

they call themselves? Why do they ever shun the houses of the poor, where religious men ought always to be assisting and comforting? And what business have they in the palaces of the great, where they are perpetually intruding? What are they doing in the courts of princes, where they are incessantly endeavouring to get a greater and greater footing? Many and many times has my indignation been raised to see them there, smiling, bowing, whispering, fawning, caballing, and intriguing ten thousand times more than the meanest courtiers.

But of these and other matters *Ragionerem più adagio insieme poi*, as the Evangelist said to *Astolfo*. Mean while, as the hour of departure is approaching, I have employed yesterday and to-day in visiting over again and a-foot the ruins of this metropolis, and those many clusters of habitations, which have been built for the reception of those unfortunate creatures

tures whom the earthquake has bereft of their homes.

Of those ruins I have already tried to give you some idea: but I must again recommend to you not to forget when you read that description, that words cannot come up to so vast a scene of horrible desolation.

By comparing the topography of these ruins (both in the town and country) with a map of Portugal, it appears that the main force of that memorable concussion was collected in a narrow line from East to West; and that the chief mischief caused by it, fell upon those buildings that happened to lie along that line: so that it was not the solidity of its walls that saved the great edifice at *Mafra* from destruction, but its being at some distance from the course of the motion. Had this not been the case, that edifice could never have escaped the violence which shattered the stony sides of the high hill near *Cintra*, and made some of  
its

its cliffs roll down into the subjacent plain.

When the fury of the earthquake subsided, and the universal distraction was in some measure appeased, the inhabitants of *Lisbon* hastened to raise all about the neighbouring hills such temporary walls and roofs, as could immediately screen them from the severe weather that succeeded the immense calamity, and have progressively built several small villages composed of small houses and cottages, some of wood and some of brick, which are very pretty to look at, as they are regularly disposed, and as it is the general custom here to whitewash the outside of all their dwellings.

Those small houses and cottages they call *Barraca's*: a very proper appellation, as this word, which has got admision in almost all the languages of Europe, means in them all *A very small habitation for man.*

In crossing those parts of the town which have not been demolished, it was impossible not to take notice of the nastiness of the streets. The abominable stink and the vast heaps that cause it, render many of those streets impassable. I am told that there are rigid laws against the infamous practice of throwing any filth down the windows: but what are laws when there is no power to enforce their execution?

One of the things that most surprise a stranger as he rambles about this town, is that great number of Negroes who swarm in every corner.

Many of these unhappy wretches are natives of Africa, and many born of African parents either in Portugal or in its ultramarine dominions. No ship comes from those regions without bringing some of either sex; and, when they are here, they are allowed to marry not only among themselves, but also with those of a different colour. These cross-marriages have



filled the country with different breeds of human monsters. A black and a white produce a *mulatto*. Then a mulatto joins with a black or a white, and two other creatures are engendered, both called *mestices*. Then the *mestices white* join with the *mestices black*, or with true blacks, true white, or mulattos; and all branch out into so many and various kinds, that it becomes very difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish them by peculiar names, though they are all discriminated by their peculiar hues.

To such a degree the original breed is here depraved, that to be a *Blanco*; that is, a *perfect white*, is become a title of honour: so that when a Portuguese says that he is a *Blanco*, you are not to understand that he is a *white man*, which is the real signification of the word; but that he is an honest man, a man of honour, a man of family, a man of consequence and importance.

To

To all these mongrel mixtures you may add the Jewish. Portugal abounds with Jews who personate Christians, and often intermarry both with the white and the other generations. You will easily comprehend that this cannot much contribute towards the farther improvement of those genealogies which make so good a figure on the shelves of the library at *Mafra*.

These strange combinations have filled this town with such a variety of odd faces, as to make the traveller doubt whether *Lisbon* is in Europe; and it may be foreseen, that in a few centuries not a drop of pure Portuguese blood will be left here, but all will be corrupted between Jews and Negroes, notwithstanding their most holy tribunal of the sacred inquisition.

