutte*. I leave it to my fair friends to decide whether she was displeased. I shall not forget quickly that pretty face, albeit Lusitania contains so many, that it would require a large album to contain them. A crowd of lazy people had collected round to gaze at us strangers, when some respectable-looking men passing by, thinking we did not hear them, endeavoured to disperse the idlers, observing, "Why do you stand rudely gazing at those gentlemen? They do not differ from us. Go home, go home." Such is the delicate civility which a stranger who comports himself according to their notions of propriety universally receives from all classes; and when I have heard of instances to the contrary, I have invariably found that the first offence has been committed by the stranger, sometimes of course unintentionally, through a misunderstanding of each other's language.

We intended to visit a very pretty quinta near this part of the town, belonging to Senhor Aruxelles, who has married a fair countrywoman of ours, equally admired for her beauty, accomplishments, and elegant manners. He belongs to one of the old fidalgo families, and is universally respected by all classes. We went to the door of the house by a steep winding road between English-looking hedges; but finding that the master of the mansion and his lady had returned the previous evening from Oporto, we immediately retired.

The view from the garden side of the house, looking up the valley of Guimaraens, containing the

various objects I have before described, is as lovely as can well be imagined. The front of the mansion is tasteful and handsome, with a portico and large cool hall: over each of the wings are coats of armour, helmets, lances, &c. beautifully carved in stone, which give it the appearance of an old baronial hall. The mistress of so lovely a place may well be envied, even although it is away from her own green isle.

We now returned to the hotel, to prepare for our departure, when our cicerone hurried in to inform us that if we would proceed immediately to the cathedral, we could see "the Treasures of Our Lady." "On no account would we miss so gratifying a sight," we answered; and following our guide into the sacristy we had before entered, we found two worthy priests standing before a large folding oaken door, who bowing politely as soon as they perceived us, they threw open, and exhibited to our sight a cupboard filled with numerous gold and silver ornaments. The most worthy of notice was a silver shrine, gilt, and beautifully chased. It served as the travelling shrine of Don John king of Castile, to be placed in his tent, and was captured from him on the field so glorious to Portugal, of Algebarrota, by the brave João I., king of Portugal, in 1403. Here also is preserved the very coat the king Dom João wore on that bloody day—a thickly padded silken jerkin, somewhat, as may be supposed, the worse for wear. I remember, besides, another small silver shrine most beautifully worked, a number of cups, and crosses, and a silver statue of St. Sebastian, shot to death by arrows. The

most valuable however of all the treasures is a crown of pure gold, used on state occasions, as it was on that day, to adorn the head of Nossa Senhora herself, whom we had observed as we entered standing with regal dignity near the high altar. All these, and other treasures, having been exhibited, we also asked to see "the scissars of Our Lady." A smile rose on the lips of the grave and polite priest who was acting as shewman, when suddenly there entered the sacristy a long line of reverend canons, clothed in the richly worked vestments of their order, and who had just concluded the performance of high mass. Immediately the smile vanished from the face of our friend, the portals of the treasure-house were closed, the priests commenced unrobing, and we bowed, and in return were bowed out of the hall. We forthwith repaired to the hotel, and packing our baggage, despatched it towards Braga, we ourselves soon after mounting our horses to follow in the same direction.

Few towns in Portugal are more beautifully situated, or surrounded by a more fertile and lovely country, than Guimaraens. In the orchards in the neighbourhood grow those delicious plums, which being dried are packed in small round boxes by the nuns, and ornamented with silver and silk flowers. They are well known in England by the name of Guimaraens plums. I remarked particularly the great number of elegant crosses of every shape throughout the town, chiefly of stone, the stems of a light spiral form with merely a small cross piece at the top; also in every direction the numerous shrines, the architecture and

ornaments of which were far from deserving of the same admiration. I understand that there are many other objects to be shewn in the town, which we did not see; particularly various relics of peculiar sanctity, not exhibited except to the devout eyes of true believers; but I trust on a second visit that I may be considered as such, and enjoy the inestimable satisfaction of viewing them, when I promise to give a full and exact description of their peculiar virtues.

On leaving Guimaraens, we passed under a dark and venerable gateway of the ancient town, on which the hand of time had worked with slight effect; and we might have fancied ourselves a company of the knightly followers of the brave Alfonso Henrique, had we not been clothed in the effeminate habiliments of white jackets and straw-hats, which I opine they did not wear.

It were endless to describe the beautiful scenery we passed—on each side fertile valleys and laughing hills, rich orchards and luxuriant corn-fields, while every hedge was overhung by the slender tendrils of the vine loaded with its juicy fruit; so that, as we rode along, we might pick and eat to our heart's content. Such is the fertile province of the Minho—the bright gem of Lusitania's lovely land. There are, it is true, steep and rugged serras intervening—the bold outlines of the landscape; but far up their sides extend corn-fields or vineyards, and on their summits graze numerous flocks of sheep or goats. When the gradual extension of good roads enables the farmers to bring their produce at a less expense to market, not a spot

of ground will remain unemployed; so that this province will become, for its size, one of the richest in the world, as it is now the richest in Portugal.

At the distance of a league and a half from Guimaraens, on a good trotting road, we reached the village of Taipas, where at a small inn we dismounted, and walked to visit the baths in the neighbourhood. The houses have a neat and cheerful appearance, though the scenery is very far inferior in beauty to that round Vizella.

Turning to our right through a pretty grove, where in front of some houses we passed several respectable-looking families seated in the shade, we proceeded towards the springs. Near them stands another residence of the Baron de Villa Pouca; and in front of it on a wall over a fountain is an inscription in Portuguese, of which the following is a translation:

"João I., monarch of this kingdom, nearly dying, was here restored to health. More wonders I will not recount of the inexhaustible and wholesome drink drawn from this wonderful fountain."

A little further on we arrived at a low stone building, with an arcade, and seats in front, and containing several doors, on which were marked the degree of heat of the baths within. The temperature of the waters range only from  $90^{\circ}$  to  $92\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ , nor do they hold so much sulphur in solution as those of Vizella. These baths were also built by the Romans, as an inscription in the neighbourhood testifies. Those over which buildings have already been raised, are small, square, and of slight depth, and are about eight in number. Close

to them excavations have lately been made in a field, which have discovered a considerable number, of a variety of shapes, with channels leading to and from each: some are semicircular, others triangular, circular, and square. From their position and arrangement, they must have evidently been enclosed by one edifice of large proportions, and I hope that it may be replaced by another in the same style.

Workmen were employed in excavating the ground around them, and over several baths the buildings were yet in an incomplete state; so that, I doubt not, a few months will much improve the accommodation for the invalids. While I sat cooling myself in the shade of the arcade, I watched the numerous groups of men and women waiting for admittance to the particular baths recommended to them, now occupied by others. They are equally open, as those of Vizella, for the benefit of all; and are at certain times of the year much frequented. On our way returning to the estalagem we observed in a field near the road a large block of stone, carved square on two sides, the rest being rough as nature left it. It was one of those vast masses of granite found sometimes even on plain ground, washed down by the last mighty deluge, or else cast there from afar by some mighty convulsion of nature. On one side was the following Latin inscription:—

IMP · CAES · NERVAI ·  
 TRAIANVS · AV · GER · DAC ·  
 PONT · MAX · TRIB · POI · VV ·  
 IMP · IIII · COSV · P · C · P ·

Under it was carved in Portuguese a sentence purporting to be an interpretation of the Latin, and of which the translation into English is as follows :—

“The Emperor Trajan, the august son of Cæsar Nerva, conqueror of the Germans and Dacians, Pontifex Maximus, Tribune of the people, seventh Emperor, fourth Consul, and having the title of the Father of his country.”

On the other side was another longer inscription, which I had not time to copy.

Returning to the little inn to lunch while the horses were being prepared, I entered into conversation with three pretty girls seated on the steps and under the verandah of the neighbouring house. They knew we should probably never see each other again, but yet they exerted all their charms to please, or rather they allowed their natural graces full play. I shall not forget their hearty peals of laughter, their naive replies, or the graceful courtesy with which they rose to bid us farewell—and yet they were but little removed above the rank of peasants.

The waters of Taipas are, I believe, as efficacious in cutaneous and rheumatic complaints as those of Vizella; and the air, I doubt not, is purer and cooler, from their being in a less confined position; but then again the scenery is so inferior in beauty, that most people give the latter the preference.

After riding for some distance with a fine view behind us, we commenced the ascent of a steep and rugged mountain on the worst bit of road we had yet encountered: however the pure and cool air, which blew off the rocky summit, refreshing our frames and bracing



our nerves, prepared us for far greater difficulties than any we were destined to meet. As we neared the top, we came in sight of a convent, I believe never inhabited, and a small chapel, in front of which, over the balustrades of a terrace, several soldiers were carelessly lolling. A guard-house, and another small house, like the Casa di Ricovero on the Alpine Passes of Italy, were the remainder of the buildings on that elevated position. "Why is a guard of soldiers stationed here?" I asked of our muleteer Silvestre. "Because this mountain, Senhor, is the most noted in Portugal for being frequented by rogues, thieves, vagabonds, Miguelistas, friars, and such like *canalha*, who would cut the throat of every honest man that attempted to pass, were it not for the guard." "As we may claim to be honest men, we are much indebted to the guard then," I answered, laughing at Silvestre's terrific account of the spot. I certainly heard a very different character of it from my friends in Braga.

Muleteers invariably delight in giving a bad character to peculiarly rugged spots in certain positions, because the fear of robbers, more than the badness of the road, will generally induce people to pass them by daylight. Once give a place, or a dog, a bad name, and it is difficult to get rid of it. For my own part I have less fear of robbers when travelling on an unfrequented road at night than by daylight, as I conceive robbers, like other people, go to sleep, and they never expect to find anybody worth pillaging abroad at night.

As we reached the brow of the hill, we all simultaneously reined in our steeds to gaze at the magnificent view which appeared before us. From our elevated position, we seemed like demigods on their floating clouds, gazing down on the smiling world at their feet. Below us was a beautiful valley; yet so vast, that it contained within itself numerous other fertile vales and wood-covered mounds, surrounding with a rich setting the centre jewel—Braga itself, with its many ancient towers, churches, convents, and widely ramifying suburbs. Beyond, again, rose range above range of mountain-heights, each more blue and indistinct, till the furthest were lost in the summer azure-like haze; those to the east being the rugged and sterile mountains of Gerez, extending even into Spain. On the summit of a hill to our right appeared the far-famed shrine of Nosso Senhor do Monte, or the Bom Jesus, with its many hundred steps leading from the vale below; and on our left, over a vast succession of hill and dale, might be seen the clear silvery line of the mighty Atlantic glittering brightly in the sunshine. Oh! it was a lovely prospect to excite the poet's muse, or the warmest adoration of the true worshipper of nature and of nature's God!

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## SKETCH VIII.

Arrive at Braga. The Ladies, and Lattices. The Campo da S<sup>ta</sup>. Anna. Carry Letters of Introduction. The Casa das Infias, and its polite host. Stroll through the City. Ladies not accustomed to walk abroad. Braga formerly an episcopal See. Restriction of amusements prejudicial to Morality. Elegant and interesting Reunion. Admiral Sir Harry Burrard Neale's Opinion of Portuguese Society.

*En avant ! en avant !* was the cry of the less romantic of the party, to awake the rest from the trance of delight into which we had fallen at the beauty of the scene before us ; so, rousing ourselves, both the enthusiastic, and those who regarded a lovely scene merely as a collection of so many trees and so much water and rock, we cantered, trotted, and slid down towards the fairy-like land at our feet. We soon found ourselves entering one of the long, spider-like legs which stretch out from the body of Braga : for let it be known that to that reptile do the inhabitants, from its shape, liken their city. We reined in our horses, and rode steadily along : for good reason we had to do so, not only that a slow pace was more suited to our sedate character, but that from beneath the latticed windows on each side of the street many a bright pair of eyes were beaming forth, in whose lustre we were fain to bask, even for a moment. In common-place language, I have never seen so many pretty girls looking out of windows in any town as I did during that ride through the streets of Braga. Then the windows are not common windows, which let in the garish light of day unre-

strained, or the vulgar stare of the audacious crowd : but oriental-like lattices, which, lifting up like the ports of a ship, exhibit only so much of the person as the fair inmate may wish to disclose.

Now the ladies of Braga are not only very lovely, but being Christians, and good Catholics, have towards the gallant knights who may be perambulating the streets a feeling of charity and kindness, which makes them unwilling to keep those jealous blinds altogether closed, and therefore, infringing the custom of their oriental sisters, they raise them sufficiently to be clearly recognized by their admirers below, without any great difficulty on the part of either. These lattices are of various forms, painted green or dark red. Some cover the entire front of the house, so that it is difficult to say from what part the bright eyes of the imprisoned beauties may be gazing forth ; though these have certain parts which open on occasion, but which in all probability are generally kept locked by the discreet duennas during their absence from home, lest their fair charges might be tempted to essay their attractive powers on the sensitive hearts of the many ready to adore them without. For such things will happen, it is said—not that the duennas can mistrust their charges, of course ; but merely that they have a kind and considerate regard for the feelings of the loving youths, and wish to keep the tempting fruit from their sight. Other houses have only the windows with latticed fronts, which lift up from below, and some have latticed balconies ; but these latter have regular rows of ports, which when open enable the

ladies who sit working within to see, without being seen, all that goes forward in the street below.

Fortunately for us this was a holiday and saint's day, which fully accounted for the number of fair beings, who, dressed in their best attire, were unwilling to allow their charms to bloom unseen, and thus, with lattices lifted to their utmost height, were looking forth on the world abroad. The tramp of the steeds of seven cavaliers on the hard smooth stone-pavement doubtless drew many to the windows, though we do not presume to say the appearance of any individual of the party had such attractive powers; indeed, we have strong fears that we were pronounced to be a very dirty, unpolished set of travellers. However, before we had ridden five minutes through the streets we pronounced Braga to be a very delightful place.

At the end of the long street turning to our right, we entered one nearly as long and twice as broad as Sackville Street in Dublin, which, as all the world knows, is the broadest in the British Isles. Not that I mean to compare the Campo da S<sup>ta</sup> Anna of Braga with that of the Irish capital in any respect, except in width; for instead of being paved all over, the centre is a sea of dust; and though it can boast of a church of respectable size, and several of the houses are large, there are many very small ones. But when completely paved, as it is to be forthwith, and rows of trees planted on each side, and fountains in the centre, the effect will be very handsome, and it will much resemble the streets of one or two towns I have

visited in the south of France. The towers of the ancient citadel at one end and a church at the other, add much to its appearance. A broad pavement of beautifully regular square stones runs the entire length on each side, formed however, I am grieved to say, by the demolition of one of the old towers of the city. Directly on entering the square our guide stopped at a large old house near the church, which we soon discovered to be the *Estalagem dos dois Amigos*. Into it we were most hospitably welcomed by a personage who informed us that he was the *Moço da estalagem*, (*id est*,) the waiter, that his name was Manoel, that the master was away at a quinta, and that he himself was prepared to wait upon us and sundry other guests besides.

"But do you pretend to say, Senhor Manoel, that you can satisfy the impatient demands of seven English gentlemen in a desperate hurry to sally forth and view the sights of Braga?" we enquired.

"*Não tenha duvida*"—Have no doubt about the matter, was his answer.

"Can you make the beds, bring up water, clean our boots, and place dinner on the table?"

"Have no doubt about the matter," he again responded; and he was as good as his word.

We found our luggage placed in our rooms, and accordingly prepared to dress. "Manoel! Manoel!" was shouted from all directions. "Sim Senhor, Sim Senhor," he answered, running backwards and forwards:—not a moment was he idle—indeed, I doubt if any waiter of any country or time could have

performed more, or a greater variety of work, in a short space of time, than did the said Manoel. He was in truth a pink of waiters—an ugly rascal though, and certainly not choice in his language, particularly when he spoke English, a few words of which he had learned, and was fond of employing, though he vowed he knew not their meaning. He was, nevertheless, most respectful in his manners, as the Portuguese servants universally are, however great the freedom used towards them by their masters.

When I had completed my toilet, I desired Manoel to send some one to shew me the houses of two gentlemen to whom I had been furnished with letters of introduction by friends at Oporto. "They have both been inquiring for you this morning, Senhor; and Senhor João Borges desired me to say that he has a reunion of friends this evening at his house, where he hopes to see you."

"Delightful news!" my brother and I exclaimed; "we shall then see to greater advantage some of the choicest beauty of Braga;" and we forthwith started with our letters, and a little girl as our guide.

A walk of some length across the city, during which we passed several praças and churches with broad flights of steps and rows of trees in this neighbourhood, brought us in front of the house of the *Infias*, the residence of our friend.

I do not approve of the American custom of mentioning the names, or, far worse, of describing the domestic scenes of the families with whom I have

enjoyed the pleasure of being acquainted ; but where I have naught to censure, and much to praise, I hope I may be pardoned, if this should ever reach the eyes of any of the party, in giving a slight sketch of the very delightful evening I spent at the *Casa das Infas*. I am anxious also to describe Portugal in every point of view as she really is, and not as strangers are apt to paint her, who with prejudiced eyes pay flying visits, and because they do not, on landing, find the comforts to which they have been accustomed, pronounce the country barbarous, and the inhabitants barbarians.

The Casa das Infias, like most Portuguese country-houses (for being on the extreme verge of the city, it may be considered in the country), is a long edifice of two stories, with a spacious court-yard in front, surrounded by walls, and the offices on each side. A double flight of steps leads to the hall-door on the upper story, while an arched carriage-way, under the steps and the house itself, conducts to the gardens. Passing through the first gateway, over which are the arms of the family sculptured in granite, we entered the court-yard, and ascended the steps to the entrance. Being shewn by a servant through a large hall (from each side of which doors opened into various apartments) to a handsome drawing-room, we were immediately joined by the master of the mansion, who received us with that courteous and kind politeness in which no people on earth can surpass the high-born Portuguese gentleman. Our host is of one of the oldest families in Portugal, a



fidalgo of the first order, and connected with many of the highest nobles in the land. As he rarely visits Oporto, I had never before the pleasure of meeting him, though my family had for many years been acquainted with several of his relations. After conversing for some time, he proposed shewing us his garden, which he was employed in laying out much in the English style, with delightfully shady walks and leafy arbours, through which scarce a ray of the sun could penetrate; and in other places, amid flower-beds of various tinted hues, fountains were taught to throw around their sparkling showers. He told us that he himself cultivated a considerable portion of his estate; and certainly to very good purpose, if we might judge from the neatness and order in which the pleasure-grounds, and part of the farm-yard, through which we passed, were kept. He apologised for not accompanying us through the town, on account of expecting company, and, much pleased with our new friend and his garden we took our leave, promising to return at a later hour.

There was, fortunately, still sufficient light, as we walked through the city, to see the lovely faces gazing from beneath every lattice; which were both more numerous and more beautiful than those who had claimed our admiration on our first entrance. Perhaps the streets were more aristocratical.

I shall not forget one lovely face with long ringlets falling over a swan-like neck, who appeared for an instant at a window of a large palace, and as quickly retreated. That same palace, not having been built

to contain fair inmates, has no jealous lattice-windows: I wished it had. "Ah! Senhor," said our little guide, ranging up alongside with true female judgment, "that wing of the palace is inhabited by the Baron de Casal, and that young lady was his daughter." "You are a good little girl, and here is a piece of silver for the information," we answered. "And will that same young lady be at the party to-night?" "Sim, Senhor, to a certainty; no party would be complete without her." "Good child! and now shew us where we may buy some kid gloves—these riding gloves will never do. Oh! we ought to have brought our last London costume, which has been so long useless at Oporto."

We found a French glove-shop, a branch of one at Oporto, and the master assured us that he sold almost as many kid gloves at Braga as his partner did at Oporto. This we could easily believe, as we had passed numerous well-dressed gentlemanly looking men, both walking and riding; yet so ignorant were we of the society we were to meet, that we narrowly escaped bringing no other than our riding coats.

Men of all ranks were abroad, but few females except of the lowest orders; indeed, we found, to our disappointment, that it is not the custom for ladies in Braga to walk much abroad except to mass. They are gradually breaking through that bad custom of staying at home, and will do so completely when some public gardens, which are in contemplation, are finished, and where a band of music will play on the

summer-evenings. Indeed, a good band used to play last year, at a very lovely position in the city, and families had already begun to assemble to hear it, when, for some reason or other, the practice was discontinued.

Braga, from being an episcopal see, was formerly overrun by priests and friars, so that no ladies ventured abroad, and every one walked, (as a friend described it) with their hands crossed before them, and their eyes cast to the ground. Except church-music, none was heard, and dancing was an amusement so little dreamed of, that not a young lady in the place possessed that accomplishment.

"It was cards, cards, cards, and scandal all," observed my friend. No bad description of some cathedral-towns in England!

"Were the people better?" he continued. "Certainly not. Were they happier? Far from it. There was more wickedness, and more mischief going forward on every side; and an immeasurable deal more of hypocrisy. Thank heaven, we have got rid of the abominable nuisance! Great changes have lately taken place. We now meet at each other's houses, where we have music and dancing. We have a capital club-house, at which we also give balls—for the ladies will not be excluded from any society; indeed, where is it perfect without them? During the Carnival we have masquerade-balls, commenced two years ago, which might vie with those of Italy, though we keep them select; but during the last Carnival, though our dresses were ordered, and arrangements made, owing

to the unhappy affair of Almeida we could not have our ball. We met and consulted on the subject, but though none of our relations were engaged in the affair, how could we enjoy dancing while our countrymen were cutting each other's throats?"

I have given a faithful translation of my friend's words, for they will better describe the state of society in Braga than I can in my own. I found them to be perfectly correct.

Even at present there is a certain clerical air about Braga, and at every corner we meet priests in their robes; a sight not usual at Oporto. There are also many more shrines than in the latter city; one of which we passed in our walk, over the gate of the public prison, or lock-up house. This prison is a dreadful-looking den, a recess apparently in the old castle walls, with a strongly barred iron gate in front, more suited to confine wild beasts than human beings, however turbulent. Some half dozen most ruffian-looking wretches were thrusting out their arms and hats from between the grating, begging charity of the passers-by. Over this den there was a shrine containing the figure of a saint, whether male or female I forget, surrounded by flowers, and lighted up with numerous wax-candles, before whom every passer by took off their hats—a few devout old women kneeling down to offer up their prayers. Following the wise rule of "Do at Rome as the Romans do," we of course bowed as respectfully as the firmest believers—or the greatest infidels—among the crowd.

After leaving our cards at the house of another

gentleman, to whom we were introduced, and who we found had in the mean time politely called on us, we repaired to our hotel to satisfy the cravings of hunger, much pleased with all we had seen, both animate and inanimate.

Having concluded our late dinner, we returned, accompanied by two of our friends, to the house of the Infias. Two younger brothers and an only son of the host, who were in waiting in the hall to receive the guests, conducted us first to where Senhor João Borges was standing, and then introduced us to their mother, Donna Anna, a most elegant and amiable-looking lady, who in her youth must have been very handsome—indeed, so many traces remained, that I could scarcely suppose her the mother of the three gentlemen accompanying us, and the grandmother of the fourth, who was also entering manhood. She received us with that exquisite grace which it is so delightful to meet, and which so captivates at once the heart. Her sons then led us through the rooms to introduce us to partners, arranging not only for several consecutive quadrilles, but also engaging vis-a-vis for each of them.

One quick glance round the circle convinced me that some of the fairest flowers of Portugal's youth and rank were there; nor was I wrong in my conjecture—not that diamonds sparkled in their hair—their eyes would have outshone them, and rendered them of no avail; indeed, all were dressed in most simple though becoming attire; but one and all possessed that air of grace and elegance which an innate

consciousness of superiority alone can give. Had the whole company been transferred by an aerial machine to the saloon of Almacks', I feel assured that the lady patronesses would have considered them full worthy of admittance. The men, too, though they wore no stars or ribands, were mostly gentlemanly fine-looking persons, whose polished manner at once bespoke their station in society. Many politely addressed me, and when mentioning my name to them, I found that they were acquainted with several members of my family and other friends. They also eagerly inquired after various officers, with whom some had served, and others had known during the Peninsular war, and also in later days. A relation of mine, General Sir Charles Ashworth, who was in the service of Portugal, or rather, with Portuguese rank, also was in the British service, had commanded that district of the country for some time, and many spoke of him with sincere regard, as they did of his lady, who made a tour through the province some years ago. "Ah! I remember her well," said the young Marchesa de —, with whom I was dancing. "I recollect when a little girl her coming to my father's house at Viana. What a charming person she was! as was her pretty little daughter, and a niece of your name!"

There was scarcely a British officer of distinction who having been known in the north of Portugal was not mentioned; indeed, *by every one were the English spoken of with expressions of sincere regard and esteem.* How grievous it is that, by the arrogant behaviour of our government towards them, and the

scurrilous abuse of Portugal indulged in by the English press, we should forfeit those feelings of affection which were once general among the whole people. I suspect also that many who thus spoke had besides, been supporters of the absolute government of Dom Miguel, whom we aided in deposing; they having however long given in their adhesion to the new order of things. Notwithstanding that, old times and old feelings had not vanished from their recollections.

"There are in this circle," observed a gentleman to whom I had been particularly introduced, "those of every shade of political opinion. Some have even drawn their swords against each other; yet here we meet in one bond of union, casting all former dissensions into oblivion, and striving only who shall be most amiable. The secret is, there is but slight difference in the rank or fortune of any present; and therefore no one fears that the other will surpass him in style or equipage; nor can one look down upon the other. *Il n'y a pas des roturiers ici.*"

My friend was right. Social intercourse can seldom or ever be enjoyed with perfect freedom except every person present can with justice lay claim to the same social rank, have the same general ideas, and the same social education. I of course do not mean the same titular rank, or equal fortunes—that would be absurd indeed; but all present must respect each other, and be accustomed to meet on terms of perfect equality—not however, I must again observe, what the republicans understand by perfect equality, but with a due attention to the respective titular ranks

of each other ; those useful devices which serve to keep the vast machine of society in order.

Our host did not profess to call this party a ball, though there must have been from eighty to a hundred people present ; observing that such took place every fortnight or oftener, in either his or one or other of the principal houses in Braga, while not a week passed without a reunion of their society in some way.

Dancing commenced the moment we entered. Indeed, I suspect that it had been delayed till the arrival of us strangers—a mark of the most courteous attention, but little merited by us ; for we were unfortunately late ; nor did it occur to me, I confess, at the time, that such was the case. Perhaps I may be even now mistaken, but such treatment would have been only characteristic of the very kind reception we met with. Everybody present danced in that quiet style universal in good English society, and there were also many ladies who waltzed ; nor have I ever enjoyed the pleasure of dancing with more delightful partners. In the intervals of the dances a young lady, to whom I had the honour of being introduced on my first entrance, sang several Italian and French songs most charmingly. I soon recognized her as the lovely apparition at the window of the episcopal palace—the eldest daughter of the gallant Baron of Casal. On my first addressing her in Portuguese she directly answered in English, which language with a foreign accent, and a slight hesitation in search of the most appropriate words, she spoke fluently ; and I



found the young lady also well versed in many English authors. She understood also Italian and French, though she professed not to speak the former. I was much pleased with a naive remark she made, which shewed how little vain she was of her own talents. She had just sung, with great sweetness and most exquisite taste, a French air from the *Domino Noir*, which she had heard but once performed on the Oporto stage by the *prima donna*, Madam Rossi Caccia. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "I hope Madame Rossi will not visit Braga, as she promises, or my credit will, alas! sink dreadfully with my friends here, who now so flatter me with compliments as to my singing, and who fancy that their countrywoman must perform better than anybody else." I assured her, as I felt, that Rossi could not more delight her hearers in a room, whatever she might do on the stage, than she herself did. "Ay!" she answered, laughing, "now I see you also are determined to flatter me;" and I saw she did not give me credit for the sincerity of my sentiments. Her master, I found, was a native and resident of Braga, but who was educated at the Academy of Music at Lisbon; and though his voice was gone, he exhibited the best taste in his style of singing.

I trust that I may be pardoned for the liberty I have taken in mentioning this young lady more particularly than the others of the party: I have ventured to mention her name to present a fair specimen of the Portuguese ladies in the higher ranks of the present generation. There were, indeed, I doubt not, many

more in the room, whom, had I enjoyed greater opportunity of conversing with, I should have discovered to be possessed of equal talents and accomplishments.

The older men were engaged with cards in an adjoining room, and some of the ladies declared, that in their own defence they had frequently made most determined attempts to join them in the game, hoping to win their money, and thereby to break them of so ungallant a custom.

Refreshments were handed round during the evening, while quadrilles and waltzes were kept up with spirit till past three o'clock in the morning. The attention of our hosts was so unremitting, and so delicate to each of us strangers, that I could not help mentioning to one of my partners an observation I have frequently heard made by my uncle, the late Admiral Sir Harry Burrard Neale. Having been the esteemed friend of two British monarchs, passing many years of his life at their court, besides having visited those of several other European sovereigns, his opinion on the subject was one on which full reliance might be placed. When in command of the squadron in the Tagus, on his way to take that of the Mediterranean fleet, he spent some time at the court of Lisbon, and had the honour of entertaining his majesty Dom João VI. and the royal family of Portugal on board the *Revenge*, and he afterwards affirmed that he had in no country met with men of more truly courteous and elegant manners than the Portuguese gentlemen whose society he had on that occasion the pleasure of enjoying. I could not in a more appro-

prate place repeat his assertion ; and I fully believe that the same compliment is with equal justice deserved by all the polished classes in every part of the country.

I have given the above detailed account of a very pleasant party, not because it is the only one I have enjoyed in Portugal, for I have at times, for several years, mixed in Portuguese society, but that it is fresh in my memory, and that it was my first introduction to the society of the interior of the country, which, in my ignorance, I had supposed was not equal to that of Oporto at the present day.

Our host politely insisting upon calling on us in the morning, we returned to our hotel, so pleased with our evening as not to feel any fatigue from the great exertion we had undergone during the day.

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## SKETCH IX.

Exterior of the Houses at Braga. The Cathedral. Barbarous modern Innovations. The Sacristy. Splendid Vestments and costly sacred Utenalls. Precious Relics. The High Altar. Pure Gothic Chapel. Quit the Cathedral. Fountain of ingenious construction. Bishop's Palace. Orphan Institutions. Mountain and Church of the Bom Jesus. Singular Fittings of its various Chapels. Good View from one of the Terraces. Beautiful Sunset behind the Mountains of Gerez.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exertions of the previous day, and the excessive heat of the weather, we left our hotel at ten o'clock to view some of the sights of Braga, and afterwards to make some calls on our acquaintance; having first sent a message to Senhor João Borges to request him not to venture out on so burning a morning, his health, as we knew, being delicate.

"Beneath the lofty roof and the shady cloisters of the cathedral we shall be far cooler than in any other spot in the neighbourhood," we concluded, "except it be on the summit of those lofty serras above us, to reach which would be a toil beyond our powers."

To the cathedral therefore, directly facing the bishop's palace, and which was close at hand, we bent our steps; taking advantage of every shady spot to advance. It was useless to look up at the windows on our way; the jealous lattices were closed, nor at that time of day could we expect any bright eyes to be gazing forth on us through them, or rather, I ought to say, could we expect to see any of the fair inmates

of the domiciles beneath them. The heat was certainly very great, but the position of the city being high, the atmosphere was pure and rarefied, and besides, being highly interested in all we saw, we felt not what might have overcome other people.

I think my readers may, from those I have already described, picture to themselves the style of the streets through which we passed. In general, there were, first, on the ground-floor open shops, that is to say, with many doors and no windows, either of French perfumery, gloves, and *bijouterie*, or those of linen-drappers, grocers, or cloth-merchants; then, for one or two stories, came the vast masses of light trelliced wood-work; and above all was a story of stone, or wood, with two or three windows falling back behind the rest.

The streets are paved with flat flag-stones, the gutter being in the centre, and mostly without trottoirs. Sad innovations have lately been made on the picturesqueness of the city (however the inhabitants may have gained both air and light), by the partial abolition of the trellices, and the substitution of plain handsome fronts of stone-work, with large windows to some of the houses.

The cathedral of Braga is one of the oldest Gothic ecclesiastical structures of Portugal; and although on many sides it is concealed by other buildings, the parts of which a good view can be obtained offer a very beautiful specimen of that style of architecture. The porch at the principal entrance, in particular, is most light and airy, with several delicate fluted columns, supporting a rich tracery-work, and a roof of

highly-pointed arches. One end of the edifice, facing a broad street, is also very exquisitely ornamented. As I neither took measurements nor sketches of the building, and as I have never read any description of it, I cannot well say more of the exterior, but my impression was, that of itself it well merited a journey from Oporto to Braga to be viewed. The interior has been much disfigured by the execrable fashion of the last few centuries (I fear that I may say the very last), in being whitewashed, or bedaubed with bad paintings—in having the Gothic columns turned into those of the Grecian, or some nondescript order—and by altars, of the most inappropriate description, erected at the sides. How grieved would the architect be, who planned and built that once perfectly beautiful structure, were he to behold the sad changes which the hand of modern barbarians, more than of time, have worked on the produce of his genius and knowledge! how little cause would he have to say that the present age is in advance of the past! Many Portuguese gentlemen expressed to me their disgust and vexation at the vile havoc which the modern race of priestly Vandals have made on the finest productions of the architectural talents of their forefathers. They turned aside their heads with a dissatisfied air as we passed, in our walks through the city, several of the elegant crosses, in which it abounds, disfigured by whitewash, or yellow, green, and red paint. Some portions, however, of the interior of the building of which I am speaking, have escaped this barbarous desecration of art.

Having made this prelude to my description, I will endeavour to sketch in detail much which we saw worthy of note. There are several chapels on each side of the cathedral, opening into it, and in one, that of the Holy Sacrament, I observed an altar-piece of carved wood in very high relief. The subject was the Triumph of Religion. War, Rapine, and Murder, represented by men with most expressive features, are being ground beneath the wheels of a chariot; preceded by a prancing steed and his rider, bearing aloft the Roman eagle and the keys of St. Peter.

An old, fat, smiling-faced mulatto, who performed the duties of sacristan, acted as our cicerone; and before he would allow us to see anything else, he insisted on our entering what he considered his *sanctum sanctorum*—the region over which he more especially presided—the sacristy itself. It was a handsome hall with arched roof. Up the centre, arranged on stands, were the rich canonicals of the bishop, and the other principal dignitaries of the establishment, while on each side were immense lockers with drawers, in which various other dresses and valuables were kept.

First, we were shewn a drawer holding the golden-tissue robes of some departed bishop, who being a man of very diminutive stature, had a pair of white and gold shoes, constructed with enormously high heels, which gave him nearly half a foot more of height. They looked like a caricature of such as were worn by our great-grandmothers more than a century ago. There were several mitres of white silk worked in gold with glittering jewels—but I must not say precious ones—

strange in our ears. He was a Devonshire man, and had many relations, but he never heard from them, nor had he ever sent to let them know he was alive.

Though an oldish man, and suffering from sickness, he walked with the upright air of a soldier; his eye brightening as he narrated some of his sporting exploits. Pointing to a hill on our right, he told us that one winter he had killed eight wild boars there, by watching at night concealed behind a rock, with his gun ready, till they passed by to feed on the plains. Hares and partridges he had killed without number, as had his son, who he, with much pride, boasted was the best sportsman in the neighbourhood; a chip of the old block, though born under another sky, who had killed two wild boars in one night, and brought them home in triumph. His accounts so excited us, that we were much inclined to turn back and spend a few days at Figuera, for the sake of accompanying him in a sporting expedition. He had evidently not thriven in the country, and was now working as a bricklayer in a field belonging to the convent.

A man of his character seldom manages to succeed in life, as many examples I have encountered prove. Giving him a piece of money to drink our healths, we shook the poor fellow's hard hand, and galloped over the plain along the track he indicated towards Almeida.



## SKETCH XXVI.



Ciudad Rodrigo.

Agreeable Riding across a turf-covered Plain. The Fortress of Almeida. Was captured by the French in 1810, and subsequently retaken by the British. Its more recent Fortunes. Brief Stay at Almeida. Wretched Inn, but kind Hostess. Cross the Turones into Spain. Pass the Fortress of La Concepcion. Village of Fuentes Onoro. The Country hereabouts the Scene of a desperate Conflict. Stirring Incidents. Striking Contrast in the Character and Dress of the Spaniards and Portuguese. Horrors consequent on Warfare. Economy of a Spanish Farm-house. The Fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo. The Town bears evidences of the fearful Siege it sustained. Pursue the Road to Salamanca. Vast Herds of Cattle. Night overtakes us. Stop at Martin del Rio.

