

bages, turnips, cauliflowers, &c. with various medicinal and aromatic herbs and flowers. The quadrupeds are the same as in England. The birds are, cocks and hens, pigeons, geese and turkies. These last are called *Perù* in Portuguese, as the birds were originally imported from the country of the same name. The fish are salmon, soles, tench, lampreys, *dorados*, tunny, mullet, john dorie, *sardinhas*, sturgeon, trout, barbel, whiting, roach, congers, eels, carp, lobsters, oysters, and a great variety of other sorts.

There are some few iron mines in this kingdom. It is said that in 1528, a silver mine was discovered near Bragança, but it was never worked. The ancients celebrated the golden sands of the Tagus; and the Portuguese affirm, that king John III. had a sceptre made of the gold found in that river: Duarte Nunez, in his Description of Portugal, says, that this sceptre is yet preserved in the royal treasury. Several copper-mines were likewise discovered in the last century, but I could never hear of any being worked at present. Some magnets are found near Cintra: amber is sometimes met with on the coast, near Setubal. Turquoises, amethysts, hyacinths, crystals, talc, and mercury are also produced in Portugal. Here are many stone and marble quarries; and the fabric of salt is very considerable.

The Tagus is navigable but a little way above Lisbon, occasioned by its running between inaccessible rocks, and its current is broke by many rapid cataracts. A company of Dutchmen,

men, in the reign of Charles II. offered to trace roads over the rocks, and to make dikes and sluices which would facilitate the passage of boats from Lisbon quite to Madrid, as they proposed to render the river Mançanarès, which empties itself into the Tagus, also navigable. They required the revenue which was to amount from the taxes to be levied on goods thus conveyed by water. Several councils were accordingly called in Madrid and Lisbon : the conclusion of their deliberations (according to Colmenares) was this :

“ If God had been willing to have those two rivers navigable,  
 “ he did not want the assistance of men to render them so, be-  
 “ cause he was able to produce that great effect by a single *fiat*.  
 “ Now, as he has not done it, it follows, that he did not think  
 “ proper to do it, so that it would be contradicting his provi-  
 “ dence to endeavour to rectify what he appears to have left im-  
 “ perfect, for reasons known to himself.”

Thus vanished this useful project in consequence of this philosophical determination.

A similar method of reasoning seems to be used by the Minorquins ; who, as Mr. Armstrong writes, “ never prune a tree  
 “ (the vine excepted), thinking it irreligious in some degree to  
 “ presume to direct its growth ; and if you express your won-  
 “ der that they forbear this useful practice, and inform them of  
 “ the advantages that attend it in other countries, their  
 “ answer

“ answer is ever ready, *God knows best how a tree should grow.*”

Tobacco is not allowed to be cultivated in any part of Portugal or Spain under pain of death. All kinds of it, as well as snuffs, excepting those which come from the Brasils, are strictly prohibited. The tobacco is of two sorts, the one in dry leaves, the price is 4 s. 6 d. or 800 reis per pound; the other rolled up in pieces of an inch thick, and five or six inches long. This sort is very black, wet, and stinking, and sells at about half the price of the other sort. The snuff is of the fine dust, known in England by the names of Spanish and Brasil snuffs: these are sold only at the royal tobacco office. Since my departure from Lisbon, I am informed that there is a royal fabric for *rappé* erected.

Saint Anthony of Padua was formerly the generalissimo of the Portuguese army; his appointments were three hundred thousand reis, or £ 84. 7 s. 6 d. per annum; but lately the Count de la Lippe supplied the saint's place, and a year ago, as the count is retired to his estate in Germany, a Scotch gentleman of the name of Maclean, was appointed general in chief and governor of Lisbon. This gentleman, who has been in the Portuguese service since the year 1763, was formerly governor of Almeida, and of the whole province of Beira, and is in every respect worthy of the high dignity to which he is raised. The British officers here have the same pay as in the English service, which is double that of the Portuguese.

I paid

I paid a visit one evening to the English nunnery of St. Bridget, in Lisbon, and found the ladies, who were at that time twenty-two in number, very *chatty* and entertaining. The reader will please to observe that the grate was between them and me. There is another English nunnery at Bellem near Lisbon, which I did not visit.

The windmills in this kingdom, as well as those of Spain, are about seven feet in height, and of a very simple construction. The mill-stone lies horizontally, and the sails almost touch the ground. An excellent convenience for Don Quixote, who would have found it a difficult matter to have encountered a Dutch windmill, the sails of which are sometimes forty or fifty feet above the ground.

The ladies here ride on *burros*, or jack-asses, with a pack-saddle. A servant attends them with a sharp flick, to make the beast go faster when necessary: if it goes too fast, he stops it by pulling it by the tail. Gentlemen ride on horses, servants on mules, as likewise do those physicians who have no carriages.

There was a wooden theatre, or circus, erected for the bull-fights when I was at Lisbon, but as I did not see any there, I shall defer the account of them till I describe those which I saw in Spain. I was informed that here they place wooden knobs on the horns of the bulls on those occasions.

In

In one of the suburbs of Lisbon is a convent, over the door of which the arms of England and Portugal are hewn in stone, party per pale, the lion and unicorn for supporters, with the royal crown on the top. I could get no information on what occasion this ornament was placed there.

A new public walk is now planting at Lisbon; at one end is a fine prospect of the gallows, and at the other end is the *hôtél* of the inquisition. I am happy in informing my readers that the power of this infernal tribunal is very much diminished, and that no person has suffered death on a religious account during these last fourteen years, either in this kingdom or that of Spain, *autos da fé* being quite abolished, though the inquisition may possibly be yet used as a state-trap, in order to squeeze some of the over-rich.

The dress of the men, among the common people, is a large cloak and flouched hat; under the cloak they commonly wear a dagger, though that treacherous weapon is prohibited: the blades of some of these will strike through a crown piece. The women wear no caps, but tie a kind of net-work silk purse over their hair, with a long tassel behind, and a ribbon tied in a bow-knot over their forehead. This head-dress they call *redescilla*, and it is worn indiscriminately by both sexes. The London caricatures of *Macaroni* hair-clubs are not at all exaggerated when applied to the Portuguese. The gentry dress entirely in the French fashion.

