

mains that makes the blood run cold at the thought!

Nor is Lisbon the only place in Portugal that has undergone this woeful visitation. I am told that other towns have suffer'd still more in proportion. One in particular call'd *Setúbal* was so perfectly destroyed that not one person escaped!

But I will quit this subject. It fills one with sadness to no manner of purpose.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife

LETTER XXI.

The laying of a fundamental stone. A patriarchal pomp. Pied-horses.

Lisbon, Sept. 3, 1760.

I Have seen the King of Portugal and his whole court in great gala, this being a memorable anniversary, as his Majesty this day three years narrowly escaped being treacherously murdered by the Duke d'Aveiro and his associates.

That

That was a bloody transaction, and no less incomprehensible than bloody. It is not easily conceived that the Duke should be prompted and sollicitated to take away his Sovereign's life by many relations and friends, and by the whole body of the Portuguese jesuits: that so execrable a conspiracy should require the concurrence of many, when at last it was to be executed by a few: that the dreadful secret should be entrusted with men and women, masters, and servants, ecclesiastics and lay-men, and not one out of some hundred should be tempted by hope, impelled by terror, or induced by a better motive to discover it in time: that such a secret should so faithfully be kept by the whole gang of the conspirators as not even to be suspected by so wary and suspicious a government! all this is quite incomprehensible. But let us come to the gala.

In that village called *Bellém*, already named, a wooden edifice has been erected within these few days upon the very spot

where his Majesty was fired at by the murderers.

This edifice is eighty of my steps in length and five and twenty broad. The inside of it was hung with a kind of red serge striped and fringed with a tinsel-lace. In the middle of it was placed an altar gloriously adorned. Facing the altar there were two pews, one for the King and the other for the Queen, besides a smaller for *Don Bastian Joseph de Carvalho* secretary of State. Under the Queen's pew there was a kind of throne for *Cardinal Saldanha* the patriarch. The remainder of the place was occupied pell-mell by the nobility of the kingdom, foreign ministers, and all strangers well dress'd. The patriarch's attendants however, as well as the musicians, had some benches to themselves.

As the day proved inexpressibly hot, the doors and windows of the edifice were kept open during the ceremony, so that the numberless spectators from with-

out

out enjoyed it near as well as those within.

About nine o'clock Secretary *Garvalho* made his appearance preceded by many gentlemen, many servants, a drummer, and a trumpeter, all on horseback. He was alone in a coach drawn by six grey horses, attended by two grooms on foot, one on each side of the coach, and by five and twenty of the King's horse-guards.

He had scarcely alighted and got to his pew, when behold the Patriarch! Excepting the Pope, there is no ecclesiastic in the world that is ever surrounded with so great a pomp as this Patriarch. But his revenue, they say, amounts to thirty thousand pounds sterling, and so he may well afford it.

Two coaches full of priests began the march. Then followed fifty of his Eminence's servants walking two and two in blue liveries trimm'd with a crimson silk-lace, all uncover'd, all well powder'd, and

and all wearing large cloaks that reached the ground. A priest on horseback went before them, holding up a silver-cross fix'd on the top of a stick silver'd over. Then followed seven coaches. The two first were occupied by his Eminence's ecclesiastical officers. In the third was the Patriarch himself with his master of the ceremonies who kept his back to the horses. Two priests walk'd on foot, one on this side of the coach and the other on the other. Each bore in his hand an umbrella of crimson-velvet, fring'd round with gold. They were both so tall, that they put me in mind of *Don Fracassa* and *Don Tempesta* in the poem of *Ricciardetto*. The coach of the Patriarch both within and without was lined with blue velvet, gilt and painted very much and very well. Then followed his state-coach empty, so rich and so fine that Queen Semiramis would not have thought it unworthy of herself. Then three more coaches full again of officers ; I mean ecclesiastics all,

even

even some of the fifty that walk'd in procession. Each of the four first coaches was drawn by six pied-horses; that is, horses streak'd with black and white, which, it seems, are not so uncommon in Portugal and Spain, as they are in other countries. They all galop'd; but their galloping was so close and short, that the attendants on foot could keep up with it, though they walked with great slowness and solemnity. The three next coaches, instead of horses, had six mules each, much finer than any I ever saw in Italy. The Patriarch was dress'd in his great pontificals. And how did he look? In Petrarch's words

Stavasi tutto umile in tanta gloria.