A BROAD plain, with here and there an isolated rocky mound, extends along the whole eastern part of the province of Beira, from the banks of the Douro to the Serra d'Estrella; the small stream of the Turones forming here the only boundary-line between Portugal and Spain.

Along this plain, for the distance of three leagues from Figuera, we now gaily trotted, over the smoothest softest turf possible, the recollection that our steeds had a long journey before them alone preventing our urging them into a gallop; yet none but those who have been cooped up for many months among steep and rocky mountains can fully appreciate our feelings.

"Yes, yes!" I exclaimed, "I can now participate in the wild intoxicating sensations of delight which the Arab escaping from the foe must feel, when he once more mounts his gallant barb, and scours the desert. Ah! ah! what then can outstrip him? what so fleet as he, as, shrieking with mad joy, he bends his neck to the long flowing mane of his steed, whose hoofs seem scarce to touch the ground, whence rise those circling eddies of light dust!"

While yet far off we espied the green ramparts and the lofty church-tower of Almeida rising from out of the plain. The ground over which we passed was in a few places carelessly cultivated, but more generally it was a wild common; for many miles scarce a track turning off across it either to the right or left.

Within cannon-range we came upon a battery, thrown up across the road, when the place was invested by the troops of the Ministerial party; the Baron de Bom Fim, who had revolted with several regiments, having taken refuge within its walls.

The fortress of Almeida is considered one of the strongest on the frontiers of Portugal, and was successively occupied by the French and English during the Peninsular War, and several severe engagements

took place in its neighbourhood. It is situated to the north of the Coa, on a mound rising slightly from the plain, and is regularly constructed with bastions, ravelins, a deep ditch, and a covered way; there being no high ground within cannon-shot from which it can be commanded.

The short account given by Napier is highly interesting of its capture by the French in 1810, at the very time Lord Wellington, who was close at hand, was about to relieve it.

“Colonel Cox was governor, and his garrison, composed of one regular and two militia regiments, a body of artillery and a squadron of cavalry, amounted to about four thousand men. The fortress was at this time in an extremely defective state, the ramparts were too high for the glacis, and from some near ground on the side of the attack the bottom of the ditch might be seen. An old square castle built on a mound in the centre of the town contained three bomb-proof chambers, the doors of which were not secure; but with the exception of some damp casements in one bastion, there was no other magazine for the powder. Such was its state when besieged by Massena. On the 11th the trenches were begun under cover of a false attack, and in the morning of the 26th (the second parallel being commenced) sixty-five pieces of artillery, mounted in ten batteries, opened at once. Many houses were soon in flames, and the garrison was unable to extinguish them; the counter-fire was however briskly maintained, little military damage was sustained, and

towards evening the cannonade slackened on both sides; but just after dark the ground suddenly trembled, the castle bursting into a thousand pieces, gave vent to a column of smoke and fire, and with a prodigious noise the whole town sunk into a shapeless ruin! Treason or accident had caused the magazines to explode, and the devastation was incredible.

“The ramparts were breached, the greatest part of the guns thrown into the ditch, five hundred people were struck dead on the instant, and only six houses left standing; the stones thrown out hurt forty of the besiegers in the trenches, and the surviving garrison, aghast at the horrid commotion, disregarded all exhortations to rally. Fearing that the enemy would take the opportunity to storm the ramparts, the governor beat to arms, and running to the walls, with the help of an artillery officer fired off the few guns that remained; but the French shells fell thickly all night, and in the morning of the 27th two officers appeared at the gates, with a letter from Massena offering terms.”

Cox, with determined bravery, was on the point of refusing the Prince of Essling's offer, in the hopes of being relieved by Lord Wellington, when a mutiny, headed by a traitor in the fortress, broke out, and he was finally compelled to make a conditional surrender. The militia retired to their homes, while he with the regular troops remained prisoners of war.

The French were again compelled to evacuate the fortress after the battle of Fuentes Onoro; General Brennier, with admirable skill and courage, after de-

stroying the principal bastions, and most of his guns, cutting his way at midnight through the British picquets, and escaping to the main army.

The events which led to its late military occupation are briefly as follows: The Baron de Bom Fim, a general officer of high repute, and at one time prime minister of Portugal, had formed a strong opposition in parliament to the present ministerial party under Costa Cabral; but finding himself constantly defeated by the superior talent and sagacity of his rival, he organized a conspiracy throughout the country to overthrow him. The minister becoming acquainted with the plans and persons of the conspirators, apprehended several both in Lisbon and Oporto. The Baron made his escape towards Almeida, and being joined on the way, by several regiments he had secretly gained over, he threw himself into that fortress. Here holding out magnificent promises to his party, he was received; assuring them that the whole country would declare in favour of the cause he advocated, and that he should quickly march out again in triumph.

Although there is no doubt that throughout the kingdom he had many partizans, a few guerillas only took up arms, and one or two other regiments in remote positions declared for him; the remainder, sick of domestic strife, quietly awaited the result.

As soon as the news of what had happened at Almeida reached Lisbon the minister dispatched a strong force to invest the place, but the battering train having to be sent up the Douro to Lamego,

and thence across the mountainous country we ourselves had just passed, many weeks elapsed before the siege could be commenced. In the mean time, the revolted being well supplied with money, provisions were plentifully introduced into the town. The garrison indeed made daily excursions towards the Spanish frontier, on which side none of the besiegers were posted; the hostile troops wisely taking the greatest care not to come in contact with each other.

At last the guns arrived, and some batteries were opened, the fortress then returned their compliments; but fortunately few casualties occurred on either side; the besiegers waiting to see if the garrison would capitulate without the effusion of blood, the latter hoping every day to hear of some demonstration made in their favour. The country fortunately remained quiet, and Bom Fim therefore, with all the officers who had joined him, galloped out of the town, reaching the Spanish frontier in safety: the troops capitulating, were distributed among other regiments, and the kingdom has since enjoyed tranquillity. Bom Fim and his followers first went to Ciudad Rodrigo, where they were deprived of their arms, and afterwards proceeded further into the interior. They were however, a short time ago, discovered in forming a fresh conspiracy to overthrow Costa Cabral, and by his representations to the Spanish government they have been banished as prisoners of state to the island of Majorca.

Whatever might have been the causes of complaint urged by the Baron de Bom Fim and his party

against Costa Cabral, he was highly culpable in appealing to arms, and running the hazard of again introducing the horrors of civil war into the land. That he ever contemplated proceeding to extremities, I do not for a moment suppose: he probably expected that once having raised his standard, his friends would flock round it, and that Costa Cabral seeing his own party outnumbered, would quietly resign, as other ministers, on former occasions, had done.

That such an occurrence as I have described could take place is most unfortunate for the country, yet it speaks greatly in favour of the Ministerialists, that so much leniency was shewn towards the party who failed in their aims; and however much strangers may be inclined to sneer at the length of the siege, and its bloodless termination, I would far rather that such was the case, than that the two parties, composed not only of countrymen, but of relations and personal friends, should have uselessly destroyed each other. It must be looked on, indeed, as having been a diplomatic warfare, rather than in any other light.

Yet when will Portugal know her true interests? When will she learn that by internal peace and unity only—that by every man energetically exerting his talents—she can ever hope to become a happy and prosperous country? It needs no prophet to foretel that if she persists in the course she has for so many years past pursued, her irretrievable ruin will be the consequence.

Unquestioned we rode partly round the town, be-

neath its frowning batteries; unquestioned we entered its outer gates, the tread of our horses' hoofs sounding hollow on its decaying drawbridge. The second gate was passed, yet not a soldier did we meet. That fortress, once the scene of so much military display, was now almost abandoned, and without encountering a human being, except a few children, we reached the estalagem of Senhora Bonifacia, just within the ramparts.

We had been led to believe that Almeida was a considerable place, and were consequently not a little disappointed in finding the greater number of the houses of a most mean and wretched appearance—our inn rather worse than the rest.

Entreating our old landlady to prepare us some food, we sallied forth to present our passports at the police-office, and to procure passes, as safeguards for our horses, each of which cost us three testoons. The use of the latter was to prevent their being seized by the Portuguese custom-house officers, no horses being allowed to go out of Portugal for sale; and in Spain, that they might not be taken for military service. The chief of the police was excessively polite, although as evidently no travellers had passed that way since the commencement of his administration, he kept us a considerable time in drawing out the necessary documents. Our next business was to get Spanish money in exchange for Portuguese coin, which we did, at a remarkably large and well-furnished shop of cloth and cotton goods. The contents of this shop, which was larger than those in Oporto, supplied not only the in-



habitants of the town, but the Spanish smugglers, who come here to purchase goods to transport across the border; a task of neither difficulty nor danger, I suspect.

The town contains a prison of considerable size, a church with a high square tower, and two praças, with several narrow streets.

As we discovered no attractions to detain us, we returned to our inn. The best room in the house contained a table and two chairs, one wanting a back, the other a leg; the former fell to my share, the latter to R——'s, who managed most scientifically to balance himself on the three remaining ones, while we eat our mid-day meal.

I must not pass over Senhora Bonefacia—such was really her name—without further mention; for though her inn was a very bad one, she herself was a very good old woman, her solicitude for our welfare deserving our utmost gratitude; nor did she, that I recollect, demand even so much as usual in payment for our accommodation. She appeared to entertain no very high opinion of the world in general, and more especially of the Spaniards.

“Ah! meus Senhores,” she said, “you are going among a very bad set of people, who will rob you on every side—among cheats, rogues, and vagabonds; but the women—they are most to be dreaded—trust them in no way: they will caress only for the sake of deceiving. Ah! they are wicked indeed!”

We promised to be carefully on our guard, and thanked her for her cautions. She said the people of the town were far from satisfied with the behaviour of

the Baron de Bom Fim, who had exposed them to so much danger, and then deserted them. She affirmed that six inhabitants were killed by the fire of the besiegers, and that two artillerymen alone suffered of the military by the bursting of one of their own guns ; no other soldiers on either side having lost their lives. Several of the houses also were destroyed by the explosion of shells. We were much edified by the old lady's piety, when she informed us, that though those on each side of her inn had severely suffered, yet, through the beneficent protection of her patron saint, she had escaped free from all injury, and that she had therefore vowed to offer at his shrine a quarter of the proceeds of the rent which the farrier, who lived on the ground-floor of the house, paid her for one year.

This may be called superstition—so it is, doubtless—and by which, too, a certain class of persons benefit. On their shoulders therefore let the responsibility and blame rest. But it was such superstition as could not raise a smile on our lips ; for the poor old woman fully believing a miracle had been wrought by the intercession of her saint, viewed it as a duty to shew, to the utmost of her means, her sense of the favour vouchsafed. Judging from the paucity of travellers who were likely to abide at her inn, those means were small indeed. But enough of Senhora Bonefacia ! Most unwillingly did we waste much precious time beneath her favoured roof, while the said farrier was shoeing our steeds in the English fashion, he assured us ; and badly indeed he did it too, as we soon discovered to our cost.

At last by three o'clock in the afternoon we were *en route*, and passing through the gates, without let or hinderance we rode down the gentle slope from the fortress, scarcely remembering to give one parting glance at its grass-grown walls.

After proceeding about a mile, we descended a few feet only to the shallow stream of the Turones, the water not being much above our horses' fetlocks, and in an instant were on Spanish ground.

We were at once reminded of the change by seeing a few paces further, on the sloping banks of the stream, a man ploughing, whose high leggins, broad leathern belt, and large slouched hat, bespoke him to be a son of Spain; so different in costume and appearance to the Portuguese countryman. The latter would have taken off his hat, and wished us with a blessing a pleasant journey: this man merely stared for an instant, and then continued his occupation, ashamed apparently of having bestowed so much attention on strangers.

Close to the Turones we passed on our right the small Spanish fortress of La Concepcion, situated on a slightly rising ground, and constructed on the same plan as Almeida. It was apparently abandoned, for we saw no signs of life within its dark gloomy walls. After riding a little way we crossed over some rough stony ground, having the stream of Das Casas below us, on the banks of which where we were, and extending farther to our right to the village of Fuentes Onoro, was fought one of the most desperate and dangerous actions in which the Duke of Wellington

was ever engaged. I wish I had space to give a full account of the battle, but I cannot resist mentioning a few incidents in it.

The Allies, who were engaged in the blockade of Almeida, then in possession of the French, were posted on the table-land between the Turones and Das Casas, the left at Fort Conception, and the right in the village of Fuentes Onoro, and extending some way beyond to Nava d'Aver; the French, under Massena, having two days before marched out of Ciudad Rodrigo.

The beautiful village of Fuentes Onoro is built chiefly at the bottom of the ravine, but a ruined chapel and a few cottages standing on a height, overlook one end of it. It had hitherto escaped all injury, although occupied alternately for above a year by both sides. "Every family was well known to the light division," says Napier. "Deep therefore was their regret to find that the preceding French troops had pillaged it; leaving only the shells of houses where three days before a friendly population had been living in comfort. This wanton act was so warmly felt by the whole army that eight thousand dollars were afterwards collected by general subscription for the poor inhabitants."

It is said truly that war brings many noble qualities into play. Such an action was worthy of Britain's gallant soldiers, and I am happy to have here an opportunity of again recording it. It shews that the mild virtue of charity was not obliterated in their bosoms by the horrors of warfare.

During the battle the right wing of the Allies was turned, and Captain Ramsay's horse-artillery was cut off and surrounded: the British infantry stood firm, receiving the attacks of the French cavalry, while Colonel Lamotte was taken fighting hand to hand with General Charles Stewart at the head of the British cavalry, amounting only to 1000 troopers, who were however compelled to retire behind the light division. "Immediately after this," says Napier, "a great commotion was observed among the French squadrons; men and officers closed in confusion towards one point, where a thick dust was rising, and where loud cries, the sparkling of blades, and the flashing of pistols, indicated some extraordinary occurrence. Suddenly the multitude was violently agitated; an English shout arose, the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth at the head of his battery, his horses breathing fire, and stretching like greyhounds along the plain, his guns bounding like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners in close and compact order protecting the rear." Brilliant indeed was the action, and brilliantly is it described; for I have never read an account which brings more perfectly the whole scene before my eyes. I fancy I can hear the cheers of the British, the execrations of the French, the sharp report of pistols—can see the flashing of the bright blades, and the horse-artillery, amid clouds of dust and smoke, dashing over the plain. On the very scene of strife the illusion is perfect.

Lord Wellington was now compelled to change

his position. All this time a fierce battle was raging in Fuentes Onoro, several turns of fortune occurring. "At one time the fighting was on the banks of the stream, and amongst the lower houses; at another, upon the rugged heights, and round the chapel, and some of the enemies' skirmishers penetrated completely through towards the main position; but the village was never entirely abandoned by the defenders; and in a charge of the 71st, 79th, and 88th regiments, led by Colonel M'Kinnon against a heavy mass which had gained the height, many of the French fell. In this manner the fight lasted until evening, when the lower part of the town was abandoned by both parties, the British maintaining the chapel and crags, and the French retiring a cannon-shot from the stream." Each claimed the victory; the French, because they turned the right flank of the Allies; the British, because the village of Fuentes was successfully defended, and because the blockade of Almeida was maintained.

Marmont, who succeeded Massena, then withdrew his army towards Salamanca, while the allied forces remained to guard the frontiers of Portugal. The Lusitanian legion in this action behaved with the greatest gallantry.

After passing the fortress of La Concepcion, the road being little more than a wild track, we entered the frontier village of Spain, where we inquired for the custom-house, to procure the necessary pass for our horses. We were accordingly directed to a neat small cottage, which we found occupied by a most polite old lady, who begged us to enter, saying her son would

soon make his appearance, and arrange the necessary documents. A young man at last arrived, a true Spaniard, grave and courteous, who, not without difficulty, made out some papers which he seemed to consider would answer our purpose. It was evidently the first time he had been so engaged; but by means of our Portuguese passes, and our hints, he at last succeeded. We had left José with the baggage some way behind; but the officer informed us he was not obliged to examine it, so after paying a peseta for our pass, we rode out of his court-yard, guided by a fine buxom damsel, whom he sent to shew us the cottage of the chief of the police.

Pointing it out to us at a distance, our fair conductress tripped off, and on our inquiring of an old man, whom we took for a peasant, if such was the residence of the chief of police, "Si, Señor," he answered, placing his hand on his heart; "I am he before you."

After we had expressed our satisfaction at having made the acquaintance of so illustrious a person, he led us into a court-yard, and requesting us to be seated on a bench beneath the porch in front of his cottage, he retired within to sign our passports. He was habited in knee-breeches, with black stockings, and buckles to his shoes, a vest without a collar completely open in front, exposing a highly-worked linen shirt, with large lace ruffles on his wrists, a short black cloak, and a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat, from beneath which his long white locks hung down, completed his picturesque and antique attire. He was

evidently a gentleman of the old school ; for I saw few afterwards whose appearance and manners struck me so much : perhaps it was from his being one of the first specimens I met that I so much admired him.

So strange did all the people appear, so unlike those of the country I had left, that at first I could scarcely divest myself of the idea that they all had dressed up to take some part in a theatrical representation. Their generally immoveable countenances, and a certain swaggering strut in their walk, gives them a very theatrical air ; their sonorous language, deeply enunciated, increasing the illusion. I do not know whether I am paying a compliment to the mimics of the stage at the expense of the inhabitants of Leon, but the mode in which Harley straddles off the stage when he is acting the part of a peasant-lover, is exactly the way all the lower orders walk, having apparently considerable difficulty in keeping up their small-clothes.

In the shade on one side of the porch before the cottage sat a tailor on a low stool, employed in his calling—making or mending a pair of breeches, while an old lady, apparently the wife of the police-officer, endeavoured to prevent a pig from straying through the gate we had left open, having fastened our horses on the outside ; she at intervals asking us sundry questions as to our country and destination. We were bidding farewell to the old gentleman, when José arrived, so we continued without delay on our journey.

José had now become quite an altered being. His insolent bearing to the people on the road had changed into the most servile politeness ; his bows



both to the right and left were numberless, and every phrase he uttered he commenced with, "Have the extreme kindness to inform me—or to do so and so." We, too, benefitted by the change; for he extended his courtesy to us also, not, however, to his beloved mule, who came in for all his curses, and a greater share of blows, whenever he lost his temper. Scarcely had we left the village, when crossing a stream, I believe the Das Casas, R——'s horse cast a shoe, exactly in the middle of it. Here was an accident likely to cost us no slight inconvenience, for the chances were many against our finding a farrier before we reached Ciudad Rodrigo, at all events, one who could make a good shoe; so we set to work to fish it up, much amused by the strange light in which José viewed the misfortune. I at first, indeed, suspected him of having induced the farrier of Almeida to put the shoe on slightly, that it might come off and prevent our proceeding farther than he thought fit; but I believe I condemned him unjustly, and that no one but the latter, as being a clumsy rascal, was to blame.

First thrashing his mule as a hint that it should behave itself, and not roll in the water, he commenced feeling in the mud for the shoe. "Now none but the demonio could have taken off the shoe in this place—he's always doing mischief, is the demonio: why could not he let us alone for once in a way! oh the demonio! the demonio! d—— the demonio!" was the chief burden of his plaint.

At last, by the aid of our good genius—for as José certainly did not call upon his patron-saint, it was not

by his aid—the shoe was recovered; and leading our horses a short distance, we reached a small village. Here, fortunately, was a blacksmith who could shoe a horse, so he did R——’s, and very well too. While he was performing his task, we drank some light nice-flavoured wine, much superior, we thought, to that of Portugal. We amused ourselves also by talking to several peasants, chiefly women, who had come to look at the strangers. They were the handsomest we met during our short trip through Spain. One old woman said that a countryman of ours, a military officer, had some time before been lodging at her cottage, and that he had left his name with her, which she wished to shew me. Setting off, she returned with the card of Colonel Badcock, whom I formerly knew during the siege of Oporto, and who has given an interesting account in his journal of the occurrences which he witnessed at that time, and during the civil war in Spain. He was one of the officers appointed by our government to report the military operations of the contending parties. The colonel is an highly-esteemed officer, and one who has suffered severely for his country, having received wounds in every limb, so that it is surprising he can undergo the fatigue and exhibit the activity he does. I used frequently to ride with him round the lines of Oporto, when his accounts of many a desperate fight highly interested me. What brought him to this place I know not, except, as I suspect, to revisit the theatre of those glorious battles where British bravery, coolness, and skill, triumphed over the mighty legions of France. I should earnestly

recommend all young officers to follow Colonel Badcock's example, and with Napier's and other accounts of the great duke's exploits in their hands, to visit all his battle-fields, to mark well each spot, to consider why it was attacked, why defended; and in their mind's eye to people each height, each wood, the wide-extended plain,—indeed, to “fight the battles o'er again.”

Such, I think, would be a good method, certainly a very interesting one, of improving their knowledge of their art, and preparing them to act on an emergency; for though I am an advocate for peace, and should rejoice to see war (notwithstanding that it is a most noble trade) banished for ever from the world, yet I would be strong to repel an attack, and to let our foes know that we are not to be insulted with impunity.

Wars, rapine, and murder, may cease some day: cities stormed and sacked, villages burned, whole countries ravaged and laid waste, may be alone heard of in the pages of history; but it will be only when all men grow far more wise, virtuous, and noble, than they are at present. War! glorious war! one's heart throbs at the thought of the heady fight, when man meets man with equal weapons and they strive for honor and for life! It is drivelling sentimentalism to say that it is not a noble game—the stakes played for are great—the utmost loss but life:—but—ay, that but!—it is the effects of war which make even the warrior's heart sicken, the eye turn aside with horror. Once smiling villages heaps of ruins, their

inhabitants murdered—worse than murdered—and houseless wanderers; the ripe corn, their intended food, trampled down or carried off to supply their foes; rich cities sacked, the bodies of the peaceful citizens strewing the streets; wide districts abandoned and laid waste by friends, to delay the march of the foe; the widow's and orphan's tears;—even such scenes as I have witnessed—they make one pray that war may cease,—they beseechingly call on every one of us to suffer much, before we have recourse to that dread cause of so much human misery.

Naval warfare I look upon in quite another light. Those only engage in it whose profession it is to fight. Contending fleets betake themselves far away from the haunts of men, upon an element where they can do no injury except to each other; and, like two brave knights of old, they fight till one can fight no longer.

But we must return to our route towards Ciudad Rodrigo. We had for some time, against our inclinations, agreed with José that we could not reach that famed fortress before night-fall; and on leaving the last pueblo we were fully convinced of the fact, by seeing the sun sinking low towards the horizon. We pushed on, however, though the ground was rather rugged, to reach the next village of Gallegos, which we did just at dusk; but our perplexity was considerable when we found that there was no posada in the place. We rode therefore through the lanes, inquiring if any of the cottagers were willing to afford us accommodation, and at last being recommended to apply at the house of a certain Senôr Iago, we

found him chopping wood outside his farm-yard. He eyed us narrowly with a suspicious glance, before he deigned to answer José's interrogatories, till at last being convinced that we were not brigands, he told us we might enter the yard. José's first care was to see that the stable would accommodate our steeds and himself; and finding that it would, without consulting us, he agreed to remain, we in the mean time looking round to discover the house where we were to pass the night. At last, the cheering sound of woman's kind tones struck on our ears, inviting us to enter through a low door into a building which we took for a mud-hovel. We however found ourselves, after passing through a hall, in a small kitchen to the right. All the Spanish kitchens we saw, unlike those of the Portuguese inns, are very clean and neat, and so was this one. The wood-fire was placed on some raised stone-work beneath a vast chimney and against a stone projecting a foot from the wall, painted white, with a black round mark where the flames touched it.

We were soon sociably seated about a blazing hearth, on low three-legged stools, of the same form as those called crickets in some parts of England. The family consisted of the old man and his wife, a daughter and her husband, with several little children, and four or five farm-servants, who came in to supper. We found that our hosts were respectable farmers; and though the outside of the building promised little, that the interior afforded every comfort that from the simple habits of the people they could require. The

smoke from the wood-fire inflaming our eyes, compelled us to retire to the outer room, where our younger hostess spread a clean cloth on a table scarcely two feet high, at which we sat on our three-legged stools, with a small tin lamp, such as I have before described, hung from a beam above us. A dish of stewed potatoes smoking hot, was placed before us, on which, with some excellent rye bread, some slices of fried ham, and a bottle of wine we had brought from the Douro, we fared most sumptuously.

We contemplated all the time the necessity of sleeping wrapped in our cloaks on a chest and on the luggage in this rude hall, but as everything appeared turning out most satisfactorily, we made no inquiries; determining to let affairs take their course. This is the best mode of proceeding in Spain and Portugal; the people generally do their best to give you all they possess, and you only offend them by asking for what is not in their power to bestow. Thus we, at all events, acted, and always fared well; probably better than had we troubled ourselves on the subject. José seldom failed to do us one great service, by gently insinuating to the landladies that we were persons of the most extraordinary bad taste, who had a strange aversion to their food being fried in oil. We, too, used to apologize ourselves, by attributing our want of taste to the circumstance of there being no olive-trees in our country, though there are an abundance of cows. *Alío* or garlic we always avoided, without offending the cooks, by a similar excuse; though doubtless they sincerely

commiserated the general bad taste of our countrymen.

Potatoes have of late years become the usual food of the poor throughout the Peninsula : the name given to them, *castanholas* (big chestnuts), shews what they have superseded. I do not mean to say that chestnuts are not eaten, but they are now used more as an additional luxury, than, as in previous years, for the foundation of the meal. I should argue therefore that the people must have a greater abundance of food than formerly, having now the potatoes, besides the chestnuts. The latter when boiled are almost as light and nutritious as the former.

Before nine o'clock we were summoned to bed, when we were not a little pleased to find that several large rooms opened out of the hall, where we were sitting, the bed-places being within alcoves in their walls. R—— was shewn into a room where the young couple and their children roosted. I was led to another chamber in which I could hear, before many minutes had passed, the old couple snoring close to me. The bed was scrupulously clean, and far more comfortable than those in the best inns in Portugal, though the sheets were of much coarser linen than those of the country we had recently quitted : the walls were whitewashed, though the ground was of clay. Directly outside my alcove was a rack well filled with crockery of the roughest manufacture, and there were several chests against the walls of the room, filled, probably, with the carefully hoarded articles of housewifery.

Everything around was in good order, clean, and neat, though coarse in the extreme—reminding me, in some respects, of a tidy English cottage, and such as one might in vain look for, I fear, among the same class of people in Portugal. I like the Portuguese far better than the Spaniards; I have more confidence in their virtue, and their valour, but the humblest cottage in Spain ought to put them to shame. The Spaniards have a very good idea of what we consider comfort and tidiness, the Portuguese peasant not the remotest approach to it: the cottage of the former is built to keep out the heat of summer, as well as the frosts of winter; that of the latter admits every icy blast, while the rays of the sun pierce through their thin roofs.

I unintentionally revenged myself on the old couple for their loud snoring by calling out to them at three o'clock that it was daylight: the old woman answered from her dormitory that it was the moonlight only shining in at the window; but I insisted that it was time to rise, as we were anxious to be off by the earliest dawn. The whole household was therefore soon in motion, while a maid-servant was dispatched to a neighbouring cottage to learn the hour; for, most inconveniently, neither R—— nor I had brought our watches. José was the only person not on foot. If we moved before daylight, he declared we should be robbed if not murdered also, and each time we went to the stable we found him rolled up in his horse-cloth, on a heap of straw. At last, after we had partaken of some excellent chocolate, prepared by our young hostess, such as



every cottage in Spain can afford, the silvery streaks of dawn appeared in the eastern sky, and dragging the still recusant Josè forth from his litter, we bade adieu to our worthy hosts. Their charge for the entertainment of ourselves and beasts was a little more than three pesetas, about as many shillings, nearly a quarter less than we always afterwards paid for a night's lodging. They gave us, besides, some good advice, telling us we should be asked double its worth for whatever we purchased ; and such we found to be the case.

I always enjoy visiting some unfrequented place, such as the one I have described, where the inhabitants have not become vitiated by intercourse with the trading, mercenary world : it gives me a better idea of human nature, and a more kindly feeling for my race, than I too frequently experience elsewhere.

The light was just sufficient to enable us to see our way as we rode in a south-easterly direction from the village. The country through which we passed was wild, undulating, and but partially cultivated. The road led us across several small streams, that of the Azava among them, and along one or two rugged glens, of no great depth ; a few husbandmen engaged in the labours of the field being the only persons we encountered. We welcomed with pleasure the warming beams of the rising sun, for the morning air struck chill and damp through our light clothing ; and, regardless of Josè and our baggage, we trotted on for some miles, in the full enjoyment of unrestrained liberty.

No way of travelling is, to my taste, so delightful

as on horseback, through countries so full of romantic associations as Spain and Portugal; particularly the former. Each day one is sure to encounter some fresh adventure, and every hour one meets on the road with some amusing characters, such as Cervantes and Le Sage have so admirably portrayed. Possessing a strong horse, an intelligent friend, and a faithful servant, I should much like to travel for some months through the country; and the best advice I can give to those anxious to become acquainted with Spain, is to follow this course.

For about a league we passed over a green plain till we came in sight of the dark walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, a square castle and two church-steeple appearing above them, and the stream of the Agueda flowing at their base. Dismounting from my horse, I made a sketch, in as quick a time as possible, lest I should be observed by any of the sentinels, and taken up for a spy, as, from their doing the like thing, has occurred to two or three of my acquaintance. The Agueda is here a tolerably broad river, but shallow, running from the east towards the Douro. The southern walls of the fortress are built on some rocks of slight elevation, whose base is washed by the waters of the stream. Just below the ramparts stand two stone pillars to commemorate its glorious capture from the French; but why placed there, I know not, as the breaches were made on the west side, from a slightly elevated table-land, at a short distance off. Passing above a few cottages, we crossed a bridge of many arches, and wound

up a paved road beneath the frowning walls, so time-stained that we could scarcely distinguish them from the solid scarped rock. When we reached the western gate we were told that our baggage must go round to the eastern gate to be examined, though the passes for our horses being looked at, it was signified that we ourselves might enter ; but of course we preferred attending our property, and had thus the advantage of seeing the entire outer works of the city.

To the eye of a civilian the walls of this celebrated fortress give the idea of prodigious strength, and one is surprised that even cannon-balls should be able to breach them. With the exception of the platform on the west through which the British made their approaches, the surrounding ground is a complete flat. There are a few houses at some little distance, and a large ruined church to the north. The ramparts are of great height, and the ditch broad and deep, and there is not a single route by which an invading force can approach unperceived.

Passing over a long wooden bridge, and through an outer gate, our baggage was examined by the custom-house guards, who being, unfortunately, able to read, discovered that the passes for our horses were not correct, as there were no marks mentioned by which they might be identified. While our clothes were being handled by dirty fingers, and tumbled into the dust, we stood by with philosophical composure, casting a glance to see that nothing was abstracted, but chiefly amused with the many strange figures who passed. There

were soldiers in light blue uniforms of various shapes ; dark Murillo-looking men with slouched hats, and large cloaks enveloping their forms, fit characters to represent the midnight assassin ; others, no less fierce, with hats set jauntily on one side, their cloaks thrown back, exposing their gay vests and worked shirts, might have been taken for daring brigands : there were priests in large shovel hats, women with baskets of fruit, and water-carriers with their donkeys, each donkey bearing four earthen jars in wicker frames fastened like panniers on his back.

While José proceeded to the inn, we passing over a drawbridge, and beneath a wide gate and portcullis, accompanied one of the guards to the office of the chief of police, to have the passes for our horses rectified. We were treated most politely by that functionary, who was habited in military costume ; and almost overcame his Spanish gravity by telling him that our steeds were best known, one from being blind of an eye, the other from having a white face and broken knees, and that they were perfectly unfit to carry one of her majesty's troopers ; nor did he require further to inspect them.

We then went to a posada at the end of the plaza, kept by an active polite landlord. It possessed some tolerable rooms with brick floors, but was not particularly clean. While breakfast was preparing, we were, for the first time in our lives, shaved by a Spanish barber, and fully did he sustain the ancient celebrity of his class, by the delightful way he performed the operation. He first placed his Mambrino's

helmet beneath our chins with hot water, and used a round strop to sharpen his razor.

After breakfast we sallied out to view the town. We walked twice round the ramparts, which afford a fine airy promenade, and appear to be kept in the highest order; nor could we discover where the breaches were made. All the older buildings, however, told of the fearful strife it had endured, and not a house could have escaped the effects of the iron showers hurled at it: the towers of the churches were yet in ruins, the side of a cupola on the top of one being completely shot away. To the north, an aqueduct leads from some hills nearly a league off, and just below the walls, in an open space, surrounded by the straggling suburbs, are a collection of fountains fed by it. To the south are the Agueda, and the distant mountains of Gata. Were it not for these objects the view from the ramparts of Ciudad Rodrigo would be as uninteresting as could well be imagined. The associations are, however, far otherwise, to me particularly, for a short time before I had heard an account of its capture, by one who had there played a most gallant part—the then youthful leader of the forlorn hope, and who, as the meed of his valour, had received from the hand of his great chief the sword he took from the governor. I speak of Colonel Gurwood, the honoured friend of the Duke of Wellington, and whom I thought of as I stood on the spot where he mounted the first steps of the ladder of fame.

The cathedral is a handsome structure, richly

ornamented, and there are two other churches. In the south-western corner is a high square tower of great antiquity, in the buildings attached to which the governor has his residence. The streets are few, and of course narrow; the houses are built partly of large square blocks of stone, which give them a handsome appearance, and partly of brick. The only open space is the long plaza, thronged with market-people and military; and further than this I can say little of the appearance of Ciudad Rodrigo. There are about 2000 inhabitants within its walls, the garrison then consisting of about 800 men.

Our curiosity being fully satisfied, and the sight of Salamanca being our chief aim, we determined to proceed on our journey at once, so as to reach that city on the following day. At two o'clock therefore, greatly to José's displeasure, we rode forth from the eastern gate, furnished with a note from our landlord to a friend at Martín del Rio, assuring him we were cavaliers of the highest character, who paid their way as such. We were much amused at the tenor of the note, and at first doubted whether we should deliver it; but at last we agreed, that as civility, like most other commodities, was to be bought, we might as well secure it, though we paid for it somewhat high. Our suspicions of the purpose of the note proved in the sequel correct, and we agreed that in future we would deliver no such kind billets, or put up at the hotels their writers recommended.

A fiat road led us through the suburbs, close to the aqueduct, till we reached the rocky ridge we

had seen from the ramparts, and surmounting it, we found ourselves on a vast plain, bounded on the right by the distant blue ridges of the Sierras de Francia, with those of Gata more to the south. On every other side nought met the eye but a green expanse, or woods of the sombre-coloured small Spanish oak, bearing sweet acorns, and which have exactly the appearance of olive-trees, for which indeed we at first mistook them. Immense herds of black cattle dotted the plain, fierce-looking animals, not to be counted by tens or fifties, but by hundreds or thousands, so that we could almost fancy ourselves on the pampas of South America. We also passed, at some distance further on, large flocks of goats and sheep feeding together. Though there are neither hedges, ditches, nor divisions of any sort to keep them within bounds, the shepherds and their dogs are sufficient for the purpose. These grassy plains, with the woods on them, reminded us of the scene between Don Quixote and the Carrier, where, after their combat in the meadow, as the word is translated, they seated themselves beneath some trees in perfect amity, like two gallant knights, respecting each other's courage. There was a road marked out, but on each side of it, for some hundred yards, the tracks of wheels and horses' hoofs extended on the soft turf.

We had again been forgetful of José, whom, as it was impossible to refrain from occasionally taking a canter on such tempting ground, we had not seen since leaving the aqueduct near Ciudad Rodrigo. We now therefore, the sun sinking low in the sky, pulled up on

a bridge at the entrance of a pueblo to await his coming.

At last he arrived, accompanied by two horsemen of most suspicious appearance. R—— and I at once agreed, that if they were by chance honest men their countenances most sadly belied them. On their heads they wore broad slouched sombreros, and from beneath that of the tallest beamed forth the most wicked pair of large rolling eyes I ever beheld; their forms also were completely enveloped in dark brown cloaks, somewhat the worse for wear; so that it was impossible to discover whether they carried arms or not. José did not at all appear to admire their society.

