

I am told further that on the utmost top of it, there is a convent cut into the rock itself, called the *Cork-convent* by the sailors, because the friars there have most of their utensils and furniture made of cork, as the place is so damp, that they cannot have them of any other material. In short so many curious things were told me about that rock and about the situation and form of that convent, that I have some desire to go and see it. But we will think of this another time. Let us for the present go on with the interesting story of this day.

When the Rock was full in view I was called upon deck. There a sailor stood up to me, and informed me with a civil saucy face, that it was the sailors' custom to duck in the sea any body who saw the Rock for the first time: and as that happened to be my case, he humbly desired my compliance with that custom by stripping immediately, except I rather chose

chose to be duck'd with my cloaths on my back.

This unexpected address did not startle me much, as it occur'd directly, that this was nothing more than a harmless scheme to get a little drink-money. However, to encrease the humour of it I made myself as serious as an old bear, and speaking slow and loud that I might be heard from deck to deck, " Sir, said
 " I, you and your companions are well-
 " come to drown me, if you think it
 " proper; you know, Sir, that I cannot
 " be so ridiculous as to attempt the least
 " resistance against a body of men who
 " would drown an army of Frenchmen,
 " if justly provok'd. As to the ceremony,
 " I certainly should have no objection,
 " were the ocean an ocean of Dorchester-
 " beer or London-porter: yet, as it hap-
 " pens that it is made of a liquor I always
 " had an unconquerable abhorrence of,
 " I would rather compound the matter;
 " and if any body else, you yourself for
 " instance,

“ instance, should be so generous as to
 “ be duck’d or drown’d in my stead, I
 “ would endeavour to convince you and
 “ this honorable company that my pre-
 “ dominant vice is not ingratitude.”

“ Sir,” replied Jack, “ give me your
 “ hand for that, you are a Gentleman ;
 “ and, Sir, if I can be of service (and
 “ here he swore a pretty oath) you are
 “ welcome ; and I don’t care (another
 “ oath) if I am ever so well duck’d for
 “ the sake of a Gentleman.”

To make short, he stripp’d to the trow-
 fers in an instant. His companions put
 him in a wooden frame that went round
 his breast under the arm-pits. The frame
 was tied to a pulley ; the pulley fastened
 to the extremity of a beam which lay
 across the mast-head ; some of them drew
 him up, then let go the rope ; and plump
 went the rascal into the middle of a wave
 from a height of at least five and twenty
 feet. The plunge was repeated several
 times

times in spight of his cries, to the no small diversion of the company.

The fellow being taken out of the frame, came up to me again, and wet as he was wanted to clasp me into his arms as a brother-sailor now that I had duely seen the Rock; but a piece of money rescued me from his embraces.

As we approached the mouth of the Tagus a signal was made to a fisherman to come to us and be our pilot: not that we stood in need of any, as our people knew the river quite as well as any Portuguese. But the Captains of packets must comply with their instructions, by which they are order'd not to enter the Tagus without a Portuguese pilot. The fellow we got is a mulatto so very like a monkey, that his dirty hat and tatter'd cloaths could hardly make me think him a human being. He came to us directly and leapt on board from his boat; and as we went over the bar, to show his skill in conducting ships, he made a thou-



and strange faces and contortions, beckoning (with his lips pouting instead of using words) to some of our sailors in his boat, to row this way and that way, that we might follow with safety.

Going thus up the river I viewed the shore on the left hand of us. There are several fortifications from place to place, besides numberless buildings. We stopp'd a moment opposite a tower built in the river, to hear what a fellow there had to say to us through a speaking trumpet. That tower is fortified, and looks handsome at some distance. Having answer'd with a loud voice some few questions ask'd from thence, and told what the ship was, we continued our way up, and presently saw the royal village of Bellem, where I am told that the King has resided ever since the earthquake.

In the neighbourhood of a town lately destroy'd, I did not think I should see such a vast number of edifices as there are: but the Surgeon told me that the earthquake

quake vented itself chiefly upon Lisbon, and caused little damage from Bellem down to the sea. It would have been a vast addition to the calamity Lisbon has suffer'd had so many buildings been destroy'd, to the utter ruin of the many thousands who live along that shore. Those buildings, some of which appear to be of a noble construction, are all white on the outside, with lattices and window-shutters painted green, which have a fine effect from the river. Many of the houses have gardens and terrasses ornamented with vases, statues, turrets, and obelisks; and withal so many trees round them, that the *coup d'oeuil* is render'd one of the grandest and most picturesque. Nothing can equal it that ever I saw, except Genoa with its suburbs.