While this noble procession was advancing towards the wooden edifice, more than twenty other coaches, each drawn by six mules, appeared from several parts, and in them were the dignitaries and canons of Lisbon-Cathedral. They all alighted at the door of the edifice and walk'd

walk'd partly to the right and partly to the left of the Patriarch's throne. I had quitted my chaise and borrowed *Batiste's* horse, that I might look at all the great folks with better convenience. Was I pleased with so magnificent a show, or was I disgusted by so vain a parade? I was pleased, because I am no morose philosopher. Such sights are naturally delightful, and I never found my account in counteracting nature. I overheard an Englishman damn the puppet-show, and thought him ill-natured or discontented.

The King then came in a coach and six, the horses black and white like the Patriarch's, surrounded with four and twenty of his horse-guards. Don Pedro was with him. The Queen followed immediately with her four daughters and an elderly lady, all in one coach, with four more coaches, two before and two behind, full of ladies, all coaches and six. Her Majesty was environed by a troop of her own horse-guards, who are much better

better dress'd than the King's, and, as I am told, all foreigners, chiefly Irish, Scotch, and Germans. She and the Princesses were most magnificently dress'd, wearing most ample hoops, their heads, necks, breasts, arms, waists, and feet glittering with jewels. The Princesses have very fine shapes, fine complections, and the finest eyes that can be seen. One of them (I think the third, but am not sure) as far as my wretched eyes could judge at the distance of seven or eight yards, is a striking beauty. I was pleas'd to see them so lively and hopping out of the coach with so much nimbleness.

In the pew they all kneeled for a moment, except the Queen who sat down and fell a-reading and kissing the leaves of her book. As she did this more than forty times in a few minutes I ask'd what was the meaning of that kissing, and was answer'd that it was her Majesty's custom to kiss the name of God, of our blessed Lady, and of all Saints and Angels in any
book



book that she reads. This singularity brought to my mind an English Philosopher (Mr. *Boyle*, if I do not mistake) who used to bow whenever God's name was mentioned.

The Queen lay'd down her book and a great *Te Deum* was sung with much noise of music. The *Te Deum* was follow'd by the litanies.

The King then got up, and attended by Don Pedro, Secretary Carvalho, and some other gentlemen of his court, descended into a kind of hole about breast-high, where silver-shovels, silver-hammers, and other implements of masonry had been placed before hand with stones, brick, and mortar. His Majesty put some gold and silver medals at the bottom of that hole and cover'd them with a quadrangular stone; then both he and his attendants took up their shovels, and fell a covering that stone with bricks and mortar, beating the bricks with the hammers from time to time, as they were directed

directed by a gentleman, who, I suppose, is the King's architect. And thus was placed the fundamental stone of a most noble church, which is to be forthwith erected there by way of *Ex-voto* to our blessed Lady for the miraculous deliverance the King obtained through her means from the blunderbuffes of the Duke d'Aveiro and the other assassins.

In a few minutes the business of laying the stone was over, during which I could not help wondering at some vulgar women who, looking through one of the windows, laughed immoderately at the masons, probably because they were somewhat awkward at their new trade, and this discomposed a little the gravity of the by-standers. Yet no body took any particular notice of their impertinence.

The King and his company returned to their places, and as soon as they were seated, the Patriarch quitting his throne stood up to the altar and celebrated a
high

high mass assisted by his dignitaries and canons with the ceremonies observed by the Cardinals to the Pope, when his Holiness officiates in the most solemn functions. During the mass the musicians play'd and sung most gloriously. The King has a good many in his service, and, what is remarkable, more than forty Italians, partly singers and partly players upon several instruments.

The mass lasted a full hour, and was followed by the patriarchal benediction, after which the company broke up and every body went home tired and fatigued. The heat without was great, as the sun shone very bright, but within was quite intolerable.

At some distance from the edifice there was all the while a foot battalion upon guard, the common men ill-dressed and ill-comb'd. They were not allow'd to fire as they do in Italy upon the like occasions; and this I thought judiciously ordered, as they would have frightened the horses

horses and mules, and made them prance over the multitude: and I was also pleased to see several officers repeatedly command the horse-guards to keep close and ride softly, that no body might be hurt.

