

Spaniards are not inferior in rhodomontade and national prejudices ; one of them after passing through the tent, which contains a suite of eight handsome rooms, beside the bed chambers, turned round with a sneer, " We have better apartments for the pigs in Spain !" No passion makes a man a liar so easily as Vanity.

The day darkened as we approached Elvas, and evidently betokened a wet night. We knew how crowded the town must be, and thought with no comfortable anticipation on the difficulty of obtaining a lodging for the night. The approach to Elvas is by an ascent between plantations of olives, almond trees in blossom, and orange trees laden with fruit. The Iris blossomed on the banks. We were examined at the gates, and passed a second time through the Purgatory of the Custom-house. Here my uncle left me to open the baggage, and in a short time returned with the Colonel of one of the Portugueze regiments, an Englishman.

LETTER XIV.

Friday, Jan. 22.

Colonel M. procured us a room in the house where he himself lodged, and we enjoyed the novelty of tea and toast and butter. Some of the Portugueze nobility dropped in in the evening. The conversation turned upon the Spanish Court, and it was remarked that the Queen of Spain had her Cortejo with her. Yes, it was replied, and a certain noble family accompanies the Court, because you know the King cannot do without a wife.

The night was very tempestuous; the doors and windows were like Mr. Shandy's, and clattered with the wind. We breakfasted early, and left Elvas in a wet morning. Fort La Lippe, which is deemed impregnable, lies on a high hill, to the North. We passed under a very fine aqueduct of four rows of arches. The country is beautifully varied, but we were

obliged to let down the apron of the calessa, and could only walk between the storms. Villa Vizosa, the royal seat of Braganza, lay to the left. In five hours and a half we reached the Venta de Ponte; on the way I saw a hedge, and a curious one, for it was made of the gum cestus placed with the roots upwards! The different state of the two countries was soon visible. We frequently saw single farm houses, and past a Quinta, or gentleman's house, the garden of which was planted in clumps in the English style.

At the Venta de Ponte was a friar about eighteen years of age, one of the finest young men I ever saw. He enquired if we were Frenchmen, and on our answer said, "Ah! I like the English." "Would you not have said the same if we had been French?" said my companion. "Yes," he replied, "I like the French very well, but I hate the Spaniards;" and turning round to Manuel, he asked him what countryman he was: Manuel began to answer, but the friar stopt him, "Enough! by the sound of the guitar we know what instrument it is."

“You are eating meat,” said he; “I must fast to-day—not because the Scripture tells me to, but because the Church commands me.” “You live very well in your convent?” He shook his head. “I am much more comfortable at home.” He was on a visit to his friends, and had stopt here after a morning walk.

We got a wood-pigeon, a rabbit, and a hare at this place, with some birds unknown in England. The priest of the parish shot them, and sent them to the Venta to sell; and if his fraternity were never worse employed, I should have little objection to the establishment.

If Anaximander had travelled the two leagues from this place to Estremos, he would have thought pounding in a mortar comfortable by comparison. The best apartment here is occupied, and we are in a lumber room, where an old chest serves us as a table. There is a picture here of a sick man in bed, and the Virgin in the air praying for him. The inscription says that our Lady saved the life of Antonio Sardino, in 1761.

Saturday 23.

When at morn, the muleteer,
 With early call, announces day,
 Sorrowing that early call I hear
 That scares the visions of delight away.
 For dear to me the silent hour
 When SLEEP exerts its wizard power ;
 For busy FANCY then let free,
 Borne on the wings of HOPE, my EDITH flies to thee.

When the slant sun-beams crest
 The mountains shadowy breast ;
 When on the upland slope
 Shines the green myrtle wet with morning dew,
 And lovely as the youthful dreams of HOPE,
 The dim-seen landscape opens on the view ;
 I gaze around with raptur'd eyes
 On Nature's charms where no illusion lies,
 And drop the joy and memory-mingled tear,
 And sigh to think that EDITH is not here !

At the cool hour of Even,
 When all is calm and still,
 And o'er the western hill
 A richer radiance robes the mellowed heaven ;
 Absorb'd in darkness thence,
 When slowly fades in night,
 The dim-decaying light,
 Like the bright day-dreams of RENEVOLENCE !
 Fatigued, and sad, and slow,
 Along my lonely way I go,
 And muse upon the distant day,
 And sigh, remembering EDITH far away.

When late arriving at our inn of rest,
 Whose roof exposed to many a winter sky,
 Half shelters from the wind the shiv'ring guest ;
 By the pale lamp's dreary gloom
 I mark the miserable room,
 And gaze with angry eye
 On the hard lot of honest Poverty.
 And sickening at the monster brood
 Who fill with wretchedness a world so good,
 Wish, sepulchred in some secluded glen,
 To dwell with PEACE and EDITH, far from men.

The fortifications of Estremos are out of repair, and the whole town bears the marks of decay. The contemplation of a fallen country is very melancholy ; it is seldom that either individuals or nations become wiser from misfortune. The head ache of the morning does not prevent the drunkard from intoxicating himself at night : the experience of ages has not yet prevented the governors of mankind from pursuing their usual career of folly and guilt.

