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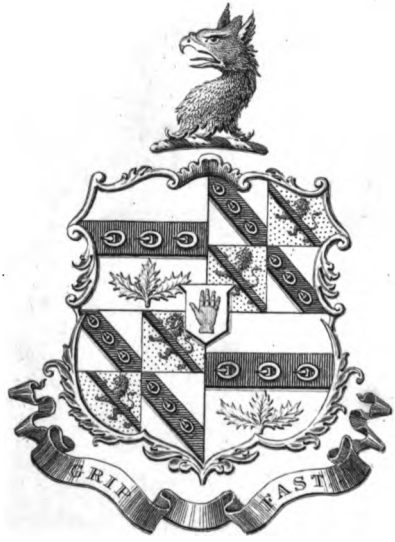

Sir John Leslie, Bart.

GLASLOUGH HOUSE.

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PORTUGAL AND GALICIA,

WITH A REVIEW OF

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL STATE

OF

THE BASQUE PROVINCES.

BY THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
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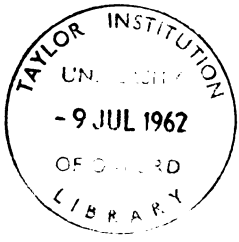

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PREFACE.

SEVERAL years have now elapsed since the narrative of my Journey through Portugal and Galicia appeared in print; still more have passed away since it was written. This narrative was originally meant to have been appended to a political treatise upon Portugal, published at a still later period; in that treatise I endeavoured to give my readers some insight into the laws of Portugal, the municipal and judicial system of that country, the tenures of property, the actual state of her trade, and the relative strength and position of the political parties which then divided the kingdom. That work referred exclusively to those deeper and drier considerations which, however fraught with interest to the politician, are comparatively little congenial to the taste of the general reader; but this narrative of my Journey through Portugal is of a lighter cast, containing some sketches of society, mixed up with personal adventures, and occasionally alluding to those peculiar habits, superstitions, and opinions upon which the political changes of the last few years can have as yet produced no sensible impression.

There was One indeed who had consented to receive this tribute of filial affection. To that beloved Parent I should have offered this little work, with a full consciousness of its many imperfections, but with an earnest hope that it might shed a transient gleam of pleasure over some of those weary hours that marked the progress of declining strength. Circumstances however prevented its appearance at that time, and I subsequently dropped the intention of publishing it at all: indeed the narrative of my Journey through Portugal and Galicia lay in a dusty drawer for more than nine years; and there it would probably have remained had not events in the North of Spain inspired me with the deepest interest and induced me to resume my pen. I then determined to combine my observations on passing occurrences in the Peninsula with my old Portuguese manuscript. Stirring events indeed occurred in 1835; a struggle arose in the Basque Provinces, paralleled only by the contests of the heroic ages. A

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handful of men, among the mountains of Northern Spain, resisted for years the combined efforts of three great monarchies, and Biscay became the scene of chivalrous loyalty, the refuge, as formerly the cradle, of Spanish liberty, and the centre and focus of universal interest. The eyes of Europe were rivetted on that comparatively unimportant spot of earth, and on its never-yielding population. In my mind the tidings of that life-and-death struggle awoke an interest I can hardly describe; personal sympathies and political prepossessions were alike enlisted in favour of the Basques. I had lived in their land, I had broken their bread, I had haunted their thresholds; I had learnt too to admire their character and to appreciate their institutions. I confess that my heart beat high as week after week intelligence reached our shores of the unremitting efforts made by those gallant but outnumbered men against the iron oppression of their central government. I rejoiced with them during their brief day of triumph; I mourned with them over their long inherited but at length expiring rights; and with the accounts of my slaughtered friends the impassioned feelings of my earlier days revived. In the Senate I expressed the indignation I felt when the woes and wrongs of Biscay were the theme of discussion; in my closet I eagerly took up my pen to give my English countrymen some insight into the real causes of the momentous struggle which was distracting parties I had personally known and mixed with, and desolating a country I had dearly loved.

But those days are past; that excitement has subsided; my feelings, though not really altered, have yet become tempered by the lapse of years. Indeed, without any precise change of view, the feelings entertained by considerate men of all parties in this country have, I think, undergone a material alteration with reference to the great points then at issue in the Spanish quarrel. I do not mean to say that persons who, at the time of the great Biscayan struggle, entertained a distinct and reasoned opinion that Isabella was the sovereign, not only *de facto* but *de jure*, of Spain, are likely to have altered that opinion in consequence of any subsequent event; but I say that, with reference to the practical bearings of the Spanish question, two circumstances have recently occurred which must exercise considerable influence on the view which any reflecting Englishman would take of Spanish politics, as affecting the interests of this country: in the

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first place, in consequence of the alliance lately concluded between the reigning houses of France and Spain, any internal revolution that might place the illustrious son of Don Carlos on the throne of his ancestors could hardly be considered, even by those who were once most hostile to his cause, as an event prejudicial to British interests; on the contrary, as far as human foresight can speculate on political results, such an occurrence would tend to check any preponderating influence which may have been acquired by France over the councils of Madrid, and to set right the balance disturbed, or supposed to be disturbed, by that event.

The next circumstance, which must in some degree modify the views of an English statesman with reference to the Spanish question, is to be found in the renunciation by Don Carlos of his royal rights, and their transference to his son. At the period of the Biscayan struggle, Don Carlos was the claimant, I think the legitimate claimant, of the Spanish crown. His title was, however, unhappily identified in the eyes of Europe generally, and most especially in the opinions of the people of this country, with the maintenance of absolute power. Those, indeed, who had observed the course of action pursued through life by this prince, with a more discriminating eye, were aware that his conduct was uniformly influenced by an unbending adherence to that which he considered right, and not by any abstract love of despotic principles. As his conceptions of right were, however, formed to a great extent on that which had been long established, he was erroneously considered an uncompromising enemy to freedom and improvement in every shape, because he was generally opposed to change, and especially to violent changes, foolishly proposed. That, however, which was the great cause of his unbounded popularity in the Biscayan provinces, his intrepid defence of their free and almost republican privileges against the encroachments of the Crown, clearly shows that the tendency of his mind was to support long-established institutions, without reference to their effect on the royal prerogative; for it must be remembered that the court was at that time in the plenitude of its authority, and in the part which he then took he could be actuated by no personal or selfish motive. The popular opinion of Europe, however, unquestionably identified the cause of despotism and the interests of Don Carlos.

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No such imputations can, however, attach to the illustrious Prince who has succeeded to his claims. His political tendencies are as yet unknown to the world generally; his career has yet to be run; but the peculiar circumstances of his early life, his early freedom from royal trammels, his adventurous escape from France, accomplished with so much courage, yet so much discretion, are facts which inspire a well-grounded hope that his future course in life will be practical and vigorous. Circumstances such as these not only show the mettle of the man, but develop all the latent resources of the mind, and cast it in a very different mould from that in which the Princes of the earth were formed in the comparatively untroubled days of the old *régime*. Nor in his case has the school of adversity been wanting in its bitter but salutary fruits: those fruits are perceptible in the singular discretion which has distinguished his conduct since his arrival in this country, in the moderation of his opinions, and in the liberality of his sentiments. To these general dispositions is added a manly desire of inspecting whatever is practically useful in this country. These qualifications, combined with the known character of the friends by whom he is surrounded, combined too with his own increasing acquaintance with the most enlightened principles, as entertained in this country, on all matters connected with the science of administration, give sanguine hopes that, if ever this Prince should be called upon to wield the sceptre of Spain, he will fulfil his arduous duties with more credit to himself, with more advantage to his subjects, and with a deeper sense of his high responsibilities, than any Sovereign who has yet held sway in Madrid.

In consequence of feelings, if not very generally altered, at least greatly modified, by the altered circumstances of the time, I have omitted whole chapters which were originally inserted in this work; not that I am disposed to retract a single opinion I formerly held on the subject of Spain, but I feel that lengthened comments on the policy of her Majesty's Ministers in past years, on the decrees of the Spanish legislature, and on the successive Governments which distracted Spain at that period, have lost their interest from the lapse of time, and can only tend to renew an irritation which in the present aspect of Spanish affairs it is most undesirable to excite.

I still, however, retain the brief account which I then pub-

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lished of the social and political state of Biscay. An account of the history, laws, and habits of this remarkable people belongs to no particular period or particular conflict, and is indeed a positive desideratum in European literature. I am quite aware that in my very short sketch I have most imperfectly and inadequately supplied the deficiency; still, however brief, I have endeavoured to draw up a connected statement of their gradually improving laws and liberties, and have referred my reader for every fact of moment to the chroniclers and historians of the time. The Basques, whose records are fraught with interest, and, politically speaking, I may almost say with wonder to every reflecting mind, although extremely influential from their vicinity to the frontier and their almost impregnable country, occupy but an inconsiderable portion of the Spanish territory. From this cause, perhaps, no constitutional history exists of this most interesting people; and the growth of their privileges, from the establishment of some elementary principles of liberty in the twilight of the middle ages, to the system of well-regulated but unbounded freedom which they have since enjoyed, is only to be traced through many documents, and in notices, copious enough it is true, but scattered through the works of many historians.—In those occasional notices of ancient manners and opinions, visible in the record of old transactions, the antiquarian may perhaps find matter of amusement.

With respect to Portugal, I have dwelt but slightly on the cities, the churches, and the palaces, objects which generally and justly occupy so large a space in a work of this nature; because I felt that every building of importance, and almost every circumstance of note, in the great towns of Portugal, has been accurately described by preceding authors within the last few years. I have chosen an humbler path, and have endeavoured to lead my reader over ground not wholly void of interest, though comparatively unexplored, to make him acquainted with the fairy fields of the Minho, with the gloomy superstitions of the wild districts of Alentejo, with the feudal state of society still lingering in the Traz os Montes, and to give him some insight into the peculiar habits of the virtuous but almost unknown Galicians. This little work will not assist the traveller through Portugal and Galicia as a guide, and has no pretensions to that character. As a guide, though a guide of no ordinary character, a

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work of the highest merit has lately appeared. Profoundly versed in the ancient and modern histories of Spain, rich in an intimate knowledge of her literature and schools of art, her people and her politics, the author carries us along, impressed, at one time, with the grandeur of her Christian and Gothic temples, and at another fascinated by the beauty of her oriental halls; but, more than all, he is imbued with that *genio loci*, that spirit of the land, which no man can successfully evoke unless his mind be fitted by something of a kindred nature to receive the spell. He has transferred to his own glowing but accurate pages that vivid appreciation which he so singularly possesses of all that is characteristic in Spain. Spain lives in his book, clad in her own peculiar and inimitable colouring. Those who wish to be acquainted with Spain in detail, with Spain in all her varied bearings, must consult this work of Mr. Ford, our great literary master on these points.

This work is not a detailed description of remarkable places, but rather a record of events that befel the author during his journey through the country at a very critical period, and of observations growing out of that peculiar state of things. My mode of travelling was calculated to secure the kind of information I wished to obtain. From Corunna to Cape St. Vincent my journeys were invariably performed on horseback; and I was thus enabled to deviate at pleasure from the high road, and penetrate into the most secluded districts, encountering at times great hardships, and even considerable peril, mixing with all classes, and often joining the peasantry as they collected around their evening fires.

These habits, combined with the distracted state of the times in which my expeditions were generally undertaken, occasionally involved me in suspicion, and led me into situations of considerable embarrassment; but perhaps enabled me to obtain some knowledge of the popular feeling, a knowledge which, in moments of political disturbance, can seldom be acquired, except by personal and somewhat severe experience.

I must also admit that I may have been involved in adventures not strictly defensible on the score of prudence; but it will be remembered, I trust, that many years have elapsed since their occurrence, and I was then at a time of life when difficulties to be surmounted and dangers to be braved are rather a source of pleasurable excitement than of wise and careful avoidance.

Highclere, Jan. 26, 1848.

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PORTUGAL AND GALICIA.

CHAPTER I.

Voyage to Lisbon—Steam Packet—Lisbon—View over the Tagus—Cintra—Bay of Colares—Marialva Palace—Mr. Beckford's Villa—Irish Maternity—Portuguese Games.

I EMBARKED on board the Duke of York steam-packet on the evening of the 28th of July, 1827, and quitted the harbour of Portsmouth at six o'clock. We glided rapidly along the coast of Hampshire; the wind fell, the night was fine, and there was little motion on the water. I paced the deck till a late hour, and was joined by a gentleman, whose conversation, replete with Eastern lore, attracted my attention. I afterwards heard him announced as Mr. Wolff, the celebrated missionary, then proceeding with his wife, Lady Georgiana, to the Holy Land. I was introduced to her in the evening, and could not but admire the unhesitating devotion with which she renounced her native country and her natural connexions to follow her husband's fortunes, and promote her religious faith in a distant and barbarous land.

We had passed the coasts of Hampshire and Dorsetshire during the night, and now saw, a few miles distant, but full in view, the dark-red shores of Devonshire. Immediately before us the Exe poured its noble stream into the Channel: we skirted the picturesque coves of Dawlish, but an unfriendly mist concealed them from our sight; we glided by Berryhead; we passed the furze-covered heights of Asherne; and Start Point, stretching boldly into the ocean, was the last British headland that greeted us over the deep. We then bore straight towards Ushant in a south-westerly direction, passed that island during

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the following night, and entered the Bay of Biscay. The ideas of storm and dread, which the old song and nursery associations have so long connected with this famous bay, were not, upon this occasion, weakened by any unusual calm; we were only impelled, it is true, by a light and favourable breeze, but the waters were sufficiently ruffled to contrast advantageously, in point of grandeur and size of wave, with the Channel which we had just left. A windy day was succeeded by a fine starlight night.

The following morning was calm, and the sea had a fine blue tinge. I finished, with regret, that delightful picture of Eastern manners, the 'Epicurean,' one of the most fascinating works of an author who never fails to transport his readers into the scenes and climates he describes, as much by the justness as by the beauty of his imagery.

On the 1st of August we were skirting the bold and mountainous coast of Gallicia; we saw the lighthouse of Corunna in the distance; we passed the picturesque island of Cisargas; and the high hills in the background mingled well with occasional glimpses of the intervening sea; we were borne rapidly along by Monte Boa Villana, and Cape Finisterre celebrated as the limit of the renowned Bay of Biscay. The hills are barren, and have that sandy appearance so characteristic of Spanish scenery. The villages are few; and there is little wood on the coast, which we sometimes approached so nearly that we saw and heard the waves breaking upon its granite rocks. On the evening of the following day we saw the large and little Berlines, two groups of bold and peaked crags, standing far out in the sea. Soon afterwards we hailed a ship proceeding to Gibraltar, and in a few minutes left her far behind. It is difficult to describe the effect produced on the mind by the rapidity of steam navigation in the neighbourhood of striking and varied scenery: objects fatiguing to the sight, if dwelt upon too long, appear enchanting when they pass before the eye in rapid succession, like shifting scenes on the stage. We were now in latitude 39°, and its influence was perceptible. We enjoyed the heavenly stillness of a southern evening, yet were not retarded by the universal calm. The setting sun shed a fine glow on the waters, illuminated the distant sails of the ship we had lately hailed, and shed its last glories on the Berline crags, which presented themselves in many dif-

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ferent but always in picturesque points of view, and at length sank beneath the horizon.

Early on the following morning I saw immediately ahead the rock of Lisbon: the hills of Cintra rose finely in the background, and the neighbouring coast was studded with villas intermingled with olive and orange groves. The entrance of the Tagus is fine: on one side the shore is crowded with palaces; on the other, the hills, though neither very bold or varied, possess sufficient elevation to give character to the scene. The fort of Belem is curious, picturesque, and irregular, but without architectural beauty. We passed by the house of the British Admiral, Lord Amelius Beauclerk, and the palace of the Cardinal, a spacious edifice, with many turrets, but a very unpleasing display of slate roof. As we sailed up the river, the beauty of the view increased. The noble but unfinished palace of the Ajuda crowned the summit of a neighbouring steep; and then the whole city of Lisbon, built on its seven sloping hills, and overhanging the Tagus, gradually revealed itself; and as its palaces and convents, interspersed with gardens, were seen rising above each other, it certainly formed a most imposing object from the water. Entering one of the numerous boats by which we were besieged, and rowing across the Tagus, I landed at Pampoullia, and ascended a steep hill that leads to Reeves's Hotel. Our voyage had only lasted six days, and was considered prosperous. The party on board exhibited a curious assemblage of persons, entertaining very dissimilar ideas, and distinguished by very different manners—an assemblage that could hardly, under any other circumstances, have been brought together; and this discrepancy of tastes, habits, and opinions, sometimes gave rise to amusing and not altogether uninstructive scenes. Besides Lady Georgiana and Mr. Wolff, Mrs. Burgoyne was also a passenger, a lady of great taste and accomplishments, then sailing to Lisbon to join her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Burgoyne, whose acquaintance I had afterwards the pleasure of making in that city, and am indeed indebted to their society for many delightful hours. There was also a niece of Romero Alpuente's, who was said to be dying, and two other ladies, one simplicity itself, and the other more remarkable for her beauty than for that youthful quality.

I secured rooms at Reeves's, and remained stationary till the

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evening, when I was joined by my friend Sir Arthur Capel de Brooke, a young man of ancient family, and at that time well known in the literary world by his published travels; since that period he has largely added to his reputation by his 'Journey into Morocco,' a work exhibiting an unusual talent for observation, with a quick appreciation of the beautiful, and great general powers.

The view from my windows extended over Lisbon, over the river, with its numerous shipping, and a thousand latine sails glittering on its surface, and now lighted up by the last rays of the setting sun: few objects strike the beholder with greater admiration than these peculiar sails, which are exquisitely beautiful when seen in profile; and when beheld in front resemble a butterfly perched on a dark ground, with wings expanded. Soon afterwards the moon rose, and we rambled through the city by a light peculiarly favourable to every natural or artificial object that is grand in its proportions but defective in detail.

On the 9th of August I went with Mr. Forbes, to whose kindness I was indebted on a thousand occasions, to see the Aqueduct, which is perhaps unequalled in boldness and grandeur of effect by any similar monument of art. It supplies Lisbon with water; it traverses a deep valley near the beautiful village of Alcantara; and as I stood beneath the centre arch, and gazed upwards, it appeared absolutely stupendous: unfortunately, the arches are not uniform; some are in the Gothic and pointed style, while others are semicircular, a discrepancy which mars the general effect, but less than might be supposed. Although this aqueduct stretches across the country for many miles uninterruptedly, no great extent of unbroken range can be seen from any particular position, on account of the extreme inequality of the ground.

That evening dining with our Ambassador Sir William A'Court, I found myself seated next to the Count da Puente, who was just nominated Secretary for the War Department, upon the retirement of Count Saldanha. He possessed great conversational powers and considerable talent for debate, and at that time acted with the moderate and well-judging body of the Constitutionalists: and here, for the first time, I met Count Villa Flor, the representative of an ancient house, a man of high integrity, and universally looked up to by the stanch adherents

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of the Charter. In the beginning of the year he had commanded the Constitutional forces against the Miguelites, and the most distinguished success had attended his military exertions. On the following day I again met him at Sir William Clinton's, where a large party was assembled to celebrate the birthday of King George the Fourth, at which entertainment our host judiciously contrived that the band should play Portuguese airs during dinner. The 'Bridge of Creus,' a piece of music so called, after the action gained by Count Villa Flor, and composed almost on the field of battle, evidently excited some emotion among the chiefs who were then present and had fought on that day.

Late in the evening I wandered over the General's garden, laid out in the old taste of straight walks, parterres, fountains, and statues: fragrant shrubs abounded; creepers hung over the trellises in profusion; the scene was peaceful, and lit up by a splendid moon. I returned home, and retired to rest; but the incessant assaults of the mosquitos banished sleep. These vampires found me, unfortunately easy of access, as the heat of the weather had induced me to keep every door and window open: had they only devoured me, I might have patiently endured the infliction; but they kept up a perpetual war-song in my ears, an insulting accompaniment to their human repast. After some restless hours I rose and paced my room. The view from my window was lovely. I looked upon the Tagus, with all its shipping, from the frigate to the little latine sail; the opposite hills, softened, yet distinctly shown, by the full moon; and the great city itself buried in deep repose.

On the 13th of August I quitted Lisbon, and took the road to Cintra, with Colonel Lambert, of the Guards, a friend long known and much esteemed. In consequence of sundry ingenious delays on the part of my domestic, we did not start till five o'clock in the morning, too late by an hour at least to commence, at that sultry time of year, a journey in Portugal. The Tagus gleamed through the mists which overhung its surface, and exhibited that freshness of appearance which water sometimes assumes, in southern latitudes, at a very early hour in the morning, as if it had just started from the hand of the Creator, and were flowing, for the first time, at his mandate. As we proceeded, the country had little interest; but loose stones scattered

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in all directions, gave it a wild and craggy appearance. At length we reached Bemfica, a place greatly resorted to by the Portuguese nobles, and surrounded with orange-groves and cork-woods; and well indeed their deep-green colour contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of the villas or quintas which adorn this beautiful valley. We passed the palace of Queluz, a graceless edifice, situated in an ugly country, but famous at that time as the head-quarters of the disaffected party; for there the Queen Mother resided in sullen state, holding no communication with her royal daughter, and offering up ceaseless prayers for the return of her banished son, and for the restoration of the ancient rule.

The scenery improved as we approached Cintra, the vegetation became more flourishing, long avenues of the silver poplar lined the road, the bay and the willow attained an immense size, and the oak and elm interspersed with box overhung the road and formed a delightful shade. At length we entered Cintra, placed at the foot of a hill of rather a singular character, for its summit, crowned with loose crags and sharp pinnacles, offered a striking variety to the woods that covered its base; then passing the palace, a fantastic and irregular edifice, we stopped at the Irish inn, where I found a host of military friends and some English newspapers, which informed me that I had left England. After breakfast we walked through the gardens of the Marquis de Pombal, truly delightful from their ample shade and luxuriant vegetation; but in Portugal little care is bestowed on plants when beauty is their sole recommendation, and no attention is paid to distinctions of species. The climate is the only agent there, man lends no assistance in producing graceful combinations; but at Gibraltar, where both unite, a barren rock is converted into an Elysium. Walks are, however, cut through the gardens of Cintra, and rustic seats are placed under the shade of ancient chestnuts and by the side of murmuring fountains, while the borders are filled with oranges, lemons, and fruit-trees of every description: the sight and sound of water is inexpressibly grateful, and the general verdure most refreshing to an eye fatigued by the glare of Lisbon, and by the parched appearance of its hills. At every opening in the wood, the Moorish castle and convent of "Our Lady of the Rock" were seen in

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varied points of view frowning from their airy heights upon the valley below, which lay glittering in the sun, sprinkled with numberless quintas, some fully revealed, others half buried in the shade of their orange-groves. The system of irrigation practised in those parts of Spain which have been occupied till a late period by the Moors prevails here also; the borders are intersected and watered by little canals, and the earth is heaped round the orange-trees, so as to form a sort of cistern, by which means the roots are always kept plentifully moistened.

We returned to our inn and dined with a party of military men, amongst whom was a young officer who had been seized a few days before by some mounted highwaymen, robbed, stripped, and left with his hands tied behind him: from this dilemma he extricated himself with some difficulty, and returned in very doleful plight to Lisbon, where some old women who saw him pacing the streets in this pitiable deficiency of attire remarked, "Este Fidalgo faz penitencia."* In the evening we wandered through the Pena Verde gardens to the spot where the heart of John de Castro is interred. The periwinkle and wild strawberry covered the ground; and the cork-tree clothed with ivy, and the gigantic stone pine, formed a dense canopy overhead. A delightful mixture of northern and southern vegetation is found in many parts of Portugal, and especially at Cintra, where plants peculiar to the south of Europe, and even some that have been transported from the Madeiras, grow luxuriantly under the shade of the British oak. Cintra resembles a beautiful picture set in a worthless frame: whenever the eye rests on the town and its immediate neighbourhood the scenery is unrivalled, but the distant landscape is generally flat and uninteresting. The day was declining; and, as the heat had been intense, I expected to see the sun sink "in one unclouded blaze of living light," but its parting splendours were concealed by a dense mist rising from the ocean. There is a peculiar beauty of sunset, probably unknown to countries bordering upon the Atlantic, and perhaps confined to the shores of the blue Mediterranean; I mean that exquisite gradation of colouring, where the saffron mingles imperceptibly with the rose, and the rose tint melts into the purple, all ex-

* This Fidalgo is doing penance.

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tremely bright, yet so delicate as to seem almost transparent. From the Pena Verde gardens we went to the Marialva palace.

In the course of the day the Infanta Regent and her sisters were continually riding out of the town and again returning to the palace, mounted on donkeys, and unattended by any lady, but escorted by a body of ancient gentlemen on horseback. A peal general from all the bells of Cintra regularly announced their departure from the town and their re-entry, and collected a never-failing crowd to witness their progress. I felt considerable interest in the fate of these young Princesses, which was then wrapped in doubt and gloom.

On the 14th of August I rode with my friend Lambert for some miles across hills clothed with heath and dwarf oak, and at length arrived at the Cork convent, a building ill constructed, but well placed at the foot of a richly-wooded hill; a paved walk overhung with fine cork-trees leads to the entrance, which is curiously ornamented with shell-work. Here Lambert rang a peal both loud and long; the bell-rope, which, like Gloster's arm, was shrivelled and contracted to half its original length, performed its duty sluggishly, and for some time no response was voted necessary to his vigorous exertions. At length a boy appeared, and led us through a court full of hydrangeas and fuchsias into a wretched apartment called the refectory; benches, doors, and roofs, were all constructed of cork, and sometimes the crag in its native state formed part of the wall. Here, while we feasted on bread and wine, young Hopeful told us that, afraid of being enlisted for the army, he had taken refuge in the convent, and wofully he complained of the non-existence of breakfasts and the scanty supply of dried fish at dinner. The rosemary grows luxuriantly in the gardens above, where we enjoyed a fine view of Colares embosomed in wood, and then descended into the miserable cave, where

> "Honorius long did dwell,
> And hoped to merit heaven by making earth a hell."

The vineyards near Colares are small, and so much divided by stone walls, that the country resembles a large garden split into an infinite number of parterres. As we approached the rock of Lisbon, half the population of a neighbouring village poured out to meet us, anxious to perform the far-famed feat of descending

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the steep. When we had nearly reached the point, the roar of the Atlantic, heard from an immense depth below, suddenly broke upon us. The rock, a striking landmark to ships at sea, is about two hundred feet in height, and slants to the water's edge in a great uniform sheet of dark-coloured stone, down which our heroes descended, carefully balancing themselves with their hands; a feat which early and long-continued habit can alone enable them to perform successfully; a frightful sight, as the least slip would have inevitably proved fatal; yet the descent cannot be very difficult, as numbers accomplished it, nor can it be attended with much personal risk, as no accident had then occurred for some years. These feats having terminated without the fracture of any adventurous skull, there rose a clamour great of men and boys, contending for the spoil which we distributed with laudable impartiality.

We then descended the hill and followed a path leading to the small bay of Colares, a picturesque spot little known to the world, from which it is effectually shut out by huge black basaltic rocks of the boldest character. Here we found the Atlantic, ever restless on this coast, breaking on a fine bed of sand, and dashing its foam over large masses of disjointed crag. This was a scene peculiarly suited to my own taste, and was indeed calculated to impress any beholder, from the contrast it presented to the surrounding scenery. Here all was dark, bleak, and savage; while on the road to Colares nature seemed to exhaust herself in the endless variety and extreme beauty of the vegetation: there the olive, the wild olive, the arbutus immensely high, the tulip, the plane, and the gigantic stone-pine environed us: we passed the cork-tree everywhere bending over the road in the most fantastic shapes, with fern growing on its huge trunks, and mistletoe hanging profusely from its branches; jasmines, sparkling with their snowy blossoms, loaded the air with their perfume; and various kinds of creepers overran the trees, oppressed them with their rank luxuriance, and sometimes covered and entirely concealed their foliage. We found the oak in abundance; orange and lemon groves were mixed with Indian corn and water-melon; fruit-trees of every description lined the road; and the vine, not topped and trained as in France, but hung over trellis-work, appeared no longer a formal but a grace-

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ful plant. We now dismissed our guide, a lad apparently fifteen years of age, whom we had found by chance on the hills. The general expression of his countenance was sinister, his complexion almost of the Mulatto colour, his eyes were black as jet, and flashed with intelligence. Among these mountains the people are invariably dark; and I sometimes observed a negro cast of feature, which indicated their former intercourse with Brazil. Frequently we met the real negro.

On the 15th of August I went with Lambert to the Marialva palace, where the famous convention is generally, though incorrectly, supposed to have been signed. It now belongs to the Duke de la Foens. The garden is beautiful, and there is a profusion of water. On the staircase we met the little daughter of the Duke, a pretty child about eight or ten years of age, with dark but soft and expressive eyes. She showed us a paper which contained some written sentences in English, and read them fluently. We afterwards entered an apartment where some priests were breakfasting with other persons attired in black, probably dependents of the Duke; for in Portugal, as in Spain, when individuals have once become connected with the great, they, and sometimes their descendants, continue to reside under their patron's roof from generation to generation. This extreme liberality towards old domestics and dependent friends occasionally involves the nobles in great pecuniary embarrassments. However adverse to the maxims of political economy, this practice reflects the highest honour on their moral feelings, and could only exist among a generous people. Before we left the palace a curious scene took place. One of the sable gentlemen whom we had previously seen, addressing us in the flowing style which distinguishes the Portuguese of all classes, proffered us every civility. The Majordomo unfortunately named him as the writing-master; a designation which jarred hugely on the scholastic ears, and produced a wrathful ebullition of offended dignity. "Moi maître d'écriture!" he exclaimed, in a voice and with an eye that would have annihilated any person of inferior consideration to a Majordomo in a ducal palace; "because I know more than himself, and sometimes study with the Duke, this man of narrow intellect calls me a writing-master!" We of course assumed countenances incredulous of the heinous

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assertion, and made our exit with bows of a superlatively respectful length. On our return to the inn we saw a curious specimen of the mode of travelling sometimes adopted by the Portuguese gentry. A pair of oxen were attached to a lumbering vehicle destined to convey the illustrious Dona —— and her progeny to the capital, while the coachman, attired in a short jacket and wearing the broad Castilian hat, marched humbly by their side.

We rode on to Montserrat, the remains of a villa built by Mr. Beckford many years ago. The ruinous state of that fairy dwelling was noticed by Lord Byron in 1809, and since that time it has become still more desolate. The roof, then entire, has since very much fallen in, and the walls are in many parts a heap of ruins. The entrance opens into an octagonal hall, terminated by a circular apartment, which looks over a lengthened flat to the distant breakers. There is also the shell remaining of a fine apartment, perhaps the library, which commands as rich a view of forest scenery as can well be conceived. The general effect of the exterior is good, except the high slanting roofs, which, though in correct taste, are somewhat unpleasing. Further on we saw the ruins of a rambling house, to which a dark story is attached; for a young man is there said to have murdered his elder brother under circumstances of peculiar horror.

On our return to Cintra we dined at the house of the Swedish Minister, Monsieur de Kantzau. In the evening a tumult of bells announced the approach of the Infanta Regent; and as we were walking on the garden terrace she recognised Madame de Kantzau with a sweetness of expression that well supplied the place of positive beauty. Her Royal Highness and Dona Anna rode by in complete uniform: a funny costume methought for regal dames, but such is the etiquette prescribed on certain days. Dona Maria was not of the party, and some of the lightly disposed attributed her Royal Highness's absence to a facetious dispute supposed to have agitated the court circle. In this discussion the Princess Maria is said to have maintained that so much military pomp was little suited to the humble donkey on which it was destined to be exhibited; however, less ingenious, but perhaps more veracious chroniclers, record that her Royal

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Highness's absence was solely attributable to want of punctuality on the part of the court tailor.

Having returned to the inn, I waited some time for a friend who had promised to introduce me to Madame Borril, and was quietly betaking myself to rest when the defaulter arrived. The cause of his delay was comical enough. The Portuguese frequently adopt the children of other persons, educate them, and sometimes promote their future fortunes. The Infanta Regent, possessing the national taste, applied to an Irishwoman, who forthwith accommodated her Royal Highness with her own daughter, a thriving young girl two years of age. The agreement was deliberately made, and the article in question sold and delivered. The mother, however, whose notions concerning the transfer of property were not peculiarly clear, returned after a short time, and wished to enter again into possession: to this the Infanta naturally demurred, and probably no such tumult of Irish ejaculation had ever before assailed the ears of any royal personage. In this emergency my friend was requested to march his military person to the palace, where he found our heroine of the Emerald Isle fiercely expostulating amid a host of huge black Brazilian women, who were screaming in chorus around her. Yet nothing daunted was the dame. "By Jasus, no one shall part me and my child," was still the burden of her song. A golden argument at length induced her to mitigate such unreasonable claims, and a satisfactory treaty of peace was concluded. She was allowed to retain her child during that night, and was provided with good lodgings, a good supper, and a sentinel at her door, to prevent either warlike or fugitive proceedings. I accompanied my friend in the evening to her room: she was then in the highest good-humour, and greatly flattered by the notice taken of her blue-eyed child. On the following morning he conducted the little girl to the palace, according to agreement, while the mother was deposited on a donkey and peaceably removed.

On the following morning I went to the palace; but as it was still occupied by the Court, I could only see the exterior, which is irregular, and evidently the work of different periods, but part of the walls and some of the windows are decidedly Moorish. Joined by Lambert, I afterwards ascended the hill leading to

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the house of "Our Lady of Woe," as Lord Byron, rather poetically, as he himself admits, than justly, designates the house of "Our Lady of the Rock," which occupies a striking position on the summit of the mountain, and is surrounded by wild shattered crags, and insulated masses, very remarkable in a natural point of view,—

> "Such as might seem confusedly hurl'd,
> The fragments of an earlier world."

The convent has no beauty, but is curious and evidently ancient, and the galleries encircling the inner court are in Moorish taste. The howling of the wind is heard without intermission round the convent walls; that mournful and unvarying sound alone disturbs the silence of a habitation raised high above the busy haunts of men, and apparently beyond the reach of human care. From hence we scrambled up a rugged path to the Moorish castle, and, again descending, mounted our mules and regained the inn.

In the evening I accompanied a friend to a party at the house of a Portuguese lady: she had two daughters, the eldest a pretty person with pleasing manners and extremely well informed, the youngest a very decided beauty. The party were playing at blind-man's buff when I entered; a game in which, as it is played in Portugal, success depends upon the rapid recognition of different persons by their voices. Being immediately required to take a part, I was blindfolded and placed in the centre of the ring. I first, however, pleaded ignorance of every individual present; upon which the lively beauty led me round the circle, hastily naming every person, an ingenious operation which did not much assist me, as I could not bear in mind a volley of names which I had never heard before: however, trusting to chance, I began my career, and soon touched a lady with the wand. I asked the regular question, and was answered in the feigned voice as regularly assumed. "Whom have you found?" was the general cry. I paused. "Well, but mention some one; the game is at a stand-still:" but I could specify no one. I looked stupid, and my new friends probably thought me profoundly so: at length by a prodigious exertion I was delivered of a name, but it did not enlighten the party; and I afterwards discovered that the name I had given was a compound of two or

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three others, which had become most egregriously mixed up in my puzzled brain. This attempt having proved unsuccessful, I exclaimed, "La dame qui est habillée en noir." "Mais nous sommes toutes habillées en noir," was the perplexing reply. At length I named the eldest demoiselle of the house. "No, it is not; it is C———," said the young beauty, naming herself in a lively tone of mock reproach, perhaps a little displeased that so soft a voice once heard should not be immediately recognised. We played several other games. Every lady was required to sigh for a particular gentleman, who in turn was called upon to sigh for a lady, and generally felt bound in gratitude to mourn for her who had mourned for him. This reciprocal grief was very diverting. As might naturally be expected, a sigh is rarely bestowed on the real object of the mourner's affection. So closed an evening of uninterrupted good humour. The genuine politeness of Portuguese society prevents the occurrence of those little inadvertencies which are so apt in other countries to jar upon the feelings of individuals, and break in upon the harmony of such amusements. On the following day I separated from my friend Lambert with regret, and returned to Lisbon.

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CHAPTER II.

Road to Mafra—Convent of Mafra—Convent of Alcobaça—Monastic System considered—The ill-fated loves of Don Pedro and Inez de Castro— Polities of the Monks—Their social habits—Gloomy magnificence of the Convent of Alcobaça—Convent of Batalha—Society at Coimbra—System pursued at the University—The Garden of Tears—Melancholy Convent of the Carmelites—Spanish anomalies—History of the beautiful Bride of Oporto—Arrival at Oporto.

I QUITTED Lisbon on the 24th of August, and took the road to Oporto, but did not commence my journey till late in the evening, as my servant Antonio was disinclined to rapid movements, and my muleteer voted punctuality an unnecessary virtue. The owner of the mules escorted us as far as the walls of the city, according to the usual etiquette. He had accommodated me with an animal which stumbled so gallantly to the right and to the left, that, feeling my neck in decided jeopardy, I determined to send her back on my arrival at Velez. The country was dull, and abounded in windmills and olives. The premature effect of the heat on the deciduous trees was strongly marked. The poplars had suffered greatly; some were altogether stripped of their leaves, and the foliage was everywhere changing its colour. Even at Cintra, where the air is comparatively cool, the autumnal tints were stealing over the woods, and the paths, strewed with sear and yellow leaves, exhibited the bright but mournful beauty of an English October. The inn at Velez was comfortless enough: cats, dogs, and pigeons wandered about the supper-table, in hungry competition for the good things that were not; pigs, grunting at the door, threatened to join the alliance; and the only article of promise, some salt fish, was pounced upon by an intrepid puss. Entomology might have been studied to perfection in this apartment; and as its minute varieties banished sleep, I continued to gaze on sundry pictures of hell and flaming sinners, evidently intended to appal the souls of wakeful heretics.

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On the 25th of August I rode through a bleak but not unpleasant country to Mafra. The convent and palace united constitute an immense pile of building, which excites admiration rather from its vast extent than from any architectural merits. It is built on the model of the Escurial, and forms a quadrangle, measuring 760 feet from east to west, and 670 feet from north to south. The church is situated in the centre, and three hundred cells are placed behind the choir; the palace, in which Sir Edward Blakeney had apartments, and where he received me with the utmost hospitality, might perhaps contain, without inconvenience, all the courts of Europe. The thermometer had risen to more than 90°, and it was indeed no common luxury to exchange such intolerable heat for the refreshing temperature of the convent galleries, which are built of stone, and are high, wide, dark, and apparently interminable. Within those massive walls the fluctuations of the external atmosphere are never felt; and rarely indeed do any external sounds pierce through those mighty barriers. At a casement which overlooked a pretty but neglected garden, the holy fathers kept up a cordon of observation when first our troops arrived, and were greatly discomposed at the occurrence of any petty delinquencies. The occasional ejectment of an old shoe from an opposite window appeared to constitute the maximum of British aggression, and ludicrous appeals were made to the General upon these occasions. Sir Edward restrained such dangerous infringements of conventual rights, and by his judicious attention to their feelings completely won the hearts of the reverend plaintiffs; indeed it was gratifying to hear the praises everywhere lavished on our troops, even by persons the most opposed to the principles which brought them to the country. The monks showed us the refectory, a spacious apartment, and the library, well stored with books. Having spent some time agreeably with my old schoolfellows, Henry Upton and Augustus Ellis, I took leave of Sir Edward Blakeney. Lord William Paulett kindly gave me letters for Coimbra, where he had spent some time, and, mounting his steed, a beautiful English mare, showed me the shortest way to Torres Vedras, across a wild heath tract.

As I rode along the side of a pine-covered hill, a gentleman passed me, attended by two servants, one of whom carried a baton

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at his side, a proof that his master was a person of distinction. The peasants in this part of the country uuiversally carry a long pole, considerably higher than their heads, and sometimes tipped with lead, which renders it a formidable instrument of attack: assisted by these weapons only, a knot of peasants is said to have dismounted a large party of French cavalry during the Peninsular war; but they seldom molest travellers, and indeed highway robberies are by no means frequent in Portugal, except in Alentejo. The inn at Torres Vedras was a great improvement on our last resting-place. The muleteer had not arrived at a late hour on the following morning; a degree of negligence which surprised me, as the natives consider any exposure to the sun, during the summer months, imprudent after the early hour of nine. I began to suspect that my friend had been waylaid, or, prompted by an ardent thirst for knowledge, had himself inspected my portmanteau, in which case I was well aware that any tasteful appropriations would have been followed by a secession to the mountains: so forth I issued, in no placable mood, taking the road to Mafra, and spying anxiously around to discover some remnants of a trunk or a muleteer. I had, however, made little progress before I met the deserter, who assured me that he had unaccountably lost his way, but, influenced by a prodigious zeal in my service, had been toiling all night to regain it. His account was true in the main, but he prudently abstained from any allusion to certain libations, the real cause of his circuitous proceedings.

Torres Vedras is a celebrated point on that strong line of natural defence which was so ably maintained by the Duke of Wellington. Standing on these heights I was enabled to form some conception of the system pursued, but could by no means command the entire range of military positions. I continued my journey through a succession of pine-forests, varied occasionally by open spaces covered with heath. In the neighbourhood of Lisbon the hills consist principally of limestone, near Mafra of basalt covered with limestone; but we now entered on a sandy region. In consequence, the character of the vegetation changed: the Arbutus unedo, the Phillyrea, and the Myrica faya, or gale of Madeira, so abundant near Cintra, were exchanged for fig-trees of an immense growth, and a large species of cane,—a

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plant which has a thick stem, resembling the sugar-cane, and is used in supporting the vines. The black ant swarmed among the fir-woods, yellow butterflies fluttered over the plain in gay profusion, and dogs of exquisite taste prowled around the vineyards, and gazed with hopeless eyes on that forbidden paradise. They are passionately fond of grapes, and sticks purposely attached to their collars prevent their entrance into the vineyards. This Bacchanalian propensity is, in a great measure, the cause of that amazing influx of dogs into Lisbon during the summer months; for, when the grape begins to ripen, the proprietors of the vineyards on the opposite coast lay violent hands on the canine species, and ship them off to the capital. There, prowling about in hungry groups, they become of real use in cleansing the streets of that detestable filth which would otherwise accumulate to an intolerable extent, and might breed a pestilence. In this respect the strong northerly gales are also valuable auxiliaries.

I baited my horse at a small and picturesque inn: the ceilings were peaked, and the floor abounded in cracks, judiciously calculated to admit a cheering view of the culinary processes below. The peasantry nowhere manifested any unfriendly feeling towards me: as I passed the villages the women made some slight salutation, and the men invariably rose and bowed. I saw some fine old towers, and a quinta of great extent; the family arms, carved in stone high above the door, showed that the proprietor was of noble birth. I deviated from my road to see Ovidos, a picturesque town of immense antiquity, still retaining, in a great degree, its Moorish character. A fine evening sun lit up the walls of an old Saracenic castle, upon which a boy was standing, and playing most sweetly on the flageolet. The sandstone had now disappeared; the hills over which we passed were composed of limestone, and were in consequence covered with a richer and more varied vegetation.

I reached Caldas at five o'clock, an uninteresting town, latterly the resort of the Court, on account of its mineral baths; and in the evening was visited by a gentleman who was lively and communicative, and animated with a furious zeal for liberty.

I renewed my journey over hills of mingled heath and oak on the morning of the 27th. Travelling at this burning time of the year is only agreeable during the first and last hours of light.

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The sun had scarcely risen when I mounted my horse; the distant sound of the convent bells came pleasantly on the breeze; the birds were singing, and all nature seemed to rejoice: but at noon man and beast were equally subdued by the intolerable fierceness of the heat; the peasants were compelled to suspend their labours; the cattle took refuge in the shady thicket; not a bird flapped its weary wing; not an insect crept along the ground, but an unbroken and universal silence pervaded the fields, which had so lately teemed with every variety of active life. Here, as in other parts of the country, the heath and juniper had been designedly burnt to produce young fodder for cattle. The Serratula arvensis, and the Lychnis Flos cuculi, are scattered over this district with other plants of a northern parentage, rarely found in the rest of Portugal.

Soon after ten I arrived at the small village of Alcobaça, and stopped at an inn better furnished with wasps than provisions: a pretty young lady babbled much to me concerning England and English manners, which, I suppose, meant that some young British officer was lord of the ascendant. I went to the convent, and sent in a letter of introduction. Senhor A——, a young monk, of quiet and pleasing manners, received me courteously, and led me round the lofty cloisters which encircle an inner court filled with orange-trees. The convent of Alcobaça is constructed upon a scale of feudal magnificence, which affords a striking proof of the great wealth and immense consideration formerly attached to the monastic orders. The kitchen is nearly a hundred feet long, and sixty-three feet high from the floor to the intrados of the vault. The fireplace is twenty-eight feet long by eleven broad, and stands in the centre of the apartment, through which a stream of water flows,—it must be confessed, a magnificent appanage to a kitchen. The refectory is ninety-two feet long by sixty-eight broad. As we approached the clock struck eleven; the brotherhood poured in; the organ sounded; and the chant of thanksgiving arose as we sat down to dinner.