To obviate one of the two evils (which might both be removed by a secular tribunal) the inquisition is always upon the watch to discover the Jews; and when

any is found out, you know how he is treated. Tell an inquisitor that you are a Jew because it has pleased God to make you a Jew, and that you do not think yourself entitled to undo what God has done, the good Father will throw you into the fire as sure as if you were a chip.

But as one evil breeds another, the incessant diligence of the inquisition to detect the Jews, makes them redouble their arts of concealment, and (what completes the blessing) multiplies superstition and increases hypocrisy. Hence it happens that numbers of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions, go about with long rosaries between their thumb and fingers, muttering *paters* and *aves*, that they may be deemed Christians if they are Jews, or not be mistaken for Jews if they are Christians.

How the Jews can bear to live amidst incessant danger, is utterly inconceivable. There is a stubborn perverseness in their defying the law of Portugal that almost justifies

justifies the inquisitorial rage. Would you not fly into a passion and roll down-stairs the impudent fellow who was resolved to stay in your own house in spite of your teeth?

In my long walk of yesterday and to-day, I have entered a good number of artists' shops, and found to my no small surprise that they belong mostly to strangers. One would be apt to suspect that the industry of this nation is not great; and the suspicion will increase, when you are told that linen, woollen-cloth, silk-stuffs, and almost all other productions of the loom, are by the Portuguese imported from abroad, though they have at home many of the materials. This is also the case with regard to all sorts of steel, copper, and brass-work, except what is used in mean houses; that is, what does not require much perfection of workmanship. Would you believe that even their shoes they procure from England and from France? I am told that the

few who will have shoes made on purpose for their own feet, must apply to the few foreign shoemakers scattered about this town, and submit to pay exorbitant prices. Even tailors are foreigners for the greatest part; at least those who are most in vogue; and as to French barbers and hair-dressers, they swarm here as well as in England. Statuaries, architects, and engravers they never had of any note. As to painters they can boast but of one, *Alonzo Sanchez Coello*, a disciple of our great *Raphael*, and a favourite of Philip II. who used to call him *Titian the second*. He was employed by that King in the *Escorial*, which he contributed to adorn. His name is more known to the Italians than to the Portuguese.

I will not omit to say that I wanted a plan of this town to help myself in my excursions; but was assured that such a thing had never been thought on, though considering its extent and the great resort of strangers, one would think that many  
by

by the probability of profit might be tempted to make it.

To range about such a wide scene of curiosity as this metropolis and its neighbourhood, gives certainly much satisfaction to an inquisitive pair of eyes. But if my eyes are pleased, my ears pay for it by a torment peculiar to the country, which I have suffered every day since my arrival, holidays excepted.

This torment is caused by the creaking of the cart-wheels. I question whether the stink of the dirtiest streets is not more supportable to the nostrils than that shrillness to the ears. The cart-wheels here are made out of two boards nailed together, and clumsily cut in a circular form. Yet the painful noise they make might be obviated, would carmen but grease their axles : but they say that the devil would then do mischief to their oxen, and that noise frightens him away. Did you ever hear a better reason for sparing grease? *Saavedra* in his *Don Quixote*,

takes notice of his countrymen's opinion about the noise of cart-wheels, "*de cuyo chirrio aspero y continuado se dize que huyen los lobos y los osos,*" by whose grating and incessant shrillness they say that wolves and bears are put to flight. If this Spanish notion is not warranted by experience, probability will render it excusable: but the Portuguese have still higher expectations from the noise of a cart-wheel.

These and many other observations have as yet given me no great idea of the common sense of this nation; and as I have brought no recommendatory letters to introduce me to the higher class, where I might find something to make me amends for the little pleasure I have in observing the lower, I have resolved to stay no longer here; and I hope that not more than one of my letters will be dated from this metropolis.