"These cavaliers say you are acting far from wisely to allow your servant and baggage to proceed alone," he growled out, as we all travelled on in company; "for though you doubtless carry all the money yourselves, it may offer a temptation to any robbers who may be wandering over these plains."

At these words the tall horseman's eyes rolled round more ominously of evil than before.

"We are much obliged for the good advice," I answered laughing; "but, in the first place, we know well enough that there are no robbers in this part of the country; in the second, we should not fear them if there were; and in the third, they would find little besides a few old clothes for their trouble. However, Senhor José, I beg you will let your mule keep up with us, and with these cavaleros, in whose company we shall have the pleasure of proceeding to



to ride. "I fear, after all, that our suspicious acquaintance have betaken themselves away, and that we are doomed to meet with no adventure," I observed.

"I am much obliged to you for your wishes," answered R——; "but for my part, I should prefer finding ourselves comfortably seated at the kitchen-fire, in the posada."

"What! and have no stirring adventure to relate?" I cried.

"That may be very well for you who purpose to fill the pages of a book. If we were to lose our baggage, and be tied like scarecrows to the trees, you would be amply repaid by the interest it would give your work," responded my friend. "I have no such love of romance."

"You are destitute of ambition, my dear fellow," I answered, laughing. "Think of the honour of being made the hero of my tale!—Think——" Scarcely had I uttered the words, when from behind a dark wall, which rose suddenly before us, our two acquaintance issued forth.

"*Buenas noches, caballeros*; you have loitered on the road," they said, riding up to us. José uttered a groan, expecting to hear the report of their pistols.

"We stopped to shew you the posada," continued the tall horseman, and we could hear him give way to a fiendish chuckle. José again groaned, and answered in his most courteous tone: "*Muchas gracias, Señores*, we are going to the posada of the Provin-

ciana." "That is not the posada we go to," said the same voice. "You will find it a few paces on to the right. Good night, cavaliers;" and away they trotted, while we directed our course towards a light, we just then discovered, beaming from a cottage-window.

We learned afterwards that our friends were noted contrabandistas—worthy, honourable men in the estimation of the world—though addicted to infringing somewhat the laws of their country!—and we had strong reason to suspect, that being facetious characters, they had been amusing themselves at José's expense.

The posada of La Provinciana, or Biscayana, by either of which names it is known, so called from the hostess being a native of the province of Biscay, is a fair specimen of a Spanish country inn. We entered through some large gates, into a place which appeared like a court-yard, except that it was completely roofed over. On one side were the doors of several stables, capable of holding full a hundred horses; for as the Spanish muleteers travel in large bodies, three or four of which may arrive at a time, smaller stables would not be capable of receiving them; on the other side was the kitchen, the public sleeping room for the upper class of guests, and the apartments of the family. The kitchen was exactly like the one I have before described, except that it was rather larger, and very clean; the brass utensils of cookery hanging against the white-washed wall, and shining from constant bur-

nishing. The landlord was a fine, tall, independent-looking fellow, rather burly and big, as became his calling, and fully able to maintain order in his establishment. The hostess—the Biscayana—was a handsome and active woman, who seemed well to second him, although she had been an heiress, and brought him his fortune.

While we were seated on our low stools before the kitchen fire, she killed, plucked and stewed two chickens for our supper, and then undressed her children; a highly interesting sight was the latter. We were doubting whether she was about to stew one of them also, till she carried them off to bed. She made various messes for the other guests, while her tongue kept moving the whole time with a very pleasing tone.

To eat our meal we were shewn into the chief room, which at each end had two alcoves with beds in them. During the evening I went out of our dormitory to speak to Josè, whom I found in one of the vast stables, reposing in a manger near his horses. On passing through the large hall, or rather covered court-yard, I picked my way among some twenty or thirty men, sleeping in all directions on the ground, wrapped in their horse-cloths, with their saddles for pillows, ready at a moment's notice to rise and pursue their journey; and I fancy these hardy muleteers seldom indulge in more luxurious couches.

After finishing our supper R—— took possession of one of the beds, but I, not being sleepy, sat up

writing; when to my surprise I heard the voices of a woman and child, whom I discovered to be the occupants of one of the beds. The hostess had made her appearance once or twice; and at last finding I was not preparing to retire, she requested I would delay no longer, saying a lady was anxious to take possession of her couch, which she could not do till I was safely ensconced in mine. To such a request of course there was no denial, so I quickly turned into a very comfortable bed opposite to the yet unoccupied alcove. Before I had time to go to sleep, which I most strenuously endeavoured to do, I saw a veiled figure ushered in by the hostess, bearing a shaded lamp, take possession of the said dormitory; but little did I cogitate on the matter, ere, being left in total darkness, oblivion of all things present stole over my soul.

## SKETCH XXVII.

*En route to Salamanca. Large Herds of Swine. Singular build of the Villages. Increasing Elevation of the Country. Pueblos at Abobeda. Lovely View on approaching Salamanca. Unpromising Aspect of the City. Many of the Edifices, notwithstanding, very superb. The Modern Cathedral. The Sacristy. The Old Cathedral. The Walls and Fortifications of Salamanca. State of Feeling of the Inhabitants of the Peninsula towards the English. Depressed Condition of the Collegiate Establishments. Foundling Hospital and Orphan Asylum: solicitude for the comfort and welfare of the inmates. The University. Library. Plaza de la Constitucion. Splendid Café. No Sympathy with Gamblers. Retire to Rest.*

I WAS awoke by the hostess entering the chamber, and letting in a grey stream of early daylight through the single small window which the room contained, bringing at the same time a wash-hand stand, with water and towels; luxuries we had not often met in Portugal, except when asked for. Remembering the other occupants of the room, we quickly performed our toilet, when two tiny mugs of thick chocolate with some thin slices of toast, and glasses of water, were brought us. After paying the reckoning, we mounted our steeds and rode forth over the vast plain.

My host took his friend's hint, and charged us three dollars and a half, about seventeen shillings; giving us a further recommendation to his correspondent at Salamanca, which we took good care not to deliver.

We were truly fortunate in the weather. In the morning the air was delightfully fresh and invigorating; and during the middle of the day the sun's rays were

never oppressive. This time of the year is unquestionably by far the best suited for travelling, except that we found the hours of daylight somewhat fewer than we wished.

There was but little difference in the scenery to that we passed on the previous day—the same blue range of mountains were still visible, already apparently sprinkled with snow. Perhaps, however, the reflection of the sun on some white cliffs deceived us. On each side were also the same vast wide green pastures, or interminable woods of low oaks. Here and there a gentle elevation broke the otherwise regular line of the horizon, and pueblos scattered about in every direction shewed that the land was still the habitation of man. Near each pueblo were numerous horses and colts feeding; some of them very pretty animals. We passed also many more herds of cattle, and flocks of goats and sheep intermingled; indeed, frequently the races were evidently crossed. Still more numerous were the large herds of black swine, sufficient to create a disgust for the country in the heart of a Jew or a true follower of Mahomet. I never before saw so many together; and I should think the sweet acorn, on which they feed, must give their flesh most delicious flavour. The fields also are of greater extent than I had before seen; but how all these animals are kept away from them I know not, for the landmarks are apparently but slightly defined, and protecting fences they have none. These vast woods and pastures are all the property of individuals, or of the

neighbouring pueblos ; for, as far as I could learn, the crown possesses none of them.

The villages are built in a singular form, much like those of the settlers in the neighbourhood of the war-like Indian tribes in the western parts of America. They are completely surrounded by stockades, cattle-pens, and gardens, the houses being in the centre, their doors opening on the side furthest from the main road, the windows few and small ; in fact, formed in the best way to resist the attack of an enemy. This plan has probably been followed from the earliest times, when every succeeding year saw the country the theatre of war ; and in later days they have had, alas ! but too little cause to change it. The houses are of brick, or stone closely cemented, and if not entirely painted, are generally whitewashed round the doors and windows, which gives them a neat appearance.

The carts we saw are shaped somewhat like an English dust-cart, but with larger wheels, and the sides of much greater height. The oxen employed to draw them are truly magnificent animals, half as large again as those of Portugal. The carts also are as unlike as possible to the small heavy chariot-shaped vehicles used by the latter nation.

No diligences run between Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo, but we passed or overtook several light, canvass-covered, English-looking wagons, drawn by six mules, or horses, which perform the journey in a day and a half.

The face of this part of the country is remarkable.

Every three miles or so we came to a sudden rise of about thirty feet in height, like a step, extending east and west ; the level then continued for the same distance, and then came another step. My theory is, that the waters of the Deluge, after washing over the rocky northern coast of the Asturias and Biscay, swept southward and westward, gradually carrying away the loose soil and sinking at the same time, made these steps, as they found a vent through the rocks of Portugal; leaving part of their rich produce in their course, and depositing the remainder to form the fertile lands which border the western coast of that country. These plains are situated as high above the sea, I should think, as any of the most elevated parts of Portugal ; the barrier summits of the mountains alone being excepted. Geologists, however, possess more knowledge on this subject than I can pretend to, and perhaps can shew that I am wrong in my conjectures ; so I will pursue the question no further.

After riding five leagues, we stopped to bait at the posada of Abobeda, standing alone, with the exception of a mean little venda, close to the road. A church was at a small distance, and five pueblos were within sight. Instead of the usual assurance from the hostess that she had everything in the house, she at once declared she had nothing to give us to eat ; that she was a lone woman, and had no servants to send out to procure food ; that we might put our horses in the stables, and might help ourselves to the corn and straw ; that she would cook anything we wished, and that we might eat it in the kitchen ; but that nothing



else would she do. This was not pleasant information to hungry people, so we repaired to the *venda*, where we found bread and wine, and some meat, I believe kid, just killed, with which we returned to the *posada*. The meat the old lady consented to cook, although at first highly indignant at our desiring to have no oil mixed with it. A few soft words turned away her wrath, when she sliced our meat, and boiled it, but, alas ! when placed before us, our teeth could make no impression on it, and even José, after it had received a second stewing with oil, to suit his palate, declared he had never eaten such tough morsels. On the opposite side of the fire the muleteers and passengers of a wagon were seated round a low table at dinner. They formed a picturesque group: the gay coloured dresses of the drivers, the dark ones of the other men, their countenances bent over the table, while they helped themselves to food, and their heads ever and anon thrown back, as they poured the wine into their mouths from a skin bottle. A woman was of the party, with two lap-dogs ; her tongue wagging for all the rest.

On the stone seat against the wall a stout man was seated, evidently of a higher class, habited in the usual large black cloak and broad-brimmed *sombrero*. We were speculating on his profession, when we saw him stir a pot boiling on the fire, and the hostess bring in a pestle and mortar, in which he compounded a mixture for a patient in the house ; thus proclaiming himself a disciple of Esculapius. I had a good deal of conversation with him, and he seemed an intelligent

person, without any of the Dr. Sangrado manner, though he did declare that *Don Quixote* was a second-rate work, little thought of at present in Spain, and that there were many much better romances.

Truly, this observation of the worthy doctor's was too much in accordance with the principles of Young Spain—to despise all that their fathers venerated, to destroy all vestiges of their ancient monarchy—their only days of glory—because they have discovered that all was not right in those days. This they call liberty! this is their enlightenment! Forsooth! I would rather be the slave of an honest Turk, who reverences his Koran and puts his trust in Allah, than enjoy such liberty!

Among other things, the doctor told me that there were several cloth-manufactories in the neighbourhood, (shewing me his cloak, of very good texture, the material of which was made in one of them), and that most of the machinery had been imported from England.

Wherever I go I find proofs of the short-sighted policy of the English government in not forming a commercial treaty with the Peninsula, even at the cost of some present sacrifice; allowing the people in the mean time to become, in consequence, manufacturers themselves, and thus to be independent of us.

We had yet six leagues to perform before we could reach Salamanca, the whole distance between it and Ciudad Rodrigo being sixteen short leagues. We were much amused by hearing José boasting that the Spanish leagues are little more than half the size of those of Portugal—poor little leagues which one gets over in

no time. Now in some parts of his country there are leagues of such magnificent length that they take full two hours, if not more, to perform !

We met a number of countrywomen riding over the plain on donkeys, not one of which had a halter, or any incumbrance about the head, being guided entirely by the voice of the rider and a small stick she held in her hand. The heads of those carrying burdens enjoyed the same freedom ; and a drove we met with empty charcoal-sacks were busily employed, as they trotted on, in picking up any green food in their path, which they could thus masticate without fear of indigestion.

When yet many miles off we could see the smoke from the hearths of Salamanca ascending high in the sky, and towards it we steered our course. At last, mounting a gentle rise, the towers of the numerous churches, convents, and colleges of that ancient seat of learning, surrounding the pinnacles and dome of its beautiful cathedral, which rose proudly above all, burst upon our sight. A very lovely spectacle it was, set off by the stream of the Tormes close below us, which here taking a bend to the north, has the appearance of a silvery lake, fringed by many graceful trees bending over its waters. We rode along the banks of the river for two or three miles, with the city in view, passing a few villas, till we reached the suburbs on the south bank, through which a fine broad road conducted us to a bridge of many arches, and by it we crossed the stream to the outer gate. We were here ordered by the guards to unload our mule, when

our luggage underwent a strict examination, which being concluded, we were permitted to proceed. José had on the road made acquaintance with a man on horseback, whose advice he asked as to the best hotel in the place. The man recommended the Parador del Rincon, at the same time saying the one our host at Martin del Rio had advised us to patronize was not bad. We afterwards found that the man was the brother of the master of the former, and much obliged to him were we for his advice (even though it might have been interested), as we had good reason to be pleased with the accommodation afforded us. He now sent a boy to guide us thither; and passing through several narrow streets, we reached just at dusk the said Parador del Rincon, situated in the corner of the Plaza Mayor.

The outside, like nearly all the private houses in the city, had a mean appearance; but we were agreeably surprised after passing through a court-yard, to find ourselves shewn into a large clean room, and though the floor was of brick, with two pretty French-beds, wash-hand stands, looking-glasses, sofas, tables and chairs; indeed, completely furnished to serve as a bed- or sitting-room. Then we had the nicest, most active, and pretty little girl possible to attend on us, the grand-daughter of the hostess, called Manuella. I shall not forget her smile at our mistakes, or the trouble she took to correct our faulty Castilian; though at times she could look very serious, if not sulky; and at last we came to the conclusion, from her variable temper, that she was in love—no uncommon occurrence

to Spanish maidens of sixteen; for to so many years did she own. Never did I see waiter more active in laying the table, and changing our plates, which she did for every one of the six or eight dishes placed before us; she was, in truth, like the servant-girl encountered by Coningsby and his mysterious friend at the little country-inn, fully mistress of her subject.

The different persons engaged in the hotel were, with the exception of one old woman, a servant of all work, belonging to one family. Manuella's grandmother superintended the kitchen, which was much in the French style, and her uncle, a very respectable-looking young man, was master of the hotel.

After one has been roughing it for some days, one does enjoy the luxury of a really good quiet hotel as this was; and so, indeed, on this occasion did we, wishing we could remain for a week or so to become civilized again.

The following morning, after the dark-eyed Manuella had brought us in our chocolate, with some delicate thin toast and deliciously cool water, we sallied forth to make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the geography of the city, before we commenced sight-seeing.

Salamanca disappoints one more than any city I have ever visited. Among heaps of ruins arise magnificent structures, themselves too often giving signs of speedy decay—churches unroofed, convents dismantled, colleges deserted; the streets narrow, irregular, winding up and down hill, and dirty in the extreme; the houses shabby and small, the few of size and

apparent respectability having blank walls only towards the thoroughfares. But then, again, one is delighted with the vast and elegant cathedral, the not less beautiful church of St. Domingos, the former Jesuits' college, latterly inhabited by the Irish students, the university, the Colegio Viejo, and many other superb edifices—the latter, instead of being the oldest, appearing to be one of the newest of all; either one of them, both within and without the walls, worthy of being the pride of any city in the north of Portugal. Then there is the beautiful *Plaza de la Constitucion*, a perfect square, with an arcade on each side, the exterior of the buildings richly ornamented; the *Plaza Mayor*, and many other open spaces; the whole surrounded by walls with several beautiful gates built in the time of the Bourbons; and outside the walls is a shady avenue, the general resort of the inhabitants on the evenings of summer. Such, in a few words, is Salamanca, formerly one of the most wealthy and important seats of learning in the world, now affording education to scarcely more than six hundred students; their numbers every year decreasing, and being nearly, if not completely, deserted by those of noble birth and of title.

The first building we entered was the cathedral. It stands in an open space, the greater part entirely separated from other edifices, except the old cathedral, which, like a dwarf scarcely perceived, nestles by its side, the modern structure towering far above it. The architecture is of the most florid Gothic, with a lofty dome and highly-ornamented pinnacles; the stone of

which it is built still retaining a pure pinkish hue. The interior delighted us most. There are four aisles, two on each side of the nave, descending in height from the centre, whose lofty pillars, whence spring finely-grained arches, are formed of a collection of small delicate columns, like reeds clustered together. At the end furthest from the altar a stone screen highly carved divides off the choir, and by so doing destroys the effect which would have been produced by a view up the centre. Notwithstanding this fault, I delighted to pace up and down the aisles, gazing at the elegant tracery-work above, and those graceful columns, which give it more the appearance of some gigantic bower of the forests of America, petrified by the hand of magic, than an edifice built by human means. Here is no whitewash, or paint and gilding of modern barbarism, to destroy the chaste simplicity of the pure stone, the pale pink tint of which causes an inexpressible lightness and airiness to pervade the whole edifice. On each side are four chapels, also with arched roofs, and having iron railings in front, some of them containing a few good paintings.

There is everywhere much rich carving, particularly in the stone-screens which surround the choir; and in the end of the choir, facing the altar, is a handsome iron railing.

The dome is of great height, and here some painting, displaying the most vivid colours and a slight proportion of gilding, has much added to the effect. Beneath it we sat for some time each day,

indulging in the sensations of tranquil delight which the surrounding scene was so well calculated to produce: a tempered light thrown over us through the high windows of the deeply-stained glass adding to the effect.

It is, indeed, a temple fit for the exercise of a pure and bright religion, not such as taught and practised by ascetic bigots, but such as the great Architect of this beautiful world—the God of love and mercy—can alone approve, full of hope and aspirations after divine knowledge and perfection !

Care is obviously everywhere bestowed in keeping it in the most perfect order. The floors are scrupulously clean, the water in the fountains pure, the carving is undisfigured by dust or cobwebs, and the priests, as they sedately pace the solemn aisles in their flowing robes, have a dignified appearance, as though they fully appreciated the respect due to their church and office.

The sacristy is an elegant Gothic hall; no tawdry pictures or figures of saints disfiguring the walls. Not a particle of paint or gilding is to be seen, except on the frames of four mirrors of immense size, which, however, seem strangely out of place, though not useless, as they enable the priests to adjust their robes with becoming grace and elegance. We were amused by seeing a handsome young acolyte giving a glance round at them with much the same air as a lady casts her last look at her boudoir mirror, when her abigail has given her the finishing touch, and her carriage is announced to convey her to some ball where conquests await her charms.



From the more modern edifice a door conducted us at once into the old cathedral, which, although it cannot vie in size and magnificence with its younger rival, even surpasses it in the chaste simplicity of its architecture. It also is of the Gothic, but less ornamented style, nor has time stamped it with any disfiguring marks whereby its more ancient date might be assumed. Here is little or no carving: simple columns and pointed arches of the same pink stone alone meet the eye; and were it not thus placed in juxtaposition with the new cathedral, it would itself be considered by all as a very beautiful edifice. Having had no cicerone, either to induce us to fill our notebooks with mis-statements and absurd tales, or to impart correct intelligence, as the case might be, I can give no further positive information respecting these cathedrals. I believe the larger one was built about the end of the sixteenth century, and that, however much we admired it, it is yet inferior in size and beauty to those of Seville, St. Jago de Compostella and Toledo; and perhaps several other Spanish edifices.

While making a circuit of the city, outside the walls, we encountered a gentleman whom we addressed to gain a piece of information, when after some conversation, he told us he was mayor domo, or director, of an *hospicio*, a foundling hospital; and seeing we were strangers, politely invited us to visit the establishment under his care. As we walked along, being some distance from the place, we had much interesting conversation with him; for as he was a well-educated man, he fully understood the Latin and Portuguese

French, they with eager delight broke forth into the fiercest vituperation of the Spaniards, for whom they could scarce find sufficient words of abuse.

"Spain is a lovely country," said one—"a magnificent country; but the inhabitants are savages—brutes—whom nothing will reclaim: if my advice were followed it would become a grand country—ah!"

"What is the advice Monsieur offers?" I asked.

"Sweep every Spaniard from the face of the land into the sea, and people it with Frenchmen," he answered, giving a twirl to his moustache, and a grunt of contentment at the thought.

"But would you sweep the Spanish ladies into the sea also?" said I, smiling.

"*Oh mon Dieu! non.* I would preserve them, except those of this horrid place," he replied, laughing scornfully. "What a place! what dirty narrow streets! no theatre—the public walk so dark that you knock your head against your friend without seeing him—and then the churches are, after all, but churches; and then the heaps of ruins. Ah! the French did that; and it is a pity they did not knock down still more—the beasts of people that these are."

I could not avoid laughing at the Frenchman's impudent coolness, in abusing the people for not building up the city his countrymen had knocked about their ears. His system is precisely what the French are now practising in Algeria—cutting the natives in pieces, to people the land afresh. The French have ever looked on Spain with an envious eye—and will most assuredly, on the first opportunity, make them-

selves masters of it ; nor is that opportunity, perhaps, far distant. I doubt not these gentlemen had reason to be annoyed at the behaviour of the Spaniards towards them ; for several times we were mistaken for them, and on our declaring ourselves to be Englishmen, censurable as has been our policy to their country, we experienced an instant and favourable difference in the manner of the people.

Again sallying forth, we went to the present Irish college, from which the rector was absent ; but the porter at once shewed us round the building. It is on the same plan as nearly all the others—a large quadrangle in the centre, with an arcade on each side on the ground-floor, and a gallery round the upper story, the roof supported by handsome pillars above. The private rooms are elegantly and luxuriously furnished in the most complete English style. There is a large hall, formerly used for grand convocations of the heads of the college, and which is still kept in perfect order ; the sofas and chairs of richly-ornamented Spanish leather, the ceiling well painted (I forget with what subject), the floor covered with a thick Indian mat : in truth, it looked more like some nobleman's drawing-room than a college-hall. We were also shewn the library, a handsome room, well stocked with a great variety of literary works ; and we were much amused when looking over the forbidden books locked in glass cases, to see some of them by authors decidedly opposed to Romanism. The rector, uniting in his person all the other offices of the college, receives the whole of the remaining revenues, which we were told

are considerable, and being much attached to Spain, he cannot accede to his friends' wishes, and return to Ireland. Limerick is, I believe, his native city. I think he is perfectly right to remain where he is, for he would lose sadly by the change.

We were anxious to see the circus where the bull-fights are held; and finding out the proprietor, a quiet-looking little old man, who had two years ago built it, he sent a person to gratify us. The Plaça dos Toros, as it is called, is a vast amphitheatre, built chiefly of stone, of two stories, the upper boxes, and the railings in front of the lower tier only, being of wood. The seats rise one above another, nearly thirty deep; the price of entrance to which is one or two pesetas, accordingly as they are more or less in the shade, and eight pesetas are paid for a seat in the boxes in the shade, or forty dollars (about 8*l.*) for a shady box, holding twenty people, for the entertainment, which lasts four days. There are four entrances to the circus; one for the live bulls, one for the dead ones to be drawn out, one for the horses, and the fourth for the matadors. The first has the *coral*, or yard, behind it, and contains four parallel passages, with four doors in each passage, over which is a stage with trap-doors. Thus one bull is driven in, and the door closed behind him, then another is driven in, and penned in likewise, and so on till sixteen bulls are secured. When the signal is given the people on the stage open the front door with ropes, and the bull rushes out. Afterwards the next door is prepared to be opened at a moment's notice, the people goading

on unseen the fierce animal, if necessary. On the stage the musicians are stationed, as well as the owners of the bulls. The boxes are fitted up for the occasion with rich hangings, gay flags waving above them; and when filled with many thousand people, as it often is, the spectacle must be very grand. The last fight was in September, when the man said, I think, there were eight thousand people present—and none of the matadors were killed.

We had been taken, during our journey, for natives of many different countries, and for followers of various callings; but never before, as our cicerone now supposed us to be, for managers of a company of *athletæ* or equestrian performers. The truth is, the Spaniards have so little taste for travelling, that they cannot suppose any persons will give themselves so much trouble, and be at so much expense, merely for amusement.

There are so many descriptions of bull-fights in the works on Spain, that I will not describe one, especially as I was never present at one in the country. That they have a brutalizing effect on the feelings of the people, I think no one can doubt; and I suspect that they have had an influence in causing much of the savage system of bloodshed, worthy only of the dark ages, which has of late years half depopulated Spain. In one or two parts of Portugal there are still occasionally bull-baits, but not with dogs, nor do the animals suffer injury beyond a few darts thrown at them. At all events, during the civil war, with few exceptions, there were no revolting murders committed,

for I suspect those robbers, the French, had carried such off, as they did everything valuable they could possibly lay hands on. There was also a beautiful piece of gold tissue, with which to cover the Holy Sacrament. Other drawers contained piles of magnificent vestments: some had been worked in Braga, others had come from Rome; some were of red silk and gold, to be worn on the day dedicated to the Holy Ghost; and others, of green silk and gold, were very handsome. The weight of some which we lifted was prodigious—sufficient, I should think, to fatigue the stoutest prelate who ever ruled the see of Braga. Those powerful bishops, however, it must be remembered, were in days of yore accustomed to don not only vestments of gold and silk, but coats of mail, and to do good service therein, when they led their followers to the field; so that they might perhaps have found no inconvenience from such cumbersome garments. One dress in particular I remember, of the richest brocade, and of great weight, with a cross worked on it, was brought from China three hundred years ago. It was used, and I suppose still is, when a new bishop is initiated in his office. On a fine marble table in the centre of the hall were arranged the gold cups and other utensils used in the Communion Service, covered with cloths of gold tissue. On the upper shelf of the locker which ran round the hall were numerous busts of the former bishops, and above them, paintings of the saints, and events in their lives, by Portuguese artists. In a glass case, among the bishops' heads, was the skull of Santa

Candida, crowned with a wreath of white roses; and I believe that the cathedral contains many other most precious relics, which I must own to not having seen. I fear the sacristan had not full confidence in the orthodoxy of our belief, as he did not even offer to exhibit to us those invaluable treasures.

An inscription on the outside wall near the entrance gives a long account of them, mentioning that they were presented, many centuries ago, by a certain pious prelate, who had collected them at vast expense and labour. The army of Soult never thought of carrying them off, which is a strong proof, if any were wanting, of the utter disregard they had to all religious subjects. The vile infidels! what leave behind those invaluable relics, which were well worthy of a general crusade of all the nations of Christendom to win, and carry away instead all the vile dross of gold and silver which came within their reach? No wonder the united arms of England and Portugal drove them with ignominy from the land!

We had not yet seen half the treasures. The sacristan now opened a closet-door, and displayed a fine collection of gold and silver cups and crosiers. The most beautiful was a large chalice of finely-chased gold, and surrounded with bells, which gave forth a musical sound as it was raised aloft. It was upwards of 300 years old. Then there was a small silver cup inlaid with gold, used at the christening of the great Alfonso Henrique, more than 700 years ago, and a ring and cross of even greater antiquity, belonging to some bishop, of some place or other,

which, as our dark cicerone observed, it mattered but little to us to know.

Near this closet stood a trunk with all the utensils used at the sacrament and in administering extreme unction, which I had now, for the first time in my life, a good opportunity of examining. There were jugs to contain the wine, a pot and spoon to sprinkle holy water, a case to contain the oil and ointment, and other vessels, looking very like tea-pots. I must assure my readers that I touched them all with the utmost respect.

On each side of the sacristy were two Morisco-looking fountains, painted of all colours, the cocks of which shut with a spring, so that they cannot be left running—an idea worth copying for those used in beer- or wine-casks.

It is time we should leave the sacristy, and mount the steps of the high-altar, over which stands a figure of Nossa Senhora da Pedra, to whom the cathedral is dedicated. The altar-table is covered with a cloth of gold, the subject worked on it being the lives of the twelve Apostles. On one side is the tomb of Count Henri of Besançon, the father of Alfonso Henrique, and on the other that of his wife Donna Teresa, both of stone. On the lid of the first is the recumbent statue of a knight, rudely carved, which has since been vilely mutilated, one arm being also broken. Think of the dean and chapter foreshortening Count Henri's legs to squeeze him into his present position! That of Donna Teresa has less pretensions to beauty or style of execution. On one side of the



altar is the episcopal throne; both it and the canopy being covered with cloth of gold.

On the left of the principal entrance is a very ancient and beautiful font, and on the other side is the tomb of Dom Sebastian, the infant son of Dom João I. who died at ten years of age. It is entirely of bronze, and the design is very elegant. On the lid of a richly-worked sarcophagus is a child sleeping, with angels watching round him, while couchant dogs support the whole tomb. A canopy of bronze raised by four light pillars shades it, and it is also surrounded by an iron railing.

Leaving the body of the church, we entered a separate chapel of pure Gothic architecture, in which no innovations have been made, dedicated to Nossa Senhora do Libramento. It contains not only the tomb, but in a glass case, on one side of the altar, the veritable mummy of the gallant Dom Lorenzo, bishop of Braga, who fought most valiantly at the battle of Algibarrota, where he received a tremendous sabre-cut, the mark of which is still to be seen on the right side of his cheek. The body is very perfect, of a light clay colour, the teeth, hair, and nails still seen, but the robes of gold tissue were renewed some twenty years back. Beneath is an inscription praising his valour and his piety. On the other side of the altar is the sarcophagus in which the body was originally preserved.

We next ascended to the organ-loft, which quite blazes with gilt carving. The organs are very handsome, of black wood, with gold ornaments, and are

finely toned. By a fee to the organist strangers may at any time hear them played.

As the sacristan was shewing us round, he frequently complained that such and such an ornament had been carried off by the French. "Then I suspect, Senhor Sacristão, that they are no friends of yours," I observed. "Friends indeed!" he answered with a scornful tone. "Thank heavens! I have no friends among the greatest thieves of the earth. How can an honest man claim them as friends, forsooth!"

We were unwilling to leave the cool recesses of the sacred edifice, till our cicerone informed us that he had shewn us all the curiosities of the place, politely hinting at the same time that he was anxious to close the doors, and to take his dinner and siesta; so we most unwillingly were compelled to seek once more the hot furnace of the outer air.

We stood for some time admiring a fountain of elegant design, which threw around its cooling showers in front of the bishop's palace. Six figures support a large shell, on the top of which is a rock, with a castle finely carved on it. The castle is surmounted by turrets and battlements; the water flowing from beneath it, over the sides of the shell, into a large tank below.

We then entered a part of the palace open to the public, being a large hall hung round with portraits of the defunct prelates of the see; and beyond, the bishop was holding a sort of a court of justice, his predecessors having enjoyed, at one time, the rights of petty princes.

On our way to make our calls, we passed through a square with arcades, and in it were several large buildings, one of which is an institution where several hundred orphan boys are clothed, fed, and educated, till fit to enter the world. There is another institution, a short way out of the city, where orphan girls are in like manner brought up and taken care of, either till they marry, or a situation is procured for them.

I must confess that at length we were compelled to drag our weary limbs home, and to throw ourselves on our beds to rest for an hour or so. We were not long idle; for before three we were again in our saddles, on the way to pay our respects to Senhor João Borges and his mother Donna Anna. I ought to mention that he was a widower, with only one son, of whom I have already spoken. I need not again describe the courteous way in which we were received: he promised to meet us at the foot of the sacred hill leading to the church of the Bom Jesus, whither we were then bound.

The road to the Bom Jesus is about a mile in length, and decidedly bad, although so much frequented by the pious believers, who come from far and near to climb its many hundred steps, and to worship at its holy shrine. We passed for some distance through the wide straggling suburbs of the city, and then through lanes with vines and brambles vying for the superiority, till we reached two little chapels, and an iron gateway, at the commencement of the ascent. Looking up, an interminable range of steps above steps, and masonry piled on masonry,

appeared, with here and there little chapels as resting-places for the devout, like the few calm spots we meet with in the toilsome up-hill journey of life. The eminence on each side is thickly clothed with trees, and bestrewn with vast stones, which seem about to roll down into the vale below ; the chestnut, the cork-tree, and the oak, succeeding each other as the elevation increases.

"After dancing all last night, my piety, on a broiling day like this, will never carry me to the summit of these steps ; for, as far as I can see, they may, like Jacob's ladder, reach to the clouds," observed one of our party, looking with dismay up the hill. "There is an ascent to the summit of the hill, though rugged and steep, winding round in the neighbourhood of the steps," interposed our guide Silvestre, seeing our hesitation. "By all means let us try it then," we cried, spurring our steeds up the steep ascent ; but when halfway up, where we found ourselves close to the steps, either my piety, or a very uncomfortable saddle, made me dismount, and breast the rest of the hill on foot ; although as on every flight a fountain gushes forth, at which the weary may drink and be refreshed, I found but little difficulty in performing the ascent. Passing beyond the buildings, which we found did not reach to the summit of the hill, we walked to a clear spot of ground on the highest point, from which a magnificent view can be obtained of the valley of Braga, the lofty serras of Gerez, the hills towards Oporto, with the silvery sea glittering beyond. The view was indeed much the

same as that seen by us on our road from Guimaraens, before descending on Braga. In one respect we were disappointed, as we understood that we should find a pellucid lake on the summit of the serra, for so we interpreted the word *largo*,<sup>x</sup> which in reality means an open space. We hunted about in every direction for this glittering lake, till we concluded that it must either have been dried up, or never have had existence except in our imaginations, and that after all the *largo* was but the open spot where we stood. We came however upon the source of the stream which supplied the fountains below, and a cool draught of the water, together with the magnificent prospect we enjoyed, amply repaid us for our toil.

I must now try to describe, to the best of my power, the "Mountain of the Good Jesus," as it is called, and shall commence with the summit, instead of the foot, this being the mode in which I saw it. Passing the principal church, on the highest point to which the chapels reach, is a large open space, on the further extremity of which is the crowning chapel of all, that of the Ascension. All the chapels belonging to this singular structure have iron-barred gates at their entrance, kept always closed, the whole of the interior of each being fitted up as the stage of a theatre, or some wax-work show, with figures performing different parts, as large as life or larger: the scenery is very appropriate, as are also the dresses. The figures are carved in wood, entirely by Portuguese artists, and mostly by those of Braga. The expression of their faces is admirable, and their attitudes natural.

Thus, the look of surprise and awe in the countenances of the disciples at the ascension of our Saviour is very well portrayed in the first chapel. These chapels are of considerable size, and circular, or rather of an octagonal form, holding some twenty or more figures, grouped about on rocks, or beneath trees, as the scenery requires. To the right of the chapel of the Ascension is that of the Last Supper. Christ and his disciples are seated at table with a leg of mutton before them, while several attendants are bringing on other dishes of considerable magnitude. Some scribblers, profanely inclined, might find subjects in these exhibitions on which to exert their wit, and would laugh at the dog and cat in the centre of the stage, who are looking up with longing eye at the savoury viands the waiters are bearing ; indeed, it is difficult at all times to preserve the gravity such subjects demand.

