

Without poor laws, or poor rates, without workhouses, or any parish institutions, these beggars are, of necessity, exposed to public view, and supported in the eye of day. The numbers of those who subsist on public charity in Portugal, as compared even with our own country, would not be found so great as we might at first imagine; and, indeed, in their mild climate, and with their peculiar habits, these unfortunate paupers might, after all, gain little in real happiness, by the introduction of poor houses and parish officers.

We entered the church of San Roque just as the consecrated wafer was held up to view. The low bending posture of a vast congregation, all of whom were on their knees, and most of whom beat their breasts fervently with their hands, quite startled me, and I bent my head, with mingled feelings of reverence and shame. These, however, were soon dispelled; for when this crowd rose to depart, I could see no trace on their features of serious impression; they all entered into conversation with vivacity and eagerness, and the ladies threw their

brilliant eyes around them, with all the consciousness of their power. Many of the ladies were followed by black female servants, and some by superior attendants of a certain age, who had all the appearance of, and were, I believe, duennas.

When the church was cleared, we walked slowly round it. It was spacious and handsome: the shrines were rich, but not so overloaded with gilding as many I afterwards saw. The decorations of the high altar were not remarkable; but a finely executed mosaic, over one of the side altars, representing the baptism of our Saviour by St. John, was at once a most curious and beautiful specimen of art. I have never seen any mosaic work since, half so delicate, or, indeed, at all to be compared with it.

At a large fountain in this neighbourhood we stopped for a moment, to view the patient and industrious Gallegos, who, provided with small wooden barrels, supply all the citizens with water, at a trifling cost. These men are natives of the distant province of Galicia, in Spain; they pass the best of their days in this city, and in this

humble occupation ; and return with their small savings to repose in the country which gave them birth, when, through age or infirmity, they are no longer able to work. There are, also, many Gallicians in Lisbon, who act as porters and servants, and they bear a very high character for honesty and fidelity.

In the course of our walk we visited all the best parts of the city. The Rocio, or square of the Inquisition, is a fine spacious place ; and near the palace of that tribunal, the destructive influence of which, I learned with pleasure, had been very greatly repressed, a large detachment of the police guards, both horse and foot, were parading : their costume, appointments, and, in fact, their whole appearance was soldier-like and imposing. While attentively observing them, I was not a little surprised to see the cavalry dismount, the infantry present arms, and then the whole, on one knee, with their heads bare, join as in an act of devotion. On turning round, I perceived the procession of the host passing across the square, and all the multitude that filled it was kneeling, motionless, and uncovered.

Not far from hence, in an open space near the gardens of the Salitre, a fair or market for the sale of horses is often held. The contrast between this scene and a horse-fair in England is great indeed: the small size, long tails, and flowing manes of the Portuguese horses; their paces, either a slow prancing amble, or a high short gallop; and the clumsiness and singularity of their horse furniture and saddlery;—strike an Englishman at first very forcibly. The collars of their mules are of worsted, of the most curious patterns, of all colours, and generally ornamented with bells. The head-stalls and reins of their riding-horses are all studded with brass ornaments, and the saddles are heavy wooden frames, covered with buff leather, soft, and padded, and having on the pommel and cant two high projections, so contrived as to wedge in the rider. Their stirrup is the large wooden one, covering the foot, and the very same which was used four centuries ago.* From the horse-fair we passed into the gar-

* The Portuguese gentlemen have, however, latterly

den of the Salitre: it is small, but affords a cool and shady promenade. Returning by the Rocio, we walked to the Commercial square, which is truly handsome, and very regularly built. One front of it is open to the river, and large and convenient flights of stone steps descend to the very edge of the water. A lofty piazza runs round two sides of it, and here the merchants meet to learn the news of the day, and transact the business of the exchange. In the centre is a fine equestrian statue of John the Great, in bronze. Three very well-built, uniform streets, communicate between this square and that of the Inquisition: one wholly filled with the shops of gold jewellers and lapidaries, another by silversmiths, and a third by cloth-merchants and embroiderers. The shops are small, and the windows have a singular appearance, looking like square glass cases, detached and placed outside for show. The accommodations in the houses above these shops are excellent, each fa-

adopted the saddles of English form, and in many things now imitate the English closely.

mily here, as in Paris, occupying a separate floor.