I will conclude this with an exclamation made by an Italian friend of mine

on

on his landing here after an absence like mine from his native country. *Quanti preti! Quanti frati! Quanti Muli!*

## L E T T E R   X X X I I .

*An important dialogue. Parade of Knowledge. Jesuits way of teaching.*

Lisbon, Sept. 16. 1760.

I Quit Lisbon to-morrow. My passports are dispatched, and I have just signed the bargain with the *Caleseiros* who are to carry me to Madrid in fifteen days. I take Batiste with me. My farewell compliments to the British Ambassador, the English nuns, the Genoese capuchins, and some other people, are all paid, and my things are pack'd up: so that to-morrow-night I shall sleep on the other side of the *Tagus*. Let me now write my last letter from *Lisbon*.

I have already given you to understand; that my opinion of the Portuguese literature is very low; and a few additional

ob-



observations, which I have had occasion to make this morning on this subject, have not heighten'd that opinion. But before I give you those observations, let me translate a *Dialogue* out of a Portuguese book.

QUESTION. *Don Joseph the first, whose son is he?*

ANSWER. *Of King John V, and Queen Maria Anna of Austria.*

QU. *In what year was he born?*

ANS. *In 1714.*

QU. *On what day?*

ANS. *The sixth of June.*

QU. *When and by whom was he baptized?*

ANS. *Aug. 29, of the same year by Cardinal de Cugna.*

QU. *Whom has he married?*

ANS. *Being still Prince of Brasil, he married the most serene Infanta of Spain Dona Mariana Victoria.*

QU. *Who brought about this marriage?*

ANS,

ANS. *Antony Guedes de Pereira* while he was envoy at the court of Madrid.

QU. *Who went to fetch in due form the most serene lady Infanta ?*

ANS. *Dom Rodrigo Eanes de Sà Marquis of Abrantes.*

QU. *When did this Lady reach Portugal ?*

ANS. *On January 19, 1729.*

QU. *When did she enter Lisbon ?*

ANS. *On Feb. 12, of the same year.*

QU. *When did King Joseph the First begin to reign ?*

ANS. *On the last of July 1750.*

QU. *When was he proclaimed ?*

ANS. *On Sept. 7. of the same year.*

QU. *How many children has he ?*

ANS. *He has four daughters, who are the Lady Princess of Brasil Dona Maria Frances Isabel; the Lady Infanta Dona Maria Anna Frances; the Lady Infanta Dona Maria Frances Dorothy; and the Lady Infanta Dona Maria Frances Benedicta.*

And

And with this fine Dialogue ends a Portuguese book printed in 1750, intitled *Instrução de Principiantes, &c.* that is, “ *An Instruction to Beginners, and a new Method by which the first Letters are to be learned, for the Use of Schools,*” &c.

This book was composed by the professors of the royal school which goes by the name of *As Escolas de Nossa Senhora das Necessidades*; that is, *The Schools of our Lady of the Necessities*; to which schools (or school) the Portuguese parents who intend to give a liberal education to their children, must send them, as no other school is here permitted either public or private.

Soon after my arrival I inquired whether in *Lisbon* there was an university; and was informed that these schools were here in the stead of an university. Being desirous to form some acquaintance with the professors there, I sent (directed for the

the heads of the schools) a large sheet of ancient Greek characters, collected and methodically disposed by a very learned Englishman called *Morton*, and published in London not long before my departure.

The sheet was accompanied with as civil a letter as I could possibly put together; and it proved an agreeable present, if I am to believe two of those professors who came to me three days after, to return me thanks in their own and their colleagues' name.