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The ladies wear very large and heavy pendants in their ears : the sleeves of their gowns are wide enough to admit their waist, which, however, seldom exceeds a span in diameter.

Large nose-gays are much in fashion with the fair sex among the Portuguese. A very erroneous notion concerning them and the Spanish ladies prevails in England : we are apt to imagine that they are inclined to gravity and reserve ; whereas, in reality, one ought to adopt Voltaire's opinion of the ladies of the southern countries. He says, those of the northern climates have milk in their veins, whereas these have quicksilver in theirs. By this expression mercury, in a medical light, is not to be understood, but that they are as volatile as that mineral. I never met with women more lively in any part of Europe ; they are perpetually dancing, singing, laughing, and talking, and are sprightly and vivacious in the highest degree.

*Cortejos* here are synonymous with the Italian *Cicisbei*, but I do not mean to assert that *all* their ladies have such attendants ; and to the honour of the British factory be it said, the conduct of the ladies who belong to it, has exempted them from any censure on that account.

Towards the latter end of January I had determined to set out for Oporto, but I deferred my journey a few days, in order to be present at a singular execution, which was that of a man to be burnt alive. He was condemned for stealing the plate and vestments.

ments out of a church, and afterwards firing it, to conceal the theft. He had been a year in prison, and was dragged from thence to the church he had burnt, tied by the legs to the tails of two horses; but the friars of the *Misericordia* had placed him on an ox's hide, so that he did not suffer much. Before the church was fixed a stake with a seat, on a scaffold elevated about six feet, under which faggots, torches, pitch-barrels, and other combustible materials were placed. The scaffold was environed by a regiment of cavalry, behind which stood most of the monks of Lisbon, who had joined in the procession. He was fastened to the stake at half an hour past five, and fire was immediately put underneath the scaffold. In five-and-twenty minutes all was reduced to ashes. The rope which tied his neck to the stake was soon burnt, and then his body fell into the fire. He was probably stifled with the smoke before the flames reached him; the fire afterward penetrated between his ribs, which were shortly consumed. This spectacle was very tremendous and awful. It was dark before the fire was put to the scaffold. Each of the cavalry had a torch in his hand; and the multitude of spectators was innumerable.

The months of November and December are usually rainy in this country, when travelling is impracticable, because the waters gather together in the valleys to such a depth, that they cannot be forded. After the rains have subsided, it is necessary to wait about a month till the waters are retired to their proper channels. Sometimes these heavy rains, which



“ Unbroken floods, and solid torrents pour,”  
last till February, after which there hardly falls a drop for five  
or six months.

About four leagues from Lisbon is situated the convent of Odivelas, where it is said that three hundred beautiful nuns formed a seraglio for the late king; had each one or more lovers, and were the most attracting mistresses of the Portuguese nobility. At present but a very few of these nuns are living, and they are become old and ugly; so that this convent is no longer a scene of debauchery. A French author speaking of it, says, “ I was assured that the famous *Portuguese Letters*, of which we have a French translation, came out of this tender, gallant, and voluptuous monastery. That these letters which breathe the most ardent and most generous love, which paint it with all its shades, in all its details, wherein are found its storms, its inquietudes, its returns, its momentary resolves, the delicacy of its apprehensions, and the heroism of its sacrifices, were really written by an impassioned nun, and an unfaithful lover.”

I bought here several work-bags made in the Brasils, of the fibres of aloë leaves. They cost about a crown a-piece; and when soiled are cleaned by washing them in lemon juice and water. Laces, gloves, reins for horses, &c. are likewise made of the same materials.

Their majesties go a hunting every day, especially after wolves and wild boars. The queen is very courageous on horseback;



and, as I was informed, rides in boots and leather-breeches, and is moreover extremely expert at her gun.

I now began to prepare for my departure; first applying to Mr. Walpole for a passport, which he gave me written in French, and was so obliging as to procure another for me from the Spanish ambassador. This last was the only one that ever was of any service; for, by shewing it (as it was written in Spanish) to the searchers of baggage, at the gates of the cities in Spain, and giving them the value of a shilling or two, the cloaths, &c. remained untouched. The trunks, however, were always opened for form sake.

I purchased a Portuguese pass from the governor of the ward in which I lived in Lisbon. These passes specified my name, the number of servants, mules, and horses, and likewise that I had leave to carry pistols, and other fire-arms.

I then hired a chaise drawn by a pair of mules, and agreed with the driver that he should drag me to Oporto in nine days, and likewise furnish a saddle-horse for my English servant. It was also agreed, that I should pay for his maintenance, and that of the owner of the horse who accompanied us on foot, but not for that of the beasts. I chose to go by way of Alcobaca and Batalha, which is not the direct road. The distance from Lisbon to Oporto, on this road, is about two hundred and eighty English miles.

I likewise:

I likewise hired Jean Baptiste Pecquêt, the same servant who had, in 1760, travelled with Mr. Barette. He was to serve as purveyor and cook. The whole travelling expence was, for myself, two servants, the mule-driver, the horse-driver, two mules and a horse, about three pounds sterling per day.

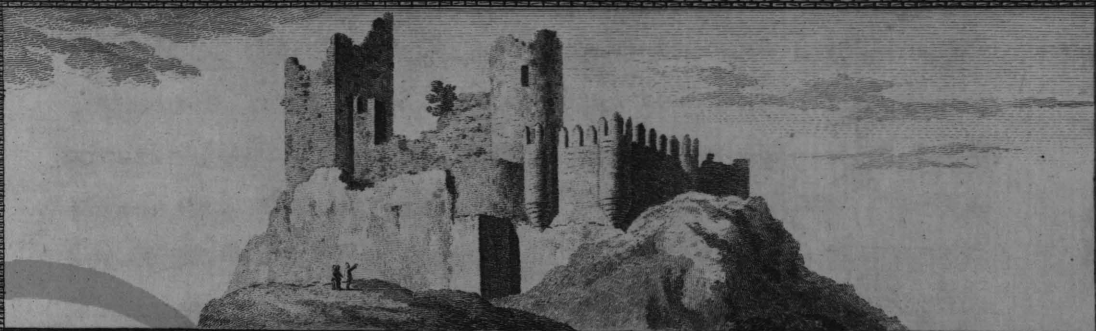
I moreover purchased a pair of blankets and sheets, knives, forks, spoons, drinking-glasses, candlesticks, snuffers, wax-candles, a pepper and salt box, a gun, a pair of pistols, powder, shot, and bullets.