The day before yesterday at the Amphitheatre I had seen a good number of ladies. To-day I saw many more at the wooden edifice, and had reason to be pleased at the sight in both places. To-day especially they were all richly dress'd, thick-set with jewels, and many of them very handsome. They are in general much fairer than one would expect in so hot a latitude, which makes me suppose that they take care not to go much in the sun. Almost all have open countenances and simpering looks. A good contrast to their men, whose skins are rather swarthy, and whose faces are sullen and grave, even when they attempt to smile, which they do often enough. The salutation of men to ladies consists

in a short and quick genuflexion, such as we make in Italy to our best *Madona's* when we are in a hurry. But this compliment the ladies scarcely return with a nod, especially to inferiors. The gentlemen embrace each other with great respect when they meet, and kiss each other's left shoulder.

I am told that no body in Lisbon is allowed to have horses to his coach, chaise, or other vehicle, except the Royal Family, Ministers of State, Patriarch, foreign Ministers, and a few others. The rest make use of mules. Portugal, they say, does not abound in horses, and the Portuguese are obliged to smuggle many out of Spain, whence the sale is forbidden under severe penalties.

Female dress is no where varied so much as amongst the low women in this country. Some hide themselves under veils of different stuffs and colours, and some appear quite uncovered. Some have their hair plaited up, some let it flow
down

down their shoulders, and some confine it in one or more hanging tresses. Some have coiffures after the French manner, and some wear hats after the English. Many adorn their heads with ribbons, and many with natural or artificial flowers. The earthquake has been the cause of so great a variety on this particular. As it has deprived the greatest part of them of their wearing apparel, they dress now as well as they can, and have no prevalent or national fashion.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA LETTER XXII.

Another fine Prospect. Rhyme and blank-verse. Heavenly life at the Jeronimites. Banks of the Tagus again. Sowing of Salt.

Lisbon, Sept. 5, 1760.

AS I was looking yesterday into a Portuguese book, I took notice that it was printed *en Lisboa Occidental*.

What means, said I, this *Occidental Lisbon*? Is there any other besides this?

No such thing, quoth the French bookseller. Some *Lusitanian* Literati affirm, that the ancient *Olisipo* stood on the opposite side of the river, because an ancient inscription was once found there in which *Olisipo* is mentioned. Upon this scanty foundation and to make a parade of erudition, some of them bestow that epithet of *Occidental* on this town, without considering, that, were their conjectures true, still there would be no room for that distinction, as no book was ever printed *en Lisboa Oriental*.

How far the bookseller is right or wrong I cannot determine. However, thought I, I will go and visit the opposite side of the river, and see if I can find out any thing worth a paragraph in a letter. A place suspected by the learned to have been *Lisbon*, well deserves a visit.

In consequence of this resolution this morning early I got into a boat with *Batiste,*

tiste, and sailed away to the other side of the *Tagus*.

The bank of the river on that side I found a great deal higher than this. It is a perfect mountain. But where I landed there is no house nor room to build any. I saw a path that leads up to the top of the hill, and clamber'd up. The path is craggy and difficult enough. On the summit there are two villages, one called *Castillo*, the other *Almada*.

Castillo has nothing that is remarkable, except the new ruins of an old-fashion'd castle, perhaps moorish, which probably gave name to the village. It is situated on a cliff made in the form of a sugar-loaf, and I am told that it was decay'd and uninhabited even before the earthquake reduced it in its present condition.

At *Almada*, which is about a musket-shot from *Castillo*, I enter'd a small Dominican convent, whose cloister-walls are incrust'd with tiles painted blue, and so very neat and clean, that the very

looking on them is cooling in this hot weather. The church which belong'd to the convent was thrown down by the first shock of the earthquake, and the shattered bodies of about twenty men and six times more women were dug out of its ruins. The convent stood the concussion, so that none of the friars perished but that one who was saying mass in the church.

From the windows on the west-side you have a prospect which excels even that of *Mount Edgcombe* in Devonshire, as from thence you have Lisbon full in your eyes : then *Bellém, Cascães, St. Julian*, and all the villages, castles, fortifications, and other buildings along the river down to the sea, with an immense landscape surrounding all this, bounded on one side by the *Rock of Lisbon* already mentioned, and in other places by other hills whose names I know not. The prospect from the east-windows is likewise very fine, though not so striking, as
it

it consists only of a long range of hills covered with vineyards interspersed with numberless fruit-trees of every kind, especially oranges and lemons, with houses and cottages from place to place. Charming *Almada!* though not embellished by any better building than the Dominican convent, certainly because there is no means of reaching so high a place but on foot or on a mule. Both *Almada* and *Castillo* were little less than levelled to the ground by the earthquake.