I purchased some trinkets in Gold Street cheap, and very elegant. Their chain-work is delicate, and their crosses have a character, both as to form and setting, very peculiar, and I think tasteful. We next visited the castle, and the convent of St. Vincent. The former is certainly not remarkable for any thing but its site; and the soldiers on duty had nothing martial in their carriage and appearance. I have always a mingled and undefined feeling of pride and humiliation, when I reflect on what discipline can do towards the formation of an army; I say humiliation, because the well-organised bands of a despot can, by skilful dispositions and unity of effort, always defeat numbers vastly superior, of men, animated, perhaps, by the purest patriotism that ever warmed or ennobled the heart, but unassisted by a practical acquaintance with war. I feel proud, however, to think, that by the discipline we gave, to second the courage they never wanted, the Portuguese were enabled to repel their un-

principled invaders ; and, by the side of our own gallant troops, to carry the white standard of their country into the fertile region of southern France.

At the convent of St. Vincent we were received with the most flattering politeness. The good fathers presented us with fruit and wine, and showed us the building, with an eagerness, perhaps, not wholly free from pride. Their apartments, though very plainly furnished, were exceedingly comfortable ; and all of them opened into a long spacious gallery, at the extremity of which a large window commanded a view of that ever-varying and ever-beautiful scene, the harbour of Lisbon. Their church was splendidly adorned : the holy vessels, for the service of the altar, rich and sumptuous ; the organ fine, but singular in its construction, the pipes being arranged horizontally. The vestments for the use of the officiating priests were truly magnificent. They had a small garden, well laid out, and prettily embellished with fountains and busts. Most of the monks here are well born, and educated with some care. They spoke highly

of our nation, and of the late successes of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) in the north of Portugal, and they asked many intelligent questions about the army.

We departed, pleased with our cordial reception, and not a little surprised at the comfort in which these holy brethren lived. This was the first convent I had ever seen ; nor could I find it in my heart to apply to its inmates the contemptuous epithets with which they are too often branded. While I regret that any government, or religion, should condemn so many of its members to a life of cheerless celibacy and useless devotion, I am far from despising, or even blaming, the unhappy victims of ecclesiastical policy and pride : for, believe me, the discipline of the wealthiest orders is sufficiently austere to shut out all those enjoyments of life which are so generally and so highly prized ; and there are few, if any of us, who rail at monks, who could consent, even from a sense of duty, to lead the insipid and wearisome lives of those unhappy men.

On our way back to the Largo de San

Paulo, where we dined, I entered many of their churches, but there was in general little to admire. The decorations were in a tawdry and offensive taste ; and a profusion of badly-executed carved work, gilt and painted, quite fatigued the eye. One custom of this, and I believe, all Catholic countries, delighted me : at all hours the gates of the churches stand open, and in them, at all hours, may be seen some individuals pouring forth their hearts in prayer at the shrines of their respective saints. In the hour of affliction, distress, or terror, hither they come ; and here, protected and assisted by the holiness and solemnity of the place, they repose their sorrows and their fears in the bosom of their God, and invoke his mercy and forgiveness. How many a prostrate penitent have I seen, too much absorbed in his devotions to cast one hasty glance of curiosity around him, disturbed as he must have been by my approach ! Oh ! there are, I believe, moments in the life of every man, when to fly to a consecrated temple, and to throw himself at the foot of the altar, unsummoned by any bell for

prayers, but urged solely by the tone of his mind, and the overflowing of his heart, must be felt as a pure and a holy pleasure. Occupied in such reflections, I walked slowly behind my companions, when suddenly raising my eyes, they had disappeared. Several persons, with ready and natural politeness, by voice and gesture, directed me, and I followed them through the gates of the arsenal. Here we remained a very short time; for to the eyes of Englishmen, although the building was fine, the docks and yard appeared rather those of a private ship-builder, than the grand naval depôt of a nation. Yet it was impossible to forget, that this nation had equipped and sent forth the vessel which bore the enterprising Vasco de Gama, and that her mariners were the first who found and followed that path over the trackless ocean to India, which has since been ploughed by so many keels, freighted with European avarice and ambition.