Thus equipped, I set out from Lisbon, on the 30th of January, at eight in the morning; at eleven we crossed a small branch of the Tagus in a ferry-boat, and at two we stopped to bait at Alverca, which is four leagues from Lisbon; and after resting there three hours, we proceeded four leagues farther to Castanhera, passing through Villafranca, and leaving the Tagus to the right. This road lies chiefly through olive grounds, bordered with aloës. Having wrapped myself in a large cloak, I passed the night on a mattress of straw placed on the ground, laying a sheet over it. The muleteer slept in the stable near his beasts.

January 31. This morning, after four hours journey, we dined at Otta, the road to which lies over a sandy heath, producing many *prickly pears*. Four hours more brought us to Tagarro, where we found nothing to eat but a few eggs. We passed



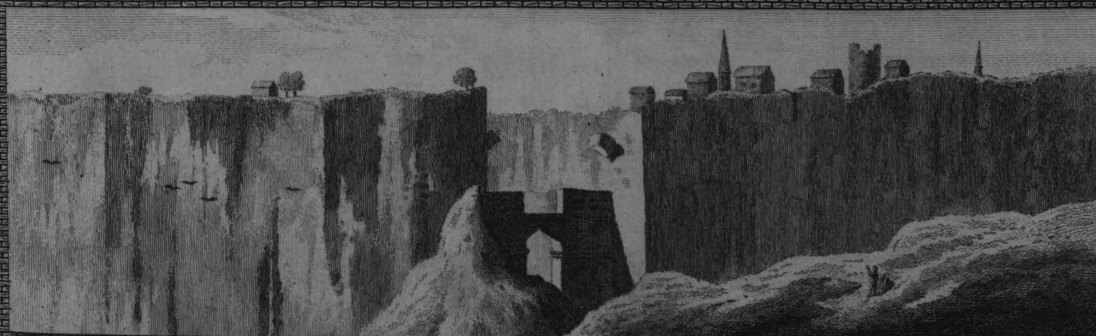
ALCOBACA.



ALMANZA.



SAX.



RONDA.

*M. Schöcker Delin. et Sculpit.*

*Pub. Jan. 30. 1775.*

passed the night here, and in the morning breakfasted on hot wine, boiled with sugar and a dozen yolks of eggs. This food is very nourishing, and I continued to use it till the hot weather came on.

February 1. This morning Baptiste bought half a dozen live fowls, which he killed immediately, and stripped off the feathers in the chaise. We proceeded for five hours till we came to a *venta* \*. The weather was excessively cold and windy. Five hours more brought us to Alcobaça. The roads were so bad, that the chaise was supported by a man on each side, though we had alighted, and walked most part of the way. The mules go at the rate of three and a half, or four English miles an hour, so that one may walk till tired, and then get into the chaise again. I amused myself daily with my gun, though there is very little game near the roads. On a hill near this village, is an old Moorish castle, now ruined, built of large rough stones, with very thick mortar, a view of which is given in one of the plates in this work.

\* A *venta* is a lone house, established by public authority, for the convenience of travellers. These hovels are frequently situated at the distance of eighteen or twenty miles not only from each other, but from any other houses. In them the prices of the accommodations are regulated monthly by government. The landlord is obliged to fix the paper with the taxation in some conspicuous part of his house; accordingly, he pastes it on the highest part of the roof, so that it cannot be read without the assistance of a telescope.

Feb. 2. I here visited the royal convent, delivering a letter to the superior, which I had brought from Lisbon. This convent is of the order of St. Bernard, and was founded in 1151, by Don Alfonso Henriques, king of Portugal. The front consists of the church, which is situated in the middle of the convent. The latter has eighteen windows on each side, and is two stories in height. A noble flight of steps leads up to the church, which is two hundred and thirty-eight feet in length. The roof is supported by twenty-six marble pillars. Here is a fine organ; with one hundred and seventy-three horizontal pipes: two sepulchres of marble, with bas-reliefs, contain the bodies of Don Pedro I. and his queen; Sancho I. and Alfonso II. and III. are likewise buried here. Behind the great altar are eight small chapels. Here are at present one hundred and thirty monks, who are all noblemen, and have each a servant, which, with the cooks and gardeners, amount to above three hundred persons to be maintained; so that it is not to be wondered at that it is as difficult to procure an egg or an onion for many miles round, as it would be if one travelled by land from Peterburgh to Peking; for this great gulph swallows up every thing.

The revenue of this convent amounts to 180,000 crusados per annum, or £. 24,375. Round the cornice of a large hall are the statues of twenty of the kings of Portugal as large as the life, made of plaister, and painted with the natural colours: and there is room for six more. In the garden of the cloister are four very large orange trees, with lemons grafted in them. The sacristy was

was thrown down by the great earthquake, but is now rebuilt. I was here shewn a golden chalice, very curiously carved and inlaid with precious stones; and in the library I saw *Baskerville's Virgil*, and *Foulis's Homer*, both which books were presented by *George Pitt*, esq.

The kitchen is very large, and all tiled: the chimney stands in the center, the funnel of which is thirty-four feet long and thirteen feet broad, and is supported by eight iron pillars. Under this funnel are a great number of caldrons of different sizes. A small rivulet is made to run through this kitchen, the convenience of which need not be pointed out: and seven cooks are constantly employed.

The rabbit-warren is adjacent to the kitchen, and is a very singular one. It is a large area, paved with square marble slabs, and walled in; several rows of low sheds are built, in parallel lines, from one end to the other; and under these are placed five thousand earthen pots, with lids, and furnished with straw, having a hole in one side to admit the conies, which consequently are all tame. At one end of the area is an inclosure to separate the young from the bucks occasionally. They are readily caught by the hand, on lifting off the lid of the pot.