You may well think that I received them with very submissive civility, and my respect prevailed upon them to stay dinner with me. During a good part of the afternoon they prattled with a volubility, which (as far as I have observed) is characteristical to the Portuguese. It was pretty visible that they both wanted to impose themselves upon me for mighty learned men, and to make me conceive a great opinion of their schools, of their

country, and of themselves. However, their learning seem'd to me not great, and their manner of conveying it by much too pompous. Their discourse was plentifully larded with such Latin sentences as are in every school-boy's mouth, and the names of *Tully* and *Virgil* graced too many of their periods. They had some distant glimmering of the French literature, and had heard the names of *Molière* and *Boileau*; but with regard to that of Italy and of England, neither of them knew more than my negro. The sheet of Greek alphabets, which I had sent them, is hung up, they said, in one of their schools; but they honestly own'd that none of them meddled much with Greek.

My patience was nearly worn out when they left me, fully persuaded I suppose, that they had amazed me with the variety of their knowledge and the fluency of their elocution. Hearing that these were two of the chief professors *das Ne-*  
*ces-*

*cessitades*, I found means to return the visit when I was sure of not finding them at home, and thought no further about them. However this morning they called on me again, on purpose to thank me again, as they said, for my present, which had been examined by their colleagues, and found to be *huma valeroza composiçãõ* (*a noble composition*), and as they had taken notice of my sollicitude to inform myself of whatever was relative to their schools, they desired my acceptance of the book, out of which I have extracted the above dialogue, assuring me that it was one of the most elegant and learned *composiçãõs* in their language.

They were no sooner gone than I fell to reading it. It is divided into two parts nearly equal. The first is a most jejune abridgment of their history, from count *Dom Henrico* of Burgundy (who liv'd in the eleventh century) down to the present reign inclusively. The second part  
is

is no more than the same abridgment thrown into dialogues; of which I have given you the last. The style of these is plain, because no art could make it otherwise; but as for that of the history (or abridgment) there are few things more thickly sown with over-strained thoughts and puerile conceits.

By the title I had mistaken it for a new-year's-gift to a child; yet I see by the preface, that they put it into the hands of those young men who from the school of humanity are advanced to that of rhetorick. How it can contribute to make young men rhetoricians, is beyond my comprehension; and if you review my faithful translation of the dialogue, you will agree with me, that such trifles ought to have been taught in the nursery, and not in a royal school of rhetorick. *Kelly's* boys, who are pupils to the younger of my visitors, have told me, that this and their other school-books must be learned by heart in each

respective school; for such is the method: and the scholars who neglect to commit their daily lessons to memory, are sure of punishment.

What I have further to remark on this subject is, that *as Escolas das Necessidades* is a Philippine convent, and of course the professors are Philippine friars. The Jesuits were formerly possessed of the exclusive privilege of teaching the youth of *Lisbon*; but soon after their expulsion this honour was conferred by the government upon the Philippines; and I am much mistaken if the poor lads are not fallen from the frying-pan into the fire.

It is a positive fact that in Italy the Jesuits have endeavoured to root out all literature. Before the institution of their order we had such a number of men eminent in various branches of science, from (a) Dante down to (b) Galileo; as few,

(a) Dante was born in 1265.

(b) Galileo died, in 1642.



if any, of the modern nations can show. But as soon as the Jesuits got possession of our schools under the pretence of teaching our youth *gratis*, there was almost an end amongst us of historians, politicians, philosophers, and poets. The Jesuits began by discrediting the Greek tongue, and persuaded us that it was unnecessary. Then by means of their voluminous Latin grammars they rendered the acquisition of the Latin next to impossible, as it is almost impossible to learn a thing unknown by means of a thing equally unknown. They corrupted even our language, and caused such a deluge of equivocal wit to be poured over our writings of all kinds, that during their reign, that is, during the last century, we excited the ridicule of the neighbouring nations, in whom long before we had raised astonishment.

It was luckily for us that the Jesuits could never obtain admission into the university of Pisa, and that they were

not

not even allowed to teach in the inferior schools of Tuscany ; so that it was at last in the power of the Tuscans and of *Galileo's* disciples and followers, to rescue us from barbarity, and restore the learning of Italy to purity and splendour. *Rinaldini, Aggiunti, the two Del Buono's, Viviani, Bellini, Torricelli, Redi,* and several other men, deliver'd us in a good measure from our false instructors ; false with regard to us, though not to themselves, as they taught each other very well, and were themselves almost the only men of science throughout the country.