On the left of the first chapel is one of which the scene is the angels guarding the tomb of Christ, when Mary Magdalene and other women came with spices and ointments. This large platform is surrounded by a stone balustrade and seats. On two sides of it the hill descends precipitously to the vale below, while a beautiful view up the valley towards Chaves is seen from it. At the Festival of the Bom Jesus this is the chief point of attraction ; for here the vendors of fried fish, cakes, and wine, erect their booths, and make their principal stand ; and here thousands, from all parts of the country, collect to eat, drink, pray, and amuse themselves. It is truly a gay and enlivening scene at the time. The large square of Braga itself,

the road thence to the Monte, the whole flight of steps, the church, the platform we are speaking of, and the wooded hill above, are crowded with people, in their best holiday attire, and in many varied costumes; some having arrived on foot, others on horses, mules, or donkeys; all screaming, laughing, talking, or praying together. Not only are peasants there collected, but shopkeepers, merchants, and traders of every description, resort thither; nor do the lesser gentry, or the high fidalgos, think it derogatory to their dignity to join the festal scene. The largest fair in Portugal is held during this festival at Braga, where every species of merchandise is sold, including cattle, horses, mules, and donkeys. *and on days*

But I must describe the mount as we saw it, almost deserted, and not the Festival of the Bom Jesus, with its scenes of moving life. From this high platform, by a gradual descent, we reached two other small chapels; the first containing a representation of the Resurrection of Christ on the third day. The astonished look of some of the soldiers, and the sleepy expression of others, is exact to the life; indeed, the believing peasants may be excused if they fancy that they see before them breathing figures of flesh and blood. In the second chapel, Christ is represented as dead, with the women mourning over him.

We now came upon a second large terrace, on which stands the principal church, with a large edifice on one side, built for the accommodation of families of higher rank, who may wish to perform their devotions in the purest air, and to enjoy a lovely view at the

same time. Numbers spend several consecutive days there for that purpose. A little further off, on the side of the hill, is another long low building, where accommodation is to be found both for man and beast.

The church is an elegant structure, though of the modern style; and surely no spot could have been more appropriately chosen on which to erect a temple to the most High God. The interior is chaste and quiet, without any of that tinsel and paint which disfigures so many of the sacred edifices in Portugal. The altar-piece is curious. It consists of a figure of Christ on the Cross, as large as life, and is considered to be, and, as far as I could judge in the imperfect light, is, very beautifully executed. It was a present from Rome, and is made of pine. In front stand about twenty wooden figures, also as large as life, representing the apostles, the soldiers, and women, who were present at the crucifixion.

The sacristy was hung round with pictures of the benefactors of the work, among which were those of Dom João VI., the duke of Delafoëns, and the marquis of Marialva, of whom Beckford speaks so affectionately. We were shewn also a very beautiful crucifix of ebony inlaid with ivory, brought from China. The name given to this crucifix is the Bom Jesus dos Navigantes; which may be translated, "The good Saviour of Sailors." Before it, therefore, "they that go down to the sea in ships" come to pay their devotions.

We mounted to the summit of the belfry, which contains some fine-sounding bells, which were after-



wards rung for our gratification. Thence we obtained a good view of the broad streets and white edifices of Braga, the whole valley being bathed in the glowing light of the setting sun. After sitting on the terrace for some time, listening to the sweet sound of the bells and enjoying the view, we commenced our descent.

It must be known that the whole of this vast structure has been built by the voluntary donations of the faithful, and that the entire plan is not yet complete.

On the next landing-place we reached, two new chapels were in the course of erection, of chaste design, exhibiting a very great improvement in the modern taste. Near one of them, on the summit of a large rock, is the statue of an armed knight on horseback, representing, we were told, the soldier who plunged his spear into the side of Jesus; but why he is thus commemorated, I cannot possibly say. Both the chapels and the statue were designed and executed, I believe, by two Braga artists, of whom I had before heard.

On each side of the steps, which near the top consist of two flights, are high balustrades surmounted by statues of saints and scriptural characters; on the outside are closely cut box-trees, and down the centre are a succession of fountains, to the very bottom. The first fountain is dedicated to Hope, over which Noah presides: his ark, from beneath which the water gushes forth, rests on a rock. From the second the water flows forth from the holes in which the nails were driven in the Cross, with this motto over it: "*Ejus fluent aquæ vivæ,*" which one

of our party read most innocently, "*Ejus fluent aque vitæ*," and translated, "Hence flows a fountain of brandy;" being much disappointed when he discovered the water was *neat*.

We had all the way down a fine view of Braga, and enjoyed that sublime spectacle not witnessed by me without emotion, of the sun setting in glorious splendour behind the mountains of Gerez, the whole sky glowing, for many minutes afterwards, with a vast flame of ruddy light.

On the third fountain was a curious design. It was that of a dark lanthorn, a rope, dice, a triangle, hammer, nails, and many other carpenter's and mason's tools, such as, it may be supposed, were used at the Crucifixion. From several consecutive fountains the water flows forth from all the organs of the senses, first separately, and then all combined; but I am unable to give any interpretation of these designs. During our descent we passed eight other chapels; the fifth from the top being that of the Descent from the Cross; the sixth, Christ compelled to bear his Cross. A figure is holding a handkerchief, with the impression of his face on it. I know not from what authority the idea is taken, but doubtless deserving of implicit belief. The seventh is the *Ecce Homo*—Christ brought bound before the people; the eighth, the crown of thorns platted on his head; the ninth I forget; the tenth, the Betrayal—Simon Peter is cutting off the ear of the high priest's servant, and his Master is rebuking him. The two last chapels on each side of the entrance contain representations

of the Last Supper, and the Passion on the Mount. There are thus twelve chapels, each of which contains from ten to twenty figures, so that at the least there must be 150 of them, as large as life, and many very well executed; but it is as a whole, and not by parts, that this work must be judged.

The idea in itself was grand, thus to build a temple on the summit of a lofty hill, with a fine flight of steps leading to it from the vale below; but the designer probably died before his work had proceeded far, and his successors did not carry out his plan.

What I had pictured to myself was an elegant temple of Grecian architecture, on the very highest point in the neighbourhood, with a single broad and wide flight of steps leading in an unbroken straight line directly to it; the smaller temples resting on terraces at each side at some little distance. This would indeed have been beautiful, and I doubt if any temple in the world could then have surpassed it. The great difficulty would have been to proportion the steps to the size of the church, as they must have been several hundred yards wide to have had a good effect at the distance.

At the foot of the mount we found Senhor João Borges, who had politely ridden out to meet us, and who with great kindness insisted on accompanying us to our hotel. After a late dinner, we prepared for an excursion that we contemplated making on the morrow, to the famous Pass of Salamonde, intending to return the same day. That day requires a separate Sketch.

## SKETCH X.



Pass of Salamonde.

The line of Soult's Retreat before the British. Start early for Salamonde. Ascend the Carvalho d'Este. Noble View thence. Sunrise. Tower of Lanhoso. Pull up at St. Jean's for refreshment. Various Scenery of the Road. Arrive at the Village of Salamonde. Onward Movement. Amusing Recollections of our elder Guide. Ponte Nova: dreadful Slaughter of the French Troops. The Miscella. Sketching. Disasters on our Return. Safe Arrival at Braga.

I would advise my friends, before glancing at the following Sketch, to peruse the second chapter of the eighth book of Colonel Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, commencing at the 277th page of the second volume.

When Marshal Soult had been driven out of Oporto by the British army under Sir Arthur Wellesley, he retired through Valongo upon Guimaraens, and thence taking a path across the mountains, leaving

Braga on his left, he reached the heights of Carvalho d'Este, having been joined by Loison's division at Guimaraens during the night, and by Lorge's dragoons from Braga. Here, drawing up his troops on the morning of the 15th, he reorganised his army; taking command of the rear guard himself, and giving that of the advanced guard to General Loison. From Carvalho he retired to the small village of Salamonde, in the neighbourhood of which is a bridge over the Cavado which the English general had ordered to be destroyed, but the work being imperfectly performed, the French drove the Portuguese peasantry who were defending it from their posts, and entered the dangerous and narrow defile leading to Montalegre. Before the rear guard had passed, the British appeared on the heights above, when a scene of slaughter and confusion ensued in the French army, though they contrived, by vast exertions and courage (fighting their way across a second bridge, that of Miserella), to make good their retreat into Spain.

We quitted our couches at three o'clock, though we were not in our saddles till four, when in compact order, the stars yet shining brightly over our heads, we rode out of Braga towards the east, with two mounted servants in attendance, one leading, the other bringing up the rear. Passing near the foot of the Senhor do Monte, which it was yet too dark to see, we continued along a narrow rough road, till daylight breaking, we perceived a beautifully rich valley on our right, along which we rode for some miles till we commenced the steep ascent, by a most rugged

path, of that range of lofty hills called the Carvalho d'Este.

We made a zig-zag way up the mountain amid large rocks and over stones which rolled down beneath our horses' feet. "It is to be hoped we shall have reached this before the return of darkness, or our necks may suffer, not to mention our horses' knees," was the far-seeing remark of one of our company.

Surmounting the acclivity, we found a good bridle-path, over which we could trot gaily along; none of the party appearing to be afraid of the rather ugly-looking slopes which bordered either one or the other side of the road. When we reached the extreme summit, a fine view of the lovely valley of Gerez (by the side of which lay our destined route) broke on our sight to the left. I reined in my steed to gaze at the beauty of the scene, so calm and soft, in the cold tints of the early morn. A silvery mist floated at the bottom of the valley, rising above which might be observed the tops of the thickly-leaved chestnut, and the delicate green of the willow, or here and there the white walls of a peasant's cottage; while the lower slopes of the green hills were already dotted by cattle, or sheep and goats on their way to pasture; the opposite rocky side of the valley appearing of a greyish tint, through a gap in which towards the west were blue intersecting lines of the distant mountains. As we rode on, the light clouds, which floated like fleeces in the east, seemed suddenly to burst into glowing masses, the sky then gradually assuming a ruddy hue, till the glorious radiance of the sun himself appeared.

"On, on to the summit of yonder mound!" we cried; and darting forward, we reached the point in time to see the bright orb of day burst upon the world, lighting up all the mountain-heights with his golden rays, and driving down the shadows into the valleys below. I shall not forget that sunrise on the mountain of the Carvalho d'Este, or the first view of the valley of the Cavado.

It was on this ground that Soult drew up his forces after his retreat from Oporto, and before he commenced that dangerous march through the pass of Salamonde, which he must have felt was to cause either his annihilation or his preservation. Through his own talents, and fortuitous circumstances, it proved the latter. Looking over the rugged and mountainous country he must have passed to reach this position from Guimaraens, it is surprising that with a disorganised and dispirited army he could ever have performed the march. The truth is, that neither did the cruel Loison (nicknamed Maneta, the one-armed), nor a single Frenchman at that time, *dare* to surrender. Each man in the army well-knew that only by keeping together could they expect to escape with life: most of the baggage and ammunition having already been abandoned.

Continuing at a good pace with the valley on our left, we mounted gradually to yet higher ground, when winding round the hill to our right appeared on the summit of a lofty peak the famed tower of Lanhozo. The position is wild in the extreme, standing alone as it does high amid a sea of treeless moun-

tains, sloping and falling in every direction. It was to this castle that the warlike Donna Teresa retired, after she had been defeated under the walls of Guimaraens by her son Alfonso Henrique and the insurgent barons, and here it was, according to some accounts, that she was confined, to prevent the further effects of her turbulent disposition. On the summit of its square and lofty tower she stood, and cursed her once-beloved son, as she saw his army defile by on their march to invade the Galician territories of his cousin Alfonso VIII. That the curse had any effect, does not appear, as he was nearly always victorious, and survived it upwards of fifty years; his death taking place in 1185. Dismounting from my steed, which one of my friends held, I made a sketch of the tower of Lanhozo from the eastern side of it; indeed, it was not visible from the west.

Urging on our horses, we overtook the rest of the party as they drew up before a little estalagem in the prettily-situated village of St. Jeans; they loudly vociferating that they could proceed no further without nourishment. "Then we shall lose the advantage of the cool morning air, and not reach Salamonde till the sun is high," I observed. "Food, food, food!" was the only answer; so, turning our beasts into a stable, which occupied the entire lower story of the house, we unpacked our saddle-bags, and mounted to a verandah above. While some of the party were occupied in arranging our eatables, and making coffee in a clay jug, and which proved most execrable, I took hence a more elaborate sketch



of the picturesque castle of Lanhozo, which appeared to great advantage, rising on the other side of a vale, seen over a rich profusion of trees, shrubs, and vines, with numerous ranges of mountain-tops around and beyond.

When I am travelling through an interesting country I think little of my creature-comforts, nor till my strength gives way do I dream of rest; therefore, using the most persuasive arguments, I induced the rest of the party to mount and proceed. After leaving the village, through which the road was narrow and bad, we wound for about a league over the brow of another height, wild, rocky, and uncultivated, till we reached a second hamlet, from which a good bridle-road brought us to the village of Padeira. We here once more came in sight of the vale of Gerez on our left, nor did we lose it again, the road winding along at a considerable height above it parallel with the stream of the Cavado, till we reached the village of Salamonde.

Although the road was a very good bridle-path in most places, yet in many there was not even room to pass an ox-cart without climbing up the bank, or running the risk of toppling over into the valley below; so that the reader may judge of the difficulties and dangers the retreating army of Soult must have encountered, hastening on with a speed on which their very existence depended.

The views for the whole way were most lovely. High above us on our right arose the southern side of a deep valley covered with lofty trees, which in

many places overhung the road, while in others vines threw their slender tendrils across our path, or wild and rugged crags jutting out from the hill-side compelled us to deviate from our course, and vast dark rocks threatened to overwhelm us if we passed beneath them. Below us on the left the river Cavado, now diminished by the summer-heats, sparkled bright and clear over its rocky bed, but the water-worn crags far above its present height shewed how wild and foaming a torrent it must become when swollen by the winter-rains. On the other side were the lofty and precipitous cliffs of the Gerez mountains, on the top of which winds another road to Montalegre, and an old Roman way, which, I am informed by a friend who went over it, is in many places very perfect. On the other side the mountains were broken by ravines and smaller valleys which extended up from the main branch, adding variety to the views; and dry as was the season, we observed several waterfalls dashing down the sides of the mountains in foaming cataracts.

On a point from which one of the most beautiful views is to be obtained, a large handsome stone building has been erected, which, as it has a church attached to it, was probably intended as a summer-residence of the members of some monastic institution, but it was apparently never finished, and is now in a state of decay.

Passing through a small hamlet, beautifully perched on the very slope of the hill, looking as if it would slide into the stream beneath, we were courteously

offered by a young girl from her pitcher a draught of the coolest and clearest water I ever drank. She told us the stream never failed, that in summer it was always thus cold as ice, and that in the winter it was warmer than other water. Most of the party, afraid of the effects of the cold, mixed brandy with it, but I could not resist a draught of the pure nectar, nor did I feel any ill effects from it. When I offered her a small silver coin, she blushing at first refused to take it, till some men standing near laughingly told her that the *fidalgos* had many bags full of such, and that she need have no scruples; when, with many expressions of gratitude, and a modest air, she consented to receive it.

Our party at times were at a considerable distance apart, and as none knew the road, and were far before our attendants, we more than once took a wrong turning; but fortunately each time found some peasant to direct our steps. For about two or more leagues the path, though narrow, was so good, that we were scarcely once compelled to draw rein; and well did our steeds, either at a trot or canter, carry us over it, appearing to care nothing for the heat which had by this time become considerable. Neither, indeed, did we ourselves suffer from it, owing to our frequent applications to the way-side fountains, the fluid from which supplied the unusual evaporation which was taking place.

I always carry on such excursions a *quaigh*, which I value much, having received it as a present when

climbing the heathery heights above Dunoon on the fair Clyde, during a delightful visit I made to Scotland. It holds a decent mouthful of whisky, and as much water as a man in a violent heat may swallow with impunity: many a time that day did I use it to refresh myself from every stream and rill we passed.

By ten o'clock we reached the small village of Salamonde, the place at which Marshal Soult first halted after quitting the heights of Carvalho d'Este. The street is so narrow that three horsemen cannot pass abreast, yet through this had the whole of the French army to defile. We had none of us any definite ideas as to the position of the bridges and pass we had come to see, having been led to suppose that both were close to Salamonde: we were therefore not a little disappointed at learning, from the inn-keeper of the place, that the Ponte Nova was half a long league off, and the Miserella full another beyond that.

"Our horses will be knocked up if we take them without rest," remarked some. "We shall be so ourselves if we walk," interposed others. That we must return to Braga at night, nearly all agreed. "I am determined to have sufficient time to make some sketches of the Miserella," I insisted. "Is there anybody here who can guide us thither?" "I can, Senhores," cried a young active lad, springing forth from a crowd of peasants, who were huddled in a corner of the narrow street to be clear of our horses' heels.

"But you will not serve to hold all the horses," I observed.

"I have a father who will go too at your pleasure, Senhores. *O! meu pai,*" cried the boy, and an old man stepped forward with a long stick in his hand, whose sinewy frame shewed him to be yet capable of great activity.

"I shall be happy to accompany the gentlemen, and shew them the way," he said, taking off his broad-brimmed hat. "I ought to know it, for more than fifty years have I lived in the neighbourhood, and well do I remember the day when your brave countrymen were here."

"The very man for us!" I shouted to my companions, interrupting him. "Now hear my proposal. Let us leave word to desire the two *arrieiros* with our food and forage for our horses to follow us forthwith: we will dine at Miserella ourselves.

"There is, about a quarter of a league from Miserella, a stable where the horses may be put up," observed the old man.

"All our difficulties vanish, you see, my friends!" I cried: "so onward!" And walking my horse, following the old man and his son, I found ~~that~~ all my friends were moving the same way.

"And your name, my friend?" I asked of our guide. "*Jozé Maria de Faria,*" at your service, Senhor, and that lad is my son: he is a quick boy, and has learned to read and write perfectly, of which arts I, his father, alas! know nothing. He is a good boy, too, and if you will take him into your service he shall go with you at once. I wished to send him to the Brazils, but you must know, Senhor, I am poor—the

means are wanting. I owned a mill down there on the stream we are about to pass, but last winter's floods carried it away, and I have spent all my money in building another, which is not yet finished."

Such was Senhor Jozé's account of himself; and I should advise all visitors to Miserella to inquire for him, as the best of guides, or rather cicerones, for there is but little difficulty in finding the way. He had far more interesting narrations in store for us.

On leaving Salamonde we turned sharp off to our left, winding down the rough sides of the mountain, by a steep and narrow track, among a few straggling oaks and other trees, with small gullies and ravines running up in various directions, the mountains of Gerez being sometimes on our left, and sometimes before us. Above us were the lofty ridges of the Serra de Cabreira and the heights of Salamonde and Ruivaens.

"Well do I remember, Senhor," said our guide, "the time the French and English arrived here: the weather was cold, rainy, and blowing, and it was near night when the French appeared, and took up their quarters in and about Salamonde. We thought they would all be captured, when what was our dismay to find that the position of the Ponte Nova, which bridge we fancied had been destroyed, was taken, and that the soldiers had torn down the houses, and carried off the planks and beams to repair it! All day they were crossing, two or three only abreast; yet good reason they had to hurry, for before dark the British troops had reached those heights above us. I had escaped up

the mountain, and never shall I forget seeing the long lines of bayonets drawn up as far as the eye could reach—some had come from Braga, some from Guimaraens; yet there they stood, careless of the wet, the cold, or the wind. In that hollow, Senhor, to the right, the French threw away many mule-loads' of treasure, which the English recovered: that deep gully was full to overflowing of the carcasses of mules, horses, and men, while dead bodies sprinkled the whole side of the hill. About here, Senhor, it is said the military chest was buried, and many people have dug for it, but no one has found it." We were passing a narrow but deep cut in the mountain which extends towards the Cavado. "The day after the battle we discovered a French dragoon and his horse in that hollow," continued our guide; "the horse was killed, but, strange to relate, his rider was only slightly injured, and we carried him up to the hospital establishment at Salamonde."

Winding down the hill, a sudden turn of the path brought us to the side of the mountain-torrent over which the Ponte Nova is thrown, and directly on to the bridge. Colonel Napier was misinformed when he speaks of it as over the Cavado—the stream is very similar to, and runs almost parallel with, that of Misereella, falling like it into the Cavado. The bridge consists of one high but small arch, of only breadth sufficient to allow of four men crossing abreast. So short, however, is the distance spanned by the arch, that an active man might almost leap across it; and nothing but the complete demolition of the whole

structure could have prevented desperate men like the French from crossing. Rocks directly face each end of the bridge, the road turning sharp round in opposite directions, while on each side of the torrent the hills rise rugged and precipitous. It was near here that the greatest slaughter occurred; for before the French rear-guard had passed, the British cannon had begun to play upon them, "and then man and horse, crushed together, went over into the gulf; and the bridge and the rocks and the defile beyond were strewn with mangled bodies." Colonel Napier says that the peasants tortured and mutilated every sick man or straggler who fell into their power; but our old guide, on whose word I can rely, assured us that he assisted in succouring many wounded Frenchmen. This however was under the eye of the English, and doubtless many atrocities were committed in stern retaliation of those of which the French themselves were guilty.

"It was late in the evening when the English appeared," said our old guide, "nor was a moment lost in attacking; night alone putting an end to the slaughter: indeed, before all the French had crossed the bridge, it was destroyed by them, and it took the English some time again to repair it. By that time the French had escaped; but as they marched along the guerillas hovered on the hills above them, harassing them dreadfully, and cutting off numbers by the way. Those were sad times, Senhor."

When our whole party were collected on the Ponte Nova, "Let us give three cheers for the honour



of Old England!" exclaimed one of the party, in a fit of military enthusiasm. "As you like it," I answered; "though this is not exactly the spot where much was done to boast of. Hear, however, May the foes of Great Britain and Lusitania fly ever before them as they did through this pass! Hip! hip! hurra!" and we made the welkin ring again with a hearty British shout.

As I rode along, listening to Senhor Joze's descriptions, I could almost have wept with vexation as I thought of the escape of those lawless devastators of the rich fields of Portugal, and could well enter into the feelings of rage which must have possessed the bosoms of the brave men, who, after so many days of toil, saw their foe thus eluding their grasp.

On crossing the bridge, the road turned sharp round to the left, and then continued running parallel with the Cavado, generally so narrow that not more than three foot-soldiers could have marched abreast. Dark rocks were above, and precipices were below, over which a false step, or the bullet of a guerilla, must have sent many an unhappy horseman. The views were much the same as I have before described, but rather increased in beauty and wildness, though mere words can scarcely express the difference of the scenery; looking up the valley especially, the mountains were more lofty, rugged, and broken by ravines, while overhead the trees were more aged, of more luxuriant growth, and more fantastic in their shapes. At about a small league from the Ponte Nova we found a low house of two stories which had formerly been an esta-

lagem. "Can you give food and shelter to our horses, my friend?" I asked of a man whose head was projecting from the window of the building.

"They may go into the stable; but except some dried grass I have no food," answered the said personage, who was a little man with a large hooked nose, and a most dull expression of countenance.

"What no *milho*?" we exclaimed.

"Not a grain, Senhores."

"You have some *broa*, then?"

"Not a particle: our *broa* is but just put into the oven," was the unsatisfactory answer.

"Now, my friend," I urged, vexed at his real or pretended stupidity, "both corn, bread, and wine are to be procured at no great distance—they must be found." Saying this, I walked away, and took up my seat under a shed whence I made a sketch of the magnificently wild mountain-scenery before me, looking up the valley towards Montalegre, the direction the French took in their retreat\*. My friends in the mean time made up their minds, that, taking a glance at Miserella, we must return forthwith to Salamonde. "I mean to dine and spend some hours at Miserella, and so will you," was my answer as I sketched away.

Before I finished my sketch our muleteers with the saddle-bags arrived, as did a sack of *milho* for the horses, and some *broa* for ourselves, our own white bread being nearly exhausted. I must say, to the credit of the thoughtful *moço do estalagem*,

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\* See wood-cut at the head of this Sketch.

Manoel, he had supplied the said saddle-bags with meat most plentifully. Our old guide, throwing the bags over his shoulders, and his boy carrying a jug to fetch water, we commenced our walk in better spirits towards the bridge. Not to mislead people, I must observe that the road is perfectly practicable for horses. The scenery increased in beauty and wildness as we advanced; indeed, it was altogether the most romantic I have seen in Portugal.

Walking for rather more than half a mile, with declivities sloping steeply down to the Cavado on our left, and the rugged sides of the mountain above us, we wound gradually round to our right, and soon came upon the precipitous banks of the torrent of Miserella, a little way from the mouth of which is the narrow, one-arched bridge which the French were obliged to storm before they could cross. On each side are high cliffs, or rather vast broken crags, with trees clinging around the crevices in them, the torrent leaping down with falls of ten and twenty feet at a time, from a deep rent in the mountain above. On the eastern side, among the rocks, the Portuguese guerillas were stationed, with slight entrenchments thrown up; but had the bridge been destroyed, and regular troops with good officers been in their place, the utmost bravery of the French could not have driven them from their post. After taking a general survey of the whole scene, I crossed the bridge and clambered down the rugged banks, to make a sketch of it, looking up the ravine. At my feet amid huge masses of rock the water dashed, foaming and boiling

along, yet now was the driest time of summer\*. What must it have been when swollen by the melting snows and the rains of winter ! Alas ! the hapless wretches who were once plunged into its raging tide !

I had just finished my sketch, when I saw my fellow-travellers scrambling down amid the crags, on the opposite side, towards a clear, deep, calm pool, beneath the arch, evidently with the intention of bathing : the temptation was great, and I rose to join them. As I was crossing the narrow bridge, and looking down into the deep abyss below, " For the love of God, do not venture into that deep pool, Senhor !" said our old guide. " It looks calm enough, and you fancy you can touch the bottom, but believe me nobody has ever reached it ; for it sinks down into the bowels of the earth." " Fear not, my friend," I answered ; " we intend only to swim on the surface."

Though on one side the water is of this great depth below the arch, on the other the fall is so considerable that it appears but a few feet below it. We found a delightfully shady spot beneath a large rock, on a slab level with the water, and in a few minutes I with those who could swim were floating on the clear stream, while the rest resorted to a shallow spot in a channel worn by the torrent. We found the water refreshing after the heat and dust of the morning, though far from cold ; it having been well warmed by its passage down the valley, into which the rays of the sun darted fiercely. I took

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\* See wood-cut at the head of the next Sketch.

a sketch of the spot, as I did afterwards a third of the bridge looking down the valley; and then a loud call summoned me to dinner, which I found spread on the bank, beneath the shade of a large tree, surrounded by the rest of the party, who were doing ample justice to it, quaffing quaighs full of wine to the success of the British arms in every part of the world.

The day had sped faster than we fancied; unwillingly, therefore, were we compelled to quit that lovely spot.

On our return, the rays of the sun falling more horizontally, the views appeared to double advantage, there being on the more distant cliffs that light blue haze which contrasts so beautifully with the bright green of the foreground.

Reaching the *ci-devant* estalagem, which our hooked-nosed acquaintance Senhor Antonio da Cruz owned (for by that name was he known), we mounted our steeds, who appeared quite fresh. Senhor Antonio, like many stupid-looking persons, was fully alive to his own interests, if we might judge by the outrageous charge he made for the use of his stable and the grass he had afforded our beasts. When desired to mention the items he modestly named so many jugs of water brought from the neighbouring spring. In truth, the ex-innkeeper looked the rogue, and was one; nevertheless, I advise any of my friends who intend returning to Salamonde to bring corn thence, and to make use of his stable.

While my companions were halting at Salamonde,

feeling in a meditative mood, I rode on ahead, and being well mounted, completely distanced them, enjoying by myself the superlative beauty of that magnificent pass. The shades of evening were fast approaching before I had made good half our distance to Braga, so on I pushed, every instant expecting my friends to overtake me at a gallop. I had crossed one barren height, and fully believed that I was close to the village where we had breakfasted in the morning. It was now perfectly dark, when I saw a light burning in a cottage-window. "Ah!" I thought, "there is the inn, and there will I cook some coffee, and wait for my friends." When I reached the door, I was told the inn was a little further on, and as my steed seemed perfectly to know his way, which I must confess I could not even see, I threw the reins on his neck, and let him proceed at his own pace. Sometimes he trotted, sometimes cantered, and on, on he went, till I found that we were on the barren summit of a hill, whence it appeared that tracks were radiating off in every direction. Two ideas at that moment occurred to me; the first, that the horse might possibly be as ignorant of the road as I was; and secondly, I recollected having been told at Braga that there was a greater probability of encountering banditti in that neighbourhood than in any other part of the north of Portugal. I never however felt more perfectly unconcerned or contented in my life, and in a minute my confidence in the animal's sagacity was restored. He never stopped nor hesitated. I did not for a single moment attempt to guide him, merely keeping

the rein sufficiently short to aid him in case he should step on treacherous ground. For a whole league did we thus proceed, sometimes with precipices on one side or the other, and sometimes down steep descents, which appeared to me to lead into some dark chasm, till at last my good steed struck into a lane with high banks on each side; in passing through one part of which, where trees overhung the road, I could scarcely see even his head. At last I heard the sound of human voices: how sweet and clear they rung through the calm night-air! for they were those of young girls whose joyous laughter struck like music upon my ear. "Am I near St. Jeans, my pretty maidens?" I cried. Suddenly their laughter ceased. I repeated the question. "It is here! it is here!" cried several, and then they broke forth afresh with a merry peal, I fancy at the compliment I had thus paid at hazard. The moment I loosened the rein my horse trotted on, and suddenly bolting to the left, nearly knocked my head against a *ramada* which was over the door of the stable where he had been fed in the morning. Calling to the people of the *estalagem* to open the door, I gave him a good feed of Indian corn, which he so richly deserved at my hands, and sat down by his side till he had finished it. Then with the aid of the fat old landlady's two daughters, who were blowing up the fire, I prepared coffee for my friends, while I rested on a bench with my back against a heap of faggots, and entered into conversation with a variety of persons who came into the kitchen—the common room of the inn. More than an hour thus passed

before the party arrived, with an account of a variety of disasters; such as horse-shoes lost, missing the road, and missing me, of whom during the latter part of the way they could gain no tidings.

Some of them, almost knocked up, were for remaining the night here; but four beds only were to be seen, and those none of the cleanest; others were for pushing on; and the latter gained their point. We had, by Manoel's forethought, brought three torches; but those even of the very best sort could not last us one half of the distance, two very long leagues (from eight to ten miles). Having matches, we reserved them therefore till we should reach the descent of the Carvalho d'Este, and the precipices before we arrived there. The chief muleteer led, we following in single file, and our second man brought up the rear. It was most dreary work, for we could not see many yards on either side, yet in spite of the dangers of the path, we could scarcely keep our eyes open; and O'Shaughnessy declared he was unable at times to tell whether his horse was moving with his head or tail foremost. We had long passed the castle of Lanhozo when the first torch was lighted, but so dried had it been by the sun during the day that it rapidly burnt out. We luckily found a pool in which to moisten the others, or we should have soon been left in darkness on the mountain's summit. So long was our line that the single torch in the front only increased the difficulties both to horse and man in the rear; nor at times, when I was riding there, could I see even the person before me. The light, too,



increased my inclination to sleep : sometimes I thought it was the setting sun, next the rising moon—and again, the great light, the emblem which first bursts upon the amazed sight of the initiated in the Egyptian mysteries.

Suddenly, as we were passing a very narrow path with a steep precipice on our right, my drowsiness was banished completely, by a cry from one of the party, the man before me sharply pulling up his horse, “Good God !” he exclaimed, “he is over !” It was impossible to offer assistance—one horse could not pass the other without the risk of sharing our friend’s fate. The horse of L—— had fallen with great force, his rider’s legs were entangled in the stirrups—he gave one roll over towards the steep declivity—it was a moment of dreadful suspense ! L—— providentially extricating himself scrambled up the bank, while his beast, with instinctive dread springing back, recovered his feet. Our friend again mounting, we rode on for some time without any further disaster, till after ascending for some distance a barren hill, our guides gave us the pleasing information that they had lost the way.

“The very spot where Manoel warned us we should be shot down like partridges if we ventured to pass it at night !” exclaimed one.

“He told us so because he knew we should most certainly venture in consequence,” said another.

“Ay, and bought the torches to tempt us !” cried a third.

“Depend on it Manoel expects us to eat the supper he has provided, though I fear he will be dis-

appointed," observed a fourth. "I deem the chances are we shall spend the rest of the night on the mountain's brow; but do not mind, we have cigars: we are not *very* hungry, we can light a fire, and the heather will afford us clean couches. I have slept on it in a colder climate."

"But not with a white jacket only and thin trowsers on," cried the most desponding.

Our guides now tried to recover the way back, lighting, as we retrograded, piles of dry heather which had a fine appearance, blazing on every point in the neighbourhood. I was apprehensive that the flames would extend over the whole hill, but the universal *Não tem duvida*, assured me the muleteers thought differently. At last the right track was found, which led us to the very worst bit of road that I trust I may ever be compelled to descend on a dark night—I refer to that on the side of the Carvalho d'Este. L—— preferred walking, while his horse, whose knees were dreadfully cut, followed sagaciously in the rear alone, one of the muleteers being on foot, with a torch to light us at the worst spots. By setting fire to tufts of dry grass, those who followed were able to see the way clearly; and bad as the road unquestionably was, not a horse stumbled or appeared tired. Scarcely had we reached the bottom when our last torch expired, and for a long weary league, in almost Tartarian darkness, did we jog on till the lights of Braga cheered our sight. At the Dous Amigos a good supper, served by the active Manoel, renovated our strength, though it could not keep us awake; and

for my own part, I have a consciousness that I fell fast asleep at the table. It was now three o'clock. Thus three and twenty hours had passed since we left the inn, the whole of which time we were in the open air, and except a few minutes at breakfast and dinner, in violent exercise—riding, walking, and swimming. During the last hours the exercise we went through indeed was not violent, it must be owned, but the slow pace at which we were compelled to move was more fatiguing than a faster rate. For full fifteen hours we were on horseback, which also speaks well for the endurance of Carneiro's steeds; but the best advice I can give my friends is—not to do the same, if they can possibly avoid it.

NOTE.—Either sleep at Salamonde, where the inn is tolerable, or leave Braga very early, and go on to Montalegre.

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## SKETCH XI.



Bridge of Misericórdia.

Braga once more. Visit the Cathedral. The Praça dos Carvalhos. Collection of Roman Antiquities. The Hospital: its excellent Arrangements. Beautiful Elevation. Artists and Artisans. Recollections of Sir A. Wellealey in Portugal. Good Roads only required in order to develop the great natural Riches of this Province. Return to Oporto. Villa Nova de Famalicão. Arrive at Oporto before dark.

"I HAVE a message for you, Senhores," said Manoel, when he first entered my brother's and my room in the morning. "It is rather late to give it, though. Two gentlemen called several times here yesterday evening, to see if you were returned, and to say that the Baroneza de Casal had a few friends at her house, where she would be happy to see you."

"And we were wandering like owls on the summit of the Carvalho d'Este!" exclaimed my brother with vexation.

We, who were the first of the party on foot, had scarcely finished breakfast, when Senhor João Borges called, and with his usual politeness offered to accompany us to the cathedral, and round the city; an invitation we were most happy to accept.

It was Sunday, and on entering the cathedral we encountered the Baroneza de Casal and her fair daughters coming from mass. The baron is one of the bravest officers in the service of Portugal; and having all his life been a staunch Constitutionalist, was compelled, when Dom Miguel ascended the throne, to fly to England. As Colonel Abreu<sup>†</sup> during the constitutional war he bravely defended a fortress, in command of which he was placed, against a very superior force. His family and his wife were with him, and she, displaying true heroism, urged him, against the wishes of his officers, to hold out to the very last rather than surrender. He followed her advice, and the place was relieved. This lady, I am told, has accompanied him through several campaigns, and is as courageous in danger as he himself.

Leaving the cathedral, we first visited the Praça dos Carvalhos, a sort of public garden, formed by the camera of the city to contain the Roman remains discovered on the Gerez mountains. In the centre of the garden on a pedestal is a large circular slab, which must, I should suppose, have served the purpose of an altar in one of the high places. In regular

order about the garden are arranged numerous pillars of from five to six feet in height, with inscriptions on them deeply cut, and very perfect. From having been discovered on the *Via Romana*, which, as I have observed, runs along the summit of the Gerez mountains, they are supposed to have served the office of mile-stones; but what the antiquaries say on the subject, I do not know. Certain it is that the Romans must at one time have very thickly inhabited this part of the country, as their numerous architectural remains abundantly testify. In a lower part of the valley to the south of Braga the foundations of a town of considerable size have been discovered, the stones and bricks of which probably served to build that which stood on the site of the present city, and which in like manner has given way to more modern structures. Outside the *Praça dos Carvalhos* are many other columns, not yet set up; and I regret that I had not time to copy the inscriptions on them.