After having enjoy'd the prospects to my satisfaction, I rolled down the craggy path again, got to the boat and went to see an English hospital which stands a little lower down on the same side of the river, and at the foot of the hill, where the ground juts out a little into the water. But there I saw nothing worth notice, except the Physician to the hospital, an old and ill-bred gentleman; perhaps rendered ill-bred by jealousy, as he has had the weakness at seventy to

marry a pretty Portuguese girl of eighteen. He look'd very cross when he saw me enter the garden of the hospital, because the young lady was then in it gathering some fruit. As he had answer'd rather uncivilly some civil question I had put to him, I was tempted to make him fret a little by addressing her and begging a grape out of her basket. However I resisted the temptation, as I reflected that I may myself possibly be guilty of the same folly at his age, if ever I reach it. Therefore, after having taken a tour of the garden, I made him a bow, got again into the boat, and sailed up the river, still on the same side, to the house of one *O'Neal*, an Irish wine-merchant, whose ample cellars are worth seeing.

I found Mr. *O'Neal* quite the reverse of the Physician. As he saw me in a heat, he made me drink some of his best wine, gave me a biscuit, offer'd any other refreshment I chose, and was even kind in the same way to *Batiste* and my
boat-

boatmen, nor would he (a) accept of any pecuniary equivalent.

The house Mr. O'Neal has there, is defended from the encroachments of the river by a strong mole of large flat stones. From that mole I enjoyed the sight of two Negros swimming and playing gambols in the water. Had I never seen blacks before, I had mistaken them for some particular species of fish. They sprang out of the water and wheel'd upon it, as tumblers do upon firm ground. For a few reis I made them sing several songs in their *Mofambique* language, of which I comprehend nothing but that they were in rhyme. I wished myself a musician, only to take down the tunes of what they sung, though very simple with regard to harmony.

Several writers both of Italy and of England have affirmed, that rhyme is

a

(a) *I recommend him to those of my English readers who deal in Portugal-wine. I am positive he deserves customers for his kindness to thirsty people, even when they are perfectly unknown to him, as was my case.*

a monkish invention ; but I think them widely mistaken. It is not to be supposed that the Africans were taught rhyming by Missionaries, who have other business when in those regions than that of teaching rhyme or blank-verse to the natives. I heard once in *Venice* some Arabian songs which were in rhyme, and there is a French account of Arabia (wrote by a traveller whose name I cannot at present recollect) in which some poetry of that wandering nation is preserved, all in rhyme. One Gages an Englishman (who suggested to *Cromwell* the scheme of taking *Jamaica* from the Spaniards) in a printed account of *America* has given us an old *Mexican* song (words and music) which is in rhyme, and composed long before *Columbus* was born. These and a multitude of other such reasons have convinced me, that rhyme is no monkish invention, but one of the natural essentials of the poetry of all nations, ancient as well as modern, *Greek* and *Latin* only excepted,

ed, whose verses had feet instead of rhymes. It is therefore blank-verse that is to be considered as not natural to poetry, and to be deemed an invention, as it really was, and not a very ancient one.

But let me take my leave of the courteous *O'Neal*, and cross the *Tagus* again as I go down the stream. I was set on shore at *Bellém*, where I enter'd a most scurvy inn for a bad dinner. Then I visited a famous convent of *Jeronimites*; an order we have not in *Piedmont*, and not very common in other parts of western *Italy*.

The church of that convent is actually repairing, as its roof was thrown down by the earthquake. The scaffolding erected for this purpose did not permit me to see much of it. I only could see that it is one of the largest I ever saw, built with fine marble of various colours, and adorned with the richest altars. The architecture of the whole edifice was originally

originally gothic, but some parts of the convent are so no longer. The two galleries or cloisters which run one over the other, contain a number of statues, some of the most popular saints, and some of saints whose names and character I am not acquainted with, though the legend was my favourite book when I was a boy.

There are a hundred and thirty masons-friars in this convent, and I don't know how many lay-ones. Their cells are very good rooms. Those who are lodged on the water-side, may from their windows enjoy the sight of the ships incessantly going up and down the river. The back apartments command a spacious garden and a piece of uneven ground, wall'd in and full of olive-trees.