At our dinner, which was served at an hotel kept by a Frenchman, I found some of our party had been very differently im-

pressed with the morning's ramble to what I had been. They drew comparisons between London and Lisbon exultingly, without reflecting that it was impossible to do this fairly. Where I had been struck by the fine appearance of some public building, or private palace, they had only seen the heaps of dirt lying near the portals; — where I had gazed, with pleasure, on some diversified groups of market peasantry, in their national costume, they had discovered a squalid beggar mingling in the crowd; — while I had seen some expressive face, lean over a balcony, on one side of the street, and had inhaled the perfume of some rich and powerful exotics, they, on the other, had encountered a fishwoman frying Sardinias at her stall, or been saluted by some unfortunate puff of air, impregnated with garlic: — with such different eyes do men look upon the same scenes.* After con-

* In the Preface to a late work on Lisbon, in two small volumes, by a lady, I find these few pages of mine noticed in such a manner, that the reproach of the disappointed traveller, although conveyed in language,

triving to make a very excellent meal, in spite of the clamours of my companions at

and with a turn of compliment the most flattering, is sufficiently apparent. It is now fifteen years since I first visited the city of Lisbon; twelve since I last looked upon it; eight since I penned this short, and hurried description—a recollection indeed—a *mere* recollection, but a faithful picture of what I should expect to see again, if I sailed for the Tagus to-morrow.

True it is, there are many things in Lisbon

“ unsightly to strange ee,
(For hut and palace show 'like filthily,
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;”)

but after all it is a city,

“ that sheening far, celestial seems to be.”

I am sure that I should approach, and gaze upon it to-morrow, with an admiration very little chilled or weakened by long years of travel, or by the fixedly impressed aspect of many scenes of a different, and (I admit in some few instances) of a superior beauty; but I cannot, will not plead guilty to the clothing of “really disgusting realities in the garb of enchantment;” had I the ability to perform this miracle, I should be wanting in inclination. Alas! the realities this lady speaks of, are of a nature rather to humiliate, and depress. The dirty shirt, the uncombed hair, the scratching search, the ashheap, the offal, the ordure and the puddle, and

the style of the cookery, and the manner of serving up the dinner, I went with one of them to the theatre, in the Rua das Condes.

the open shameless sacrifice to Clóacina; these things are found in Naples, in Rome, in Venice, aye, and in the corners of all cities, where there is much want, and no hope. Indolence is the besetting sin of all southern nations; dirt is the offspring of indolence; despotic princes and lazy priests are most encouraging godfathers of the ragged bantling. I must be pardoned for smiling at the notion, that the officers of Wellington's army, who were literally, in many instances, domesticated among the people (of all classes) had unfavourable opportunities for observing on the manners and customs of the Portuguese nation compared to this amiable and animated lady, whose seclusion and confinement in a city so very unsocial, we quite mourn over as we read of it. As to Mr. Matthews, if he had opened his moral eye a little wider in Lisbon, during his three weeks sojourn, his numerous and admiring readers would have thanked him. In the very few remarks he has offered on the state of society there, he has fallen into one or two most unaccountable errors. I must also observe, that the taste of that sensible and well-informed gentleman is not easily warmed into admiration. See his Remarks on the Genius and Merits of Michael Angelo, and his cold Promenade through the noble Collection of Statues in the Museo Borbonico at Naples.

The action of the performers, though vulgar, was sufficiently expressive to give me an insight into the comedy they represented; the subject of it was very droll, and not unlike our "Beggar's Opera." To the play succeeded a tolerable ballet: a Madame Brunet, a handsome woman, and a graceful dancer, formed the chief attraction of it. There was also a grotesque, or comic dance, executed by four clumsy-looking men, whose activity was nevertheless truly surprising, and very loudly applauded by the spectators. The form of this house is ugly and ill-contrived, being narrow and long; and the stage too, though sufficiently deep, has no width. The sound of the Portuguese language is very displeasing to foreigners, from the nasal tone. The instrumental music, however, in their orchestra, is excellent. Here, as in other parts of the continent, ladies do not dress for the theatre. I saw some very pretty women, who seemed, by the way, infinitely more diverted with watching the effects of the representation on us Englishmen, than the performance itself. The Portuguese have