It was evident, even on my first introduction to these monks, that they were very superior to most of their order, an impression fully confirmed by further acquaintance; for they possessed that courtesy and distinction of manner which birth, or long and

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early acquaintance with good society can alone confer. I afterwards learned that they were Bernardine monks, whose choice in the election of novices is very much restricted to persons of condition; a limitation which has kept up the respectability of their order, amid the comparative degradation of part of the profession. The Franciscan convents, on the contrary, from their poverty, and from other causes, have fallen into the hands of persons selected from the lower classes, who, as might naturally be expected, sometimes disgrace the brotherhood by their excesses. The monks of the higher orders are generally restrained by considerations of policy and self-respect, are often swayed by higher motives, and almost always throw a decent veil over any violations of the convent rules. Writers are too apt to involve the monastic orders in one general denunciation, without reference to the different systems pursued by the various orders, and the different results necessarily produced; but no statement can be fair and correct, unless it be grounded on a strict and unprejudiced examination of facts. And I must say that the highly coloured statements, so often put forth by travellers against the monks and the monastic establishments, come with a singularly bad grace from men who, journeying in a wild country, and deprived of the usual comforts of life, partake with freedom of their generous hospitality, and then repay the benefit by assertions which truth and justice do not warrant, and which gratitude and good feeling should restrain.

Whatever may be the remote effects of the suppression of the wealthier convents in Spain and Portugal, still, in the neglected state of agriculture prevailing throughout so large a portion of the Peninsula, their existence was a blessing, and their abolition is, I conceive, a positive evil to the state. The monks were often the only resident proprietors; and their beneficial influence was visible in the improvement of their estates, and in the increased comforts of the surrounding population; for they brought to the management of their properties great capital and great intelligence, and largely employed and liberally rewarded the industry of the labourer: their estates were, in consequence, not unfrequently the best cultivated in the kingdom, and the sudden and ill-judged abolition of the convents will probably, for many years to come, check, instead of promoting, the interests of agri-

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culture. Every man who has passed through Spain before the abolition of the convents must have observed the difference that existed between the practical administration of estates held by religious corporations and other lands. The traveller cannot have failed to observe that the roads were kept in better order on the estates of the clergy, the bridges repaired with more care, and greater attention paid to the improvement of their properties than to other parts of the country; he will have perceived that many of the monasteries were situated in the neighbourhood of badly-managed and frequently uncultivated estates, from which it may justly be inferred that, in the absence of such establishments, the land attached to them would have shared the fate of the surrounding properties, would have been equally ill managed, or remained altogether without cultivation. These ecclesiastical corporations should have been preserved, and would have been invaluable if altered and improved so as to extend their sphere of action, to comprise other and important duties, and perhaps resemble, in some degree, our college institutions.*

The convents in Spain frequently supplied the place of local banks, and, in a country singularly destitute of such institutions, were often productive of extensive benefit, by advancing money for agricultural and local improvements upon the most reasonable terms, and receiving rent-charges and mortgages as security. As active and intelligent proprietors, stimulating industry and facilitating transactions, the monks were often useful; as spiritual, and temporal advisers of the people, benefiting them by their advice, arbitrating between their differences, softening their manners, and exercising an almost unbounded influence over their minds, they supplied the place of a gentry which had long ceased to reside in the provinces, and whose desertion of their native districts would otherwise have been more extensively felt. To the government, while it treated them with kindness and consideration, their services were invaluable in the rural districts of Spain, where influence and habit have always superseded the

* Mr. Beckford, in his splendid account of this convent, alludes most justly to the prosperous condition of the tenants holding under the monks at the time of his visit to Alcobaça; and I can say, with some confidence, that thirty years afterwards their real prosperity had not diminished, although the most unceasing efforts were making to prejudice them against their ecclesiastical superiors.

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more direct operation of law, and where law will be comparatively ineffective for many years to come. Taxes, which might have been evaded with facility, were often paid through their agency; local disturbances, through their assistance, were quickly appeased, and a general spirit of loyalty preserved; in periods of national difficulty and distress the wealthier convents have not unfrequently conferred still more substantial benefits upon the state, and, in a spirit of disinterested attachment, not often found in great public bodies, have sometimes relieved, by large and spontaneous contributions, the necessities of the Crown. When the estates of the monasteries were confiscated in 1820, a stipend was assigned to the monks, inadequate when compared to their former revenues, and most irregularly paid. At length in many instances the stipulated payment was withheld, and those unhappy men were left to starve. But the measure, as it passed the Cortes, was in itself unjust and impolitic; unjust, because ample compensation was not made to individuals for the loss of those vested rights which public opinion held sacred, and which were guaranteed to them by the existing law, when they became members of such communities, and, as such, partakers of all their benefits and privileges. Their best years had been spent in that routine of education and those habits which were essential to their vocation, but which totally disqualified them from resorting to occupations of a more active nature. They had suffered directly and indirectly by the change of system. Their expectations of preferment were blighted, their influence was lessened, and must have continued to decrease; surely they were entitled to a full compensation in a pecuniary point of view. After the counter-revolution in 1823 the convents were restored, but have been finally suppressed under the Christino government. The cruelties exercised on the unhappy monks upon this occasion are horrible to think of.* To abolish the convents as they did was I think most unwise; the conduct pursued in effecting this object was positively wicked. In a former publication I dwelt on the specific acts of the government in this respect: these are now omitted, as running into greater length than the design of this work will permit. I will only say here, that the circumstances which attended the suppression of the convents under Queen Christina's

* *Vide* note at the end of the book.

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government were but an aggravated repetition of the cruelties exercised upon the monks under the régime of 1820. The Spanish Liberal is the most stationary of all human beings, the most incapable of deriving benefit from the hard lessons of practical experience; always aiming at speculative advantages, always liberal on paper, never in practice, time rolls over his head in vain. The world generally has become not only older but wiser since the French Revolution; but the Spanish democrats have shown themselves, with reference to their convents, with reference to their notions of dividing the country into departmental divisions, in short, with reference to every practical arrangement, the theorists, the hopeless theorists of 1789. I believe that the convents, under an improved system, might have been made highly serviceable in diffusing over the country, and maintaining, a system of popular education, combining useful knowledge with that wholesome spirit of religion, deprived of which the success or failure of any institutions for the education of youth is a matter of little moment. But I have trespassed too long upon this subject.

After dinner Senhor A—— led me to a cool and refreshing cell, and, leaving me to repose, retired also to indulge in the accustomed siesta. I slept for some time, and was at length awakened by a slight noise. I turned, and saw a monk, looking almost like an unearthly being, as he stood motionless at the foot of the bed, shrouded by his cowl, and attired in the white and flowing robe of his order. It proved to be my friend the monk Antonio, who had arrived to conduct me to the library and the church, but, finding me asleep, was unwilling to disturb me. The library is a noble apartment, tastefully decorated, well proportioned, and abounding in works of useful knowledge. The monks showed me a fine edition of the Iliad, presented to them by Mr. Canning, and a splendid copy of the Lusiad, a gift of Lady Bute. The church is a fine Gothic building, and contains, within two marble sepulchres, the remains of Dom Pedro the First, and the far-famed but unfortunate Iñez de Castro.

It is scarcely necessary to relate the story of Dom Pedro's attachment, so celebrated by all the poetry of Portugal. That Prince, the son and heir of Alphonso the Fourth, was passionately attached to Iñez de Castro, a lady of extraordinary beauty,

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whom he secretly married. As I have heard the story told in the country, he chose a lovely and sequestered spot in the valley of the Mondego, as the residence of his young bride, and, retiring from the turmoils of a brilliant Court, spent in that seclusion the happiest, and perhaps the most virtuous hours of his life. But the secret transpired, and his royal father, enraged at the discovery, proceeded to their little bower of love, and, arriving at a time when the Prince was on a hunting excursion, immediately authorized the murder of the ill-fated Iñez. The Prince, on his return, gave way to the wildest fury and despair, abandoned his home for a long time, and, when he eventually succeeded to the throne, inflicted the severest punishment on the worthless ministers who had instigated the deed, and on many of their relatives. But the sorrows of this Prince and of the lady he loved so well have been long at rest; and their sculptured figures are placed in a recumbent attitude upon their respective monuments, the sides of which are worked, in relief, with an inimitable beauty and richness of detail: they have suffered, however, in common with other parts of the convent, from the rapacity of the French; for those enlightened barbarians not only set fire to the building, but destroyed some of the finest sepulchral carving, in a sacrilegious attempt to bring the imagined treasures of the tomb to light. They dragged the bodies of the royal pair from the vault where they had so long reposed. Dom Pedro, stern even in death, is said to have retained the severe expression which never forsook his countenance after the perpetration of that dreadful deed which rendered him homeless and houseless; and Dona Iñez, that object of his boyish passion, the cause of all his grief and of half his crimes, was still lovely after the lapse of centuries: her hair retained its auburn colour, and, unharmed by time was only injured by the remorseless hand that did not scruple to invade the dwellings of the dead. After the departure of the French, the much-calumniated but far more civilized monks carefully collected her scattered hair, and still religiously preserve the cherished relic.

As I was bending over the monument, the monk gradually led the conversation to the existing state of public affairs. He had evidently been an accurate observer of recent events; and now concealed, under a well-feigned air of indifference, an anxi-

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ous desire to obtain the latest political intelligence. The observations which he addressed to me were pointed, and calculated to elicit the greatest portion of information by the smallest possible number of direct queries, while the correct knowledge which his questions indicated of British parties and of their relative position excited my surprise. He once caught an expression of this kind upon my countenance; and though it was but slight, and instantly checked, he was manifestly discomposed. He afterwards spoke in guarded terms, but upon one occasion betrayed, in a remarkable manner, the intensity of his interest in the subject of our conversation. I happened to state my conviction, from recent occurrences, that Dom Miguel would soon return to Portugal and assume the government; he repeated my words slowly, but in a voice which clearly showed that powerful emotion was struggling with habitual self-command. During our conversation, he had so judiciously placed himself, that, standing with his back to the light, and shrouded by his cowl, he was very much enabled to conceal the expression of his own countenance, while he could distinctly trace the slightest change on mine. My eyes were bent on the monument when he repeated my words; but, attracted by the deep and altered tone of his voice, I involuntarily looked up, and the triumphant joy that sparkled in his dark eyes, which even the position he had assumed could not altogether conceal, at once disclosed his secret bias: he, however, instantly recovered himself; and when I looked at him again, the subdued manner of the monk had replaced the eager feeling of the partisan.

We adjourned to the garden, which was kept in the highest order, and has that *ne plus ultra* of luxuries in a southern clime, a fine running stream, overhung with romantic willows. The evening was calm, and the monks were passing to and fro among their dependants, superintending their improvements; happy themselves, they appeared to be communicating happiness to all around them, and exhibited a pleasing and, I think, not wholly a delusive picture of monastic life.

In the evening I had a round of visits from the holy brothers, who kept dropping in, staying a few minutes with me, and then taking their departure, but their genuine politeness did not allow them to leave me a moment alone. At length the bell

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sounded, and we descended to supper, which varies in no respect from dinner, as the same regular courses are served up, and wine and dessert are afterwards laid upon the table. The number of hours which had elapsed since dinner explains the facility with which we attacked a second time such a substantial repast.

There are few circumstances which so much impress an Englishman, accustomed to the late hours of his native country, as the difference of habits prevalent in this respect throughout the Portuguese provinces. The breakfast so extremely early, the dinner at eleven, the succeeding siesta, and the late supper which concludes the day, are habits so alien to his own, that his ideas of time are at first sadly confused; at least they produced this perplexing effect upon mine: however, I soon accommodated myself to customs in all respects well suited to the country. The first hours of the morning are so delightful in that luxurious climate, the brief repose during the burning noon so grateful, and the last and loveliest portion of the day, spent among their gardens and in the society of their dark-eyed women, is not less agreeable. Unlike our English habits, the morning is broken by too many interruptions to admit of serious occupation, the evening ushers in still lighter scenes, and thus in Portugal the bark of life is wafted indolently down the sunny and unruffled stream.

But to return to my Bernardine friends. Supper seemed their most jovial repast; we sat long; old convent tales went round, legends of interposing angels were told, and anecdotes of friars long dead and gone excited peals of merriment. When our party broke up I took leave of my kind hosts, and desired the muleteer to be ready at three o'clock in the morning. As I retired to my cell through the never-ending galleries that echoed to my steps, and beneath the lamps that hung at great intervals and dimly lit up these high and gloomy corridors, the whole scene appeared to realize Mrs. Radcliffe's descriptions, and impressed me with an awful sense of monastic grandeur. Those mighty monuments of ancestral piety stood then in their primæval might, as great as glorious to the vulgar eye; but the bolt, though still enveloped in the silent cloud, was rife for their destruction: like the tropical day that ends in sudden might, their day, still bright, still proud, was

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almost spent; but, unlike the darkness of the tropical world, the night that wraps them in its gloom is a night that knows no morrow. Those heaven-devoted structures that rose so haughtily above the humbler works of man were already marked by the spoiler. Even then I felt their hours were numbered, and that the coming age would know them not. The church in Portugal may be likened to a warrior clad in a costly suit of arms; his lance has been given him by some grateful sovereign, his sword by another, his coat of mail by a third. Surrounded by a host of assailants, he still maintains the unequal fight, he still refuses to yield an inch for life or death, and falls at length with all his high prerogatives of honour undiminished, with all his royal gifts entire; and, oh! that gorgeous panoply, those fatal gifts, the cause of his destruction, become the spoil of his destroyers. Even so the church in Portugal, rich in its regal endowments, firm in its faith, and bold in the assertion of its lawful rights, maintained them to the last, conceding, yielding, compromising nothing; yet such has been the final struggle, and such the overwhelming fall. The recent desecration of the convent of Alcobaça, one of the most magnificent monuments of the kingdom, was at once an insult to the religious feelings of the people, and disgraceful to the taste of the modern Portuguese.

On leaving Alcobaça, I was assailed by a hurricane of wind and sand, through which I rode to the village of Batalha, and, as there was no inn, repaired to the monastery. The Prior was absent, but the Sacristan conducted me to the church, which is built in the purest style of Gothic architecture; and, indeed, the just proportions and noble simplicity of the roof, of the clustered columns and pointed arches, can nowhere be surpassed. In an unfinished chapel, however, the arabesque and the Norman style are strangely blended; still the ornaments are so graceful, the sculpture so rich, and the general workmanship so exquisitely beautiful, that the eye is not revolted by such an incongruous mixture. Returning from the church, I found a monk in my cell, and a dinner on my table served up by one of those cross-grained yet faithful menials who generally make their appearance in monasteries and novels.

I left Batalha early on the following morning and breakfasted at the ancient town of Leyria, distinguished only by its fine old

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Moorish castle. Between Leyria and Pombal, the birthplace of the celebrated Marquis of that name, the Indian corn looked beautifully gay and green, and the country, covered in parts with cork and chestnut, was extremely pleasing: not so the hornets, who buzzed abundantly in my ears, pitched upon my shoulders, and greatly molested me and my horse. I have rather an affection for wasps, "that light militia of the lower sky," rapid in their attacks, but equally rapid in their retreat; but the hornet thinks twice before he commits himself, and, when once he settles, is invested with an awful character of permanency, and, like the British power in India, keeps possession of the seat which he has once usurped.

The sun was setting in great glory as I entered Condexa. At the first inn where I stopped the landlord was dying, so I repaired to a house kept by a pretty landlady on the other side of the street. I drew near the kitchen fire, and underwent a long examination from the youthful beauty and some laughing girls, who disbelieved my English origin, and said they knew me to be of southern though not of Portuguese extraction. The maidens of Condexa have long been celebrated for their personal attractions, and these merry damsels were certainly above the general standard of the national beauty. A young woman of superior manners entered the room, but sat apart, apparently absorbed in thought. She sighed deeply at intervals, and at length asked me whether I could give her any intelligence of Silveira and his adherents; from which I inferred that her fortunes were connected with those of the insurgents.

On the following day I rode through a country covered with olives to Coimbra, built on the slope of a hill, and most imposing when seen at a distance. We passed the bridge, which at that time extended over a large bed of shingles, but in the wintry and autumnal months crosses a wide and rapid torrent; but then, in consequence of the continued heat, the Mondego had shrunk within very narrow limits. We entered the town and descended into Hell, for so the inn is called; and the subterranean passage which conducts to it justifies the name.

Having left my letters of introduction at various houses, I plunged into the Mondego, and afterwards roamed along its banks, where I met a labourer, who had witnessed my arrival at

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the inn, and was then accidentally passing by. He greeted me with a heartfelt "Vivan los Ingleses," the first and last tribute of popular enthusiasm towards my country that met my ear in Portugal; but it seems the British troops had been long stationed in this neighbourhood, and their excellent conduct had won the esteem and conciliated the affections of the simple-minded peasantry. On the last day of August I explored the botanical garden, which is by no means rich in rare and curious plants, but contains some beautiful specimens of the mimosa, and has a fine palm and a banyan-tree.

I afterwards rode with some Portuguese gentlemen to Portella, a picturesque spot among the mountains, and in the evening adjourned to the house of Senhor ——, who received me courteously. There were several ladies, and some professors of the university, whose influence on society was perceptible in the improved and intellectual nature of the conversation. Some gentlemen of the party dwelt with interest on the character and policy of the late Mr. Canning, but were fully possessed by the belief that his death was solely attributable to poison, administered to him by his political opponents. I endeavoured to dispel this delusion, but without success.

The vacation extends through the summer months, and the students were in consequence dispersed over the country; a few were, however, still remaining in the university, preparing for their degree. They are generally eager politicians; but the only student with whom I became acquainted discussed the critical questions of the time with an utter and almost ludicrous indifference to their final result: he was evidently overflowing with happiness, and refused, perhaps wisely, to anticipate the angry passions and vexatious disappointments of later life.

On the 1st of September, accompanied by the Juiz de Fora and some Portuguese gentlemen connected with the university, I went over that pile of building, and passed through several apartments devoted to the instruction of youth. The collection of subjects for the study of natural history is tolerably good, the observatory complete, and the instruments in perfect order: of these the greater number were manufactured in London, a few only in Paris. The school where degrees are conferred is old-fashioned and picturesque: the ceiling is curiously painted, and

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the walls are hung round with portraits of the kings. There are six departments of instruction in this university; they comprise the canon law, the civil law, medicine, natural philosophy, and mathematics; different degrees are taken in the respective faculties, the student generally applying himself to the particular branch of study intended to form the basis of his professional exertions in after-life. This is perhaps an improvement upon our system of college education, where the same degree is taken by all, without any reference to the different nature of their future operations. The Greek and Latin tongues are also taught at Coimbra, and moral philosophy, history, and the belles lettres are made subsidiary studies to the higher lectures. The prevailing system of education was introduced by the Marquis of Pombal, who spoke with pride and pleasure of the reform effected in the university during the period of his administration, and even undertook a voyage from Lisbon to Coimbra, for the sole purpose of opening and sanctioning with his presence the new course of studies.

In a former work upon Portugal, of a graver character, I have commended the policy of the Portuguese government in attaching the most influential persons in the university to their interests: by frequent promotion and honourable treatment some commanderies of the Order of Christ are annexed to the office of senior lecturer of mathematics and natural philosophy, while every cathedral throughout the kingdom is obliged by a papal bull to attach a certain number of its prebendal stalls to the different faculties of the university, restricting them, however, to gentlemen belonging to the clerical profession. The most able law instructors in the university are often promoted to the highest tribunals of the kingdom, the most eminent teachers of divinity and canon law to the bishoprics, and the most skilful professors of medicine become physicians in ordinary to the King, an office which confers immediate distinction and ensures ultimate advancement. The service of the university is therefore considered honourable, and even the provincial nobles are sometimes competitors for a vacant lectureship. The expenses of tuition are defrayed by the revenues of the university, and the students only pay a small sum for their board and lodging, and a few trifling fees.

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In the evening I visited the convent of Santa Cruz, and wandered for some time among its shady walks and fountains, its luxuriant hedges of cypress, and its ample reservoirs of water. The monks belonging to the order of St. Augustin, men for the most part of noble descent and of distinguished manners, are forbidden by the regulations of the monastery to appear on foot beyond the convent walls, and are often seen mounted on fine horses splendidly caparisoned. I spent my third and last evening at the house of Senhor ——; the Senhora was surrounded by her little children, a pretty dark-eyed race that had just begun to make my acquaintance.

The olive abounds in the neighbourhood of Coimbra, and its oil is considered peculiarly good, and decidedly superior to that of Spain; the tree is, however, subject to a severe disease; under the influence of the ferragem, or rust complaint, the leaves shrivel, the tree sickens, and bears little fruit. I have sometimes seen a whole wood afflicted with this disorder, for which no satisfactory remedy has been devised. Maize is cultivated in this district to a great extent, and is made into a yellow bread which the peasants eat in large quantities: it is also given as fodder to cattle.

Before I left Coimbra I rode to the Ponte das Lagrimas, and passed through a blooming garden, misnamed "the garden of tears," to the spot where the young and beautiful Iñez de Castro was slain. A stream of the purest water gushes from the cliff, and glides along its deep-red channel; and this singular tint upon the stone has led to the popular belief that murder has there left its indelible stain. There sat the guiltless unsuspecting Iñez awaiting her princely husband; there she received the fatal wound; and over yon rude and ancient basin did the fair and the chivalrous resort in olden time to unite their tears over her early grave. The dark cypresses * waving over the

* The cypress that grows in this "garden of tears" is the Cupressus Lusitanica, a tree of extreme beauty, and closely rembling in growth the cedar of Lebanon, though deeper in colour. It is so very unlike the common cypress, that I had at first no suspicion that it belonged to that class of trees. It was originally brought from Goa to Busaco, but is now only found in perfection in the midland parts of Portugal: for it has dwindled in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, and is no longer to be seen in the Algarve.

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fountain, the weeping willows that surround it, and the stream murmuring along its rocky bed, are admirably suited to the mournful tale. Some of those cypresses are of great antiquity, and probably witnessed her secluded happiness and her tragical fate. I quitted with regret a scene over which romance and poetry and old tradition have thrown their sweetest spell.

Leaving the highway I rode towards Busaco, to see the memorable field of battle, through mountain passes, finely crested with pines and abounding in every variety of the orchis tribe. I lost my way among the defiles, and did not easily regain it, being unaccompanied by my muleteer, who had started at an earlier hour; but after wandering for some time, exposed to an intolerable sun, I reached the monastery of Busaco. I knocked long at the gate of the convent lodge before it was opened, and my first reception was ungracious enough, as the porter observed that arrivals were inconvenient at that hour. I was so much exhausted by the heat that I could hardly keep my seat on horseback, and was not therefore disposed to be easily rebuffed; so, compelling the reluctant menial to inform the Prior of my arrival, and slowly following him through a fine wood of oak and pine, I reached the convent, a straggling edifice, completely embosomed in the forest. The Prior received me courteously, and placed some wine and salt fish before me, regretting he could not offer me better fare, as meat was strictly forbidden by the convent regulations. He afterwards led me to my cell, where I threw myself on the bed, too happy to enjoy an interval of repose. These monkish dormitories are most welcome to the wearied traveller, from their coolness, their perfect cleanliness, and the total absence of the winged and creeping cannibals that infest the inns. I slept for some time, and awoke even more fatigued than when I first lay down. I frequently observed that, during the intense heats, the midday siesta was followed by a sense of increased exhaustion, nor were its invigorating effects fully experienced till after sunset.

I now joined the friar; and as he led me round the convent I was surprised at the unbroken silence that pervaded the place; a silence which seemed rather to indicate a mansion of the dead than the social dwelling of a numerous brotherhood. This profound stillness was only interrupted by the echo of our footsteps,

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and the low tones of my conductor's voice. The long galleries were partially hung with black cloth, and the shadows of evening, fast stealing over them, gave birth to mingled feelings of melancholy and awe. The Prior afterwards explained to me the cause of this strange silence. The monks who inhabited the convent were Carmelites, and their system was, to a great extent, modelled on that of La Trappe, for, like the friars of that order, they are enjoined to observe perpetual silence, with the exception of the Prior and of an assistant brother who acted as porter.

I discovered from subsequent accounts, what indeed I then suspected, that the inmates of this convent had generally entered their cheerless abode from feelings of blighted affection or mortified ambition, the most prolific sources of human discontent. The system operated differently on different temperaments: a few had become reconciled to their altered mode of existence, others had sunk into a state of mental lethargy, and many, after the lapse of a few years, were vainly anxious to quit their living tomb. Some had entered the order from an exalted spirit of religion: these had not drooped; upheld by a powerful and absorbing principle, their minds resisted the pressure of external circumstances; the business of this life was exchanged for visions of the next, and the want of active occupation was supplied by the internal fire which supported while it consumed them.

The Prior accompanied me to the entrance door, and kindly pressed me to pass the night at the convent; but I was anxious to proceed. "This spot is indeed delightful," I observed, as I wished him farewell. "It is, my son," he replied, with the cold and melancholy smile of one who felt the truth of my remark, but had ceased to derive enjoyment from the objects of my admiration. As I mounted my horse, the last beams of the sun were setting, and the forest-trees cast their lengthened shadows along the ground. A cross, the emblem of peace, was placed on a pedestal before the door. The beauty and seclusion of the spot appeared to have marked it out as peculiarly fitted for the enjoyment of tranquil happiness, but the misjudging piety of man had robbed him of those temperate pleasures which nature had so lavishly prepared for his gratification. The oak and fern re-

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minded me of the deep glades of England; and the majestic cypress of Portugal,* with its waving branches, impressed the scene with a character of Oriental grace: yet, even on such a calm and heavenly evening, the monks were not allowed to walk beneath the shade of their forest-trees; so active and ingenious were the founders of this convent in devising methods to heighten the privations of its inmates, as if the common course of human passions and anxieties did not render the cup which all must drink sufficiently bitter, without perverting the plainest dictates of common sense to render it still more unpalatable. Yet these were men whose motives were entitled to respect—pure and single-minded men, who, while on earth, were most solicitous to do what they believed to be their heavenly Master's will.

Having left the convent, I spent some time in examining the positions occupied by the armies. Busaco tells its own tale; for the bold and peculiar character of the ground enables the traveller to follow, without difficulty, the history of that eventful day. I arrived late in the evening at Meleahada.

On the 3rd of September I hired a guide at Meleahada, to lead us through a pine-forest of great extent, and so intricate that even the natives are sometimes bewildered by the multitude of tracks. Our guide attacked the friars with unusual vehemence, and then broke forth in favour of Dom Pedro, expressing great hostility to the Infant, whose expected appearance on the frontiers at that time kept the nation in suspense.

I observed that the peasantry were more friendly to the Constitution in this district than in any other part of Portugal, probably from its vicinity to Coimbra. My guide said that the wood abounded in wolves, and desired me to observe the stump of a tree recently felled, telling me that a young man, assailed by three of those ferocious animals, had taken refuge in its branches, and had afterwards cut it down, as a memorial of his escape, and in testimony of his gratitude. I thought this an odd mode of returning thanks, and tacitly determined never to endanger my safety for an inhabitant of Meleahada. Different nations have certainly different modes of expressing their sense of services conferred: a Portuguese fells a tree for the same reason that an Englishman would effectually protect it.

* The Cupressus Lusitanica, to which I have already alluded.

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I do not think that the inhabitants of southern countries have generally much taste for picturesque beauty. I remember seeing a house, not far from Cintra, overhung by one of the most magnificent cork-trees I ever beheld. I was standing opposite the windows, admiring the fantastic beauty and amazing luxuriance of the tree, when an old woman, attracted by my earnest gaze, sallied forth, observing that I was perhaps desirous of taking the house, and adding, that, if the tree were an object of dislike, it could be felled immediately. Any old woman may be guilty of bad taste; but if the tree had been an object of general admiration in the neighbourhood, she would not have so utterly misunderstood my feeling.

There is, generally speaking, far less beauty and distinction of costume in Portugal than in Spain, but the dress of the peasantry is unusually rich in this part of the country. The strange wild figures that meet the eye in some of the sequestered parts of Spain, and recall the memory of another age, are not here to be seen: here indeed we do not see the pilgrim in his partycoloured garment, the courier with his breast of fur, bare neck, and waist encircled by a belt crowded with quaint devices rudely traced, as if to guard the wearer against a host of Gouls and Afrits. These uncouth figures do not in this part of the country startle yet delight the eye by their grotesque appearance; still there is much beauty of costume: the men were attired in satin waistcoats, richly figured, and of a crimson colour; some had handkerchiefs tied round their heads, after the Oriental fashion, but not in the graceful folds of the turban, as I have seen them worn in that paradise of the Christian world, the vale of Murcia: many of the boys, and some of the men, were dressed in a loose garment, resembling in form, but not in beauty, the Highland kilt; and a broad-brimmed hat, a red scarf, and a blue jacket, not worn but thrown over the shoulder, complete the provincial dress. They also carry the pao or long pole, as in the neighbourhood of Lisbon. I met a young peasant bearing a pannier of grapes, upon which I made a vigorous attack, but no persuasion would induce him to receive any recompence; a total absence of mercenary feeling very frequent among the Portuguese labourers.

Leaving Aveiro, we rode through a pretty country: the oak

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and olive abounded; the vine climbed up the trees and hung down in rich festoons; sometimes a regular trellis-work was constructed overhead, and an early night produced by the dense foliage. But night itself was now closing in, and we soon lost our way amid a variety of tracks. In this part of the country the natives involve a stranger in frequent mistakes by their strange mode of directing him, which is invariably by reference to one of the four points of the compass. Now south-east or north-west may be a very poetical, but is a very puzzling mode of direction to a man travelling by night through a country with which he is totally unacquainted. Besides, the points of the compass are in some degree conventional with these honest folks; for they talked of our north and our west, which certainly was not my north or my west, as I found to my cost, after sundry wanderings on that luckless night.

At length we stumbled on a cottage, and prevailed on a peasant to show us the way to Ovar. He was lively, intelligent, and dark as a mulatto: he had served under Dom Miguel when he commanded the army, and evidently regarded that Prince with very partial feelings. He observed that he did not trouble himself with the subtle points growing out of the question of the succession, but thought Dom Miguel ought in justice to ascend the throne, because he had killed some bulls in a masterly manner, and had generously presented their bodies to the soldiery; a novel argument in the Infant's favour, which has probably never yet suggested itself to any of his Royal Highness's legal advisers. He also entered into some curious details respecting the customs of this part of the country. The priest requires annually a bushel of wheat from every married pair: and be it further observed, the relative piety of the different parishioners is determined by the relative amount of the plums and good things stuffed into these pascal offerings: he said that many of the clergy led dissolute lives; but he was manifestly an unmeasured talker, and had no love for the Church. By one of the church regulations, no priest is allowed to keep in his house, as a domestic, any woman under a certain age; but I heard of an ingenious ecclesiastic who cheated his conscience by retaining under his roof two beautiful women, whose united years amounted to the age prescribed for one: so that the sum total

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were correct, he thought it mattered little how the amount were distributed; like this manuscript, which contains the same number of words, whether Mr. Murray swell it into two small volumes or compress it into one. This story is, however, probably more amusing than authentic.

Late in the evening we entered Ovar, a long straggling town, in which I naturally concluded that some house of accommodation must exist; but literally there was none. The Peninsula generally, although it may be said more of Spain than Portugal, abounds in these strange inconsistencies. I once stopped at a venta in Andalusia, which not only possessed the necessaries, but many of the comforts of life. Meat and fowls, with tea, coffee, and chocolate, formed a sumptuous bill of fare for a Spanish country inn: forks abounded, but when I called for a knife I was told that no such implement was kept in the house, on a principle of self-preservation. The reason given was eminently Spanish; but in fact the road was chiefly frequented by smugglers, who live well, but always carry their own knives; and this was the real cause of the deficiency.

The same curious contradictions are occasionally found in the higher ranks. I remember sleeping at the house of a decayed noble, who received me with the utmost hospitality. My sleeping apartment was, however, destitute of the most common conveniences of life; my bed had no curtains, there was not a looking-glass, there was not a chair in the room. Such being the case, I was surprised, and somewhat amused, at seeing a menial, attired in a faded livery of green and gold, enter my apartment with much state, bearing a basin of massive silver, which he was himself compelled to hold, because there was no table on which he could place that ponderous relic of the departed splendour of the house.

A quarter of a league from Ovar we reached the *ne plus ultra* of abominable inns. I had divided my journey badly, and often fell in with worse accommodation than I should have found if I had adhered to the regular post; and, in this instance, I believe I was the first person above the rank of a muleteer whom my friend the innkeeper had ever entertained. As I arrived late, stale bread was my only supper, and straw my only bed. Growling dogs and famished cats contested the crumbs

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that fell from my board, and vermin sported around me in lively profusion. My servant Antonio lost the keys of my trunk, and the muleteer his way. So closed the night.

On the following day the road was sandy, and my progress slow. Soon after I left Ovar I overtook a young woman, of great personal attractions, journeying to Oporto, attended by three servants. I greeted her, according to the custom of the country; and as we were travelling on the same road, we naturally fell into a conversation, which she kept up with liveliness and spirit. Her servants were barefooted: they wore a red sash, a laced jacket with rich silver buttons, a large hat, and earrings of solid gold. The curious mixture of familiar dialogue and goodnatured authority which characterised her intercourse with them revived classical associations, illustrated the simple manners of an earlier age, and seemed to realise the description of the Grecian dames amid their handmaids: other circumstances contributed to keep up the illusion. Her regular and noble features reminded me of those beautiful models of ancient art with which no modern sculpture can bear competition. Her costume might, in some degree, be considered classical, and was admirably adapted to set forth the faultless outline of her face. She stopped at a friend's house near Oporto, and we separated; but we afterwards renewed our acquaintance, and I heard from her own lips the story of her life—a simple but romantic tale. It is but short, for she was still very young.

She became acquainted, at the early age of sixteen, with a young man, only a few years her senior, but greatly her superior in rank. Acquaintance gave birth to attachment, and the difficulties which prevented their union heightened that feeling into the most ardent love. Her lover's family contemplated the possibility of such an event with dread; but her father encouraged their intercourse, and the plighted couple met, every evening, under the shade of the garden fig-tree, and exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. The impetuous but resolute attachment of her young admirer at length appeared to overcome the opposition of his family; and he arrived one evening at the trysting-place in high spirits, and entertaining sanguine hopes. They spent a few delightful hours in the full enjoyment of reciprocal confidence, and separated with the belief that they

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would speedily be united, to part no more; but from that hour they never met again, either in sorrow or in joy. Her lover's father, anxious to avert from his family the disgrace of an unequal alliance, had appeared to relent, for the purpose of executing his designs with greater facility. He had already conferred with the civil authorities, and that very night his son was arrested, and conveyed to a place of strict confinement, where he was seized with an infectious fever, of which he died in a few days, in spite of every exertion to save him.

She married two years afterwards, and confessed to me that she was perfectly happy. A prior attachment sometimes continues to exist in a woman's mind long after marriage; but, except in a person of very deeply-rooted affections, rarely survives the birth of a child: from that hour the current of her thoughts becomes changed; new duties, new feelings, new hopes arise, to banish former regrets, and

> "She who lately loved the best,
> Forgets she loved at all."

I observed in my pretty heroine a striking instance of those sudden bursts of quick and sensitive feeling which seem inherent in the southern temperament. Although she spoke of her first ill-fated lover with calmness, almost with indifference, and confessed that she had long ceased to regret the difficulties which prevented their union, yet once, as she dwelt upon past scenes and recalled a thousand instances of his boyish devotion, her voice changed, her dark eyes filled with tears, and her whole soul seemed to revert, with undiminished affection, to the object of her early love. Her emotion was but transient; yet I am convinced that, while it lasted, she would have renounced every earthly tie to be restored to him who had been the first to win her affections, and was then mouldering in the grave.

As I approached Oporto the liveliness of the national character became very perceptible: the women delighted in jest and repartee, and sometimes carried their facetious humour to a very inconvenient extent, by misdirecting me on my road. Good-nature, however, ultimately prevailed, and they always apprized me of the mistake into which they had led me after I had proceeded a few steps in the wrong direction: but this kind of rail-

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lery, tolerably diverting in the fair sex, was positively offensive when practised by the men. As I passed through a little village, I saw a woman standing in the street, wringing her hands, and pouring forth the wildest lamentations. I inquired into the cause of her grief, and heard that thieves had broken into her house during her absence. The poor woman suspected that she had been robbed of all her little treasure, but had not courage to ascertain the extent of her loss. As no saving-banks, or institutions of that kind, exist in Portugal, the peasants either hoard their earnings in strong boxes, or lay them out in purchasing golden trinkets, of which they are passionately fond: so that a successful attack upon their cottages may deprive them of the little store which they have accumulated by years of industrious exertion. The handsome earrings and chains of solid gold, worn by women among the lower classes, excited my surprise, till I discovered that they regularly invest their money in the acquisition of these ornaments: so that, by an unusual combination, the increase of the family wealth, and the gratification of their taste for personal decoration, go hand-in-hand; and as these trinkets are generally of solid gold, and made with little regard to fashion, their value is easily ascertained, and they are converted into cash without difficulty.

At length I reached Oporto, an ancient and very picturesque town: the streets, with a few noble exceptions, are narrow, and the houses high and ornamented with handsome balconies. That part of the city which overhangs the Douro is strikingly beautiful; the river itself is fine and clear, and the banks bold and partially wooded. The concourse of people was so great at Oporto when I arrived, that I passed from inn to inn, and from one extremity of the city to the other, without being able to procure an apartment. The absence of any furnished lodgings shows the little progress which this great city has made in some of the most essential comforts of life, while in other respects it has rapidly advanced in the career of civilization. At length I obtained a bed-room, though not a sitting-room, at the house of a mulatto, where, as I entered, a large party, of a mixed character, was collecting round the table d'hôte. There were two Germans: one seemed well informed, and so, I suspect, was the other; but as he abused me in the Portuguese language, with

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which he supposed me thoroughly unacquainted, I will not dilate upon his merits.

I chanced to sit next a mild and intelligent Englishman, Mr. Waterhouse, who had resided many years in Portugal. The conversation turned on recent events. The retirement of Count Saldanha, the disturbances which followed his resignation, the measures adopted in consequence by Sir Thomas Stubbs, and his recall from the government of Oporto, were circumstances which excited the public mind at that time in a very high degree, and were discussed with unusual warmth.

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CHAPTER III.

Count and Countess of Villa Flor—Portuguese Society—Effect of the recent Changes on the Portuguese Character—Author leaves Oporto—Tremendous Storm—Fall of Locusts—Description of the Traz os Montes—The Valentoines—Feudal Manners of the Nobles—Dinner at the Capitan Mor—Character and Mansion of the venerable Senhor Joaquim—Lamego—Hospitality of Senhor Ferreira—Superstition of the Enchanted Mooress—Return to Oporto.

COUNT VILLA FLOR, since that time become Duke of Terceira, had assumed the government of Oporto a few days before I reached that city, and, on my arrival, kindly offered me apartments in his house, and the use of his stud,—a hospitality characteristic of the Portuguese, but particularly distinguishing this generous noble, whose liberality was proverbial both at Lisbon and Oporto. I declined his offer; but, establishing myself at the neighbouring inn of Batalha, became almost an inmate of his house during my long residence at Oporto. His staff consisted of Don Carlos, brother of the Marquis of Fronteira; Major Bernardo Sa, now Viscount Sa da Bandeira; his brother Narcisso; and Major Mendez. He introduced me to the Countess Villa Flor, a daughter of the ancient house of Loulé, and descended from the far-famed and illustrious line of the Mendozas.

The Loulé family were originally of British origin, and are said to have sprung from an English knight of the name of Rollim, who led his vassals to the siege of Lisbon, distinguished himself in the service of Alphonso the First, and was rewarded by a grant of land, after the capture of that city. The Countess was only in her nineteenth year, and in the first bloom of that uncommon beauty which drew down the applause of every Portuguese, and afterwards excited the admiration of English society. But although the Countess was still so young, she had experienced both hardship and danger amid the turbulent dissensions of her native country. During the last few years the great had been peculiarly exposed to severe vicissitudes; yet these she

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had encountered with a firmness extraordinary in one so young, so delicate, and so little calculated, by birth or station, to mix in revolutionary scenes. Her childhood had been clouded by the ruthless assassination of her noble father; she had afterwards accompanied her husband to a desolate prison; she now filled the brilliant position which she was born to occupy, and was so well fitted to grace; but before a year had revolved, the star of her destiny had declined, and she was again an exile from her native land.

The military government of Oporto, always an important trust, was of vital consequence in the actual state of Portugal. Two powerful factions at that time disputed the political arena, viewed each other with hatred and suspicion, and threatened to disturb the tranquillity of the city. By strict impartiality in the discharge of his public duties, and by an equal and well judged hospitality to men of all parties, Count Villa Flor secured the affection of the inhabitants, and mitigated those feuds which lay too deep to be eradicated. The mere circumstance of official rank confers great consideration in Portugal; but in the person of Count Villa Flor it was united to high birth and previous reputation; and although some individuals kept aloof from party feelings, the *élite* of Oporto crowded to his house and to his box at the Opera. In the morning the Count and Countess rode out, accompanied by their staff; and I frequently joined them in their excursions to the beautiful environs of Oporto. In the evening I generally found several persons assembled at their house; or if, by chance, there was no addition to the family circle, I was not less cordially welcomed, and the hours passed away in lively conversation.

That I may not hereafter interrupt the thread of my narrative, when it becomes more eventful, I will now insert a few remarks on the Portuguese character, and on the nature of Portuguese society; premising only that they are somewhat premature in this part of my work, as I had not formed such conclusions till after a long residence at Lisbon and Oporto.

If I could divest myself of every national partiality, and suppose myself an inhabitant of the other hemisphere, travelling solely for my amusement, noting men and manners, and were asked in what country society had attained its most polished

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form, I should say in Portugal: this perfection of manner is perhaps most appreciated by an Englishman when seen in that portion of the aristocratic class which has adopted in minor points the refinements of the first European society, and has retained the spirit, while it has in some degree dropped the exaggerated ceremonial, of the old Portuguese courtesy. Portuguese politeness is delightful, because it is by no means purely artificial, but flows in a great measure from a natural kindliness of feeling.

A Portuguese has a real repugnance to wound the feelings of the humblest individual, and sedulously avoids any expression which can possibly have that effect; not only because it is ill-bred, but because the act of inflicting pain on another is disagreeable to himself. A Portuguese, possessed of strong sarcastic talent, will seldom direct it, however veiled, against any individual present, and will use the utmost circumlocution in conveying an unpleasant truth. Even if he be aware that the person with whom he is actually conversing is in the act of deceiving him, he often disguises his knowledge of the fact from his apprehension of wounding the feelings of the deceiver, or, if such a man be too worthless for consideration, from the fear of grieving his kindred: to such an extent is their politeness carried. It may occasionally exceed the proper bounds; but still the general influence of these delicate and considerate feelings is highly beneficial to society, which in Portugal resembles a vessel impelled by a favouring breeze over a calm sea, undisturbed by any displeasing inequality of motion.

The restless feeling so often perceptible in English society hardly exists in Portugal: there are no ardent aspirations after fashion; there is little prepared wit in Portuguese society, and no one talks for the mere purpose of producing an effect, but simply because his natural taste leads him to take an active part in conversation. In spite of manners apparently artificial, society is more unaffected in Portugal than superficial observers would at first suppose. Dandyism is unknown among their men, and coquetry, so common among Spanish women, is little in vogue among the fair Portuguese. They do not possess, to the same extent, the heady passions and romantic feelings of their beautiful neighbours, but they are softer, more tractable, and equally affectionate. Even when they err, the aberrations of a married

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Portuguese never spring from fashion or caprice, seldom from vanity, and, however culpable, are always the result of real preference.

Certainly, with some exceptions, the women are not highly educated; they feel little interest on general subjects, and consequently have little general conversation. A stranger may at first draw an unfavourable inference as to their natural powers, because he has few subjects in common with them; but when once received into their circle, acquainted with their friends, and initiated in the little intrigues that are constantly playing along the surface of society, he becomes delighted with their liveliness, wit, and ready perception of character. The best society in England is perhaps the best in the world, because it combines civilization of manner with cultivation of mind; but, without reference to intellectual culture, the last finish of polished breeding distinguishes, perhaps in a still greater degree, the higher orders of Portugal. I speak only of the higher orders, for their superiority of manner over the middling classes is more strongly marked than even in England. There is little perceptible difference of manner between the different grades of society in Paris; but though this uniformity prevails in revolutionized, it was, I suspect, unknown to refined and aristocratic France.