Amongst those trees are several little cells and chapels belonging to several paupers of low condition who have repented, and are allowed to live there in perfect idleness; which way of consuming time is by them termed *Vida celeste*,
a hea-

a heavenly life; nor is the appellation much amiss in my opinion, if it be taken in the poetical sense; as the privilege of living without working, is really the chief blessing of this life. They subsist upon mere accidental alms, of which they have plenty by the intercession of *St. Jerome*, who like them lived in a cell or cave in the midst of a desert, and of course makes it his particular business that his followers be abundantly supplied.

As this convent is of royal foundation, you may be sure that the friars in it have a better chance for their dinners than casual charities. They live very comfortably and have no other obligation but that of praying some hour every day for their original benefactor and his successors. This duty they are forced to perform regularly, whether they are inclined to it or not. But the pious founders of religious houses never thought that frequent and regular praying must prove a hardship, and always took it for granted that

that a number of men well fed, warmly dress'd, and conveniently lodged, would never repine to solicit heaven for their deliverance out of purgatory. They supposed that when worldly cares were removed, devotion would regularly take possession of the heart, and I wish that they had never been mistaken.

The church there, was formerly (and may be so still for what I know) the burial-place of the Kings and Queens of Portugal. I am told there are in it several of their sepulchral monuments; but I could not see them because of the scaffolding.

One of the *Padres* who showed me the place, encouraged me to eat of the fine grapes of the garden, and I can tell you that you have scarce any so good in Italy. Their figs are also excellent. They have many *Brasilian* plants in that garden, particularly that called *Banana*. They all grow in the open air, and with no particular culture that I could see. By
this

this you may judge of the heat of this climate.

As I failed up again to *Lisbon*, I enjoyed again from the boat the fine prospect I had from the packet on my arrival. It is really as enchanting as can possibly be conceived. By *Bellém* there is a noble structure called *Paço de Vaca* (*the Palace of the Cow*, an odd name) where the King's horses are educated for the manège. It is embellished with busts and statues, partly placed in niches and partly on the ridge of its walls. Then the palace called the *Vice-queen's* of the Indies; that of *Marquis Gingez*; that of the *French Ambassador*; that of the *late Patriarch*; that of the *present Patriarch*; that of the *Secretary of State* for the marine department; the fortrefs called *La Jonqueira*; the palace that was occupied by *Cardinal Acciajoli* the *Pope's Nuncio*, lately driven out of Portugal in a very abrupt and rough manner: then that of *Count Ribeira*; that of *Don Emanuel*,
uncle

uncle to his present majesty; that of *Secretary Carvalho*, and another which has been degraded to a jail for state-criminals, not far from which stood heretofore that of the *Duke d' Aveiro*, which is now nearly demolished, pursuant to the sentence that was past on its master.

All these and other structures, whose names I have forgotten, would not misbecome the noblest of our Italian towns. They adorn the intermediate space between *Bellém* and *Lisbon*, nor has the earthquake damaged them much. Yet they are not the only decoration of that part of the shore. There is besides a vast number of houses, as I said already, all white, with their windows and window-shutters or lattices painted green. When the stones of the *D' Aveiro* palace are removed (which, by the bye, is done carefully that they may not be spoilt, as they are worth preserving) and the spot is made level, salt is to be sowed upon it, that it may never bear any grafs: which

to

to me seems a very unjust punishment inflicted upon a poor piece of ground that certainly had no part in the crime of its owner: and after the sowing of that supposed enemy to fertility, a high marble-column is to be erected in the centre of that spot with an inscription upon it, to perpetuate the infamy of that bloody traitor, whose character (if I am not misinformed) was a hateful mixture of the grossest ignorance and the most brutal pride. Men will determine according to their different dispositions; and he had a punctilious abhorrence to that sort of honour which is at present generally disregarded throughout Europe, and thoroughly exploded from France, where even the greatest Lords are ambitious of being a-kin to a certain sort of women.

As I was coming back towards evening, I took the *King-George-Packet* in my way, drank a bumper with my seafaring gentlemen, and had a touch at the bag-pipe. They have promised to come

and dine with me before they set sail for
Falmouth.

L E T T E R XXIII.

A specimen of poetical style. An aqueduct.