Our friend then led us to a *praça* of some size, at one end of which stands the hospital. To the right is the church of the Crucifixion, the front of which is curiously ornamented with all the emblems of that event, well cut in stone, of considerable size, and on the left is a large convent. On one side of the hospital is the church belonging to it, which we visited on account of a mosaic sarcophagus sent from Rome, and also to drop our contributions on behalf of that admirable institution into a box near the altar.

We then entered the hospital, which, as it should

be, is a building of the most simple style of architecture. Every useless piece of ornament on an edifice of that description I consider as being so much abstracted from the purposes of the charity, to feed the vanity of the townspeople or nation. The dispensary to the right of the entrance is a large room well furnished with the very best drugs. There are two principal physicians and four surgeons attached to the establishment, who are esteemed the most skilful in Portugal, where the study of medicine and surgery has been much attended to in late years, though formerly sadly neglected. The edifice is built round a quadrangle, with arcades on the two first stories, beneath which the patients may take air and exercise, sheltered from the sun and rain. The area is laid out with flower-beds, in the centre of which plays a clear fountain. The whole building, both the interior and the outside, is neatly white-washed, the wood work being picked out with various colours. We traversed several of the wards, which afford an example of neatness, cleanliness, and good arrangement, to any country. The beds run in a single row lengthways round the ward, each being separated from the other by a lath and plaster partition, while in the inside a passage runs the whole extent, to admit the attendants, and to allow of the freest possible circulation of air. Each compartment was furnished also with curtains, so as to form a separate chamber for every inmate. I was told that it contains generally from 150 to 200 patients; two-thirds of the necessary funds being supplied by voluntary contributions, the

smaller portion having been left by the founders of the charity. Since the abolition of the monastic orders, the contributions and bequests have very greatly increased; one benefit, at all events, arising from the suppression of those crying evils.

The air of Braga is certainly very pure, and the water also is said to possess most salubrious qualities, which, aided by the skill of the medical attendants, have worked cures considered elsewhere hopeless. At the end of one gallery we looked into a neatly laid out burial-ground. A large building is in the course of erection, joined by a covered way to the hospital, for the reception of patients of the upper ranks; the rooms in the main building appropriated for that purpose being found insufficient. This circumstance alone speaks for the high credit in which the institution is held.

Quitting the hospital, much pleased with our visit, we entered a broad street which led directly to the beautiful end of the cathedral of which I have before spoken. This must, in times long past, have been one of the aristocratical quarters of the city, from the number of ruinous palaces it contains, of the same date evidently as the cathedral itself.

Winding our way among the most shady streets, we then crossed the city to the north side, where, on the highest point of ground, stands a church, from which as lovely a prospect as any city in Portugal can boast is obtained. This building is placed in the centre of a circular terrace, which has a parapet-wall round it, with stone-seats beneath shady trees. The view



to the west extends over the city, and far down the smiling vale, with hills rising in the distance ; to the south, looking down upon the Campo de Santa Anna in front and on the hill-side beyond it appeared the shrine of the Bom Jesus. To the east, directly below us, amid verdant gardens was a convent, now used as an asylum for female orphans ; and further to our left, on the steep sides of the Carvalho d'Eate, was situated a large building belonging formerly to the Jesuits in their days of power, now the property of a gentlemen of Braga. The immense thickness of the walls, and the long airy corridors and arcades, make it a delightfully cool summer-residence, though the small cells and vast halls are not calculated for the reception of a family. Behind us was a rocky and wood-covered mound, the most western spur as it were of the Gerez mountains.

At the foot of this beautiful hill it is in contemplation to form a public walk and drive, where a band of music will play in the evening, as an attraction to unite the people in one focus ; and I doubt not, from what I saw of the enterprise and public spirit of the gentlemen of Braga, that this laudable purpose will ere long be effected.

We here parted from our kind friend, who we saw was overcome with the heat and his exertions in our service, and returning to our hotel, found the rest of the party still at breakfast. They all then adjourned to my room, the coolest in the house, where, collecting the chairs from other rooms, and throwing ourselves on them and on the beds, we spent the hottest hours

of the day in smoking our cigars and talking over our past adventures, till the cool evening air tempted us again to sally forth.

We soon wandered to the Monte, the lovely spot above described, where we found a few groups of people, and among them, to our great pleasure, one of the kind and attentive friends to whom I had been introduced. In the course of conversation he made the following observations, on the correctness of which, as corroborated by the natives of other places, I can entirely rely. "I do not speak of the higher orders; they differ but little from each other in any country," he observed; "but of the second rank, for instance. It is said a native of Braga is always known at Coimbra, among other students, for the quickness of his parts, and for his application; he generally carrying away all the honours. We have two sculptors in the city, whose juvenile productions gave promise of the highest excellence; but, alas! here they have no models from which to study, and the expense of sending them to Italy is so great that no one is able to afford it."

"Then let them be sent at the expense of the city!" I exclaimed: "they will bring you honour in return."

"You know what town-councils are," he answered, shaking his head and smiling as he continued: "You hear that piano being struck. Now the girls who are playing are my tailor's daughters: they play very well, as also do many of their rank." Not only were the tailor's daughters performing well, but their piano was

a very fine one. "I know not if that piano was made here," he continued; "but a native of Braga has manufactured several very good ones: he was a self-taught artizan, and with one model only before him, by several ingenious contrivances he brought his work to perfection. We have painters also with considerable talent, but without the works of the great masters before them what can you expect?"

I then spoke of our visit to Salamonde. "Ah! well do I remember that time!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm, seizing my arm; "I was a boy then. I recollect seeing the first two soldiers of the British army who entered the city. They were two dragoons with carbines in their hands, who rode up that street without uttering a word to any one, and then halted like two statues. Soon afterward others followed, and then the whole of that gallant host appeared. I cannot express to you the joy of our hearts—the enthusiasm with which your countrymen were received. Had a god descended on earth, he could not have been welcomed with more delight. My father, who spoke English perfectly, had received notice that Sir Arthur Wellesley would take up his quarters in his house, and dinner was prepared accordingly. It was towards the evening, and I was with my father, when an officer, wrapped in a large cloak, entered the saloon, and told him that he was come to remain there. 'I regret,' said my father, 'that I cannot give you the best accommodation my house affords, as the general is coming here himself.' 'I am the general,' said the officer; and for the first time I saw your great duke.

Throwing off his cloak, and an orderly bringing in a case of maps, he desired my father to accompany him into an inner room, and there for two hours did they sit looking over them, while my father was describing the country. During all this time was dinner waiting; but not a particle of food would the general touch till he had formed his plans. The following morning the army again marched in pursuit of the robber-troops of the French general, and had it not been for the sad neglect in not destroying the bridges of the Saltador and the Miserella, not a man of them would have escaped. Ah! those were stirring times."

I am sorry that I made no further notes of my friend's most interesting conversation, and I hope he will not blame me for publishing thus much. He accompanied us to our hotel, where he bade us farewell; and I had to regret having missed seeing other friends who had called during our absence.

On the following morning some of the party were to extend their tour through Ponte de Lima and Viana, while I was compelled to go back by the direct road to Oporto, intending to return to Braga without delay, and finish the round.

The improvement of the roads had been a never-failing subject of conversation with all the gentlemen I met, and every one agreed that such was most essential to the welfare of the country. The advice I hazarded was this: "Bend all your energies to that one point. Do not build a single house or other edifice, do not lay out public gardens or walks, or think even of

purchasing carriages or horses or fine clothes, till you have formed well drained and macadamized roads between all the principal towns, and through all the most fertile districts where there is no water-conveyance in the province. The roads are your implements of trade ; and a carpenter, however clever he may be, might as well hope to perform good work with blunt tools, as you, though your province is thus fertile, to become wealthy without an outlet for your produce. You, more than the inhabitants of any other province of Portugal, are interested in entering into commercial arrangements on the most liberal principles with England. They will take your fruit, your oil, and your wine, and indeed nearly all the productions of your country. The distance to the sea is short, and if the roads are good, and the surplus of your district can be conveyed there at slight cost, you must become wealthy, and then you may build palaces, and lay out gardens and public walks, have fine steeds and equipages ; indeed, your province will once more become what it was called in the time of the Romans—the *garden of the world*. The Cavado also will justly regain its ancient name of the water of oblivion ; for those who visit you, forgetful of all former ties, will be unable to tear themselves away from the attractions you will have to offer.

“ The true interest of England is to see you and the whole of Portugal wealthy, happy, and powerful ; for the more you become so, the better able will you be to consume her manufactures in time of peace, and aid her in time of war. Nor can she forget that

the streets a tremendous hurricane came on, scattering the tiles off the roofs upon our heads, and driving us for shelter into the nearest porch. Little rain had yet fallen, so we mounted our nags, and following Luis, took the road to Villa Flor.

We had not proceeded many yards when down came torrents of water, the wind blowing fiercely around us.

"We must cross the ponte, Senhor, without delay, or we may not be able soon to get by," said Luis; so on we pushed in spite of the storm, followed by our baggage-mule, leaving José to bring on the sick horse as he best could. Fortunately the road, passing for a considerable way over a sandy bottom was good, and in fine weather I have no doubt that the various shaped hills rising on every side must have a picturesque effect. I was here seized with an extraordinary desire of sleep, and in spite of the rain and wind, so slowly did we proceed, that I dozed for full an hour, waking up only for an instant to answer any observation B—— made to me. We thus rode on over three of the longest leagues I ever encountered, and just before dark reached the town of Villa Flor, prettily situated on rising ground, among groves of almond-trees.

The inn to which Luis took us was kept by the most quarrelsome family it was ever my lot to fall amongst. There was an immensely fat father, and an old care-worn mother, with four daughters and the same number of sons; and except one of the sons, who was a priest, and did not utter a word, and the youngest daughter, who was better employed in attend-

ing on us, they all swore and screamed at each other in turns.

My only protection against the rain had been a thin zephyr silk mackintosh cloak, and a thick straw hat on my head, yet I was not compelled to change any of my upper garments, while R——'s two ordinary coats were wet through.

The house appeared to be of considerable size, but so wretchedly divided that we could only obtain a small recess, with two beds close together, as a sleeping-room, and we were compelled to perform our toilet in public. The wind, too, whistled through the large apartments, and drove us, as soon as we had put on dry clothes, to seek the kitchen-fire, daring the dirt and smoke. There we sat, talking to the daughters of the host, who were performing various culinary operations, some for our benefit, others for a party of farm-labourers who were in the large hall, and others for the family. We also mulled a jug of wine for ourselves, when we were amused by one of the young men, who had got wet and gone to bed, coolly sending for a mug-full. The gentleman afterwards got up, and while we were supping sat himself down with us, and helped us from the dishes which his sister placed on the table. I do not believe he intended to be impertinent, but merely having a very good opinion of himself, he wished to impress us with the like idea, and at the same time to be civil. We again went back to smoke our cigars by the fire, which was on the floor, in the corner of a large high room, with bare stone walls, well blackened

with smoke. On one side of the fire was a bench, with fagots piled up behind it, and on the other low stools, on which the company arranged themselves round the embers. The saturnine priest sat opposite to us, conning some well-thumbed lives of the ancient fathers; nor would he answer a single word to the observations we addressed to him—while his sisters were scolding, screaming, or swearing at each other, or at two unfortunate little children, which we suspected belonged to one or other of the young ladies. To us all the time they were as civil and attentive as people could possibly be. Poor Josè, to our relief, arrived during the evening, with his sick charge, he himself being in a very little better state. Thus we passed a far from agreeable evening.

Thursday morning broke with a promise of finer weather. The youngest daughter brought us in for breakfast a basket of most magnificent figs, while the other sisters cooked some very nice dishes. After paying for our accommodation, and thanking them for their civility, we took leave of this most strange family at half past seven, and commenced a journey over one of the roughest roads I ever travelled. As Luis was anxious to accompany us further, I retained his pony; indeed, though I had some doubts of his power to carry me, I had no alternative, having been unable to procure one at Villa Flor. After passing groves of olive- and almond-trees, vineyards, and chestnut-trees, we were led up and down rugged and barren hills, without meeting for twenty yards together any ground on which we could trot our horses.



Mourça was the name of the next town we were to pass, but in vain we looked for it; hour after hour glided away, and we were told it was still two or three leagues off. We passed some romantic spots, particularly where a fine bridge is thrown across a rapid and clear stream, at the bottom of a deep glen, down and up the sides of which we were compelled to climb. We encountered several small villages in our way, and every spot which a plough could reach was carefully cultivated.

At last Mourça appeared crowning the ridge of a hill before us; but we had a broad valley to cross, and many a turn to make, before we could reach it. We had now arrived near the boundaries of the wine-district, and passed a large building, formerly a distillery, belonging to that bane of commerce, the Wine Company. The interior of the town was far from equalling the promise of its excessively romantic appearance at a distance, nor were we better pleased with the large dreary inn, which we were assured was the best in the place. We had taken more than eight hours to perform the distance: nominally it was five leagues; and considering we were constantly obliged to dismount, and lead our horses down the hills, it was probably not much more.

R—— felt so unwell that we determined to proceed no further, and therefore commenced an examination of the capabilities of the *estalagem*. "Are these the only rooms you possess?" I asked the *estalajadeiro*, as he shewed us into a large barn-like place, the walls of rough unhewn stone, without a touch

of whitewash ; a wooden partition dividing off a part, which contained two beds, none of the windows being glazed.

“ Sim, Senhor, and fine airy apartments they are,” he answered, bowing ; “ and if you do not like them I beg you will seek others ; but you will find none that can suit you better.”

What we might at another time have done, I know not, but as the rain began to pour down in torrents, we were glad to remain under shelter, so we made a virtue of necessity, and told the civil host we would consent to be his guests.

The bed-room, it appeared, was occupied by a rather gigantic couple—a Spanish musician and his wife, who most unwillingly turned out for our accommodation. They afterwards made this abdication a plea for not paying any rent for the chamber, which of course created a violent altercation between all the parties concerned. It concluded the next morning by their being sent to seek lodgings elsewhere. The landlord, as is generally the case in country-inns in Portugal, followed a second calling, having a shoemaker’s shop below the sitting room. There was also a *venda*, and the stables under the house, the united odours ascending from which were far from agreeable. While R—— went to bed, I sat as usual in the kitchen, whence I could carry on a conversation with him through the thin partition. Having dismissed our active and obliging attendant, Luis, I engaged another *faca*, the name given to the little ponies of the country, and then following R——’s example, went to bed.

As the kitchen was inhabited by a tribe of fowls, the sultan of whom was of a most noisy disposition, I was awoke long before daylight by his loud crowing. He had posted himself, I found, close to my ear. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he pertinaciously sung, till I jumped up, lighted the lamp, and in revenge called up all the household. I might have insisted on having him made into broth for breakfast; but I considered it was the bird's nature to crow, and contented myself with the revenge I had already taken on his owners.

The sun was up in the heavens before we had breakfasted, and my sick beast had been re-shod; then the faca wanted some nails in his shoes, so that our early rising was of little avail in forwarding us on our way. We were once more blessed with a fine day, and though the roads were for some distance execrable, the views were excessively beautiful. A youth accompanied us, to take back the faca, telling us he knew the way perfectly. He boasted much of the powers of the beast, and of the wonderful journeys it had performed; but sundry suspicious marks on the neck told plainly that his usual occupation was to carry a pack and cargo. On leaving Mourça, the road was so bad that we were obliged to walk down to a bridge, which carried us across one of the many romantic streams running into the Douro. We then passed some magnificent chestnut-trees, the fruit of which having burst through its green prickly husk, lay scattered in abundance on the ground—and our attendant filled his pockets with the nuts, to serve for his breakfast. We soon over-

took José with the baggage-mule and sick horse, at a spot where the road ran along the edge of a deep ravine.

"How high, my poor black steps," I observed. At that instant hearing our horses he jumped on one side, and his hind feet going over the precipice, he would have fallen into the torrent had not José urged on the powerful mule, to which his halter was fastened, and dragged him out again. The unfortunate beast had gone completely blind. I could not endure to see my once pretty and active steed, now following behind the mule, lifting high his feet at each faltering step he made, and appearing every instant as if he must fall down and die; so we rode on, telling José to follow us to Regoa. I never saw him again, though, wonderful to relate, he reached Oporto alive, and for a short time recovered his sight; but after a few weeks his illness returned, and he breathed his last.

We halted to bait our animals at the village of Villa Verde, beyond which we soon discovered that our attendant knew not an inch of the way: we therefore determined to trust to our own sagacity in finding it out. Passing through one or two villages, we ascended a wild uncultivated mountain, on the top of which we trotted for some distance over a level surface, till we came to a small chapel, whence we obtained a fine view of the lofty range of the rugged *Marão*; many a rich valley and vine-clad hill intervening. We then descended to the pretty village of St. Martins, situated in a fertile and lovely district.

Passing across the valley we again ascended, and trotted for two leagues on a good bridle-path, along the brow and over the summit of a hill, till we reached the outskirts of the wine-district.

From our elevated position we enjoyed a most magnificent view over a wild ocean of vine-covered mountains, embracing full half of the wine-country; the course of the Douro marked among them by its rugged and precipitous cliffs, while across a rich valley about five miles distant was Villa Real, behind which, like a dark giant, rose the mighty Marão. Our map of this part of the country was worth nothing; for while we fancied we were close upon Regoa, we were yet far from it. Upwards of an hour did we continue to descend, among vineyards, sometimes over a fine broad well-paved road; in other places, where it had been allowed to go to ruin, at considerable risk of falling into the deep ruts and holes. We passed through several villages, at each of which when we inquired for Regoa we were told it was but half a league off; yet the retreating end of this half league we could not manage to reach. There were scattered over the hills, and in the valleys below us, a number of very neat and pretty houses, some of them of considerable size, belonging to the wealthy proprietors of the neighbouring vineyards, and far superior to any we had seen in the more eastern districts of the Douro. At last we found ourselves on the banks of the Douro, near the mouth of a stream called the Corgo, which separates the upper from the lower country. Fording it, we continued for half

a mile along the edge of the river, till we entered the town of Regoa. Here we took up our abode at a very tolerable hotel, kept by a widow and her two sons, and which, after the wretched ones we had been accustomed to, appeared most luxurious.

On inquiry, we found, to our disappointment, that the last of our English acquaintance had left for Oporto two days before: we therefore desired one of the landlords to hire a boat to take us down the next morning. It was nearly dark when we reached Regoa, though the whole distance we had performed during the day was but seven leagues, and nearly all the time we had pushed on as fast as the ground would allow us.

We were much pleased with the behaviour of the landlady's son, when contrasted with that of the one at Villa Flor; for though so well dressed that we expected he would not condescend to work, his manners were most respectful, and doffing his coat, he brought in our dinner, and waited on us all the time himself. The charge, too, was not more than at the miserable inns where we had before rested. The rooms were clean, airy, and neat.

We were aroused an hour before dawn by the boatmen who came to convey our luggage; for we found, much to our satisfaction, that José had arrived with it after we had gone to bed. This last act of José's redeemed much of his previous conduct, so we parted on good terms; he having to conduct the two horses and mule by land to Oporto. We had just sufficient light to see our way to the boat; but even

at that early hour many of the shops were open, as we passed, accompanied by the landlord, to the quay.

The crew of the boat consisted of four men and a boy, the latter of whom did more work than all the others. The awning, formed of a sail and a mat stretched on some willow-wands arched over the boat, was badly secured, and consequently blew off during the first gust we encountered : we managed however to secure it again before the rain came, which afterwards visited us in a deluge.

The scenery along the banks, after leaving the wine-district a short distance below Regoa, is wild and beautiful in the extreme, approaching in one or two spots to grandeur ; and though there is a certain degree of sameness in the views, there is an abundance of excitement on passing the rapids, or leaps, as they are well called. Here the water, in a confined space, rushes between high cliffs, over rugged rocks ; the frothy waves leaping high, and dashing into the boat, as, tossed up and down, she darts through them. These are nervous moments ; for black rocks shew their threatening heads on every side, and a blow on them would in a moment send the boat to destruction ; but a skilful hand guides the long snake-like helm—the bark seems hastening to her doom, when a touch of the tiller, and again she shoots away from the shore, and the danger is passed.

As we glided down the stream, we examined each bank, regretting that a fine broad road has not been, long ago, cut on either side, which might, if funds could be found for the purpose, without difficulty be done.

At present, there is only a track affording a precarious footing to the men who drag up the boats when the wind is unfavourable. If a good carriage-road were cut along the banks to Regoa, such as for several hundred miles runs along the side of the Rhine, I doubt not numbers of visitors would flock to the country to behold the lovely scenery, which the difficulties, and inconveniences in the way at present debar them from enjoying. It would also prove the source of a vast addition of wealth, by increasing the traffic on the river, between the highest point and Oporto. It is now a tedious journey of two days from Oporto to Regoa through Amarante, whereas, with a road along the river, a coach would easily perform the distance in a day; but I fear that the present generation will not see the work performed.

About eight leagues from Oporto the river Tamega falls into the Douro, at a place called Entre ambos os Rios, and here the stream widens considerably; the banks having a softer and more cultivated appearance: there is, indeed, less grandeur, but more beauty. In the course of the day we were visited by some violent storms, during the first of which our boatmen ran the boat on shore, some getting under the awning, and others producing large red cotton umbrellas to shelter themselves from the rain. Fancy boatmen of any other country except China with umbrellas! After waiting a time, and seeing no prospect of the rain ceasing, we insisted on continuing our course. Our amusement was then great to see



some of them holding the umbrellas over the heads of those who were rowing; for I must observe we had taken two additional hands on board as passengers.

The *arais* or master of the boat, being both an invalid and a lazy rascal to boot, wasted a second half hour on shore, during a fall of rain, so that it grew dark long before we arrived at Oporto. He also wished us to remain all night at some wretched village on the banks, but we had determined to reach home that night; and notwithstanding all his remonstrances, we made him push off again into the stream, threatening not to pay him if he refused. When he saw we were not to be imposed on, he was civil enough; indeed, with characters of his description among the Portuguese I have been always able to obtain obedience by firmness.

The clouds now cleared off, the stars shone forth, and our boatmen breaking out into loud song, we glided down between the dark mysterious banks. At last the lights of the city greeted our sight, and just then we were hailed from the shore by a custom-house guard, who obliged us to touch for an instant, but delayed us not longer than he could avoid, nor attempted to open a single package. This, I must remark, was the first time we had met with a custom-house or guard of any sort since we left the confines of Spain; so, as may be supposed, smuggling into Portugal is a matter of no great danger or difficulty. I wish that in England the necessity of following the abominable system of examining the luggage of newly-arrived tra-

vellers were abolished, by placing duties on such articles of great consumption only as might afford a sufficient revenue to the government.

We paid about two pounds for the hire of the boat ; no great sum, considering the labour of again dragging it up the stream. After rowing with but slight intermission for fifteen hours, the men and boy were now eager to carry up the luggage to our houses, in the hopes of gaining a little more pay. Our boat was flat-bottomed, with a rising pointed bow, a long oar for a rudder, and a high platform on which the helmsman stood—one of the smallest used to carry wine down to Oporto, but now fitted up roughly for our accommodation with a bench, some clean straw and an awning.

I saw R—— safe to his friend's house, and then returned to my own, in a finer state of health than I had enjoyed for years ; and we both agreed that, leisure and strength permitting, we would, in the following summer, take a longer gallop through the Peninsula.

In the next three Sketches I shall impart to my readers the information I possess respecting the Port Wine Trade, a description of the various qualities of Port Wine, with advice for the choice of a stock.

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### SKETCH XXX.

**The Port Wine Trade.** Port Wine at first used as a Medicine in this Country. Original Location of the Wine Manufacture on the Banks of the Lima. Greatly increased Consumption about the Middle of the last Century. Establishment of the Wine Company in Portugal. Its Abuses. Abolished by Dom Pedro. Selection of Wines for Exportation. Statistics of the Trade. High Character of the British Mercantile Houses at Oporto.

IN describing, as I have attempted to do, the northern provinces of Portugal, I must not omit to give a short account of the chief article of their foreign commerce ; though it is a subject but little calculated to afford any interest to the generality of my readers.

I cannot learn the year when Port Wine was first introduced into England, though I believe about two or three centuries ago only it was used as a medicine, and sold for that purpose in the shops of the apothecaries. It was at that time produced on the romantic banks of the Lima, a river running into the sea at Viana, where the first British merchants settled, and whence they shipped it to England.

In those days the wine was made in small vats, holding only two or three pipes each, and just sufficient brandy was added to preserve it till it arrived at its destination, where, whilst fresh and green, it was at once consumed from the cask, without being kept in bottle. However, it being discovered that the vines on the banks of the Douro produced a richer and far more generous wine, than that made from the grapes growing on the former river, the three or four British mercantile houses engaged in the trade removed to

Oporto, whence they shipped off such wine as they could buy, with little attention as to its quality. At last experience taught them that the flavour of the wine improved by proper treatment; and from that time its qualities being justly appreciated in England, its consumption rapidly increased, so that in 1749, nearly one hundred years ago, 22,738 pipes were exported to that country. That quantity would probably have yet become greater, had not the minister Carvalho, afterwards Marquis of Pombal, whose mercantile regulations were ever formed on very mistaken notions, imposed the most withering restrictions on its production, under the idea that by diminishing the quantity he should keep up the price, and improve the quality. On pretence that the Douro farmers adulterated their wine, a Company of Inspectors was established, with the most despotic powers, who could order a vineyard to be rooted out, by whose decision such or such wine was alone allowed to be exported, and who possessed the privilege of selecting as much as they required for themselves, at their own price.

To prove the necessity of a Company various letters were published by the minister's orders, "professing to be written by the commissaries of the English houses at Oporto to their veteran brethren in the Douro, complaining of various poisonous adulterations in their wines; to which the latter responded, that they were obliged to do so because the English merchants required that sort of wine." These letters were and have ever been considered apocryphal; but

no one dared to contradict the despotic minister, who held them in his hand, and declared them genuine.

The Company was established in 1756, and a rebellion in Oporto was the consequence, which was crushed with the most sanguinary tyranny.

The measures of the Company were far from increasing the exportation of Port wine, as five years after its establishment, in 1761, only 18,281 pipes were shipped to England, though during those five years we had been waging war with France, and of course all French wines were excluded from our markets. In the following year the exportation was increased to 27,085 pipes, but then Great Britain had fitted out a large fleet for the West India expedition, and every ship was supplied with Port wine. Had not therefore the wines of France been *excluded* from the English market, the exportation of Port wine, would, by means of the Company, have decreased, rather than increased, because through their conduct the wine became dearer to the English consumer. That they effected no improvement in the quality of the wine we may conclude, or assuredly in fourteen years the consumption, with so many advantages, would, although the wine cost more, have increased to a far greater extent than it did.

One class of people benefitted by the Company, and only one, namely, those who held posts in it, for they made their fortunes ; and such posts therefore were more eagerly sought for than any honourable

office in the state. Each successive minister found the eggs of gold far too precious to consent to kill the goose.

This abominable monopoly, more injurious even to the farmer than to the merchant, but extremely prejudicial to the interests of both, was at length, by Dom Pedro abolished, as one of the most inestimable favours he could grant to the people who had so bravely fought to place the crown of Portugal on his daughter's head. Indeed, its suppression was but an act of justice, which the people demanded as their right.

Unfortunately for the country, the taste of the delicious plums enjoyed by the monopolists has not yet passed from their palates, and many strenuous attempts have been made by the old members to restore it, with all its former powers. This has been violently opposed, though a Company with the former title has been established, possessing no monopoly however, but certain privileges, with the authority to approve such wines as they think fit for the English market.

The vintage of 1843 was considered a very bad one, the whole produce being 72,462 pipes. Of these, 18,002 pipes were approved for the English market, 15,714 were placed in the second quality list, 17,166 in the third, and 21,580 were pronounced refuse, to be consumed only in the low taverns, or to be distilled into brandy. During the year 1843 only 21,244 pipes of Port wine were shipped to England, a considerable deal of it probably of the fine vintage of 1840, which shews a great falling off from former years. Of the

vintage 1844, 21,238 pipes were approved as of the first quality, and by an after division of them, 14,000 only are permitted to be shipped for the English market, the produce being 66,566 pipes in all. During the year 25,493 pipes were exported to the United Kingdom. America takes some annually, some go to the Continent, and a few hundreds have been sent to our Australian colonies, to our East India possessions, and to China. Altogether, the export for 1844 was only 8453 pipes, exclusive of that to the United Kingdom.

The system of approving wine sounds very well, and by it we may fancy in England that we should have all the good, and the rest of the world all the inferior wine; but it is notorious, that though the best wine is generally approved, that very good wine is often pronounced unfit to be exported to Great Britain, and that yet much bad wine is sent to that country. The Company therefore do not benefit the trade, though by imposing such restrictions they injure it, by keeping up the price of Port wine, and allow in the mean time *the taste for other wines to increase in England.*

The object for which this false scarcity is created is to reduce the stocks of the native holders of wine in Villa Nova, whereby the price is for the time kept up, though ultimately they themselves will lose by the English refusing to drink their old worn-out wines.

I have said enough to shew the pernicious effect of this system, which, in spite of all warning, the Portuguese government so blindly pursue.

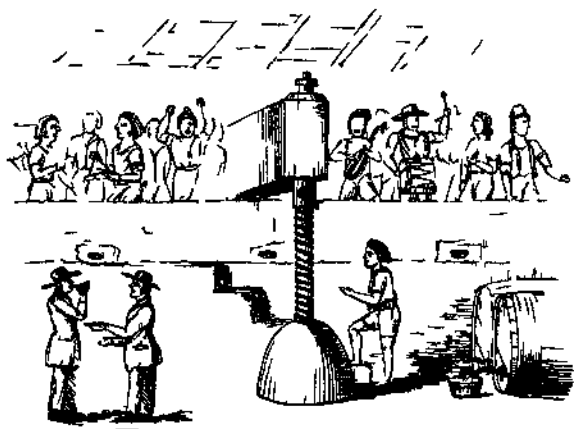
There are rather more than twenty old-established English mercantile houses in Oporto, of the greatest respectability and credit, who each ship from 500 to 1000 pipes annually, and one or two whose shipments have exceeded 2000 and 3000; but besides these, the list of shippers is swelled by numerous other houses, who are engaged in different branches of commerce.

I must pay a tribute which I consider due to the British merchants of Oporto. I believe that there is not to be found a more gentlemanly, honourable set of men in any of the mercantile communities in other parts of the world, than are the gentlemen of the British Factory; though a person, who has lately written about the Port Wine Trade, has, with most reckless disregard of truth, ventured to asperse their character.

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## SKETCH XXXI



The Wine Press

Concerning a Pipe of Port Wine Soil and Situation most suitable for the Grape Mode of planting the Vine The more important Operations in its Culture Anxiety in regard to the Weather Season of the Vintage Great number of People employed Critical Period in the Fermentation of the Juice The Addition of Brandy indispensable—and why Purchase of Wines by the Oporto Merchants Its Transport to the Lodges of Villa Nova Time in Pipe, and Mode of Exportation

It is surprising how many people are employed, and what care and attention is bestowed on a Pipe of Port Wine, before it reaches England. Many years must pass from the first outlay of capital, before the actual consumer repays it, so that we cannot be surprised at the high price it costs.

The district of the Douro in which the vine was first grown consists of undulating ground, or steeply-

swelling hills, composed of a red clayey soil, and commences about fifty miles from Oporto. It is now considered a thin, light-coloured wine, without body or strength, much of it being condemned for tavern-consumption, and a small quantity only being approved by the Company for exportation to England.

It was at last discovered that the most advantageous situations for the growth of the vine were on the steep sides of the rocky mountains, exposed to the full force of the sun's rays; and it is truly surprising to see the spots brought under cultivation—now the most valuable in the country—which had previously, since the formation of the world, remained in sterile grandeur. Terraces, a few feet wide, have been cut in the sides of lofty mountains, rising one above another from the water's edge to near the summit. Walls four to five feet high are built to keep in the soil, which is composed of the chips of the clayey slate or limestone broken from the rock, the *débris* of which contributes much to retain the necessary moisture. The general appearance of the wine-districts I have already described.

Suppose the side of a mountain thus prepared, at the expense of much labour and capital, the vineyard is planted in the autumn, after the vintage is concluded, by taking cuttings from the old vines and placing them flat down, the butt ends covered with earth, till they take root, when they are placed two feet deep in the ground, at about three feet apart. These vines take four to six years before they bear well: in the mean time they require much attention, many of them dying, notwithstanding all the care bestowed on them.

Of the various operations gone through, the following are the most important.

First, beginning with the wine-maker's new year. As soon as the vintage is concluded, the vines then having a vast tangled mass of long thin shoots, all these branches are cut off, except the one which sprouted from the branch, which in like manner remained from the sprout of the previous year. The next year all the shoots are cut off except one, of which a foot remains, and on the following year all are cut off, except the chief one which sprouts from that one, and so on.

Secondly. When the intervals between the vines are too great, two or three long shoots of the old vine, and still attached to it, are bent down into holes dug for them, the tips only being left above the earth. Vines thus planted bear the following year.

Thirdly. The next work to be done is to cut trenches between the vines, and to cast up the soil round them. Twice after this the ground is thrown up, and loosened round the vines, and all weeds are destroyed.

The walls must then be repaired, and new ones constructed on the sides of the mountains, or the rain would quickly wash all the soil from the vineyard. For some time, also, women and children are employed in picking off the insects from the vines, and otherwise cleaning them.

All these operations are concluded before the end of January.

Little more attendance is now required till the vintage. The vines put forth their leaves, the grapes appear, and are watched anxiously by the farmer,

as their rosy skins swell out with luscious juice. Then every change in the sky is noted, and all pray that no rain may fall to rot the tender skins, and fill the presses with water instead of wine. If clouds appear, the more timid commence gathering their grapes before they are fully ripe, the more sagacious, or bolder, allow their grapes to hang, in hopes of the return of sunshine. The time at which the vintage commences varies, therefore, in different years about a month—from the early part of September to the middle of October. At that period there are 20,000 Gallegos employed in the district, and about 10,000 Portuguese, men, women, and children. As soon as the vintage is over the Spaniards return to their own homes, each man with from twenty to thirty shillings in his pocket, which he has received as wages.

When once the vintage has commenced, time is invaluable. The vineyards are crowded with persons, some plucking the sound grapes and filling large hampers with them, others separating the rotten or dry bunches, while the Gallegos are employed in carrying the baskets down the steep sides of the hills on their backs. The presses are stone tanks, raised high from the floor, about two to three feet deep, and from twenty to thirty square. A boy stands in the centre, and rakes the grapes as they are thrown in, so as to form an even surface. When full, twenty to thirty men with bare feet and legs jump in, and to the sound of guitars, pipes, fiddles, drums, and of their own voices, continue dancing, or rather treading, for forty to fifty hours, with six hours intervening between every

eighteen, till the juice is completely expressed and the skins perfectly bruised, so as to extract every particle of colour. It is found necessary to leave in the stalks, in order to impart that astringent quality so much admired in Port wine, as well as to aid fermentation.

After the men are withdrawn, the juice, the husks, and stalks, are allowed to ferment together from two to six days; the husks and stalks then rise to the top, and form a complete cake. By this means the colour is still further extracted from the skin. It is a very critical time, much depending on the judgment and practice of the superintendent as to the right moment to draw off the liquor; for so active is the fermentation, that it may be, if allowed to remain too long in the press, completely spoiled. Nothing but long experience can enable a person to judge on this point, and many young merchants who have attempted to do so have had cause to repent their interference with the farmer's business.

The taste of the wine before drawn off into the *tonels* is sweet, nauseous and sickening, and it is of a dark muddy colour, so that one can with difficulty believe it can ever become the bright sparkling and astringent fluid it appears in the course of two or three years.

The *tonels* or vats into which the wine is drawn are in a building on a lower spot than the one which contains the press, a channel leading from it to them. They contain frequently thirty pipes each.

The period when the wine is thus drawn off is the time when the rich and generous qualities of the

grapes are to be retained, or lost, never to be restored. From the rich nature of the Douro grape, the fermentation once begun will not stop of its own accord (even when the wine is drawn off from the husks and stalks) till it has caused it to become a bitter liquid, almost, if not entirely undrinkable, and useless, and finally, vinegar. To retain therefore those much prized qualities, it is absolutely necessary to add brandy at the very critical moment, so difficult to decide, before that stage which produces the bitterness commences. Brandy always has been, and always must be, added to the richer and finer wines, or from their very nature they overwork themselves, and, exhausting their own strength, are destroyed.