This characteristic politeness of the Portuguese does not

"——————— only play
Through life's more cultured paths, and charm the way,"

but the kindliness of heart from which it flows extends to all classes and affects all relations: it appears in the intercourse of the higher with the middling and lower orders, and softens the natural jealousy arising from the distinctions of rank. An English gentleman, unprovided at the moment with money, sends a beggar to the devil: the Sovereign of Portugal calls him his brother, and regrets that he has nothing to offer him. Such details may appear trivial, but are really important; because these gentle and considerate manners have promoted a kindly feeling in the people towards their superiors, and have greatly contributed to mitigate the bitter sense of actual privation. The pride of the Portuguese Fidalgos is chiefly directed against each other, and usually relates to their family alliances. A Puritano,

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that is a Fidalgo who traces a purely noble descent from the earliest times, is supposed to form an unequal alliance when he unites himself to the scion of any house, however illustrious, if not also a Puritano by descent. The higher will not ally themselves to the inferior nobles, and these again will form no connexion with the commonalty; but precedency of rank is occasionally superseded in public opinion by ancient birth; and some untitled families have constantly refused to marry into the houses of particular Grandees, because their own descent is unquestionably more ancient, and therefore considered more illustrious.

If the nobles are kindly disposed, the people are, generally speaking, extremely loyal, little inclined to violence, easily led, susceptible of kindness, and patient under many privations: their virtues flow from their native goodness of disposition, their vices are, in some degree, attributable to the system under which they have lived. The overwhelming extent of the regal prerogative, which could deprive the highest noble of his birthright by an exertion of power; and the corrupt administration of justice, which could impoverish its victim by an act of law, are abuses which, in the towns at least, gave rise to habits of refined dissimulation as the only safeguard against powerful oppression. In England, during the reign of Henry the Eighth, when the dispensation of justice was venal, and the power of the executive practically uncontrolled, the degradation of the national character was strongly manifested in the corruption of our juries and the servility of our parliaments. In those prostituted assemblies neither unoffending innocence nor undoubted integrity were of any avail against the royal pleasure; and the popular forms, which should have guarded the popular liberties, became only an additional engine of tyranny in the hands of an oppressive sovereign. Even in Sir Robert Walpole's time, when the science of government had undergone a total change, when influence had superseded prerogative, the political honesty of public men was at a low ebb indeed: a century of good laws and settled government have gradually raised the British character to its present standard: it only improved with the improvement of our institutions; and I know not why the Portuguese, who naturally possess so many excellent qualities, should not attain the same moral elevation under an ameliorated government.

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But I am far from thinking that the policy pursued after Dom Pedro's triumphant return to Lisbon, in 1834, was calculated to effect an improvement in the character of the people. A government that owes its existence to the popular principle must not trench upon the popular prejudices of the nation; a government that professes to raise the standard of the national morality, and to inculcate better and higher principles of action, must itself be strictly just; but neither justice nor policy were consulted when the privileges of the peers were invaded, when the convents were desecrated, and when those sacred stipulations were violated which pretended to secure to the dispossessed monks a pension for life. The cruel treatment of the priesthood has exercised a most unfavourable influence on the character of the peasantry: that unsophisticated peasantry, which possessed many of the noble qualities without the sanguinary spirit of the Spaniard, and were, till recently, a loyal and contented race, have become generally disaffected to the government; and, outraged by the injuries inflicted upon a Church they love and revere, are, even now, in some parts of the country, armed against the crown; are living by a system of rapine, from which they would have lately shrunk with horror; and, contrary to all their previous habits, are feeding upon the life-blood of their country. *

Before I pass on to other scenes, I must take this opportunity of returning my best thanks to Mr. Crispin, the British Consul at Oporto, who hospitably offered me apartments at his house, and showed me every attention during my residence in that city; to my banker, Mr. Kingston;† and to the gentlemen of the Factory, of whose civilities I am highly sensible: to my friend Mr. Whitely, the chaplain of Oporto, a gentleman of great and varied talent, I am peculiarly indebted, not only for the pleasant hours which I spent in his society, but for many valuable facts connected with the state of Portugal which he communicated to me during our frequent rambles in the neighbourhood.

On the 12th of October, the anniversary of Dom Pedro's birth, Count Villa Flor reviewed the troops, who were well equipped, went through their evolutions admirably, and received

* This was written some years ago soon after the suppression of the convents.

† A son of this gentleman has since become very justly distinguished in the world of letters by his 'Lusitanian Sketches,' and by other productions.

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the announcement of the charter with loud "Vivas!" I put on my uniform of the Somersetshire yeomanry, and accompanied him to the field, where I observed to one of the officers, "These regiments are well affected to the Emperor." "Yes," he replied, "but will they send forth these loyal shouts when another year brings round another 12th of October?" At that moment the standard happened to fall. "This omen is not propitious to your cause," I replied, laughingly. Before a year had elapsed, the officers then present were dispersed, their gallant chief exiled, and the constitution had ceased to exist. In the evening Count Villa Flor gave a grand dinner to the officers, the colonels of militia, the judges, and the deputies. He proposed Dom Pedro's health, and afterwards that of the King of Great Britain and Ireland; a toast drunk with applause, and for which I returned thanks.

The Opera-box was crowded to excess on that night, although many of the leading Miguelites, or Corcundas, as they were then called, were absent. When Count Villa Flor again proposed Dom Pedro, the audience stood up, and a scene of stormy enthusiasm ensued; the shouts were repeated again and again by the men, and the fair sex leant over the boxes, waving their white handkerchiefs in token of their zealous adherence to the cause of their imperial master.

I was rather amused at hearing, on my return to the inn, that I had been the subject of several bets during the day. As my uniform was of a different colour from the Portuguese, and happened to be very conspicuous, my appearance on the field excited surprise. I was not a native, it was clear; the country of my birth, in consequence, became a matter of debate among some idlers, and several bets were made on the subject. Spain was taken against the field by many, who called at the inn where I resided to ascertain the point, and returned to their respective homes very wrathful with the guiltless object of their unsuccessful wager.

The vintage was now commencing, and, as I had long intended to explore the wine district, which appears to its greatest advantage during this season, I quitted Oporto. Count Villa Flor gave me letters to the governor of the district, and to the principal persons in the northern provinces, and my friend Major

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Bernardo Sa accompanied me a little way on my journey. This young officer, who has since risen to high distinction, was even then remarkable for the extent of his information and the decision of his character; the most useful quality a man can possess in unsettled times. Distinguished for his gallant exertions in the civil war which had desolated the Traz os Montes, his conduct in the following year proved that the same high spirit had not forsaken him under adverse circumstances. Our friendship was formed at Oporto, and confirmed at Lisbon; and I shall hereafter allude to a curious and somewhat romantic adventure which occurred at a later period, an adventure in which we were both engaged.

On leaving Oporto, I rode on through a valley, abounding in corn and wild grapes, to Penafiel, a town of some consideration, which gives its name to the Count of Penafiel, a Peer of the realm. The commanderies enjoyed by this noble were annexed in perpetuity to his house, an unusual deviation from the general practice. On the following morning I observed several blocks of granite on one of the heights above the road; and from their situation, and from the regularity of their position, I conceive them to be the remains of some ancient structure resembling our Druidical temples.

Passing a large block of stone, upon which a mitre was rudely carved to mark the boundary of some convent lands, I struck across a wild mountain-track. There I beheld a natural exhibition of the most awful kind. The extreme and long-continued heat that prevailed in Portugal during the summer of 1827 was, I believe, almost unparalleled: the vines were everywhere injured, in some places destroyed, and the agriculture had universally suffered; but during the last two days an evident change had taken place, the weather was becoming more temperate, and clouds of a leaden hue were gradually collecting from all points of the horizon. They must have concentrated their strength during the night of the 26th, for on the following morning the sky resembled a great sea of ink; deep black masses overhung our heads, gradually sinking lower and lower, and a faint moaning wind alone interrupted the heavy repose that had settled upon the face of the earth. At length the storm burst, not ushered in by any light showers, not even by any warning-

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drops, but descending at once, and vertically, in sheets of water, as if hurled by an offended God against a world which he had resolved to submerge again.

I had never seen so fierce a conflict of the elements. Those hills, a few minutes before so destitute of water, that I should have hailed with pleasure the most trifling rill, now resounded with the roar of a thousand torrents rushing impetuously into the valley; and my path, which led along a natural channel between two rocks, at once became the main artery that received these tributary streams. As the water was rising fast, and every moment assumed more the character of a raging torrent, I endeavoured to escape from its vortex by turning my mule and retracing my steps; but the strength of the current, and the terror of the animal when required to stem it, rendered this manœuvre impracticable, and I was therefore obliged to continue my amphibious journey till I found an outlet.

Having extricated myself from this master-flood, I became involved with the lesser streams, that, dashing around me, tumbling from crag to crag, and crossing each other in all directions, presented a magnificent scene of uproar and confusion. I called to the muleteer and Antonio, who had lingered in the rear, to warn them from the main channel, which might have been dangerous to them, and would probably have been fatal to the loaded mules, but my shouts were drowned in the voice of many waters. Some of our luggage was carried off, and, had the inundation continued, we must have lost the whole; but fortunately the sky relented, in mercy to a country which had so long withered under its burning eye, and was now visited by a still more tremendous infliction.

I entered the inn at Amarante in a doleful plight, and, creeping into a corner by the kitchen fire, fell fast asleep: in little more than an hour the muleteer made his appearance. After a reasonable interval I wished to renew my journey, but the outcry was so great that I gave way to public opinion, which assailed me in the shape of soaked and mutinous domestics.

Speaking of natural exhibitions, a fall of locusts is, beyond all comparison, the most awful I have ever seen; and I may perhaps be excused for digressing from the immediate thread of my narrative to give my readers some account of that dreadful scourge,

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which is considered in eastern and southern countries the most unfailing manifestation of the wrath of God. Travelling along the western coast of Africa, I once beheld this terrible infliction. These creatures fell in thousands and ten thousands around us and upon us, on the sands along which we were riding, and on the sea that was beating at our feet: yet we were removed from their most oppressive influence; for a few hundred yards to our right, darkening the air, the great innumerable host came on slowly and steadily, advancing in a direct line, and in a mighty moving column. The fall of locusts from this central column was so great, that when a cow, directly under the line of flight, attempting ineffectually to graze in the field, approached her mouth to the grass, there rose immediately so dense a swarm that her head was for the moment almost concealed from sight; and as she moved along, bewildered by this worse than Egyptian plague, clouds of locusts rose up under her feet, visible even at a distance, as clouds of dust when set in motion by the wind on a stormy day. At the extremity of the field I saw the husbandmen bending over their staffs, and gazing with hopeless eyes upon that host of death, which swept like a destroying angel over the land, and consigned to ruin all the prospects of the year; for wherever that column winged its flight, beneath its withering influence the golden glories of the harvest perished, and the leafy honours of the forest disappeared. There stood those ruined men, silent and motionless, overwhelmed with the magnitude of their calamity, yet conscious of their utter inability to control it; while, farther on, where some woodland lay in the immediate line of the advancing column, heath set on fire, and trees kindling into a blaze, testified the general horror of a visitation which the ill-fated inhabitants endeavoured to avert by such a frightful remedy. They believed that the smoke arising from the burning forest, and ascending into the air, would impede the direct march of the column, throw it into confusion, drive the locusts out to sea, and thus deliver the country from their desolating presence.

It was an awful and indeed a painful scene, and I shall never forget it. Yet, perhaps, there was not one of those whose blighted fortunes I then commiserated who would not have considered my assassination well pleasing to their God, and few,

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perhaps, who would have scrupled to attack me, as a Christian dog, if I had been unarmed and unattended by a trusty band.

I was now detained for the rest of the day at Amarante, a town so called from the flower of that name, after the poetical fashion of the land. To beguile the time I visited an officer for whom I had letters, and found him playing at cards in a miserable apartment; he offered to show me the "lions," and we ascended together a neighbouring hill. In the valley below there had been some hard fighting between the Imperialists under Count Villa Flor, and the Miguelites commanded by Don Antonio Silveira, who were finally routed and driven back to the western wilds of the Traz os Montes. Traces of the conflict were still visible on the surrounding buildings and in the broken windows of an adjoining convent, where I visited the monks, who showed me the interior of the edifice. Their gardens, striking only from some fine light-coloured cedar-trees, were neglected, and many parts of the building were in a miserably dilapidated state; but the friars pleaded in excuse their diminished revenues, and said they had in consequence greatly reduced their numbers. From the windows of a monk's cell we enjoyed a magnificent view of the mountains, covered with wood, sloping down to the Tamega, a noble stream. In the evening we adjourned to the house of Dom Tavera. He was a fine old noble, and had two daughters, both agreeable, and one very pretty: the youngest sang some of her native melodies with taste and feeling. She observed archly that she could not speak French; but I suspect she only feigned ignorance for the purpose of hearing my Portuguese, which was a ludicrous mixture of the two Peninsular languages. She was lively and amusing, and asked me many questions about English society.

On the 28th I began the ascent of the Maron, accompanied by the Colonel, my friend of the previous day, and an escort, a necessary precaution against the last insurgent Guerilla still lingering amongst the recesses of that savage pass. At the end of the first stage, a soldier gave the Colonel a list of the rebels, by which it appeared that a priest commanded the troop, with a surgeon for his lieutenant, who officiated in a double capacity, and dispensed his blows and his medicines with equal success. When we had reached a considerable height the Colonel's horse

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became suddenly averse to any further prolongation of the journey, and, after some unequivocal symptoms of dissatisfaction, turned round and trotted back with his master.

I was now entering the Traz os Montes, a province inhabited by a very peculiar people, restless, intrepid, and aspiring, the only part of the Portuguese population which has retained its original character unaffected by the lapse of centuries; a fine manly race, possessing the savage virtues in perfection, the first to act, and the last to submit, they are the Catalans of Portugal. The spirit of the age has respected their mountain barriers; no modern refinements have enfeebled their native hardihood, and they still differ in manners, feeling, and even in external appearance, from their countrymen and from the rest of the European community. The great insurrection, then recently appeased, had originated partly in a real affection for the ancient system, and partly in a spirit of exaggerated attachment to the Silveira family: so deep was their devotion to that ill-fated house, that even those priests who were opposed to the revolt could not restrain their excited parishioners, over whose minds their slightest word had generally the force of law. Yet the Marquis de Chaves, the chief of the Silveiras, was not a man of very vigorous intellect; but his father had been eminently loved and respected throughout the province, and he succeeded to the hereditary influence. The people had been undoubtedly impelled by the most genuine enthusiasm, and they fought under the banner of that chivalrous house with a gallantry which claimed the praise, and obtained the respect, of every candid opponent. The prevailing spirit was still decidedly hostile to the constitution, and they were writhing under a sense of recent defeat and actual humiliation; but these feelings had been greatly mitigated by the wise and humane policy of the conquerors.

During the Catalan Revolution in 1822, the laurels of the Spanish Constitutionalists were soiled with blood; not with the blood of men fairly slain on the field of battle, but massacred coldly and deliberately after the victory had been obtained; massacred because they had fought in defence of that monarchy which from their earliest years they had been taught to revere, because they had struggled to maintain privileges inherited from their ancestors, and abrogated with an insolent disregard to the feelings

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of a whole population; but, more than all, because, as sons of Catalonia, they would not tamely permit the extinction of her cherished name, which the Spanish Cortes, those foes to every great and ancient recollection, would have blotted out of the map of Spain. But in Portugal the Constitutional leaders of 1827 remembered, even in the hour of triumph, that their defeated opponents were fellow-countrymen and brothers.

I had now almost ascended the Maron: the surrounding heights were bold and bleak, and partially seen through the mists that were rapidly hurrying over them. These mountains are composed of granite, and their summits wholly destitute of trees: the vegetation, at all times scanty, had been so completely burnt by a recent fire, that the ground was black for many miles, a circumstance which increased the natural gloom of the scene, and invested the mountain with an awful and almost funereal character. The Traz os Montes is still the favourite land of the Valentoines, a race of men that have much declined in numbers. These Valentoines are bravos inhabiting the wildest parts of the country, known to each other by certain signs, and to the neighbourhood by their fearful reputation: they style themselves redressers of wrongs, and some indeed are honourable though misguided spirits, acting in defiance of law, yet true to an erroneous system of imagined right. But the majority have degenerated into common ruffians, whose pride is to perform any feat, however hazardous, and execute any crime, however heinous, with greater spirit and address than other men. In parts of the Traz os Montes they form almost a separate class, and defeat the ends of justice by terrifying witnesses and intimidating or corrupting the local authorities. Fidelity to their employers is perhaps their only redeeming virtue. These bravos were formerly dependent on certain nobles, whose mandates they fulfilled with a devotion bordering upon heroism, and in return enjoyed their countenance and support. The extent to which a noble could protect them was long considered a fair criterion of his personal influence; and the number attached to the service of his house was a point of honour jealously observed. This system prevailed in the Traz os Montes and in parts of the Entre Minho; and although the altered manners of the age and the improved character of the provincial nobles have dissolved that systematic connexion,

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there still exists a strong feeling of protection on one hand, and attachment on the other.

In these wild districts the stately manners which characterized the nobility of the feudal world are still sometimes retained among the families of the great. I have said that a strong feeling of vassalage exists in their dependants; a haughty sense of superior birth divides these nobles from the rest of society: even in the bosom of their own families, and where their nearest affections are engaged, a solemn and somewhat unbending spirit marks their social habits; indeed, where the old ancestral forms are kept up in their ancient rigour, the children of the house inhabit separate apartments in the distant wings of the old rambling mansion, and, long after the period of adolescence has elapsed, receive on bended knees the blessings of their parents: they are not permitted to take their meals at the same board with their parents, and must not remain covered in their presence, or even sit down without express permission. But although the familiar habits of modern life have not invaded those ancient and patriarchal halls, still, where these forms, the legacy of a primitive and wholly different age, are thus inflexibly maintained, it may be observed that the essence of the old Portuguese honour is, generally speaking, preserved equally inviolate, and the slightest falsehood or deceit is held in generous disdain.

But however strict the forms occasionally maintained in these antiquated establishments, between parent and child, a graduated subordination of respect appears to pervade the household; a similar homage is exacted by the children from those beneath them, and a similar state observed. In many great families, the young lady of the house, even when she merely goes out to take the air, is preceded by the Escudeiro, or shieldbearer of the family; though he now no longer carries the shield, but only walks a few paces in advance of his charge, with a solemn and measured step, bareheaded, and holding his hat humbly in his hand. These shieldbearers, attached to noble families, were formerly, like our ancient esquires, gentlemen by birth, though for the most part greatly reduced in circumstances.

From the highest point of the Maron I looked over successive ranges of hills, divided by rich intervening valleys, which, in consequence of their great elevation, retained a verdure truly refreshing

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to eyes fatigued by gazing on parched and withered scenery. I entered Villa Real towards evening, and was hospitably received by the Governor. After a sumptuous breakfast at his palace on the following morning, I took leave, and accompanied the Juiz de Fora to his house, where he showed me a blood-stained dagger, just taken from a peasant; and said that four assassinations had been committed during the last month within the narrow limits of his jurisdiction.

Murders are of frequent occurrence throughout the Traz os Montes, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Lamego; but there they result, in a great measure, from circumstances unconnected with the lawless habits of the native population. Swarms of labourers repair from the different provinces to the banks of the Douro during the summer, induced by the immense demand for labour which exists during that season in the wine-district; and amongst them many individuals proscribed by the law find safety, and, residing chiefly in scattered huts, are seldom inspected by the local managers.

I continued my journey accompanied by the Juiz: we stopped at the house of a substantial farmer, who offered us grapes, wine, and all kinds of refreshment. The daughter cast many affectionate glances on the young magistrate, and her parents were evidently elated by the distinction which his visit was supposed to confer on the family. I saw here, for the first time, the laborious process that takes place before the juice of the grape is converted into the rich beverage it afterwards becomes: the grapes are first trodden underfoot, and then pressed by a large beam tightened by a screw, till the fruit is completely crushed; after which the wine is poured into great casks, where it is left to ferment, and two or three months subsequently the necessary quantity of brandy is infused. Meanwhile the lees of the grape are collected and steeped in water, and, being again subjected to the pressure of the beam, give out a light feeble wine, generally sold to the lower orders. The lees themselves are given to pigs, or applied as manure to the fields.

The grapes were lying in heaps within an enclosed space near the farmer's house, and several Galicians were carefully treading them down: from six in the morning till twelve at night these poor men continue immersed up to the knees in the cold juice,

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and receive a very low remuneration when their comfortless task is accomplished; yet they submit without a murmur to their cheerless lot, are grateful for any mark of kindness, and beguile the tedious hours by singing in concert a low, plaintive, and affecting hymn. Galicians are always employed in this stage of the process, for the lively Portuguese cannot endure such painful and continued exertion; indeed they consider the patience of their humbler neighbours allied to stupidity, regard them with contempt, and confidently assert that God Almighty first made men and then Galicians. Dr. Buckland would have told them that, if they could substantiate this assertion, every analogical and geological inference would tend to prove that the Galicians, contemned of man indeed, are not the most despised of God.

Here the Juiz took leave, but desired a guard to escort me, as, he said, the peasants were exasperated against the English. The prosperity of the peasantry of these districts is so much connected with that of the Wine Company of Oporto that I was not surprised at the existence of a very hostile feeling towards the charter, and consequently towards the country which had sent troops to support it. I mixed, however, very generally with the peasants, but never perceived the slightest disposition to molest me. As I approached Regoa I deviated from the highway and rode across a narrow mule-track. The scene was lively, the sun was setting over fields purple with the vine, and groups of vintagers, gaily dressed, were gathering the grapes, and singing the vintage-song.

On the following morning I visited the great warehouse of the Company, then filled with casks of brandy, and was told that seven pipes of wine are often distilled to produce a single pipe of that spirit. At two o'clock I dined with the Capitan Mor. Besides his family circle, consisting of a wife, a sister, a pretty daughter about seventeen years of age, and several younger children, Senhor Macarao, an intelligent young man, was present, accompanied by a gentleman who had published some humorous poetry, and was very religious, very entertaining, very flighty, and very peculiar. During dinner I had twice partaken of a dish of rice, and afterwards found, with some surprise, that an act so trivial, and so wholly unpremeditated, had given me a

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singular degree of popularity among this amiable and simple party: it was considered a mark of deference to Portuguese tastes and an adoption of Portuguese habits; and this notion was peculiarly gratifying to their national feeling, and calculated to conciliate their affections.

In the evening I adjourned to the house of Senhor Ferreira, a gentleman of large fortune, who received me with the utmost hospitality. He had, in many respects, adopted English customs; much of his furniture was English, and the china in his house was of British manufacture, and most costly. I slept there, and on the following day rode to Lamego, accompanied by Senhor Antonino, his son, a quick and lively boy, and Mr. Carey, his tutor, a gentleman of the Catholic persuasion. We crossed the Douro, and, leaving the Traz os Montes, entered Beira, where we found the road good but hilly, and the mountains on each side covered with vines in the highest state of cultivation. We stopped at the house of a young noble, who informed us of King Ferdinand's departure for Catalonia. He had a clever, and the world said a pretty sister, but, as she would not indulge my curiosity by appearing, we rode on with little delay through a heavy shower to Lamego, and alighted at the house of Senhor Joaquim de Castro da Fonseca e Sousa, a noble of ancient family, and father of Senhor Macarao, the young man whom I dined with on the preceding day.

We were shown into a well-furnished apartment, where I found, with equal joy and surprise, a comfortable fireplace, and that greatest of earthly blessings in a fireless land, a fire. From an open window I looked out upon a little garden, divided into numberless parterres and gaily decorated with flowers. I saw a fine mimosa growing in the open air, some specimens of the large-leaved catalpa, and of the dark-coloured medronhêiro, from the fruit of which a weak kind of brandy is extracted.

Senhor Joaquim was absent when we first arrived, but soon afterwards appeared. He had passed the meridian of life, but evident traces of manly beauty were still discernible. He was a man who at once enlisted every prepossession in his favour, and whose countenance might be considered an index to his character, for it was impossible to observe the expression of his mild intelligent eye without being convinced that it could only

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emanate from a candid and honourable mind; nor could I hear him speak without feeling at once that he had lived in the best society.

We were joined by the family priest at dinner, about four o'clock, for, in consequence of the connexion which has so long existed between the British and the Portuguese inhabitants of the wine-district, the dinner is often here served up at a later hour than in other parts of the kingdom. On re-entering the drawing-room I saw a blazing fire, a handsome Newfoundland dog, and a pug, somnolent upon the hearth. This complication of delights transported me to England, and I would hardly have exchanged pug, fire, and my arm-chair for the ruins of Palmyra.

We retired early to rest. My room was spacious, and had a fireplace, which, generally speaking, is in Portugal a proof of great antiquity, as fireplaces, since disused, were common among the Portuguese in the early days of the monarchy. I did not sleep immediately, but lay for a long time surveying my apartment by the light of the lamp. Every object spoke of ancient descent, and revived that train of association so dear to an Englishman, and so early impressed on his mind. The walls were hung round with portraits of the old chiefs of the house: the bed, formerly reserved for state occasions, was lofty, hung with crimson silk, and constructed after the solid fashion of other times; even the fireplace bore the impress of a convivial age, and might have accommodated a large circle around its ample hearth.

After breakfast on the following day we walked round Senhor Joaquim's grounds, and then explored the town of Lamego, which is very ancient, full of picturesque beauties and old remains of art. Fragments of capitals are half buried in walls comparatively modern; and arches now lead into the dwellings of the poor, which once formed a noble entrance to houses belonging to Christians or Moors of distinction; for the Christians at one period imitated the Oriental architecture so closely, that it is often difficult to discriminate between their respective buildings. The balconies and wooden frame-work around the windows are beautifully carved in Moorish taste, the balustrades twisted, and the lattices richly ornamented. The houses are

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high and overhanging, and the streets narrow; but this very want of breadth heightens the picturesque effect.

His Excellency led me to an ancient church, where the Portuguese Estates, the memorable Cortes of Lamego, are said to have met for the first time. Near the door is an iron cross, cut in the form generally used by the Templars, and this has induced a belief that the building was once attached to that order. The exterior has been whitewashed, and the effect in consequence greatly injured. The interior derives interest solely from its antiquity and its great historical recollections; it is so confined that the number of persons assembled in Cortes must have been extremely limited.

Senhor Joaquim then led us to the site of an old church, under the belief that it still existed; but the proprietor, to his eternal disgrace be it said, had recently erased every vestige of the old fabric: it was, however, grateful to see the patriotic sorrow which this venerable noble displayed when he discovered that one of the most curious and most ancient monuments of the kingdom had been destroyed.

The old walls of the town are partially preserved: there is a fine Saracenic tower, and a magnificent reservoir of water.

Senhor Antonino and Mr. Carey were becoming anxious to return to Regoa, as we were engaged to dine with Senhor Ferreira; and Senhor Joaquim offering to accompany us, we now retraced our steps. As we passed through the town I was much impressed by the respect and affection with which all classes seemed to regard this popular noble, for he was greeted universally, and individuals seemed gratified whenever he addressed them; and this was evidently not that homage which the "poor heart would fain deny but dare not," but the genuine expression of sincere attachment. The people are often fond of their resident Fidalgos, and especially of those whose names have been handed down from father to son for many generations. The jealousy with which they are sometimes viewed prevails chiefly among the middling classes.

Senhor Joaquim took leave of us at Regoa, and we repaired to the house of Senhor Ferreira, where we dined. My entertaining friend the poet was one of the party, and expatiated freely on general subjects, but retreated with a ludicrous degree of circum-

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spection from any topics which bore, however distantly, on public affairs. His conversation was peculiar, and characteristic of a state of society in which a general earnestness and community of feeling prevails on religious subjects, and where, in consequence, religion not unfrequently gives a strong colouring to the conversation of the hour. His wit was mingled with a devotion bordering upon melancholy; gay and sparkling in conversation, even to excess, his most brilliant sallies were generally concluded by some quaint and saddening allusion to the instability of human life. I will relate one out of many instances of this peculiar habit of mind. A guest observed to him, "This English Fidalgo will soon return to Lisbon, and may perhaps have an opportunity of expressing your wishes on a certain subject to the government." He laughed, and made some rather jocular reply; then, suddenly checking himself, said, with the strongest emphasis, and the most fervent expression of countenance, "Ah, if he could put in a word for me with the Government of Heaven!" This observation, which, in many polished circles of the world, would have given birth to the fastidious sneer, did not produce a smile, or even an expression of surprise, in any individual of the party.

The dinner was excellent; the goblets were Bohemian, large, deep, tipped with gold, and well calculated for the copious draughts of the old baronial feasts. That day was consecrated to the Guardian Angels, and we drank some religious toasts that had reference to their all-powerful protection. Afterwards the healths of individuals went round, and the Esperanza de Casa,* which I proposed in honour of young Antonino, was the last drunk and the most applauded. During dinner the conversation was flowing and sustained, gliding easily from subject to subject, but always retaining a character peculiar to the time and country. The persons assembled around the hospitable board of our Highland host furnished ample matter for curious observation. Inhabitants of the Traz os Montes, and intimately connected by the strong ties of kindred and constant intercourse with the wild people and wild chieftains of that half-civilized but most interesting country, yet brought into direct communication with the commerce of England and Oporto, they were singularly placed between the old world

* A hope early blighted; this young Portuguese died in the flower of manhood. My kind host, Senhor Ferreira, is also no more.

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and the new; between the merchants of that flourishing city, imbued with all the notions of the present day, and the clans of the Traz os Montes, adhering with rigid fidelity to the habits and traditions of the past. These circumstances naturally influenced the conversation; and thus the savage and long-descended feuds of their mountain neighbours, their hereditary attachments to particular families, and the remarkable and often romantic events to which their social state had given rise in former times, and in the civil conflict just suppressed, came blended in their conversation, strangely enough, with the general politics of Europe and the general interests of the day. The state of society I describe is essentially a transition state, and will probably be unknown to the next generation, when the existing manners of the Traz os Montes shall have passed away; but under the aspect society then assumed, I thought it peculiarly favourable to the development of the best principles of our nature. The progress of civilization had subdued, in my amiable friends, all that was harsh and barbarous in that almost feudal state of society which still prevails in the Traz os Montes, but had not acquired sufficient strength to break down that exalted spirit which makes religion an avowed and influencing consideration in the most common transactions of life, or to impair materially the chivalrous attachments of a former age. These high-wrought feelings were shown, not only in the occasional elevation of their sentiments, and in the energy and utter absence of reserve which marked the delivery of their opinions, but also in that somewhat poetical form of expression which often characterizes the habitual language of a people during the romantic and feudal period of their history. That unrestrained expression of feeling upon particular points, which in a more advanced stage of society would be too often regarded as the enthusiasm of the boy, or the insincere profession of the designing man of the world, was neither smiled at nor suspected, because the sentiment found more or less an echo in every bosom, and was in accordance with the prevailing sympathies of the public mind.

After a pleasant visit at Senhor Ferreira's, during which he had paid me every attention that the most delicate kindness could suggest, and Mr. Carey and Antonino had shown me every scene that possessed interest in the neighbourhood, I quitted their family with regret.

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The morning was delightful; there was not a cloud on the sky, and the water was of a deep green colour, as I entered the boat which was to waft me down the stream to Oporto. I had desired my servant to engage a boat, with the necessary complement of men; but when I reached the shore, I found, to my surprise, and with some embarrassment, that Senhor Ferreira had provided me his boat and his own boatmen, having arranged that they should convey me to Oporto, a two days' expedition from his country house. I remonstrated with him in vain; he insisted on my compliance, with all the warmth of Highland hospitality; and when I arrived at Oporto the men absolutely refused to receive any remuneration at my hands, stating that they had received the most positive instructions to that effect.

The banks were hilly, and the windings of the river exhibited a succession of pleasing landscapes; terrace rose above terrace, and the vines, beginning to assume the bright autumnal tint, formed a lively contrast to the grey olive and dark cork that stood in the background; but after we had left the Company's district the soil was either less fertile or less improved, and woods of fir and chestnut were substituted for the vine. Towards the middle of the day we went down one of the rapids, and entered a fine pass, where the river, deep and dark, creeps slowly through its narrow channel, hemmed in on both sides by black and inaccessible rocks of granite, iron, and basalt.

The entrance into this striking ravine was formerly guarded by a Moorish fort, which still frowns over the water. There is a superstition connected with this castle, common to many of the old Moorish towers; that of the Moira Encantada, or enchanted Mooress, a superstition well known and widely credited in parts of Portugal. The peasantry believe that, although the Moorish race is extinct, the Moorish power has not altogether ceased; for that here, and in almost every tower where the Saracens once ruled with feudal sway, an enchanted Mooress still haunts the spot, and hovers round the undiscovered treasures of the castle. Last relic and representative of a departed people, and, since the dreary day of their expulsion, sole guardian of their buried wealth, she stands a link between the living and the dead; and, superior to mortal destiny, defies alike the lapse of ages and the stroke of

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death. Though bound by some mysterious tie to a heathen and once hostile race, there is no fierceness in her mood of mind; there is no terror in her look; for when, at the earliest dawn of day, the light dew spangles the mountain and the rock, and again when the setting sun sheds its last melancholy glories on the Moors' untenanted abode, she is seen clad in the flowing garments of her race, leaning against some broken arch, some ruined monument of national glory, as one who mourns but seeks not to avenge. She shuns the glare of day, but does not fly from those who court her: sometimes she weaves her spells around a favoured individual and shields him from mischance, and yields him a portion of her buried gold. It is no sin to seek a Moira; and in return for her imagined kindness and protecting care, and as if in sorrow for their fathers' cruel injuries against her Moorish ancestors, the peasantry atone for past misdeeds by present love. The wild beauty of the ruin was perhaps enhanced by this sad but pleasing legend. And now emerging from the defile, the river again expanded, and we passed through a succession of gentler scenes, their natural beauty heightened by the tints of the setting sun, and, still later, by the soft full light of the moon.

We arrived late in the evening at a collection of miserable huts, situated at the confluence of two rivers, and called Entre Rios, where, disembarking, we made our way with some difficulty to the inn, which was already full; but on our arrival a new division of the territory was voted expedient. In the mean time we entered a central room, into which all the other apartments opened. In the first a mendicant friar reposed, rich in the acquisition of a pampered goose, but his saintly slumbers were at once declared inviolable: in the next a pedler snored; but, most unscrupulously disturbed by our landlord, and alarmed for the safety of a barrel of ink deposited in the central room, he made a sudden inroad upon us, and carried off his sable goods with an air of defiance. From the third paced forth a creature whose long shaggy hair fell over his face and effectually concealed his features; a bulky nondescript, surely not a man, though much approaching to the mortal shape. After these monsters had been successively exhibited, I paid a visit to the kitchen fire, where I found the women scarcely more human than the men;

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upon which I retired to rest dismayed, and became the property of mosquitos, fleas, and that little black vermin "inter politas non nominandum."

We left Entre Rios the following day; but here, as Mrs. Radcliffe would say, my manuscript fails: it is not, however, blotted with tears, but only illegible; so the remainder of this expedition must be a blank, and my readers shall have a half-holiday.

The approach to Oporto was striking; we arrived at night, and the lights, seen first in the distance, increased in brilliancy as we drew near, and were reflected in long lines across the water. As we passed the Customs I saw an instance of that sarcastic humour so characteristic of the lower classes of the district. The officer asked the boatmen whether they carried any goods. "No," they replied, "but a Fidalgo,"—the man bowed,—"and a clever one," they continued, "for he speaks English." The man made a more profound obeisance. "So much the more respect is due," he replied; and, supposing me a Portuguese, departed much impressed with the unusual extent of my attainments. So terminated my excursion into the Traz os Montes.

Throughout this tour I experienced the most unbounded hospitality from the natives, who overwhelmed me with kind invitations, and were only anxious to prolong my stay at their houses, and enliven it by all the means in their power. The local authorities not only facilitated my progress through the country in various modes, but often entertained me sumptuously, and generally, on my departure, accompanied me some miles on my journey. I experienced the same kindness and attention from individuals and from official men in every part of the kingdom, till the great revulsion of feeling against the English which took place during the revolution that elevated Dom Miguel to the throne.

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CHAPTER IV.

Author leaves Oporto a second time—Portuguese Authorities alarmed—Exquisite Beauty of the Entre Minho—Joyous Manners of the People—Dramatic Dances—Author loses his way in the Forest—Terrible Superstition of the Bruchas—A Valentoine—Caminha—Author enters Spain—Antiquated Landlady of Caldas—Old-fashioned Inn at Santiago—Shrine of St. Jago de Compostella—Field of Corunna—Influence of the Monks—Passionate Patriotism of the Galicians—Ferrol.

HAVING long intended to visit Galicia, to re-enter Portugal by its north-western frontier, and return to Oporto through the heart of the Traz os Montes, I again quitted that city after a short delay, and rode through a pretty country to Villa de Conde, on the 14th of November. From the bridge at the entrance of the town I saw a magnificent convent, inhabited by nuns of the Benedictine order; and soon afterwards arriving at the inn, I placed myself under the guidance of a rapacious young rascal, and hastened to pay my tribute of respect to the great Atlantic; for, however fatigued, I never could resist the spell which drew me to the sea. The harbour was small, but not without symptoms of activity: two brigs were under repair, and several women were carrying panniers of salt, coarse, and apparently fresh from the operation which had brought it into its actual state.

In the evening I strayed into an old fort, where I found my servant Antonio conversing with the guard, making various inquiries about the stores, and expatiating with more energy than discretion on the utter impossibility of defending it against any hostile attack. I broke up the conference, and rode back to the inn, but in the course of an hour received a summons from the Governor; and I then discovered that some questions I had asked respecting the elevation of the tides had been converted into a request for an exact description of the harbour, while the imaginative theories of poor Antonio were supposed to portend

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an approaching assault. His Excellency asked me what punishment the head of the British Administration would inflict on any unhappy Portuguese who presumed to invade an English fort, impelled by such an audacious spirit of investigation. I explained the nature of my inquiries, endeavoured to convince him that I contemplated no outrage against the fort or the government, and assured him that Lord Goderich, the Premier of that day, would not regard with a very unrelenting eye a similar delinquency on the part of his countrymen. Then was the worthy man appeased; compliments passed between us, according to the fashion of the country, and I was suffered to depart in peace.

A soldier accompanied me to the inn, and told me that the inhabitants were almost universally opposed to the charter; adding, that they still maintained communications with the exiled adherents of the Silveiras, and that, in consequence of their vicinity to the Spanish frontier, the garrison lived in constant dread of a descent upon the coast. On reaching the inn I offered him a piece of money, which he rejected with unequivocal symptoms of alarm; for, to his apprehensive imagination, the rebel evidently stood confessed before him; but when he discovered that the surrender of his loyalty was not implied by his acceptance of the coin, he received it with overflowing gratitude.

On the following day I rode on to Fonte Boa, and breakfasted with the rector. His house was convenient, the rooms were comfortably furnished, the walls tastefully decorated with sketches and engravings, and his window looked out upon a little garden kept in the highest order, while the surrounding country exhibited a beautiful mixture of rich cultivation and picturesque woodland. After breakfast we wandered among fields where Indian corn had been lately cut. The church was of a dazzling whiteness, the cottages were neat and comfortable, the cottagers seemed happy and attached to their pastor, and the whole scene excited unmingled sensations of pleasure.

I rode on to Barcelos, delightfully situated on that noble stream the Cavado, and continued my journey over a wild tract of heath, which was still partially in bloom, and gave a fine blue tinge to the prospect. Groups of oak and chestnut adorned the neigh-

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bouring hills, and presented all the beautiful combinations of park scenery; while the villages through which we passed were thickly peopled, had every appearance of comfort, and were generally embosomed in a grove of trees. Beneath their shade this happy population is accustomed to collect at eve, and spend the last hours of the day in dancing, and in singing old traditional ballads to the sound of their favourite guitar; for tales of love and chivalry, forgotten in other parts of the kingdom, are still cherished in this loyal land. All in the Minho seems redolent of joy, the country pleasing, the climate fine; and a perpetual sunshine on the face of man shows that oppression has no entrance here. Their religion, cheerful as it is sincere, is quite divested of the fanatic spirit that obscures it in the southern provinces, and in the neighbouring Traz os Montes. Devotional expeditions to their chapels, placed, like landmarks, on the highest hills, are generally combined with feasts and merrymakings; many vows, besides those addressed to their saints, are there offered up; and many a maiden looks forward to the day when she will accompany her family to some favourite shrine, with a throbbing heart, and thoughts with full as much of earth in them as heaven.

Towards the close of day, even in the autumn months, the ladies sit in their ornamented balconies, listening to the never-ceasing sound of song issuing from the streets below, or gazing upon those dramatic dances in which the imaginative character of this interesting people is so peculiarly developed. In this kind of dance a story, with its regular sequence of events, is represented in dumb show. For instance, a swain approaches the maid of his choice; he first hints the secret of his heart, but gradually grows bolder as she appears to turn no inattentive ear to his pleading; he urges her too strongly; he offends; she waves him from her; he retreats—despairs—grows haughty—love, however, prevails over pride—he implores forgiveness—he is forgiven, and pride, anger, and distrust give way before the returning beams of true affection, as icicles beneath the morning sun.

During this delineation of varying passions and events not a word is spoken, but every change of situation, every fluctuation of feeling, is represented by the looks and gestures of the dancers. When I remembered that the actors in the scene were but

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the peasants of the soil, I scarcely knew which to marvel at the most, the refined nature of the sentiments described, or the extraordinary power possessed by persons in their rank of life of giving correct expression to those feelings. As certain features of the face are said to accompany certain qualities of the mind, so, in this favoured land, there is a grace of manner almost invariably associated with a grace of mind, not the result of art or education, but sometimes as apparent in the lowest hind as in the highest noble of the land.

Unquestionably a stranger may sometimes experience incivility in the Minho, nor can he travel at all hours, and under all circumstances, with that sense of perfect security which he justly entertains in the greater part of the Biscayan provinces; but any rudeness or danger to which he may be casually exposed arises less from the common peasantry, who are generally kind and well disposed, than from that fearful race, the Valentoines, who, in the neighbouring Traz os Montes, grew into a numerous and almost banded body of men, in consequence of the feudal state of manners which prevailed in that district. Passing the limits of the Traz os Montes, sometimes singly, sometimes in considerable numbers, when deprived of a powerful protector, or pursued by the vengeance of a rival house, they infected the worst part of the population of the Minho with their marauding tastes; and, as the dense woods and deep ravines of that beautiful country furnish haunts too well adapted to the habits of an outlaw, the Valentoines, though neither very numerous nor much to be dreaded there, at least during the hours of light, are yet not wholly unknown in those Elysian fields.

The Minho is immensely peopled in proportion to its extent; much wealth is distributed over its surface, and it yields a large revenue to the government. Many of the nobles reside on their estates, which are generally small, and often held as prazos, and therefore are not divided upon the death of the existing proprietor, but descend entire to his heir-at-law.

There was a great fair in the neighbourhood of Ponte de Lima, and the road was enlivened by successive groups of peasants, returning to their homes, gaily attired, and in overflowing spirits. At length, to my regret, the sun went down,

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and the shadows of evening closed over a prospect every moment increasing in beauty; but though we could no longer distinguish accurately the details of the country through which we were passing, it was evidently mountainous and most picturesque.

Soon afterwards we lost our way, and entered a pass, which was so narrow that two horsemen could not ride abreast: the rocks rose so high on each side, and the branches overhead formed so dense a canopy, that the mouth of this pass resembled the entrance of a subterranean cavern; and as I proceeded the darkness was not partial, but absolute. The beautiful fictions of the poets recurred to my mind, and I almost fancied myself descending into the infernal regions. Our progress was unsafe, as the ground was covered with huge stones, and pools of water everywhere abounded. When we at length emerged from this gloomy defile, and found ourselves again in the midst of the deep forest, all indications of a track had vanished, and I was preparing to take my night's repose on the heath, when Antonio was attracted by a distant light. He accompanied me to the spot whence it appeared to proceed with some reluctance; for I should here observe that a light seen at a late hour in the dark wood, or on the lonely moor, is regarded with superstitious fear by the inhabitants of these wild districts, as it is supposed to be kindled by weird women, known familiarly by the name of Bruchas, hags who maintain a direct intercourse with the great author of evil, and hold conference with him at midnight on some dreary spot.

As their dwellings are often distant from the scene of these impious assemblies, they acquire the power of transporting themselves to the accursed place of meeting by the most dreadful means, anointing themselves with a preparation strongly impregnated with the blood of children, and pronouncing the following potent spell—"*Por cima de vallado por baixo de telhado*—over the eaves and under the roofs let us go to our fate." It is believed that any mistake in the exact formula of words is a source of the greatest danger. A man who, in ignorance of her fearful nature, had married a Brucha, is said to have seen her leave the bridal bed at midnight, and, supposing him to be asleep, perform her mystic rites, and then, pronouncing the fatal words, fly up the chimney. Prompted by some strange impulse, he endea-

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voured to follow her example, but, transposing the magic words, was dashed against the roofs of houses, and found on the following morning mutilated and in a dying state.

When the sisterhood are assembled, the devil appears in the shape of an enormous goat, and receives the most degrading acts of homage; after which these women, whose personal appearance is described as very revolting, become transformed into beautiful girls, of whom the Prince of Darkness selects the fairest. A scene of frantic revelry ensues; and then the real business of the night begins, the arch-fiend enjoining them to tempt certain individuals, and instructing them in the mode best calculated to destroy their victims, body and soul. The meeting disperses before the break of day, but woe to the traveller who chances to meet the dreadful Bruchas returning to their dwellings; for by kindling false lights they allure him from his path into imminent peril, then leave him in total darkness, and appal him by their loud and fiendish laugh.