And here it may not be amiss to record, that amongst our Italian princes, it was our glorious king *Victor Amadeus* who first detected the deep-laid schemes of the Jesuits, and who first had the courage to strip them throughout his dominions of the exclusive privilege of teaching us. And it is originally to him that the greater part of the Italian states owe

the great blessing of having at present but a very few Jesuits for teachers.

In this country, however, it was not very judicious to substitute the Philip-pines to the Jesuits, if the Philippines are for ignorance like those of Italy, as I am persuaded they are. But it is to be hoped that these reverend fathers have been only temporarily entrusted with this important charge, until the present disturbances are somewhat quieted. I am told, that this government intends to put the public schools into better regulations, and that a good number of truly learned men are soon to be procured from other countries: nay, I am positively assured, that old *Facciolati* the philologist, father *Frisi* the mathematician, and some other eminent men from Padua, Milan, and other parts of Italy, are expected to be soon here; that a new university is to be instituted in this town, into which some of the *Cohimbra*-professors are to be incorporated, and that ancient university totally suppressed. How

How much of truth there is in these reports, I have not been able to ascertain. Perhaps the day approaches, that the Portuguese will emerge from ignorance and superstition, and come up to a level with some other Catholic nations.

## L E T T E R XXXIII.

*Fleas, rats, and other conveniencies. Love in one place and liberty in another. Devotion here and devotion there.*

Aldeagallega, Sept. 17, 1760.

**T**HE poor traveller has quitted Lisbon to-day in the afternoon, in order to journey on to his native land.

The river *Tagus*, not three miles broad at the mouth, is full nine miles where I crossed it to-day: but the wind proved so favourable, that in about three hours I sailed over it in an open boat.

And here I am in the best inn (*Estalage* they call it here) of *Aldeagallega*. My apartment is nothing more than a

U 3 . large

large room hung all round with fine broad cobwebs, and furnished with a narrow mat for its inhabitant to stretch his limbs upon, whenever he shall wish to go to sleep. Glass-windows this room has none; but instead of panes there are shutters so full of chinks, that all the children of Eolus may pass them. As for a bed, tables, chairs, pictures, and other things in use amongst Christians and Mahometans, here are none; and through the various clefts of the boards which form this floor, I expect that a multitude of rats will come out to-night to peep at me, and eat me perhaps, as the *Estallageiro* has no victuals either for them or for any body else.

Such is the lodging I have got for to-night. But although the danger from the rats may be rather imaginary than real, yet it is evident that I shall not escape with a whole skin from the fleas, which run on all sides of this room in numerous squadrons, and seem impatiently

tiently to wait for my putting out the light that they may come and eat me.

However, upon this mat I shall not sleep. Batiste, who has travell'd much up and down this country, has bought me a large bag, which is to serve me instead of a bed as long as my journey through Portugal will last; and he is this minute come to tell me, that he has found dry straw sufficient to fill it; so that he is sure I shall pass a comfortable night upon it, with the help of the sheets and coverlet that he has likewise provided. As to food, we have brought with us fowls, hams, sausages, pies, cakes, and cheefe; therefore neither of us shall meet with the dismal fate of *Jugurtha* after he fell into the hands of the mercilefs Romans.

And now, ye Queens of Parnassus, as a reward for my long past services, for which you never paid me, I beseech you to obtain from your friend Apollo, that to-morrow he be so kind as to bring day

over this region betimes, that I may early see the way which leads travellers from the most paltry inn of *Aldeagallega*.