I imagine that all this proves much less striking when view'd near and walking along-shore, because the sight cannot embrace so many objects at once, as it does from a distance, nor discriminate

the ugly parts : But the whole surveyed from the middle of the river looks like the work of some benevolent Necromancer.

The Tagus is about two miles broad at the mouth ; but widens by degrees as you go up, and overagainst the town is nine or ten miles broad. Lisbon is about fifteen miles distant from the mouth : but as it was quite dark when I reach'd it, I did not see it. To-morrow my excursions will begin, and, I hope, furnish matter for several letters.

Let me now cast my eyes round my new dwelling. I have four little rooms in a line on the ground floor ; that is, almost the whole house, which is one of the many that have been built since the earthquake. For himself, wife, and children, my landlord Kelly has but two small rooms and a kitchen left. From one window he tells me that to-morrow I shall see the river full of ships, and have other fine prospects from the other windows.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

Pretty Polly's marriage. Bull-fight at Campo Pequeno. Lusitanian Pick-pockets. Dwarfish men and women.

Lisbon, Aug. 31, 1760.

TO day was Sunday: and how do you think I have spent the afternoon? I will tell you by and by. Let me first say something of the morning.

I got up about nine; and while I was busying myself about some luscious grapes, behold *Batiste* alighting from a fine Spanish horse, and a moment after *his wife* from a chaise drawn by two mules, and led by as fine a blackamoor as king Jarba in *Metastasio's Dido*. Ah! How do you do, my little *Polly*? And abruptly kifs'd her in the face of the sun, perfectly forgetting that I was in Portugal where women must not be kifs'd in the face of the sun. But one is so glad to see old friends!

It was in London where I first knew this Polly, a pretty and modest girl. Batisfe left my service to follow her to Portugal, where she went to live with an old aunt who was to bequeath her all she had, and that *all* was no inconsiderable a fortune for a girl who had nothing but a pretty face and no inclination to hire it. The fellow was madly in love with her, and she had no aversion to him; but the aunt was somewhat cross, and would not have her marry just turned of fifteen. The earthquake render'd him her husband sooner than he expected, and in a manner so peculiarly uncommon, that I cannot forbear to relate it: nor do you tell me that it looks odd for a master to be the Historian of his servant, because a good servant in my opinion is a hero, and full as valuable as any other human being.

Batisfe had just walked out of the town on the morning when the earthquake happened. Seeing the houses tumble on
all

all sides, instead of stopping where he was, as some other *Innamorato* would probably have done, he ran precipitously back to the town and towards the house where his mistress liv'd, and had the incredible good luck of spying her on a heap of ruins where she had fallen in a fit while she was endeavoring her escape. Had he tarried but a few moments longer, she would have perished in the flames that broke out around her in a hundred places. Without staying to examine whether she were dead or alive, he threw her over his shoulders, and fortune befriended him so compleatly that he carried his burthen safe out of the town, though many buildings continued to fall about his ears, and though fire surrounded him on all sides.

The poor thing came to herself as they came out of the danger. They both look'd at the immense desolation that was left behind, both scream'd, and wept, and did not know what to do. The

houses still tumbled and the fire still broke out in every part, which made them think that the poor aunt was buried in the ruins. They grew impatient to be far from such immense misery, and immediately resolv'd to go back to England. Both had some little money about them; therefore, not well knowing what they were doing, they took the road to Spain. At *Badajoz*, *Madrid*, and other places they met with some charitable relief; but no great matter, it seems, for fifteen months after the earthquake they reached London in a most miserable plight.

When they came to me there, Polly had a girl in her arms about three months old; but they had married in France a little before the birth of the child, as I was convinced by their certificates. Polly, Polly, (said I, after having read them) and so you are married? What could I do? (answer'd she, blushing up to her eyes). Sir, we were alone, and he swore
fo

fo much he would always be true ! Here ſhe cried and kiſs'd her child ; and I kiſs'd her that ſhe might not think me too ſevere a cenſurer.