In spite of Antonio's apprehensions we kept the light steadily in view, and at length reached a solitary cottage. We called beneath the casement, upon which two men appeared, one of whom engaged to show us the way to Ponte de Lima; but his manner was by no means satisfactory; he required payment before he performed his task: there was much consultation between him and his companion, and hurried whispers were exchanged. Unarmed, and thinking our situation insecure, I desired him to re-enter his cottage, or lead the way immediately. He then went on; but his conduct on the road only confirmed my suspicions, for at one time he wished to leave us, and requested me to remain stationary till he returned; a modest proposition on so cold a night. By his peculiar manner, and by his conversation, which was a tissue of personal boasts, I recognised the Valentoine.

At length we reached the inn, where he indulged the landlady with a series of extravagant gasconades, and made a great parade of his services: according to his own modest statement, he had led us through paths undistinguishable by any other eye; he had preserved us from the marauders; he had saved us from the unearthly terrors of the wood; terrors which, acting upon the foreign and consequently feeble mind, must have terminated, if not in sudden and appalling dissolution, at least in howling madness. In

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short, we were indebted to him for security of purse and person, and for any gleams of intellect we were still permitted to retain.

I supped with an officer who had just marched into the town to suppress an insurrection which had broken out in favour of Dom Miguel; for the public mind was at that time excited by the recent intelligence of his nomination to the Regency. The inhabitants of this town, and of all the surrounding district, were notoriously hostile to the Constitution.

The environs of Ponte de Lima are truly delightful. The horizon is bounded by a fine range of mountains, and the intervening plains are richly wooded, while vines, trained over trellis-work, hanging down in festoons, and covering a great extent of country, looked like an endless succession of luxuriant arbours. I rode into Vianna by the beautiful Rio Cavado, through meadows possessing all the verdure of England, and through a country supposed by the Portuguese to have been the Elysium of the ancients; and indeed it well deserves its high reputation.

Leaving Vianna, I took the road to Caminha. The sun had set behind a bank of clouds, and a drizzling rain had commenced. As the night closed in the character of the scenery changed: we rode across a wild tract of heath, over which huge crags were scattered in all directions, and passed beneath the high towers and massive walls of a large fort, which, standing insulated in so wild a country, and seen by so dim a light, looked like the gigantic residence of some enchanter of the olden time. The sea was raging furiously among the rocks; beneath, the foam of the breakers was visible through the gloom, and their loud roar was rendered still more awful by the absence of every other sound. We soon afterwards entered a royal forest, and procured a guide, who showed us the way to Caminha.

The inn was completely full; our horses were exhausted, and it was nearly midnight. I was therefore compelled to send my servant with a letter to the Juiz de Fora. It was ludicrous to perceive the altered manner of my host when he discovered that I was likely to become the guest of such an influential person: his regret at being unable to accommodate my estimable self knew no bounds; his solicitude for my comfort was paternal; he would receive no remuneration for his trouble; his roof had been sufficiently honoured by my presence. He added, however,

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in a whisper, that a few words spoken in his praise to the Juiz de Fora, who, it seems, had only just arrived at Caminha, would reflect the highest credit on my natural benevolence. I promised to declare him a paragon of innkeepers, and rode to the house of the Juiz de Fora, a young man of mild and prepossessing manners.

I was so fatigued that I retired to rest as soon as I could effect a retreat with any propriety; but about two o'clock I was awakened, and found a sumptuous repast laid on my table close to my bed. Its sudden appearance reminded me of those incidents so common in fairy tales, where a table, covered with every delicacy, unexpectedly presents itself to the weary traveller. Shaking off the drowsy fiend, I did justice to the supper; for I was in reality half famished. When I had concluded my repast the table vanished, the lights were extinguished with the rapidity of magic, and I sank again into a profound sleep. I spent the following day with my kind host and a numerous party of his friends, and afterwards, continuing my journey, rode to Valenca, one of the most strongly fortified towns in Portugal. I was immediately led by a soldier to the Governor, who received me courteously, and requested me to take up my abode at his house. In the evening his sister had a large assembly.

On the following day I crossed the Minho, and entered Spain, with an agent of the British Consul, who accompanied me for the purpose of smoothing the difficulties which an Englishman then experienced in passing into Galicia. The civil war had raged so lately and so fiercely along this boundary, the Portuguese insurgents had been so warmly supported by the Spanish authorities, and so many acts of mutual hostility had recently taken place, that the irritation between the frontier provinces was extreme. On my arrival at Tuy, my passport was narrowly examined, and my letters of introduction broken open and attentively read by the police. Being, however, declared inocuous to the great monarchy, they received the signature of the office, and were restored to my possession. After infinite discussion I continued my journey to Vigo: the night closed in, the rain came down in torrents, and we stumbled on in miserable plight to the inn of San Francisco. The Galicians seemed to me inferior in personal appearance to the Spaniards of the other

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provinces. I was now obliged to resign my travelling cap, because it was white, and was supposed to have a constitutional look.

I was now again in Spain, that land of romance, in which I had so long resided during the stormy period of her last revolution. How many changes had occurred in her eventful annals since that time! how many in my own! and how completely had her fair prospects been blighted by the folly and oppression of that assembly to whose collective wisdom their ill-fated country had vainly looked for her political regeneration!

The port of Vigo is one of the finest in Spain, and rather resembles a great lake, surrounded by high hills, than an inlet of the sea; for its entrance is guarded by rocky islands, which break the force of the waves, and effectually protect the largest ships from the violence of any wind. The Ramsgate diving-bell was transported to this harbour during the previous year, for the purpose of recovering the money sunk in the Spanish galleons.* The project failed, for the treasure was probably buried deep in the sand; and the unsuccessful speculator sustained a heavy loss. The view was fine, the sea sparkling, and the little boats, bringing in their loads of sardines, gave life to the scene. These fish are so much esteemed, that they are exported in great quantities to Gibraltar, Barcelona, and many towns in Italy.

I explored the environs with Don Louis Menendez, and a noble individual who had been one of the few reasonable members of the Cortes of 1820. He spoke with deep feeling of the actual state of his country, and justly attributed the failure of the Constitutionalists to their own intemperate conduct. The arbitrary suppression of the convents, the unqualified abolition of entails, and the decree by which certain properties became subject to forfeiture when the title-deeds could not be produced, were acts for which they deserved the execration of every honest man, and which might have shaken a far more legitimate government. I inquired after several persons with whom I had been acquainted in the early days of the revolution: a few were dead, many in exile, and society appeared to have undergone a total change.

* Lord Mahon has given a very striking account of the loss of the Spanish galleons in his truly valuable work, the 'History of the War of Succession in Spain.'

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Leaving Vigo, I rode through a pleasant and enclosed country to Pontevedra. I had deviated from my road to make some visits, and therefore reached that town late in the day. My clothes were drenched with rain, every fire in the inn was extinct, and no food could for a long time be procured; but the landlord's daughter was pretty, and not disinclined to a little flirtation; the landlady was a native of Barcelona; she had decked her little son in the red bonnet peculiar to Catalonia, and frequently called him a Catalan, dwelling upon the word with evident pride and pleasure.

From Pontevedra we pursued our journey through a heavy rain to Caldas, and, as the best inn was full, took refuge in another: here, ascending a dark and narrow staircase, I entered a large apartment, and discovered a strange assemblage of persons. The careless muleteer, with his broad-brimmed hat, red scarf, and velvet jacket; the gloomy Franciscan friar, half shrouded in his cowl; and a pilgrim, bedecked with shells, formed a curious group, that sat apart from a crowd of peasants attired in the sombre dress of their country. The landlady, an ancient dame, combining the garrulity of her years with the activity of nineteen, received me as I entered, called me her dear son, and, throwing her arms around my neck, folded me in a warm embrace. As mine honoured hostess was enveloped in an atmosphere of garlic, I recoiled, with some abruptness, from her fragrant arms. She attributed my reluctance to pride; and an expression of mortification, slightly mingled with displeasure, was for a moment visible on her good-humoured face, as she loudly exclaimed "*Che disconfianza!*" But unlike the generality of "ancient ladies when refused a kiss," she was speedily pacified; she brought me some sardines for supper, arranged my bed in a little wooden recess, insisted on putting on my night-cap, and left me to slumber in peace under the protection of the Virgin.

On the following day I again made a slight deviation from the high road, and then proceeded to the famous Santiago de Compostella, where we arrived in a woeful state, for the rain had fallen for many hours without intermission, and the roads were full of mud. For a long time we roamed from inn to inn, without being able to procure accommodations; but at length alighted

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at the Viuda San Valentina, by no means the best hotel, but the only one which could then receive us. Here we literally found only walls to shelter us: we sat drenched with rain, yet without the power of changing our dress, as the muleteer with the luggage was many miles in our rear; nor could we for a long time procure a fire or provisions.

Our hostess was a perfect specimen of the old Spanish landlady, for her dress and manners were equally antiquated, and her language was strongly tinged with the devotional character of the place. When I urged her to be more expeditious, she said, "My son, we live in times very different from those when God walked upon the earth:" she was perfectly insensible to any reflections on the utter deficiency of comfort that pervaded every part of her establishment, but extremely proud of its antiquity. She enumerated the guests who had at various times reposed within her sacred threshold: the Silveiras in recent days, and in times long past many holy men, heaven rest their souls! many champions of the faith, and even royal pilgrims. I heard with gravity this long recapitulation of worthies, in which existing grandees were curiously mixed up with ancient and sometimes legendary characters; but was utterly discomposed when she named, as one of the earliest and most constant visitors of her inn, the Apostle St. James himself, the great patron saint of Spain. I turned hastily aside to conceal the laughing impulse which irresistibly overcame me: I might have abused my worthy hostess, I might have calumniated her family, or her larder, and have possibly retained her good graces; but a single doubt cast on this important point of sacred history would have been irretrievably fatal to our mutual intelligence.

The next day. I explored this curious city: the houses are old-fashioned as the manners of their inhabitants; and the streets, narrow, dark, and gloomy, were well suited to my previous conceptions of a place that bears the famous name of Jago de Compostella, and is still the stronghold of the ancient fanaticism. The cathedral is a huge, ungraceful pile of building. The façade is striking only from its extent and crowded decoration; and the memorable recollections associated with the interior of this edifice invest it with a charm it would not otherwise possess.

The shrine of St. James is profusely adorned with gold and

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silver, and is surmounted by a figure of the saint on horseback, still regarded with the deepest devotion by the enthusiastic Spaniards. He is the tutelar saint of Spain, and the firm reliance once placed on his protection contributed greatly to the success of the Christian forces in their early wars with the Moors. Whole armies, deluded by their ardent imaginations, beheld him mounted on a white steed, bearing the Cross, and leading them on to certain victory. And still some dreamers indulge a fond belief, that although, offended by the disloyalty of the times, the Saint now veils himself from the vulgar eye, he will appear once more among his faithful followers, and, mounted on his heavenly charger, restore the national glory.

To this Mecca of the Christian world persons of every age, and sex, and rank, came formerly in crowds; even princes, barefooted and with uncovered heads, prostrated themselves before the shrine, in the vain hope of lightening, by their profound humility, the weight of some enormous guilt; and as they gazed upon that object of a kingdom's veneration, tears flowed down the cheeks of men whose ears had been deaf to the cry for mercy, whose hearts had been inaccessible to remorse, and whose hands perhaps, even in that hour of supplication, were red with murder. Many pilgrims resorted annually to the cathedral before the revolution of 1820, but their numbers decreased in consequence of the provincial disturbances which followed that event; yet I saw many persons kneeling around the shrine, absorbed in prayer, and fully impressed with the belief that the mortal remains of the saint rested beneath their feet, and that his guardian spirit was hovering around them. I observed one man particularly, who was bending forward in the attitude of prayer; his eyes were fixed upon the shrine, his hands clasped, and he had such an expression of intense devotion on his pallid features, that I believe scarcely any external sound or sight could have distracted his attention. There are many relics in the cathedral, and some costly plate, which the Constitutionalists of 1820, with their usual wisdom, were on the point of appropriating, regardless of the popular prejudices, when the counter-revolution took place.

Señor Riva, to whom I had a letter of introduction, accompanied me to the university, which is said to contain a thousand

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scholars; but the shortness of my visit did not enable me to gain much insight into the nature of the studies pursued, the mode of tuition, and the general character of the establishment; yet I heard one class examined, and it appeared to me that many of the scholars had made considerable proficiency in the Latin tongue. The scholars formed, perhaps, the only party in Santiago that entertained any feelings of affection for the memory of the popular government. Those were golden days, indeed, when little urchins mounted guard at the door of the patriotic clubs, and when corporal punishment in schools was abolished by law as incompatible with the dignity of schoolboys: a ridiculous instance of that minute legislation which characterised the Cortes, and degraded them in the eyes of Europe. We afterwards went to the convent of San Martin, which is rich, and on an enormous scale. One of the brotherhood had just died, and two monks were keeping watch by the bier, upon which he lay extended with a placid smile on his countenance, as if the spirit had not yet deserted its mortal tenement, but was only sunk in temporary repose. I returned with Señor Riva to his house, and joined the family circle as chocolate was served up.

The land in the vicinity of Santiago is well cultivated; the potato is becoming an object of agricultural attention in this part of Spain, and may possibly in some years supersede the chestnut as an article of food among the lower classes.

Leaving Santiago, I rode through a hilly district to Elves. Little towns and villas studded the country, and the first sight of Corunna, the bay, and the mountains, was extremely beautiful. Entering the principal street, I alighted at the Hôtel de Commerce, where we found a civilized landlord, and excellent rooms, commanding a fine view of the harbour. On the arrival of the muleteer my luggage was conveyed to the Customs, and my papers re-examined. I had been making some extracts from old Spanish chronicles respecting Don Pedro the Cruel, and this name at once excited the alarm of some subordinate officers. To calm their apprehensions I informed them that the hero of my extracts had no reference to his Imperial Majesty, but to a King of Castile. They simultaneously exclaimed that Ferdinand was the only King of Castile. I assured them that I was the very last man in the world to raise any doubts upon the validity

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of his Majesty's claim to the throne, and that my Don Pedro had died some centuries before the birth of their actual sovereign, so that these two royal personages could not by any possibility be brought into collision. They could not controvert my statement, but sullenly answered that I had no right to introduce into the kingdom papers that treated of any Pedros, living or defunct. At that moment the head of the department appeared. He was a well-bred and intelligent man; he glanced rapidly at the papers, rescued them from the grasp of the enemy, and permitted Don Pedro and me to leave the office without further molestation.

On the following day Mr. Bartlett, the British Consul, accompanied me to the spot where the memorable battle of Corunna was fought. An Englishman surveys that scene with very different feelings from those which affect him as he looks upon the plains of Vittoria and Waterloo. The general failure of the expedition is hardly compensated by the transient lustre of success, and exultation at the prowess of our arms is checked by sorrow for the slain.

The gallantry, the high feeling of the British General, and the noble death he died, combined with the almost unprecedented disasters of the previous retreat, are circumstances which shed a melancholy interest over this well-disputed field. The French attacked the British lines on that day with their usual impetuosity, were received with British firmness, and driven into the valley with considerable loss. Major Stanhope distinguished himself in the pursuit, and Major Napier gave shining proofs of that chivalrous valour which is so remarkable in all the members of his warlike family.* Hurried on by the ardour of his feelings, he led the advance, but was severely wounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy, from whom he received the most generous treatment: but he was long supposed to have fallen; the news of his death was circulated in England; and his friends

* Who that is acquainted with my valued friend Colonel George Napier, brother of the gallant officer to whom I have been just alluding, will not acknowledge

"———— that knight
Was never dubb'd more bold in fight,
Nor, when from war and armour free,
More famed for gentle courtesy?"

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mourned over him as over one whom they should never see again.

We inquired of a peasant who happened to be passing by if he could show us the exact spot where Sir John Moore was killed. "Indeed I can," replied the man, "for I saw him fall, and assisted in carrying him off the field;" and then, pointing out the place, he passed on. We were not however satisfied, and put the same question to another countryman. "I ought to know," our second friend began, "as the General died in my arms:" saying which, he led us to a knoll of ground precisely opposite to that indicated by our late informant. This double statement was too egregious; but, entertaining I suppose large notions of English credulity, a group of peasants collected around us, and none would resign the honour of having received the fallen General; though no two individuals could agree upon the exact spot where their zealous aid had been administered.

These delusive statements arose from a spirit of exaggeration inherent in the Spanish character, and in any other country but Spain might have been received, and perhaps not unjustly, as indications of a frivolous and insincere disposition; but there they were only the expression of a foible which played on the surface, but had taken no root in the mind; for the same men, on an occasion of moment, would have been found honest, disinterested, and sincere. Great difficulty however arose among themselves in reconciling their conflicting statements. One man asserted that his account of the battle must be correct, because he still possessed a cannon-ball which had been discharged on that eventful day; an admirable specimen of Spanish reasoning, admitted to be conclusive by his companions: another displayed his knowledge of military matters by arguing that the same piece of artillery could at the same time be levelled against two objects in different directions, and was equally destructive in front and rear; but all possessed high notions of British courage. When we observed that Sir John was not likely to have occupied a station which they assigned him, as such a position would have been unnecessarily perilous, they answered he was brave enough to have placed himself anywhere,—"Quite brave enough, Señor, to have been a fool."

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I remember a curious instance of the general vagueness of the Spanish mind, and of the facility with which it receives the most inconsistent impressions. I was walking one evening in the year 1821 in the streets of Madrid, at a time when the revolutionary mania was at its zenith. Seeing a mob collected under the windows of a particular house and evidently in a state of considerable excitement, I inquired into the cause of this assemblage. "Sir," replied the man to whom I had addressed myself, and who manifestly participated in the feelings of those who surrounded him, "the Duke of Wellington has arrived incognito to put down the Constitution, and is at the present moment in that house." Amused by so wild a statement, and wishing to ascertain the exact nature of the impression on his mind, I observed, "Do you mean that the Duke has arrived to place himself at the head of the Royalists, or at least exert his influence against the Constitution?" "No, Señor, not his influence, nor has he anything to do with any Spaniards, but he is come himself to put down the Constitution by force of arms, and we are not safe for a single night." I ventured to suggest that the arrival of his Grace incognito, without internal aid or any external force to effect his project, might place some difficulty in the way of such a summary proceeding. "Ah, who can tell?" replied my friend, with a truly Spanish shrug; "he is very powerful." And this "Ah!" and "Who can tell?" was repeated by the bystanders, and, when coupled with that much-meaning shrug, was evidently considered as a conclusive reply to the obvious discrepancy which I pointed out between the surreptitious arrival of his Grace and his supposed intentions to put down the Constitution by force of arms that very night. I afterwards remarked to a Spanish liberal, who was a little nettled by the observation, that, although till then I had supposed that the heroic age had passed away when the physical prowess of any man could drive myriads like sheep before his single arm, I was yet gratified to find that such a chivalrous belief survived in Spain, and that the godlike attribute was ascribed to my illustrious countryman alone.

We concluded our expedition by entering the cottage of a peasant, where we ate some yellow bread, made of Indian corn, and drank some bad wine. The poor people seemed highly

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gratified by our visit: the Spanish peasants are peculiarly tenacious of considerate treatment from their superiors; their native independence breaks forth in their language, and is strongly marked in their general deportment, but is unmixed with any taint of republican rudeness, and is therefore by no means offensive. In Spain, that land of extraordinary contrasts, the peasantry have retained the high feelings which have long ceased to influence the labouring classes of countries far more wisely governed, according to the received notions of good government. Experience and theory are, however, sometimes strangely at variance; a peasantry full of independent feeling, devoted to their country, proud of their position as Spanish peasants, and not aspiring to a higher condition in the social scale than that which is allotted them—fearing God and honouring the King—a peasantry imbued with such invaluable qualities has grown up under that priestly government which is so continually denounced as certain to extinguish every high and manly energy.

The influence of the monks is least perceptible in the cities, but it is not in the cities of Spain that Spanish virtue is principally to be found. The influence of the monks is chiefly exercised upon the labouring classes; and no finer race of men exists, in any part of the world, than the agricultural classes of Spain and Portugal. If this position be true, and I cannot think it will be denied by any man who has travelled much in those countries, how can it be maintained that the influence of the convents has been, upon the whole, injurious to the well-being of the people? The Protestant prejudices of the religious public of Great Britain, naturally indisposed to monastic establishments, have formed a strange alliance upon this point with the infidel portion of the Catholic world, which is unanimously hostile to their continuance, and have thus led the English mind into a great though general error.

When accidentally detained by a Royalist guerilla, a few years before the period to which I am now alluding, some observations which I then made confirmed me in the opinion just expressed. They were hemmed in by the revolutionary army, they were involved in the greatest peril, and, if not actual spectators of the massacre of their wives and children in the plain

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below, were yet conscious of the events in progress, and within hearing of the exterminating musketry. Although they were wound up to frenzy by every circumstance that could exasperate the mind of man, and gave way to the most passionate language, not an oath or irreligious expression at any moment escaped their lips; and a delicacy of moral feeling was perceptible on some points, perfectly astonishing in men accustomed to the rude and lawless habits of guerilla warfare, and in the daily practice of exercising the most unsparing revenge upon their prisoners; cruelties which they regarded with comparative indifference, as the necessary result of the system adopted by their enemies, and consequently as the only means of meeting their opponents on equal terms, and effectively maintaining a cause identified in their eyes with all that is great and holy. That regulation of mind which enabled them to control their language at such a moment of excitement was unquestionably the result of monkish influence, and was striking indeed when compared with the ribaldry and frequent oaths of the Constitutional soldiers, men for the most part taken from the towns, and comparatively free from religious scruples. That regulation of mind must also have been habitual to have produced such results under such circumstances, and, therefore, I have considerable difficulty in believing that the Spanish convents have exercised an unfavourable effect on the formation or in the development of the national character.

During the Peninsular war the Galicians are said to have destroyed many thousands of their enemies: they remained apparently engaged in their usual occupations as the great French detachments marched through their villages; but no sooner had they passed than the spade was exchanged for the musket, and the peaceful peasant became an armed and formidable opponent. They rapidly formed into bands, and as quickly dissolved: seen rarely, but heard of everywhere, they cut off convoys, and put to death the stragglers that followed the invading army. In one instance they seduced a large party into their cottages, regaled them with their best cheer, and laid before them their choicest wines. The soldiers fell into the snare, became intoxicated, and finally unconscious; upon which the villagers secured the doors and barred up the windows, and then, forgetting

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every personal consideration in a deep sense of the national wrongs, they set fire to their own dwellings, and, retreating to a neighbouring eminence, beheld, with stern delight, the progress of the flames, which carried desolation into the bosom of their families, but inflicted a most dreadful retaliation on the oppressors of Spain. They saw in silence their dwellings sinking successively a prey to the devouring element: their women, their very children disdained to breathe a complaint; every softer feeling was lost in an overwhelming desire for vengeance. Not a word was spoken till the last roof had fallen in; not a sound was heard until it was evident that none of their devoted guests would ever quit their burning tomb; but they then gave vent to their suppressed passion in a fierce and exulting shout: there was more eloquence, there was more deep disinterestedness, there was more genuine patriotism in that wild burst of natural feeling than in all the studied declamations of the Cortes.

This concentration of purpose, this moral hardihood, this energetic and almost iron temperament, is very much confined to the population of the districts north of Madrid. After Ferdinand's death the banner of Don Carlos—a prince then, in the almost unanimous opinion of Northern Spain, the sovereign *de jure* of the realm—was upheld by his devoted subjects of Navarre with the same unbending constancy. I knew a mother who, in that most sanguinary of even Spanish contests, replaced in the ranks of the Royal army her fallen husband by her son, and that son by his youngest and last surviving brother; and when he too had shared the fate of his kinsmen, she was heard, even in that hour of utter desolation, to express both pride and gratitude that her children, the last and the only gifts she could offer to her country, had died successfully contending with the King's enemies; and yet she loved those children passionately, but she loved still more her Sovereign and her faith. Nor was this a solitary instance of Navarrese enthusiasm; with such a feeling arrayed against them, the Christino government found it no easy matter to achieve the conquest of the free states. Army after army, supported by all the resources of the central government, exhausted slowly the never-yielding population of a country where enlistment was not avoided as an unwelcome summons to danger

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and fatigue, but was courted as the only road to honour and independence; where the most ardent aspiration of the stripling was to join his father in the ranks of war; and where even in the maternal bosom the love of the child was lost in the love of the cause.

But to revert to my tale. We returned to Corunna through a pleasant and enclosed country. The excellent position of the town, the beauty of its environs, and the extreme cheapness of provisions might render it, in tranquil times, a desirable abode for English families residing abroad from motives of economy. The Spanish possess many advantages over the Portuguese towns, for, although often situated amid delightful scenery, they are generally placed on level ground. Lisbon, Oporto, and Coimbra are, on the contrary, built on the summits and along the slopes of steep hills, a circumstance naturally productive of great inconvenience to a resident. There is also far more beauty in the appearance of a Spanish, particularly of an Andalusian town, and the perfect cleanliness of the streets is delightful to an Englishman.

The fortifications of Corunna are now in tolerable repair, and, had they been less dilapidated in 1809, Sir John Moore might possibly have defended the town till the French had been compelled to retire from the scarcity of provisions. I was shown the house where that gallant officer expired, and heard some particulars connected with his dying injunctions that increased the interest I naturally felt, as an Englishman, in his fate. The circumstances attending his interment must have been wild and hurried indeed, for the French were already in possession of the suburbs, and the British army was rapidly embarking, when a few faithful officers consigned their revered commander to the tomb. He was buried on the lonely rampart, by the side of the roaring sea, beneath the dim light of a clouded moon, and his funeral obsequies were graced by the heavy sound of the hostile cannon, then playing with fearful effect on the departing troops. Since that time a monument has been erected over the place of his burial, and an inscription has been affixed by the British Consul, recording the circumstances of his death in simple and manly language.

I visited the little bay of Orcun, where so many fine English

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horses were slaughtered; and saw some curious specimens of petrified wood scattered along the coast. On the following day I heard that a steamboat, fitted out for the assistance of the Greeks, and actually proceeding to Greece, had arrived in the harbour. The military men under whose command it was called upon the Consul. They had suffered from a heavy gale; and, in an attempt to gain the port, had struck upon some rocks at the entrance: an accident solely occasioned by the incapacity of the pilot, as the navigation of the harbour is most easy, the rocks visible, and the water between them deep.

The next morning I was awakened by cries of "*La barca a vapore!*" and heard from Antonio that another steam-vessel had arrived, which proved to be my old friend the "Duke of York." I visited it in company with the Consul and the officers of health. As we approached the ship, I recognised with pleasure and surprise my friend Lord Clements, and also saw Captain Boyce, who had shown me many kind attentions during my voyage to Lisbon.

On the preceding day, the Spaniards, who had never before seen a steam-vessel, had expressed the greatest anxiety to go on board the Greek steamer, and examine her internal economy, and many applications had been made to the Captain, who had fixed upon a particular hour for the reception of the numerous applicants; but in the mean time a far greater potentate, his Royal Highness of York, arrived, and his appearance was as fatal to the splendour of the Greek assembly as a party given by her Grace of Gordon would have been destructive of any other entertainment audaciously given on the same night. I spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, to whose kindness I was much indebted during my short stay at Corunna, and agreed to sail with Clements on the following day to Ferrol.

In consequence of the neighbouring dockyards, Corunna gradually rose into importance during the last century; and being one of the nearest points of communication with England, its name became familiar to the British public even before the memorable battle fought in its vicinity. As the inhabitants of Corunna were notoriously attached to the Constitutional cause, the seat of the provincial government had been lately removed from that town to Santiago, which was originally the capital of

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Galicia; a measure just in itself, but calculated to increase the discontent already created at Corunna by some injudicious regulations. Almost every article of consumption brought in from the country to the town was subjected to a tax, highly inconvenient in its operation, as the peasants would no longer supply the market with poultry, &c., without specific orders: heavy duties imposed on salt had depressed the sardine trade, another grievance sensibly felt by the poor, who subsist principally upon these fish. I heard that silver was gradually becoming scarce throughout the country, and have no doubt that such was the fact.

I met several officers who had served in the Constitutional army, and were actually in a state of great destitution. One of those unfortunate men assured me that his pay was reduced from fifty dollars a-month to twelve; and even this diminished allowance was then four months in arrear. His lot appeared to have been severe: according to his own account he had served with distinction throughout the Peninsular war, and had taken no part in the insurrection of 1820, or in the subsequent excesses of the Revolution; but was now superseded by young and inexperienced officers, and condemned to pass the evening of his days in penury and disgrace. He said, with bitterness, that some of the Constitutional officers had died of hunger, and that the old soldiers had lost more than twenty years of life by the events of 1820. His language, upon the whole, was temperate: he condemned the arbitrary proceedings of the Cortes, and spoke of Martinez de la Rosa in terms of commendation.

But thus it ever is with the Spanish Constitutionalists: I have seen them on the pinnacle of prosperity; I have seen them in the depths of misfortune. When compelled to eat the bitter bread of sorrow and distress, their views are temperate, their charity universal: they then acknowledge the value of an endowed church; they are impressed with the immense advantages resulting from a second chamber; and, in a truly Christian frame of mind, only wish for the establishment of some elementary principles of representative government which may secure liberty of person and undisturbed enjoyment of property: yet when the cloud has passed away, and the revolutionary fortunes have become triumphant, the moderation of adversity, and the repentance of humiliation, are equally forgotten; and perhaps no party in modern times

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has entertained more impracticable views, or waded through a deeper sea of guilt, than the truly misnamed Liberal party of Spain.

"I never indulged in the hope," he said, "that your government would interfere to prevent the French invasion; it is not consonant with British interests that Spain should possess an energetic government." How far the establishment of a vigorous government in Spain would be favourable to the general interests of Great Britain is a matter not briefly argued; but never was a sounder policy adopted by any administration than that which practically directed the counsels of this country in 1823 with reference to the invasion of Spain by the French armies. Happy it was indeed for the welfare of the British people, and for the universal interests of Europe, that the Ministers of the crown were not goaded by the exaggerations of the press, and by the clamour of an ill-judging portion of the country, into a war with France for the sake of a system execrated by a great majority of the Spanish people, and incompatible with the tranquil existence of any European monarchy.

On the following day I embarked with Clements in an open boat, and was rowed across the water to Ferrol. We entered a narrow arm of the sea, and on landing delivered our letters to the Consul, who introduced us to the Governor, an infirm old man. He received us courteously, and asked me many questions respecting the actual state of Lisbon, the number and disposition of the troops, and the intentions of the British government, with which I was wholly unacquainted. My answers were fortunately guarded, for, in fact, they were carefully recorded, and any indiscreet expression would certainly have been afterwards brought up in judgment against me. When I praised the fine, pure climate of Spain, he answered briefly, but those few words implied a mournful consciousness of her powerless state. Although he pressed me to spend the day in his house, I have every reason to believe that he suspected my intentions in visiting Ferrol, and recommended the arbitrary measures which were afterwards adopted against me.

Absolute ignorance is, as we all know, prolific of the most absurd mistakes. Information derived from books and theory alone, and uncorrected by practical experience, occasionally leads to

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misconceptions equally ludicrous. When we were introduced to the Governor, a young German, who had also arrived in Spain by the Duke of York steamboat, was sitting in the apartment with him. In the course of conversation the Governor observed, addressing Clements and me, that we were both dark, although, if his recollection were correct, the English soldiers whom he had seen in the days of the great Peninsular war, were generally fair. Before we could reply, the young German solved the difficulty by informing his Excellency that the nobles of England, being of Norman extraction, were invariably dark, but that the commonalty as invariably inherited the blue eyes and fair complexion of their Saxon ancestry.

In the evening we explored the arsenal and the dockyards. The rooms were excellent in which the masts and cables were made; the apartments devoted to the carpenters, smiths, and various workmen employed in the construction of ships were also admirably adapted to their respective purposes. But all are now deserted; and on the spot where forty years ago several thousand workmen were actively engaged, none are at present regularly, and but few occasionally, employed. Two frigates were lying unfinished, from the want of funds to complete them. I saw the blocks and cables intended for their use, and, considering the little practice of the workmen, was surprised to find them so well made. My guide assured me that he remembered forty men-of-war, which averaged eighty guns, lying in the deep and spacious basin; but when I visited the harbour, there was not even a solitary frigate, if we except the two that were unfinished.

What singular reflections do these facts suggest! How forcibly does Ferrol, in its present state, impress the mind with the complete decay of Spanish resources! In what striking colours does it show the virtual extinction of that power within the limits of whose empire the sun never set! That deserted basin, those gigantic but untenanted apartments, erected at an enormous expense, but now crumbling into ruin, not only prove the inability of the government to conduct operations on their former scale, but even to keep the mighty structure in repair.

I quitted Clements* with regret; he returned to Corunna, in-

* Lord Clements is no more; loved and respected by all who knew him, he died in the prime of manhood.

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tending to continue his voyage to Lisbon by the Duke of York. Here I finally renounced all intention of visiting Gijon, a seaport on the coast of Asturias, and set off for Lugo.

The inquiries which I then made about Gijon contributed to strengthen the suspicions which, it afterwards appeared, were at this time entertained by the Spanish authorities respecting the objects of my journey. To them I could not offer any explanation of my motive in desiring to deviate so far from my general line of route to visit an unimportant seaport; and I reluctantly inform the reader of the real cause, as otherwise he would hardly comprehend the sequel, and might impute to me an overwhelming love of useless enterprise. The fact is, that Gijon was painfully associated with my earliest impressions.

When I was quite a child, my uncle, Captain H——, sailed for Spain, not in his naval capacity, but as an individual anxious to behold that great display of patriotic feeling which was then fixing the attention of Europe on the Peninsula. He quitted England, but never returned again. His voyage was prosperous, and he reached the Spanish coast in safety, but was unexpectedly lost at the entrance of the port of Gijon, in the sight of numerous spectators, and while their shouts of welcome were ringing in his ears. The overwhelming intelligence of this event was brought to us in the West of England on a beautiful summer evening; and though more than twenty years have elapsed, I still retain a vivid recollection of all the circumstances of that eventful day.

I was sitting by the sick couch of one—

> "All angel now, though little less than all
> While yet a pilgrim in this world below,"—

reading the captivating tale of Robin Hood and his merry men in the green forest, and occasionally looking out on the deer stalking amid the high fern, the waving woods, and the shadows lengthening as the sun sank lower in the west. I recollect this childish occupation being abruptly interrupted by my dear Father's sudden entrance. The deep despair which his countenance expressed in the first moment of poignant affliction for the loss of a brother whom he had loved in no ordinary degree is still imprinted on my mind. His emotion only filled me with terror

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and surprise, for I was then too young to comprehend immediately the cause and extent of his grief.

It so chanced that about this time the sky, till then unusually serene, became suddenly overcast, the wind arose, and a pitiless storm beat against the windows as if the heavens were changing in sympathy with our altered feelings.

The nature of the coast of Gijon, its perilous bar, and the wild sea that dashed over it on the unfortunate day on which my uncle perished, were for several months a subject of earnest conversation. These circumstances were calculated to leave an indelible impression on the young mind; time has not effaced them from my memory, and probably never will. As a child I was anxious to behold the scene of the catastrophe, and even in manhood a similar feeling, growing out of early associations, and stronger than I like even now to confess, made me wish to undertake a voyage, rather hazardous at that time of the year, in a little trading vessel to Gijon. I was, however, prevented from executing my purpose by a continuance of adverse winds; but my intention, though never carried into effect, produced singular and unexpected results.



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CHAPTER V.

Curious Costume of the Maragattos—Don Felippe Moreda—The Author arrested—State of Parties in Spain—Anecdote of King Ferdinand—Journey to Santiago with the Royalist Volunteers—Ruinous Building—Robber Tales of the Spaniard—Superstitions of the Portuguese—The Escolar, or Wolf-impeller—A truly loyal Dame—Superstition of the Negro—Ludicrous discomfiture of an Alcalde.

LEAVING Ferrol I continued my journey to the south, and, travelling through a country wild, bleak, and only partially cultivated, arrived at Lugo in the beginning of November. Finding that I had reached the town at too late an hour in the day to obtain provisions, I went to a neighbouring tavern, and was supplied with food rather resembling than tasting like meat. The tavern was small, smoky, and crowded with peasants; among whom I saw many muleteers, from a particular district in the neighbourhood of Astorga, called maragattos from their very remarkable dress. They wore the scarf and large-brimmed hat of chivalrous Castile, while their full long drawers seemed to bespeak a Moorish extraction; but some believe them to be descended from a Roman colony, and this part of their attire to be rather Roman than Mahometan. The dark but glistening leather, which covered their broad chests like a protecting breastplate, resembled armour partially stained with rust, and combined with their hard and weather-beaten visages to give them the appearance of old feudal retainers.

I afterwards called on Don Felippe Moreda, the Commandant of the town, and, during his temporary absence on official business, conversed with his daughter, a pleasing and intelligent person. Though young, she had seen much of the world, and had evidently profited by her observations. Near her was seated a lady, apparently a relative, whose countenance beamed with good humour, but she gave no indications of that cultivated understanding which distinguished her companion. They were both anxious to ascertain whether I had met certain Spanish

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refugees in the course of my wanderings, and if I knew any particulars of their fate. The young lady, who had probably some tender motive for inquiry, repeatedly led the conversation to the same point, but so gradually, and with so much grace and tact, that I did not immediately suspect that her questions were dictated by any stronger feeling than curiosity. While she displayed considerable knowledge of foreign countries, I was often amused by the crude opinions which the elder lady expressed upon general subjects, and her exclamations of wonder on the statement of very ordinary facts. She exhibited a ludicrous degree of amazement when I alluded incidentally to the British Constitution, as she had never heard of its existence; a manifestation of ignorance evidently annoying to my fair young friend, who checked her, but in so light and delicate a manner, that her reproof was neither painful to the person who received, nor to the bystander who heard it.

We were joined at dinner by her brother, a fine young officer, and afterwards by Muscoso, who was Minister of the Interior during the revolution of 1820. In the evening we walked round the walls of the town: the foundations are ancient, but the superstructure was hastily raised by Quiroga in 1823, when the French troops were advancing upon Lugo.

I returned to the inn at a late hour, and retired to rest. In the middle of the night I was awakened by my servant, who told me that some officers of the police were waiting below to accompany me to the Town-hall, where my presence was required. Tired and sleepy, and greatly disinclined to comply with this ill-timed invitation, I speedily dismissed Antonio, but his dismissal was as quickly followed by a satellite of office *in propriâ personâ*. He entered the room descanting hugely on the gross indecorum of my conduct in presuming to sleep when the King's authorities were themselves deprived of sleep on my account, and urged me to rise as I valued my reputation for loyalty.

Sundry guarantees for my appearance on the next day having been tendered and rejected, I had no alternative; so, following my garrulous disturber, I went to the Town-hall, where I found the authorities assembled. I begged to know their reason for summoning me at such an unusual hour, but could not obtain a direct answer; and although their language indicated a strong

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suspicion of some part of my conduct, I was unable to discover the circumstances upon which it was founded, or the point to which it tended. It was, however, evident from their questions, that they viewed my journey into that part of the country with uneasiness, and were peculiarly jealous of my communications with Muscoso and Moreda. For some time they pretended to find fault with my passport; but when they were fairly driven from a position wholly untenable, they pretended to be in possession of facts which they refused to reveal, but which, according to their statements, fully authorized their proceedings.

After much vexatious discussion, I returned to the inn, accompanied by a young officer, who requested me to breakfast with him on the following morning, and urged his invitation so warmly that I could not decline it. He was a native of Andalusia, and from my knowledge of the Andalusian character, from the light and boastful manner in which he spoke of the numerous friends he would invite to meet me, and from his evident connexion with the authorities, I have no doubt he was perfectly aware that circumstances would effectually prevent me from putting his hospitality to the test.

On the following morning I found myself placed under arrest, and unable to leave the inn, a guard being stationed at the door. In this dilemma I wrote to my friend the Commandant, requesting him to obtain my release, or, at all events, to acquaint me with the nature of the charges preferred against me. He immediately came to the inn, and informed me that I had been arrested on political grounds, expressing at the same time great indignation at the conduct of the civil authorities, with whom he was evidently at variance; for, indeed, he intimated that my communications with Muscoso and himself had precipitated my arrest.

To such a curious state of disorganization was the Spanish government reduced in 1827, that the component members of the local administrations were engaged in watching and counteracting each other at a time of great general apprehension, and when the calm co-operation of the civil authorities was peculiarly requisite. It must be remembered that a civil war was then raging in Catalonia, and had increased to so great an extent, that the King had actually left Madrid, and, in the hope of checking its progress, had proceeded to Tarragona.

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It so happened that, when I quitted Spain in 1822, the Catalans were carrying on a deadly warfare with their government; and now, when I re-entered the kingdom, after a lapse of five years, I found that martial people engaged in another desperate conflict. The mode in which the insurgents conducted their operations was similar in both these arduous struggles; but the principle upon which their opposition to the government was founded had materially changed. In 1822 they enjoyed the sympathy of every generous mind, for the motives which impelled them to arms were great and generous: they fought for all that is dear to the freeman, for landmarks cherished from boyhood, for privileges hallowed by time, for rights inherited from their ancestors: their passions were kindled by the sight of the revered teachers of their faith driven from their altars, homeless and houseless; their arms were raised in defence of one who had erred, perhaps, but who was still the representative of the ancient monarchy; the legitimate master of that mighty pile under whose protecting roof they had grown and strengthened, under which their greatest spirits had been reared, to which their fondest recollections attached, and which the spoiler sought not to reform, not to repair, but utterly and remorselessly to destroy.

In that great northern struggle of 1822 Catalonia went forth lion-hearted against the oppressor. Navarre, and Aragon, and Biscay followed in her wake, and their appeal against the misgovernment of the Cortes found an echo in every loyal heart, and in every corner of the kingdom. But in 1827 the Catalan insurgents were leagued together for very different purposes. Their leaders were impelled by two motives: the first was to increase the ascendancy of the Church, as the only effectual barrier against any future assumption of power by the Constitutionalists; and this object many of them proposed to effect by re-establishing the Inquisition, and by arming it with all the powers it possessed in the most dismal period of Spanish history. Their policy was in this respect mistaken; for had they succeeded in restoring and rendering that tribunal an oppressive engine of government, such a measure would have created great discontent in the towns, and have precipitated the fall of the existing institutions: the restoration of the Inquisition, altered and improved, so as to meet the improved spirit and the more humane policy of the present day,

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might have been a proceeding neither unwise nor unpopular ;* but the Inquisition, the whole Inquisition, and nothing but the Inquisition, restored in its ancient spirit, and with its ancient rigour, could only have been maintained by a system of vigilant persecution, which would have ultimately recoiled on their own heads.

To this desire of increasing the ascendancy of the Church was added an ungovernable thirst of vengeance, produced by the tyranny of the Cortes during their day of power; and, considered in this light, the second Catalan insurrection may be truly said to have resulted from the first. That dreadful commotion, the great northern revolt of 1822, in which eighty thousand persons are said to have perished in the field and on the scaffold, had left inextinguishable feuds, and injuries that could only be appeased by blood. During that struggle deeds had been done which could not be forgotten, crimes had been committed by the Constitutionalists which could not be forgiven. Prisoners had been slaughtered after the fight was over; and peaceful civilians, dragged from their homes, had been butchered without a form of trial, for no specific offence, but solely because they entertained opinions hostile to the ruling party! They fell; but falling they bequeathed to their kinsmen a legacy of hatred and revenge, not likely to be neglected by the fiery Catalan.

These motives influenced the leaders of the insurrection of 1827, while the misjudging crowd that rallied round their standard believed King Ferdinand to be still a prisoner in the hands of their former enemies, that Constitutional faction, so notoriously hostile to the Monarchy and the Church. To the surprise of his mutinous subjects he appeared among them — he spoke, "*et dicto citius tumida æquora placat.*" His presence restored a deluded people to their lost allegiance; and that insurrection, which had baffled all the efforts of the government, which had been gradually extending, and at length threatened to convulse the whole kingdom, was at once and completely dissipated: the astonished peasants, discovering that they had acted in opposition to their Sovereign's will, forsook their leaders, abandoned even their priests, and came in crowds to the presence, confessing their error, aud imploring the royal clemency.

* *Vide* note at the end of the book.

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When I was arrested at Lugo in 1827, this, the second insurrection, was at its height, and the issue still doubtful. But though the civil war was confined to the eastern provinces, a secret struggle was at that period carried on throughout Spain between the partisans of the actual ministry and those who strove to establish a more rigorous and intolerant system. The insurgents were called Carlists, because they professed the principles attributed, I believe unjustly, to Don Carlos, the King's brother, whose elevation to the throne, however irregular the mode by which it must then have been effected, was still desired by the ultra-Royalist faction, as the readiest means of obtaining a government more congenial to their views.