Adjoining to the warren, stands the pigeon-house, which is circular. A round column supports the roof; the inside is full of earthen pots, in which the pigeons build their nests.

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There are twenty-four rows of these pots, one hundred and twenty in each row; and round the column, in the middle, are likewise twenty-four rows, each containing twenty-four pots: the total number of which is three thousand four hundred and fifty-six.

Behind the convent are the gardens, which produce all kinds of fruits and kitchen stuff: and round these are olive and vineyards, and groves,

“ Where the lemon and the piercing lime,  
 “ With the deep orange, glowing thro’ the green,  
 “ Their lighter glories blend.”

THOMSON’S SUMMER.

The vaults under the convent are very large, and filled with various kinds of wines: and in their stables are several hundreds of mules, for these worthy fathers to take the diversion of riding. I dined and supped with about twenty of the superior friars, in a private room; the others all dined in the refectory; and in the evening the bottle went as briskly about as ever I saw it do in *Scotland*; so that with the aid of some musical instruments, we spent a very agreeable day. Soon after midnight I retired to my inn, though much pressed to take a bed in the convent. If I had accepted it, I should probably have passed a week with these jovial companions, from whom I parted with great regret, but shall always retain a grateful sense of their unaffected politeness and frankness. This convent is the most magnificent

nificent and the richest I know; and its inhabitants compose the most agreeable body of ecclesiastics I ever had the pleasure of being acquainted with.

Feb. 3. Early in the morning I set out for Batalha, through olive grounds and cork forests, the road being pretty good. We passed by a Moorish castle to the right, at some distance.

I immediately waited on the superior of the monastery here, with a letter given to me by the gentlemen of Alcobaça. It is also a royal convent, founded in 1426, by Don John I. The church is a very fine Gothic building, much like King's College chapel in Cambridge, and is seventy-one paces in length. The roof is sustained by sixteen columns of marble. In a circular chapel is interred king John I. with his queen Philippa, (who was eldest daughter to the duke of Lancaster, uncle to king Richard II. of England, and was given in marriage to king John I. in 1386, at Oporto) in a marble sepulchre, his right hand locked in her's. Their arms are engraven at one end of the tomb. Her's are quarterly the royal arms of England, charged with a label of three points, and *argent* a cross *sable*, encircled with the Garter. Four of their sons are interred in as many small tombs placed in the wall. In this chapel are eight small pieces of painting on wood, much in the style of Albert Durer. King Edward and his queen are buried near the great altar. Their figures are very clumsily cut in stone, and lie hand in hand.





The corpse of king John II. is preserved in a wooden chest, to which there is an ascent by several steps.

In another chapel, which is a cube of twenty-three paces, are buried, in two chests, Alfonso V. and his son who died 1481. The roof of this chapel is vaulted in the shape of a star, with eight points, and is without support.

In another chapel is a very handsome monument, erected to the count of Miranda, in 1740; and made in Italy. It is a square tomb of black marble, with yellow veins, supported on the backs of three lions of yellow marble, *couchant* on three black marble cushions. On each side is a death's head, with a naked weeping boy of white marble; and on the top is his coronet lying on a cushion.

The cloisters form a square, consisting of seven arches on each side. In the center is a well, and at each corner a large orange tree.

Behind the church is a spacious octagon chapel without a roof, as it was left unfinished. The carving in stone is very fine, and in the Gothic manner. The walls are ornamented with small basso relievos of two branches intertwined, in the midst of which are the following Gothic characters (*tāyas* e rey) this is repeated thousands of times, though in

some

some parts the characters are placed thus (  $\begin{matrix} \text{tāya} \\ \text{ferey} \end{matrix}$  ) the meaning of which is unknown.

This convent is of the Dominican order, and contained formerly one hundred and eighty monks, though at present no more than forty-eight reside here: they are all noblemen. The revenues are only eight thousand cruzados per annum, i. e. about a thousand guineas. I declined passing the night in this convent, as I saw they had little or nothing to eat, and less to drink, because they are but three leagues distant from the Alcobagan monks, who are in possession of all the good things, and seem to have divided the circumjacent lands according to the Montgomery equity, "*tout d'un côté & rien de l'autre.*" There is no inn nor *venta* here, so that I proceeded to Leyria, which is only two leagues farther. The roads were very muddy. I procured an ass and a guide, and rode over a small hill, leaving the chaise to follow at leisure. Leyria is a pretty large town, and possesses a Moorish castle on a hill, but nothing else worthy of observation. Near this town is a glass manufactory carried on by an Englishman.

Feb. 4. We proceeded five leagues to Pombal, a small village which gives title of marquis to the present prime minister of Portugal. The inhabitants are chiefly hatters.

We dined this day by the side of the road, turning the mules and horse loose to graze; and spreading our provisions on the ground.

ground. These consisted of cold fowls, hard eggs, ham, cheese, and bread, together with water-creffes, of which we had "stript the brook" on our way. The *boracha*, which is a leathern bag, and was filled with wine, went merrily about. Mine held four gallons. It was regularly filled every morning, and as regularly emptied. The wine is chiefly white, and costs about four pence a quart. I climbed up a high hill near Pombal, to inspect a Moorish castle, the walls only are standing; the inside was full of rue, which had grown to a very great height. The country we went through this day was chiefly olive-grounds and corn-fields.

Feb. 5. Seven leagues march this day brought us to Coimbra, having dined at the village of Pondès. For the last two leagues the road is paved, and bordered by olive and pine trees. Coimbra is an university, and is situated on a hill, near the river Mondego, over which is a very long and low bridge, with a great number of arches of different sizes. Five English families reside here, one of them is that of a physician. This city is celebrated for its curious cups and boxes of turned horn.

Feb. 6. On a hill in Coimbra, is a church with a cupola, of very good architecture, plain and simple. In the church of Santa Cruz is a painting over the great altar representing the assumption of a female faint. It is here attributed to Raphael; it appeared to me to be a very good Italian picture, but it was so dark that I could not ascertain the truth of the above assertion.

tion. I observed also a large organ with horizontal pipes in this church. Here is an aqueduct of twenty arches, which conveys water to the castle, both built about the middle of the sixteenth century by king Sebastian. "As I now discovered that there was nothing farther to discover," I proceeded three leagues to Amohada. The road is good, and lies through plantations of olive-trees, vine-yards, and corn-fields.