The grapes from which the rich luscious Port wine is produced, become, when hung up in the sun to dry, complete masses of sugar. This excessively saccharine matter, possessed only by those grapes growing in the positions most exposed to the sun's rays, gives that rich and fruity flavour of which the best Port alone can boast. With the poorer and more watery grapes the fermentation, not being so violent, will work itself out, and the little saccharine matter they contain completely disappearing, a dry light wine is the produce, which, though requiring brandy, requires less to preserve its good qualities, for the very reason, that there are fewer good qualities to preserve. Such is the case with regard to the wines of Bordeaux. I do not mean to say that they do not possess good qualities, but that being of a lighter nature than the best Port, from the cooler climate or nature of the

soil in which they are produced, the fermentation is not so violent, nor do they exhaust themselves from their own strength. No brandy is therefore requisite, and that delicious liquor Claret is the produce; a successful imitation of which it has been vainly attempted to produce in Portugal.

As the people of warm climes are of warmer temperaments, and more easily excited, than those of cold ones, so it is with the productions of the soil; and this should be considered by those who desire to have Port wine without brandy. Every respectable merchant in Oporto declares that it cannot be shipped to England without a certain quantity of brandy to preserve its quality, and that those persons who pretend to do so most grievously deceive their correspondents. Even the commonest wine of Portugal, called *Vinho Verde*, or green wine, will only keep a year without brandy, after which it becomes vinegar.

Many persons, ignorant of the facts I have stated, fancy that because Claret keeps without brandy, much more so ought Port, from being a stronger wine; whereas we see that the contrary is the case. It must not be supposed, however, that because brandy is put into the wine, it there remains. In reality, it evaporates in the course of a very short time, in hot weather especially; and consequently by the time the wine is drunk its strength has been in no way increased; on the contrary, it has been diminished by age.

I hope by this short explanation I have shewn that the charges brought against the Oporto mer-

chants, of overloading their wines with brandy, and sweetening them with sugar, are utterly false and scandalous, as I fully believe them to be; though such statements were put forth in a report published by order of the Board of Trade, and in another place refuted by me.

No physician can watch a royal patient with greater care than does the farmer his wine-tonels, on which his whole revenue is probably depending. He looks them carefully up, attending to them constantly with his factor and other servants, who all taste and give their opinion; nor will he allow a stranger to see them till their good qualities are developed. Many of the English houses rent vineyards for a term of years, and have the wines made under their own superintendence, though, as I observed before, it is a dangerous system if followed by those who are not well practised in the management of wine.

The Company taste the wines in January, and according as they think fit, issue tickets of approval, or otherwise. The fair commences in the middle of February, previously to which the merchants hasten up to the Wine Country, where they have establishments, and, accompanied by their head clerks, commissaries, and coopers, mounted on the backs of mules, and attended by a troop of servants on foot, they visit the different farms where the wine is kept. The wine is tasted from a silver saucer, with an elevation in the centre, which exhibits its colour; and as they taste they make notes of the quality of each



tonel in their books, which they compare on their return home. Sometimes the purchase is concluded on the spot, but generally the farmer proceeds to the merchants' houses to make his bargain.

The purchase of wine requires all the judgment and knowledge of the merchant, his credit and profit depending on the work of a few days. It being concluded, he returns to Oporto. The wine is now drawn off into pipes, under the superintendence of a commissary, and is carried down over the most execrable roads to the river's side, in carts drawn by oxen. It is then embarked in large boats, carrying seventy pipes each, and brought to Villa Nova. Next it is stored in the merchants' vaults, or rather lodges, as they are called, they being entirely above ground. Here the wines are racked and lotted according to their respective qualities. The greatest care is now necessary in their treatment; they requiring a little more delicate brandy.

In about two years, or even in less, the fine wines of any superior vintage are considered in a fit state to ship to England. The older wines are kept from four to eight years in pipes, before they are shipped, according to the quality required. I have some wine which I drink every day at dinner of the vintage 1786, still perfectly sound and vinous. It has been doubtlessly refreshed with later vintages, and constant attention paid to it, or it probably would not have kept for so long a period. Such wine is of course invaluable.

The expense of keeping wine in the stores is

very great, owing to the high rent, and the number of people employed about them: the evaporation also is enormous, amounting in some lodges to upwards of a hundred pipes every year, about 3 per cent. In some of the chief establishments nearly two hundred persons are employed, including coopers, wine-carriers, carters, boatmen, and others.

From the stores, the wine in pipes, hogsheads, and quarter-casks, is again carted down to the river, paying a heavy export-duty. On arrival in England it is either bonded, or taken at once to the wine-merchants' vaults, to be put into bottle.

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## SKETCH XXXII.

Difficulty of obtaining a Bottle of good Port. Advice thereon. Unfounded Prejudices in respect to the Colour of the Wine. Not naturally dark. Pleasant Story about the Importation of Africans. Hints to assist in the Selection of a Pipe of Port Wine. Difference of Taste stands in the way of giving positive Directions. What sorts to avoid. A parting Word on the Subject at large.

A BOTTLE of really good Port is more easily drunk than found; and as it is a matter in which most of my readers are more or less concerned, I will give them a few hints which may prove useful in selecting it.

The first advice I offer is to go to a long-established, respectable wine-merchant, either in London or one of the principal towns in your county, and you will be tolerably certain of getting genuine good wine. The *shortest* time Port wine, to give it fair play, ought to be kept in bottle, is two years; four improve it more, and in six it reaches perfection. Wine-merchants often commit a great fault in keeping wine too long in wood, before bottling it, without racking or paying it any attention, whereby its flavour is much impaired. The old wine shipped from Oporto ought to be bottled in the following autumn or spring.

As affairs now stand, with the heavy duties and charges, the consumer must pay a high price for really good wine.

In selecting your wine, the first thing to be considered is, What do you like? for there are as many sorts of wine, and as many different tastes, as there

are political parties in the Peninsula. The surest method is to desire your wine-merchant to send you wine from his most approved bin, and if you do not like it, try another class till you are satisfied. If, however, you are determined to be guided entirely by your own taste, note the following remarks.

By age alone ought Port wine to be classed. Of the different qualities, first stands the old tawny Port, grown old in cask; bright as a ruby, but its ruby colour has flown, and it is perfectly dry and soft: if those qualities are not combined, do not confide in it. It is like a young man with a white wig on to make him look old for some sinister purpose. It ought to have spirit—no vapidness, and a slight aroma. Then, if your wine-merchant assures you that it was shipped to him by one of the first Oporto houses, and that he has had it bottled in his cellar five or six years, you may feel confident that you are drinking a very fine wine, which is well worth the price you pay for it.

The next is, what is bottled younger, but kept afterwards as long, or longer than the other. It ought to be of a bright sparkling ruby: it need not be dark—do not care about colour—with a perfect fragrance when the bottle is uncorked, both dry and soft, with a fine fruity flavour. Fancy the essence of a hot-house grape. This sort of wine is, I think, nearer perfection than any other. Combine your own taste with that of your wine-merchant, who ought to know more about the matter than anybody else.

Once for all, if you wish to drink unadulterated

wine, do not buy it except of the most respectable wine-merchants, for I verily believe the consumption of Port wine has decreased more from the ignorance or knavery of petty wine-dealers than from any other cause. Such persons the Oporto merchant would not trust with a pipe of his wine—with Benecarlo, brandy, and sugar, these fellows make up what they sell as Port. A gentleman drinking this stuff vows he will never again touch Port.

The two sorts of wine I have mentioned above ought to be kept for summer use, as a stouter wine is preferable in the winter. But the wine most suited to the fogs and cold of the English autumn, winter, and early spring, (rather a large portion of the year!) is the rich, generous, rosy wine, such as that of the famed vintage of 1834, and of the late ones of equal credit of 1840 and 1842. Let it be known that wine of a very dark colour when it arrives in England, is more apt to lose colour than that of a lighter and natural hue. The colour proceeds alone from the skin of the grapes, as before observed; now if that skin is of a reddish hue the wine cannot be black. Many persons seem to have an idea that the juice of the Portugal grape is dark, whereas it is in reality perfectly colourless. When therefore they insist on having more colour in the wine, they ask really for more of the substance which forms the skin. The darkest-skinned grapes do not make the most delicate wine; indeed, a very dark colour and great delicacy are almost incompatible. That the grapes when much pressed till the very stalks are smashed to pulp, and

every particle of colouring-matter extracted, cannot produce delicate wine, stands to reason: let them be pressed as much as possible, there are very few grapes, and those of a tasteless, watery nature, which can give a black colour to wine.

If the merchants insist on pleasing their consumers by having very dark wine, the farmers must put colouring matter into it, yet in vain; for it is hopeless attempting to vie with Warren's jet blacking! that must always gain the day. A few ship-loads of negroes from the coast of Africa might answer still better—not to be mashed and fermented, but to tread the grapes. The following story, for the truth of which I cannot pretend to vouch, proves that there are means of giving colour, if people insist on having it:—

“Formerly, the grapes of the Douro having a thin skin, the wine produced was of a fine dark ruby, which was then much admired by all consumers; but once, some dark tasteless dye having by accident fallen into a tonel, the wine was pronounced so much superior to anything that had before been seen, that no other than dark wine would suit the taste of the day. What was to be done? the grapes were pressed to the utmost, but the skins refused to give forth any further colouring matter. The wine was of a beautiful ruby colour, but it was not black enough. It was considered that through the ignorance of the farmers the best qualities were left behind. Nothing would please them. At last it occurred to an intelligent farmer, who was always ready to adopt any novelty

which he thought might be advantageous, that he had seen the fermenting juice of the grape have a very wonderful effect on the human skin. In truth, he had observed that the Gallegos employed in dancing in the wine-presses, went in with very dark brown legs, and came out, though stained with wine, very white and clean when washed in water. He reasoned that if brown becomes white, so probably will the wine extract a black colour. He forthwith therefore dispatched a vessel to the kingdom of the Ashantees, on the coast of Africa, where the natives are the darkest, and she returned freighted with a cargo of blacks. The inhabitants of Oporto wondered when they saw so many black men landed from the ship; but the farmer kept his counsel—he merely observed that he thought they would work more cheaply in his vineyards than would Gallegos. During the vintage he closed the gates of his estate against everybody. People wondered what he was about: they suspected he was adulterating his wine. Now it is well-known that the darkness of the negro race is caused by a black substance contained in the epidermis, or the outer skin of the body. The same is the case with the grape, as I have before observed. It is also well-known that the violent fermentation of a vinous fluid will extract the colour from any substance steeped in it, as it does from the skin of the dark grape. I say no more.

“The fair took place, the farmer’s tonels were approved by the Company, and he sold his *dark-coloured* wine at a very high price. His Ashantees

wore trousers and socks till the next vintage. Nobody guessed the fact. How should they! The following year the wine was of an equally good colour, and as the competition for its purchase consequently was great, it sold for an enormous sum. The Ashantees, to the surprise of every one, afterwards wore gloves, which met the sleeves of their coats. On the third year the wine was even better than before, for it had more *flavour* and *body*. On the fourth, the blacks had disappeared, no one knew whither, though in their stead a very fine set of perfectly white men were seen, who could not speak Portuguese. Still everybody was in the dark, till the farmer sent for a fresh supply of negroes, when the truth transpired, and the Royal Wine Company strictly forbade the nefarious practice, under pain of the forfeiture of the estate. They however applied for, and obtained the monopoly themselves, offering as an excuse that the negroes thus washed white made better Christians. Of course, on this plea no Christian monarch could refuse their request. Now and then dreadful surmises were whispered about, but in a despotic country, as Portugal then was, no one dared utter them aloud—*only* a dead black man was never seen!

“Such, I am informed, is the Port wine the deceived British public have had palmed off on them for a long course of years! according to some of the writers on the subject. *With few exceptions* the British merchants are strongly suspected of encouraging so gross an infringement of all laws human and divine, if they do not actually import cargoes of living blacks



themselves. Indeed, now that most of the very necessary restrictions are abolished, we have strong reasons for supposing that this is not the most reprehensible method they have of adulterating their wines."

In truth, to insist on having dark-coloured wine, is much like what I have been writing above—nonsense ! yet such is a sample of the attacks directed against a highly honourable, gentlemanly class of British merchants. I must beg of my readers, whenever they meet with the like, to laugh at it, as I hope they have done at my account of the Ashantees bleached white.

To return, however, to the subject of selecting wine. The next class which, though I place it third, is as valuable as the other two, the rich generous wine—I need not say, rather avoid a very dark colour, than insist on having it. Choose a bright wine, fruity and nutty, with plenty of spirit, and a degree of smoothness, but not mawkishness. Having more saccharine matter, it will sink sooner in water than will old wine ; but if it sinks at once, when poured gently into a glass, do not buy it, as it is not a properly fermented wine. The above is a wine to drink after a hard day's hunting or shooting. It is a fine stomachic, and invaluable in a November fog.

To select a pipe, or a bin of wine, is a matter of consideration, and every man ought to recollect two things—the state of the weather, and the state of his own stomach. Let him choose a fine bright day, but not a cold one. He ought to have spent the previous evening quietly at home, and ought not to have drunk more than a pint of wine, or he will run a great risk of

making a mistake. If he is heated, he will like a thin vapid wine, and if he comes from the cold air, he will prefer a highly-brandied strong wine; neither of which will please him on the following day.

This is a golden rule. Few persons can form an opinion of Port wine by tasting it only once. After dinner, if you taste a dry old wine after sweets, or after drinking rich wine, the first will appear flavourless, or casky. People often wrongly condemn fine old wine, from not thinking of that fact. It must be remembered, in choosing wine from the cask, that it is seldom so soft, so bright, or so spirity, as wine in bottle.

There are many other descriptions of Port of less value, but very good; some rather coarser and rougher, others thinner and less rich, varying much according to their age; so that it is impossible to give any advice respecting them. There are also lighter Clarety wines, which are very nice when drunk new in Portugal, but requiring brandy to keep in England, else that peculiar flavour disappears, and their best quality is lost. It is absurd, in my opinion, to attempt to make the wines of Portugal like those of Bordeaux. Those who can get Claret will not drink thin Port instead, and those who cannot afford to drink the former, prefer a good stout stomachic wine, which goes the furthest. The commoner sorts, and most to be avoided, are thin stinky wines, with considerable colour, and no softness; or very dark wines, of a vapid sweet taste, yet rough and strong; or very light-coloured, almost tawny, no body or spirit, and pretending to be very old, at a low price. Doubt these

last always. They have less harm in them than have others; but they are best known by negatives, and will never improve; whereas the coarser wines may. These sort of wines are shipped frequently to the inferior class of wine-merchants; and a person desirous of abusing Port, has only, in order that he may obtain credit, to take a sample of them, and exhibit it as the stuff the Oporto merchants ship. He is thus certain, moreover, to create a prejudice against Port wine among persons ignorant of the existence of the inferior sorts above described.

I have now honestly given, to the best of my abilities, as much advice as the nature of the case will allow; and I hope my readers may find it of service.

To sum up. Decide in your own mind as to what sort of wine you require, go to an honest wine-merchant, on a fine balmy day, with a clean palate—remember, *not to care about a dark colour*, and shut your eyes when you taste. Take a dry wine first, to wash out your mouth, then the one most recommended. After sipping six samples begin to distrust your taste. Do not judge of a rich wine after a dry one, or *vice versa*, and do not be led to taste all sorts of other wines before you make your choice. I practise what I preach.

Thus, gentle readers, with many apologies I end my dissertation on Port Wine; and though it may not have been very interesting, I trust it has not proved tedious.

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### SKETCH XXXIII.

Start from Oporto on a visit to the Wine Districts of the Alto Douro. Time formerly consumed in this Journey. Pass through Valongo. Baltar. Penafiel. Cavaes. Villa Meão. Amarante: difficult of access: much Strife hereabouts. Onward the Scenery becomes extremely wild and romantic. Quintella, or Padroens: our first day's Journey terminates. Sadly neglected Road thence to Mesão Frio, where the Wine Country commences. Regoa. Arrive at the Quinta of Batteiras. Manners, Habits, Opinions, &c. of the People. Excursion. Depressed Condition of the small Douro Farmers. Mode of testing the Qualities of the Wines. Great Injustice often committed, and consequent general Dissatisfaction. Remedies proposed. Town of Panoyas. Ancient Altars, and other Antiquities. Mansion belonging to the noble Family of Villa Real. On our Return visit some Friends at Lamego. Discuss with them the Importance of Improved Roads. Reach Oporto, much gratified with the Tour. Vale!

EARLY in the February of 1845, the brief winter of the mild climate of Portugal already drawing towards its termination, I set off, accompanied by my brother, to visit the wine-producing districts on the banks of the Douro, generally known by the name of the Wine Country of the Alto Douro.

As we were well acquainted with the road, our object was to get over it as fast as possible, without waiting to examine any of the interesting objects to be seen near it. We therefore sent on our baggage and a relay of horses to await us about twenty miles from Oporto, half the distance we intended to perform during the day. Forty miles is in England considered little more than a morning's ride, but on Portuguese roads, after much rain, it is nearly as much as two horses can do, during a short winter's day, without

running the risk of being knocked up ; and as I have an especial dislike to riding a tired steed, I would always, if possible, secure a change, advising my friends to do the same.

The previous day had been lovely, and we were anticipating a pleasant journey, when, as the morning broke, a thick driving mist came on, which continued for some hours, directly in our faces, completely shutting out the prospects on either side.

In the times when the Oporto merchants appeared on the Exchange in bag wigs and swords, the journey to Regoa was considered a most arduous undertaking, invariably occupying three days (albeit the road was in a far better state than at present), while each night was spent in feasting and good fellowship ; some six or eight gentlemen always travelling together, with three or four attendants each. Even in later years they invariably proceeded in a dignified style, at the rate of fifteen to twenty miles a day ; but now each merchant goes up by himself to make his purchases when he thinks fit, and gets over the ground as fast as he can—*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*.

I was anxious to ascertain the exact state of the Wine Country, which had been described to me as very deplorable, to inspect several interesting places I had not been able to reach in my former tour, and to pay a visit to some friends in Lamego ; for all which purposes I had but a short time to spare.

Leaving Oporto, we passed, situated on a high rocky mound, the church of Bom Fim, a position fiercely contested during the siege of the city, and

for the defence of which the leader in the late revolutionary movement was rewarded with the title of the Baron of Bom Fim. For a short distance the road is paved, after which we found the commencement of by far the best macadamized road I have yet seen in Portugal, with the exception, perhaps, of that of Matozinhos. I was not even aware that any improvement was taking place on this road, and was therefore proportionally pleased both at the progress which had been made, and at the very admirable style in which the work is performed. Already a steep hill has been cut down, and a deep valley filled up; indeed, it reflects great credit on Monsieur Leucotte, the enterprising projector, who I hope will be amply remunerated for the outlay of his capital. It is at present intended to carry it merely as far as Penafiel; but it will probably be afterwards continued on the whole distance to Regoa, along the track of the old Wine Company's road, which has been, with the exception of two or three miles, completely destroyed, or rather, it may be said, by the most culpable and gross neglect *allowed* to fall into decay.

After several gradual ascents, about two leagues and a half from Oporto we mounted a lofty and steep hill, through a gap on the summit of which a lovely view is to be seen extending over the eastern part of the province, as far as the spurs of the gigantic Marão; a mountain we intended to climb before our return.

A rapid descent took us into the most unpic-

turesque town of Valongo, a somewhat dirty-looking place; although the bread which supplies the greater part of Oporto is made there, and the female portion of its inhabitants, who bring the bread to market, are celebrated for their beauty.

About half a mile further on we passed over a small bridge, called Ponte Ferreira, near which a sharp engagement was fought between some of the Miguelite forces and a body of Donna Maria's troops, under Colonel Hodges. A league and a half more carried us to Baltar, a large straggling village situated on even ground, with cork-trees scattered through it, and pine-groves surrounding it. We here perceived a great improvement in the style of building, the houses being composed of large hewn blocks of stone, as they are along the whole of the rest of the road to the foot of the Marão.

None of the country through which we passed is otherwise than pretty, though the most interesting part is to the east of Penafiel. From Baltar to that town is two leagues. It is situated on the sides and summit of a hill, to which a winding road led us. There are in it two or three large houses belonging to fidalgos, the windows, as usual, looking into some dirty street; but in general the dwellings are small and dilapidated. We observed a few latticed windows, like those of Braga; indeed, the narrowness and want of cleanliness of the streets give them some claim to an oriental appearance. It is to be hoped when the road is completed its wealth-bearing powers

will cause some improvements to take place. There is, for Portugal, a very tolerable inn here, formerly much frequented by merchants.

• From this place we trotted on another league or more to a village called Casas, where we found fresh horses ready saddled awaiting our arrival. Taking a slight luncheon, we rode another league through a straggling village at the foot of a hill called Villa Meão. Hence a road, once a very good one, winding along the side of a romantic valley for two leagues, conducted us to the summit of a hill, from which a view of the picturesque town of Amarante in the hollow below, and the wild ridges of the Marão beyond, burst upon our sight.

As we were riding slowly up a hill, we were startled by cries which seemed to come from out of the ground, when looking about to see whence they could proceed, we perceived a wretched-looking being ensconced in a cavern by the road-side. His dress was a collection of rags of various hues, his beard was long and matted, his locks grizzly and shaggy, and his eyes rolled wildly, as in a loud voice he petitioned us for alms, while a thick knotted stick he held between his bent knees might perhaps, on occasions, contribute to warm up the charity of the timid or solitary traveller. A little further on we perceived, sheltered in another hole, a rival in his trade, or perhaps a partner—very likely his wife—an old woman habited in a similar tattered costume, who reminded us of the dangers of the road, and of the necessity of preparing for another world by a bountiful distribution of alms!



Amarante is a town of some size, with very narrow, irregular streets, built on broken rocky ground, the wild torrent of the Tamega running through it, and forming an almost impracticable barrier to the advance of an army, were it not for a handsome stone bridge thrown over the stream. The banks of the river are formed of wild rugged cliffs, the only entrance into the town from the east being by a narrow road winding down them, with houses on each side, forming a very effective fortification. We observed numerous churches and some large convents and dwelling-houses, all in ruins, on the hill above us to our left. Some of these edifices have light colonnades in front, which give them an Italian appearance. Before crossing the bridge we saw to our left the large stone church and convent of Saint Domingos, with an elaborately-carved façade, ornamented with Corinthian pillars and statues of the saints. The walls of it facing the stream are thickly studded with the marks of shot and bullets from many a hard-contested fight.

In 1809 Amarante was plundered and almost totally consigned to the flames by a division of Soult's army under General Loison, in revenge for the severe check he received from the Portuguese forces under General Silveira, who occupied the opposite side of the river, and for many weeks succeeded in preventing the passage of the French by the bridge. The defence of this important post was confided to a Major Patrick in the Portuguese service, who gallantly performed his duty, ultimately falling a victim to his intrepidity when the French at length succeeded in

crossing another part of the stream, and attacking the patriot army in the rear.

A characteristic anecdote is told of the bravery, and at the same time the indifference to military renown, of a Portuguese volunteer. The French had succeeded in constructing the greater part of a pontoon across the stream, when General Silveira promised a large reward to any one who would destroy it. During the night a soldier offered his services; and plunging into the river with his knife in his hand, he succeeded in cutting through the ropes which held the rafts together. They were already floating down the stream before he was discovered by the enemy. The disappearance of the rafts warned the French that a foe was near; and immediately they commenced a sharp fire towards the opposite bank, which was briskly returned by the Portuguese, the daring adventurer swimming boldly on, clearly visible, but unhurt by either party. When brought before the general he was told to name his reward. "Then," said he, "let me go home to my wife and family. I have had enough of fighting for the present." As no persuasions would induce him to accept of any other recompence, his request of course was granted.

Here also, during the late civil war, the Miguelite army of the north made their last stand against the Duke of Terceira, who had marched from Lisbon to clear that part of the country.

The only outlet from the town is by a very narrow, dirty street, through which we wound our way, after-

wards twisting and turning about among the mountain-ridges for some distance, our shadows sometimes appearing before us, sometimes behind, till we crossed a mountain-torrent by a wooden bridge, which we agreed would probably before long prove a treacherous trap to some heavily-laden mule, or hapless cavalier.

A little way beyond the bridge to the right, on a rocky mound, are the remains of a once considerable fortress, to which a winding road led up, now overgrown by shrubs. It served probably to guard this pass into the province. Hence the scenery is wild and romantic in the extreme. Up, up, up we clomb, with a rocky hill to our right, and a deep rugged glen to our left, on the sides of which among the crags appeared the chestnut, the oak, and many other shrubs and trees. In two or three spots the rocks are thrown into most fantastic shapes, representing at a short distance castles, palaces, or more humble edifices; but the scenery, it must be confessed, is very inferior in beauty to that of the Pass of Salamonde. In some places the road is but little destroyed; but in others it was difficult to determine even where it had led, so completely had the winter-torrents been allowed to wash away the ground, leaving the rocks alone visible. Here and there a few cascades dashed down in sparkling sheets of foam from the heights above us, passing under some substantial stone bridges which time has spared.

It is three leagues from Amarante to the village of Quintella or Padroens, on the summit of the pass, where there is one of the best inns in Portugal, which

we reached just before sunset. Our baggage having been sent on early in the morning, we found an excellent dinner waiting our arrival; a most welcome sight after our long ride.

I have described so many bad inns in Portugal, that it is but justice to say that this one has an entrance separate both from the stable and kitchen, that all the apartments are on one floor, with large sitting-rooms and bed-rooms adjoining, and that the people are very attentive and obliging. The view from the windows down the glen is fine and wild. With these various recommendations it is a favourite resort of most travellers to the Douro. All the windows also are glazed, a luxury to be found in few inns, though at the same time it is destitute of fire-places, which are much required in this elevated and cold region.

The stupid servant neglected to call us on the following morning, offering as his excuse that we slept so soundly that he had not the heart to awake us; it was consequently nearly nine o'clock before we had breakfasted and were ready to commence our day's journey.

For nearly a league there is a continual descent down the mountain, with a deep broad glen to the left; but so completely has this once magnificent road been destroyed, that we preferred walking the whole distance, to trusting our necks to the care of our steeds. The way is literally cut up into a succession of gigantic ruts, which have become water-courses half as deep as the height of a man; though so strongly was the parapet-wall built, that it has generally re-

sisted the encroachments of time ; and I should think that the whole might, at a comparatively small expense, be repaired.

The air was keen and biting, and the ground for some distance, as we proceeded down the mountain, covered with ice. Before us were a party of these highland villagers laughing and singing, on their way to a fair held at Mezão Frio, a small town above the banks of the Douro. At the foot of the mountain a handsome bridge of fine white stone has recently been constructed, affording a glaring contrast to the wretched road leading to it. Ascending another hill we passed through Mezão Frio, now crowded with the peasantry of the surrounding country, ox-carts, donkeys, and mules, laden with every variety of goods.

Here the Wine Country may be said to commence, and soon after leaving the town we came in sight of the vine-clad banks of the Douro, with its yellow waters, at this place as broad as at Oporto. For about three miles we trotted quickly along a well-cut road by the side of the river, passing numerous quintas belonging to the proprietors of vineyards, and several small hamlets, till, descending for a short distance close to the water, we reached the town of Regoa.

The views of the lofty hills both up and down the river were particularly beautiful, increased by a partial mist which concealed the harsher outlines, and threw every variety of tint over the landscape. Finding that our horses were perfectly unfit for mountain-travelling, we stopped at the inn to lunch and procure fresh

mules to carry us to the quinta in the Upper Country, where we purposed to remain some days.

This we found was the first day of the wine-fair, and consequently the house was crowded with farmers, come to sell their wines; but, unfortunately for them, there were no buyers; all the principal mercantile houses having made their purchases beforehand.

Sending back our horses, we mounted our mules, which proved very good animals, and crossing the river, we proceeded for some distance along the same path we had followed when leaving Lamego in the summer. The river being swollen by the rains of winter we were then compelled to climb up for two or three miles among the vineyards along tracks over which we could not even venture on the backs of our mules. At other times we ascended places so steep that it was with the greatest difficulty we could cling on to our saddles; and certainly none but animals accustomed to the country could have performed the work which ours did with perfect unconcern.

We had modern saddles, but our stirrups were of Moorish origin—huge wooden boxes studded with iron, and which are very useful in protecting the feet from being rubbed against the stone-walls which abound in every direction. At last descending, we passed several streams, and again crossing the river, we reached the quinta of Batteiras. Having in a previous Sketch described the scenery on the banks of the Douro, I will not again speak of it; but will confine my

observations more to the habits and manners of the inhabitants.

In the summer we had found the house very comfortable, but now we sadly missed the cheerful blaze of a fire; very few of the houses in this part of the country possessing fire-places, notwithstanding the extreme cold of the climate in winter. Instead of a fire, a large circular shallow copper-pan is brought in, filled with the burning ashes of either vine-cuttings or olive-branches, which emit no disagreeable or noxious odour. It is then placed in a wooden frame about the height of a footstool, on which the company, who sit round, wrapped in their large cloaks, place their feet. We soon learned to like the *brazieros* almost as much as our own coal-fires; but they require frequent renewal, and the ashes must constantly be stirred to keep up the heat. This plan produces none of the bad effects of common charcoal, except a degree of closeness, which a chimney would remedy; and I constantly slept with one burning in my room.

The day succeeding our arrival being Sunday, soon after daybreak the chaplain of the owner of the mansion performed mass in a little chapel attached to the house; all the labourers employed on the estate attending it. Every house of any pretension to respectability has a chapel belonging to it, so that there would be no want of religious instruction were it properly administered; but, unfortunately, too often the blind are sent to lead the blind, and the usual consequences follow. This was far from the case of the

excellent padre I speak of; and were all Portuguese priests as enlightened, liberal, and desirous of promoting religion, as he is, the country would be in a far happier state than it is.

He gave me an example of the extraordinary notions of the common people. Many of them fancy that children are born without souls, and that the object of baptism is to give them a soul, during which ceremony it descends from heaven on them. They have an idea also that Protestants are not baptized, indeed, have no religion of any sort, and that therefore they are destitute of souls; and, in consequence, will become as the beasts that perish. He told me that they were quite surprised when he assured them that we had churches, saints' days, and souls, as they had; and in his opinion we should be judged not by our ceremonies or obedience to the pope, but by our faith and actions. All the educated clergy of the country hold the same sentiments, though some persons may suppose their interest involved in representing them otherwise.

The abolition of the forced celibacy of the clergy has been much talked of lately, and many, both priests and laymen, are strongly in favour of those being allowed to marry who wish it. I feel confident that no measure would more contribute to improve the moral condition of the people than the removal of that restriction. I was speaking to an influential and much-respected fidalgo on that point. "How," he observed, "can you expect a people to be moral when the greater number of those whose duty it is to teach morality set its precepts at open defiance? and knowing what



human nature is, can you expect it to be otherwise?" To wipe out this stain the priests must be allowed to marry; for though they are not nominally so, there are few who have not their professed mistresses, and who do not speak unblushingly of their children. "We require also another change," he continued. "We must abolish the regulations with regard to fasting. We are now bound to fast through the whole of Lent, and twice every week in the year; yet how few people adhere to the rule! Some laugh at it, others think they are doing wrong, yet break it; while a very small number of the conscientious suffer. How much better would it be to make fasting discretionary, and then it might be an useful discipline!"

"But surely the pope will never allow these changes to take place," I answered.

"Oh! the holy father will do anything for money," he observed, laughing scornfully. "Or, if we have not money to spare, a little intimidation will answer our purpose as well. We will send him a humble petition, and at the same time secret advice, that if he does not comply with a good grace, we will throw off his authority, and leave him without our tribute."

These are not only the sentiments, but the very words of the gentleman who was speaking to me; and such I believe to be the general feeling throughout the country. The affections of a few, and very good men some of them are, still cling to Rome, but the mass are opposed to its interference; and I am convinced that till Portugal completely throws off that yoke, her energies will never regain their ancient vigour.

“ When the clergy are allowed to marry, and when their incomes are increased, then, and not till then, can we expect them to become a respectable body of men. At present their ranks are recruited from the cobblers, tailors, and shopkeepers, who enter the church because they think that they shall thus become gentlemen, and live a life of ease,” resumed my friend.

I must observe, that after the mass above spoken of was concluded, most of the people returned to their usual occupations ; and buying and selling was carried on with as much briskness as on any week-day, the padre himself setting the example without scruple.

We one day took a ride along the banks of the river to a considerable distance above where I had before been, the vine-covered mountains being much more lofty and precipitous than further down ; three or four substantial-looking houses perched on some narrow ledge appearing as if they would every instant slide down from their posts, and drag the whole vineyard with them. From their position they reminded me somewhat of the proud baronial castles on the Rhine, though the Douro is here not one quarter so wide as that majestic stream is, in the neighbourhood of Ehrenbreitstein for instance, though its banks are, I think, higher. We passed on the south bank the celebrated quinta of Roriz, belonging to the Baron of Villar, which is kept in the most beautiful order, and cultivated with more care than almost any other wine-producing quinta on the Douro.

The greater number of the persons employed in the vineyards are Gallegos : some remain all the year

round, others come at certain seasons, when most work is to be done. They, as well as the Portuguese labourers, receive from eightpence to fourteenpence a-day, and women, who perform the lighter work, about fourpence, which enables them to live in tolerable comfort. The hoeing work was now going forward; the implement used to turn up the earth is a two-pronged hoe of large size and weight. They work in lines of twenty together, each man on a terrace, with the overseer standing on the highest point, whereby he is enabled to obtain a perfect view of the whole party.

I was assured by some of the principal people in the country that the smaller Douro farmers are in a very wretched state, many almost starving, from being unable to sell their wines at a remunerating price; some receiving only thirty-five to forty shillings per pipe, bought to be converted into brandy. This is owing to many causes—the stagnation of the trade with England, the heavy export duties, the restrictions of the Company, and the increasing size of the vineyards of the more wealthy proprietors.

The greater number of the most intelligent men hold the system of the Company in the utmost detestation; and so furious had a large party become by the condemnation of their wines, which were in truth equally good as those approved, that they were about to burn their lodges, and drive their agents out of the country. There was however, fortunately for the peace of the kingdom, a want of combination among the farmers, which prevented them from pro-

ceeding to extremities ; but should the government pursue the same injudicious system another year, I have every reason to fear the most disastrous consequences will ensue. Continued injustice, and a clearer perception of their own interests, will induce them to unite their efforts to overthrow a power which has only been exerted to injure them ; and a renewal of civil strife will be the inevitable consequence, before many more vintages have passed. "The Wine Company was established with blood, and the Wine Company will be overthrown by blood!" a most influential Portuguese exclaimed to me, on receiving an account of the condemnation of some of the best wines in the Douro as unfit for the English market. This was said at a large ball in Oporto ; and such was the feeling of all the leading men present who possessed vineyards in the Douro.

I have before described the Wine Company. They, the farmers, and the Mercantile Association of Oporto, select conjointly twelve tasters, who are divided into four separate boards, with a president and secretary to each, who are among them compelled to taste every tonel of wine in the district of the Douro in the course of about fifteen days ; and as there are upwards of 60,000 pipes divided among from 5000 to 6000 tonels, each holding ten pipes, it may be supposed how impossible it is for them to form a decision even approaching to justice. Each board tastes about 200 samples per day, and if not exhausted at first, before the end of the time they are generally too sick to be able to perform their functions properly.

They hold their sittings in a room at Regoa, to which the samples, drawn by some of their officers are brought. Each member has four piles of tickets marked with the words "Approved," "Second," "Third," or "Refuse." He tastes the sample, which has a number attached to it, and a folded paper with the name of the owner; he then, forming his opinion, puts one of the tickets into an urn; the other tasters do the same, and the president declares such a number fit, or not fit, for the English market.