But there were many persons belonging to the provincial administrations who disclaimed any connexion with the insurgents, yet were clamorous for the adoption of coercive measures against all persons suspected of any Constitutional tendency. They advocated this policy, because they thought the eventual success of the Carlists probable, and still more because they detested their temperate colleagues, whom they looked upon as the remnants of the Constitutional party, and were consequently anxious to exclude from any share in the government. Such was the state of feeling which then prevailed among the authorities of Lugo, and such a struggle, unseen but violent, secretly divided official men over all those parts of the kingdom which were not convulsed by open war. The Commandant of Lugo, Don Felippe Moreda, was a man of high honour, sincerely attached to his royal master, but averse to intemperate measures, while the civil authorities were secretly favourable to the ultra-Royalist party, and therefore regarded him with jealousy and dislike.

It was curious to observe how completely the Constitutionalists appeared to be forgotten in the struggle then maintained between the different Royalist factions. To me, who had seen, five years before, the democratic principle triumphant throughout Spain, the Crown shorn of its privileges and existing only by sufferance, the gigantic power of the Church subverted, and the landmarks of ages swept away, it seemed indeed extraordinary that such a torrent should have so completely subsided, and have left no traces of its desolating course. The distinctive appellations of the various parties, which served as watchwords

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in the excited days of the revolutionary rule, had not only lost the powerful spell which they once exercised over the minds of their adherents, but were almost obliterated.

On my return to Spain I had a new vocabulary to learn, and to become acquainted with interests that a few years before had not an existence. The Factiosos, the Serviles, the Communeros, and the Descamisados, names once fraught with hope and terror to their respective friends and enemies, were now swallowed up in the all-absorbing distinctions of Fernandistas and Carlistas. But although the public attention was riveted on the combatants who then filled the arena, the actors in the late tragedy were not quiescent; for the Constitutionalists still maintained communications with their exiled friends in Portugal, who were watching the tide of events, and only waiting for a favourable opportunity to descend on the coast of Galicia; nor were the authorities regardless of their machinations, for they kept a steady eye upon their slightest movements.

The Spanish Constitutionalists spoke of their actual situation in the most desponding terms. A man of rank assured me that arrests had been lately of such frequent occurrence, that he breathed his native air in fear and trembling. "We now pray," he said, "that Galicia may become incorporated with Portugal." The violence of party animosity must have been great, indeed, which could have excited, in the mind of a Spaniard, sentiments so little congenial to Spanish pride. The Constitutionalists were prepared to renounce every long-cherished feeling of national antipathy, were willing to be separated from a great and ancient monarchy, to lose a great and glorious name, and become subject to a minor and comparatively insignificant state, solely, as he said, to participate in the advantages resulting from a Constitution eminently aristocratic in its elements. Yet these are the men who, in 1823, rushed upon a war that terminated their political existence, because they would not submit to the tyranny of a second Chamber: these are the men who, in utter disregard of the popular feeling, abolished the distinctive and cherished privileges of the provinces, and erased their very names out of the map of Spain; those ancient names which they should have carefully, even ostentatiously, preserved—names and usages and limits dear to the

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peasant, associated with the traditions of his fathers, connected with the memorials of his childhood, and inseparably blended with the haughtiest recollections of Spanish glory and independence. In Madrid and some of the great towns the measure which subdivided Spain into departments was regarded with comparative indifference; but throughout the country the intelligence was received with sorrow and indignation. The reasons alleged for the subdivision of the provinces were grounded on the inconvenience arising from their unequal distribution of territory; but probably the secret motive of that determination arose from a belief that, by confounding ancient limits, and breaking down former attachments, they would more rapidly obliterate the memory of the old régime, and create new interests more immediately connected with the representative system. The names of the principal squares or streets of every town or village throughout Spain underwent alterations, and constitutional titles were affixed in the place of their patron saints. These proceedings, apparently immaterial, acting upon a very religious peasantry, produced serious irritation: in these changes they beheld the constitution not only opposed but preferred to their religion: the clergy themselves partook of this feeling, and did not disguise their sentiments; and the feelings of the peasantry became more embittered, and their hatred to the new institutions more intense, from causes so trivial and absurd. Unfortunately, in the prosecution of these, as of other measures, the Cortes followed the example of republican France, without perceiving that the different state of society in that country, and the dissimilarity of national character, required a different policy: among the French there existed little attachment to old institutions; in Spain it was the ruling passion of the people. Paris was the mainspring that regulated the movements of the French Revolution, and gave the impulse to the remotest corners of the kingdom. The strength of the Spanish Revolution resided in Madrid; but its population was more divided in opinion, and the moral influence of the capital scarcely extended beyond its gates. Among the peasantry in France, except in a few provinces, little resistance was offered to the Republicans; in Spain, the rustic population was for the most part animated with the same passions and attachments as the people of La Vendée; and

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the memory of that eventful struggle should have shown the Cortes the danger of offending local feeling, or of interfering with names and limits endeared to the people by past recollections. They proceeded on a mistaken principle: they should have firmly but cautiously directed the progress of free institutions; they should not have continually reminded the peasant of a revolution whose merits he could not appreciate, and which his previous habits and mode of thinking would naturally induce him to regard with dislike: he should have discovered that he was a freeman in the midst of a free population, by the improvement of his own condition and of all who were connected with him. They should have written the Constitution not on the squares of the city, but in the hearts of the citizens: they should have cherished these local attachments as the guardian spirit of Spain; attachments that were pure in their origin, and noble in their results. During the great Spanish war of independence, the French had no greater difficulty to contend with than this provincial spirit. The panic that attends upon victory frequently stupifies a whole country, and subjects it to the conqueror; but, in Spain, the ideal limits that separated their provinces presented a real and efficient barrier: the submission of one province formed no precedent for its neighbour, but stimulated it to acts of greater heroism, to prove its decided superiority. In a country where this jealous and independent spirit in some degree compensates for the deficiency of good discipline, great victories became comparatively useless, and the enemy were compelled to vanquish town after town, and district after district, before they could gain the mastery of public opinion, or triumph over the obstinate emulation of the rival provinces. The elevation of the old Spanish character is still to be found in the peasant; without the enjoyment of civil freedom, he has retained an upright independence that fits him for its reception. It was not easy or desirable to eradicate feelings which had been the growth of centuries: the Cortes could not remodel the Spanish character by an ideal standard of French perfection; they had the richest materials to work upon, and a just view of mankind would have led them to adapt their measures to the temper of the people; they might lead, they could not force, society to the level of their institutions: they should have combined the

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principles of liberty with the ancient forms of the monarchy, and they would have wound themselves into the hearts of the people, and have given character and permanency to the new institutions.

But to return to my narrative in 1821.—The Constitutionalists did not at that time attribute to the King, personally, any acts of individual oppression, but to a party at one time stronger than the throne itself. Perhaps the wisest man could not have steered through the sea of troubles upon which Ferdinand was then embarked, without incurring much censure, and falling into many apparent errors. For, while the Constitutionalists were ready to avail themselves of any incidents favourable to their cause, a powerful faction, in the country and in the government, were extremely irritated by his reluctance to adopt the views of the ultra-Royalist party. He refused to remove from offices of trust many moderate men in whose personal attachment he had reason to confide, and even retained some individuals who had not been indisposed to the Constitution. At that perilous crisis, the period during which my Galician expedition was undertaken, he showed a degree of moral courage which his previous actions would not have led me to expect, and terminated the insurrection by proceeding in person into the heart of the disturbed districts; but it must be admitted that frequent and unnecessarily cruel executions succeeded and disgraced his triumphs, and that many victims of an honourable though mistaken loyalty, who might well have been spared, were doomed to expiate with their lives the penalty of their delusion. As I am speaking of King Ferdinand I will allude to the very peculiar circumstances under which I first saw him, some years before the period to which I am now adverting.

Travelling, in the autumn of 1821, with my friend, and now my brother-in-law, Mr. P——, we arrived at the inn adjoining the Escurial. My readers may perhaps recollect that the Spanish Revolution occurred in 1820, and that during the years 1821, 1822, and indeed until the occupation of the territory by the French armies in 1823, the country was distracted by civil dissensions. At the period of our arrival at the Escurial, the popular party was completely triumphant; the Cortes, imbued with a very democratic spirit, was hurried into the worst excesses by a party still more unscrupulous; the nobility were

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degraded and their property plundered; the priesthood were persecuted; the power of the Crown was not curtailed, but annihilated, and the person of the King insulted. The great northern revolt in favour of the Crown had not yet broken out, but the exasperation of feeling throughout the disaffected provinces was extreme; the Royalists were everywhere in a state of active though secret preparation for the approaching contest, and were only waiting for the countenance of foreign powers to commence the struggle. The French troops were at that time ranged along the Pyrenean frontier, ostensibly to protect the French provinces from the yellow fever, then ravaging Barcelona, but really to control the progress of a revolution which had become altogether incompatible with the safety, or even the existence, of the Bourbon dynasty. At that critical moment every heart in the court circle indulged the hope of French assistance, and every loyal eye was turned to France.

Soon after our arrival at the Escurial we hastened to see the palace, which was shown us by a valet, and, as we were afterwards informed, the most confidential servant of the King. As we were leaving the palace, he asked us if we wished to be presented to his Majesty. We said, in answer, we hoped to have that honour at Madrid, where the British Minister was then residing, and where we intended to remain some time. He replied that, if we desired to see the King, his Majesty would dispense with the established etiquette, and he would call at the inn at ten o'clock in the evening, and conduct us to the palace. We were naturally surprised, but, as he seemed sure of his ground, we no longer declined a proposition so little in accordance with the forms that generally surround a court, and which were, moreover, peculiarly strict at the Spanish palace. In the evening he called at the inn, at the hour agreed on, and told us that two of the ministers had arrived from Madrid, bringing his Majesty the very alarming intelligence of a revolt just broken out at Seville and Cadiz, at the instigation of the republican party; the King was consequently engaged, and our presentation must be postponed till the following morning. Accordingly he appeared the next day, and accompanied us to the palace: having conducted us into a large apartment, he departed, saying that he would inform the King of our arrival.

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The King was in an inner room communicating with the apartment in which we were left, and through which the nobles and gentlemen of the court were continually passing and repassing. As far as we could judge, the confusion produced in the palace by the intelligence just received was extreme, and an expression of thought and anxiety overcast every face. Yet, notwithstanding the general uneasiness, several persons, perceiving we were strangers, paused for a moment as they passed through the room, and addressed us, obviously from a sense of politeness. At length two gentlemen entering the apartment drew near us, and the tallest made some general observations. I remember replying, civilly, no doubt, but perhaps a little carelessly, and asking some question in return, when I observed an expression of surprise pass over the face of the individual whom I addressed, such as might be perceptible on the countenance of a well-bred man, at the infraction of some established conventional form. This attracted my attention. I looked more steadfastly at him, and, remembering a picture which I had been contemplating only the day before in one of the apartments of the palace, I recognised the King: the features were the same, the expression was the same—I had no doubt. I instantly bent the knee according to the Spanish fashion; the King perceived my previous mistake, good-humouredly continued the conversation for some minutes, and then departed with the Marquis de ——, the majordomo of the palace.

Thus ended this singular interview. I cannot but suppose that, in consequence of our arrival at the Escurial direct from Paris, and before we had visited Madrid, a suspicion was excited in the mind of the King's valet that we were secret but accredited organs of that French party with which the Spanish Royalists and the King himself were then in active and constant communication. Perhaps, also, some expressions of our sympathy with the royal embarrassments may have strengthened this notion. Motives, too, were quickly imputed; for at that disturbed period few persons, if any, travelled for their amusement, and during the time we then passed in Spain I do not remember having met a single person journeying through the country uninfluenced by private or political business.

Nor was this supposition, if really entertained, improbable, as the course we undesignedly pursued would have been unques-

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tionably adopted by any Royalist agent, for the Escurial was at that time the very centre and focus of Royalist intrigue; and to its friendly shades the court retired from the dangerous observation of Madrid, to receive its secret communications, and pursue its schemes of liberation from the tyrannous bondage of the Cortes, undiscovered and uninterrupted. We were afterwards saluted more than once by signs of an expressive nature, to which a hidden signification was attached, and which were then currently interchanged among the adherents of the Royal cause.

On the day before we left the Escurial we attended the convent church, and heard the funeral service magnificently performed over one of the royal infants just deceased. The evening was fast closing as we left the assembled crowds and passed into the sacristy: there, while we stood opposite the Perla, giving a last lingering look at that exquisite production of Italian art, two gentlemen approached us, one of whom, separating from his companion, passed close to us, and said, in a low but clear voice, "Vive le Roi." He paused for a moment, apparently in expectation of the answering watchword, but, as we remained silent, he rapidly withdrew.

The magnificence rather than the beauty of the Escurial palace, the splendour of the Escurial convent, the cruel uncertainty of the King's position, our own singular recognition of that monarch, the mystery which hung over the court, and the mysterious communications which seemed to be carrying on in those dark cloisters and long corridors, so fitted for the purpose of intrigue, made a deep impression on my mind, and I long remembered with interest our visit to the Escurial.

A short time afterwards I was presented in a more formal manner to the King and Queen. The Queen was just of age, having on that very day accomplished her eighteenth year, on which account it was kept with great state at court: it was then, however, no time for pomp; events were critical, the republican insurrections of Cadiz and Seville were unsubdued; the Queen was reviled, and the King denounced in the public journals as a traitor to the state: in short, the democrats were faithfully following the march of the French revolution, and the least apprehensive began to anticipate a similar consummation of the royal griefs.

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That anniversary of her birth, a day which, in the palaces of kings, is generally ushered in with every demonstration of popular joy, was productive of no pleasure to the youthful Queen: upon that occasion no gratulating songs were presented to her, according to the fashion of the land, but the fierce Tragala, breathing a deadly hate to royalty in every line, was sung by hostile voices almost under the palace windows; she was evidently much alarmed at the lowering aspect of affairs, and could scarcely restrain her tears in the presence of the assembled court.

I was struck by the alteration which had taken place in her appearance; but three weeks before I had seen her in the garden of the Escurial feeding some gold-fish in a little pond, and afterwards ascending a tower and counting the steps with the lighthearted playfulness of a girl. She was rather pretty, and very interesting; extremely devout, and much beloved by those around her: taken from her Saxon home, to which she was passionately attached, the destined bride of the King of Spain, instead of the peaceful pomp and universal homage which she had been led to expect in a land once renowned for the loyalty of its citizens and the gallantry of its nobles, she found on her arrival at Madrid the storms of civil war darkening around a throne endangered by the progressive usurpations of the Cortes, and exposed to the insults of a demoralized populace.

During those days of revolutionary agitation, she is said to have spent many weary hours, bewailing the departed pleasures of her German youth, and anticipating with a heavy heart the terrors of the time to come; but her afflictions, though great, were brief, and she is now, and has long been, in that peaceful region "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Had the life of this interesting Queen been prolonged, Spain would probably have been spared a host of calamities; but events of infinitely less real importance appear to have exercised a wondrous effect on the permanent destinies of this great monarchy. Humanly speaking, it is far from improbable that the succession to the Spanish throne was changed, and a desolating war produced, by one of those tracasseries which occasionally, in the highest circles, inflame the female mind; misunderstandings, often solely ridiculous from the trivial nature

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of the matter in dispute, and the intensity of feeling with which the feud is prosecuted; but sometimes awful in their results, from the influence exercised in quarters of importance. I have heard, from persons connected with the Spanish court of the day, and intimately acquainted with its secret history, that the present disastrous state of Spain may be in a great measure attributed to one of these unfortunate tracasseries. After the successful invasion of Spain by the Duc d'Angoulême in 1823, and while he was yet the hero of the day, the two Portuguese Princesses at the Spanish court, one of whom was the late wife of Don Carlos, determined to receive the French Prince, on some grand occasion, in dresses dotted over with fleurs-de-lis. This delicate and well-timed compliment was received with rapture by the French officers, and was extremely pleasing to the Duke. The Princesses had, however, unfortunately concealed their intention from their sister-in-law, Queen Christina. Mortified at what she conceived to be an intentional exclusion, her resentment knew no bounds; and from that hour she is said to have entertained a deadly hatred against her sister-in-law, and to have vowed eternal vengeance against that branch of the Royal family.

The figures on a lady's dress may therefore have been, humanly speaking, the *primum mobile* of half the woes and sufferings that have afflicted ill-fated Spain; a striking instance that persons placed in delicate situations cannot safely commit the least indiscretion, even in those lighter fields of action where female caprice may be supposed at liberty to indulge itself at will, and which seem the most remote from the great scenes of political action. Other motives are indeed amply sufficient to account for Christina's conduct: but it certainly is not inconsistent with our experience of human, and especially female nature, to believe that vanity deeply wounded may have been a motive more influential with the Queen in her efforts to supplant Don Carlos than even the natural wish she may have entertained to place her daughter on the throne, and the desire to secure her own influence as Regent. Great results are often produced by causes apparently the most trivial when feelings are concerned. The consequences of this disagreement were not however developed at the time when I was passing through Galicia. The political heaven was heavy indeed with the disasters of the

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day, but the Christino war had not yet begun, the Christino policy had not yet developed itself, the very designation of Christino was then unknown. At that time I felt only, though I felt deeply, the many changes which had occurred since the day of my memorable presentation to the King at the Escurial.

King Ferdinand and his youthful consort were no more; the brother, who then graced the court, was now an exile struggling for his throne; the chivalrous Eroles, the life and soul and leader of the Royal cause, was numbered with the dead; the brave O'Donnel had been butchered in cold blood, and his body horribly mutilated by the unpunished adherents of Mina and the present Queen; Riego, then the idol of the Spanish populace, at whose approach the incessant shout was raised, and over whose triumphant march the choicest flowers of the year were strewed, had died upon a Spanish scaffold; the Empecinado, who shared his crimes or glories,—which you will,—had shared his fate; Torrijos had met the bloody death he so relentlessly administered; and Mina, a murderer upon system, though still alive, was sinking to the grave oppressed with disease and infamy.

I remained a prisoner in my apartment at the inn at Lugo till three o'clock in the afternoon, when I received an intimation from the authorities that they intended to send me to Santiago, the capital of Galicia, and expected me to commence my journey to that city within an hour. Accordingly, at four o'clock, six Royalist Volunteers, consisting of four foot-soldiers, and a sergeant and corporal mounted, arrived at the inn. After a warm and ineffectual paper-war with the authorities, I turned my horse's head to Santiago, and left Lugo under the escort of this trusty band. Besides the indignation naturally excited in my mind by this extraordinary proceeding, the personal inconvenience was extremely great, as I had intended to visit Orense, and, re-entering Portugal by the north-eastern frontier, explore those parts of the Traz os Montes which I had not yet seen.

Santiago lay in a direction precisely opposite to Orense, and, as I had already spent some days in that city, it had not the recommendation of novelty to counterbalance the great annoyance arising from this compulsory change of route. The soldiers were attired in the light-blue uniform which then distinguished

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the adherents of the Crown; and white tassels, considered the unfailing badge of a blanco, or white man, hung from their caps. "We are called blancos, an epithet used to designate the children of pure faith and loyalty," said a high-spirited young soldier, one of the most ardent Royalists of the band. Divers men and mules followed in our train; thus encumbered, our progress was of necessity extremely slow, and was, moreover, interrupted by frequent orders from the sergeant to halt. Two soldiers, who had evidently received injunctions to keep up with my horse, walked constantly by my side. Our route lay across a wild heath-tract, then lighted up by the last splendours of a setting sun.

We arrived, at a late hour, on the confines of a small village, and stopped at the door of a ruinous building, formerly belonging to the government, but now used as a resting-place by the few travellers who wandered over those unfrequented wilds. We were received by its only tenant, an old woman, whom the superstitious terrors of an earlier age would have invested with the character of a sorceress; for her arms were bare and withered, her visage wrinkled, and she was surrounded by an awful and appropriate number of cats; indeed, she was actually regarded with a strange mixture of veneration and abhorrence by the neighbouring peasants. The night was dark and bitter, but we dispelled the darkness and the cold by heaping ample supplies of heath upon the fire, which blazed high, and, sending a thousand coruscations over the huge rafters, lit up the gloomy recesses of the old building. There were benches, but not a single chair or table in the apartment; candles we had none, for the "Lady Sorceress" declared that she rose at the break of day, and retired to rest when the sun went down, and moreover expected her guests to adopt her primitive habits, for this, she said, was what God intended. "Or the devil?" muttered one of the soldiers, aware of the imputations that attached to our antiquated hostess. Provisions we appeared for a long time to have little prospect of obtaining, but at length, after several foraging expeditions, some black broth, "*horresco referens*," was brought in a wooden bowl, garnished with bread of the same Tartarean hue. The soldiers, with the delicacy and good-feeling eminently characteristic of the lower orders in Spain, offered me

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all the scanty provision they could procure; nor did they appear to desire that any part should be reserved for themselves, although they must have greatly stood in need of refreshment, as they had been marching from four till eleven o'clock at night over a rugged country. Of course I divided equally our little store, and it was pleasant to see the grateful feeling excited by this trifling mark of consideration. But the candidates for a share of the supply were very disproportioned to the amount in possession, so that the process of distribution became ludicrous, and only furnished a practical proof of the infinite divisibility of matter.

Though indignant enough with the potentates of Lugo, I could not entertain any hostile feeling against my travelling companions, who were free from any participation in the foolish acts of their superiors, and were merely their unwilling instruments. They evidently believed that I was guiltless of any serious offence; but in spite of this general impression, I perceived that strong though short-lived suspicions occasionally passed through their minds. While these feelings prevailed, though still respectful in manner, their countenances were serious and even clouded, and they seemed absorbed in thought; for these men were sincerely attached to the Royal cause, and would have looked with horror upon any agent of the Constitutionalists.

Throughout the journey they tried to soften all that was disagreeable in the peculiar state of our mutual relations, and invariably treated me with respect. Had their conduct been different my situation would have been most disagreeable; for, having, received positive injunctions never to lose sight of me, I was not occasionally, but constantly, in their society. It is true, they placed the least possible restraint upon my actions, and were ever ready to sacrifice their inclinations to mine; still they were scrupulously exact in the execution of their orders. If I wished to inspect any objects of curiosity near the places where we halted, they were always willing to accompany me, however fatigued they might be: when I retired to my apartment, if the subdivisions of the miserable hovels at which we stopped deserve the name, I was regularly attended by a guard: indeed, on horseback or on foot, asleep or awake, a watchful eye was ever fixed upon me. No man, who has not been the object of such

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unremitting vigilance for some days together, can at all conceive the nervous sense of moral oppression which it at length induces. It depresses the spirits to an extent not justified by the cause, it weighs like a nightmare on the mind, and tortures it, as water does the human frame, when drop falls after drop upon the same part, producing irritation solely by its continuous action. When at length released from this vexatious thraldom, I can hardly express the pleasure of finding myself restored to the enjoyment of my solitary chamber.

But I am digressing.—The soldiers and muleteers were ranged on the benches in our ruinous abode, and I had made a seat of heather for myself within the fireplace under the huge chimney. Manuel, my Portuguese muleteer, was becoming reconciled to the loss of his supper by the opportunity it afforded him of exulting in the superior comforts of his own country; and he loudly declared that he had never seen a land so utterly degraded as Galicia, or so evidently branded with the Divine displeasure. I began to fear his national antipathies would light up the torch of discord among our Spanish allies; but although his language was strong, he was probably aware of the lengths to which he could safely proceed, as I observed that he averted, more than once, their rising indignation, by a well-timed and humorous sally. My friend who had declared himself a blanco was a high-spirited young soldier, eager in his manner, and unmeasured in his expressions; but the corporal possessed the most varied humour of the party. He was an admirable mimic, and amused us by a series of lively observations and practical jokes. Seizing one of our landlady's cats, he convulsed the circle by making poor puss respond to his questions by a whine that was mournful in its tone, or eager, or indifferent, according to the nature of his interrogatory; a feat which he contrived by pressing the side of the animal unperceived, upon which it naturally cried out, and the peculiar intonation of that cry varied according to the suddenness and degree of the pressure applied. The trick was cleverly managed: it was not cruel, as the creature did not appear to suffer, and almost seemed to enter into the humour of the jest, and the effect was inconceivably ludicrous. Yet, beneath this wild buffoonery, a mine of deep piety and enthusiastic feeling lay concealed; a disposition less appa-

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rent in his conversation than in the fervour of his manner, and the prostration of spirit with which he approached any holy relics. In passing through the convent of San Martin, he spoke rather in sad and serious than in bitter language of the Constitutionalists who had violated the shrine. The sergeant, and leader of the troop, a native of Castile, was imbued with all the gravity of his country; he was cold and cautious, and said little; but although he appeared to observe minutely all that took place, it was not easy to discover, in the hard lines of his immoveable countenance, either the general character of the man, or the impression produced on his mind by passing occurrences.

As the night wore on, the party closed round the roaring fire, and the conversation became general. Banditti, a subject of unfailing interest among the lower classes in Spain, were first discussed. They dwelt upon the plaided Catalan, who, couched behind some jutting rock, springs like a tiger on the thoughtless traveller, bids him give up his gold, and never bids him twice! Nor did they forget the Andalusian bandit, mounted on the steed he calls by some high-sounding name and loves with the love that other men yield only to the ladies of their hearts—an outlawed race, the genuine heirs of old romance, whose courteous bearing still lends refinement to their guilty trade, and invests their lawless acts with the chivalry of times long past. Many a tale of those robber chiefs was told—many a feat was recorded of the Bold James of Valentia, an extraordinary man, the mingled terror and admiration of his native district when I passed through it in 1822.

The soldiers now related his exploits with a kind of gloomy pride: they detailed his hairbreadth, and, according to their account, miraculous escapes, with manifest satisfaction; and contrasted his deeds of horrible cruelty to the great, with his unbounded generosity to the poor. In those statements there was much truth mixed up with much romance. When I was in Valentia, this powerful adventurer paid the taxes of at least five villages, or small towns, lying within the limits of the mountain territory, over which for years together he held an almost undisputed sway; the local authorities feared and feasted him, and the poor loved and obeyed him as their lawful lord. But the Spaniards were not allowed to engross the conversation: our

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Portuguese friends became jealous of the exclusive attention excited by these Spanish tales; and as they could not match the famous James with any native bandit of equal prowess, they touched a deeper cord, and engaged the sympathy of their hearers by tales of wild and fearful superstition.

They spoke of the distant Beira, and shuddered as they named the Escolares, the dreadful wolf-impellers, the lonely wanderers of the mountain, the servants of the Prince of Darkness! Assuming mortal shape, and seated on some lofty pinnacle, they hail, with fiendish joy, the snow-storm gathering at their feet—they see it whiten all the land, and know their hour of strength is come! Subject to them, but terrible to all beside, the wolves assemble at their viewless bidding, and obey the sign that sends them headlong on their desperate course. Woe to the hapless peasant who has waked the vengeance of the Escolar, for, lo! the hell-commissioned wolf comes down upon his fold. His trusty dog, that never shrank from mortal encounter, copes not with such unhallowed strength, and quails beneath the supernatural eye! In vain his master points the unerring rifle; the bullet will not strike, or bounds innocuous from the charmed skin. Flight is the shepherd's only refuge: destruction waits upon his flock, and desolation sits upon his hearth!

But even in deeds like these, surpassing human power, the Spaniard would not yield the palm of merit to the rival Portuguese, for straight an Andalusian, jealous for his country's honour, told how the robber-children of Ecija, in weal or woe, conquering or conquered, still retained by magic spells their fated number of thirteen. Conquered!—when were those children of the forest conquered?—for victory over them was not success, defeat was not to them reverse of fortune. They hurried to the midnight encounter, thirteen in number, stout men and true as ever wielded robber's blade: half died the death of men—yet, counted when the fray was over, the band was found in undiminished strength, and thirteen manly voices answered to their chieftain's call! What, then, to them was triumph, or repulse, or government, or law? Strong in the guardianship of powers unseen, they mocked at mortal might!

Amongst our party all had heard of, none had beheld, the infernal warriors of the wood; but some had seen the invulner-

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able Trappist * rushing to war mounted upon his coal-black steed, high bearing in one hand the sacred crucifix, and with the other slaying at every stroke a rebel to the Church and Crown, while heavenly troops unseen averted every danger from his head, and Heaven itself directed every blow he struck. They, too, had felt the earth quake like an aspen-leaf beneath the iron tread of that unequalled steed; whose charge no son of man had ever yet withstood; whose flight was swifter than the swiftest arrow; whose step ne'er faltered down the steepest precipice; whose eye sent forth at night unnatural beams to guide his master through the deepest gloom, yet lure his rash pursuers to their fate! Hunger and thirst were to that famous horse unknown; sleep never sealed his watchful lids; and oft the sullen death-beat of his hoofs, distinctly heard for twenty miles around, palsied the hostile sentinel upon his midnight watch; for sure he was those dull dead echoes were the certain harbingers of ruin to the camp, and well he knew the first of that predestined host who hears the strange unearthly sound survives not the approaching fight. It is difficult to describe the effect produced by these wild tales, narrated at the dead of night in a ruined building, by the doubtful gleams of a flickering fire, and addressed with all the energy of perfect faith to an audience as implicitly credulous.

As the real history of the famous James, or Jaimè, is a curious illustration of the state of society and manners prevalent in one of the wildest and most remote districts of Spain, I will again for a moment digress, to inform my readers of the singular kind of government which he established, and for a long time maintained, in the district subject to his authority. When I was in Jaimè's territory, poor Jaimè was, for the moment, in a situation of great difficulty and distress. He had just declared for the Royal cause, and the government of the Cortes had in consequence despatched a considerable force against him, had driven him into a mountain, and hemmed him in by a cordon of troops. The deepest anxiety prevailed in the villages which practically acknowledged his supremacy, and which for many years had considered their

* A guerilla leader, renowned for his extraordinary exploits in the great northern insurrection of 1822.

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allegiance to the King of Spain as secondary to that which was owing to King Jaimè.

In one respect, however, he stood in a very different position from that in which monarchs are generally placed with reference to their subjects. He paid their taxes for them, and they repaid him by secret co-operation, an arrangement which by no means diminished their zeal in his cause. On arriving at a posada in one of these villages, I asked a young lad, who acted as waiter, whether Jaimè was altogether as bad as he was represented to be. "Señor," said the boy, suddenly turning round with the greatest excitement, "Jaimè is a man of spotless faith and honour." "Nay, José," said his father, a cautious man, and naturally alarmed lest his son's unguarded zeal should have betrayed his real prepossessions to an enemy, "you speak warmly, as you are wont to do on subjects wholly indifferent to you. The señor observes justly that Jaimè is not so bad as he is said to be."

We were then in the month of May, and the night had all that heavenly calmness which is so bewitching in a southern clime. As I lay awake, the sound of musketry, produced by shots occasionally exchanged between the partisans of Jaimè and the government troops, mingled, strangely enough, with a serenade of peculiar sweetness which rose under the windows of some fair Spaniard in the same street. At Orihuela I saw a player on the guitar, and spoke to him about Jaimè. He at first showed great unwillingness to enter upon the subject; but, at length dismissing his fears, gave way to his feelings, and spoke of his robber-chief with the same enthusiastic feelings which a Highland piper might be supposed to entertain for the head of his clan: for Jaimè, though wild and lawless in his habits, was fond of minstrelsy and generous to the bard. He had also ballads recounting Jaimè's heroic deeds, that at the moment in question it would have been death to recite, which gold could not extort, but which might have been won from the easy minstrel by expressions of sympathy for his endangered chief.

Jaimè escaped the perils which then environed him, and flourished for some time longer, the pride and terror of the district; but was finally taken and executed after a prosperous reign of nearly twenty years. He appears to have been a very mixed

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character, possessing in a great measure the virtues and vices of a chieftain of the middle ages. He was liberal to his followers, and cruel to his enemies; but even towards them he showed upon occasions a magnanimity worthy of the heroic age. He had a peculiar pride in protecting that portion of the population which adhered enthusiastically to his cause: he would enrich with his spoils the most devoted of his subjects; and it was said that in some instances, where an attached couple, belonging to families friendly to his partisans, had been prevented from marrying by the want of a certain sum of money, he would remove that difficulty, bestow on the fair damsel a sufficient dowry, and, suddenly appearing in his robber's dress on the evening of the marriage festival, would assist in the dance, lead down the blushing bride, imprint upon her cheek a salutation which, under the circumstances of the case, conjugal jealousy might well forgive, then resign her to the bridegroom, and disappear amid the loud applause of the delighted peasants.

These dazzling acts, partly the sallies of a naturally generous though ill-regulated mind, were perhaps, in a still greater degree, the result of calculating policy. By occasional acts of this kind, and by permanently, though not ostensibly, charging himself with the taxation of the neighbourhood, he established himself in the affections of the people, and became invested with a real power and security, which no mere superiority of his marauding force, either in numbers or discipline, could have long ensured. When danger drew near, he had the earliest intimation of its approach; and when it at length enveloped him in its toils, no means were left untried by his faithful subjects to facilitate his escape. He was several times hemmed in by the government troops, who, despairing to secure their prey by any other means, formed, as they imagined, an uninterrupted circle around the place of his retreat, and determined to compel him to surrender by the slow but sure effects of famine. But even in these perilous circumstances he was always wonderfully assisted by the affection of his adherents, till at length, availing himself of some local and momentary negligence of the blockading troops, he broke through the line, and to the rage and surprise of the soldiers gave signs of unabated activity by a sudden descent at the head of his men in another part of the

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district; seizing, perhaps, some obnoxious and amazed Alcalde, carrying him off to the mountains, and only restoring him to liberty upon the receipt of an enormous ransom.

These frequent escapes, when all hopes of eluding the pursuit of the troops seemed desperate, combined with his almost simultaneous appearance in a distant part of the district, gave rise at length to a belief that no material obstacles could impede his progress, and that he was gifted with a double presence of an inexplicable and fearful character: any poor Alcalde who, intimidated or bought over by the government troops, had swerved from his allegiance, was not reassured by circumstances that would have given confidence to a stranger; but, as the accounts of Jaimè's situation became more hopeless, so, in proportion, he felt an increasing fear that the door of his dwelling might be suddenly forced, and the ubiquitous chief appear at the head of his armed men.

During the struggle against the Cortes in favour of the king, he sometimes, when severely pressed by the government troops, entirely dissolved his band, advised each man to take a separate path, and commanded all to meet again on a stated day and hour, at a stated place. The appointment was generally well observed; and that guerilla force, which a few days before was almost crushed by the advancing troops of the government, was perhaps hovering on their rear, cutting off their supplies, and thinning their numbers by a constant war of detail.

This marauding chief was as remarkable for the reasoning vigour of his mind, as for his personal courage and dexterity. He was aware, even in the early days of his career, that to ensure his power he must temper his pursuit of plunder with a forbearance seldom exercised by men of his profession; he felt that a system of immoderate rapine would either divert the passage of the southern and eastern provinces of Spain from his district into other channels of communication, so as entirely to elude his grasp, or would, from the extent of the evil, produce a determination on the part of the government to suppress his power at any cost.

Under this impression, while on the one hand he sedulously courted the good will of his neighbourhood, on the other, he seldom robbed the trader to any great extent, but rather levied

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a tribute upon his goods, which, considering the lawlessness of the act, did not bear a very unreasonable proportion to the whole. As some compensation for this attack upon his purse, the traveller had no reason to fear any further molestation from the gentlemen of the highway, not only in Jaimè's territory, but for some distance beyond the limits of his recognised domain. He conversed freely and good-humouredly with the plundered merchants during the examination of their goods by his partisans, offered them cigars to smoke, and wine from his embroidered goat's-skin to drink; and although the tribute or blackmail was very much levied by rule and proportion, he courteously attended to any particular wish expressed, and affected a generous contempt for petty profits.

By this judicious self-restraint, and by his local popularity, which he kept alive by pandering to every interested and to every grateful feeling, he maintained his throne for so long a time. He was a man of extraordinary resource, designed by nature to act a better part; under other circumstances he might have been the saviour, instead of the scourge, of his country. He was, however, in personal address and mental energy, a magnificent specimen of the robber chief; yet there were some dreadful passages in his history. A firm observer of his word once plighted, he punished treachery with a ferocity suited only to a savage state of society; and is said, on one occasion, to have buried alive the unfortunate victims of his suspicion.

But to resume my narrative.—The night was far advanced when a loud knocking was heard at the door; two servants, being admitted, announced the approach of their mistress, the most influential person in the immediate neighbourhood. Directly afterwards she appeared, followed by a train of domestics, and evidently decorated to the utmost advantage. Her dress was extremely antiquated, but had been gorgeous in days of yore; it was, I have little doubt, an heir-loom in the family, and had probably been worn by herself, and by her maternal ancestors for some generations past, on every solemn occasion. The soldiers received her with every demonstration of formal respect. The stately dame began by saying she had only just been informed that a party of troops engaged in the Royal service were quartered in a miserable building near her house. She expressed

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her hopes that no circumstances displeasing to his Majesty's government had given rise to such an unusual occurrence; she trusted her devout aspirations on this head would be confirmed, but at all events esteemed it the bounden duty of a loyal subject to congratulate the troops on their safe arrival, and to assure the individual intrusted with the command that the loyalty which had ever distinguished her family had suffered no diminution in the person of their actual representative. She concluded by declaring that her house, her grounds, and all her goods were at the entire disposal of the King's troops as long as they remained in the neighbourhood. The Sergeant answered in a strain as formal and polite, and in language far above his station: he thanked her for the affection which she bore the Royal cause, and for this mark of attention to his Majesty's servants. He spoke in gratifying terms of the proverbial loyalty of her house, and wished that his Majesty possessed more supporters, true-hearted as herself, in these degenerate times, when, in too many instances, the son had fallen away from his father's faith. He touched lightly, and with address, upon the object of the expedition, and concluded by declining her offer of accommodation, as the night was far spent, and his troops were obliged to renew their march at break of day. A profusion of parting compliments were then exchanged, which, time and place considered, were rather entertaining. The door was then opened

"Wide and high,
To let the Queen and her train go by."

Two menials went forth in advance to clear the way, and after them paced forth the pompous dame; then all her attendants followed; but it must be confessed, their ragged attire spoke ill for the fortunes of the loyal and illustrious line. She was, no doubt, a worthy soul, though not to me "her lips imperial ever spake;" indeed, she scarcely deigned to look on a suspected traitor. After her departure we retired to rest. I slept upon some heath in a shed that opened into the hall: the soldiers collected around the only point of egress to prevent the possibility of my escape, scattered some straw on the floor, and, placing their arms beside them, lay down to enjoy a few hours of uninterrupted repose.

The following morning was intensely cold. We quitted the

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old building soon after sunrise, and travelled for some hours over a country generally wild and barren, but varied by occasional patches of cultivation. In the middle of the day we halted at a small village, where some cold fish and bad wine were brought me by an old woman, whose face was furrowed with wrinkles, but animated by an expression of the most active benevolence, and by eyes of the lightest blue. She whispered in my ear, unperceived by the soldiers, "My son, the King is as good as he is great, but many oppressions are committed in his name." The extreme sensation produced by our arrival at every village or town through which we passed was the most disagreeable circumstance resulting from my peculiar position. Upon those occasions the houses were deserted by their inmates, who flocked around our mules, eager to see us, and to ascertain the motives of our journey. The resentment of a mob is unpleasant; their commiseration is still less supportable. The people were always, at first, inclined to espouse my cause, and sometimes expressed their disapprobation of my arrest in audible murmurs; but it was curious to observe their instantaneous revulsion of feeling when acquainted with the general nature of the charges preferred against me. That word *nègro*, that single, fatal, damning word, sufficed to convert the general sympathy into abhorrence; and as it crept from mouth to mouth, the peasants shrank from all intercourse with a man weighed down by such a heavy accusation. In the great towns a *nègro* simply means a Constitutionalist, but among the uninstructed peasantry of these secluded districts it is understood in its literal sense, and a dark and mysterious signification is attached to the word. Here too it is applied to the Constitutionalists, but is also associated in the popular mind with undefined ideas of an infernal traffic, of secret clubs of Freemasons holding an accursed intercourse with the great author of evil, and entering with him into positive compacts against the Holy Church, and against the King, God's delegate upon earth. Such an imputation creates a degree of horror among the simple Galicians which can scarcely be conceived in the enlightened state of British society, and can only be compared to the harrowing sensation formerly excited in our own country by a charge of sorcery. It severs at once the firmest friendships, and cancels the nearest ties. Under the influence of

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this gloomy belief the young bride has denounced the husband of her love; the child has fled from the polluted couch of his guilty but expiring sire; and the parent has driven from his protecting roof the son who knew not where to screen his head from the fury of the elements or the more pitiless pursuit of man. As any accordance with the views of the Constitutionalists, any intercourse carried on with them, or any assistance rendered to an individual of that party, is an unfailing sign of a *nègro*, this superstition is naturally encouraged by the priesthood of these lonely districts: indeed it becomes, under their direction, a most formidable engine; it confers upon them a kind of omniscience, by making them acquainted with the most secret undertakings of their political enemies, and invests them with a species of omnipotence, by the power with which it arms them of enlisting every moral and religious feeling against their opponents.

I said that the people were, at first, disposed to espouse my cause; a circumstance that surprised me, as any expression of public feeling is unusual in countries subjected to a despotic government, particularly in the presence of troops. But the people, especially in the remote parts of Spain, have been always kept in subjection rather by the force of habit, and by their regard for ancient usages, than by the operation of any regular police. Their obedience has been the result of attachment: the Church retained its ascendancy because it was venerated and beloved by the people; the King was enabled to preserve entire the despotic forms of the old monarchy, because, however defective in theory, they were still in unison with the national feeling. For the same reason the old government maintained its authority over the whole kingdom, while the decrees of the actual administration are disputed within thirty miles of the capital. The political conspirator under the old order of things could rarely escape from the interior of the country, though he travelled by night and hid himself in caverns by day. On the contrary, the bandit and the smuggler not unfrequently mixed freely in society, and roamed undisturbed over the scene of their outrages, because they were, comparatively, but little obnoxious to the public feeling.

The character of the old French police was deservedly high; and with reference to the detection of ordinary crimes, no comparison could be fairly instituted between the police of the two

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kingdoms: at the same time, I believe that, under the old system, at least in the provinces, the Spanish police would have detected a conspirator against the Crown with greater certainty. They worked by means perhaps unsuited to the discovery of common offences, but peculiarly favourable to the detection of crimes of a treasonable nature. On these occasions an almost omniscient priesthood supplied them with the most accurate information, and every peasant, from loyal and religious motives, became a policeman in the King's cause. But they found it impossible to excite a similar feeling against offences which were not peculiarly abhorrent to the popular mind; and, where the same feeling did not exist, of course the same zealous co-operation could not be secured. The Spanish police was therefore compelled, in the pursuit of ordinary criminals, to fall back upon their own resources, which, for general purposes of investigation, were feeble and imperfect when compared with those of the old French police. So that in Spain, by a great apparent contradiction, the common offender frequently evaded the pursuit of justice for years, while crimes aimed directly against the throne, however adroitly concealed, were often detected and punished with a rapidity which, in the eyes of the people, resembled the instant judgment of an offended God; that speedy vengeance was however but the natural though unperceived effect of their own devotion to the crown. It may however be observed that, in those parts of the country which have latterly become a frequent scene of conspiracy and disturbance, the general perceptions of the Spanish police have become wonderfully improved.

The Spaniard of the old school identifies his own honour, purely and entirely, with that of his Sovereign. When, on a certain occasion, King Ferdinand arrested some individuals of name and weight, without assigning any reasons for the proceeding, the arrest naturally became a prominent subject of conversation at the market-place of a neighbouring city. Such an exertion of the regal authority would probably, in England, have at any time excited a resentful feeling among the people; but in proportion as the act was startling, and arbitrary, and unexplained, did the Spaniards think it right worthy of their Sovereign, and strutted about rejoicing in the fulness of his power, saying, with pride and pleasure, "*Es mucho Rey*," he is

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a King every inch of him. And yet to such a people our liberal politicians would recommend laws and institutions fitted only for a nation of republicans.

Before we continued our journey we went to a neighbouring convent to see the real, or supposed, skeleton of a saint, for I felt by no means certain that Dr. Buckland would have declared it a remnant of the "human form divine." I did not however betray a suspicion which would have scandalized my royalist friends, who were greatly moved at the sight of this relique, and indignantly pointed out some injuries inflicted on it by the Constitutionalists. "*Mala fé, mala fé,*" said the corporal, slowly and gravely shaking his head. "Spain shall be governed by her King alone!" added his more impetuous companion.

While I was consuming my fish and wine a friar approached me, apparently fatigued, and said he had been travelling barefooted towards Madrid to solicit an interview with the King, but had not been allowed by the authorities to reach the capital, and was now returning to his convent. I requested him to partake of my humble fare, which he declined, saying exultingly, "Behold, my son, the advantages attached to my holy profession;" and as he spoke he drew from his pocket a badge of his order, which admitted him into any monastery, and entitled him to a cell for the night and to a share of the best provisions. As the soldiers were on regular duty, the Sergeant had instructions to levy horses in the name of the government, and consequently applied to the Alcalde of the district to assist him in the execution of his orders.