I thought it a dream when they firſt made their appearance, as the old aunt had long before written word from Liſbon to ſome relation, that they had both periſhed in the earthquake. I told them this, and they apprized her by letter of the contrary. The poor old woman was tranſported with joy and thankfulneſs at the unexpected news, and inſiſted upon their going back to her, acquainting them that ſhe had been lucky enough to ſave ſomething out of her former fortune, and they complied with her deſire. But ſhe did not enjoy them long, for ſhe died ſoon after their arrival, leaving them about a hundred moidores, which was all that ſhe had. With this little ſtock Baſtiſte turn'd out a Jack of all trades and Polly took kindly to her needle. Thus I found them every day
more

more happy in each other and in their little girl; and as they are both industrious and laborious, I do not doubt but their circumstances will grow better and better.

Now, said I, what is the meaning of that chaise and that horse?

Sir, said Batiste, they are for you. You cannot go afoot about this town, except you chuse to be melted by the heat or kill'd by the fatigue of going uphill and down-hill. You must have a chaise during the time you stay here, and I am to attend you on horseback.

Well, said I: you must know better what I am to do in Lisbon; and so we will have the chaise and the horse.

After dinner I got into the chaise attended as above, and the Negro trotted to a place called *Campo Pequeno*, which is about four miles (perhaps five or six) from the town, where I was to see what they call the bull-feast or bull-hunting. But before I attempt to describe it, I must

must premise that being just come from a country where the Lord's day is not openly prophaned, I could not help being shock'd to see so many Christians, and especially so many Priests and Friars, present at such a diversion, which to me seem'd the most inhuman that ever could be invented by men, next the combats of the gladiators in ancient Rome.

At *Campo Pequeno* a wooden edifice has been erected for the only purpose of exhibiting these barbarous entertainments. The edifice is an octagonal amphitheatre consisting of two rows of boxes, one row over the other, and the diameter of its area is, as I take it, about two hundred common steps.

None of the boxes has the least decoration, except those of the royal family which are hung with filken stuff. The row above is for the better sort, and that of the ground-floor for the populace, who are likewise admitted into the area, though their danger is not small of being
gored

gored or trampled by the bulls, whose marches and evolutions I take to be quite as rapid as those of the Prussian troops.

In the box where I took my seat there were but three people besides myself, though the box could contain ten or twelve. Two of the three had the appearance of gentlemen; the other was a Dominican Friar as lean as a lizzard.

Before the entertainment began I attempted some converse with them; but even the humble *Religioso* seem'd to look upon me with disdain and contempt. They all answer'd my first words with so churlish an air, that I gave over presently, and like them kept silent the whole time.

How I came to disgust them thus at once, I cannot guess: but by their frequent and affected glances upon my coat, which I held up at last to the Friar, not without some resentment, that he might inspect it nearer, I suspected that they conceived a very low opinion of me for not being dress'd in silk like other gentlemen.

men. Yet it was not my fault; having not yet had time to do what I must do in this hot weather.

The King, whose box was not far from that in which I sat, was dress'd in a plain sky-blue with some diamonds about him. He had with him his own brother the Infant Don Pedro, who has lately married the King's eldest daughter call'd the Princess of Brasil.

The Queen was in another box with that Princess and her three other daughters all sparkling with jewels.

In the area and just under the Queen's box there was a man on horseback; a kind of herald, I thought; dress'd somewhat like one of our Neapolitan *Coviello's* in our plays, who held a long rod in his hand.

As the King came in, two triumphal cars very meanly adorned entered the area, each drawn by six mules. Eight black Africans were upon one, and eight copper-coloured Indians upon the other.

They

They made several caracols round; then all leapt from the cars and bravely fought an obstinate battle with wooden swords one band against the other. The Indians were soon slain by the Africans, and lay extended a while on the ground, shaking their legs in the air as if in the last convulsions, and rolling in the dust before they were quite dead. Then, like Bays's troops in the Rehearsal, both the dead and the living went to mix with the croud, while the cars drove away amidst the acclamations of the multitude, and made room for the two knights that were to fight the bulls.