This appears a very fair way; but that no persons are able to judge of wine after tasting an hour together, is proved by the numerous gross mistakes they make. The Company themselves bought before the fair, at a high price, one or more tonels of wine, which an officer of their own considered very fine, and they afterwards condemned it as unfit to be sent to England. It was affirmed that the tasters having ascertained whence a box of samples came, approved the whole of the wines of that parish, for the sake of including the tonels of one of their friends, whose vineyards were in that parish. Nearly all the wines of another parish, considered one of the best in the Douro, were placed in the second quality, for an opposite reason. In this way about 20,000 pipes were declared fit for the English market; but the government, misled by their ignorant or interested advisers, to impart an artificial value to the stocks in Villa Nova, made a yet further separation, giving approved tickets for two-thirds of each tonel to be sent to England—just 15,000 pipes. Thus much bad wine gets the stamp of the first quality,

and much acknowledged good wine remains without tickets. The merchants, however, will only buy the good wine; for which, in addition to the purchase, they have to expend a further considerable sum for the first-class tickets.

One English House had 1000 pipes, and another 1500, really first-class wines, placed as of second quality. It may be supposed what a heavy additional impost this is upon wine intended for England; and it is not surprising that Spanish and other cheap inferior wines are consumed in England, to the gradual exclusion of those of Portugal. By these injudicious regulations the respectable merchant, who will not stoop to bribery and underhand practices, is the greatest sufferer, while the dishonest speculator manages to evade them.

A recent law enacts that all the wines intended for the English market shall be warehoused on the Villa Nova side of the river, while those for America, Africa, and Asia, must be sent to Oporto.

As a consequence of the unjust system I have described, some of the farmers receive exactly double the price that others do, even although those of the latter may be of superior quality; while a large number are unable to sell theirs at even a remunerating price.

It must not be concealed that there is a certain portion of the proprietors of the lower country who are in favour of the Company; but this arises from their looking only at their own individual interests, and not to those of the wine-district, or indeed the

country at large. I affirm that the Company is not only useless, but highly injurious to the welfare of the kingdom. It is the interest of the merchants to select the purest and the best wines (as they now do, without any reference to their being approved or separate), and there is always sufficient competition among them to keep up the price of the best wine. Were the present heavy imposts removed, the wines of less estimation, though but slightly inferior, would all be sold for much higher prices than they are at present, and shipped to England in lieu of the red wines of Spain and France, which are so very inferior, but which at present costing only 3*l.* to 4*l.* per pipe, are in England mixed with brandy and a little Port, and sold as the wines of Portugal.

It appears extraordinary to me that the Portuguese do not perceive their own interests. Instead of increasing, as it ought, day by day, their staple trade is diminishing; and instead of doing their utmost to improve it, they still follow the old system, dictated by the blindest and grossest ignorance. I spoke to a great number of proprietors. All exclaimed that they were being ruined, but scarcely one agreed as to the cause. Some said it was the fault of the *Cartistas*, others of the *Septembristas*, others of the Company; some said it was because the Company do not possess their old powers; others, again, affirmed that it was the fault of an Englishman, who has written a great deal of nonsense, and made many false and injurious statements respecting Port wine: all agreed to the fact, but none to the cause. My answer

invariably was, "Make your wine with the greatest purity and care, petition your government to abolish the Company and all restrictive laws, to take off all imposts, and to form a commercial treaty with England. Instead of quarrelling among yourselves, and remaining split into so many political parties, unite your efforts for the common good. Improve your cross-roads, and form a high road along the banks of your river into Spain, and you will have little cause to complain of poverty and distress."

"Very good advice, very good indeed," was generally the answer. "But, Senhor, you preach a doctrine which cannot be followed. We cannot do as you say."

"Then," was my rejoinder, "you must continue in your present course till you are ruined. If you will not help yourselves, no one else can help you. Your destinies are in your own hands. If you suffer, it is your own fault, and you neither deserve, nor will you gain, any commiseration."

This language was somewhat new to the ears of my auditors; but they invariably acknowledged its truth, though one and all complained of the want of some man of talent and honesty to guide them—one in whose wisdom and honour all parties could confide. I think they might, among their influential *fidalgos*, find the man who is both able and willing to assist them in their difficulties.

While speaking of Port wine, I must say that the British merchants have ever endeavoured to select the purest and best, and that notwithstanding all that



has been written against it, there is no other wine more pure or wholesome shipped to England.

I found the two divisions of the district, the Upper and Lower, quarrelling among themselves, each accusing the other of putting elderberry skins into their wine-presses to give colour, too much brandy to give strength, and sugar to increase the sweetness. I am sorry to say that these accusations were first made, and the quarrel fomented, by an Englishman, for his own particular purposes. The truth is, I have no doubt, that the inferior wines which are consumed in the country, or shipped to America and the Colonies, are so adulterated, to make them appear more like the best; but I am fully convinced, from the high character of the British merchants engaged in the trade, and my own actual observation, that the superior wines shipped to England are simply the pure unadulterated juice of the grape.

Notwithstanding the excessive badness and steepness of the ways, we rode about the country nearly every day of our stay, though I confess I was not sorry to continue our tour. There is a strange mixture of ornament and discomfort in most of the country-houses—silver forks and stockingless servants, rich damask coverlids and lace-trimmed sheets on hard straw mattresses, astonish a stranger. Even the towels are trimmed with lace, though soap is not thought of; and most of the richer inhabitants sit all day long in their large cloaks in damp rooms for fear of taking cold by leaving a comfortable fire.

Even here, however, people are improving; and a friend of mine who was building a house had made a fire-place in the drawing-room, and all the bed-rooms had windows, and separate from each other.

The first point of our journey was to Villa Real, which I had not before seen. Leaving the quinta of Batteiras, we climbed an immensely high hill, with the village of Goivaens perched in a nook near the top, and passing under the famed St. Domingos do Monte Coxo, we descended into a green and smiling valley, with a sparkling stream running through it, far away from the monotonous vineyards. We had seen the clouds hanging on the mountain's top as we ascended, and as we reached the summit we found ourselves enveloped by their thick and humid mantle. We now again were blessed with a bright sunshine which soon dried our damp garments; and ascending another hill we attempted to reach the site of the ancient city of Panoyas, which we were anxious to visit. We now discovered that our arrieiro knew nothing of the road, and were wandering over the wild trackless hills almost in despair, when we encountered a countryman, dressed in a straw cloak, wooden shoes, and a hoe on his shoulder, who civilly undertook, without expectation of reward, to conduct us thither.

It was fortunate we found so good a guide, for we might have passed close to the spot without observing it. After we had crossed a stream, and ascended to the summit of a rugged mound, we found ourselves before a high rounded rock with steps cut in one side of it. "There, Senhor, is Panoyas," said our guide,

and, highly delighted with a small piece of silver, he retired.

Dismounting from our mules we ascended by the steps to the top of the rock. Shallow steps were carved all round it. In the centre is an oblong altar with a space for the officiating priests to stand, and on each side of the altar are two tomb-like hollows, with edges as if lids had fitted on to them, doubtless for the reception of the bodies of the victims. The rocks are of hard granite, and time has scarcely even rounded off the edges of these tanks or tombs. We at once pronounced this altar as owing its origin to the Carthaginians, who are said to have peopled Portugal, and that it was employed for the sacrifice of human victims. On this rock we could discover no inscription.

There were numerous other rocks of less elevation on the summit of the hill, hewn out in a similar way, though the tanks and altars were smaller, and of a square form. One has evidently been surrounded with a wall, as the marks where it joined the rock remain ; a flight of steps leading up to it. Most of the rocks have Latin inscriptions on them—one as follows :—

DIIS SEVERIS LOCATIS IN HOC TEMPLO  
CNEUS CAIUS CALPURNIUS RUFINUS.

There are several other much longer inscriptions, and one in unknown characters. There are altogether eight or ten altars, which probably formed one grand temple, or high place, dedicated to the Infernal Gods.

We observed several cottages near the spot, and a woman who came out of one of them, civilly to shew

us where the inscriptions were to be found, assured us they were of the time of the Moors ; pointing out two footmarks on the rock, made respectively by a male and female of that ancient people, supposed magicians. The vulgar invariably attribute all remains of past ages to the *tempo dos Mouros*.

While we were pursuing our researches, the padre of the village came up, politely offering to lead us to some other spots worth seeing. He first took us to a tomb in a garden cut in the solid rock, with places formed to contain the head and shoulders. It must have been made either for a female or a very small man. Our reverend guide told us that when opened it was full of a white substance, which looked like marble, but which was very soft, and glittered in the sun. Numerous other tombs have been brought to light, some with skeletons in them ; which of course fell to pieces on being exposed to the air. Coins are constantly discovered, and the padre made me a present of one he had lately found, with a gladiator on one side and the head of an emperor on the other, but the inscription was illegible. Marble columns, capitals, and tablets, are also frequently turned up, but the greater part of the ruins of the city were carried away to build the walls of Villa Real. The last tower was a short time ago destroyed to construct a belfry for the church, and the padre had placed a Corinthian capital on one side of the top of it, and a lump of the glittering substance found in the tomb on the other ! Taking us to his house he shewed us a MS. account of Panoyas, and

offered us refreshments, which we were obliged to decline in order to proceed on our way.

We soon came in sight of Villa Real in the hollow below us, with the rock-bound Corgo running through it, and the dark frowning heights of the Serra de Marão rising on the other side. As we descended we passed a large mansion called the Casa de Matteus, belonging to the noble family of Villa Real. The house, an immense pile of two stories, is in the very worst style of Portuguese architecture, though the front, with a paved court-yard before it, and a double flight of steps leading to the chief entrance on the first story, has rather a handsome appearance. On one side stands the chapel, a building upon which the architect's skill has been lavished to better purpose, though of the usual unnameable Portuguese style. The interior also is simple and elegant.

Seeing an old man, who proved to be the chaplain, with a scull-cap on his head, looking out of a window, we asked permission to go over the house, on which he politely desired us to ascend the steps, welcoming us kindly, and insisting on conducting us round himself. In each wing are seven large rooms opening one into the other, without any other passage of communication ; so that for any purpose of domestic privacy they must have been perfectly useless ; and in the whole mansion there are only two small bed-rooms. The chaplain told us that the family slept in the drawing-rooms, and had their beds removed in the day-time. What a very uncivilized style of existence must have

been that of the past century in the provinces of Portugal! The ceilings are of chestnut, as are also large ornaments over each doorway, carved in the most elaborate manner; but now being destroyed by insects.

The walls are covered with a vast number of paintings, among which are some of considerable value. Many have been completely destroyed by damp, but these were, I suspect, painted in Portugal with bad colours. The best are evidently Italian, and have defied the seasons: among these is a Magdalene with a blue mantle. A Crucifixion, and the death of the Virgin Mary, are excellent. There are three pretty landscapes and some hunting-scenes—that of a tiger chased by dogs may, from its subject, be Portuguese, and is very good. Our friend the chaplain has marked upon each picture its name in white paint, which does not improve their appearance.

The garden, into which some of the rooms looked, is laid out in straight rows of walks, with hedges of box cut into shapes, several feet high and very thick.

I was delighted with our cicerone. He was a little old man, habited in the clerical dress, with a constant placid smile playing on his benignant countenance, and altogether as unlike the saturnine plotting friar of Italy as could well be imagined. He put me in mind of the features of one of the guests in a print in the standard Waverley Novels, of the drinking party in *Rob Roy*. His complexion was very fair, and his features rounded, especially his nose, which could with difficulty support his spectacles. He laughed, chirruped, joked, and took snuff, as he walked

along, exhibiting, as great treasures, several shrines in glass cases, containing infant figures of Jesus in wax, ensconced in beds of roses, and very exact representations of Paradise, formed of tinsel fountains, floral bowers, and pasteboard hills. He had been a friar of the order of Barefooted Carmelites, and had resided for some time to perform penance at the convent of Busaco, under my friend the worthy prior. With many kind words we bade the old man farewell, and descending a short distance, reached the torrent of the Corgo, over which we passed by a new, handsome, stone bridge, with rugged cliffs above us, on the summit of which the town is built.

At the best inn we found nothing to eat, but fortunately our saddle-bags contained provisions ; and as soon as we had satisfied our hunger we sallied out to see the place, determining to push on to Regoa the same night.

Villa Real is comparatively a new city, and the streets are therefore rather broader than is usual in Portugal, but the houses, with the exception of a few belonging to *fidalgos*, are low and mean-looking. Passing a large and once very handsome convent, burnt by some soldiers quartered in it, we stood before the hospital. We were asking questions at the dispensary door, when a gentleman came up, and begged us to walk over it. The exterior is simple and handsome, yet no money has been thrown away in useless ornament. The wards are lofty and airy, and will contain, without any crowding, about a hundred patients. There are at present fifty in the house.

The beds have no divisions between them, and the women's wards are too public; in fact, though very admirable considering the means of the province, it is far inferior to that of Braga. We were shewn a large hall hung with pictures of the patrons of the institution, and containing a tablet on which are painted in gold letters their names and amount of donations. Formerly a wretched house stood on the spot, incapable of containing twelve persons, when General Silveira, well known during the Peninsular war, commenced a larger building, and a Senhor Francisco Luis de Freitas gave the bulk of his fortune to construct the present handsome edifice and to endow the institution. A physician and a surgeon are in daily attendance. Again I say, when in every province of the empire there are such noble institutions, dependent entirely on the charity of private individuals for their support, there must be much good in the country.

Leaving the hospital, the polite stranger conducted us a short way further on to a new burial-ground, situated on the very brink of a lofty precipice above the Corgo. It is surrounded by massive stone-work, and a handsome iron railing above it, the gate being particularly elegant. On this spot, which commands a fine wild view of the torrent and the Marão on one side, and the city and surrounding hills on the other, Don Carlos of Spain, during his residence here, before he returned to deluge his country in blood, used to spend his days, from sunrise to sunset, repairing home only to take his meals, and returning again



as soon as they were concluded. It is truly a spot of wild grandeur, fit for the meditation of the mighty plans to win a crown and absolute power, which he so soon afterwards fruitlessly attempted to realize. Unhappy prince! had he fought for the cause of freedom and enlightenment, he might now have been monarch of Spain: he chose another course, and few can mourn his fate, however they may pity his lot.

Villa Real is a very picturesque city, but we had not time to inspect its beauties in detail, as the sun was now rapidly sinking, and we had three long leagues to perform.

Mounting our mules, our arrieiros driving our beast of burden before us, we descended into a wild deep valley across a narrow bridge without a parapet, it taking us an hour before we reached the summit of the other side; indeed, in the neighbourhood of few cities can a wilder or more picturesque glen be found. We had fortunately passed the worst part of the road before it became dark, when we lighted a torch, several of which we had brought, to guide us on our way. About five or six miles from Regoa the road improved, the Wine Company having carried it thus far; but no attention being paid to its repair, that likewise is falling into decay.

As we were winding along the side of the mountain we saw, at some distance before us, a collection of bright lights undulating at a slow pace over the ground. "There goes an *acompanhamento*, and we shall not be allowed to pass it," observed our arrieiros. "What?" I asked. "A funeral—an accompanying—

and they have a quarter of a league or more to go at least." Pleasant, I thought, to be thus made unwilling mourners! "It matters not," I observed; "I will explain that we are in haste, and no offence will be taken at our trotting by." When we overtook the funeral we found about thirty men and boys, of the lowest orders, waving burning torches in the air, the greater number quarrelling vehemently which way they should proceed, while, perfectly neglected, on the ground, lay an open coffin, containing the body of a young girl, dressed in tinselled robes and decked with flowers. She, the chief object of the procession, was unthought of, while the rest of the crowd were shouting, wrangling, and gesticulating; so that I could almost have fancied myself in Ireland among a drunken party returning from a wake. This, I must observe, was a scene very unusual in Portugal, and therefore to me the more remarkable.

After riding for an hour and a half by torch-light, we arrived at the inn at which I had before stopped in Regoa. It must be owned that it did not appear to so much advantage as it did before, on our return from the less civilized parts of the country.

I was much interested during the evening by the conversation of a most intelligent and respectable young farmer, who told me that by a proper system of draining and manuring, his land now produced more than double what it formerly had done, and that his neighbours were gradually following his example, though at first much opposed to his experiments. He was the first Portuguese farmer I ever spoke to whose

mind appeared free from prejudice, and ready to adopt every means to improve his country.

Early the next morning we crossed the river on our way to Lamego, first calling on an old friend who has a quinta near it. I recollect him a dignified friar of the order of St. Bernardo, and he was at that time a celebrated and very eloquent preacher. Being accused of liberal principles, he was persecuted by the Miguelite party, when he threw off his clerical habit; and, on the triumph of the charter, having become possessed of some property, he purchased a suppressed monastery, and the estate belonging to it, where he now resides as an independent lord, laughing at the thunders of the Church, and at imposture in all its forms. Though not another Rabelais, he has very much of his sarcastic wit and thorough hatred of despotism.

The road from the Douro to Lamego, and for a league beyond, was one of the best in Portugal; but it seems scarcely credible, that, leading from a city inhabited by so many wealthy and influential men, even that gives symptoms of decay, and no attempts are made to restore it or to macadamize it. Without ceremony I expressed my surprise and vexation to my friends. "It is not our fault," each one answered: "it is the business of the Camara, not ours."

"It is your fault!" I indignantly exclaimed. "You could repair it if you would. If the Camara will not, they will surely give you leave to expend a few pounds on removing a disgrace to your country."

"Alas! alas! we want patriotism," was the re-

joinder. "There is none of it in the country—we cannot afford to be patriots."

This is the language of one and all of the upper classes. It arises from want of confidence in each other—no one is willing to make a sacrifice himself, when he thinks his neighbours will not join him in the work. Now I believe that there are many patriotic men in the country, ready to offer up all they possess to benefit her, and that could they once be brought together, Portugal would soon assume a very different aspect to what she does at present.

Oh for that loadstone, the heart of a great man, to draw around him all the pure metal in the land from out the many forms which now encrust it, whether Carlistas, Septembristas, Absolutists, or Republicans!

Soon after quitting the house of our friend the ex-friar, we arrived at Lamego, and were politely welcomed by Senhor Antonio Teixeira de Souza, at whose handsome mansion I had before spent a day, and of which I have already given a description in a former Sketch.

Before dinner he accompanied us to visit the church of Nossa Senhora dos Remedios, built a short distance from the city on the summit of a hill. Of this unique edifice I made mention also on my previous visit. The view of Lamego, from the highest terrace, with its Moorish castle in the centre, and numerous ranges of wild rocky mountains beyond, and green valleys at their base, is very beautiful.

As the lady of the house was an invalid, we dined early, and it being Lent, the dinner was composed entirely of fish and eggs, dressed in twenty different

ways, with some very excellent soup made without meat. I begged our host would not apologize for the fare he gave us, assuring him that we had feasted rather than fasted; and indeed he himself seemed to consider the system of abstaining from meat on fixed days was little else than a farce.

In the evening a number of gentlemen came in, with whom I had much conversation. My chief theme was the roads, and I earnestly advised them, as I have taken the liberty of impressing on others, to exert all their means to get a common carriage-road cut along the banks of the Douro from Oporto into Spain. I feel assured that the work might easily be performed if the government would grant a slight toll on all wines brought down the river, and all goods and passengers who travel over it.

Should this road be formed, the Douro will be as much visited as the Rhine; and English tourists, satiated with other beaten parts of Europe, will flock in crowds to Portugal, scattering their wealth over the now impoverished land. It will become also the high road into Spain, and greatly facilitate the intercourse between the two countries. Of course it would prove the salvation of the Douro district, and therefore I earnestly exhorted the wealthy proprietors to employ their fortunes in forwarding the project. All applauded my observations on the subject, but no one to whom I spoke appeared to have sufficient energy to take the matter in hand. The next morning I called on my friend Senhor Macario de Castro, one of the most influential and highly-gifted fidalgos in the province.

words we introduced, to help out our Spanish ; he in return making use only of such phrases as he thought we should comprehend.

The walls of Salamanca are such as anciently surrounded cities ; of no service in the present day as fortifications, except to withstand a sudden attack of cavalry. Over the gateways are arches with square towers of no great height, built of stone, of the same delicate tint as the cathedral, and elaborately carved. They owe their existence to the early days of the Bourbon dynasty, during which period many other superb structures were raised in different parts of Spain. The French fortifications which held out so long and so boldly against the arms of Lord Wellington were situated outside of the city, to the west, on heights overhanging the Tormes. The principal of them surrounded the now ruined convents of San Vincente, and was called after it ; the other two, on the opposite side of a deep ravine, were named La Merced and St. Cajetano. For their construction a vast number of convents and other edifices were pulled down, among which our friend told us was the building of the institution over which he presided ; its place having only been recently supplied by a new structure, still incomplete, and far inferior in beauty to the former one, though well adapted for the purpose.

These, and worse examples of havoc and destruction committed by the French, so exasperated the inhabitants against them, that the feeling of bitter animosity has not, even to the present day, worn off ; and as they walk through their once beautiful and now half-

ruined city, they curse in their hearts the fell invaders who were the agents of its demolition. "On the arrival of Lord Wellington, to commence the siege of the forts, Salamanca became a scene of rejoicing; the houses were illuminated, and the people shouting, singing and weeping for joy gave him their heart-felt welcome," says Napier. How has the feeling towards Englishmen now changed! I was speaking to a Spaniard (not our amiable acquaintance) respecting the feelings entertained by the Portuguese towards the French, whose manners and ideas they love to adopt, and whom they regard with friendship, though they have been their bitterest enemies; while the English, from their retiring and reserved behaviour, and the difference of their customs, are looked upon by the greater number of people, if not with dislike, at least with indifference; yet they have ever been their firmest allies. I did not seek for a compliment for my nation, nor was the Spaniard inclined at all to pay one. His answer was characteristic of his nation—it spoke volumes.

"Oh!" he answered in a haughty tone, giving his cloak an additional cast over his shoulder, for we were pacing beneath the arcades of the *Plaza de la Constitucion*—"Oh! *we* require neither the presence of the one, nor of the other: all we demand is to be left alone—we want no foreign interference."

To the same person I spoke of the idea so general of uniting the two countries of Spain and Portugal under one government. His only answer was a sneering laugh, which said as plainly as words: "It may be

very well for us, but the Portuguese will learn to repent the measure."

From what little I heard, I should say that the Spaniards have very slight affection for the English ; but that in those places where the armies of France passed (and where did they not?) they thoroughly detest the French ; and I also believe that the sentiment is reciprocal. We once possessed the esteem, if not the love, of the inhabitants of the whole Peninsula, but through our own folly, our own acts—through our utter disregard of all the means necessary to retain it, *we have now lost it*, and, more than that, they now not only bear us no love, but *they despise us*. Whether this feeling is cherished justly or not, of its existence I am convinced, and scarcely can one speak to a native of either country, than the feeling oozes out in the course of conversation. We are hated and despised by either country, just in proportion as we have interfered in her domestic disputes, or opened negotiations with her. By the Spaniards therefore we are hated less, by the Portuguese more.

This shews that we have interfered insufficiently, and inopportunately, and that our negotiations have been ill-conducted ; for if they themselves were to blame, they would not, at all events, despise us. They have both of them, it is true, prayed for our assistance, but at first we refused it, and then late in the day sent a trifling aid : when they exhibited willingness to enter into a commercial treaty, we, consistently with our former conduct, allowed the affair to remain unconcluded to the great injury of our commerce.



But I have made a wide digression, and must return to our walk with the director of the hospital, in the now deserted *alamedas* round the walls. We passed, just before entering the northern gate, a large handsome convent, a stone building completely unroofed and falling into decay. There were formerly in, or close to the walls of Salamanca, twenty-five convents for monks, and the same number of nunneries. Of the latter a few are still inhabited, but the number of their inmates has much diminished, and by far the greater proportion are little more than heaps of ruins.

The collegiate establishments appear to have been on a most liberal scale; their present magnificence conveying a tolerably correct notion of what they must have been in their days of prosperity. We passed one large edifice, in which the students intended for certain learned professions were, after they had taken their degree, allowed to reside. A handsome table was provided for them; their only expense being for their clothes and books. Another of the same description existed for those about to take priest's orders. In several other colleges the government paid the chief, if not all the necessary expenses of the students; but such aid is now completely withdrawn, and those colleges which have not funds of their own to depend on, are consequently abandoned, and falling into decay.

In the Colegio Viejo, and those colleges frequented by the noble and more wealthy students, they paid their own expenses; but the lectures, I fancy, were, and still are, free.

Many students, again, do not reside within the

walls of any establishment; merely frequenting the lectures in the university, and living as they best can in lodgings about the town. Some were so poor that they were reduced to beg for the means of sustaining life; but I believe that there are few of that class at present.

Passing through the north gate, we stood for a minute close to the present Irish college, the rector of which is not only the sole Irishman, but the only person belonging to it. It is a handsome building, but not to be compared in size and beauty to the Jesuits' college, formerly inhabited by the Irish, where great numbers came over to be educated for the priesthood. I wish most sincerely that they continued still to do so, for here they would receive a suitable education, which is more than can be predicated of that imparted in their own country.

The spot called O'Connel to the mind of our companion, and he seemed pleased to hear of his liberation from prison.

"He ought not, certainly, to stir up the people to rebel," he observed; "but I fully believe he has no intention to injure England. Oh, he is one of the greatest men of the day!"

"No one denies his extraordinary and peculiar talents," I answered; and I called to mind the impudent treason Mr. Haverty puts forth in his book on Spain, regretting, with the greatest coolness, that Hoche did not succeed in his descent on Ireland, when she might have become an independent kingdom. A province of France she would probably have

become, under a far more grinding tyranny than any of which she has yet to complain, or else racked with dissensions, which would soon have compelled the party to call in foreign aid to quell them, while England would have sustained most serious injury. If such are the wishes a follower dares openly to promulgate, the aims of his chief may justly be suspected.

As our friend pointed out the many once proud structures, now overthrown, his voice assumed a tone of sadness. "Have you not observed," he said, "that there appears a mania throughout the world among men to destroy the grandest works of art, and the most useful institutions which the talent and wisdom of their forefathers have established? Here a horde of savage barbarians, with blind fury, assail some beautiful building, they know not why—they cannot understand its use and its graceful proportions—it is before them—and they must satisfy their longing to destroy. In the same way we see on every side educated (they call themselves) demagogues and infidels attacking the most sage, the once most esteemed and ancient institutions, civil and religious, both because they were esteemed by their fathers, and that they, finding themselves unable to comprehend their use, deem that by their own sagacity they can construct others superior, and then when confusion ensues, they blame their fathers' acts as the cause, and not their own daring folly."

These observations explained our new friend's principles; and too much reason had he in thus speaking, when regarding the scenes of havoc and destruction

of which his country has been the theatre : yet, though looking back with an eye of affection on former times, he was evidently an enlightened and most amiable man, of which we were soon to have indubitable proof.

"Come, I will shew you what you may think worth a visit," he said, as he led us through the doorway of an edifice of some size, the architecture of the most simple style, and of plain stone. The first room we entered appeared like a large warehouse, filled with piles of cloth, blankets, linen, stockings, and every article of men and women's dress.

"Everything you see here is made by the inmates of the establishment ; nothing but the raw wool and flax, or thread and yarns, comes within these walls—and these are extra things, manufactured for sale, and not required to clothe the people." He then led us into a large court-yard, around which were arranged workshops of every description. There were weavers of various sorts of cloths, shoe-makers, rope-makers, carpenters, &c., with two or more masters presiding over each department. The boys were of all ages ; every one of them had a rosy and healthy appearance. They greeted the director with smiles, and a nod of the head as he appeared, still continuing at their work. We then went up stairs, and through the dormitories—large, well-ventilated rooms—each child having a separate bed, looking as neat and clean as possible. But I was still more pleased, on entering a large apartment, at the door of which stood a respectable-looking old woman, at seeing fifty little girls

of nearly the same age rising from the low stools on which they were sitting at work, their young faces wreathed with no artificial smiles, pronounced in silvery tones, "*Dios guarda, ustedes*"—"God protect you, sir." Telling them all to sit down and be good girls, the director addressed a few words to the presiding matrons, inquiring how such and such a little girl had behaved, while in the mean time the happy children were laughing and making whispered observations to each other on our appearance. He then took us to another room, where there were older girls, and where the same pleasing scene was again exhibited—smiles and tones of contentment on every side. In a third room the girls were nearly grown up, all neatly dressed in uniform, their hair being drawn back, and fastened in a knot on the top of the head. He good-humouredly scolded one of the matrons for not drawing down a blind, to prevent a workman on the roof of another part of the building from looking in. Here if the inmates did not laugh outright, as much as the younger ones, they smiled as sweetly; and though there were but a few faces which might be considered pretty, none of the girls looked plain.

There are 200 girls and matrons, and 250 boys and workmen, supported in the institution; but besides this, there are 800 infants out at nurse in the surrounding villages. The boys and girls live in different wings of the building, and can never meet. There is one common school-room, where by turns they all attend for two hours each day—abundance

of time for them to acquire all the rudiments of education. We visited a large apartment containing two patent carding machines, just arrived from England, and set in motion by donkeys or oxen below. The girls reside here till they are twenty-two years of age, when they are allowed to marry, or to go out as servants; but they are always looked upon as protégés of the institution, and may at any time return when they are out of place. The aged, too, both men and women, are again, if in poverty, received into the establishment; and we saw several who had returned to end their days in the only home their infancy had ever known.

I must not forget to mention the bakehouse and flour-store, which supplies much of the bread consumed in the city, and very good it appeared to be. Their food is of the best and most simple kind; and certainly I never saw 450 children together with more visible signs of health. "We eat to live, and do not live to eat, is the maxim here observed," said the director.

Combined with this establishment is a sort of Magdalene, or somewhat of a correctional prison, to persuade to reformation, I believe; to which part of the building of course no strangers are admitted. As we passed the door a most respectable-looking woman was sitting at it, a lady in her dress and appearance, whom the director observed was the superintendent.

When about to leave, our friend took us to see the wheel. An infant had that instant been received,

and there lay the little being, unconscious of the change, sleeping calmly in a neat clean cradle, watched over by one of the two nurses always kept in attendance. The other nurse was rocking the cradle of a child received earlier in the morning; and most assuredly I never saw finer specimens of womankind for the purpose of affording nourishment than those two nurses. It must be a great temptation to poor people to put their children into the wheel, when they know how well they will be provided for; but I believe the love of offspring, so strong in the breasts of mothers, more frequently overcomes the temptation; and the greater number who are there left are such as have no legal right to a father's name—far more happy than if left to buffet the rude billows of the world alone.

Truly this institution afforded me more satisfaction than anything I saw in the course of my tour. It made me think better of human nature, and raised the Spanish character infinitely higher in my estimation than I had been inclined to regard it. Here, in a country distracted to its inmost core with wars and civil broils, flourishes an institution, in which the most divine of all precepts, charity, is followed out to its utmost extent; and probably not only in this city, but in many more, are there similar beneficent establishments. Yet within a few hundred yards of it rise the walls of an enormous bull-fighting circle, where the most barbarous and cruelty-exciting exhibition of modern Europe is still held with great magnificence.

I wish I were able to give a fuller account of this admirable establishment; but I suspect the character of the individual at its head infuses into it the happy contented spirit I saw reigning.

We will not discuss the point whether or not such institutions encourage sin in any way. I believe not, and that they frequently prevent crime, and enable many an unfortunate girl to regain her character, and preserve her infant, who would in England be turned out into the streets to beg and die, or to do worse, to support existence, as many of my readers must be painfully aware. At all events, we cannot but respect the philanthropy of the founders, and the enlightened and mild system with which the whole establishment is conducted.

It must be observed, that a large proportion of children are not foundlings received at the wheel, but orphans who have been left entirely destitute. I also earnestly recommend any of my readers who may visit Salamanca, to inspect the establishment, and they will see that I am far from having described it in too glowing colours. The edifice was most wantonly pulled down by the French, as before stated, to construct their fortifications, and rebuilt in 1818.

Returning to our hotel, the master volunteered to accompany us to several places worth seeing. The first was the church of St. Domingos, which stands, having a wide open space before it, next to the now ruined convent to which it formerly belonged. The front porch, with a circular arched roof, is one mass of carved work, as is indeed the whole front, most



elaborately executed. It is of the Gothic, though far from what can be called a pure style; but I pity the man who can stop to criticise severely when visiting that elegant building. The interior was more simple, with scarce a particle of gilding to be seen; nor were there any screens to impede the view; indeed, we both preferred it on the whole, to the cathedral, though very inferior to it in point of size.

Our next visit was to the building called the University, the oldest collegiate edifice in Salamanca, in whose quadrangle the Irish students were wont to assemble and dispute in the days of *Gil Blas*. A more modern front has been added, (as has been done to all the other buildings of the same date), much ornamented with carving. On each side of the quadrangle are the lecture-halls; and leading out of a long gallery above the arcade is the library. The master of our hotel, who had himself been a student, introduced us to the librarian, who politely shewed us through it. It is a long hall of simple and good taste, with tables and comfortable seats down the centre for the students, and at one end a handsome table and luxurious sofas for the heads of the college. The books are classed under different titles, painted over each division, but R—— was much amused at the rather strange works incongruously grouped together; and it is without doubt very inferior to that of Coimbra. There are, we were told, 25,000 volumes, chiefly, as we saw, on divinity and law, with the best-known classical authors; but the greater number were of common editions. The present being the vacation-time, as at Coimbra, all the

colleges were closed and the professors absent ; the only students being those attending the medical lectures. We met a party of them coming out of the university, without the college-dress : their appearance was precisely similar to the same class in any other country.

We now returned to dinner, which we took in the public room called the *comedor*, and afterwards sallied out to walk in the Plaça de la Constitucion, where we were told the gay world would assemble about nine o'clock. At that hour most certainly a number of ladies in dark veils, and gentlemen in large cloaks, did assemble, and pace round and round beneath the arcades ; but the lamps gave so dim a light that it was scarcely possible to distinguish one person from the other, thus leaving full scope for the imagination to dwell on the loveliness of the sable beings who passed in groups by us. Now and then, by posting ourselves so that the light of the nearest lamp fell on the countenances of the promenaders, we fancied we beheld some beautiful creature ; but I should be sorry to pronounce a judgment on the subject. Two or three writers have been so ungallant as to affirm that the ladies of Salamanca are the plainest in Spain, which may possibly account for the judicious dimness of the lamps or the calumny may have been uttered in revenge for their cruelty in thus concealing their charms ; and I should advise them forthwith, if they are anxious to recover their character, to insist on their lords and masters better lighting the plaça.

In a street leading off from the square we found a

café in the Italian style supplied in abundance with the most delicious ices, and with gambling rooms above, to which we were invited. Round the tables numbers of men were crowded : fierce and eager were their countenances. We looked on a few minutes ; but to see men so employed always sickens me, as if there were not enough else in the world to engage their minds, instead of seeking this unnatural excitement. Many of them probably would have disdained to become merchants, as a mercenary occupation—yet to win money is the gambler's stimulant ! Thus for hours at a time will he sit in a close stifling atmosphere, to follow his occupation. Mercenary wretches ! I despise gamblers, and have but little respect for any men whom beyond an hour or so cards can amuse. We hurried from the disgusting scene, and finding the paseo almost deserted, proceeded homewards, and soon afterwards to bed.

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## SKETCH XXVIII.



The Douro where it divides Spain from Portugal.

Another Perambulation of Salamanca. View from the Summit of the Cathedral. Church of the Jesuits' College. Encounter a couple of Frenchmen : their rabid hate of Spaniards. Irish College. The Plaza dos Toros. Colegio Viejo. Bridge. Asses alone used as Beasts of burden. Vehicles. To make Chocolate. After an excellent Dinner, bid farewell to Salamanca. The Battle-field of the Arapiles. Golfegas. Savage Sport. Rustic Merry-making at the Pueblo of Villiar. Town of Vitegodinho. Val de Rodrigo. Horse taken ill. Spanish Frontier. Village of Meisa. Narrow and rugged Pass to reach the Douro. Cross into Portugal again.

AFTER taking our chocolate we walked out to prosecute our discoveries. The cathedral was our first point ; and finding the door of its lofty tower open, we ascended towards the summit, passing through a large room, the residence of the bell-ringer. I thought we should never reach it, so many and winding are the steps ; but we were amply rewarded for our pains.

Each of the pinnacles have also beautiful spiral steps of a peculiar construction. From the south-east, the Tormes makes a broad sweep round, between rocky, and rather high banks, passing close to the city, and then turning slightly to the north. More to the south of the direction whence it flows are to be seen the village, and two heights of Arapiles, about a league and a half distant, where the arms of Britain and her allies gloriously triumphed over the legions of France. Round the outside of the walls were scattered the remains of many large and rich convents, destroyed by the French, and within appeared numerous others, their dilapidated roofs foretelling their speedy decay; while on every side rose the steeples and towers of nearly twenty churches, of various sizes and architecture, the houses having mostly small courts in the centre, into which the windows of the principal rooms look.