The appearance of this worthy officer of the Crown was beyond description ludicrous: his dress was literally in tatters; he wore no coat, but carried on one arm the remnants of what had been a jacket in his youthful days, then past some forty years; his waistcoat was of a faded crimson; his shirt-sleeves, from continual wear and little washing, had assumed a most sombre hue; his smallclothes, buttoned high on the sides, were full of gaping holes; so were his stockings; the long flaps of his pockets resembled asses' ears; the ends of his shoes turned up in front with a most extravagant flourish, while the heels were absolutely obliterated. On his head he proudly carried a peaked cap, to which was affixed the badge of office, but out of all

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modest proportion, so huge it was. In addition, the cloth of his cap was twisted into a sort of horn, which projected far in front, and was intended to invest the official pigmy with a greater awe and dignity, but unluckily it had the most burlesque effect imaginable. He scarcely attained five feet in height, but had elevated himself to the standard of common men by perching judiciously on a neighbouring hillock. So stationed, he drew up his diminutive figure, and glanced his little eagle eyes around with an expression of conscious importance, as he declared he would forthwith promulgate his orders for the fresh supply of horses, which the Sergeant demanded in the name of his government. The friar, who was waggishly inclined, and disposed to abate an excess of magnificence which completely overshadowed his own ecclesiastical consequence, approached the little potentate bareheaded, and with an air of deep humility. He said that some trifling errors might have crept into his passport, some necessary signatures might have been omitted; in short, in the disturbed state of the country, he was most anxious to obtain his Excellency's opinion of a document so essential to his safety.

The Alcalde commended him for the readiness with which he had voluntarily submitted his case to the civil authorities, received his passport, and, glancing over it, assured him that his apprehensions were well founded. He observed that, by the last regulation, travellers were required to obtain the signature of every Alcalde through whose district they might happen to pass; but in the passport then under his inspection some important signatures were wanting. This omission would entail upon the monk the payment of a fine, which he, the Alcalde, would receive, and apply to the uses of the state. After this exposition of the law, he trusted that the monk would not encroach upon his valuable time by any unnecessary delay, but would forthwith pay the penalty. The monk said, in reply, he should, of course, submit to his Excellency's decision with the deference that became a poor friar transacting business with a person of his exalted station; but, feeling anxious to avoid any future irregularities, he implored his Excellency to guard against the possibility of their recurrence, by specifying the particular signatures omitted in his passport.

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The man of pomp seemed much annoyed by this audacious spirit of inquiry. At first I only supposed that his dignity would not stoop to debate, but his increasing confusion led me to suspect a deeper cause. Absurd and original as the creature was, the solution of his embarrassment really surprised me; for, like the great men of yore, he proved to be totally unacquainted with the art of letters. Believing, however, from the friar's apparent doubts, and from his allusion to certain supposed omissions, that some informality of that nature existed in his passport, he had determined to take advantage of this belief, and exact a fine, which would certainly never have been transmitted to his Majesty's exchequer. The Sergeant, joining us at that moment, looked over the passport, and declared that the only signature deficient was that of the illustrious Alcalde himself, a deficiency explained by his inability to write, and yet reluctance to expose his ignorance by putting the mark required under such circumstances. The Sergeant then observed that the friar was legally entitled to exact a fine from the Alcalde for having omitted to place his mark upon a passport regularly forwarded to him. This announcement was received with delight by the crafty monk, who had deliberately led the Alcalde into this ridiculous scrape. "*Solvuntur tabulæ;*" the little man abdicated his hillock, and sneaked off praying for mercy amid the shouts of the soldiers, "*quantum mutatus ab illo,*" who lately stood magnificent, and said "he would promulgate his orders throughout the land."

We continued, for many hours, to pursue our journey through the heart of Galicia; the country was wild and unfrequented, and the manners of the people truly primitive, for they have little communication with the world, from which they are separated by their mountains. A fine wintry sunset was followed by a bright frosty night: at a late hour we reached a venta, or solitary house; it was prettily placed behind a clump of trees, but rarely perhaps in the record of any traveller has such an absolute hovel been dignified by the name of an inn. The principal apartment was picturesque enough. The walls were blackened with soot, and neither floor nor pavement covered the bare earth. As there was no chimney, the room was filled with murky clouds, through which I distinguished an old woman, fantastically dressed, looking like a witch, and stirring up the caldron des-

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tined to relieve our physical wants. Till I became in some degree accustomed to that intolerable atmosphere, I fluctuated between the arctic and the tropic regions; the clouds of smoke, inflaming my throat and eyes, repeatedly drove me from the hovel, and the rigour of the external air as frequently forced me back to my Tartarean cavern. As the soldiers thought themselves bound to follow these rapid transitions, the inmates of the venta must have supposed us engaged in a game of hide and seek; and, at length, the effect became so ludicrous that I was obliged to renounce the ambulatory system, and sat, as the hapless infidel is described to sit, in the emphatic diction of the Koran, under a column of smoke neither cool nor agreeable.

In the mean time Manuel, my Portuguese muleteer, was making desperate love to a ponderous damsel, whose appearance was by no means favourable to the tender passion. I overheard him tell her that he fully expected to accompany me to England in the capacity of head muleteer; and should his hopes in that respect be realised, he was anxious to convey her with him as his bride. He then attacked a less youthful dame, and asked her whether the monks represented their absent husbands with satisfaction to the fair sex, and with credit to themselves? To which she answered, with perfect coolness, "Vastly well indeed." "This young woman," said Manuel, addressing me, "is the daughter of a friar." I asked her whether his statement were correct; and she answered, without hesitation, in the affirmative. She may or may not have spoken truly; but she was manifestly a dashing and rather unscrupulous damsel, and it would be unfair to infer from that conversation that such infringements of the conventual vow are frequent among the friars in that country.

A portion of the Galician peasantry abandon their homes for many months in the year, and seek employment in other parts of the kingdom. These poor men are proverbially industrious, but seldom realise much by their expeditions.

I now retired to rest: my sleeping apartment had neither door nor windows, and its naked walls were left in the primitive grandeur of brick and mortar. The soldiers collected round the entrance that led into this strange recess, and became quickly engaged in a game of cards, but spoke in whispers, apparently unwilling to disturb me. I was, however, soon aroused by an altercation, and heard the soldiers evidently resisting some pro-

posal, urged in a shrill and tremulous tone by a person whose voice I did not recognise: the cause of this excitement was whimsical enough, and characteristic of the place and time. The wife of a neighbouring peasant had been apprised of the circumstances under which I had arrived at the venta, and was extremely urgent to see me. She declared that she had often heard of these horrid *nègros*, but had never chanced to behold one of that impious sect. She would not endanger her soul by tarrying in his company, but confessed that her disappointment would be deep indeed if she were compelled to depart without seeing a sight she might never have an opportunity of witnessing again.

The soldiers, who, much as they hated a Constitutionalist, were not under the influence of the *nègro* superstition, which was chiefly, if not entirely, confined to the peasantry, were half displeased and half amused by this absurd interruption. They turned, however, a deaf ear to her remonstrances, which became so pathetic that my heart was touched, and I begged the soldiers to gratify her curiosity. She approached me slowly, crossing herself, and muttering an Ave Maria to shield her, body and soul, during the perilous progress she was making towards that incarnate devil which she believed me to be. After gazing for some time, at a cautious distance, on the object of her suspicion, she retreated, voting me in all probability a poor specimen of the hellish brood, and disappointed at perceiving neither horns, nor cloven foot, nor nostrils of fire, nor any unequivocal symptom of the fiend.

The night wind was so cold and piercing, that I had little inclination to remain long on my couch of rest, though much fatigued by the day's journey. Early on the following morning I resumed my place in the hovel, and was again half suffocated by smoke. The soldiers guarded the entrance; and, as I was bending over the fire in fancied solitude, tracing figures with my stick in the dying embers, and engrossed by the recollection of other times and fairer scenes, I was suddenly brought to a full sense of my actual locality by a shrill cry of "Alms! alms!" which seemed to proceed from the very spot where I was seated. The petitioner was at first invisible; but after much inspection I discovered a woman in the murkiest corner of the hut. She and her four children were almost buried beneath a mingled heap of straw and rags. This strange applicant for charity proved to be

the landlady's sister; her habitation was in filth and darkness, the atmosphere she breathed was the densest smoke, her face, begrimed with soot, seemed hardly human, and her cry was like a wail from the infernal regions. Such is a faithful picture of a Galician inn in the most uncivilised part of the province; such the degraded state of its inmates.

The rest of the party gradually assembled, and Manuel, my Portuguese muleteer, and a Galician peasant, were soon engaged in a warm discussion respecting the Lord's Prayer. The Galician repeated it in a solemn voice, with uplifted hands, and a countenance expressive of the most fervent devotion; while Manuel, who was a native of Oporto, and affected an utter contempt for all religious rites, declared that he had long forgotten the Lord's Prayer; an avowal which excited the utmost indignation in the Galician, who reproached him in such bitter and unmeasured language, that Manuel retracted the confession he had just made; for, like many of the Constitutionalists among the lower classes, he entertained a strong though secret belief in the doctrines of the Church which he pretended to revile. The Galician treated his recantation with such evident incredulity and scorn, that Manuel, stung to the quick, offered to bet that he could repeat the Lord's Prayer correctly. The honest peasant accepted his wager, but observed, fairly enough, that a man who had made two contradictory statements in the same breath might possibly refuse to pay his just debts if declared a loser. He therefore required, as a preliminary, that, before the trial, both parties should deposit their respective shares in the hands of a third person. Manuel acceded to this arrangement, and the money was placed, at his own request, in the hands of the young woman with whom he had flirted so gallantly on the preceding evening.

Manuel repeated the Lord's Prayer, and would certainly have been adjudged triumphant, though the Galician disputed the correctness of a single word; but while this skirmishing was carried on at the outposts, the citadel was betrayed. The young woman said, addressing those around her, that Manuel had evidently won the bet, and that, under such circumstances, she considered her claim to the money superior even to his. He had made her two promises on the previous night, to make her mis-

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tress of all his goods, and to take her with him to England. These he had clearly no intention of carrying into effect. The last, indeed, she could not oblige him to fulfil; but she would take good care that he performed the first, at least in part. Saying this, she departed, unperceived by the eager disputants, who were only apprised of the failure of the bank by a general roar of laughter. The Galician was thunderstruck, but Manuel's emotion was of a more lively character. He declared that no earthly power should induce him to quit the hovel till he had recovered the money, of which he had been basely defrauded by an infamous woman. The Sergeant, however, informed him briefly that the time fixed for the renewal of the march had arrived, and that he must mount his mule without delay. A ludicrous scene of protestation, entreaty, and impotent anger ensued. The inmates of the hovel refused to assist him in finding the young woman; the Sergeant, whose muscles had not undergone the slightest change, evidently thought it beneath his dignity to interfere, and calmly, but sternly, insisted on his instant compliance with the orders to march; while the soldiers assured him that he had fairly won the bet, and if he had lost his money he had saved his honour; a species of consolation which stimulated his rage. Meanwhile his worthy but somewhat stupid opponent, only just recovering from his amazement, looked on in silence, half displeased at a manœuvre which he justly considered dishonest, and half gratified by the signal overthrow of his impious adversary; for he clearly saw that the affair concerned him not, as the money would have been unanimously awarded to Manuel. The enraged Lothario was finally marched off; but ever and anon he cast doleful glances on the Galician hut, where, severed from his side, the cherished coppers of his affection were snugly deposited.

It may be said that I have dwelt too much upon trifling occurrences and facts leading to no results; but as the traveller can only become well acquainted with the feelings and opinions of a people by observing their peculiar modes of thought and noticing their casual remarks, so he can only hope to convey a faithful picture of that people by communicating to his readers those facts, however trivial they may be, which have contributed to form his general estimate of the national character; and this observation is perhaps applicable to a far higher species of compo-

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sition. The most useful part of history is often the most neglected; the reader is fatigued with military operations and treaties in endless detail; while that which is fraught with a far deeper interest to a comprehensive mind, the progress of society, the opinions entertained at various epochs by the people, not only on political matters, but on subjects connected with ordinary life, and the relative degrees of civilization in different periods, are slightly alluded to, or passed over in silence. These considerations are deprived of their due weight, mainly, I believe, because they are best illustrated by details which the author too often rejects as trivial, and beneath the dignity of historical composition.* But I am plunging into a discussion which I have no business to inflict on the reader of a Spanish tour. I will therefore conclude this little digression by relieving him from the fear of any further details connected with my Galician expedition.

As we approached Santiago the character of the country changed. The ground was beautifully undulated, the verdure delightful, and streams of the clearest water abounded. Man was also evidently higher in the scale of creation; the alcaldes of districts could always read, and sometimes write; their alarming horns were modified, and the holes in their attire became less huge and numerous. As we drew near Santiago I became extremely anxious about some papers in my possession. A traveller sustains an irreparable injury in the loss of his journal when it is a summary of facts and observations, and a daily record of events; I then remembered with uneasiness the destruction of my notes during the Catalan Revolution in 1822; notes compiled with care during a long residence in the country; written, too, at a time when Spain, revolutionary and struggling, but still romantic

* From this charge I must exempt that invaluable writer Miss Strickland. To this lady we are indebted for publications that will last as long as the language in which they are written. Miss Strickland, and Miss Strickland alone, has shown society as it existed in England during successive centuries. She has redeemed characters of great historical interest; she has redeemed history itself, and that which is of most importance to an Englishman, the history of his country, from the cloud of misrepresentation which has so long obscured it. How can merit such as hers hope to escape calumny? She can, however, well afford to despise it. Her works can never die; henceforth they must form a regular part of education, and be studied by every well-educated person.

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Spain, had in my eyes all the charms of novelty; when my own feelings were comparatively fresh; when my mind was still under the influence of recent and vivid impressions, and during a period of unequalled political interest.

I had a small mattress, the only luxury I carried with me from Oporto, though it had become so torn and dirty that I had latterly but seldom applied it to the purpose for which it was originally intended. When first placed under arrest at Lugo, I foresaw that a rigid examination of my papers would eventually be instituted, and I felt that the frequent allusions to the government and to the state of the country would confirm the suspicion entertained as to the motives of my journey, and would probably render their seizure certain. Under this conviction I made a slit in the mattress, inserted my papers into the opening, and had the separated parts sewed up by my servant. This device might succeed with the rustic police of Lugo; but I thought that the more practised agents of the central government would explore every nook of my ragged bedding. It was not, however, at this time easy to remove the papers secretly, as the soldiers watched my movements with unrelaxed vigilance; nor could even my servants absent themselves from the party for many minutes together without exciting suspicion. Indeed, I found it difficult to communicate with Antonio, as any appearance of consultation would have increased their watchfulness, and defeated my intention. In this dilemma I resorted unwillingly to a disagreeable artifice. After our mid-day halt, and just before we remounted, I desired Antonio to arrange the luggage on the mule so as to embarrass, without absolutely impeding, the progress of the animal, or rendering the assistance of a third person necessary. He took the hint; and when we had proceeded a little way I pretended to perceive, for the first time, the confused state of the luggage. I waxed wrathful, and, approaching Antonio, told him in English to disregard the feigned irritation of my manner, and to pay the strictest attention to every word, as I should have no future opportunity of repeating my instructions. I then told him how to remove my papers from the mattress, to put Manuel partially in our confidence, and, with his assistance, conceal them in the hay with which he fed his mules, immediately after our arrival at Santiago.

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Our conference was short, yet did not escape the observation of the soldiers; but they suspected no collusion, as they saw my attention exclusively and angrily directed towards the disordered state of the baggage. My fears were, however, revived at the barrier of Santiago, where we were delayed by the customhouse officers, who insisted on searching my effects. The pride of authority rescued my papers from this fresh hazard; for the Sergeant declared that I was wholly under the military arm; that he was bound to consign me to the Captain-General of the province; that, in my actual position, I was not amenable to any civil power, and he would not tolerate the interference of any civil officer. After a warm discussion we proceeded through the city to the residence of the Captain-General. He was taking his siesta, and I was detained rather longer than I approved of in an apartment opening into the audience-room. He was at length declared too unwell to transact business that evening; and soon afterwards the Secretary of Police came to me, examined my passport, declared that it was perfectly correct, and expressed his astonishment at the conduct of the authorities of Lugo, whom he denominated madmen. He said he should represent their folly and insolence in the strongest colours to the Captain-General, begged me to accept a thousand apologies, and restored me at once to perfect liberty. This decision was received with great applause by my Royalist companions, who, now no longer my guards, insisted upon accompanying me as friends to the Estrella inn. I was happy to see them in that capacity, and glad to be released from their perpetual vigilance. The inn was kept by a Frenchman, and was far superior in comfort and cleanliness to my last abode in this city, the Viuda San Valentina, though no familiar visits from the great patron saint of Spain were recorded in its annals.

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CHAPTER VI.

Author arrested again — Description of Eguia, then Captain-General, the famous Carlist Chief commanding in Biscay—Eguia's Tribunal—Author examined—Remains in Santiago on Parole—State of Public Feeling—Immense Power of the Clergy—Spanish Notions of Religious Freedom—Love and Devotion in Spain—Vigilance of the Police—Señor Atocha—Eguia's Tribunal—Author restored to Liberty—Re-enters Portugal.

I WAS now free; but when I reflected upon the arbitrary measures pursued by the authorities, in summoning me to their conclave in the middle of the night, and compelling me to undertake a long and difficult expedition during an inclement season—when I remembered also the strict injunctions to prevent my escape, my sudden and unconditional release appeared even more astonishing than my previous arrest. I could not divine the reasons which had induced those worthies to send me so jealously guarded to the capital of Galicia, and then let me loose in the streets and bid me go about my business. But while I was musing on the strange conduct of men who seemed to be rather guided by caprice than by any consistent motive, another vicissitude of fortune was at hand. Early on the following morning I was again placed under arrest. At twelve o'clock the Secretary of Police called on me, and requested me to accompany him to the audience-room, where the Captain-General awaited my arrival.

I found Eguia, the Captain-General of Galicia, in a lofty room, looking like an inquisitor of old, a black cap on his head, and indeed entirely habited in black, sitting in a chair of state before a long table covered with green baize, and surrounded by officers and persons connected with the police. We exchanged salutations coldly, and I sat down in a chair immediately opposite to his. He broke silence by expressing his regret at finding himself under the necessity of proceeding with an inquiry rendered indispensable by my conduct; but, in the first place, he thought it right to urge me in the most solemn

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manner to make a full confession of every particular. I said, in answer, that no words could express the astonishment produced in my mind by the extraordinary conduct that had been adopted towards me; I had been forcibly conveyed across the mountains to Santiago without having received the most distant intimation of the reasons which had induced the authorities to resort to such a measure; I had been, however, last night released, and assured by the Secretary that the central government of the province was both astonished at and displeased by the proceedings of the police of Lugo. I was therefore much surprised at his Excellency's address.

He answered that the Secretary was not then aware of the secret correspondence that had taken place respecting me, or that the authorities of Lugo were acting in concert with the government of Santiago. The Secretary had merely looked at my passport, and, finding it correct, had censured their proceedings under the mistaken impression that my arrest had been founded on some supposed informality in that document. He concluded by urging me again most solemnly to confess, as any evasion would be useless; for he assured me that every act I had committed, every opinion I had expressed, and almost every word I had uttered since my entrance into Spain, were known to the tribunal of the police. From the emphatic tone in which he made this assertion, and from the deep attention with which it was received, a stranger might have supposed that he arrogated to himself the power of seeing into all hearts, and that his claim to such a divine attribute was acquiesced in by his retainers. But, in fact, this manner is assumed to surprise the unguarded conspirator into a full confession of his crimes, by persuading him that he is surrounded by an invisible but overwhelming and omniscient agency, from whose toils there is no escape. I replied with warmth that I had no confession to make, that I had not offended wittingly against any law of Spain, that I could not have expressed any disloyal opinions because I entertained none; and, finally, I called upon him to state the names of my accusers, and the nature of the charges preferred against me. He said the charges were of the gravest kind, and the accusers persons in whom the government had the firmest reliance; but added, that it was not customary to satisfy the accused on these points.

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An examination then took place, extremely curious, as it illustrates in the most striking manner the general accuracy and extent of information which the Spanish police are, or rather were under the old system, enabled to command on certain subjects; it also impressed me with the occasional fallacy of strong circumstantial evidence, as, in this case, a multitude of trivial circumstances apparently led to one positive conclusion; the immediate inferences drawn from the separate facts were often correct, while the deduction from the aggregate was completely false.

They evidently believed that I was a Spaniard—that, acting in concert with the Spanish Constitutional refugees in Portugal, I had entered Galicia to establish communications with the malcontents, and ascertain the state of the forts and the general disposition of the people previous to an invasion. I was surprised at the degree to which my movements had been observed, and questions which I had asked in different parts of the country noted down and compared: in this way a string of facts had been collected together; these were combined with so much ingenuity as to establish against me a strong presumptive case of suspicion.

To give my readers some conception of the nature of this singular investigation I will insert some of the questions and replies, nearly as they were asked and answered, at least as they were committed to paper immediately after the examination, when they were still fresh in my recollection.

Eguia, Captain-General.—"Are you aware that you have disturbed the tranquillity of the whole province of Galicia?"—"Certainly not. I thought that I had passed through the province without attracting attention, or giving offence to the authorities by word or deed."

Capt.-General.—"You have assigned different motives for your expedition into Spain, and have entered the kingdom upon false pretences."—"I have not; nor can you make good your assertion."

The Captain-General turned slowly round to one of the officers standing near him, and whispered in his ear. The officer disappeared for a moment, and then returned with a heap of papers. Eguia selected a few from the file, and resumed.

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"Did not you bring a letter of introduction to Don ——?"—"I did."

Capt.-General.—"And to Don ——?"—"I did."

Capt.-General.—"To Don —— also, and to Don ——?"—"Yes."

Capt.-General.—"Did not you deviate from the high road, and cross some miles of difficult country, to see Don ——?"—"I certainly did."

Capt.-General.—"Do you acknowledge yourself to have been the bearer of a letter to this effect?"—He then read extracts from a letter addressed by a gentleman in England to a Spaniard, stating that I was proceeding to the Peninsula to recruit my health in its genial climate, and requesting him to show me every attention.—"I certainly brought a letter to that effect, though I cannot charge my memory with the precise words."

He then read another, written by an English merchant at Oporto. It stated that I was on the point of leaving that city to explore the natural beauties of Galicia, and concluded nearly in these words: "He intends to ride through the wildest part of your province. I wish he would defer his expedition till the summer, as he is much too late in the year for your mountains, and must expect bad weather and much hardship; but he is fond of enterprise, and seems callous to these considerations."

"Do you acknowledge this letter?"—I assented.

Capt.-General.—"Perhaps you will also agree with me that the motives assigned for your journey in these two letters are not very consistent?"—"This circumstance admits of explanation."

The Captain-General bowed, with that peculiar inclination of the head which indicates what, if expressed in words, would be, "I do not contradict you, but allow me to draw my own inference." And then, as if determined to overwhelm me by the number of my own confessions, and by a mass of contradictory statements on the part of my friends, he produced a third letter, which declared that my chief motive in visiting Galicia was the desire of becoming acquainted with the remains of art scattered over the province; that I was fond of Spanish lore, and should be gratified by the sight of any records which

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threw light upon the ancient usages of the people. A fourth, and last, was then summoned "from the vasty deep," which stated, without any circumlocution, that my inquiries were chiefly, if not exclusively, directed to the actual state of the country.

"So that, according to the deposition of your friends," the Captain-General observed, "it appears, that ill health, which has forced you from your own country; a thirst for enterprise, which has driven you into our mountains; the Galicians as they were, and the Galicians as they are, have been each successively declared the principal objects of your expedition into Spain."

It must be confessed that such conflicting statements may well have appeared extremely suspicious to persons so utterly unacquainted with English habits as the Spaniards. The fact is, the greater part of these letters were given me by the merchants of Oporto, just before I commenced my Galician tour; and as it is customary in the Peninsula to assign some reason for travelling in letters of introduction, all alleged some motive, and probably no two persons fixed upon the same; each writing what had occurred to him at the moment, or what he thought most adapted to the taste and habits of his correspondent. Englishmen, accustomed to roam over every quarter of the globe, attach little importance to the reasons which induce a man to undertake any expedition, however distant or foreign to the ordinary route of travellers; but the Spaniard, who never enters on a journey without having a specific and personal object in view, becomes very suspicious of hidden and ulterior projects if there be any inconsistency in the ostensible motives of the expedition.

The Captain-General continued. "You have chosen an extraordinary time of the year to ramble through our mountain-districts."—"I had no option with respect to time, as I must shortly return to Lisbon."

Captain-General.—"Yet while you travelled through days of continued rain to visit obscure places that could possess no interest in your eyes, except in a political point of view, you neglected objects highly interesting to an antiquarian, or to a man of taste. For instance, you did not visit this very apartment."

Now that audience-room was certainly fine and well-proportioned, but had no particular attractions to a man who had wan-

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dered among the palaces of Europe till he was tired of their very names, and had seen apartments immeasurably grander than the one in question. However, I should not have advanced my interests by mortifying Spanish pride; so policy kept me silent, and I gave no utterance to the thought which naturally arose in my mind.

But although his allusion to that particular room was founded on that little vanity which so often induces men to overrate objects in any way connected with themselves, there was both truth and shrewdness in the general observation. The desire of becoming acquainted with the actual state of the country induced me to undertake the expedition, and I constantly deviated from the high road to communicate with persons for whom I had letters, and to obtain the desired information. As the English at Oporto were principally connected with the Liberal party in Spain, my letters were often addressed to individuals, as I afterwards found, notoriously disaffected to the Government—a circumstance which did not prejudice my inquiries, as I made allowance for the natural bias of my informants, and became acquainted, through their means, with persons of different opinions; but it was eminently calculated to excite the jealousy of the police. They soon discovered that my inquiries were generally directed to political matters; and it appeared, in their eyes, highly improbable that I should encounter so much trouble for the sole purpose of becoming minutely acquainted with the actual state of political feeling in Spain. They accordingly solved the difficulty by concluding that I was one of the many emissaries who had lately traversed Galicia with secret instructions from the exiled Constitutionalists. Having once decided upon my vocation, they soon fitted me with an identity, as will appear in the sequel. But to resume the examination:—

Capt.-General.—"Your inquiries were everywhere of a political nature. Did you not pay great attention to the dockyards at Ferrol?"—"I certainly beheld that great national work with considerable interest. In the eyes of a Spaniard such an admission can, I think, be prejudicial to no man."

Capt.-General.—"Did you not examine minutely the fortifications of Lugo?"—"At Lugo I certainly walked round the ramparts and examined some ancient masonry, but was accompanied

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by the Governor of the town. The presence of an officer filling so high a post under the Crown ought surely to have protected me from any injurious suspicions."

Eguia looked annoyed at this remark, but let it pass. After a momentary pause he continued. "Were you not joined at Corunna by a dark man who accompanied you to the dockyard, and departed after a secret consultation with you? Did he not also call himself an English fidalgo? Some years have elapsed since any foreign noble has been in Galicia. Is it probable that two should meet accidentally at the same time, at the same place, and proceed together to examine one of our strongholds?"—"I cannot say whether such an event be probable, but thus it actually occurred. My friend Lord C—— was driven into Corunna by stress of weather, during my stay in that town; being desirous of seeing Ferrol, we joined parties and proceeded to that port. I remember no secret consultation. We certainly dined together after our visit to the arsenal, but every word that passed between us might have been reported to the government with my entire consent."

Capt.-General.—"Were you not urged by some friends on board the steamboat to proceed to Lisbon by that conveyance; and did you not answer, that you should like it well, as you were tired of travelling in bad weather but that you must positively see Gijon, an obscure place at a great distance from Corunna, difficult of access, and possessing no interest or consideration, except in a particular point of view; or, to speak more clearly, except as a place of descent on the coast?"

I have explained to the reader my reason for wishing to see Gijon; to the Captain-General I made no reply.

Capt.-General.—"Did not you engage a passage in a small vessel bound to Gijon, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of your friends? When the British Consul came down to the inn and attempted to dissuade you from so rash an undertaking, did you not reply that you were bent on seeing Gijon; and were you not solely frustrated by a continuance of adverse and tempestuous winds? Can you assign any reason for this extraordinary conduct?

I was rather at a loss for a reply; at length I said, "I wished to see Asturias; it is the only Spanish province I have not seen."

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Capt.-General.—"Pardon me, Señor; you have stated in former conversations that you have never been in Estremadura."

I was really astonished at this instance of the Captain-General's minute information.—"Your Excellency is right," I replied, "and seems to possess a more distinct recollection of my movements than I do myself. I believe I have never been in Estremadura."

Capt.-General.—"You admit that you were in Spain some time ago. Pray name the period."—"During the years 1821 and 1822."

The Captain-General observed that their suspicions were now confirmed, and acquainted me, for the first time, with the exact nature of the charges upon which I had been arrested. It appeared that a gentleman of the name of G—— had taken an active part in the excesses committed by the Constitutionalists during those years, and, after the fall of the Constitution in 1823, had placed himself at the head of a band of partisans and had carried on a desperate struggle in the mountains, whence he had ultimately effected his escape. He was about my own age, and some real or fancied resemblance in my person to that chief had given rise to the belief that G—— had re-entered Spain, pretending to be an Englishman.

The idea was communicated to the police, who already viewed my movements with suspicion. They consequently made some peasants, who had seen the chief in question, enter an inn where I was sitting over the kitchen-fire, address me, and observe my features narrowly. These men returned to their employers under the full belief that I was the identical man. Their depositions were transmitted to the government at Santiago, which immediately forwarded instructions to the authorities at Lugo to arrest me on my arrival at that town, and send me to the capital of the province.

The Captain-General then read letters from several individuals, whose names he would not disclose, but who all concurred in suspecting the motives of my journey, and strongly advised my arrest. I discovered some of the writers from particular circumstances to which they alluded; and perceived with regret that in some instances they were persons from whom I had received great attention.

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Eguia dwelt much on my resemblance to the Spaniards; the colour of my hair and eyes, the darkness of my complexion, my general manners, and even my habits, he said, were purely Spanish. I pleaded in opposition my foreign accent and imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language. He admitted my plea, but observed that these were positively the only circumstances which favoured my claim to an English origin, and, being easily feigned, but slightly militated against the mass of evidence accumulated on the other side. He then declared his concurrence in the general belief, and strengthened his final arguments by specific allusions to the Spanish length, and breadth, and blackness of my whiskers. Hearing myself described as totally unlike my countrymen, and rather nettled at the remark, I said, perhaps idly, that I had only one observation to make. The General did not hear me; but the police, in the true spirit of exaggeration, immediately informed him that I had something to reveal, and he, with an equal readiness of apprehension, supposed that I was on the eve of making a full avowal of my crimes. He waved his hand to the persons surrounding the table to retire; a signal which they most reluctantly obeyed, only falling back as far as the door, where they stood eager to catch every syllable of the forthcoming confession. The Captain-General, well pleased that his oratory had at length prevailed, and fully expecting some mighty divulgement, bent forward with a most encouraging air, saying that he would listen patiently to every particular; the police fixed their eyes intently upon me; the notaries resumed their pens; and a breathless silence prevailed. But when I was compelled to repeat the trifling observation which had given birth to such high-raised expectations, and which in fact was only that Englishmen had long, black, and broad whiskers in common with the rest of mankind, the amusement of the spectators, and the displeasure and disappointment of the authorities, were truly ludicrous. A titter, repressed only by the awe in which the Captain-General and the police were held, ran round the apartment, while Eguia drew himself up with a most indignant growl, vastly annoyed at the pompous dismissal of the spectators and at all the solemn proceedings which had ushered in such a ridiculous declaration. This circumstance at once put an end to the examination, which had lasted two hours.

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I returned to the inn, where I remained under surveillance, and was visited in the evening by the Intendant of the Police, who communicated to me Eguia's final decision. He had determined to send an express to Mr. Bartlett, the British Consul at Corunna, desiring him to state whether he could positively assure the government that I was a native of Great Britain, and the person whom I professed myself to be; and whether he would guarantee the legitimacy of the objects I had in view in visiting Spain. The Intendant added, that, in consideration of the rank I might possibly be found to possess, Eguia would, in the mean time, only require my parole of honour, and the public appearance of some friend as Fiador, who would be held responsible for my presence in the city.

During my examination the Captain-General had requested me to name the persons resident at Santiago to whom I had delivered letters of introduction. I was embarrassed by the question, because I felt that, in the equivocal position in which I then stood, I could hardly name an individual without involving him in the suspicion that attached to myself. A moment's reflection, however, convinced me that the question was only asked to ascertain whether I should attempt to practise any deception. The police had kept so vigilant an eye on all my movements, that they could not fail of knowing the persons with whom I had associated, and would certainly have imputed criminal motives to my friends from any attempt on my part to conceal their names. I therefore mentioned some, and among others Don Louis R——.

When the Secretary had communicated to me the Captain-General's decision he requested me to accompany him to Don Louis's house, where a great, and, apparently, a very disagreeable sensation was produced by the appearance of the Secretary of the Police. The servant who opened the door, instead of showing us to the apartment where her master was sitting, retreated in most admired disorder, leaving us in a dark passage to make the best of our way into the parlour.

Don Louis, who was transacting business, dropped some papers from his hand in the alarm and surprise excited by the abrupt entrance of the dreaded functionary, and the strangers who were with him glided hastily out of the room. His appre-

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hensions were not diminished by a peremptory order to give up his papers, and particularly to produce the letter he had received from me. Don Louis placed this valuable document in the hands of the Secretary, who examined it carefully, and, becoming in some degree reassured by the harmless nature of its contents, informed him of the circumstances under which I had been arrested; and asked him whether he would become my Fiador, and pledge himself for my appearance at any moment that the Captain-General might require my presence. He said that, in default of such an arrangement, it would be necessary to keep me in strict confinement. The old man consented, and my situation became more tolerable. It is true that a police-officer was always stationed at the door of the inn, and regularly gave notice to some of his brethren whenever I left the house. They followed me through all my wanderings, keeping their eyes constantly upon me, but without any active interference, and remaining so far aloof, that I became at length almost indifferent to such a mitigated surveillance.

During the remainder of the time I spent at Santiago I was treated with the utmost kindness by Don Louis and his son, and passed many pleasant hours in their family circle. During my previous visit to that city the incessant rain had left upon my mind a very unfavourable impression of the surrounding scenery; but my opinion was completely changed when I saw it under the magical influence of a cloudless sky. Like the countenance of a pretty child, that country should be seen, not in tears, but in its laughing hours. It cannot boast of those striking features which retain their grandeur under every fluctuation of the atmosphere, but has all those softer charms which rivet the eye when clad in sunshine, though totally lost in the mists of a stormy day. The foreground is varied and beautifully undulated, and the view is terminated by a range of blue mountains rising boldly in the distance. I wandered almost every morning to a picturesque quarry, where I sat enjoying the prospect, till I perceived that my occupations were minutely observed, upon which I deserted my favourite spot, recollecting that even inanimate rocks must not be too much inspected in troubled times; "*etiam saxa loquuntur.*"

The dominion of the priests was then absolute at Santiago,

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and I was told that the outward indications of religious feeling had latterly increased. Before the revolution of 1820 faction was asleep; the Church and her partisans were not aware that the ground upon which they stood was undermined, and that the ancient institutions of the land were actually nodding to their fall.

The events of the following years opened their eyes; the facility with which the old government was overthrown, and the evident intention of the Constitutionalists, during their day of power, not to reform, but to exterminate the priesthood, awakened their inmost fears, and roused an implacable spirit of vengeance. They naturally supposed that their existence as a body, possessing rights defined and recognised by the state, could only be secured by rooting out every vestige of principles espoused by a party whose hostility to their interests was so deadly and uncompromising. Even the moderate partisans of the Church, distrusting her actual strength, and conscious of the great though latent danger, entered warmly into the measures adopted for her defence; while her more heated and enterprising adherents fell into the errors of an age gone by, revived the exploded doctrine that men should be proscribed, not merely for their actions, but for their opinions, and loudly called for the re-establishment of the Inquisition, as the only engine which could enable them to carry their giant schemes into complete operation. And yet, however exaggerated the views entertained by some of the priesthood, they were, as a body, engaged in a war of self-preservation, not of aggression.

The progress of constitutional principles, and the imminent danger in which the Church was placed during the revolution of 1823, had the same effect upon their clergy which the growth of the dissenting interest at one time in some degree produced on ours. Their exertions to obtain influence over the people were never so great and sustained as since they felt the danger of losing it entirely; and in many parts of the country their labours were at that time rewarded by a proportionable increase of zealous feeling.

In Santiago itself the rites of public worship had never been so solemnly performed, the processions so frequent and interminable, or the voice of prayer so continual in the streets, as

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within the two years previous to my arrival. And effectively, although the High Church party failed in the struggle, then carrying on, to gain a complete ascendancy over the Crown, their power was then inordinately great in the provinces, and sometimes completely overshadowed the civil authority.

This peculiar state of things may be well illustrated by a little circumstance. I was walking one morning in the immediate environs of Santiago with an intelligent young Spaniard; he had been discussing political questions with great freedom,—he had alluded with regret to the fall of the Constitution,—he had reprobated in terms of unbounded censure the actual system of government, and had even spoken with contumely of the formidable Eguia. I happened, in the course of conversation, to ask him whether he did not think that some unfortunate results might not be ultimately referred to the celibacy of the clergy. We were walking at the moment, but he stopped abruptly when I put this question, his face became flushed, and he actually trembled; but, quickly recovering himself, he answered, "If the Captain-General and the police knew that I had assented to such a proposition, the lowest and darkest dungeon in the city would not be low or dark enough for me." Yet this man, who treated the general system of civil government, and even the actual authorities, with open contempt, trembled at the idea of being supposed to cast the slightest doubt, even in the most indirect manner, upon any part of the practice of the Church.

But if the Spanish clergy, writhing under a bitter sense of unprovoked and recent persecution, were struggling to retain their empire over the minds of men by means not altogether suited to the tolerant spirit of the age, Spain's liberal politicians among the lower, and often among the middling classes, were far less advanced in the career of Christian charity than the calumniated members of the Church, and frequently entertained notions of religious toleration well suited to the days of the second Philip.

Democratic opinions are nowhere more extreme than among the Spanish liberals; but in no country is the philosophy of freedom, civil or religious, less understood. I remember talking to a liberal in Valentia about the Inquisition, against which he declaimed with a truly patriotic energy. That institution was most

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annoying, he said, from its interference with the freedom of private life. "I hate oppression in any shape," he continued: "I am a friend to the human race. If, indeed, there be a Jew among us, burn him, I say, burn him alive; but interference with honest men like you and me on account of our opinions is beyond endurance."

Such barbarous and grotesque discrepancies between the most intolerant practice and a profession of the most liberal opinions are, of course, among the higher order of Spanish democrats, corrected by greater information and greater knowledge of the world; but the same utter misconception of the real principles of toleration actuates their conduct. The law, in their opinion, should in theory be equally applicable to all parties; but to act on the principle of administering the same measure of justice to the opponent as to the friend of the prevailing policy, to the Carlist as to the Queenite, would be reprobated as an indication of positive weakness, or, more probably, resented as a proof of covert treason. The notion of impartial dealing between man and man, without reference to the political opinions he may entertain, is in their eyes a practical mistake, attributable only to incapacity or collusion.

But I was speaking of the effects and extent of the clerical influence, of which, even in my own examination before the Captain-General, I perceived some traces. I was reminded of some questions which I had certainly asked, but remembered distinctly having only put them to one individual, who, I have every reason to believe, communicated them to the priest, by whom they were transmitted to the police. I do not accuse the Spanish clergy of violating the sacred trust reposed in them at the confessional—of this I am sure they are incapable; but I do think they often persuade their penitents to make, or at least to sanction, any revelations the Church may deem expedient; and this course is, I think, pursued still more where women are concerned. When the devotional feeling is strongly impressed on the mind of a fair Spaniard, it supersedes every other, even the deep-rooted passion of love; but this excess of zeal is chiefly found in the remote provinces.

Under the influence of this engrossing passion the character of the Spanish woman becomes altogether changed. If once per-

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suaded that the man she loves is conspiring against the Church, every avenue to her heart, that well of deep and inexhaustible feeling, is closed at once against him; an unworthy system of deception, the offspring of a false but not of a debased principle, is substituted for her former sincerity; she believes that her own, that his salvation, that the immortal weal of thousands whom his machinations may endanger, imperiously require her to sacrifice every personal feeling, to dive into his inmost thoughts for the purpose of betraying them, and to treasure up, and afterwards reveal, every careless word breathed in the hours of dalliance, or dropped in the unguarded moment of powerful emotion.

During the civil war there were instances of women, misled by their frenzied attachment to the Church, who actually received their unwary admirers in the warm embrace of love, and even in that hour of reciprocal passion dealt the fatal blow with a firm hand but an agonized heart. These remarks only apply to those volcanic dispositions, still, though but occasionally, found in parts of Spain over which religion exercises her most fanatic sway, and to those particular cases in which the safety of the Church is considered by the impassioned votaress as imperiously opposed to the dictates of the heart. Generally speaking, love and religion are twin sisters in Spain, and accord extremely well: in England, a man of pleasure endeavouring to engage the affections of a married woman systematically undermines every sacred impression, and keeps out of sight all that can possibly promote religious zeal. In Spain, he seeks his object by a different course; religion is too often made subservient to his views; he frequents the holy festivals which she attends; the deep devotion of her spirit lives upon his lips; and if he cannot kneel by her side in the long aisle, at least she knows too well that his eye is upon her. Yet this can hardly be attributed to the religion of the country, but rather to many concurring causes that have operated upon society for centuries. Spanish devotion is often attired in gloomy colours. I have seen the antiquated dames of Murcia solemnly pacing the public walks of their city, with little scourges attached to their dress, and knotted for the purpose of self-torture. But their faith is sometimes clad in a light and brilliant livery; "*la religion, l'amour, le parfum, et les fleurs*," all mingling in one flowery path.

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Before I relieve my readers from any further mention of my Galician adventure, I must notice an incident, unimportant in itself, but curious as illustrating the vigilance of the Spanish police, and the intense acuteness of their observations in disturbed times. As the Indian discovers the recent footsteps of an enemy on wastes that appear absolutely trackless to less gifted eyes, so the Spanish police follow their prey by indications so faint and infrequent as wholly to escape the perception of less practised minds. I have already said that on my first arrival at Lugo I took some refreshment in a small tavern at the entrance of the town; the bill being very moderate, and having no small change, I gave the waiter as much for himself as the dinner had cost. The man casually adverted to the circumstance before an agent of the police, whose curiosity was excited by a statement that would have attracted no attention from any other individual. He shrewdly remarked, that the act, trifling as it might appear, was rather the act of a gentleman than that of the little traders who travelled along that road and put up at the inn. He knew that they were well acquainted with the exact proportion which should subsist between the amount of the bill and the payment of the waiter, and would not have been induced, by any accidental circumstances, to have given a fraction beyond the necessary sum. Under this impression he entered the tavern, seated himself opposite to me, scrutinized my movements, observed my general manner, and soon became convinced that I was the individual whose appearance had been described to the police, and whom they had been long expecting. He immediately communicated to his superiors the result of his observations, and I was in consequence arrested during the ensuing night.

I remember seeing a similar instance of extreme subtlety in the police during a still more distracted period; at such times every faculty is quickened to a wonderful extent by an active and perpetual sense of impending danger. During the great northern insurrection in 1822 I walked from Irun to Fontarabia; entering the town, I explored it, and, being as usual mistaken for a Spaniard, was unmolested by any questions. I might then have retraced my steps unsuspected, but, wishing to obtain a fuller view of the glorious prospect before me, I endeavoured to approach the edge of the cliff, which was separated

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from me by a low wall. Being extremely shortsighted, I did not immediately perceive a breach through which it was perfectly easy to pass, but went to the head of the wall, and skirted it downwards till I reached the aperture. This circuitous process was observed by an officer of the police, who instantly concluded that I was unacquainted with the place, consequently a stranger, and, therefore, a suspicious character. He joined me, entered into conversation, and finally gave me up to the authorities, by whom I was examined, and sent back to Irun under an escort.