Feb. 7. We proceeded through forests of pine and cork, dined at Sardon, and shortly after crossed the little river Agueda, over a bridge of three arches; afterwards ferried over the river Vouga, which is broad, shallow, and exceedingly transparent. Near the ferry is a stone bridge, which had fifteen arches; but the two first are broken. We then ascended a steep rugged rock on foot, and arrived at Albergaria.

Feb. 8. All this day there was a thick fog. The road was very bad, over loose pieces of rock, through pine and cork woods. We dined at Sant-Antonio. On each side of the road I saw a pole with a man's head upon it: they were those of two banditti, who had been lately executed. We passed the night in a *venta*.

Feb. 9. It rained violently all this day. We travelled eight hours on a very clayey road, and arrived at Villanova, which is a long street of smiths' shops. We then descended a steep hill to the edge of the river Douro, which we ferried over, and entered

tered Oporto, where there being no tolerable inn, I took lodgings on the quay, at an English house.

This city, which is the second in the kingdom, is said to contain thirty thousand inhabitants. Thirty English families reside here, who are chiefly concerned in the wine trade: this factory maintains a clergyman, who performs service on Sundays at each house alternately. Their burying-ground is only a field, at some distance from the town. A British consul also resides here.

I was present at an assembly in the factory-house, where there were about twenty British ladies.

Oporto, and its suburb Villanova, are each built on a hill, with the Douro between them: a situation much resembling Newcastle-upon-Tyne and its suburb Gateshead. There is no bridge over the Douro, because, when the snows melt on the mountains, that river overflows its banks, and lays the lower part of the city under water, sometimes twelve or fourteen feet, running at the amazing rate of sixteen miles an hour, and carrying all the vessels to sea, many of which are lost on the sands, or beat to pieces against the shores.

The theatre here is the vilest in the two kingdoms, very old and shabby. It serves for Portuguese plays and for Italian operas. I saw the opera of Demofonte *done*, suitably to the place it was *done* in.

The

The church of San Francisco is full of wooden ornaments, profusely carved, and entirely gilt, which has a very disgusting effect. I observed many letters directed to the most glorious Saint Francis, hanging by threads of the walls. As they were all open, I took the liberty of reading some of them, and found they were only complimentary cards and letters of thanks, for cures which the writers thought they had received by means of that saint's interest with the Virgin Mary, &c.

The church dos Clerigos, situated on the highest part of the city, has a steeple, much like that of the New Church in the Strand, which serves for a land-mark to mariners.

They were at that time building a new gate and prison, of free-stone, in a very good style: after the completion of which, it will be necessary to widen the street in which that prison stands, "if only to let a man have the satisfaction of knowing on which side of the street he walks." There are few carriages here, as the streets are steep and narrow: these are all paved with broad stones, as those in Florence are.

Chairs and horse-litters are used here in bad weather: these litters are sedans, supported between two horses or mules. The boats on the river have an awning like the Venetian gondolas, and are rowed by men standing forward, after the same manner as the Barcaruoli of Venice row, and sometimes by one man with a single oar.

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The merchants assemble daily in the chief street, to transact business ; and are protected from the sun by sail-cloths hung across from the opposite houses.

Mr. Wood, to whom I was recommended, took me to his *quinta*, or country-house, about a mile off. The gardens are on the slope of a high hill ; ten terraces rise gradually one above the other, each of them ornamented with a fountain, and various shady walks of orange and lemon trees, some of them remarkably large. The owner assured me he had gathered from a single orange tree, no less than *sixteen thousand* oranges in one season ! From the upper terrace is one of the finest prospects imaginable, equalling that from Mount Edgumbe, near Plymouth. To the east is the city of Oporto, with Villanova, which, by being so near, are very distinctly discovered. To the west, the sea, distant about two miles, with the mouth of the river, and ships continually entering into and sailing out of the harbour, form “ a moving picture,” the river itself running in a serpentine course, not far from the foot of the hill on which the garden stands ; the opposite shores being mountains covered with vines, and numbers of the like small country-houses, in the environs (though inferior in point of situation to this inexpressibly pleasing retreat) enliven the scene.

The chief article of commerce in this city is wine. Twenty thousand pipes are yearly exported. The cost is about £. 10 or £. 12 each. Eighty thousand are the usual annual produce,

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so that three fourths are consumed in the country. The merchants here have very spacious wine vaults, some of which are capable of holding six or seven thousand pipes. The inhabitants of half the shops in the city are coopers, who sell their casks at about a moidore each.

Here I agreed with the same *caleffeiro* who had brought me from Lisbon, that I should have the whole disposal of the carriage and beasts to go where I pleased, not to exceed ten leagues per day. The shaft-mule, which cost forty moidores, or £. 54, was one of the strongest and finest I ever saw.

Accordingly I set out from Oporto on the 15th of February, early in the morning, ferried over the Douro, and ascended the hill on foot in an hour. My largest trunk, which weighed above three hundred pounds, was carried on the back of a porter, which shows the great strength of these fellows. We dined afterwards in the shade of some vast cork-trees, and then proceeded to St. Antonio, having all the way the prospect of the sea to the right; and at that time two Portuguese men of war under sail; and to the north-east two very high mountains covered with snow. On the road we met about twenty criminals, chained together with one chain, by means of iron collars fastened round their necks, having each a short chain connected with the great one, one end of which was held by a soldier on horseback; several other armed soldiers guarded these wretches, and who were also hand-cuffed and bare-headed,



and were going to be shipped from Oporto to the Brafil, to work in the mines.

Feb. 16. We dined at Albergaria, ferried over the Vouga, and passed the night at Sardon. The roads were become so bad by the rains, that we did not arrive till late at night, causing the horse-driver to walk before the chaise with a torch. Thus far we returned on the same road we came, as there is no other carriage road from Oporto to Almeida, whither we were going.

Feb. 17. We proceeded through olive-grounds to the foot of the mountain of Boffaco, or Mariana. Here I hired a cart drawn by two oxen, by means of which my baggage was dragged up this mountain in two hours. I ascended it on horseback, and the chaise followed us empty. On the top is a convent of Carthusians, in which I was told are confined two illegitimate sons of the late king John V. Another natural son of that king is at present archbishop of Braga.

Here we saw the still higher mountains Sierras de Estrella, whose summits are always covered with snow.

Stiff with eternal ice, and hid in snow  
That fell a thousand centuries ago,  
These mountains stand, nor can the rising sun  
Unfix their frosts, and teach 'em how to run.

ADDISON.

In

In going down the mountain we had just ascended, the chaise overfet, and one of the wheels was broken to pieces. The nearest house was eight miles off, so that I left Baptiste with the caleffero and his man on the road, where they remained all night, and procuring a guide, walked with my English servant to the small village of Barilhe, in about two hours and a half, taking the fire-arms with me. The next morning the baggage arrived in a cart drawn by oxen. The chaise remained on the road, and a new wheel was bespoke at a village near fourteen miles off. This accident detained us two days in Barilhe. I amused myself by shooting. The country is very mountainous and barren, like Westmoreland. The stones here appear to be of the same nature as the Cornish granite. I hired a whole house to myself, which indeed was only one room, the floor of which was of the same materials as the highway, with no furniture, except a table, a bench, and a truss of straw full of fleas. The roof admitted the rain through large crevices, which served for the contemplation of the stars.

Feb. 20. This morning we passed over a strong stone bridge of four arches, under which rolls a torrent of very clear water; and immediately after ascended a steep and rugged mountain, in half an hour; then we passed through the village of Santo Combo, and crossed the same torrent on a stone bridge of six arches, of which two are pretty large. From this spot is a very romantic view. The road from hence to Cargal is good, chiefly through olive grounds, with vast numbers both of black and white sheep feeding;

feeding under the trees. In this village is no inn, but I procured a lodging in a carpenter's shop.

Feb. 21. We passed the river Mondego over a bridge of three arches, and then ascended a mountain. Two oxen were added to the chaise to assist the mules in dragging it up. When we arrived at the top, we let the mules rest an hour, and afterwards passed over a bridge of a single arch: then the road became exceedingly dangerous, over loose rocks, deep clay, and slippery precipices. The mules frequently fell down, the traces broke, it rained hard, and was quite dark when we arrived at Vinhosa, where we put up at the worst inn I ever entered before or since. There was only one room, which was full of people. They had kindled a large fire of wet wood in the middle of it; and, as there was no chimney, the smoke was left to find its way out of the windows and door. I got some straw, placed it on the top of a large chest, and rolling myself up in my cloak, fell directly asleep with all my cloaths on, my head being half out of a window to avoid suffocation.

Feb. 22. We travelled this day over barren mountains, with a few cork trees, chestnuts, and pines, scattered here and there, then passed over a bridge of two arches, through some fields of *maize*: over another bridge of a single arch, and dined at Celorico, where we were regaled by a *new Christian*, who had lately been a Jew, with the finest red wine I ever drank, resembling Burgundy in colour and flavour, but superior in goodness. We  
went

went on to the village of Cavaçal, where there is no inn, but we procured a miserable lodging at a fruit-shop; however, the Jew's wine made it appear like a palace, as we had drank pretty freely of it. At Celorico is a Moorish castle, with two towers, situated on a mountain, down the declivity of which, to the village, is a wall of nine feet thick, built of large rough stones, without any mortar or cement. This morning I observed on the side of the road five stones standing upright, of eight feet each in height, and four others of the same dimensions lying by them, resembling a little stone-henge. And among these mountains many enormous stones are seen in very unaccountable situations.

Feb. 23. This day's journey was very fatiguing, as we travelled during eleven hours on a very bad road, covered with loose pieces of rock, with chestnut trees growing between the interstices. We came at last to the river Coa, which we crossed over a high and dangerous bridge of three arches: the parapets were broken down, and the bridge itself was just broad enough to admit the passage of the chaise. We then ascended a very high mountain, on the top of which is the town of Almeida. The distance of this town from Oporto, by the road we came, I imagine to be about two hundred and twenty-eight miles, or sixty-five hours. There is no inn in this town; but Colonel Calder, who was Governor in the absence of General Maclean, very politely offered me his house, where I spent two nights, being received with the hospitality peculiar to his nation, and which I had had the happiness of experiencing.



encing the year before in Scotland. At that time seven or eight other British officers, in the Portuguese service resided here.

Feb. 24. Almeida is on the frontiers of the province of Beira, and but a league and a half distant from the Spanish castle, in the kingdom of Leon.

The town is well fortified; one hundred and ten guns, chiefly of brass, are planted on six bastions. There are two gates, a quadrangular castle in the middle of the town, and handsome barracks. I walked round Almeida in a quarter of an hour. Here I shewed my passports.

Feb. 25. This morning, having proceeded a league and a half, we crossed a rivulet which divides the kingdom of Portugal from that of Spain, and were stopped at the village of el Obispo, where we were detained all day, by reason of the driver's having neglected to take a pass for the mules, and to sign a bond that they should return into Portugal, as the importation of horses, mules, and asses, is not allowed in either of the kingdoms, without the payment of a very considerable tax. I therefore sent back to Almeida, and procured the necessary papers.

Feb. 26. We proceeded through an exceeding fertile country, consisting of immense corn-fields, on gentle risings. Every inch of ground is cultivated, but not a tree to be seen. We dined

dined at the village of Gallego, where I observed two storks, which had built their nests on the church steeple: these were the first birds of the kind I had yet seen in these kingdoms, but I afterwards found them in every part of Spain, and likewise in Barbary.

We crossed the river Agueda on a temporary bridge; (a very fine stone one is now building; it is to have seven arches, three of which are already finished;) and immediately entered the city of Ciudad-Rodrigo, where I saw many storks nests on the steeples and chimnies. This city is very neat, has three gates, and a pleasant public walk of five rows of trees, along the side of the river.