Lisbon, Sept. 6, 1760.

U P O N the report of others I have
in a former letter mentioned the
Arsenal they are actually building here.
But I have been this day an ocular ad-
mirer myself of its amplitude, and will
venture to say that if the smallest closet in
it was turned into a ball-room, we
might have a dance in it of all the giants
and giantesses ever dream'd of by the
noble *Don Quixote* whenever the moon
was at the fullest. Indeed when it is fi-
nished (if ever it is) the poets of this
country will be justly entitled to say in
their usual emphatic strain, that *in the*
new-built metropolis of the Lusitanian em-
pire (true and astonishing abridgment of
puissant Assiria, dreaded Macedonia, scienti-
fific Greece, and all-conquering Rome) there
is

is so vast, so beautiful, and so costly an edifice, as may without exaggeration be compared to the mountainous temple of the chaste Ephesian Goddess, to the unmeasurable mausoleum of the faithful and sorrowful Artemisa, to the incomprehensible Nymphian structures of the most magnificent though most blood-thirsty Dioclesian, and even to those terror-striking pyramids erected on the extensive shores of the ever-fertile Ethiopian river, whose ponderosity has made the Egyptian provinces groan for centuries and centuries, and whose sharp-pointed summits pierce the far-spreading darkness that environs the adamant throne of great Jupiter's resplendent queen, and seem to challenge to mortal and everlasting war the most distant, most numerous, and most unpropitious constellations.

I will not say that this manner of writing is adopted by all the modern poets of Portugal: but amongst that infinity of sonnets just published on the laying of the fundamental stone of the church, which

is to be dedicated to the *Nossa Senhora da Liberaçom*, a good many ran very much in this style: and I dare to say, that if this encomium on the new Arsenal was to be turned into a Portuguese ode, it would not meet here with universal disapprobation.

To be serious, this Arsenal is a huge fabric, and, in the opinion of many, quite disproportionate to the use intended. However, there is never any great harm in public edifices being too large, because those parts in them which are superfluous one way, may easily be made serviceable another. Thus many rooms in this may be turned upon occasion into granaries, store-rooms, quarters for soldiers, hospitals, and other such receptacles, of which there are never enough in great capital cities.

This edifice I visited this morning: but I went to see another of another kind in the afternoon, which surpasses it by far in point of bulk as well as magnificence.

I mean

I mean the *Aqueduct* in the valley of *Alcántara*, by which *Lisbon* is supplied with almost all the water that is used by the inhabitants.

That valley is sunk between two rocky and barren declivities. The *Aqueduct* for about a quarter of a mile, which is the breadth of the valley, runs transversely over it, from the summit of the western declivity to the opposite summit of the eastern. A long range of square pillars supports it: and to give you an idea of these pillars, it is enough to say, that one of their sides measures near twelve, and the other near thirteen times the length of my sword, which was the only instrument I had to take such measures; and the space between the two middle-most pillars is such, both in breadth and height, that a fifty-gun ship with her sails spread might pass through without obstruction. However, all the pillars are not of equal dimensions with the two central. They grow lower and

lower, and the spaces betwixt them diminish gradually on either side the valley, as the ground gradually rises on either side.

The pillars support an architrave whose middle is formed into a canal, through which the water runs : and there is room enough left for three or four men to walk abreast along the architrave on each side the canal which is vaulted the whole length, and adorned from space to space with *Lucarnes* made in the form of little temples, each of which has a door or aperture large enough for a man to get at the water and clean the bottom of the canal in case of necessity.

The whole of this immense fabrick is of fine white marble dug out of a quarry not a musket-shot distant : and I am told that about a league further off there are some other parts of it which have their share of grandeur, though by no means comparable to what is seen in this valley. The earthquake had spoilt it in two or
three

three places : but the damage proved inconsiderable and was easily remedied. And indeed I wonder not if it withstood the shocks. A concussion violent enough to effect its destruction, would shatter the whole kingdom of Portugal.

When a man has once seen such a structure as the Aqueduct of *Alcántara*, there is no danger of his ever forgetting it, as it is the nature of grand objects to force remembrance. As long as I live I shall preserve the image of it, along with that of the valley which is rendered so conspicuous by it.

However, if there was no such thing as that glorious Aqueduct in that valley, still I should never forget the valley itself, because of an adventure I met in it of a pretty singular kind. But the visit to the two edifices, which was performed on foot and in the heat of the day, has fatigued me so much, that the account of it must be delay'd till to-morrow.