#### A POSTSCRIPT.

Supper being over, and finding in myself an invincible reluctance to fall down upon the straw-bag, I went to take a short walk. The air is quite soft and calm, and the moon shines bright. As I was moving on with weary steps and busy imagination, I found myself by the side of the *Tagus*, which is within pistol-shot of the *Estallage*. There I saw many a happy couple, some sitting on the bank, some walking backwards and forwards, all whispering, all hugging, all enjoying each other in the cool of the evening.

Good folks ! said I to myself. What sort of supper they have had I know not, and probably their beds are no better than that which Batiste has provided for me ! And yet they are happy in each other's

other's kindness. Why do the English stun foreigners with their liberty? Is it not liberty to wander by the river-side at *Aldeagallega*, telling a gentle maid whatever comes uppermost, without a thought of ministry, politics, or faction?

Happy *Aldeagallegans!* go on in this way for ever, and never think nor enquire how the money of the nation is spent!

I had already taken notice that the Portuguese are of a disposition much more amorous than the English, and waited for an opportunity to tell you so. The inhabitants of this village walking thus lovingly *chacun avec sa chacune* have now given me that opportunity. But this is generally the case with all nations in warm climates. The natives of a cold region can scarcely have right notions of the effect of a warm temperature. In northern latitudes a good deal of cloathing and firing is required to pass life away with some comfort; and where cloathing and firing are much wanting, much  
 thought



thought and much time must be spent to procure them. The case is somewhat different in those countries where fewer things are necessary to life. This is the reason why in England there are multitudes who have scarcely been in love once in their lives. Many a debauchee have I seen in England during ten years, but very seldom a true *innamorato*. In Portugal all are in love from the day of their nativity to that of their decease, and *Camoens* knew what he was about when he said

*Venus bella*

*Affeyçoada a gente Lusitana.*

“*Fair Venus cherishes the Portuguese.*”

*Love* is the predominant passion on the *Tagus*, as *Liberty* on the *Thames*.

There are many more striking differences between the Portuguese and the English; but that amongst other which is most remarkable, is their different way of being devout, when by devotion we mean the outward show of religion, independent

dent of its spirit. See the English at church. They sit or stand with a composed look; sing their psalms and anthems with an even tone of voice; and not one in a hundred betrays the least enthusiasm, except a few of those two sects called *Methodists* and *Quakers*, who might be termed the Lusitanick part of the British nation.

The Portuguese on the contrary when at church, are devout to a superlative degree. They are almost all the time upon their knees; raise their eyes wittfully up, fix the fingers of one hand closely between those of the other; sing very loud, or utter ejaculations with great earnestness, and often strike their breasts with their hands. Leave their churches and look at their houses. You will see many crosses painted on their outward walls, or a Madona, or a St. Francis, or a St. Anthony. Look at one of their friars coming in. Men, women, and children will hastily get up, run to him, and  
humbly

humbly kiss his hand, or his sleeve, or the hem of his garment, or the beads that hang from his waist. Every evening you see them in numbers kneeling round a high crucifix planted in the middle of a street, singing litanies with their utmost power of voice. Then none of them dares to die without going through many preparatory rites, which is not the case in England: and when they are dead, they are buried dress'd up in a habit that must be bought of a Franciscan or a Dominican Friar, of whose sanctity they had a good opinion. I remember an impudent Portuguese Franciscan I met once in a boat as I was going down our *Po*, who looked upon all Italians as little less than heretics. What led him into this opinion was, that no body in Italy would give him a farthing for his coat, which in Portugal, he could sell at will for forty or fifty crowns.

What words can express the devotion of the Portuguese to the Virgin Mary?

The

The southern Italians scarcely rate her so high as the Portuguese: but the English never think of her. You may easily imagine that those who make nothing of the Virgin, make less than nothing of the Saints, which is not the case either in Italy or in Portugal. Yet the Portuguese revere them a great deal more than we do; and above all you cannot conceive what sublime notions they have of St. Anthony! The twelve apostles all together have not the hundredth part of the prayers directed to them that are to him.