The inns here are much better than those in Portugal. We were provided with good beds, elevated from the ground, and clean sheets, though without curtains, which none of the beds in Spain have.

The cathedral is a Gothic building; the front ornamented with seventeen statues of saints, the steeple is modern, and the entrance is under a porch, supported by four Corinthian columns.

Here is also an old castle. The houses are chiefly built of stone, and made a much cleaner appearance than those in Portugal.

Feb. 27. The country we travelled over this day was a fine plain, and corn-fields intermixed with woods of dwarf and evergreen oaks, under one of which we dined, and passed the night in a *venta*. There were no locks to the doors, but the landlord told me, that he himself was the lock to his house, and that every thing was perfectly safe, which I had the pleasure of finding to be true, both here and in every other part of Spain through which I afterwards travelled.

Feb. 28. Passing through a forest of green oaks, and over a fine plain of corn-fields, leaving a long chain of mountains covered with snow to the right, at three in the afternoon I arrived at Salamanca, and put up at the Sun inn, in the great square. This is the best inn I ever entered that was kept by a Spaniard, for all the great inns in Madrid, Cadiz, Seville, &c. are kept either by Italians or Frenchmen.

This city is built on three small hills; the streets are very narrow and dirty, and the whole has a melancholy aspect. The university is much on the decline: it was founded in 1200, by Alphonfus IX. and is the most ancient in Spain. Here are sixteen schools, and about four thousand scholars. The number of professors in this city is seventy. Here is a college for Irish students: the rector, Mr. Philip Hassett, and his assistant Mr. Michael Broders, were so obliging as to accompany me to see every thing remarkable in Salamanca. They have about thirty young men under their care.

The

The lower class of men wear large hats uncocked, some black and some white, flit sleeves, broad leather belts, and sandals made of cords; and here I saw for the first time in Spain, huge clumsy coaches drawn by six mules, with very long traces.

We paid a visit to the Professor of Astronomy, who informed me, that Salamanca is situated in  $41^{\circ} 5'$  latitude, and  $12^{\circ} 30'$  longitude from the isle of Ferro.

The most beautiful part of this city is the great square, built about thirty years ago. The houses are of three stories, and all of equal height and exact symmetry, with iron balconies, and a stone balustrade on the top of them: the lower part is arched, which forms a piazza all round the square, of two hundred and ninety-three feet to each side. Over some of the arches are medallions, with bad busts of the kings of Spain, and of several eminent men, in stone basso-relievo, among which are those of Fernand Cortez, Francis Pizarro, Davila, and Cid Ruy. In this square the bull-fights are exhibited for three days only, in the month of June. The river Tormes runs by this city, and has a bridge over it of twenty-five arches, built by the Romans, and yet entire.

The cathedral is a Gothic building, with a superfluity of carving in stone on the outside, and has a fine organ with horizontal pipes.



Here are four royal, and four military colleges. That of Caltrava has a very handsome modern stone stair-case. That of St. Bartholomew is a new building; the entrance is under a porch, supported by four Corinthian columns, each three feet and a half in diameter. The cloisters are two stories in height, one of which is of the Doric, and the other of the Composite order. The grand stair-case has a double flight of steps. The library is placed in the upper story, and commands a fine prospect over the adjacent country. This building is the handsomest in Salamanca.

St. Stephen's church and convent, wherein one hundred and fifty monks reside, is of the Dominican order. The front of the church is Gothic, with many stone basso-relievos, by Ceroni, a Milanese sculptor, in 1612. The picture over the great altar, which represents the stoning of St. Stephen, was begun by Claudio Caelio, and finished by Luca Giordano.

The wall which extends from the choir to the roof, is semicircular, and was painted in fresco by Palomino, in 1705: it represents Religion with a tiara on her head, drawn in a car by four horses abreast, trampling on and riding over heretics. The *Three Persons* are in the clouds, attended by the Virgin Mary and many saints. All these figures are as large as the life.

In the sacristy are many pictures; the best are the following.

A *Pietà*, extremely well painted by John Bapt. Mayno, who was born at Toledo, and died in 1640. A

A large Flagellation, in the manner of Rubens.

A small *Ecce Homo*, with many figures, in the style of Albert Durer. This picture is over the altar, and the Annunciation is represented by the angel on the one side, and the Virgin on the other.

A small picture of St. Peter dictating to St. Dominic, who is writing.

In the church of the Minor Clerks, I observed the picture over the great altar, which represents the Assumption of St. Charles Boromeo, a good piece, by Francis Camillo: he was born at Madrid, and died in 1671.

The church which formerly belonged to the Jesuits, is now shut up, and their convent converted into a royal college. In the cloisters is the History of the Life of St. Ignatius, in thirty pictures, by Sebastian Concha: the figures are rather less than the natural size, and are painted on canvass. One of the monks has added another piece, daubed by himself. It may easily be distinguished from the others, among which it has so unworthily usurped a place.

Opposite to this church, I observed a palace, of which the front is quite covered with cockle shells, in stone basso relievo, which has as whimsical an effect as I have seen caused by the front of a palace in Ferrara, and of another in Naples, being in like manner covered with lozenges, vulgarly called diamonds.

In the Capuchin convent, which stands just without the elegant gate of Zamora, over the great altar, is a very large and fine piece by Vincent Carducci, but a little damaged: it represents the Assumption of St. Francis; the *Three Persons* are in the upper part of the picture, environed with angels.

The celebrated professor of mathematics, Don Diego de Torres, died two years ago, and is buried in this convent.

In the church of the Augustinian nuns, is a very good picture of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, by Joseph Ribera. Here is a curious inlaid marble pulpit, supported on the extended wings of an eagle, of bronze, of excellent workmanship. The church itself is very beautiful.

I waited on the *Cavalleras de Santiago*, in their convent; these are all noble ladies, who are knights of St. James, and wear the *insignia* of the order on their breasts. There were at that time no more than eight ladies, all old and ugly, so that I made my visit as short as possible, especially as there is nothing worthy of attention either in the church or in the convent.

I afterwards saw the library of the university, in which the books are *not* chained, as is reported by writers who have copied from one another. Two large English globes stand on a table in the middle of the room.