The day has been wet, and we travelled with our dead lights *down* the three leagues to Venda do Duque. In this part of the country there is very fine timber ; and we were surprised to find a chimney in the sitting room here. The

people make use of a hollow cane instead of a bellows. The stools and the cradle are of cork. The Portugueze spits are very small, with four legs at the handle; the other end rests upon some piece of fuel while the meat roasts; the spit is of course stationary, and when one side of the meat is done, the other is turned to the fire.

On the road to Arroyolos we crossed two of those streams that so frequently delay or endanger the traveller in these countries: they are fordable the greater part of the year, but after a heavy rain, collecting the water from the hills, they become impassable. The Prince of Brazil has stationed ferry boats here for his messengers, during his stay at Villa Vizosa.

The Portugueze Estalagemes are perhaps better than the Spanish Posadas. The beds here, instead of being made on bedsteads,* are placed

* This is common throughout Portugal, the beds are sometimes placed on bedsteads, sometimes on these platforms.

on a kind of stair or platform raised about eight inches from the floor. We have seen no candles since we left Madrid, but the lamps improve as we approach Lisbon. Here it has three branches as usual; an eye-screen projects before two of them, and a little extinguisher, a pointed instrument to raise the wick, a small pincers to prune it, and a bucket to deposit the snuff in, all of brass, are suspended by brazen chains between the branches.

Sunday 24.

We dined at the town of Montemor. Here I saw a funeral; the body was carried on a bier without a coffin, under a canopy. There are three sisters at the Estalagem here, whose appearance and manners are very different from any we have seen before. Isidora indeed, would have justified Don Quixote's mistake. I am no believer in the system of Helvetius, that all persons are born with equal mental capabilities. The man who sits down in his study and never turns his eyes from his book to look upon mankind, may theorize very

subtly upon the subject ; but whoever has lived with children, and paid any attention to the developement of their dispositions, will form a conclusion widely different. The brain is the organ of thought: we have nothing to do with metaphysical jargon, or the absurd question, what is it that thinks, which never can be solved: it is from actual experiment we conclude that the brain is the organ of thought; now it is as ridiculous to say, that every brain is organized precisely the same, as it would be to assert that the ear of every person can ascertain sounds with equal precision, or to deny the existence of blind men, and short-sighted ones, and people who squint.

Here we witnessed the whole process of dressing Joze's rabbit. The spit was placed either above, below, by the side of, or in the fire: to know when it was done they cracked the joints; then they laid it by till it cooled, then tore it piecemeal with their fingers, and fried it with onions, and garlic, and oil.

Sunday Evening.

I have received another proof this evening, that travelling in these countries is not like Mr. James Douglas's new method of cutting for the stone, *speedy, safe, and agreeable*.*

We left Montemor after dinner merrily, in expectation of reaching Aldea Gallega to-morrow night. It was a bad sign to stop half an hour while the Calassero tied the spokes together; however we might certainly have safely reached the end of the stage with care. Joze, as usual, left the beasts to their own guidance, and the grey mule, as usual, chose a dry path for himself; this path unluckily lay down the bank, and the crazy wheel gave way. The old gentleman who had very quietly suffered the mule to do this mischief, now threw his hat upon the ground, and was guilty of heresy, in asserting the mule had a soul, that he might commit blasphemy by assigning it over to the everlasting care of three hundred devils. Alas! we were upon a wide heath,

* The motto to this book is *Cito, tutè, jucunde*.

and not one solitary imp appeared to help us. Here my uncle and I passed no very agreeable tete-a-tete from five till seven, in a dark cloudy evening, till the Calassero returned with two men and a cart-wheel, with which we contrived to go back two miles to the Venda de Silveyras, the most filthy and miserable hovel to which our ill-fortune has yet conducted us.

The country near Montemor is beautiful, with all variety of hill, and dale, and water. Here we saw enclosures and hedges, where the laurestina grew and blossomed luxuriantly. We crossed a stream on the road, so deep and so rapid that Joze desired us to pass by the stones at the fall.

Monday, Jan. 25.

At Venda de Silveyras as usual we met no blanket; and as they were likewise without sheets, we of course lay down in our cloaths. Never did I behold so horrible a woman as the hostess there; her face in its happiest moments expressed sullen and brutal ferocity; when roused into anger, which happened upon every slight

occasion (for evil tempers take fire like rotten wood) it was that of a fury or a fiend. When we asked what was to pay, this woman enumerated the articles to her husband, "they had pepper, she began—"they had salt—they had onions." Here we began our protest—"no onions." "They had pepper," said she again,— "they had salt—they had the room—they had beds :—" "Without sheets or blankets" we added, "and they had oil."

For the two last days we have been amused by seeing a countryman driving an obstinate horse in a carro de mato ; if the horse chose to stand still, all the driver's efforts could not make him advance ; he would rear, and plunge, and kick, and go back—any movement but the right one : This man we found at Ventas Silveyras, and leaving his horse with our carriage, we laid our baggage on the carro de mato, and proceeded with the mules on this new conveyance.

A carro de mato, is the shafts and wheels of a Portugueze chaise, when the body of the chaise

is taken off and the shafts connected by a netting which supports the load. In this agreeable conveyance we set out for Ventas Novas : we enquired the distance, and the man told us it was a *mouthful*, but as this mouthful was in the English phrase a good bit, we found the motion too hard to endure, and proceeded on foot through the wet. The way was through a wilderness of ever-green shrubs and aromatic herbs ; the myrtle grew in abundance. We were three hours advancing two leagues, for the rains have broken up the roads.

There is a royal palace at Ventas Novas, or hunting seat, new and well built, but in bad repair ; here, for the first time, I saw fences of aloes which grow to ten or twelve feet in height, and would be impregnable to the boldest fox-hunter. Here the Calassero chuses to pass the night on account of the weather ; for it rains heavily, and the old woman of the estalagem has promised him a fine day to-morrow because the cat's skin looks bright.

As we sat by the kitchen fire this evening, a Portugueze chose to entertain us by relating his history. "I was on board a ship when I was young" said he, "but I quarrelled with another boy; he struck me with a stick, and I stabbed him with a penknife, and ran away." The man related this with the most perfect coolness. A great black-bearded fellow made our beds here, the ugliest hound I ever saw by way of a chamber-maid.

Wednesday, 27.

We started very early yesterday. The country is flat and sandy, and well-wooded with pines. About a mile from Ventas Novas is a stone cross on a stone pedestal, with a long inscription; but as all inscriptions in these countries are perfect enigmas, I could only make out that several persons travelling from Lisbon had been murdered there, and the usual conclusion; "Passenger, for the love of God, pray for their souls." We dined at Venda de Pegoens, and proceeded five leagues farther to Aldea Gallega, which we entered in triumph on the carro mato, at five in the evening, with a hare hanging at the shafts,

an appendage that in your land of liberty might have procured a traveller lodgings at the county jail.

A little before we reached Aldea Gallega is the church of Nossa Senhora da Atalaya, where we passed a Romeria. When a foolish man or woman, or any one of their children is sick, the sick person, or the parent, makes a vow, in case of recovery, to return thanks to the Virgin, or whatever Saint has been *called in* upon the occasion, at some church, and the more distant the church, the more meritorious is the pilgrimage, or Romeria. All their neighbours who are bigotted or idle enough to accompany them join the procession, and they collect the rabble from every village that they pass; for the expences of the whole train are paid by the person who makes the vow. The one we passed consisted of eight covered carts full, and above an hundred men, women, and children, on horse-back, on mule-back, on ass-back, and on foot. Whenever they approached a town or village, they announced their arrival by letting off rock-

ets. Bag-pipes and drums preceded them, and men and women, half undressed, danced before them along the road. Most of the men were drunk, and many of the women had brought little infants upon this absurd and licentious expedition.

The image of our Lady of Atalaya was found on the top of a tree, which said tree from that time has distilled a balsam of miraculous medicinal powers. In September the negroes have a fete at this place which is continued for several days.

We were fortunate enough to procure a boat immediately ; and after a rough and unpleasant passage of two hours landed at Lisbon. I rejoiced at finding myself upon Terra Firma, and at five o'clock in the morning I was awakened by an earthquake !

LETTER XV.

Saturday, Jan. 30.

On my passage I was tossed about by the winds and waves, on the road I suffered much for want of fire, and I arrived at Lisbon just in time to hear the house crack over my head in an earthquake. This is the seventh shock that has been felt since the first of November. They had a smart shock on the 17th of this month, but the Connoisseurs in earthquakes * say, that this

* I transcribe the following note from the Divine Legation of Moses, because if the fact be true, (and it does not appear improbable,) it is possible to predict these convulsions of the earth, and of course their most fatal effects may be prevented.

“Pythagoras’s popular account of earthquakes was, that they were occasioned by a synod of Ghosts assembled under ground; but Jamblichus informs us that he sometimes predicted earthquakes by the taste of well-water.”

Pliny the Elder says, L. 2. C. 83. “Futuro terræmotu est in puteis turbidior aqua.” And Paul Dudley, Esq. in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 437. P. 72, speaking

last, though of shorter duration, was the most dangerous, for this was the perpendicular shake, whereas the other was the undulatory motion. One person whom I heard of leapt out of bed, and ran immediately to the stable to ride off. Another, more considerately, put out a light that was burning in his room, because, said he, the fire does more mischief than the earthquake.

As this shock happened ten days after the last, and precisely at the same hour, there is a man who has gone about prophesying a severer one at the same hour ten days hence. The fellow has been very properly imprisoned. Several families have left Lisbon, without considering

of an Earthquake in New England, says, "A neighbour of mine that has a well thirty-six feet deep, about three days before the earthquake, was surprized to find his water, that used to be very sweet and limpid, stink to that degree that they could make no use of it, nor scarce bear the house when it was brought in; and thinking some carrion was got into the well, he searched the bottom, but found it clear and good, though the colour of the water was turned wheyish, or pale. In about seven days after the earthquake, the water began to mend, and in three days more returned to its former sweetness and color.