But to return to my narrative. While I remained at Santiago in this state of partial bondage, I was one day visited by a Spaniard, dressed in a naval uniform, apparently a professional man. He said that, happening to lodge in the same house, and having heard that an Englishman of rank was detained under vexatious circumstances, he had thought himself bound in courtesy to call upon me, and make me a free tender of his services. We conversed for some time on general subjects: his appearance was highly prepossessing; his manners had the courtesy and distinction of high birth; he was eminently handsome; his fine dark eyes often kindled with enthusiasm, and a strong tinge of romance pervaded all he said, and seemed inherent in his character. He showed me some verses to a lady—verses full of fire and feeling, which he had apparently just composed, for the ink was scarcely dry. He dwelt, with an emphasis that was irresistibly comical, upon every epithet sacred to the Dulcinea of his strain, for whom he seemed to feel a chivalrous devotion, the true love of the middle ages, which could not tolerate any competition with the object of its idolatry. He was a genuine child of romance, for, engrossed by the idea of his absent mistress, and hurried on by his poetic ardour, he never once reflected on the singular appearance which such unusual frankness of communication from a perfect stranger must have had in my eyes. Such was the apparent character of the man; but I will not conceal from my readers that a shade of suspicion respecting the real object of his visit occasionally crossed my mind. I knew that the police made use of various means to extract information from suspected persons, and frequently employed agents to elicit facts, and obtain admissions, under the mask of friendship, which could not be extorted by any legal process. Now, certainly the apparent

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openness and generosity of Atocha's character, and the unreserved nature of his conversation, were highly calculated to call forth some degree of reciprocal confidence from a stranger, friendless and unacquainted with the subtle intrigues of the Spanish police, and the circuitous paths by which they often obtain their information. Other circumstances in some degree strengthened this disagreeable impression. My sitting-room was only separated from an adjoining apartment by a door which was kept constantly locked, and I heard, upon two different occasions, when engaged in conversation, a rustling near the keyhole, as if some persons on the other side were in the act of listening.

Upon inquiry I learnt that the apartment was occupied by Señor Atocha; but he was frequently out of the house, and it is possible that others may have taken advantage of his absence. In his interview with me he certainly led the conversation more than once to the cause of my arrest, but it is probable that curiosity alone dictated his inquiries. I was unwilling to attribute unworthy motives to a man upon whose open brow honour and truth seemed written in characters too legible to be mistaken; but experience had taught me to distrust actions which, under happier circumstances, could have borne no invidious construction; for at that time friend suspected friend, and the father could hardly place reliance on the son: in such a state of society, suspicion becomes not an occasional inmate, but a prevailing habit of the mind; nor is this the least evil resulting from long-continued civil dissensions.

A day or two after this visit the Secretary of the Police called at the inn, and requested me to accompany him to the audience-room, where I found the Captain-General enthroned. Eguia informed me that he had just received a despatch from Mr. Bartlett, the British Consul at Corunna, declaring that I was an Englishman, and the person whom I professed myself to be, guaranteeing the legitimacy of the objects I had in view, and, in short, confirming all my statements. He was therefore pleased to tell me, that, after such an explicit declaration from the British Consul, he could no longer entertain a doubt upon the subject, as he was a gentleman for whom he entertained the highest sentiments of respect. My manner and appearance were however so decidedly Spanish, that even now he was

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unable to convince the police and others of a fact which the Consul's positive assurance alone induced him to credit. He said that the disasters into which I had fallen had been, to a great extent, the result of my own imprudent conduct; that the persons with whom I had associated, the political inquiries I had made, my frequent deviations from the high road, and my wild and rambling excursions among the fastnesses at such an unusual time of the year, had all confirmed the impression which my striking resemblance to the outlawed chief had originally created. He concluded by saying, that, as the government had resolved to liberate me, I should probably be disposed to leave Santiago on the following day. I assured the Captain-General that I was fully prepared to meet his wishes in that respect, and was anxious to have my passport made out for Orense that very evening. The allusion to Orense threatened to produce a fresh commotion: looks of horror and suspicion were renewed among the agents of the police; and the Captain-General declared that the safety of the people intrusted to his charge rendered it absolutely necessary that I should quit Spain, with all imaginable rapidity, by the road to Tuy, the most direct to the frontier. I replied, that of course no reason which I could allege would have any weight with his Excellency, if it were once established that my journey to Orense would disturb the tranquillity of Spain, but, as I had actually made arrangements to re-enter the Traz os Montes by the north-eastern frontier, such a complete deviation from the route I had prescribed to myself would be attended with great personal inconvenience. Eguia had, however, determined that I should leave Spain by the Tuy road, from which he requested me on no pretext to wander; and, to prevent me from holding communications with my supposed adherents, he specified certain towns and villages in which alone I might pass the night. If found in Spain after the expiration of three days, I was again liable to be arrested. He then expressed great anxiety for my safety, and recommended me to accept his offer of an escort, which should accompany me to the frontier and effectually protect me from any popular ebullition. I perceived his real motive, and, knowing well that these friends and protectors would speedily become my masters, I thanked him for the interest he took in my safety, but expressed the utmost disinclination to

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deprive his Majesty of any defenders at a time when their presence was so much required at home.

Matters were then adjusted; I was conditionally restored to freedom; formal salutations were coldly exchanged between us, and we separated. Eguia was an admirable specimen of the old fanatic Royalist; yet all the zeal and ability which he displayed in detecting the most hidden conspiracies, and bringing to justice the most wary conspirators, could not preserve him from a fearful disaster, for he was dreadfully wounded in 1829 by the explosion of some fulminating powder, artfully placed under the seal of a letter; a base and malignant act, probably emanating from some exasperated victim of his severity. His manners were distinguished, and during our long communications he was never betrayed into an expression or a gesture inconsistent with the highest sense of gentlemanly feeling. Though greatly dreaded, he was much respected; he was then in the zenith of his power; since that period he has fallen upon evil times; but in adversity, as in his prosperous days, he retains the same unblemished reputation for high honour and devoted loyalty. I am told that he is much altered in personal appearance since I knew him at Santiago: the form, then proud and erect, is now bent by the infirmity of ill health; the locks, upon which not a speck of snow could then be seen, are now silvered by time; but still, in spite of declining strength and increasing years, he is in Biscay, devoting, in the land of his birth, the last energies of his life to that which he believes to be at once the cause of his sovereign and his country.* Our acquaintance was not formed under very agreeable circumstances, but I believe him to be an honest and an honourable man, and I trust that the sunshine of prosperity may yet illume the evening of his days.

Having taken leave of my kind friends the Rivas, I mounted my horse. My guardian angel, in the shape of a police-officer, remained to the last moment at his post near the inn. News from Catalonia arrived immediately previous to my departure from Santiago; the insurrection still continued to gain ground, the Queen had been insulted in her passage through Valencia, and the expected re-establishment of the Inquisition excited in the highest degree the hopes and fears of the conflicting parties.

* This was written during the Biscayan war.

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And now, having given a faithful account of the singular events which befel me in consequence of a misconception of my motives, I should be acting an uncandid and ungenerous part if I did not state, that, calmly reflecting upon events now long elapsed, I cannot impute much, if any, blame to the Spanish authorities. The civil war then raging in the kingdom, the plots that were multiplying on all sides, and the spies who had lately inundated Galicia, and were communicating with the Spanish democrats in Portugal, were circumstances pregnant with danger to the established Government. At the time I was naturally annoyed at such an attack upon my liberty, but I can easily conceive that the local authorities may have considered it their bounden duty, in the critical situation of public affairs, to arrest a stranger coming from a most suspected country, whose journey too was performed at a very unusual time of the year, and was accompanied by circumstances in some degree calculated to throw doubt upon his intentions. I think I might have experienced the same interruption under any government so circumstanced; and of this I am sure, that, had I been arrested by my Spanish liberal friends, under suspicion of Royalist intrigues, my thraldom would have been more protracted, and my treatment not quite so tolerable.

The evening was rainy, but the country through which I rode to Padron lively and diversified. There I was refreshed by some tea, and fatigued by a host of insatiable women, who overwhelmed me with queries touching England. As a plain unvarnished statement of facts did not appease their appetite for the marvellous, I gratified their taste by assuring them that Englishmen were guaranteed by law in the undisturbed possession of four contemporary wives. They remarked that better conduct could hardly be expected from Jews, and the English were avowedly of the Jewish persuasion; but in return for my communications, they tried to convert me to the Catholic faith, and assured me that, with such a pious object in view, they would raise no injudicious objections to a little well-timed gallantry, although such gentle lapses were considered by their Church as mortal sins.

On the following day I continued my journey to the frontier, through a delightful country. I met some Spaniards at Re-

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dondela, who asked me more questions than I thought right to answer at such a doubtful time. Near Tuy I saw a curious instance of that inaptitude to accommodate established habits to actual circumstances, so peculiar to the Spanish character and sometimes so truly ludicrous in its results. A superior kind of countryman, driving a vehicle containing parcels and goods (his own, moreover), had been so unfortunate as to overturn it, not far from the gates of the town. The horse was lying under the shafts, the vehicle was in the ditch, the goods were scattered along the road, and, although of a perishable nature, were lying, for the most part, immersed in mud. Under these circumstances any man but a Spaniard would have immediately assisted his horse to rise, would have examined his vehicle to ascertain that it had suffered no injury, and would have carefully replaced his goods: not so our friend the Spaniard; the hour had arrived at which he was accustomed to commence his mid-day repast, and that repast was not to be postponed by any freak of malignant fortune; so, perched on one side of the subverted vehicle, he sat calm and conspicuous, knife in hand, leisurely apportioning his cheese to his bread, and eyeing with indifference horse, vehicle, and soaking goods; nor till the inward man was thoroughly appeased did he begin in sober earnest to inspect and repair the evil. He was a Catalan, and not a Galician, and this slight incident is an apt and faithful illustration of the phlegmatic disposition of his countrymen, and of their dogged adhesion to ordinary habits under every contingency.

We sometimes hear in France and England of a spirit of encroachment, and a spirit of concession; in Spain a spirit of *mal-à-propos*, if it may be so termed, unquestionably tinges the national character. I have heard, that in the agony of the Cortes, and when the French were actually entering Cadiz, a glowing orator was arguing, with energy, on the exact degree of precedence which should hereafter be accorded to a Rear-Admiral of Constitutional Spain. There surely is, however remote, a family resemblance between our feasting farmer and the orator, for, under their respective circumstances, the feast and the argument were equally appropriate.

At Tuy I met my old ally, the Consul's agent, who despatched my business with great expedition. Here a member of the

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police assured me that a detailed account of my arrest, and of the proceedings instituted against me, had been forwarded to their office, and added that my movements had been narrowly observed during my first visit to Santiago. While I was standing on the bank expecting the boat destined to convey me across the Minho, a noble stream which here divides the rival kingdoms, two Capuchin friars approached me, and, entering into conversation, endeavoured, by many subtle questions, to discover the real object of my Galician expedition. At length we embarked, and I bade a final farewell to Spain, renowned, romantic Spain—a country which I had found always fraught with stirring adventures, and always enveloped in the storms of civil dissension. I landed on the Portuguese shore, and breathed freely.

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CHAPTER VII.

The Author becomes six years younger than he was in the last Chapter—Distracted state of Spain in 1822—Slaughter of the Royalists at Cervera—Leaves Barcelona—Ascends the Mountain of Montserrat—Visits the famous Convent—The fated town of Vilia destroyed that very day—Wild Charge of a Guerilla Band—Author made Prisoner—Roar of the distant Fight—Precarious situation of the Author—Fidelity of his young Guide—Desólate Venta—Author liberated—Guerilla Band and Chief described—The ludicrous Shock.

And now before I quit the magic realm of Spain, as connected with my tale, and pass on to Portuguese scenes and Portuguese adventures, my readers will perhaps forgive me for departing from the strict order of narration, and reverting to that earlier period when, in the first ardour of youth, I trod for the first time the shores of Spain. I make this slight digression, not so much from any wish to relate the strange and wild adventure which forms the subject of the present chapter, as to acquaint my readers with the unyielding spirit and devoted loyalty of the mountain guerillas, and with their habits and peculiar feelings, as exhibited at a moment when caution and reserve were banished by an imminent and pressing danger—a kind of information by no means unimportant at a moment when Spain is again overrun by these intrepid bands, and when Catalonia, the scene of the adventure recorded in this chapter, again sends forth her "terrible guerillas" to influence and perhaps decide the war. In estimating the strength of the conflicting parties, the guerillas must always form a main element of any sober calculation.

I arrived one evening in the month of May, 1822, on the southern bank of the Ebro. I had then been in Spain a considerable time. I had lingered long at Madrid, spent the last winter at Cadiz, and had travelled with a relative through almost every province of the Spanish peninsula; a journey performed at a period when society was strangely disjointed—when some districts had emancipated themselves from the yoke of the

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central government—when the country generally was distracted by the conflicting watchwords of the King and the Cortes—when the Cortes, great in tyranny, were in point of actual power only less feeble than the Sovereign whom they oppressed—when individuals rose to distinction upon the ruins of the common authority—and town arrayed against town recalled in some degree the history of the feudal world. From a recital of times and circumstances so fertile in strange events the reader has been spared, perhaps happily for himself, by that destruction of my journal which took place during the tumultuous scene I shall now describe, only twelve days before I quitted Spain. I was unwilling to publish facts depending only on the accuracy of my recollections; and I felt that the minor incidents which give life and circumstance to the picture, and enrich it with a varied foreground, lose all their warmth and colouring, when the record, formed under the strong impression of the moment, no longer exists.

My readers are probably aware that the great Catalan contest of 1822 was carried on between the Constitutionalists or the armies of the Cortes on the one hand, and the Royalists on the other, who were endeavouring to release King Ferdinand from the thraldom in which he was held.

As we crossed the Ebro in a ferry-boat, we heard from a goat-herd, for the first time, of the insurrection in Catalonia, which afterwards became so famous, and for seventeen months continued to desolate the country. Our accounts during the next day were very imperfect, but before we reached Barcelona we had entered the revolted districts. Vendrell, where we paused for a few hours, had been occupied, and again evacuated, by the Royalists, three days previous to our arrival. Tarragona was menaced by armed parties, and the authorities had in consequence left the town. We were required to produce our passports at every village through which we passed, and on my arrival at Barcelona I was placed under arrest, on account of some informality in the signatures, occasioned by the absence of the Governor of Tarragona. I was detained in the Hôtel de Ville till the arrival of the political chief, who, if I remember rightly, was Rotten, whose name became so generally known at a later period of the revolution. He listened attentively to my explanation, perceived the nature

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of the mistake, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his secretary, suffered me to depart without delay. At Barcelona, where we were compelled to remain some days, as the roads were on all sides occupied by the Royalists, we received more correct information respecting the state of the country. For the last two months, large bodies of the insurgents had appeared, and harassed the soldiers; but during the fortnight that preceded our arrival the entire peasantry had taken up arms against the government in many parts of the country, and the insurrection had assumed an alarming character. The Royalists, commanded by Misas and the famous Trappist, had established their head-quarters at Cervera, a large town on the high road between Barcelona and Madrid, and intercepted all official communications. While we delayed at Barcelona until some change in the state of affairs should again permit us to renew our journey, despatches arrived from the commander of the Constitutional forces, announcing the defeat of the Royalists and the fall of Cervera; but adding that victory had been accompanied by a dreadful carnage (horrorosa clade). In this encounter the Royalists sustained one of the severest reverses which they experienced during the whole course of the civil war: they fought for fourteen hours with undaunted courage, but were completely routed at the close of the day.* As

* We arrived at Cervera a few days after its recapture. I found the same difficulty in procuring information which I everywhere experienced on the scenes where such events had recently taken place. Indeed I was tempted to believe that much exaggeration had prevailed in the statement of the killed and wounded, till I saw the official returns, and afterwards heard a detailed account of the assault from an officer connected with the regiments engaged. The following relation of the fall of Cervera, extracted from the 'Annuaire Français,' a work generally free from political bias, may not be uninteresting to my readers, as it was one of the most important events of the civil war; it dispersed a large undisciplined force, and inundated eastern Catalonia with the broken and retreating bands of the Royalists, who spread the flame of insurrection over the remotest parts of the country:—

"A la nouvelle des succès de Misas, qui avait pris Campredon (17 Avril), et levait des hommes et des contributions dans tout le pays, le Général Lloberas, commandant à Barcelone, s'était mis à la tête de quelques troupes régulières et de milices, pour arrêter ses progrès, et il en joignit quelques bandes qui furent battues et dispersées. En même temps, le Général Don Joseph Bellido, commandant à Lérida, avait été détaché contre le Trapiste: cette colonne sortie de Lérida le 17 Mai, se composait de trois bataillons d'infanterie, régiment de Ferdinand VII. des Asturies et de Tarragone, et de cinquante chevaux du régiment d'Espagne. Dès le lendemain (18) elle

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the road was again open into Aragon, we left Barcelona on the 22nd of May, and arrived in the evening at Esparraguerra, where we had been preceded by a regiment of the Constitutional troops, who were singing the Tragala in the streets. Before I retired to rest I left the posada. Montserrat rose gloomily before me; the streets were deserted, and beyond the town I perceived there were no lights in any of the neighbouring hamlets. These were dreary signs of the times. I returned to the inn, threw myself on my bed, and slept till morning. I then understood that an order had been issued forbidding any individual to leave his house after dark, and requiring every peasant who dwelt beyond the walls of Esparraguerra to quit his hamlet and enter the town before dusk. This measure was intended to prevent any communication between the Royalist guerillas and the peasantry, who were rapidly enlisting in their bands. It was known that the parties of the insurgents descended the mountains at night, foraged the country for provisions, and were well received by the inhabitants, who were in those districts universally favourable to the Royal cause.

Early on the following day we left Esparraguerra, and, passing a fine regiment that was marching upon Vila, or Vilia, arrived in less than two hours at Colbato, a small village at the foot of

trouva un corps d'insurgés retranchés sur une hauteur qui domine Tarrega; elle les culbuta dans la ville, où Bellido entra avec eux, et les poursuivit jusqu'à Cervera, où était le quartier-général des insurgés et une espèce de Junte Apostolique. Tous les habitans avaient pris parti pour la cause de la Foi; ils se mirent en état de défense: repoussés dans la ville, ils se retranchèrent dans les maisons crénelées, d'où ils faisaient un feu meutrier; le Général Bellido ne vit pas d'autre moyen de les réduire, que de faire mettre le feu aux quatre coins de la ville; et au milieu du désordre occasionné par cette mesure il ordonna une attaque générale à la baïonnette; elle fut quelque temps incertaine, car les insurgés renfermés dans les maisons, malgré le progrès de l'incendie, faisaient pleuvoir sur les soldats une grêle de balles, de tuiles, de morceaux de bois et de pierre. Enfin, après une vigoureuse résistance, la ville fut rendue à dix heures et demie du soir, et subit toute la nuit les suites horribles d'une prise d'assaut. Elle était presque détruite et ses habitans en partie exterminés, mais elle avait coûté cher aux vainqueurs—ils avaient perdu le commandant des Asturies, et au moins deux cent cinquante hommes. Suivant le rapport du général Constitutionnel, la perte totale des insurgés dans ces deux affaires avait été de plus de douze cent hommes, entre lesquels cent cinquante à cent soixante tonsures avaient été trouvés sur le champ de bataille ou dans la ville; ceux qui furent échappés à ce désastre se dispersèrent dans les montagnes, où le Trapiste les rallia."

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the mountain of Montserrat, whose singular assemblage of cones rising one above another, on a high range of crags, had long formed the most prominent object in the landscape. We determined to visit the convent; and, giving instructions to our servants to join us with the carriage at a particular spot on the opposite side of the mountain, we commenced the ascent, accompanied by a young Catalan, who led the way. Soon afterwards I remembered that we had left our passports in the carriage—an omission which, at that period of alarm, might have been productive of serious inconvenience. The boy, who was accustomed to the *patois* spoken by the peasantry of Catalonia, hardly seemed to comprehend my meaning when I requested him to return and fetch it, nor when I asked him some questions relative to the day's expedition. He fixed his eyes on the ground with such an expression of phlegmatic indifference, that for a moment I thought it would be advisable to procure a more hopeful guide; but when he at length understood me, he volunteered his services with the most good-humoured readiness. Our companion improved upon acquaintance: he possessed a quick perception of the ludicrous; and, though young, his remarks upon persons and events that fell under his immediate observation were shrewd and caustic. We had toiled up the hill to a considerable height by a narrow and regular zigzag, when we suddenly heard the roar of the cannon from the valley below: it was twice repeated, and all was again silent. I shall never forget the change that was visible in his countenance, as he turned round and said to me, pale rather with awe than with apprehension, "El cañon!" I had been informed that a large body of the Royalists were stationed at Vila, had resolved to defend it to the last extremity, and that an engagement was expected to take place about this very time in the valley below. We did not, however, hear the sound repeated for some hours; and I afterwards learned that these two discharges were unconnected with the great attack that followed. A small party of the Royalists, who had been separated from the main force to which they belonged, and were surrounded by the Constitutional troops, had found their last refuge in a house which they had fortified. Here these unfortunate men defended themselves with a gallantry that deserved a better fate: when the two discharges of cannon, which we heard on the mountain,

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had effected a breach in the wall, they still refused to surrender, set fire to the house, and died on the bayonets of the enemy, shouting, "Viva el Rey!" Three alone survived the assault, were made prisoners, and shot, a few hours afterwards, by martial law.

We reached the convent of Montserrat early in the day, and were glad to escape for a short time from the intolerable glare of the sun. This pile of building, irregular, and apparently constructed at different periods, is still venerable and imposing, and retains evident traces of former magnificence. Here formerly existed one of the most splendid establishments of the Catholic world, but its fortunes had undergone a melancholy change. The pile was falling into decay; the chapel, a perfect specimen of architectural beauty before it experienced the ravages of war, was then a ruin. Three monks and their old abbot alone remained, stripped of those domains which had given wealth and consideration to a numerous fraternity. The abbot came to receive us with grace and dignity; his welcome was friendly, his manners calm and distinguished, and in his countenance was an expression of melancholy mingled with resignation. He had been reduced to extreme poverty by the revolution; during the French invasion he had raised the peasantry, and armed a guerilla; he had shared the perils and hardships of that species of warfare with the rudest peasant, for the independence of Spain. The memory of past services should have ensured to him better treatment in his declining years. He led us to the terrace, where we enjoyed a magnificent view of the country: fine masses of wood lay around us and beneath our feet, while tall grey pinnacles of rock overhung the monastery. From this eminence, which is estimated at nearly three thousand feet above the sea, the country beneath rather resembled a plain varied by slight inequalities of surface, than what it really was —a district intersected by ranges of high hills. Here they pointed out to us Vila, and the houses in its vicinity, where the Royalists were encamped; they informed us that the people of that town and the neighbouring districts had taken up arms in their cause; that bodies of the Constitutionalists had been marching in that direction during the morning and the whole of the preceding day; that the attack would take place immediately,

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and be opposed with the utmost determination. Their anticipations were just: those walls, then glittering in the bright beams of the morning, were a heap of blood and ashes when the sun went down. The resistance was desperate beyond what had been expected; the priests carried the cross before the Royalist force, and exhorted them rather to die than submit to the oppressors of Catalonia, the enemies of their God and their King; men, women, and even children, rose at the sound of the tocsin, and fought in the ranks of the Royalists; the town was almost destroyed before the troops could effect an entrance, and, when it was taken, no quarter was given, and a scene of indiscriminate massacre ensued.

As we took leave of the Abbot and the monks, they pressed us to dine and spend the day at the convent with so much earnestness that we afterwards suspected they were not unacquainted with the dangers we were likely to incur by pursuing our journey. I have never heard any certain account of the fate of this interesting old man and the monks who were with him. More than a year afterwards, when the French were entering Spain, I saw in one of the journals at Paris that the monks of the convent of Montserrat had become implicated with the Royalist guerillas, had been detected by the Revolutionists, conveyed to prison, and were immediately to undergo the sentence of the law.

As we proceeded on our journey the scenery became bolder, the road bordered the precipice, and the mountain formed itself into a series of recesses or inland bays, terminated by projecting heights. As we turned one of these headlands we saw three or four men advance beyond the point which bounded the opposite side of the road, pause, retreat, re-appear, and suddenly fall back as if startled, and doubtful what course to pursue. This hesitation did not long endure. A party of peasants broke from the shelter of the rock; shouting loudly, they desired us to halt, and, keeping their eyes steadily fixed upon us, that their aim might be unerring if we attempted to escape, came with their muskets to their breasts and their hand to the trigger, rushing towards us with the utmost speed. At first the extraordinary position of their bodies, half bent to the earth from the difficulty of holding their muskets presented in a course so rapid,

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the wildness of their dress, the frantic yells which they uttered, the irritation stamped on their countenances, and increased by the violence with which they came, rather resembled an irruption of savages than the charge of an organized guerilla; but when the first tumultuous onset was over they recovered all their native dignity. Their hair was unconfined, their trousers blue, their plaid dark red, and the scarlet bonnet of Catalonia fell far down their shoulders. When first they reached us they held their muskets to our breasts, saying, "You are traitors! you are enemies of the King and the Holy Faith! you shall die! you shall die!" They required us to give up our money; and in the first transport of rage dashed it upon the ground, saying it was the gold of traitors! But when we assured them that we were strangers totally unconnected with the troubles of the times, that we belonged to that distant country whose sons had fought side by side with them for the rights of King Ferdinand and for Spain, against the people who dwelt beyond those Pyrenees that were then in sight and to which we pointed as we spoke, they shook hands with us enthusiastically, and gave an unconditional promise that our lives should be respected. By this time the Captain, and a man who was apparently second in authority, whom we afterwards distinguished by the name of Lieutenant, had arrived. They were superior in language, manners, and education to the surrounding group; they were not subject to the same fluctuations of opinion; they were less convinced of our innocence at one moment, of our guilt at another. They possessed more judgment, more reflection, and that moderation which generally arises from matured knowledge of mankind; they examined us with method and minuteness, seemed anxious to ascertain the exact number of the Constitutional troops that we had left in the valley, and the precise direction they had taken: we answered their questions with fidelity. At times, and particularly when we alluded to Vila, they seemed startled by our replies. As they now appeared to regard our conduct with less suspicion, we trusted that they would not detain us when we had frankly communicated the little information we possessed respecting the views and movements of the enemy; but an incident occurred that entirely changed their feelings, and would have proved fatal to us, had not the Captain

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and the Lieutenant interfered in our favour. When they had sufficiently examined us, they desired to see all that we had brought with us to the mountain. In consequence of this request, P—— was obliged to produce three pistol-balls that were by chance in his pocket at the moment. These balls effected an instantaneous and astonishing revulsion of feeling: they were looked upon as proofs conclusive of our connexion with the revolutionary army, and of the hostile motives that had led us to the mountain; they became as violent as before; some cocked their muskets, and were only prevented by the Captain and the Lieutenant from carrying their threats into execution. We explained with some difficulty amid the tumult that these balls belonged to pistols which we carried for safety on the high roads. They appeared in some degree reassured by this probable statement, but not convinced. They were evidently disposed to believe that we had come to the mountain for the purpose of reconnoitring, and were acting in concert with the Constitutionalists in the plain; nor could we assign any satisfactory reason for deviating from the road and visiting the mountain at a moment when, in their own emphatic language, every man from Lerida to Montserrat stood with his musket at his breast (*todo da Lerida à Montserrat sta con escopeta al pecho*). We said, however, we had been informed that the mountain was for the moment in a tranquil state, and assured them that our visit was solely occasioned by motives of curiosity. Unaccustomed to travellers, they had probably never heard such reasons assigned before, and received them with justifiable suspicion. After some discussion, the Captain turned to us and said we had informed him that our servants had instructions to join us with the carriage at a particular spot on the opposite side of the mountain; that he would ascertain the fact, and that we should be judged by our own words. If our story proved consistent, and the result of his inquiries satisfactory, we should depart in peace; but that if the first proved inconsistent, and the latter unsatisfactory, he had no alternative left in the critical state of their affairs, as no quarter was given to prisoners by either party.

These words were spoken frankly, but not uncourteously, nor was there any appearance of insult in his manner. This species of dictation was not agreeable from any individual; still I felt at

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that time what my poor Catalan expressed in simple language some hours afterwards when we stood on the moor—"Señor, your lot has been unfortunate to-day; but such are the chances of men who range over the world." We now continued our journey, guarded by the band. A wild original, whom we afterwards distinguished by the name of Shocky, from his shock head of hair, attached himself to me, and kept near my horse's head; though such a precaution was quite unnecessary, as any attempt to escape would have been impracticable. He was on terms of familiarity with the Captain, though he seemed to have little authority in the troop, and was certainly more calculated to further an enterprise by his courage and exertions than to plan and direct its execution. He differed totally in manners and character from the rest of the guerilla, and was the only individual who uttered any offensive expressions; and these, I have little doubt, originated more in a thoughtlessness and natural vehemence of temper than in any malignant feeling. For some time we proceeded tranquilly along the road; the guerilla looked upon us with less displeasure, and Shocky's repeated assurances that we should die began to abate. Although little regularity was observed in their march, they paid implicit obedience to their chief, who omitted no point of necessary caution. Before we turned any of the projecting rocks that concealed the view of the road beyond he regularly sent forward a vidette, consisting of three or four men, who, advancing carefully, reconnoitred the pass; and, when they were satisfied that no danger was at hand, made signals to their companions. By these means they effectually guarded against any sudden surprise. This calm, however, did not endure; and indeed their temper was destined to undergo a severe trial. We had travelled with them for a short distance when we heard a rolling discharge of musketry from the valley below; the guerilla turned, and listened attentively; it was again and again repeated. They knew by those sounds, and I knew also, the long-expected engagement had commenced. I was aware that these discharges would probably continue, and could not fail to exercise a most unfavourable influence on our destiny—an anticipation quickly realized in their increasing irritation and change of conduct. Their countenances became sullen, and almost ferocious; many scowling glances were bent

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upon us, many threats were uttered, and they spoke of our guilt as certain. At length we heard the tremendous roar of the cannon: it was awfully reverberated among the rocks, and produced a strong sensation upon the mind of every man. For some minutes I had closely observed the Captain, who was walking near me with the young Catalan along the edge of the precipice. For a long time he neither paused nor turned his head towards the quarter whence those blasts proceeded. In spite of the exasperation of his men, and the indignant observations that were indirectly addressed to him, he fixed his eyes on the ground, and made no reply; his consciousness of those sounds was alone manifested by the determined slowness of his step and the increasing gloom of his countenance. This peculiarity of manner was not the effect of indifference or inattention, but arose from a feeling of deep-rooted pride. Hemmed in these fastnesses by the Constitutional troops, who surrounded the mountain on all sides,—separated from his companions in arms, unable to lend them any assistance in the hour of their greatest emergency,—compelled to hear inactively the sound of that musketry which was levelling their ranks, and would soon be directed against his own, he would not express an impotent desire of vengeance before two strangers, whom he regarded as secret enemies of his cause, though, in default of real evidence, he had not yielded to the clamour of his band, and signed our death-warrant. That such were his reflections I have little doubt, from his manner, his subsequent conduct, and from casual expressions. At all events he preserved silence while the musketry continued; but when the loud roar of the cannon suddenly broke upon us his countenance changed, and the passion that had long been gathering in his breast seemed at once to master his better judgment, as he turned to the young Catalan, and said that the Constitutionalists were at that moment exterminating his companions; that no mercy had been shown to the Royalists who were taken in arms near Tarragona, and that the circumstances under which we were captured justified the retaliation which he would no longer delay. In answer to his last speech, I turned and said to him that we could feel no apprehension; that he had pledged his word—the word of a Catalan—that our lives should be respected; that such a pledge, so given, could not be disregarded in my

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country, nor, in his, would be violated by any man of honour. In spite of the irritation under which he was labouring, he listened to me with attention, but made no reply, and, I think, was embarrassed by the recollection of a promise he no longer intended to preserve, and which he now conceived had been obtained by falsehood, and given under a false impression. At this crisis, when our situation seemed desperate, we were saved by an honourable feeling of fidelity in our guide. During the first part of the day's expedition I had been annoyed by the indifference which the young Catalan had shown on occasions that in some degree required activity. I was afterwards amused by the caustic humour of his remarks; but was totally unprepared for the vigour of mind which he now displayed in defence of men who, till that morning, had been entire strangers to him and his. He said, in a firm tone, he would pledge his existence that we were foreigners, unconnected with party: we had visited the mountain, relying on the hospitable feelings of the people, and under his peculiar guidance. He called upon the Captain to pause for further proof, and not commit an act that would cast an indelible stain on their honour. The Captain replied with warmth; but these remonstrances had certainly the effect of preventing the hasty measures he would otherwise have adopted in the irritation of the moment. I was surprised at the intimacy which seemed to exist between the chief and the young Catalan; but I afterwards learned from our muleteer that the Captain was a native of Monistrol, a town not far from Colbato; that they had been previously acquainted; and that a brother of our guide had fought with the Royalists. This account explained the influence which he possessed over the Captain's mind.

About this time the guerilla paused near a fountain formed by a mountain-torrent that came down a ravine in the rock. It is not easy to describe the sublimity of the scene that presented itself; it was a scene that Salvator Rosa should have sketched, and Walter Scott described. We stood amid one of the grandest landscapes of savage nature: above our heads the mountain was clothed to a considerable height with pine-forests, surmounted by a range of tall gray crags; beneath our feet, stretching as far as the Pyrenees that bounded the distance, lay Catalonia, the theatre of the civil war. The fountain was overhung by a rock

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covered with wood, that overshadowed the road with its branches. Beneath this cliff the guerilla had collected to enjoy a moment's rest in the shade; still the beams of the sun broke at intervals through the foliage, and flashed upon their arms, their dark-red plaids, and scarlet bonnets. The individuals who composed the guerilla seemed chosen men, in the vigour of youth, and possessed all the characteristic dignity of Spanish manners. Their dress was picturesque, and suited to the scene; their figures were stately; their countenances, for the most part handsome, were now lighted up by the various feelings of anxiety, deep thought, and gloomy resentment. These passions prevailed, but were differently expressed as they were more or less felt, according to the temper of each man; but on every countenance I read the same character of high determination. Some were kneeling by the fountain and drinking with avidity, others reclined along the ground, and a few were leaning on their muskets. One man advanced to the edge of the precipice, and when he heard the heavy sound of the cannon he clenched his fist and shook it, looking with an expression of determined hatred towards the position that he conceived to be occupied by the Constitutional troops.

Perhaps there was no circumstance so striking as the courtesy with which we were treated at a moment when their passions were exasperated and our doom almost decided. While the guerilla were reposing under the rock, the Captain asked me whether I were not fatigued, and would not like also to rest; and Shocky, who was my guard, when he paused to drink from the numerous streams that intersected the road, always invited me to follow his example. While a few words passed between the Captain and me, the young Catalan, who omitted no opportunity of interceding in our favour, again renewed his advice against intemperate measures; but the Captain turned aside, adding, "No hay remedio" (There is no alternative). These words, combined with the calm determination of his manner, convinced me that his courtesy arose more from the delicacy natural to a high-minded man than from any favourable change in his intentions, and in this light it was evidently regarded by his followers, who said, then and afterwards, in the Catalan patois, "Estan perdut, estan perdut" (They *are lost men*, they *are lost men*). After we had left the fountain some private

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conversation passed between the Captain and his Lieutenant. When this was concluded, the latter selected two men from the band, and led the way to a narrow path that wound through the wood to the crags above. He ascended the hill a step, turned, drew himself up with dignity, waved his hand, and, addressing the guerilla, said that he should mount the heights to learn if the Spaniards were approaching, for by this appellation they invariably designated the revolutionary forces, in opposition to the native Catalans. He added, that if he perceived them he should fire as a signal, and then *dos tiros a los Señores* (two volleys upon the Signors). This injunction was not particularly enlivening, as the mountain was on all sides surrounded by the adverse forces. Soon afterwards I heard a musket fired, which I thought for a moment was the appointed signal, but was quickly undeceived by the manners of the guerilla, who paid no attention to the discharge, and probably knew by the sound that it was unconnected with their companions. As we continued our journey slowly, the Captain seemed engaged in deep and more amicable conversation with the young Catalan: it seemed desponding, by the low tones of his voice, and by a few broken sentences which I heard from time to time; the indignant feelings that had flushed his cheek were gone, and the fever of his eye was replaced by an expression of subdued melancholy. He said that the mountain was encompassed on all sides by an overwhelming force; he was aware that his companions in the fortified house must have already perished; "I know," he added, "that, so surrounded, we too must die (*se bien que hemos de morir*), but we will shed our dearest blood for the King and the Holy Faith." His former animation returned for a moment when he alluded to a proclamation issued on the preceding day, offering mercy to all who would lay down their arms within four-and-twenty hours. He kindled with indignation as he mentioned some Royalists of a different guerilla, who, he said, had compromised their principles and sued for pardon (*que han pedido pardon*). "The time limited by act," he added, "is expiring; our situation is hopeless, but not a man will submit." I say it was impossible to hear such sentiments expressed at such a time without a strong feeling of respect for the individual, and of contempt for the incapacity of

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a government that had enlisted such a spirit against the cause of freedom. There was no period of the civil war more disastrous to the Royalists than these days which immediately followed the fall of Cervera. The Provisional Government of Urgel was not yet in existence. There was no rallying-point—there was no union among the chiefs of the insurrection—there was no safety left for the Royalists, except in the sympathy of the people. Chieftains everywhere sprang up, acted independently of each other, and increased the general confusion. Little guerillas, formed from the wreck of their army, renewed a desperate war in the mountains, and were taken or cut to pieces in detail. During these successive reverses acts of devoted heroism were performed such as were never surpassed in La Vendée; but they occurred in a remote corner of Europe,—they had no historian, and are unknown.

The cannon had ceased for some time before we reached a solitary house, that had probably flourished a bad venta in its best days, but was now in a ruinous condition. Here, the Captain said, he expected to receive the requisite information respecting ourselves; and, addressing a lad who came to assure him that no immediate danger was at hand, entered the house. We were led into the court to await the result of their conference: the outer walls had experienced the ravages of war, and were falling into decay. A woman, bearing a child in her arms, was seated on a plank that lay at the extremity of the court. She was evidently accustomed to the guerilla, as she scarcely seemed to observe their arrival, and paid no attention to the scene that was passing around her. In a few minutes the Captain re-appeared, and, quitting the road that wound along the defile, led across an open moor. In answer to a question asked him by my friend P——, he answered, "If you are men of honour, you are betrayed; but, if so, you have nothing to fear" (*Si stan hombres de bien stan vendidos*). Here a scene of a ludicrous nature occurred. We met a young peasant, whom some of the guerilla seized, and, suspecting that he intended to join the militia, compelled to follow in their train. As I was mounted on horseback, and rode in advance, the lad imagined that I was Captain of the band, and implored my interference with a most ungainly mixture of sobs and supplications. In

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spite of my assurances to the contrary, he continued these piteous vociferations for mercy till he was informed by the Captain that my predicament was not more hopeful, or my authority more extensive, than his own. He then bewailed his fate in a strain of unmanly lamentation that first provoked the contempt, and finally the anger, of these high-spirited mountaineers. For the honour of Spain, I must add that I never saw a similar character among her peasantry, and indeed, from his subsequent manner, I believe the poor lad was half-witted.

The scenery had now materially changed: we saw some peasants ranged upon low hills that rose on each side crowned with pinaster. The Lieutenant and his two followers, who had quitted us near the fountain, stood on a neighbouring height, their wild and martial figures resting against the sky. As we drew near they came rushing down to meet us, their dress and arms beautifully gilded by the setting sun.

At length the Captain desired the band to halt, and I perceived that we had reached one of the heights that overlook the main road from Barcelona to Madrid. We had toiled for many hours under a burning sun, and, completely fatigued, threw ourselves on the moor. With that courtesy which had distinguished his conduct during the day, the Captain offered me part of his plaid as we lay on the ground; but Shocky was still indefatigable in his suspicions. He renewed his scrutiny, and particularly examined my glass, which he evidently thought of highly anti-royalist construction, and framed expressly for the purpose of reconnoitering their positions. Ten minutes had not elapsed before we saw two of the band, who had been posted on the heights, descending the hill with muskets presented. We all started from the ground, and I saw with pleasure our carriage in the road below, as we should have been effectually compromised if our servants had omitted to join us at the appointed spot. At this sight the guerilla could no longer restrain their impatience, but rushed down the steep, and for the first time I was delivered from my persecutor Shocky. The Captain delayed an instant; then, hastily leaving us in the charge of one of his men, joined his party, as they had begun to plunder the carriage. We stood alone on the moor with our Catalan guide, and the guard, who could scarcely have attained the age of

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seventeen. Our situation was still precarious: we had a copy of the Spanish Constitution in the carriage, that, if found, would have been a grievous offence. I remembered also that I had deposited in a drawer of my desk a tricolor, which had been presented to me during the first days of the revolution that agitated Piedmont in the preceding year, on which the words Liberty and Constitution were worked in large characters. Such would have been naturally applied to Spanish politics; nor indeed could a stronger point of circumstantial evidence have been adduced in confirmation of their suspicions. This danger was, however, imaginary, as my dearest Sister had removed it from my desk, without my knowledge, before I left England. Lastly, they suspected that I was an officer in the Constitutional militias; and the discovery of my regimental uniform would have confirmed that belief. Our best policy was to join the band, and direct the search that we could not prevent. Escaping from our guard, we reached the carriage as Shocky, who had probably never beheld a vehicle of this kind before, was climbing, like a wild cat, over its sides and effecting an entrance. The work of plunder and investigation proceeded gloriously under such congenial auspices; some gold seals, &c., were quickly disposed of; he seized a gold and platina chain, placed it round his neck, and expressed his intention to wear it always, saying it would be a fine distinctive decoration. I now experienced a severe loss in the destruction of the notes which I had made on the North of Africa and on Spain, and which had been kept with great minuteness from the moment of our passing the Pyrenees to the day that we left Barcelona. As Shocky explored my desk—as he removed each paper, that nothing might escape his observation—I expected every moment that the fatal tricolor would appear; nor could I account for its non-appearance till my return to England. Still the discovery of my uniform seemed almost inevitable; the desk was disposed of, for Shocky had invaded the trunk that contained it, and, seizing part of my wearing apparel, resolved on instant appropriation, saying it would remain in excellent hands. At this critical moment further search was prevented by the natural pride of the Spanish character. The Captain, for the first time, expressed his conviction that we were men of honour and good faith (*hombres*

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de bien y de palabra), and, perceiving the extent of Shocky's depredations, said that not an article of our dress should be taken by men who were not robbers, but defenders of the faith. The Captain now consented to release us, and gave us part of his cockade in token of friendship. We shook hands with him, and in return requested his acceptance of some presents of slight value that had escaped my friend Shocky's rapacity. During the spring of the preceding year a revolutionist, who was dancing round the tricolor standard on the day that the constitution was proclaimed at Nice, gave me his tricolor cockade, desiring me to keep it as a memorial of liberty; and now, by a singular chance, I was given the badge of Royalist principles by a chief in arms for the Royal cause. A few of the guerilla came up and shook hands with us as we departed. The sun was now actually sinking below the horizon, and the scene around us was bathed in a rich flood of crimson; by this light we saw them, till they were concealed from our view by the turning of the road, glittering on the height, and waving their bonnets to us.

So terminated an adventure fraught with peril, which gave me a deeper insight into the feelings and opinions of the peasantry than could have been obtained by years of investigation in calmer times. On the whole, we had no ground for complaint: they would have proceeded against us somewhat hastily: but at a period when the Constitutional troops had orders to give no quarter, and the Royalists in consequence took no prisoners, it could not be expected that evidence would be weighed with the dispassionate consideration that is brought into a court of justice. We had just left Barcelona, the focus of Constitutional principles, and, misled by false information, had invaded their hold at a moment when the mountain was surrounded by an overwhelming force: the want of good intelligence seemed improbable; that our visit should be occasioned by motives of mere curiosity appeared still more extraordinary. There existed grounds for suspicion; policy might have justified the adoption of extreme measures, and few men would have conducted themselves with greater moderation under the aggravated circumstances in which they were placed. They considered the sums of which they deprived us as a tax fairly levied in the King's service on men who had incurred a much severer penalty,

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by coming to their fastnesses from the very camp of their enemies, provided with Constitutional passports. Upon this principle, the Captain authorized the detention of our pistols, but would not allow the seizure of a single article of our wearing apparel; and when we had quitted the band, a guerilla-man, influenced by the same irregular principle of honesty, hastened to restore our drinking bota, which was handsome, and would have been esteemed a prize by any Spaniard of his class. Shocky, it must be admitted, made no refined distinctions, and by no means thought the restitution of goods a necessary ceremonial to be observed on our liberation. The guerilla were joined, at the close of the day, by two labourers, who drew their muskets from some bushes where they were concealed; including these men, their numbers, I believe, amounted to twenty-five. They were only armed with carabines; a few, I think, had short knives, which could seldom be available in the field. Their manners were frank, manly, and above their station; they were sincere in the opinions which they had embraced, and were certainly not, at that time, influenced by foreign agency. It was melancholy to see the attachment which they devoted to a cause whose failure, almost certain for the moment, would inevitably involve their own destruction, and impossible to refuse a tribute of admiration to principle unshaken by the extremity of danger, and energies so generously though ineffectually exerted. The few opinions which they casually expressed respecting their church were certainly bigoted and exaggerated by the heat of party; still I believe that such originated rather in a generous sympathy with the priesthood, and in an attachment to their old institutions, which they associated with the cause of God, than in any genuine intolerance. In this opinion I was confirmed by a few words that passed between two guerilla-men, whose moderation, as applied to ourselves, formed a striking contrast to the religious horror with which they regarded the Constitutionalists. "Some maintain," said the first to his companion, "that they resemble the Moors; others deny it; I am ignorant how the matter stands, but we are all brothers." (*Unos dicen que son como los Moros, otros no, io no se, pero somos todos hermanos.*) This native generosity breaking through the cloud of prejudice and party—these sentiments uttered by an uneducated soldier of

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the Faith—surprised and pleased me greatly. I must notice one peculiarity, infrequent among the Spaniards, and in a great degree, I think, attributable to the religious character which the war had assumed: in their utmost exasperation I never heard a single man give vent to his anger in an oath, or in any irreligious expression. With respect to ourselves, a courtesy and a delicacy pervaded their conduct, astonishing, when we consider that, with the exception of the Captain and the Lieutenant, the men who composed the guerilla were only peasants. They observed my dress with attention, but not with rudeness; they examined a severe blow which I had received over my eye many years before, which they thought a sabre-cut, and an additional proof of my connexion with the army; but although they questioned me freely on other points, they abstained from any remark which they conceived might be personally offensive. In answer to some plan proposed by the eternal Shocky, which had for its object the discovery of our intention in visiting the mountain, though we never understood its nature, his companion answered, "Seria muy poco delicado" (*It would be little delicate*). And in this, as in many other instances, a delicacy of feeling was shown that would have reflected honour on refined society. When we were taken, after the first discussion the Lieutenant called us aside, and, regretting that the King's service compelled him to make such a demand, desired us to deliver our gold, unconscious that Shocky's zeal had disembarrassed us of all we possessed. The subject was never mentioned by the Captain, but, after our carriage was taken, the Lieutenant renewed the request with the same guarded delicacy of manner, saying that the defence of the mountain required every assistance. When we assured them, in the earlier part of the day, that we had given up all we had brought to the mountain, although they regarded our conduct with deep suspicion, even Shocky, who was the least satisfied, and by far the least considerate of the band, did not attempt to ascertain the fact. I might have carried in my pocket half the gold of which we were dispossessed, had I conceived such conduct either honourable or prudent.