N 4.

LET-



LETTER XXIV.

Lapidation performed in a valley. Good Mothers.

Lisbon, Sept. 7, 1760.

WHILE I am waiting for the barber I may as well tell my adventure of yesterday in the Valley of *Alcántara*.

After having fully satisfied my curiosity with regard to the noble Aqueduct, we turned back the way we went. But as we ascended one side of the valley we met with five or six men wrapp'd up to their noses in their ample cloaks, which it is the custom here to wear both winter and summer. They pull'd off their hats, and we pull'd off ours, because this is another custom of the people here, to give each other this token of respect whenever they meet about the country. But the cloak'd fellows had not gone twenty yards from us, when, turning suddenly

suddenly back, they began to hurl stones at us with such precipitance and fury, as could not be described by the best *Balearick* poet of *Majorca*.

What is the meaning of this? cried I to my landlord Mr. *Kelly*.

Run for your life was the answer: and he took to his heels with such celerity as if he had utterly forgot that he is full seventy.

What could I do on seeing myself thus abandoned by my auxiliary troops? Spare me the mortification of owning, that I made my retreat with as much haste as I could, and thus baffled the cruel intention of the villains, and the fatal consequence that might have ensued from that unexpected lapidation.

And now tell me, dear brothers, the motive that induced them to treat me and my fellow-walker in so barbarous a manner?

Sir, says *Kelly* with an air of triumph, will you still laugh at me when I tell you
that

that you tarry too late at the English Coffee-house? Upon my soul, one night or other you will see what it is in this country to come home at eleven and alone!

But here is the barber, and I must not make him wait.

A POSTSCRIPT *in the evening.* My Landlord has given you a hint that I am so imprudent as to spend an hour or two in the evening at a coffee-house, where all manner of strangers resort, especially of the English nation. Not one of those strangers have I as yet heard speak favourably of the Portuguese. On the contrary they all join to paint them in the blackest colours, and would fain persuade any new comer, that this is the most unpolished, most inhospitable, and most hateful nation under the sun. But notwithstanding their invectives I was until yesterday-evening rather inclined to a contrary opinion, as such assertions squared

squared not with my first cursory observations. I had taken notice that the Portuguese are very respectful to each other, and quick to bow to any body they meet out of a croud : that they are enthusiastic admirers of women, and treat them with a pleasing mixture of obsequiousness and gallantry : that they have a strong musical turn, and are fond of spending the first part of the night in singing and playing about the streets ; nor had I seen any thing deserving censure in their general behaviour at church.

These obvious characteristics of the Portuguese I thought rather incompatible with treachery and unprovoked inhumanity ; besides that I know enough of mankind to be tolerably acquainted with their vile antipathies and with their readiness severally to abuse and depreciate their neighbours upon the slightest provocation, and often upon no provocation at all. No nation upon record has yet found grace before another, and each is

thought

thought detestable by the rest. This universal brutality in the gross of mankind, made me unwilling to believe the many bad things repeatedly told me of the Portuguese; and I should have persisted unshaken in my incredulity, had it not been for that iniquitous lapidation, which, I think, has given me ground enough to credit in a good measure the uniform accusations brought against them by all men of other nations that have resided here.

You may possibly upbraid me still for my seeming facility in adopting this harsh opinion, and insist that my motive is still very slight and equivocal. And indeed I really wish I could persuade myself that the low part of this nation is not a mass of villains, and that the fellows in that Valley are by no means to be considered as the legal representatives of their peers, but only as a groupe of rogues who met unluckily together by mere chance.

But

But that I may put you in a condition to judge adequately of this matter, I must also tell you, that yesterday likewise, as we were going to see that Aqueduct, a parcel of children followed us at some distance in a most clamorous manner, and loaded us with such execrable contumelies, as generally surpass the abilities of children in other countries.

The impotent insult of those growing rascals, I should have forgot as soon as it was over, but for an ugly circumstance that attended it. The circumstance was, that several women, on hearing that sudden vociferation, rush'd out from several quarters, and joining with the perverse children, encouraged them to give us more and more of their abusive language, and made them follow us much longer than they would otherwise have done if they had been left to themselves. Some of those women were apparently mothers to some of those children; and what judgment can a man pass upon a nation, when