These knights came in, both on horseback, dress'd after the ancient Spanish manner, made fine with many ribbons of various colours, with feathers on their hats, each brandishing a long and thin spear. Their horses were beautiful, mettlesome, and gallantly accoutred. One of the heroes was clad in crimson, the other in yellow. Both look'd very brisk,

brisk, and both paid their obeisance to the King, Queen, and people, making their horses kneel three times: then, clapping spurs, made them caper and vault a while round the area with a surprising dexterity.

When all this was over, the yellow champion placed himself over against the gate at which the bulls were to come out, and the crimson stood at some distance from him in the same direction. A man from without open'd the gate, and cover'd himself with it by getting behind. The bull bursts out and makes to the yellow knight who stands ready to receive him with his spear lifted high. The bull's horns had wooden knobs on their tips, that they might not gore the horse if they should reach him. The courageous yellow-knight push'd his spear at the beast, left half of it in his neck, and made his horse start aside in a moment. The wounded bull ran bellowing after him; but the knight wheeling round
and

and round stuck two or three more spears into his neck and shoulders. The bull's rage, as you may imagine, encreased to a degree that impressed horror: and now the crimson-knight had his turn; for the beast made at him, but got nothing by changing his attack, except some more spears into several parts of his body, so that his blood spouted out in several rills.

When the bull began to remit his fury by loss of blood, one of the champions drew a heavy broad-sword, and gave him such a cut on the back between the ribs, as almost cleft him to the middle. Down the poor beast fell with such roaring as I think was heard at Lisbon. Then the man in the *Coviello's* dress, seeing the final blow, galloped straight to the gate at which the triumphal cars had entered, and order'd in four mules which dragg'd the dying beast out of the amphitheatre, together with some of the populace who had got astride upon the bloody and mangled

mangled carcase. The applause of the spectators was very clamorous.

But I must not omit to say, that the two knights were not the only enemies the poor bull had to encounter. There were two other *Cavalleiro's* on foot, holding fast the tails of the two horses, running as they ran, or stopping as they stopp'd, each shaking a red silken cloak to frighten or rather exasperate the bull, while some others, on foot likewise, sily wounded him with daggers in the side and buttocks.

The agility of these foot-champions is beyond all belief. When the furious beast made at any of them, they hopp'd aside and were out of danger. One of them seizing one of the bull's horns, suffer'd himself to be dragg'd a while before he would let go his hold; gave him several cuts with a knife while he was thus dragg'd; then let himself fall, got on his legs in an instant, and escaped. But a little negro did still a bolder thing.

He stood full in the bull's way while running with the utmost fury, and just as I thought he was going to be lifted on his horns, took a spring on the bull's back and jump'd clean over him.

Eighteen were the bulls slaughter'd in this feast or hunting, and each with some variety of wanton cruelty. Spears were stuck into some of them that carried squibs and crackers, whose fire and noise was more troublesome than the wound. One of the most fierce leapt over the barrier of a box just under mine, and I expected him to do some mischief; but the Portuguese are well aware of such accidents, and the people in that box were quick to quit their seats, some throwing themselves over the barrier into the area, and some over the partitions into the next boxes. The bull embarrassed in the benches was presently dispatched by many swords.

The last bull however was very near revenging all the rest upon the crimson-knight

knight and his horse. He ran them both down with a terrible shock; and had it not been for the knobs on his horns, the horse at least would have been sadly gored. Both the horse and the knight were within a hair of being trampled upon, when the other knight gave the bull a great cut across the neck, while all the fighters on foot thrust their daggers, some into his mouth and some into his eyes. The horse got up, ran frightened through the croud, and threw several of them down, while his unlucky rider, who was no great gainer by his tumble, stood cursing and swearing at the horse, at the bull, and at himself.

Thus ended the massacre of those noble animals : a massacre encouraged as long as it lasted by a most outrageous uproar, and concluded with a most thundering clap of universal approbation.

What effect these cruel spectacles (repeated almost every Sunday, as I am told) may have upon the morals and religion

ligion of this people, better speculatists than myself may determine. To me indeed they appear most brutal and most unchristian. However, they have the sanction of the law of the country; and the government that permits and countenances them, may have reasons for so doing quite out of the reach of my intellects. Therefore, instead of yielding to the temptation of blaming what to me appears very blamable, let me go on with matter of fact, and relate an incident that suspended for about half an hour this horrible entertainment.