Here

Here is a theatre for Spanish plays, which is a very ordinary building.

The students are dressed in black like priests, and have their crowns shorn.

Salamanca has ten gates, and contains twenty-five churches, twenty-five convents of friars, and the same number of nunneries. I compute this city to be about ninety-four miles distant from Almeida. I was at this time not sufficiently versed in the Spanish language to form any acquaintance with the natives; so that having gratified my curiosity in this city, I left it on the third of March, and travelled all day through a very fruitful country, producing corn, but no other trees than a few straggling green oaks and cork-trees. During this journey we met and overtook thousands of asses. The larks here are of an extraordinary size. The largest which I shot measured seventeen inches when the wings were extended: they were crested, had a black semicircle upon their necks, and proved very delicate eating. We passed this night in a *venta*, which had a stork's nest on the roof.

March 4. We proceeded to Zamora, traversing a wood of pine-trees, and some corn-fields. Close to this city we crossed the river Duero, over an ancient and clumsy stone bridge, with sixteen arches of unequal sizes. The cathedral has a handsome modern porch. As it was the time of the fair, the chief street was filled with booths; and the end of it was appropriated for the sale of  
mules.

mules and asses. I saw a jack-ass sold here for three thousand reals, or one hundred and fifty piastras, which is £. 33. 15s. So that £. 100 which was paid by a gentleman of my acquaintance in Norfolk for a Spanish jack-ass, will appear to be no exorbitant price, when we consider the first cost, the danger of being detected in exporting them, the punishment of which is death, and the charge of freight, with the risque of the animals dying on their passage. The above mentioned gentleman has bred many fine mules by means of this ass. There is a ruined Moorish castle near this city.

March 5. We arrived this day at the city of Toro, which has the same coat of arms as the city of Turin, i. e. a bull, as the names imply. The road was very good, chiefly along the banks of the Duero, with continued vine-yards and corn-fields. I here observed great numbers of hoopoes, which birds I afterwards found were very common all over Spain. This city is one of the most ancient in the whole kingdom. It is situated on the summit of a high hill, at the foot of which runs the Duero, crossed by a narrow stone bridge of twenty-two arches. The descent of the hill is by a winding road, which forms thirteen zig-zags: the prospect from the top is very romantic over a fine plain, embellished by the river and bridge. Here are also the walls of a Moorish castle, which form a square of one hundred and forty-three feet, with a round tower at each angle; the roof is fallen in.

Over

Over the door of the cathedral are several very ancient bas-reliefs in stone; among which I observed one of two angels, playing on a musical instrument, somewhat like that called by the French *Vielle*, *Leyer* by the Germans, and Beggar's Lyre by Dr. Burney; one of the angels plays with his fingers on the keys, of which there are ten, and the other turns the handle. The length of the instrument is about five feet.

March 6. This day we arrived at Tordefillas, travelling over a sandy plain producing corn and vines. I observed many eagles *planing* over head. The city stands on a hill, and has a bridge of ten pointed arches over the Duero.

March 7. We proceeded three leagues to Simanca, which city stands on an eminence, and has a stone bridge of seventeen arches over the river Pisuerga, and a large Moorish castle, on the remains of which is built a modern one, surrounded by a dry ditch, over which are two bridges. The archives of the kingdom were deposited here by Philip II. in 1566, where they are still kept. Travelling two leagues farther, we entered into Old Castile, and arrived at Valladolid; the road was through corn-fields, sandy and level, exactly answering the lines in Thomson's Autumn,

“ A gaily checquer'd heart-expanding view,  
 “ Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
 “ Unbounded toffing in a flood of corn \*.”

\* “ Y los creci dos trigos y cebadas,  
 “ Hacen como del mar fus oleadas.”

OBS. RUST.

And the grown wheat and barley form waves like those of the sea.

K

Near

Near the gate at which we entered, I saw the head of a man stuck on a pole, and one of his quarters, consisting of an arm, shoulder, and part of the ribs, nailed underneath: they were close to the road, and quite fresh; and the beard continued to grow, which formed altogether a ghastly spectacle. It was part of the body of an assassin.

Valladolid is situated on a plain, near the river Pisuerga, which has a handsome stone bridge over it of ten arches. The banks are ornamented with walks, planted with a double row of trees.

This city is one of the largest in Spain, and has an university, founded in 1471, by Cardinal Ximenes.

I observed that the names of the streets were painted on tiles fixed in the walls of the corner houses; and that the houses were numbered.

I waited on Dr. John Geddes, who is rector of the Scotch college, and on Dr. Perry, rector of the English college: these gentlemen have each two assistants, and fifteen or sixteen young men under their tuition. Dr. Geddes was so obliging as to show me every thing remarkable in Valladolid: we went first to the library of the university, where there are theological

Unwieldy volumes, and in number great;  
 And long it is since any reader's hand  
 Has reach'd them from their unfrequented seat;

For a deep dust, which time does softly shed  
 Where only time does come, their covers beare,  
 On which grave spyders streets of webs have spread,  
 Subtle and slight as the grave writers were.

D'AVENANT'S GONDIBERT, Canto V. v. 48, 49.

Here are about one thousand five hundred students, who are habited in the same manner as those at Salamanca. The chief study here is that of the law. Father Caimo, speaking of this university says, "From hence, as out of a vast store-house of  
 "civil law, issue all the judges, advocates, lawyers, procurators,  
 "proctors, doctors, attornies, notaries, follicitors, and other  
 "such harpies, who fill the cities in Spain, and prey on poor  
 "men, &c." The building has a handsome modern front.

The palace in which Philip II. and III. were born, and which was afterwards inhabited by Charles V. is now quite decayed, and nothing left but the bare walls; though all the modern compilers, such as Salmon, la Martiniere, &c. continue to describe the furniture, pictures, plate, &c. supposed to be contained in it.

As I have mentioned Charles V. I shall add a short quotation from the Abbé de la Porte: he says, he was in 1755 in the monastery of St. Just, which is situated between the cities of Talavera la Reyna and Placentia; and that one of the monks shewed him the place where that emperor had lodged.  
 "There, said he sneeringly, there is the melancholy solitude