St. Anthony was a countryman of theirs; and as such, they take it for granted that he will mind them more than any of the apostles or any other. But what business have they with St. Francis, who was our countryman, and, I think, never visited Portugal in his life? Yet they put him upon a level with their own St. Francis, and even a degree higher, if we may judge by their *Francisco's* and *Francisca's*, who are much more numerous throughout their

their country than the *Antonio's* and *Antonia's*. You may have a specimen of the Portuguese fondness, first for our Lady, and then for St. Francis, if you will look back again to the dialogue out of the Philippine-book. There you will find that each of the King's four daughters was christened by the name of *Mary Frances*.

But the great devotion of the Portuguese does not interfere at all with their love of the other sex, or their love of dancing, which is another of their mighty loves. As soon as they have done with evening-singing of litanies before their crucifixes in the streets, and at their windows or balconies, if you take a ramble about the streets, you see in houses and shops numbers of them dancing merrily at the sound of a guittar or two, while some of the company, or the guittarists themselves, sing a song to the tune. None of your *minuets* and your *aimables*. Their dances are not of such a cold, insipid,

spid, and frenchified kind. They chiefly consist in jumps and jerks, in languid postures and languid falls, in a quick and incessant striking of their heels on the ground, perfectly calculated to kindle the mind with joy and the heart with desire.

Thus live the Portuguese in an uninterrupted round of devotion and pleasure. They are neither gluttons nor drunkards, though their country wants neither food nor drink. Their beef and veal indeed are not so generally good as in England, or in the western and northern parts of Italy; but their pork, mutton, and lamb are excellent; and so are their chickens, fowls, ducks, turkeys, and game. As for fish, the Lisbon-market is perhaps the most plentifully and most variously supplied in Europe; and all their fruit and garden-stuff is superlatively good. The low people seldom taste flesh; but the best sort keep very good tables and have French cooks. To keep a table, however, must require a considerable expence

in Lisbon, if to live at home costs proportionably as much as to live at an inn. My table at Kelly's, which was far from being a sumptuous one, cost me above a guinea a day. But I know nothing as to the manner of living of the great in Lisbon, because I have seen none. By what I have seen of the inferior classes, they seem to like a good house, if they have one that is good : but if they have it not, a *Baracca* will do quite as well. As to household furniture they have no refined ideas. A hard matras in a corner, or a mat, or their own cloaths, will stand them in stead of as good beds as down can make ; for which reason they look generally dirty. Almost any thing with them will supply the place of victuals ; and water is excellent to quench the thirst, especially such good water as they have here.

Thus live the Portuguese, without thinking much of to-morrow ; that plaguy *to-morrow*, which, along with  
*liberty,*

*liberty*, is always uppermost in the head of an Englishman. In general they are healthy and full of spirits, and live long, if we may judge by the great number of old people that one sees in their metropolis. Whether the proportion of happiness is greater in Portugal than in England, or the contrary, I have no means of calculating; but the Portuguese do not look as if they were disturbed by desire of change, or fear of want.

The ruin of their capital was a misfortune eternally to be commiserated. Speaking of it, the Portuguese would say: *Quem não ha visto Lisboa, não ha visto coisa boa*; “he who has not seen Lisbon, has seen nothing that is good.” Of such partial sayings almost every nation has one, if not more. *Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla*. “He who has not seen Seville has not seen a wonder.” *Qui n’ a point vu Versailles, n’ a vu rien qui vaille*. “He who has not seen Versailles has seen nothing worth seeing.” I could give you many more



sayings of this sort, if I had a mind.  
 That of the Neapolitans is the most ener-  
 getick of them all, though not in rhyme.  
*Vedi Napoli e po' mori.* “ See Naples, and  
 “ then die.”

It is now time to end my *Postscript*.  
 I go to lie down on my straw-bag, and  
 set the fleas and rats at defiance.

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.

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



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA