

the king's garden, for at the time I saw it, it contained nothing remarkable. In the garden are a few shady walks, but nothing like space, variety, or arrangement. Near it stands a large unfinished palace, of the finest masonry, and built on a scale far more magnificent than any thing to be met with in England. I walked, however, through the long suit of lofty chambers with very little gratification, and felt that comfort was never likely to be an inmate there. This same comfort, the household god of the English gentleman, is unknown on the Continent, and never consents to dwell amid marble pillars, polished mirrors, and gilt furniture. The convent of White Friars at Belem is a noble Gothic building; its handsome and vaulted cloisters, beautiful garden, spacious galleries, and convenient chambers, all bespeak opulence. The grand entrance of its church is highly and curiously ornamented in sculptured stone. The decorations of the interior correspond most fully. The shrines, the high altar, the choir, the organ, are all rich, yet elegantly so. Four large sarcophagi of marble,



containing the ashes of buried royalty, are placed on either side of the church, not very distant from the high altar, and produce a fine and solemn effect. The good father who accompanied me, a venerable old man of seventy, had been nearly half a century a brother of the order, and an inmate of the convent. He had seen it, he told me, in the day of its glory, when it boasted a numerous and respected brotherhood. It was now, he said, losing members, property, and influence daily; he pointed out the stone to me under which he prayed to rest his bones, and told me he hoped that the blessing of death might not long be withheld. While he spoke to me, the tears trembled in his aged eyes, and I could not controul a strong expression of sympathy, which at the moment I sincerely felt. On reflection, however, reason and humanity bade me rejoice. Perhaps we owe, even to the armies of the ambitious Napoleon, one blessing. Ecclesiastical government, monastic pride, and the withering tyranny of the priesthood, have shrunk before them; and though I hear it



daily asserted, that the priests in the Peninsula again exercise their baleful influence over the liberty and the happiness of the people, still I am convinced that the authority of the church in Spain and Portugal has received a blow, from the effects of which it can never perfectly recover. The seeds of a new, and a better order of things have been sown, and though weeds may for a time obstruct their growth, that speculative and daring hand, which cleans the encumbered soil, will reap an abundant and a healthy harvest. At some distance from these walls was a small convent of Irish nuns: it is not very richly endowed, nor are the sisters many in number. I spoke with some of them, but cannot say that I felt half the interest I should wish to have deceived myself into feeling, at the grate of a nunnery.

One of the noviciates was certainly pretty; she asked me, with great innocence, if I did not admire Pope's Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard; said that she thought it beautiful; and that she was indebted to an English officer, who had kindly lent her a volume



of poetry, for the perusal of this poem and others. I left her, not without some emotion of pity, for I thought that the man who had lent her the book of which she spoke, ought at least to have accompanied it with a ladder of ropes, and a promise of assistance and protection. Some evenings I would take a boat and row about the harbour, in order to catch views of the city from different points ; others, I walked into Lisbon to look around me, or to make some trifling purchase, but not a day passed without enjoyment. I went frequently to the convent of the Estrella to hear the service. The church is most beautiful ; the building exquisitely finished ; and the interior chastely ornamented. A very elegant and well-proportioned dome, plain handsome altars, adorned with very tolerable paintings, the finest masonry, and a profusion of rich marble, call forth the admiration of all strangers. The service is always decently and solemnly performed, and the soft melodious voices of some of these nuns, as they chaunt the responses, or sing the anthem, touch the very soul. I often



returned from this service alone, and walked slowly back to the camp, by an unfrequented path-way, which passes exactly under the grand arch of the famous Lisbon aqueduct. This noble arch, the chief wonder, and beauty of this magnificent work, is 340 feet in height, by about 240 in breadth, or span. The sight of an aqueduct carries with it, to the mind of an Englishman, impressions altogether new. It is a work of utility and grandeur, of which he has read in ancient history, and in travels, but which he prides himself to consider the advancement of science has rendered in most cases useless, and he is therefore ill prepared to waste any admiration on such a work, especially where it is not hallowed by antiquity; but when such an arch, as that of which I speak, first meets his eye, he is struck with astonishment and awe; it appears as a proud monument of the power of man, a record of the prodigious labours which man, living in social and happy union with his fellow man, can effect.

I was very anxious, before we marched,



to visit Cintra, a spot celebrated by all travellers, and proverbial with the inhabitants of Lisbon, for its romantic beauty. Our party, consisting of six, having obtained leave for two days, left the encampment at four o'clock one morning, in three decent cabriolets, and after a slow, but pleasant drive of two hours, reached Caluz, a summer palace of the queen's, with a small town attached. The country through which we passed to Caluz presented nothing in its appearance remarkable, if I except some fields of Indian corn, and some hedges, formed by American aloes of prodigious size, and uncommon beauty. The prickly pear, a very hideous plant, was here and there scattered among them. At Caluz, we visited the palace; the building is not fine, and the apartments are neither magnificently or elegantly decorated; there are, indeed, some very handsome mirrors, but the furniture, in general, is in a tawdry and wretched taste. The garden well suits the character of the palace; it is laid out in a formal, quaint style, trees, hedges, and box, being tortured into every possible



variety of shape. Some clumsy statues, defaced busts, and ill-designed fountains, complete the picture.

We hastened back to our coffee, and, after breakfast, resuming our seats, arrived in less than three hours at Cintra. The scenery, as you approach this town, is truly enchanting. The rich and variegated wood, which clothes the side of the mountain rising above Cintra, the sunny brown, or rather the golden tinge of the mossy sward towards the crest of it, and the bare, grey, and rude-shaped rock, which crowns its lofty summit, form a picture, such as only the pencil of a master, or the pen of a poet, could attempt to sketch with fidelity. The town itself, though considerably elevated, lies far below the mountain, and all around is beauty, shade, and repose. The white and furrowed bark, and the fantastic form and growth of the pale cork tree, the low dark olive, the green leaf and golden fruit of the orange, the trellised vine, and the wild geranium, all here combine to deck the face of nature with charms, which to the eye of a northern visitor, have new and



irresistible attractions. We soon left our inn, and, mounted on asses, with two sprightly boys for our guides, set forth to visit the convent, which is built nearly at the top of the Cintra mountain. You lounge at your ease, in any posture, on a large pack-saddle, covered with green cloth, and it is really surprising to see with how much safety and activity these animals carry you up paths, rocky, uneven, and dangerously steep. A monk received us at the gate of the convent, and conducted us all over it; it is a very perfect, complete thing; but the site of it is, for singularity and boldness, unrivalled. It is secluded, utterly secluded, from the world; yet here the eye may range over the vast Atlantic, far as the strength of mortal vision permits, or may rest on lovely vales, and dark bosomed glens far beneath. The ear, too, may catch, on the one side, the hoarse voice of the rising storm; or may listen, on the other, to those pleasing and sweet sounds, which speak of rural occupations and of rural happiness.

If a man, at the age of fifty, stood alone



in the world, without wife, relative, or friend, to such a spot as this might he retire for life. When death carries off our little store of affection, by laying its icy hand on the hearts where that treasure was hoarded, whither can we go for comfort? The sad bosom, and the rayless eye, are ill calculated to inspire new loves, or attract new friendships. Oh! I can imagine many cases, where the calm of a retired monastery would afford consolation to the wounded spirit. Would that cloisters were only filled with such children of misfortune!

Not very distant from this convent, on another rude eminence, stands an ancient Moorish castle, remarkable for nothing but having contained Moors. I stood on it for a quarter of an hour, and my mind's eye peopled it with its turbaned defenders. I looked out at the noble scene around me; for them, too, had the ocean smiled, and their eyes had reposed on the verdant meads, and dark groves *now* spread below *me*. There is a pleasure in the association of ideas, and in the power of conjuring up, as it were, scenes and images around you,



which all men have felt, but which I should labour in vain to define; from it, however, arises much of the charm of travelling. He who could stand on the solitary field of Waterloo, without imagining to himself his gallant countrymen, and their fierce opponents; or who could pass the Rubicon, without seeing the cohorts of Cæsar, and their daring leader, should return to his parlour and his newspaper. In another part of this mountain, and not so lofty in its situation, is a convent, curiously built, among some wild and romantic rocks; the walls, doors, and furniture, are all of cork. Some poor humble Franciscans inhabit it; they have a pretty garden, and a small orangery; they presented us with fruit, were very courteous, and seemed thankful for the trifle we gave them. From hence we rode by a very agreeable path to the Quinta of Coulares, so highly celebrated for its delicious wine. The vale is most beautiful; in one part of it is a house, built some twenty years ago, by an English gentleman of large fortune. This mansion, surrounded as it is by every thing to make it a desirable



residence, is in a state of desolation and ruin. It had been fitted up by this wealthy man in a style of the most princely magnificence; but riches cannot forbid the intrusion of sorrow, discontent, sickness, or shame. Some one of these unbidden guests drove him from this voluptuous seat, and the winds and rains of heaven, as if to mock the vain scheme of human happiness, have nearly destroyed this costly temple of pleasure.

On our return to the inn at Cintra we found a comfortable dinner, cooked and served up in the plain English fashion; well-cooled wine of Coulares, which very greatly resembles claret, left the epicure nothing to desire; and fatigued, yet delighted with our day, we retired to excellent beds in clean, well-furnished chambers.

I rose early on the following morning, and visited the palace; it is a very ancient and curious building, and bears evident marks of having been erected on the site, and with the materials of some Moorish edifice.