often been described by travellers as being very negligent about their persons, and very dirty in their dress and appearance. I confess I did not find them so; on the contrary; I had occasion to remark, that all the middling and upper classes of society were very particular, both as to the fineness and whiteness of their linen. The middle-sized plump form, black, bright, and expressive eyes, and regular teeth of a dazzling whiteness, are the peculiar characteristics of the beauty of a Portuguese female, and constitute here, as they would any where else, a very pretty woman. Neither is the stature of the men in Lisbon, though certainly lower than that of Englishmen, so diminutive as it has been often, and very falsely, represented. My friend and I parted at the door of the theatre, and after taking an ice at the Grotto, a very excellent coffee-room in the Largo de San Paulo, much frequented by English and Americans, I threw myself into one of the small boats constantly plying here, and protected by an awning from the heavy dew, was rowed swiftly to a landing-place

below Alcantara, and not very distant from our camp. It was past the hour of midnight when I left Lisbon, and the most perfect stillness reigned in the crowded harbour, save here and there at intervals the bells striking the hour, or the hoarse voice of some seamen challenging the passing boat, whose gently plashing oars were faintly heard.

There is something inexpressibly soothing in the sensations we experience at such an hour, and in such a scene. Its effect on me was too delightful to be ever forgotten. In passing very near the garden of a handsome residence, in which lights were yet burning, my ear caught the sound of music. I bade my boatmen rest upon their oars, and distinctly heard a very beautiful air, sung by a sweet female voice, and accompanied by the guitar.

I thought of England for one short moment with a sigh, and with all that heaviness of heart which a youth alone can feel, and which youthful spirits alone can conquer. The rapidly following challenges of the British sentinels first awoke me from the

reverie into which this invisible syren had thrown me, and hurrying to my tent, alike pleased with my day, and exhausted by fatigue, I threw myself, dressed as I was, upon my bed of heath, and slept profoundly. The whole of the next day I was confined by duty to the lines of the encampment; I found my Portuguese grammar the best company possible. The first principles of grammar are every where the same, and as Latin is the ground-work of both the languages spoken in the Peninsula, I found my studies rather amusing than laborious. I suffered no peasant, muleteer, or fruit-woman to pass the door of my tent unquestioned, and by paying very particular attention to their manner and tone, I was soon enabled to make my own wants and enquiries intelligible, and to comprehend their replies. Charles the Fifth has wisely observed, the more languages a man can speak, the more frequently does he feel himself a man; a remark founded on a close observation of human nature. The pride of a man of any intellect receives a severe wound, when he

is first thrown into a circle of foreigners, whose conversation he cannot understand. His very features lose their ordinary intelligence, and, like a deaf man in a crowded and brilliant assembly, he wears the eager look of restless and mortified anxiety, or the more painful gaze of cheerless and vacant stupidity. To a military man, some acquaintance with the language of the country, which is the theatre of war, is almost indispensable, and a more intimate knowledge of it, if it does not prove, as it often has done, an introduction to notice, and a ready and creditable channel to professional distinction, will be a constant source of satisfaction, pleasure, and advantage. Though daily expecting a route, our column remained nearly a month in this camp. Between visits to Lisbon and Belem, and daily walks in the neighbourhood, the whole of this time to me passed very delightfully.

I regretted, in common with others, the arrangement which delayed us at Lisbon, while we panted to be marching in advance; but to consume time uselessly by thinking

and talking of what I had not the power to remedy, was never in my nature. Besides, there was too much variety and novelty all around me, for any feeling of tedium and discontent to dwell long in my bosom. To-day I would indulge in the unaccustomed pleasure of wandering in a spacious orange-grove, or seated by some garden fountain, under the shade of a luxuriant fig-tree, learn my self-prescribed lesson in Portuguese, while some smiling labourer would place the choicest fruit at my feet, resisting any attempt of mine to reward him, with such sayings as, "They are my master's; he is hospitable and generous." "God gives enough for all." "You are the brave English, our allies: if you were not here to fight for us, stranger hands might reap our corn, and spoil our vineyards." Another morning I would go and explore what I had left unseen. At Belem there is a Royal Museum, small indeed, but well selected. It is indebted for its principal curiosities to South America and India.

There is, or rather was, a menagerie in