The seventh or eighth bull had been just slain and dragg'd out, and the man at the bull's-gate was going to let in another, when the people in the ground-floor-boxes, opposite to that where I was, rose at once one and all with the most hideous shrieks, leapt precipitously into the area, and ran about the place like madmen.

This

This sudden disorder terrified the assembly, and few were those who had any sang-froid left. All wanted to know what was the matter, but the noise of a cataract could not have been traced through the cries of such a multitude. The King and the Queen, the Princesses and Don Pedro raised their hands, fans, and voices, as I could see by the opening of their mouths, but it was a considerable while before a word could be heard about the cause of so violent a commotion. Yet at last the impatience of universal curiosity was satisfied, and a report went round that some people, where the uproar began, had cried out *Earthquake, Earthquake!*

In a country where people have still fresh in their minds the effects of an earthquake, it is no wonder if such a cry, that came at once from several quarters, proved terrifying; and if those who heard it, without giving themselves an instant to reflect, sprung over the barriers into the

area, to escape being crush'd by the fall of the edifice.

However, the fact is that not the least shock of an earthquake had been felt by any body. The cry had been raised by a gang of pick-pockets in order to throw the people into confusion, and gain an opportunity of stealing. The scheme took to a wonder. Many men lost their handkerchiefs and many women their caps, not to speak of swords and watches, necklaces and ear-rings.

To frame such a scheme and to carry it into execution so undauntedly as it was carried, appears to me as valiant an achievement as any of *Orlando's*. I used often in London to admire the boldness and intrepidity of the British pick-pockets, and thought them the very cleverest in the whole creation. But, away with them! They must not pretend to attempt competition with the heroical pick-pockets of Lusitania.

It

It is needless to tell, that on being apprised of the true cause of that disorder, the whole assembly sat down again in quiet; that the greatest part, who had not been sufferers by it, laughed at the thievish ingenuity; and that a new bull was let loose in the area.

And here is the account concluded of the most important transactions of this afternoon. What follows is merely set down by way of memorandum for my private use, and not worth your reading.

I was told while at the amphitheatre, that one of the King's chariot-horses had lost a shoe; so that his Majesty was obliged to stop in the scorching-sun until another horse was got ready, that he might proceed. I thought it very odd that a King should have servants so careless, and ask'd if he was put in a passion by it; but was answered that he laugh'd it out. A petty gentleman would have storm'd.

K 4

This



This country is one of the hottest in Europe; yet its inhabitants are not melted into slenderness. I never saw any where so many fat men in one place as I have seen to day.

In Lisbon both men and women of the better sort seem to love gaudiness in dress. The Ladies, like those of Tuscany and other parts of Italy, wear many artificial flowers stuck in their hair. It is a pretty fashion. I saw several beautiful faces to day, and many a pair of brilliant eyes.

Here, as in France and Italy, they have the absurd custom of dressing their children too much. I hate to see a little girl with a tupee, and a little sword at the side of a little boy. The English are not guilty of such folly. In England boys and girls, even when they are sons and daughters of Earls and Dukes, are never made to look like dwarfish men and dwarfish women: and this may be the reason, that England abounds less with fops and coquets than either France or Italy.

L E T-

L E T T E R XX.

*Effects of the Earthquake. A City not to
be rebuilt in haste.*

Lisbon, Sept. 2. 1760.

I Have now visited the ruins of Lisbon at full leisure, and a dreadful indelible image is now imprinted on my mind! But do not expect from me such a description of these ruins, as may even imperfectly convey that image to you. Such a scene of horrible desolation no words are equal to: no words at least that I could possibly put together; and it is ocular inspection only, that can give an adequate idea of the calamity which this city has suffer'd from the ever-memorable earthquake.

As far as I can judge after having walk'd the whole morning and the whole afternoon about these ruins, so much of Lisbon has been destroy'd as would make a town more than twice as great as
Turin.

Turin (a). In such a space nothing is to be seen but vast heaps of rubbish, out of which arise in numberless places the miserable remains of shatter'd walls and broken pillars.

Along a street which is full four miles in length, scarcely a building stood the shock : and I see by the materials in the rubbish, that many of the houses along that street must have been large and stately, and intermixed with noble churches and other public edifices ; nay, by the quantities of marble scatter'd on every side, it plainly appears that one fourth at least of that street was intirely built of marble.

The rage of the earthquake (if I may call it rage) seems to have turned chiefly against

(a) Turin, a fortified town in Piedmont, and the King of Sardinia's residence, is little more than a mile in length, taken from the Po-gate to that of Susa, and not quite so much from the King's palace to the New-gate. Lisbon from the Alcantara-gate to the Slave's bagnio is (or was) about four miles, and a mile and a half broad almost throughout.

against that long street, as almost every edifice on either side is in a manner levelled with the ground: whereas in other parts of the town many houses, churches, and other buildings are left standing; though all so cruelly shattered, as not to be repaired without great expence: Nor is there throughout the whole town a single building of any kind, but what wears visible marks of the horrible concussion.

I cannot be regular in speaking of the various things that struck me to day, but must note them down as well as my crowding thoughts will permit. My whole frame was shaking as I ascended this and that heap of rubbish. Who knows, thought I, but I stand now directly over some mangled body that was suddenly buried under this heap! Some worthy man! Some beautiful woman! Some helpless infant! A whole family perhaps!—Then I came in sight of a ruined

ruined church. Consider its walls giving way! The roof and cupola sinking at once, and crushing hundreds and thousands of all ages, of all ranks, of all conditions! This was a convent: this was a nunnery: this was a college: this an hospital! Reflect on whole communities lost in an instant! The dreadful idea comes round and round with irresistible intrusion.

As I was thus rambling over those ruins, an aged woman seized me by the hand with some eagerness, and pointing to a place just by: Here, stranger (said she) do you see this cellar? It was only my cellar once; but now it is my habitation, because I have none else left! My house tumbled as I was in it, and in this cellar was I shut by the ruins for nine whole days. I had perished with hunger, but for the grapes that I had hung to the ceiling. At the end of nine days I heard people over my head, who were searching

ing

ing the rubbish. I cried as loud as I could; they removed the rubbish, and took me out.

I asked her what were her thoughts in that dismal situation; what her hopes, what her fears. Fears I had none, said she. I implored the assistance of St. Anthony who was my protector ever since I was born. I expected my deliverance every moment, and was sure of it. But, alas! I did not know what I was praying for! It had been much better for me to die at once! I came out unhurt: but what signifies living a short while longer in sorrow and in want, and not a friend alive! My whole family perished! We were thirteen in all: and now——none but myself!

Hear of another deliverance no less uncommon. A gentleman was going in his calash along a kind of terrace, raised on the brink of an eminence which commands the whole town. The frighten'd mules leap'd down that eminence at the
first

first shock. They and the rider were killed on the spot and the calash broken to pieces, and yet the gentleman got off unhurt.

But there would be no end of relating the strange accidents that befel many on that dreadful day. Every body you meet has twenty to tell.

The King had two palaces in Lisbon and they were both destroyed. Yet none of the royal family perished. They were just going from *Lisbon* to (a) *Bellém*, and just in a part of the road where there was no house nigh. Had they stayed a quarter of an hour longer in town, or reached *Bellém* a quarter of an hour sooner, they had probably perished, as the royal palace at *Bellém* was likewise nearly destroyed. King, Queen, Princesses, and all their attendants were obliged to encamp in a garden and in the
neigh-

(a) *Bellém* is a town or village about three miles from *Lisbon*, where the King and royal family pass the best part of the year.

neighbouring fields: and I well remember that the British Envoy who was there at that time, wrote over to his court, that five days after the earthquake he went to *Bellém* to pay his respects to them, but that the Queen had sent him word she could not receive him, as she was under a tent, and in no condition to be seen. Imagine what the misery of the people must have been when even the royal family suffered so much.

Nor must I forget to mention the universal conflagration that followed the earthquake. You know that this misfortune fell out on All-Saints day, at ten o'clock in the morning; that is, when all the kitchen-fires were lighted against dinner time, and all the churches illuminated in honour of the day. The fires in the kitchens and the lights in the churches rolled against the combustible matters that could not fail to be in their way, and the ruined town was presently in a flame. *Lisbon* is furnished with water
by

by means of aqueducts; but the aqueducts were broken by the concussion: so that little or no water was at hand. Yet had it been ever so plentiful, still the town would not have escaped the conflagration, because (a) every body ran away to the fields and other open places: and thus more loss was caused by the fire than by the earthquake itself, as it consumed all that people had in their houses, which might in a good measure have been dug out of the ruins if it had not been consumed by that fire. What a spectacle for three hundred thousand people to see their homes burning all at once!