All the rooms are floored with large flat



tiles of a red colour, ornamented with a sort of white figuring much defaced by time. In one of the apartments you are shewn a path, worn deep by the hurried and restless footsteps of a royal captive, who was confined here for fifteen years, nearly two centuries ago. During the whole period the wretched and despicable Alphonso bore the empty and valueless title of king, while the handsome, bold, and active Pedro, his younger brother, swayed the sceptre of his realms, and revelled in the charms of her, to whom a brother had been espoused. It has been generally reported, however, by historians, that Alphonso was a prince alike impotent in body and imbecile in mind. I hope, for the sake of humanity, that such was really the case; but in countries, where civil and religious liberty is denied to the subject, truth is often strangely distorted.

We are unwilling to leave Cintra without visiting the handsome villa of the Marquis of Marialva. I was much gratified with it; it is a superb residence, every way worthy of a noble master. One chamber struck me as remarkably elegant; the walls were



covered with the richest white satin, all the borders and the cornices of gold moulding, and the whole of the furniture white and gold, to correspond; there were also some fine slabs of white marble, of very extraordinary beauty.

Here, or in the adjoining chamber, the well-known convention of Cintra was signed. That it should ever have been rendered necessary, is the real, and only just cause of complaint. At the moment that it was signed, Sir Arthur Wellesley satisfactorily proved to the House of Commons, that it was a measure alike politic and expedient. I can, however, image to myself the countenance of Sir Arthur, when he saw himself arrested in the career of victory, by the arrival of a senior colleague. It has been reported, I know not with what truth, that the illustrious Wellington, after delivering his military opinion, on the field of Vimiera, from which the enemy was retiring defeated and discomfited, and after hearing the decision of Sir Harry Burrard, turned his horse's head, and with a cold and contemptuous bitterness, said aloud to his aide-de-



camp, " You may think about dinner, for there is nothing more for soldiers to do this day."

We returned to Lisbon by Beyras, a town celebrated for having given the title of count to the great Marquis de Pombal; and where the house, and gardens, long occupied by him, are still shewn. The house merits no description; yet it was impossible to walk through the silent, and deserted chambers, without awakening the liveliest recollections of this great man's political career. Here, from this retired closet, opening on that shady terrace, perhaps this wise statesman sent forth the famous decree, which drove out the intriguing Jesuits, and banished them from Portugal. Here did he digest those plans for the general improvement of every department of the state, which, had they been promoted by, or met with less resistance from, his successors, would have given to this small kingdom, a far more honourable rank among the nations of Europe, than she has ever enjoyed. This minister's presence of mind, firmness, and activity,



on that dreadful occasion when Lisbon was visited by the great earthquake, are well known. While the awful ruins of the city were yet tottering around him; while the shrieks of the wounded, the widowed, and the childless, pierced his ear; while the horrid grave of thousands was spread before him; he was seen every where encouraging and reassuring the people, calming their fears, and alleviating their distress, by all the measures which wisdom, energy, and humanity could suggest. This man, at the death of his royal master, was dismissed from office, and banished from court, and ended his days at the small village of Pombal, in the disregarded obscurity of private life.

As our carriages drove into the encampment, we were saluted by the joyful intelligence that the orders were come, and that we were to march for Spain in two days. The next day was full of the bustle of preparation: our heavy baggage had already been left in England, and we now received a fresh order to disencumber ourselves of every thing, not absolutely necessary. My



brother subaltern and I had a small baggage mule lightly laden, between us, and in this, the infancy of our zeal, we carried knapsacks; four of us formed a small social mess, and had the comfort of a canteen; but neither officers or men, at this period, had tents, and none except field officers and adjutants were mounted. One mule per company, with camp-kettles, the few baggage animals of the officers, and the train of the brigade commissariat, formed the whole of our incumbrance. On the morning of July 28, at an early hour, we struck and delivered over our tents; three days' provision was issued to the men, and at about seven, our brigade marched from its ground, to embark for Santarem, a town about forty miles up the Tagus, whither it was arranged we were to be conveyed by water. I shall never forget my sensations on marching through the streets of Lisbon; they were filled with people; the windows crowded with faces, wearing the kindest and most animated looks; loud, long, and continued *vivas*, were poured forth on every side; shawls, handkerchiefs, and hands were



waving from every balcony, and the women threw flowers and garlands on our heads. It was highly pleasing to observe this expression of public feeling on the part of the Portuguese, and I am persuaded, that, with few exceptions, the nation detested the idea of submitting to the yoke of France. That there were some of the higher classes, who, corrupted by education, blinded by fear, and unstimulated by interest or patriotism to resist the French armies, both expected their return, and wished them success, is not only probable, but certainly true. But these formed a very inconsiderable, and a very worthless part of the population. I did not form this opinion from the *vivas* of a crowd, gazing on our handsome and well-appointed troops, but from all which I had observed since I landed.

From the quay of the Commercial Square our men sprung into the boats, and our little fleet was soon sailing up the river, under a favourable breeze. It must have been a beautiful sight, for those on the quays and along the banks, to mark our fair array. The polished arms, the glittering cap-plates,