We next visited the church of the Jesuits' College, the façade of which, supported by lofty Corinthian columns of fine granite, is most superb. Indeed, though a great admirer of the so-called Gothic style, the Grecian, I own, far surpasses it in grandeur, when in the vast proportions of this edifice; but, alas! an immense rent in the domed roof, through which the sky could be seen, shewed too plainly that this also will soon sink to destruction with its ruined brethren.

After wandering through the streets for some time, we returned to breakfast. In the comedor we met two Frenchmen, strangers like ourselves, whose conversation much amused us; and on finding we spoke

or a single prisoner executed. These facts alone speak much in favour of the Portuguese.

On our walks through the city we passed frequently a beautiful church, with a porch of marble, belonging to the ruined convent of St. Clara. But it would fill a volume to describe all the grand buildings in the city. I must not omit, however, the Colegio Viejo opposite the cathedral, which we now visited, and were instantly admitted; though on application with the master of the hotel he was refused. A flight of steps leads to the front porch, which is of great height, with vast granite columns of the Doric order. The quadrangle is very handsome, so is the council-hall, but not equal to that of the Irish college: the students' rooms were locked up.

Again we spent some time in the cathedral, and then crossed the bridge to reach a neighbouring hill, whence I wished to take a sketch of the city. The bridge is of great length, with an archway in the centre, having a high roof, like the top of a Chinese temple. The half nearest the city was constructed by the Moors; the other part, on the further side of the gateway, is of much later date.

The banks of the river above which the city stands are rocky; the ancient walls being in some places scarcely to be distinguished from the native stone. On the left appear the remains of the French fortifications round the ruined convent of San Vincente; the houses and steeples clustering round the cathedral, which seems to form the point of attraction to all the rest. Above the city the river makes a sudden fall-over

rocks, where are collected a number of small, primitive-looking mills, the width being considerable, but I believe fordable in summer in many places.

Returning over the bridge, after finishing my sketch, I met a couple riding on one horse, the lady on a pillion behind her liege lord; the steed as richly caparisoned probably as the one honoured by bearing Queen Elizabeth's royal weight in the same manner. In walking through the streets, one meets troops of donkeys without halters, some carrying water in jars, others dust (the sweepings of the streets) in straw-baskets; some, charcoal in sacks; indeed, a variety of other things; but neither horses nor mules appeared degraded as beasts of burden.

However, the coaches afforded us most amusement—little changed in form or quality, I should think, since the days of *Gil Blas*; although the diligences must travel rather faster, as they contrive to reach Madrid in two days and a night; but the accommodation they offered did not tempt us to proceed thither, especially as time pressed us, R—— being anxious to return to England.

The ladies here all wear the ancient Spanish costume, but the gentlemen have adopted the usual European style; though hats of all shapes and sizes, and cloaks of all lengths, are to be seen on the persons of the promenaders in the *plaza*.

On returning to the hotel, we completely won our landlady's heart by taking a lesson from her in making chocolate; and most certainly the mixture used in Spain is very unlike anything I ever tasted in

England. Take an ounce of chocolate, and put it into a small pot with about three large table-spoonfulls of milk, boil the whole, keeping it in motion with a stick twirling between the palms of the hands, and having a piece of wood notched round at the end, and a thick ring, to serve the purpose of a mill-stone, above it. When the mixture boils up, pour it into a tiny mug, and drink it if you can—I could never manage to do more than eat it, as one does an egg, with toast, and then to wash it down with a glass of water. After taking it one may walk eight miles before one's nominal breakfast, without fatigue; so sustaining are the qualities it possesses.

A nice dinner, of some six covers, brought on the table in succession by the pretty little Manuella, and a walk after it in the plaza, closed the amusements of our last day in Salamanca.

Manuella's countenance was wreathed with smiles as we made her a small present on bidding her farewell; the rest of the family were all civility; nor was the charge for our entertainment at all exorbitant, considering its excellence. The old lady having supplied our saddle-bags with provisions for two days, we once more crossed the bridge, steering our course for the borders of Portugal, so as to pass through the town of Torre de Moncorvo in that country. We regretted not having time to visit the battle-field of Arapiles, by which name the Spaniards call the battle of Salamanca. The less they speak of it the better; for though a bloody and glorious one for England, they did but little for their country's



cause—the Portuguese, however, fought bravely on the occasion. A day or two before the battle the Duke of Wellington and Lord Beresford ran a narrow chance of being slain, or taken prisoners. “They were on a height, with their staffs, examining the enemy’s movements, when a body of French cavalry came galloping at full speed across the valley. It was for a moment thought they were deserting, but with headlong course they mounted the table-land on which the British left wing were posted, driving a whole line of cavalry skirmishers back in confusion. The reserves indeed soon came up, and these furious swordsmen being scattered in all directions, were in turn driven away, or cut down; but meanwhile thirty or forty, led by a noble officer, had brought up their right shoulders, and came over the edge of the table-land, above the hollow which separated the British wings, at the instant when Wellington and Beresford arrived on the same slope. There were some infantry picquets in the bottom, and higher up, near the French, were two guns covered by a squadron of light cavalry, which was disposed in perfect order. When the French officer saw this squadron, he reined in his horse with difficulty, and his troops gathered in a confused body round him, as if to retreat. They seemed lost men, for the British instantly charged, but with a shout the gallant fellows rushed down upon the squadron, and the latter turning galloped through the guns; then the whole mass, friends and enemies, went like a whirlwind to the bottom, carrying away Lord Wellington and the other generals,

who with drawn swords and some difficulty got clear of the tumult. The French horsemen were now quite exhausted, and a reserve squadron of heavy dragoons coming in, cut most of them to pieces; yet their invincible leader, assaulted by three enemies at once, struck one dead from his horse, and with surprising exertions saved himself from the others, though they rode hewing at him on each side for a quarter of a mile." This is one of the many romantic episodes of war's varied scenes, so admirably portrayed by Colonel Napier.

He describes how the two armies marched within sight of each other towards the ground which was to prove the field of death and fame to so many brave men. "The Allies, moving in two lines of battle within musket-shot of the French, endeavoured to gain upon and cross their march at Cantalpino; the guns on both sides exchanged their rough salutations as the accidents of the ground favoured their play, and the officers, like gallant gentlemen, who bore no malice and knew no fear, made their military recognitions, while the horsemen on either side watched with eager eyes for an opening to charge.

"On the 22d of July, 1812, the English general having determined to retreat to Ciudad Rodrigo, the French seized on one of two rocky isolated heights, called the two Arapiles, in order to intercept his march, and were about to seize the other, when he ordered the Portuguese seventh Caçadores to occupy it, which, in spite of the enemy's attacks, they did. Marmont now dispatched his left towards Ciudad

Rodrigo, to attack the Allies on their march, thereby separating it from his centre. The fault was flagrant, and the British general fixed it with the stroke of a thunderbolt. General Pakenham was ordered to charge—the French gunners stood manfully at their posts, but vainly; they were cut down, or dispersed, and in less than half an hour the left of their army was turned, thrown into confusion, and enveloped. Marmont was wounded, Thomières killed, and Bonet disabled. In a magnificent charge of cavalry, led on by Sir Stapleton Cotton, the right wing was broken, and five guns captured by Lord Edward Somerset. The centre of the French offered the greatest resistance, hundreds of the men of General Hulse's brigade going down, in a charge they made under a terrific fire; but at last the enemy gave way; General Clauzel being hurt, and many other principal French officers killed or disabled. The action continued general till night, when, still fighting, Foy's division retreated into a large forest, the effulgent crest of the last ridge maintained bravely by General Maucune became black and silent, and the whole French army vanished as it were into darkness."

"Lord Wellington, with the left wing, pursued the enemy through great part of the night, hoping to overtake them at the ford of Huerta, on the Tormes; but the ford of Allia on that river having been abandoned by the Spaniards, they entered it, and secured their retreat. Lord Wellington was during the night struck in the thigh by a spent ball, which passed through his holster, and Sir Stapleton Cotton was wounded in the

arm by a Portuguese sentinel, whose challenge he had disregarded."

Such is an imperfect sketch of one of the most important and hard-fought battles of the Peninsula ; and I hope it may not be found uninteresting by those who have not Napier before them to peruse.

On losing sight of the Tormes, we pursued a wild track due west : few people except smugglers ever follow this direction, and the scenery afforded little to interest us. The country is chiefly open, with here and there broken hills rising from the plain, sprinkled with pueblos some three or four miles distant from each other, forests of the low oak bearing a sweet acorn now and then intervening. After missing our way, and recovering it only by a long circuit, we halted to lunch at the village of Golfegas, in a large venda.

We spread our table in front of the kitchen-door, beneath the roof of the large outer hall, which nearly every Spanish inn possesses, that we might see all that was going forward. We soon were witnesses of a spectacle, which although a piece of acting, and intended for sport, clearly shewed the atrocities of which the performers could be guilty, when their passions were aroused. One of the landlady's daughters was a very pretty girl, and we were laughing and talking with her, when some one came in, and said a few words to the mother : a donkey was forthwith led out from the stable, and with a shawl thrown over her the girl nimbly jumped up on its back, a pack-cover with a gay cloth serving as a saddle, and accompanied by a fine-looking youth, rejoicing in a new sombrero,

a bright waistcoat, well-cleaned leggins, and a good cloak on his shoulder, went off, we supposed to church. Scarcely had they departed, than six men, their faces and clothes besmeared with charcoal-dust, and their countenances most villanous and fierce, arrived, driving some twenty or thirty donkeys before them, with empty packs. Sending the animals with many a kick and blow into the stables, after piling the packs on the ground, they seated themselves round another low table, nearer the door, rapidly tearing their food, and passing their wine-skin from mouth to mouth, till the contents were exhausted. Then began their pastimes. One drew his long knife, and flourishing it about the hall, seized the mistress of the house, holding her back over the table, while he drew it several times across her throat, almost scratching her as he did so ; another held the younger daughter, with one hand menacing her with his knife, then throwing her down almost smothered her with the charcoal-sacks. The poor women, though they laughed, were evidently much annoyed ; but they dared not complain, and were obliged to submit to the savage jokes.

We could scarcely tell if they did not intend to commence next with us ; but though they frowned as they passed, we kept out of their way, and they did not attempt to molest us.

This sort of sport continued till the donkeys had eaten enough straw, when the men prepared for their departure ; but just as they were going the elder daughter appeared : the mother instantly rushed forward, and seizing her, shut her up in an inner room,

till her unwelcome guests had disappeared, and then scolded her for returning so soon. Two youths with stout sticks, and probably sharp knives in their belts, who accompanied her, kept the wretches on their good behaviour. José, who had been a much disconcerted spectator of the scene, looked out after them to observe the way they took.

"Pretty joking that was, Senhores," he observed, as we rode away. "Did you mark the gleam of their eyes? they longed to be in earnest; and I would give much rather than meet them on an unfrequented road; but, *gracias a Deos*, they have gone a different one to that we must follow."

The next scene we witnessed was of a far more agreeable nature. The sun was yet some way above the horizon when we entered the large pueblo called Villiar, where we purposed to spend the night, there being no other posada for a considerable distance further on. We were first greeted as we rode up the street by a number of little girls nicely dressed, dancing before our horses; and who, when I shewed them a dog's head on the top of a cane I carried, broke out into shouts of merry laughter, accompanying us till we reached an open space before a church, where a number of peasants in gay and varied costumes were dancing to the sound of drum and fife. We rode on to the posada, a decent, clean-looking cottage, where we were ordering our evening meal, when a fine, tall, slim youth, whom we found to be the landlady's son, came in.

"Won't you come and see the dancing?" he said.

"Gladly, my friend;" so we accompanied him back to the village-green. We were directly recognized by our little friends. *El hombre con el perro!*—"The man with the dog!" they shouted, as they crowded round us, while we stood looking on at the dancers. There were several good-looking girls, and many of the youths were remarkably fine young fellows, especially our friend of the inn, who was evidently one of the beaux of the place. Some of the latter snapped the light castanet, to accompany the musician, a most indefatigable performer, who played on a drum with one hand, and touched the keys of a flageolet with the other at the same time, producing very enlivening if not refined music. There was much grace and more agility displayed in the dancing, which was as correct as is generally witnessed in the best society: the figures and steps were very similar to those of a Scotch reel, but there was less animation. One excessively pretty little girl, the belle of the party, was however, as animated as any Highland maiden, and was sought after, accordingly, by all the youths. No sooner had she fallen out of the figure, to give place to another, than with scarce time to breathe, she was again led back, not unwillingly on her part, to the dance.

Suddenly, as some thirty couples were thus dancing, the church-bell gave forth in a solemn tone the hour of even. In an instant the music ceased—the maidens stood with downcast eyes as they made the holy sign of the cross, and the youths doffed their hats, and rested with bended knee, while all uttered a short prayer. The effect was interesting and beautiful, and

we could not but join the lately laughing throng in their short devotions—if not in spirit, at least in appearance. Scarcely, however, had the bell ceased, and the last dying echos of its solemn tone been heard, than the enchantment was dissolved; the musician commenced playing his gayest tunes, and the dancers, snapping their light castanets, were once more in rapid motion.

The darkness, more than fatigue, put a stop to the festivities; but our tall young friend told us, that after supper there would be a regular ball in a house, and that if we liked it he would invite all the guests to his mother's inn. The offer we thought fit to decline; giving him a peseta to buy wine for the guests at any other house, and promising to accompany him thither after we had taken some refreshment.

There were several persons sitting round the fire in the posada; among them, a decent-looking woman, and a drunken wretch of a husband, who, after some time, pulled out from his belt a clasp-knife nearly a foot long, and commenced flourishing it about, grinning horribly at the time, frequently nearly wounding some of the company. At last an old man dressed in black, with long silvery white hair, and who had been indulging us for half an hour in a story about the Duke of Wellington, not one quarter of which could we understand, rose from his seat, and took the knife from the other's hand.

"You know not how to use that knife," he observed: "I will shew these cavaliers the true science of defence and attack." Saying which, he threw him-



self into a variety of attitudes, similar to those in the sword-exercise, now holding the knife as a dagger up his arm, now as a sword, and then as if about to throw it at his flying antagonist; his previously dim eyes lighting up with eagerness as though he were in earnest.

The youth Manoel was some time enjoying himself with his friends; but at last he appeared to conduct us to the ball. As may be supposed, the apartment could not boast of much magnificence, lighted as it was with six small lamps hung against the whitewashed mud-wall; but the dignified behaviour of the party was not to be surpassed by that of the most fashionable circles of the *beau monde*. The same musician as before was there, playing the same tune with the most unwearied perseverance, and standing in the middle of the room, while the dancers moved round him. We sat on a bench at the side, with a number of men, who seemed to think it beneath their dignity to join in the pastime. Though we were frequently pressed to do so, we excused ourselves on the plea of ignorance of the dance, and of wearing long spurs, with which we might risk hurting our partners' feet.

The dancers performed boleros, fandangos, and contra-danças, in succession, two couple in particular most admirably—the men, who exerted themselves far more than their fair partners, snapping their castanets, now above their heads, now close to the ground, in a variety of graceful movements. We were much amused by the nonchalant air with which the village dandies strolled into the room with broad sombreros on their

heads, their cloaks worn over one shoulder, and drawn in front, exhibiting the embroidered backs of their collarless waistcoats, the sleeves of their shirts exposed, with ruffles at the wrist, the fronts richly worked—new polished belts, clean well-fitting leggins, and tight breeches, completing the costume of a country exquisite of the kingdom of Leon. To say the truth, some of them were far from amiable-looking fellows ; nor could anything surpass the haughty independent air they assumed, as they threw a careless eye over the dancers, and then strolled out again.

I have at times seen something approaching this conduct in an English country ball-room, or perhaps in some of the so-called fashionable assemblies in London, when one or two men, considering themselves belonging to the *élite*, have stood, hat in hand, blocking up the passages, and refusing all their hostess' well-intentioned offers to introduce them. 'There is, after all, but a very slight difference in the follies and behaviour of the different classes into which the world is divided—a little more tinsel, a little more painting, a greater power of concealment, alone prevents their being confounded in one. However, I am far from advocating an amalgamation of them ; but it is only by the aristocracy keeping their own conduct free from censure, that they can hope to preserve the respect paid to their station : at the same time, such distinctions are not without their uses in a well-ordered community.

We found, on our return to the *posada*, a second supper of baked pears prepared for us, and we were

not sorry, after it, to take possession of a chamber devoted to our sole use, where we slept soundly till daylight the following morning.

In hopes of crossing the border before night, we pushed on as fast as we thought it prudent to urge our beasts. After riding three leagues, we passed a small town called Vitegodinho, containing several streets, a posada, a church, a plaça, and even some arcades ; but refusing to halt, we unfortunately rode on a league further, to a hamlet called Val de Rodrigo. Within a few miles of each other are Roderick's city, castle, and valley. Probably they take their names not from the unhappy Roderick, the last of the Goths, but from Rodrigo de Bivar, the celebrated Cid Campeador, whose valiant deeds are to be found chronicled in Southey's admirable translation of the work of Alfonso the learned.

Whatever Val de Rodrigo may once have been, it is now a wretched village, with a small venda, before which we found a large party of contrabandistas playing at bowls, while at a back door, which we passed to reach the stables, three men were sitting on the ground, with a pile of copper-money before them, of which they were making an equal division. At first the smugglers taking us for Frenchmen, glanced at us with fierce looks, (for they were most of them old enough to remember the visit that people once paid them) ; but when they found we were English gentlemen, they tried to make amends by their civility and attention. We had indeed some difficulty to get our eggs boiled in hot water, the

presiding goddess of the kitchen putting the pot into my hand, and telling me I might do it myself, if I knew so much better how to cook than she did. The only shady spot we could find to place our table was at the back door, round which a small family of the hog tribe were feeding, with the stables opposite; and I certainly never ate a meal in a more disgusting place; but that mattered little—a greater misfortune awaited us.

Our horses had been heated, and kept standing before they were admitted into the wretched stable, the door of which was so low that mine struck his head on entering. We now found him with his legs stretched out on the ground, apparently dead. We however got him up, and led him out: he was perfectly lame. The smugglers looked at him knowingly. "He is blind of one eye, and will lose the other in a day or so," they observed. Josè however declared that I might ride him, and that exercise would restore him—at all events, onward we must move. "When you get to La Guaça go to the house of Senhor Josè Gomes, and if you tell him you met us thus far on our way, he will make you welcome," observed a cunning little old man, who looked as if smuggling was his delight, and cheating his neighbours his pastime.

With a grieving heart I mounted my poor beast for the last time. I rode a league, expecting every instant to have him fall down with me; and then, as I could no longer endure his pace of misery, I dismounted, and walked the rest of the day's journey, making Josè lead him. Passing through a village, we

bought a hare, a rabbit, and a partridge of a man for a peseta (about a shilling), and fastening them to the baggage, carried them on for our next day's supply. It was near sunset when we reached Meisa, the Spanish frontier village, boasting of a posada, the worst we had yet met. The place also possessed what we much required—a farrier.

The Portuguese village of Guala is seen hence, looking most temptingly near; and we agreed half an hour would take us there; but we were most grievously out in our calculations. José's first care was to summon the farrier, who I suspect acted also as the medical attendant on the human beings in the place. He bled and blistered the horse, declaring he would recover in a day or two; and I found he had taken off all his shoes, so that without his consent we should have great difficulty in getting away.

As we dismounted at the posada a dreadful old crone tottered out to meet us. "Are you the mistress of the house?" I asked.

"Si, Senhor, I am."

"O then I fear we have made a mistake: we promised a man we met on the road to go to his posada; and he said his wife was at home," I observed.

"There is no other posada, Senhores," she answered. "And the man you met was my husband."

We found the old woman spoke truly; for she had had three husbands, and her present one was half her age. The house possessed an upper room, but destitute of beds, or a table; and she apologized for the

want of furniture by saying the French took away three cart-loads of her property, and she had been afraid of renewing it, lest they might return and again rob her. The smoke of green wood drove us out of the kitchen, so we were obliged to dine in this room ; but we were too old travellers to be disconcerted. We sent out and borrowed a table, a bench there was in the room, and with our own provisions we fared luxuriously ; though we had the pain of seeing our partridge burnt to a cinder in the palsied hands of the hostess.

We found two corn-sacks, which, half full of corn, we spread out on the floor to serve as mattresses ; when I observed to the young husband, that they were not as long as would be convenient, seeing our legs below our knees were not furnished with bedding. " Oh ! that matters not," he answered coolly ; " your legs don't want a bed too, surely—one for the body is quite enough." While we wrapped ourselves in our cloaks to sleep, the rest of the household, I believe, reposed on the stone-benches in the kitchen, for when I went down at an early hour I observed sundry blackish coverlids and horsecloths spread out.

For several hours after sun-rise were we waiting for the farrier, to conclude his operations on my unhappy steed ; but being an invalid he could not venture out till the air was warm. He was a young man, with a grave expression of countenance, who when he first appeared, wore his cloak wrapped close around him, and after examining the animal, commenced a long harangue on the symptoms and treatment of the case, as far as we could understand ; the only part

we comprehended clearly being, that it was fortunate we had met with a man of his experience, or the horse would most certainly have died. At last the shoes were replaced, and the poor beast so weak, that he could scarcely walk, was led forth. I, intending to get a horse at Guaça, which we thought we should reach in half an hour, set out on foot, R—— offering me his to ride up the opposite hill.

After passing over a heath, and between a few fields, we found the road begin to descend, and turn to the right, while Guaça appeared on our left: a shepherd however assured us we were going by the only way. On, on we went, descending lower and lower, the path becoming more narrow, steep, and rugged. At last it appeared to me impossible that the cargo-mule could pass, so I went on ahead of the rest, to see whither the path led; but finding the marks of horses' shoes, I shouted to them to follow. Hearing their voices, I continued in advance. The path overhung on one side by broken rocks and shrubs, with a rugged precipice on the other, continued making zig-zag turnings towards a rapid torrent, which dashed with a hoarse murmur at the bottom of the glen. Here and there grew a few olive-trees, and in one or two places the vine was cultivated; but in general the side of the mountain was as nature had left it.

"Truly," I thought, "the Spanish frontier on this side much resembles the character of the people—haughty, stern, and unapproachable. A few active men might defend this pass against a whole host of foes; and if this is the best in the neighbourhood there can be no other fit for human feet to climb."

Near the bottom of the glen, on a gentle rise, was a custom- and guard-house, most romantically situated—rugged and fantastically-shaped mountains rising to a vast height on every side, while the Douro flowed some way below it. Here the guards looked at our passports—I doubt if they could read them—and then shewed us the way, between a grove of olive-trees, down to the ferry. While crossing this magnificently wild pass I made a sketch\*, which will give a better idea of the scenery than any verbal description can possibly do. Looking up towards the Spanish side, it appeared a lofty wall of rugged rocks broken here and there with fissures by the mountain-torrents, yet down those precipitous cliffs we had accomplished our descent. Our misfortunes were not ended, for on stepping into the boat, R——'s horse kicked off his shoe, and my poor beast, on trying to get out, slipped back into the water, but managed to escape without injury. Once on his descent his hind feet had slipped over the precipice, and though only hanging on by his front ones, he managed to recover himself. The mule also nearly pushed R——'s horse over, and was once near slipping over himself; for we found it most advisable to let them pick their own way down steep places.

Such are a few of the incidents travellers meet with in these countries. Having thus reached the borders of Spain, I may recommence my sketches of Portugal.

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\* See Cut at the head of this Sketch.



## SKETCH XXIX.

Portugal once more. Toilsome Ascent of the Cliffs. Village of Guaga: no Inn. Hire a fresh Horse and Guide. Uncomfortable Lodging. Torre de Moncorvo. Bad Weather sets in. Villa Flor. Uncouth People at the Estalagem. The Road passes over rugged and barren Hills. Mourça. Villa Verde. Village of St. Martin's. Enter on the Wine-district. Arrive at Regoa. Proceed down the Douro to Oporto. Scenery of the Banks. Rapids. Heavy Rains: the Boatmen hoist Umbrellas! Safe Arrival at Oporto.

THE Douro where we crossed runs north and south, falling, in places, in cascades over vast rocks, and consequently is not navigable till some distance further down—at a place called Barco d'Alva. I shall not forget the wild grandeur of that passage of the Douro, or the far from pleasing sensations we experienced as we gazed upward towards the summit of the almost perpendicular cliffs we were obliged to surmount—the only way by which we could extricate ourselves from our present position. I most devoutly hope I may never find myself in the same spot again, with all my horses lame.

On landing the Spanish boatmen demanded the value of three shillings for ferrying us over. We of course refused, and thereupon they became insolent, till José entreated us to pay the sum; so we threw it to the rascals, and turned our backs upon Spain.

Up, up, up we toiled by much the same sort of zig-zag path as that by which we had descended, leading our lame steeds. Even here, precipitous as were the banks, olive-trees had been planted in a few accessible spots by the side of the path. An hour's constant

ascent under a yet hot sun brought us to some open downs, crossing which, and passing many magnificent chestnuts, a description of trees we had not seen in Spain, we entered the large village of Guaça.

Instead of the half hour in which we had hoped to reach the place, we discovered that three had passed since leaving Meisa ; and fatiguing hours they were too !

Finding ourselves in a square with several neat houses in it, we expected to discover an inn ; but, to our disappointment, we learned that the place boasted of no such accommodation, nor would the stables belonging to the venda contain our horses. We therefore accepted the proposal of some people to sojourn at their house, below which were some tolerable stables. They quickly swept out their best room, spread a table, collected plates and knives and forks from different friends, boiled some eggs, picked some fruit, so as to make a capital meal. We had, it must be confessed, rather a larger party looking on than would have been pleasant, considering we were not accustomed to such a regal style, had they not behaved in a most orderly and respectful way. They probably had never seen Englishmen eating before, so we were happy to afford them so trifling an amusement.

How did their obliging and attentive behaviour contrast with the pride and sullen indifference of the Spaniards ! Their appearance, too, was much in their favour ; for among a group of girls, collected outside the door, we observed more pretty faces than we had seen for several days in Spain. How bright and smiling

were their countenances, and how ready were one and all to execute our wishes, commiserating us for the long march we had been compelled to make! In truth, we felt ourselves once more among friends and countrymen.

Having sent Josè to procure a nag for me, after resting for nearly two hours, a young man, who might have been mistaken for an Englishman by his features and light hair, arrived with one of the small country-ponies, a light chestnut, which he affirmed was possessed of all the good qualities horses are ever endowed with. Luis was, by his bargain, to accompany us, both to act as guide and to bring back the pony.

The path led us for some distance through romantic lanes and beneath lofty chestnut-trees; it was a considerable time, however, before we lost sight of the high table-land of Spain, from which we had descended in the morning. The road now became very wide and remarkably even, so much so that I suspect it must have been a part of some military road leading round the frontiers. As there was little chance of missing the way, we were far ahead of the men when darkness overtook us. We passed a forest to our left, and what appeared to be a lake far away in a hollow to our right, and soon after entered a village of considerable size, passing through the streets of which, we reached a house we were told was the *estalagem*. Our attendants soon arrived to take care of our horses, while we ascended to the kitchen to take care of ourselves.

The landlord was a most civil fellow, but his wife

was a sad shrew; and as the house was full of men, returning from some place where they had been working, to Miranda, their native town, it was not till their cookery had been completed that she would attend to us. At first she was very angry at my presuming to tell her how I wished our hare dressed, which from being hung for two days was now tender, but a few soft words turned away her rising choler, and we became great friends. In proof of her regard she produced a tureen of most excellent soup.

The wind had now risen high, and blew through every cranny of the house, compelling us to sit in our cloaks for warmth, and giving us a specimen of the inconveniences of travelling in Portugal in bad weather. Our bed-room was a mere shed, opening on to the verandah in front of the house, and it was only by putting our lamp in a sheltered spot, that we could keep it from being extinguished by the tempestuous gusts; indeed, we employed ourselves some time in stopping up the larger chinks, before we attempted to retire to rest.

When we arose on Wednesday morning the sky was overcast with clouds, the cold air blew in sudden squalls, and there was every sign of bad weather. I must not forget to mention the delicious dish of stewed hare the now placid Xantippe dressed for our breakfast before we started, neither our affectionate leave-taking, which I might not have mentioned but to prove how gentle words will generally win over the worst of tempers. After riding three leagues over hills, and dales with sandy bottoms where lakes had

once been, by a tolerable road, we descended into the prettily situated town of the Torre de Moncorvo; from which place the highly-respected and estimable Portuguese ambassador at the court of London takes his title.

In the centre of the town are the ruins of a large round tower, or it may be called a castle, which last year the *administrador* thought fit to order to be pulled completely down; much of it having in consequence already disappeared. The place also possesses a large handsome church, and one of the best inns we found during our tour. The hostess sent us up a luncheon in the most civilized style. The house boasts of several very good bed-rooms, and a sitting-room; but she complained that the paucity of her customers scarcely enabled her to support it in the way she wished. In one of the streets we passed a chapel with a round stone pulpit in front of it, such as I have only once or twice seen in the country, and it evidently was of very great antiquity.

Finding that we were only a mile from the Douro, we sent down to learn if a boat was to be procured, to convey us to Regoa. We were much disappointed on hearing that the boatmen had been afraid to venture up, for fear of being seized to be employed in the works now going forward to improve the navigation of the river. We were therefore compelled to proceed by land to Regoa, the nearest place we could expect to find a boat to carry us to Oporto; for, with a prospect of bad weather, we had no wish to make a journey of so many days by land. While walking in

He immediately entered into my views, offering his utmost assistance to whoever should undertake the enterprise, and earnestly recommended its adoption, at the same time pointing out the various difficulties in the way\*.

The following morning we rode out with our friend to a beautiful quinta he possesses, about a league from Lamego. The pleasure-grounds alone are of considerable extent, and laid out with much taste, though even there the talent of an artist might be employed to some purpose. Directly in front of the house rises a rugged mound, down which the owner is about to

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\* Since I concluded these Sketches a project has been started to form a rail-road along the banks of the Douro to Salamanca in Spain, against which I have frequently expressed a strong and decided opinion. The difficulties in making a common road are great, and those in forming a rail-road are infinitely greater; as is the expense of the latter in no way to be compared to that of the former. Indeed, I consider one feasible, the other next to impossible, without the slightest probability of paying interest for the capital expended on it. It must be remembered that at present there are no common roads in the neighbourhood of the Douro—a rail-road is useful only to those proceeding some distance; and therefore the inhabitants of the banks of the river would still remain without roads, which they so much require, and capital, which ought to be employed in forming them, would be turned to a less useful purpose. The navigation of the Douro being open from Spain, there already exists a natural high road for the conveyance of *heavy* goods or produce *down* the stream by water, such as corn and wine, and none but light goods *go up*, such as manufactures, for which a common road is abundantly sufficient. If, however, my countrymen choose to hazard their money in the undertaking, of course the Portuguese will be much indebted to them; but they must not be surprised at its failure. From the previous pages my readers may form an idea of the style of country through which it is proposed to carry the line; and they must remember that the work was written before I was aware any one even dreamed of such a project.

conduct a waterfall, which, seen between the trees, will have an excessively pretty effect. Walks are led beneath the trees, turning round the hill exactly, in the English style, while below, a neat flower-garden with shady arbours in it surrounds a small lake abounding in fish. Indeed, I have seen few quintas in Portugal which can boast of greater attractions, and I doubt not that in a few years it will be still more beautiful. We returned home to an early dinner, and as I was anxious to be in Oporto on the following day, we were compelled to bid our friend farewell, and to proceed on our journey. He politely accompanied us some part of the way, when, turning to our left, we crossed the Douro at a spot considerably lower down than Regoa.

As we did not mount our mules till four o'clock, it became quite dark long before we reached the village of Mezão Frio, where we bought torches to light us up the mountain to Quintella. It was a lovely night, and our mules being sure-footed we much enjoyed our torch-light ride up the steep ascent, notwithstanding the execrable road over which we passed. A romantic scene presented itself as the glare of the torch lighted up the savage rocks, and threw a yet deeper shade into the glen on our right. At last a light from the hamlet appeared glittering like a star far above us, and by eight o'clock we reached the hospitable mansion of Quintella.

We were on foot long before daybreak, and having breakfasted, were about to start just as the grey dawn was appearing, when one of the arrieiros whom we had

ordered to proceed on with the baggage, rushed in, with consternation in his face, to say that the baggage-mule, whose head he had left for a moment at the door, had disappeared. This was indeed provoking, as I fully expected the beast would have fallen with all our property over some precipice; in addition to which, a favourite dog who had accompanied us, having hurt its foot, was placed in a basket on the animal's back. It was just possible also that some robber passing might have been tempted to drive off the mule, when there would have been little chance of our ever recovering our property. We however dispatched our arrieiros down the mountain, and were yet mourning my poor Alp's hard fate, when the crack of a whip sounded in our ears, and soon the mule appeared looming through the darkness, closely followed by the driver punishing him for his frolic. He had, it appeared, found the door of a stable open, and, fortunately for us, walked into it, and thus cut short his ramble.

We now trotted and slid as fast as we could towards Oporto, performing five leagues by nine o'clock, when we reached Villa Meão. We there found fresh steeds waiting for us; and who can describe the satisfaction of mounting a horse after being bumped for so many days on a mule!

By three o'clock we reached Oporto, with our horses quite fresh, the worst part of the road being that crossing the Valongo hills, which is soon to be improved.

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I have now given a Sketch of the greatest part of the north of Portugal. Bragança and Chavez I have never visited, nor do I believe that there is much to interest the traveller in those towns, or in the scenery in the neighbourhood. I do not, however, pretend to have described one half of the beauties of this part of Portugal—of the Minho especially, so rich in lovely views and interesting antiquities. A description of the province of the Minho alone would, from all I have heard, be sufficient to fill a most entertaining volume; but I have attempted generally to describe men and events, rather than things, of which few people take pleasure in reading.

On another visit to the country I may perhaps make more extended tours, and give of it a more elaborate description. For the present I offer, for the amusement of my countrymen, the preceding rough SKETCHES OF LUSITANIA.



The Wine Boat.

THE END.

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THE following Sketches were written at different periods during a residence of nearly two years in the north of Portugal. They consist partly of tours made through the northern provinces from the Minho to the Mondego. The work is intended therefore to serve as a guide-book to travellers visiting the country, which object, though increasing the value to that portion of my readers, may give a degree of heaviness to some of the early pages, which I trust will not be found to be their general characteristic. My chief aim has been by them to illustrate the present political, social, and religious state of the Portuguese; and I hope I may have conveyed to my English readers a better knowledge of the country than the greater number now possess. I can assure my Portuguese friends, that if I have at times spoken of their faults or failings, I have done so without the least approach to ill-feeling; and I trust that nothing I have said will interrupt the harmony in which I have for many years lived among them.

The second volume may be found more interesting than the first, as it contains a description of a wider district, and of a greater variety of scenery. In it I have given an account of the wine-country, the production of port wine, the method of preserving and treating it, and advice to wine-merchants and private gentlemen as the best way of selecting it. I have touched also on the Porto Wine Company, and on the subject of the new rail-roads.

These Sketches, I must again observe, vary very much in interest, yet I could not well omit any one of them; and I beg my readers therefore to pass over such as they find less amusing than they expect, rather than in consequence to throw the book aside. Some may appear trivial, but a correct painter must attend to minute points.

I have frequently spoken of religious subjects. True religion—belief—I have ever treated with due reverence: falsehood—mockery—imposture, itself conscious of deserving no better designation, with the scorn every honest heart must feel.

The pencil-sketches I either took on the spot myself, or they were done by the companion of my travels, and though not artistical outlines, they are true to nature, and will aid those of the pen.

I intend, at a future period, to illustrate in the same way the southern provinces of Portugal; thus forming a complete guide through the country. What I have already written will, I hope, afford amusement by the fire-side, as well as being found useful to the traveller.

I must observe that the Peninsula steam-boats now start from Southampton only three times in the month, on the 7th, 17th and 27th, except when either of those days falls on a Sunday, when they wait till the following Monday. They touch at Corunna, Vigo, off Oporto, and Lisbon, occupying about five days to reach the last-mentioned place.

*London, September 1845.*

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