But is it not surprising, after such an earthquake and such a conflagration, to hear

(a) *Mr. Clark says, that on the first shaking of the ground the people "throng'd into the churches." How could he believe those who told him this? He says also, that only "one fourth part" of Lisbon was destroyed by the earthquake. He would have seen that it was more than two thirds, if he had visited those ruins. I hope he will excuse my redressing a few more of his mistakes when I come to speak of Toledo and Madrid.*

hear the Portuguese constantly repeat (and they have repeated it every day since) that their city is soon to be built over again, quite regular, quite fine, finer than ever it was? and all this to be effected in a little time? Indeed they give me no very high notion of their common sense when they abandon themselves so much to their fiery imaginations.

They say themselves that, upon a moderate computation, *Lisbon* contained four and twenty thousand houses. Of these no less than two thirds have been levelled to the ground, and the other third was left in no very good condition. However, waving the necessary repairs to that third, and considering only the two that are demolished, how is the rubbish of sixteen thousand houses to be removed, along with that of some hundred of large churches, two royal palaces, and many convents, nunneries, hospitals, and other public edifices? If half

the people that have escaped the earthquake, were to be employed in nothing else but in the removal of that immense rubbish, it is not very clear that they would be able to remove it in ten years. Then where are the materials for rebuilding sixteen thousand houses and some hundred of other edifices? Many of those houses were four, five, six, and even seven stories high.

It is true, that the country round abouts with marble enough to build twenty Lisbons. But still, that marble must be cut out of the quarry, must be shaped; must be carried to town. And is all this to be done in a little time? and by people who have lost in the conflagration whatever tools they had?

But they will rebuild the town with bricks for the quicker dispatch. Yet the making millions of millions of bricks, (even supposing the proper clay quite at hand) is not the work of a day. And kilns must be erected, and wood must
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be got to burn them. But where is that wood, in which I am told the country is far from abounding? And where are the thousands of brick-makers to make those numberless millions of bricks? Yet give them brick-makers, clay, and wood as much as will suffice, where is the lime; the iron, and the other materials?

But where do they actually dwell? Some hundred thousands of people surely cannot live in the open air?

This question is soon answered. Many dwell in those houses that were left standing, and rendered habitable again by hasty repairs and by propping them on every side, and many more dwell in numerous wooden huts and cottages which they have hastily built round their ruined town. Clusters of those cottages and huts form various parts of the prospects commanded by my windows. I must add, that many of the poorest sort have shifted the rubbish here and there, have cleared many ground-floor-rooms,

and many under-ground-cellars; and there they live, if not with convenience, at least under shelter. It is needless to say that thousands and thousands have migrated to other places.

However, the Portuguese have not been idle, and ever since the fatal day have been building apace. But what, besides the mentioned huts and cottages? What, but an Arsenal: and that so very large (as I am told) that there will be no edifice of that kind in the whole world to be compared to it when it is finished with the grand Portico adjoining to it, where merchants are to assemble at what they call *change-hours* in England.

This is almost the only considerable building that has been carried on in Lisbon ever since the earthquake; and I will not say, that instead of a magnificent fabrick it would have been better to build some score of good houses, nor will I remark that ships might for a while have been bought ready made, and
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mercantile business transacted at least for a few years in an humbler place than the grand Portico; but I cannot help saying, that, if I were allowed to wish in favour of the poor inhabitants of Lisbon, I would rather see one of their old streets rebuilt, than the grandest Arsenal: rather some few store-houses to secure merchandizes, than a great Portico for their owners to confabulate under. But the people, for whom I could form such wishes, seem to have another way of thinking, and who knows but as soon as that wonderful Arsenal is completed they set about to rebuild their inquisition, their cathedral, or some stupendous convent?

It seems the prevailing opinion amongst the Portuguese, that the numbers lost in the ruins of this town, amounted to more than ninety thousand. But suppose they exaggerate by two thirds, as the unhappy are apt to do, still a number re-