In Spain a beggar will invite the passenger to share with him his last crust of bread: with the same characteristic generosity, although they never scrupled to express before us their belief in

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our guilt, and their desire of vengeance, still, whenever they paused to drink from the stream, they pressed us to do so likewise; and while they took some refreshment at the venta, a guerilla-man came out, and, offering us brandy, pressed us to drink it with good-humoured earnestness.

The alliance that existed between me and Shocky was certainly of a curious and indefinable character. This man was totally unlike the rest of his companions, and in all respects a perfect original. He possessed neither the pride, the stateliness, nor the delicacy of the Spanish character, but was good-humoured, and not ungenerous; he was cunning, and had much of that dry wit peculiar to the Catalans, which he sometimes exercised upon his prisoners with more talent than judgment. In the first moment of our capture he was more violent than the rest; when their suspicions had abated, he shook hands with us most warmly; and when their doubts revived, his voice was most decidedly against us. During our march, he principally attached himself to me, asking many indifferent, some very insidious questions, and mingling amicable conversation with repeated assurances of our destruction. The ardour with which he gave his voice for our death whenever the question was agitated, and, when he was over-ruled, the *naïveté* with which he resumed his place by the side of my horse, and renewed the conversation without any appearance of ill-will, or the slightest suspicion that I could entertain feelings of ill-humour with him for the part he had taken in the discussion, were infinitely absurd and almost amusing. He was short; his countenance unprepossessing, and at times ferocious; but, in his good-humoured moments, there was a lively and reckless expression of eye, that, combined with the general animation of his manner, disguised the natural plainness of his features. I do not believe he was malignant: he supposed us to be enemies, and possibly, like the foxhunter, who thinks the sport incomplete if he lose his fox, so Shocky thought that the day's business would be unsatisfactory if two strangers of doubtful character were permitted to escape. In the evening, when he saw us exchanging presents with the Captain, he came up to me, actually arrayed in my spoils, and asked, in the most artless tone, whether no present was reserved for him—"*Nada para mi?*" He evidently thought that his connexion with me

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during the march had fully entitled him to this parting act of friendship, and was in nowise cancelled by the summary proceedings he had so constantly advised, or the rapidity with which every article of value had vanished under his inspection. I laughed at his request, and with some difficulty found an old knife, which I presented to him, and which he may since have possibly applied to the disadvantage of some constitutional throat. He took it good-humouredly, and, as we lost sight of the band, we saw him waving his bonnet higher and longer than the rest of his companions.

I have dwelt, perhaps, too long on details of this nature; but I wished to make my reader in some degree acquainted with the character of the Royalist insurgents, and with the interior, if I may use the expression, of a Catalan guerilla. The Captain was distinguished only by a hat, which he wore instead of the bonnet. He had fought among those mountains in the war of Independence: he was middle-sized, but his features were handsome and expressive; he seemed to be from thirty to thirty-five years of age, and was apparently a man of deep reflection, and of strong but controlled passions.

I have dwelt but slightly on the mode of warfare peculiar to the guerillas, as it has been so often described by officers engaged in the Peninsular war. During the civil war of 1822, the Constitutional troops, compelled to attack the insurgents in their own fastnesses, and frequently in situations where cavalry is useless, suffered almost equally from victory as from defeat. Small parties were totally destroyed, convoys cut off, and every straggler from his regiment doomed to destruction: sometimes, at the call of a popular leader, like the Trappist, the Royalist guerillas came down from the mountains like a whirlwind, formed at once a powerful army, supplied the want of good discipline by fanatic courage, overran the open country, and even obtained possession of the fortified towns. The Trappist, supposed to be invulnerable, went to battle, mounted on a black charger, bearing the sabre in one hand and the cross in the other, and habited in his monastic garb, that was literally perforated with musket-balls. Before the combat he knelt upon the ground, prayed fervently for success, then burst upon the enemy with a valour that was thought supernatural. Such was his influence, that, at

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his approach, the tocsin rang, and the peasantry rose to arms. He was connected with the great military operations of that time, and his fame has survived; but others, whose names are scarcely remembered, appeared for a moment on this scene of confusion, emulated his actions within the narrow limits of their native district, acquired a great though bounded influence, and stamped the war with an extraordinary character of chivalry and devotion.

I am not acquainted with the fate of our Captain and his band. Few of the petty chieftains who played a prominent part in this early period of the civil war survived the disastrous days that followed the fall of Cervera. The principal leaders had more resources at their disposal, for the most part succeeded in effecting their escape into France, and reappeared with greater force.

As I have been dwelling at some length upon the devoted loyalty which animated the Royalist leaders of that time and country, I will conclude this chapter by adverting to an accidental interview which I had, a few days after my capture at Montserrat, with another noble specimen of the guerilla chief.

We left Pampeluna in the commencement of June, and, passing through some bold and beautiful scenery, followed the road to Tolosa. The main pass of the Pyrenees was at that time occupied by a Royalist guerilla. On leaving the posada at the entrance of the defile, we were preceded by a man whom I afterwards discovered to be the chief of the band, and one of the guardians of the mountain appointed by the Royalists for the purpose of examining suspicious persons, and protecting travellers from outrage. He joined me as I was walking before the carriage, and almost immediately led the conversation to public events, as if desirous of ascertaining my opinions. I replied freely, and followed him without hesitation as he entered a wood, and led the way by a shorter path to the main road: he was flattered at the want of suspicion implied in my manner, and continued to discuss the political grievances of his party with much earnestness. The treatment of the King and the clergy, and the abolition of the provincial distinctions, formed the principal causes of complaint;

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but his language was free from the bitterness so prevalent in the districts we had lately quitted: it was generally considerate; and more than once he corrected himself when he had made use of an expression which he thought intemperate. Not only the insurrection was recent in Navarre, and mutual injuries had not yet, as in Catalonia, brought every deadly passion into play, but its population is less intractable, and neither party was eager to adopt the system of extermination that characterised the struggle in Catalonia. In that province the most ferocious acts were perpetrated by the native militias, and the Catalan partisans were distinguished as the "terrible guerillas," from their unrelenting retaliation. In allusion to the massacres engendered by this system of war, the Cortes, in an address presented to the King on the 25th or 26th of May, 1822, concluded their review on the state of Catalonia in the following expressive language:—"Sire, the statement which we have laid before you is unhappily proved by the different factions that have simultaneously appeared in Catalonia, where events have occurred that are too horrible to recall to your recollection, and which the pen trembles to record." But a milder spirit prevailed in Navarre. My Royalist guide informed me that, a few days before, his band had captured a small party of the Constitutional troops, but had only disarmed them, and desired them to make the best of their way to Pampeluna, under the protection of the Deity. He seems to have partly relied on a promise which he had exacted, as the price of their liberation, that they would not again bear arms against the soldiers of the Faith; an engagement that superseded the severe measures adopted in Catalonia, where the difficulty of maintaining prisoners in the mountain fastnesses rendered their execution on the part of the Royalists, not only an act of reprisal, but almost of necessary policy. He spoke confidently of the approaching invasion by the French troops, and dwelt enthusiastically on the praises of the Baron Eroles, under whom he had served, and who would again place himself at the head of his ancient followers—a prediction soon afterwards verified. This valley, he said, was rendered famous by the annihilation of a French regiment, during the war of Independence; and he trusted the Constitutionalists would not provoke a similar fate, by venturing to attack them in their fastnesses. He then gave me a detailed

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account of the manner in which his party had baffled a large body of the French troops, who had completely surrounded the mountain where they had retreated. It was resolved that the guerillas should disperse; that each man should choose a separate path; but that all should re-assemble at a given hour and at an appointed spot. They dispersed, and every man, left to his own resources, effected his escape; nor was an individual absent when the Captain called over their names at the stated time and place.

When we reached the middle of the pass he showed me a rock on the opposite side, hanging over the stream that flowed beneath, and covered with chestnut and underwood. There, he said, his guerilla were concealed. A few minutes later he fired his musket as a signal that they should not descend at the sound of the carriage, and soon afterwards shook hands with me and departed. During this conversation, in which he frankly but temperately expressed his opinions, his language was always elevated, and sometimes scriptural. I give one specimen of his native eloquence: while he was speaking of the sufferings of the priesthood, he saw some little children playing on the road, and, turning to me, said with vehemence,—"*Nosotros sabemos bien la ley de antes y la ley de Dios; pero esos chicos—que ley conoceran?*" (We are well acquainted with the law of the old time and the law of God; but these little ones—what law will they know?)—and his voice faltered with emotion.

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CHAPTER VIII.

First impressions confirmed—Surpassing beauty of the Entre Minho—Superstition of the Bento—Convent of Thibaim—Guimaraens—Inhabitants of the Minho and Mountaineers of the Trazos compared—Breakfast in the Convent Parlour—Monkish waggery—Return to Lisbon.

AND now, having reverted to the year 1822 and mingled again in the wild feuds which then distracted Catalonia, I shall once more assume a privilege conceded rather to the novelist than the traveller, and, overleaping time and space, again transport my reader to the year 1827 and to the banks of the Minho; reminding him that, when we mutually agreed to make a slight digression to other scenes and other years, I had just accomplished a somewhat hasty exit from the Spanish territory, and was rather safely than gloriously landed on the friendly shores of Portugal. At Valença I called on the Governor, and in the evening attended a party at his house, where I was introduced to the ladies of his family, the officers of a regiment stationed in the town, and three fat and favourite pugs. I found the Governor, a most worthy man, in bed, suffering from indisposition, and a lady of a certain age, evidently wife, mother, or daughter, feeding him with affectionate solicitude. Valença is a place of great strength, and might easily demolish its sister town on the opposite bank; in allusion to its fortifications, some Portuguese officers observed that their forbearance, in refraining from such a tempting act, was a signal proof of the national moderation, and added, as a supplement to the remark, that the strong were always merciful; as if the destruction of Tuy involved that of Spain, and would be followed by no retributive consequences.

The exquisite beauty of the country between Tuy and Ponte de Lima baffles all description. I rode among hills covered with cork and olive, over knolls partly bare and partly clothed with picturesque groups of chestnut, emulating the richest park scenery, and through fields of the most delightful verdure, inter-

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sected by streams of clear water, and overshadowed by ancient oaks. Here too the walnut grew profusely; that tree at once the beauty and disgrace of English scenery; for, in England, its leaves fall often in September, and its bare denuded branches form a mournful contrast to the green luxuriance of the surrounding forest: with us it is the first harbinger of winter, an early and unwelcome herald of the general dissolution; but in the Minho its foliage is unimpaired, even in the heart of November. The rare union of trees and shrubs belonging to different climates, and growing side by side, is the most striking feature of this earthly paradise. Here the north and south may be said to meet on amicable terms, for the Indian corn, the dark cork, the deep-green orange, and the luxuriant vine, then completely turned and of a bright-red colour, were beautifully interspersed with the oak, and elm, and the hardy vegetation of the northern world. At length I reached Ponte de Lima, and rambled along the banks of that delightful stream the Cavado. I thought I had never gazed upon a lovelier scene, as I saw the sun set gloriously behind a range of bold mountains then robed in the deepest purple, and illuminate with its last beams many peaceful and picturesque hamlets built of cork and thatched with broom. From Lima I rode on to Braga, through a continuation of the same enjoyable country and execrable roads; while the hedges, high and covered with wild flowers, reminded me of the lanes near Dawlish on a spring day: a little farther on the pine abounded, mixed with the red heath in full bloom.

In the course of this day's journey we passed the hut of a lone Bento. The superstition of the Bentos is deeply rooted in parts of Portugal, and the Bentos and Bentas are greatly venerated. As the Bento is distinguished by the possession of extraordinary faculties during his mortal career, so his entrance into this world of grief and sin is accompanied by extraordinary circumstances. Before his birth, strange and fearful lamentations are heard to issue from his mother's womb, and, when born, the sign of the cross is seen distinctly marked on the roof of his mouth; his progress from infancy to manhood is characterized by unusual gravity, by an abstinence from all boyish amusements, by premature wisdom, and by a foresight exceeding that of man: no fraud, however well contrived, can escape his penetration; if

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an offence has been committed, he fixes with unhesitating decision upon the offender; if a robbery has occurred, he indicates the place where the stolen goods are deposited, and names the robber. To him the shades of midnight are clear as the glare of noon; and if man's life be taken at that silent hour, his glance can pierce the darkness impenetrable by other eyes, and his awful voice proclaims the accursed man of blood.

And there, where his lonely hut lies buried amid crag and heath, there, after a heavy fall of rain, when the mountain streams are flooded, and the wild clouds chasing each other over the disordered face of heaven, there may be seen the aged Bento filling the magic phial with the waters of seven different fountains; waters which, united by his pious hand, and at the fitting moment, have some strange inexplicable power to heal the most grievous maladies: there too, on the still eve, when not a breath disturbs the forest-trees, that sainted and solitary mortal is beheld by a revering peasantry culling simples from the hill-side, or kindling a mysterious fire upon the rock, and feeding it with the sable feathers of some spell-bound bird; a wonder-working combination which can infuse fresh vigour in the healthy, and restore to life the dying man.

Arrived at Braga, I stopped at the Dos Amigos, and in the evening was visited by the Commandant. On the following morning I partook of a sumptuous breakfast at his house, after which he mounted me on a fine horse, and accompanied me to the convent of Thibaim, a spacious edifice placed in the midst of an enchanting garden. The verdure was wonderfully rich, the roses in full bloom, and the whole country, seen from the convent windows, resembled a great extent of pleasure-ground. This monastery contains some pictures of considerable merit. Two are said to have been executed by Rubens, and I have little doubt that one at least is an original. There is also one by Raphael, and some others, called Italian, which may, I think, be safely ascribed to the Bologna school. There are two pictures of Inez de Castro, the one representing her in the first blossoming of youth, the other a few years later, when her charms had fully expanded. The general character of the colouring, the stiffness of the figure, and the hardness of the outline, fully establish their claims to antiquity. In the convent garden I observed a

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tree which seemed to me a kind of poplar, with so large a leaf that I at first suspected it to be a variety of the banyan-tree. As I returned to Braga I saw the Indian corn, cut and piled around the trees, the stalk being left for cattle to feed on. A branch, hung over the portal of a house, is here, as it was in England during Shakspeare's time, an unfailing sign of entertainment for man and horse. In the evening the Dean of Braga accompanied me to the cathedral, an edifice possessing little beauty, but venerable from its antiquity, and supposed to have been built before the Moorish invasion. The scene was melancholy but imposing. The Archbishop had lately died; the walls were hung with black cloth, and the low funereal music, mingling with the tender voices of the young choristers, sounded sweetly but mournfully through the long aisles. The Archbishop of Braga fills a post of the highest dignity, and at that time enjoyed an enormous revenue.

Early on the following morning I continued my journey. The vale of Braga richly wooded; the white walls of innumerable quintas peeping through the trees; the monasteries crowning the heights; the fleecy clouds, which rested midway on the adjacent hills; and the blue smoke, curling upwards from the town, produced a very pleasing effect. At Guimaraens I visited the old palace of the kings, now converted into a barrack, and afterwards explored the castle, evidently built by the Romans in the days of their best workmanship, and still in high preservation. Prisoners for debt are now confined within its walls, which seem calculated to endure for ages. There I saw a man whose haggard face was fearfully impressed by want and wretchedness; when I gave him a piece of money he prostrated himself before me in the depth of his humility, with such an air of utter self-abasement as hardly became a human being when addressing his brother man. The cathedral of Guimaraens is ancient, and more worthy of notice from its extreme singularity than from any architectural merits. The old columns are strong, uncouth, and barbarous; the walls are partially tiled with china; and decorations in the most execrable taste have been added in latter times. Guimaraens contains many wealthy inhabitants, and some of the provincial nobles have houses in the town, and are by no means unpopular. The people were much attached

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to the convents, and particularly to the nunneries, which dispense assistance to the poor with great liberality. From Guimaraens I rode on to Oporto, which terminated an expedition attended with considerable hardship and fatigue, but full of interest and excitement. Since we left Santiago the weather had been truly delightful: the three weeks that succeed the heavy autumnal rains in Portugal are often the most agreeable in the year; and that season, known by the name of l'été de St. Martin, combines the unclouded sunshine and genial sensations of the real summer, without its oppressive heat.

I had now traversed the Entre Minho twice, and during my second journey through the country was still more impressed with a sense of its surpassing beauty. All that is most graceful in cultivated scenery, all that is most striking in the wild landscape, have combined to render this little district a fairy-land. In the more sheltered situations of the Entre Minho the tea-plant and the Cape jessamine grow with little care, while the azereiro, or Prunus Lusitanica, the cytisus, and several varieties of the cistus tribe, are intermingled in gay profusion with the lofty broom of Madeira. The fields are full of Indian corn; the meadows are abundantly watered by artificial as well as by their own natural and beauteous streams; the sides of the hills, converted into terraces, are cultivated with exquisite care; the vines climb up the highest trees, and at once embrace and unite the oak, the chestnut, and the poplar. Let the traveller pause in almost any valley of the Minho, and his eye will feast on all this rich detail of beauty, while from the adjacent heights of granite rock he will command a gorgeous scene of woodland, diversified by streams, and frequent cottages half-seen amongst, half-hid by, their embowering groves; he will perceive spots almost inaccessible, yet reclaimed from the heathery mountain, planted with maize, and hanging as if in the air; he will gaze with admiration on the many remnants of the old warrior castles, each invested with its peculiar legend, and guarded by its own enchanted Mooress; and last, not least in beauty, on the convent towers, rising in peaceful pomp above the luxuriant plain.

His heart must be insensible to external influences who can behold without delight, or quit without regret, such a favoured country. Even the stern victors of the ancient world, little

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prone to the soft emotions of our nature, were vanquished by the bewitching beauty of the valleys of the Cavado. Upon the banks of that matchless stream they threw down the national eagles, and refused to leave that happy land. They caught the poetic spirit of the people, they called the Lima and the Cavado the rivers of oblivion, and, in a fit of passionate enthusiasm, forgot the ties that bound them to their distant home, and renounced the glories of Imperial Italy for the pastoral and peaceful seclusion of the Minho.

I have already observed that poetry and song are here much in vogue—here indeed they seem the spontaneous growth of the mind; that tendency to poetic expression and poetic exaggeration in the ordinary intercourse of life, which characterizes the inhabitants of the Traz os Montes, is equally remarkable in the Entre Minho, but is modified by the different character of the people and of the country. In the Minho the mind of man is more light and elastic, embellishing all it touches, investing matters of little interest with a nameless grace, and frequently adverting to common objects with an almost Oriental profusion of metaphor. But in the Traz os Montes the imagination of the mountaineer partakes of the gloom of his own less genial climate and of the Gothic world. For instance, the crimson clouds that surround the setting sun would be compared by the gay people of the Minho to the damask rose of their own enchanted valley of Barcelos, while the same clouds in the Traz os Montes would be likened to the blood of a slaughtered enemy. A difference equally striking pervades the provincial songs: soft and tender in the Minho, generally plaintive, but almost always celebrating the joys and sorrows of a gentle love; in the Traz os Montes they breathe more often the language of frantic passion and vehement revenge. The common peasant in the Entre Minho not unfrequently adopts the expressions and understands the delicacy of refined courtship; in the Traz os Montes he often holds the language, and is animated by the sentiments, of a hero. The inhabitants of both provinces are loyal to excess. In the Minho it is the unthinking, reckless, laughter-loving loyalty of the Frenchman of the old school; but in the Traz os Montes attachment to the sovereign is, in times of trouble, a stern engrossing passion which banishes every

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selfish consideration, and scarcely admits of a co-existing thought. The inhabitant of the Minho, under every fluctuation of feeling, enjoys equal and unclouded spirits; but his brother mountaineer, like the Highlander of old, is alternately wrought to the loftiest enthusiasm, or weighed down by the deepest dejection; and in that mood of mind an omen from the river or the cloud will daunt a heart assailable by no mere mortal peril; he has indeed his golden dreams, his confident anticipations of success, but then he has his sure forebodings of approaching doom. Both the inhabitants of the Traz os Montes and of the Minho are devotedly attached to their native soil; the people of the Minho frequently maintain that neither the rest of Portugal, nor any known portion of the globe, can compete in beauty with their valleys, but that Heaven alone possesses such scenes of true enchantment.

I remained at Oporto for several weeks after my return from Spain. In the society of Count Villa Flor and his beautiful Countess, time glided rapidly and pleasantly away.

A few days previous to my departure from that city I accepted an invitation from Dona R—— P—— to breakfast with the nuns at the convent of Benedictines. This amiable and interesting young lady was descended from a noble English family remotely connected with my own, and had recently taken the veil. Our party, consisting of my intelligent friend Mr. Whiteley, Mrs. Whiteley, another lady, and myself, were shown into the convent parlour, where we found breakfast prepared; about the same time the lady Abbess, accompanied by some young nuns, entered an adjoining apartment, only separated from ours by a double grating. The reception she gave us was courteous, though dignified; the nuns, gentle and retiring in manner, yet totally free from any appearance of awkward embarrassment, joined gracefully, though but occasionally, in conversation. I observed on some of their countenances an expression pensive and resigned, but not indicative of mental disquietude; their deep black attire accorded well with the clear paleness of their complexions; the mantilla depended from the head, protecting rather than shrouding the face; their hair was parted in the Madonna style, and a curious kind of whalebone projected from the forehead in a curve and rested upon the nose.

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After breakfast we walked through the convent church, and listened with delight to the rich sounds of its powerful organ, and saw the nuns looking down upon us from another grate raised high above the body of the church. At length the grate was opened; the nuns descended, and warmly and affectionately embraced the ladies of our party, after which we exchanged salutations and departed. The general effect was pleasing, but I was still more impressed by a scene which I afterwards witnessed at the same place. I walked with my friend Mr. Whiteley to the church at a late hour on Christmas eve. It was brilliantly illuminated, and crowded to excess by persons flocking in from the country as well as from the town, anxious to behold the celebration of the Christmas rites, and animated by a spirit of the most fervent devotion. I felt no common interest, as I gazed upon those beautiful young women who appeared at the high and distant grate, waking at intervals the deep organ and accompanying it by their voices, voices of surpassing sweetness, which thrilled through a thousand hearts. Raised far above the lower world, they reminded me of the angelic host seen by the awe-struck shepherds on the blessed anniversary of that eve, floating upon the realms of space, breathing celestial strains and singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth good will to man."

I cannot quit this subject without stating my conviction that the aspersions cast upon the nuns are, generally speaking, unjust. As far as regards the interesting persons to whom I have been alluding, their conduct was universally admitted to be pure and unexceptionable; to call them blameless would be faint praise indeed, as their lives were spent in an uninterrupted exercise of the most active charity. In a country abounding in convents some few instances may be adduced of nuns who have broken their vows, overcome by the force of an earthly passion; but the disgrace entailed upon the sisterhood by any detected frailty is considered great, and the penalty inflicted upon the offender is proportionably severe.

I had now devoted more time to the north of Portugal than I had originally intended, and my departure from Oporto had been for several days delayed solely by the rough sea and tempestuous winds, which effectually prevented the steam-boat from

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quitting the harbour. At length the weather became more favourable, and, having taken leave of my friends, I rose before break of day on the 27th of December, and embarked on board the steam-boat bound to Lisbon. But the discouraging accounts brought by the pilot of the state of the bar determined the captain to defer the voyage to another day. The passage of the bar is perilous when the sea is much disturbed, or the water low, as the only channel through which a vessel can navigate in safety is shallow, confined, and hemmed in by rocks. It may easily be conceived that among the English society at Oporto, which is principally composed of gentlemen engaged in commerce, the state of the bar becomes a frequent and anxious subject of conversation at their evening parties. "How is the bar this evening?" is as often asked at an Oporto dinner as "Were you in the Park to-day?" in St. James's Square. There are some curious facts connected with this dangerous accumulation of sand. The sea, previously tranquil, often rises in the immediate vicinity of the bar, and rushes in upon it with tremendous force, although no visible cause of excitement can be discerned, while, strange to say, a little farther along the shore the water remains completely undisturbed. Oporto is nearly three miles from the main ocean, but even at that distance I have been sometimes forcibly struck by the loud and awful roar produced by the sudden rise of the bar, unexpectedly breaking in upon the stillness of night.

A somewhat similar phenomenon sometimes prevails along these coasts. Upon such occasions the whole sea becomes chafed without any assignable cause, and rolls in its mountainous surges upon the beach, although the day is perfectly calm, and there is not the lightest cloud, or the faintest breath of wind. Some persons attribute this peculiar kind of ground-swell to the operation of heavy gales in distant seas: those gales, they suppose, chafe the waters under the influence of their own immediate action, and the waters, becoming disturbed, gradually communicate their own agitation to the remoter parts of the ocean.

I have observed the same kind of swell, in a lesser degree, at Bude Haven, a wild port on the northern coast of Cornwall, which should be visited by every painter of the storm, and, indeed, by every man who loves the sea in its roughest mood;

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for he will there behold, on a tempestuous day, a size and grandeur of wave, and an uninterrupted surface of foam, such as perhaps no other part of the British coast can present. I asked an Irish sailor, who had lived two years at Bude, whether he had ever seen a wilder sea on his native shore. "Never, indeed, Sir," he replied, "and I verily believe that Bude Haven was the last harbour God Almighty made."* Those great masses of foam, contrasting with the dark crag of the coast, form not unfrequently a scene which Morland would have loved.

But I am wandering strangely from my subject. On the following morning I again rose before daylight, and embarked on board the steam-boat, where I finally took leave of my kind friend Mr. Whiteley, whom I quitted with real regret. The sun shone brightly on the beautiful banks of the Douro as we glided down the river; but when we approached the formidable bar, the old doubts were revived, and the propriety of passing it was again called into question: the captain, who had been prevented from quitting the harbour for two-and-twenty days by the state of the bar, became impatient of further delay, and decided in the affirmative. He was not, however, altogether without apprehension lest the water should prove too shallow, and he afterwards admitted that there was only just sufficient depth to permit the free passage of the ship. Long before we reached the bar I was struck with the magnificent appearance of the distant breakers, which, succeeding each other rapidly, as they rolled in upon the shore, resembled spirited chargers with high crests and white flowing manes coming proudly in at the end of the race. The passage of the bar was the work of a moment, and, looking back upon it, it resembled a foaming whirlpool. Emerging from the channel we entered on an enormous length of swell, the vessel alternately riding over a mountainous wave, and falling completely into a valley; a heavy sea which prevailed only in the immediate neighbourhood of the bar, for, as we receded from it, the water became perfectly smooth.

* It must not, however, be supposed that this place, so remarkable for the grandeur of its sea effects, is destitute of the comforts or conveniences of life. There is a very good hotel established at Bude, and good lodging-houses. Sir Thomas Acland has generously built a chapel, at his own expense, where the Rev. Mr. King officiates, and delivers some of the most practical, yet eloquent, sermons that it has ever been my lot to hear. The people are well disposed and grateful.

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Our progress was but slow, as the captain did not venture to apply a strong horse-power to the engine, the vessel being shattered and unfit to navigate the Atlantic during the winter months. The state of that ship was a remarkable instance of the mischief arising from the system so much in vogue in Portugal, but so prejudicial to the public interest, of granting monopolies to favoured individuals. The communication between Lisbon and Oporto is so frequent, that the establishment of steam-boats would in all probability have been attended with perfect success, had free competition been allowed; but the right of carrying passengers, in vessels worked by steam, was restricted by the Government to a single individual. The public suffered extremely from this narrow policy; travellers, having no choice, were compelled to avail themselves of this the only conveyance; yet no improvements, and scarcely even the necessary repairs, were made in it, the proprietor being actuated by no fear of competition. In consequence, we spent no less than thirty-three hours in performing a voyage which had been often effected in seventeen or twenty.

The last steam-packet which ran between Lisbon and Oporto was lost, but the cause of the accident has never been fully understood, as there was little wind at the time, and the sea was calm. A noble, who escaped from the wreck, related a curious anecdote of monkish waggery connected with the loss of the ship. In the desperation of that dreadful moment when she struck upon the rock, many passengers, anxious to disengage themselves from the sinking vessel, sprang into the boats, which became overladen, and went down. A few days after this disaster, my friend met at court a friar, who was also in the ship, and had like him escaped the fearful fate which surprised so many persons on the night of the wreck. The King inquired minutely into the particulars of an accident which was then the general subject of conversation. The friar entered into all the details, and concluded by declaring that, at the moment when the boats went down, the dreadful certainty of approaching death was lost in an overpowering sense of loyalty; and that an unanimous shout of "Long live our excellent King!" was heard from the drowning crew. This little imaginary trait of devotion to the Crown, notwithstanding its great improbability, time and place considered, was highly palatable to the royal hearer; and

my friend, a man of scrupulous veracity, was hugely discomfited when his delighted Sovereign required him to confirm the truth of these loyal vociferations.

The day was beautiful, and the deck was profusely adorned with flowers and odoriferous plants. I fell asleep towards sunset, and did not awake till a late hour, when I arose and paced the deck. The scene was striking, but wild and dreary; black clouds were rapidly chasing each other over the face of heaven, and contrasted strongly with occasional intervals of deep-blue sky, upon which the stars were shining brightly: the immeasurable waste of waters, obscurely seen by their dubious light, and undistinguishable from the horizon; the silence, broken only by the sullen dash of the waves, and the short, stern call of the men on duty, were all circumstances fraught with poetic interest. We passed the rock of Lisbon on the afternoon of the following day, and anchored in the Tagus as the last beams of the setting sun threw a fine glow over the river. Our passage from Oporto had been slow, but totally free from danger or alarm. Our party was singularly uninteresting: the only personage worthy of record was a French lady, who, rejoicing largely in flowers and feathers, affected a juvenile deportment; though somewhat *passée*, she was, however, still pretty, and benevolently disposed to be appropriated, either with or without the nuptial ceremony. At times inordinately sick, she apparently derived unspeakable solace from the affectionate attentions of two parrots, three Canadian ducks, four gold-fish, a cat, a dog, a monkey, and a couple of hideous maids, who alternately laughed and wept over their recumbent mistress.

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CHAPTER IX.

Opening of the Cortes—The Chambers—Dom Miguel's Arrival in the Tagus —Swears to maintain the Charter—Tumults—Melancholy Party at Bemfica—Progress of the Revolution—Policy of the Court—Emigration of the Imperialists—Interview with Count Villa Flor on board the Frigate —Visit to Costa—A Night's Adventure.

A FEW days after my arrival at Lisbon I engaged apartments at a Spaniard's house, which was situated on the Caes do Sodre, and commanded a splendid view of the Tagus, the various shipping, and the mountains beyond. The southern sun sparkled brightly upon the water for many hours in the day, and its setting tints, though more subdued, were not less beautiful. In my landlord, who was married to an Englishwoman, by whom he had a very pretty daughter, I recognised "the noblest work of God," an honest man. As a husband and a father, and indeed in all relations, his conduct was unexceptionable: he was just to his neighbour, obedient to the existing powers, professed no political opinions, and received men of all parties with equal courtesy.

On the 2nd of January, 1828, I attended the Royal Sitting for the opening of the general Cortes, which took place at the palace of Ajuda. The Infanta Regent, scarcely restored to health, began her speech in a languid voice, congratulating the Peers and Deputies on the favourable prospects of the kingdom, and exhorting them to continue their patriotic exertions; she deplored the failure of the bank, but trusted that credit would soon revive; she glanced at what she called the aggressive conduct of the Spanish Government, but was glad to state that their assurances had been latterly more pacific, and the character of their policy materially improved. In conclusion, she spoke of Dom Pedro as the undoubted Sovereign of Portugal, and declared that her younger brother, Dom Miguel, would speedily arrive to administer the Government in his name.

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The suspension of payments in cash by the bank had occasioned general surprise, and had given rise to much angry discussion, but had not excited the great alarm which such an event would have produced in England. The bank, in the first instance, engaged, at the solicitation of Government, to take on its own account half the loan voted by the Chambers, but was subsequently induced to contract for a larger proportion. The directors were in consequence obliged to extend their issues, and eventually became unable to give silver in exchange for their notes; yet they might have answered the demand in gold, but rather chose to incur the discredit of suspending payment altogether than adopt this equitable and obvious course.

Thirty-six Peers were present at the opening of their house, and forty-one declared absent: they commenced their labours by a spirited assertion of their privileges, and refused to recognise General Caula as a Peer, because the Emperor had raised him to that dignity without the sanction of his council of state; an act of prerogative disallowed by the Charter. In the House of Deputies, the law on the liberty of the press was brought forward in the first days of the session. Senhor Sarmento, a most able speaker, distinguished himself in the course of the discussion, but some foolish resolutions were passed by the House; among other questions, the proposed division of the territory, and a project for the amelioration of the judicial system, were debated. Soon afterwards a proclamation was issued by the Infanta, in which she deplored the sacrilegious robberies that had taken place in different parts of the kingdom, accompanied with insults to the Eucharist, and in conclusion denounced vengeance on the impious offenders.

The impeachment and trial of the Archbishop of Elvas, the Marquis of Fronteira, the Count of Taipa, and the Count of Cunha, were perhaps the only public events that about this time excited any general interest. These Peers were accused of stimulating the people to revolt, and of encouraging certain manifestations of republican feeling, which took place during the disorders consequent on Saldanha's retirement from the ministry; an accusation which appears to have been wholly unfounded. With respect to the Archbishop of Elvas, the Papal court revived pretensions stigmatised by many as antiquated and obsolete, in-

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sisted on his total exemption from civil jurisdiction, and arrogated to itself the sole right of pronouncing judgment in his case. This claim advanced by the Legate was referred to the House of Peers, where it was warmly advocated by the Cardinal Patriarch, the Bishop of Viseu, and the Count Rio Pardo, but negatived after a stormy debate.

I was well acquainted with Fronteira and Taipa, and therefore frequently attended the House of Peers during the progress of the trial, which was long protracted, but terminated in their acquittal. The debates in both Houses were uniformly conducted with dignity; even during the discussion of the most momentous questions, members never indulged in those lively ejaculations and sudden bursts of passion which convulse the French Chamber on very trivial occasions. In Spain, during the heat of the Revolution, the most monstrous doctrines were uttered with a calmness and moderation that formed a singular contrast between the matter and the manner of the speaker. The Conde da Linhares, the Conde da Taipa, the Conde da Puente, and the Conde San Miguel, spoke with considerable talent in the House of Peers; and Senhores Sarmento and Guerrero took a prominent part in the Lower House. The Houses were opened at ten o'clock in the forenoon for the despatch of business, and usually continued sitting till two o'clock, when the members returned home to dine. About this time the secret marriage of the young Infanta with the Marquis of Loulé took place, and the melancholy circumstances attending her departure from the kingdom excited much interest.

The presence of the British officers, the flower of our army, gave an unusual degree of spirit to society: my time was partly spent with them, and partly with my Portuguese friends, into whose feelings and opinions I daily gained a further insight. The wintry months rolled pleasantly away, if wintry they could be called which had nothing of that inclement season but the name, for the air was constantly warm, the sky serene, and the sun bright: it rose with its accustomed splendour on the memorable 22nd of February; about two o'clock in the afternoon the royal flag was seen flying from all the signal-posts, and thundering salutes from the various shipping, answered by the cannon at the castle, proclaimed the Infant's arrival. The joy occasioned

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by this event was increased by the fears latterly entertained for his safety, as the coast had been visited, on the 19th of February, by one of the most tremendous gales on record; and his preservation was considered by many of his adherents as a signal proof of the interposition of Providence in his behalf. That extraordinary storm gave little warning of its approach, and lasted only a few hours; on that evening the heavy clouds cast an unusual gloom, relieved only by vivid and repeated flashes of lightning; "the troubled Tagus chafing with its shores" immediately beneath my window was indeed a noble object. I saw many of the smaller craft riding on its waves, dismasted, and some actually go down amid the strife of wind and water: at Setuval alone nineteen vessels were lost, and the whole line of the Atlantic coast was strewed with wrecks.

The western coast of Cornwall was ravaged by a tempest equally terrific on the 21st of February, 1833; I happened to be at Bude at the time; the oldest inhabitant recollected no similar visitation; two ships were wrecked at the entrance of the port during that memorable storm. On the evening of the 21st I was accosted by a sailor who had belonged to one of the vessels wrecked in the morning, and had been saved from a dreadful death by the combined exertions of the people of Bude: weak and exhausted, he had crawled to a fire kindled in a blacksmith's shop on the very edge of the sea; he was at that moment watching, with an interest no less intense than mine, the progress of another vessel then rapidly approaching the harbour, and was offering up most earnest wishes for the deliverance of his brother seamen from the raging waters which had so nearly engulfed him a few hours before. He told me that, in the course of a long naval life, he only remembered one storm of equal horror—the storm to which I have been just alluding, which had ravaged the coast of Portugal five years before, almost on the anniversary of that day. He had then been wrecked for the first time, and now returned unfeigned thanks to that Almighty Being who had twice stretched forth his hand to save, and had borne him unharmed through two such fearful visitations.

As we were still speaking, the vessel, that was rather rushing than sailing into the harbour, impelled by a furious wind, passed the most dangerous point in safety; but while we were exulting

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at her apparent escape, she suddenly deviated from the right track and struck upon some hidden rocks, close to the ship which had been stranded a few hours before. It afterwards appeared that the crew, unacquainted with the port, had mistaken, in the gloom of the evening, the black hulk of the stranded ship for the pier, and had not discovered their mistake till the mischief was irremediable. The situation of these poor men was awful in the extreme: instead of the friendly shelter anticipated but a moment before, they saw, immediately beside them, an appalling proof of the violence of the gale and the insecurity of their own situation —a spectacle that warned them of the recent fate of others, and seemed a dreary prelude to their own. For some hours they confidently expected death; and when the receding tide permitted the people of Bude to approach them, they were overwhelmed with joy and astonishment. The crews of both vessels were saved: the first by great exertions and with great difficulty, the second by a fortunate accident, too detailed in its character for insertion here; or, I should rather say, by an interposition of Providence in their behalf, for, as the tide was nearly at its height, no human aid could have been extended to them at the moment when they struck upon the rock. It was a scene of wild and almost terrible excitement. A fire was kindled upon the heights, while the fury of the wind and the raging of the waters drowned the voices of the sailors on the pier, but could not prevent their passionate gesticulations, as they beheld the vessel striking upon the rocks, and knew that death was staring their shipwrecked brethren in the face. But it is high time to leave the coast of Cornwall and return to the shores of the Tagus.

The Infantas proceeded to the royal frigate to receive their brother; but when he saw them approaching he sprang into a boat, and embraced them with tears of affection. As he landed, the soldiers cried out, "Long live the Infant!" the people replied with "vivas" for the Absolute King. At the palace of Ajuda he was welcomed by his mother. Falling upon one knee, he imprinted the most fervent kisses on her hand, and said, taking from his bosom an image of the Virgin of the Rock, "Behold this relic, your parting gift. Mother, you see before you the same child you lost in 1824." From that moment the

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royal attendants knew that his political tendencies were unaltered, her influence over his mind unimpaired, and the fate of the Charter sealed. In the evening the palace was surrounded by people shouting for the Absolute King. The officer on duty sent a message to the Infanta Regent requiring instructions, and offering to disperse the crowd; but her Royal Highness referred the messenger to the Infant, saying, "Brother Miguel, you hear." "Let it pass," replied the Infant, and the people, emboldened by his obvious approbation, reiterated their shouts.

That night the city was brilliantly illuminated. On the following day Dom Miguel repaired to the cathedral; again he was greeted with "vivas" for the Absolute King, more generally and vehemently expressed; and some soldiers who attempted to stifle those cries were severely reproved. I conversed with some Constitutionalists in the evening, and even then they were greatly dispirited, and predicted the overthrow of the Constitution. The Infant's ambiguous reply to the Portuguese deputation in London, his actual encouragement of the rioters, and the absence of any proclamation, were justly considered as no slight indications of his real feelings. Dom Miguel's intention of taking the oath to the Constitution was, however, known on the following morning, and revived the drooping hopes of the Imperial party.

I repaired on the 26th of February to the great saloon of the Ajuda. The Peers, attired like Roman senators, occupied the front benches on the right hand; immediately above sat the Peeresses, among whom the Countess of Villa Flor and the Countess of Alva were undoubtedly the most distinguished by their personal attractions: the Deputies were ranged along the benches on the left hand, and the space above was reserved for strangers. At one o'clock Dom Miguel entered the saloon, accompanied by his sisters. The Infanta Regent seated herself on the throne: the Prince at first stood by her side under the Royal canopy; but, taking him familiarly by the arm, she forced him to occupy part of her seat during the delivery of the speech. She expressed her sincere desire for the welfare of the Charter, and assured her hearers of the upright intentions which had uniformly actuated her conduct in the administration of the Government, and of the pleasure with which she now resigned it into her brother's hands. She was frequently interrupted by shouts pro-

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ceeding from the court below, and her voice was at one time so completely lost in the clamour, that she was obliged to pause; upon which occasion Dom Miguel's flashing eyes gave indications of that impatient temper which has characterized him from his earliest years. Having concluded her speech, she arose, and retiring from the throne, which she appeared to resign with the utmost cheerfulness and good humour, placed herself by her sister, an interesting young person, seated on the right-hand bench immediately above the Peeresses.

The written oath of adherence to the Charter was then presented to the Infant, who regarded it with apparent confusion, and seemed unable or unwilling to read it: at the same time the Duke de Cadoval drew near with a missal to administer the oath; but his Excellency's wide-spreading mantle so effectually concealed the Infant from the general observation, that it was impossible to see him kiss the Sacred Book or hear him pronounce the solemn words. I was not far from the royal party, but cannot give any decided opinion upon that much-debated point, whether Dom Miguel really went through, or evaded, the forms prescribed. Many of his adherents declared then, and still assert, that he neither repeated the words nor kissed the book; and the Infant himself is said to have assured his favourite nurse, on the same day, that in subverting the Charter he should incur no moral guilt, as he had not bound himself by any oath to maintain it.

The ceremony being now completed, he walked towards the great folding-doors at the extremity of the hall, between the Peers and Deputies ranged on both sides; but suddenly paused midway, and, recollecting that he had left his sister, the Infanta Regent, he returned, and led her down the saloon. During the whole proceeding Dom Miguel's countenance was overcast, and he had the constrained manner of a most unwilling actor in an embarrassing part. I read the approaching fate of the Constitution in the sullen expression of his countenance, in the imperfect manner in which the oath was administered, and in the strange and general appearance of hurry and concealment. This opinion was so much increased by his hasty departure from the saloon, without uttering a single word confirmatory of his new obligation, that, under the strong impression of the moment, I ob-

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served to an officer standing near me, "This is surely ominous:" he replied, "Poor boy! he is only shy." I began to doubt the justice of my suspicions, but in the evening they returned with all their original force. Yet, in spite of symptoms so discouraging to their cause, the Imperialists began again to indulge in sanguine anticipations, and the city was brilliantly illuminated that night; but the appointment of a Corcunda, or ultra-Royalist ministry, on the following morning, destroyed their hopes, and placed the real intentions of the Infant in the clearest light.

A crisis was foreseen, and consequently the panic on the Exchange was immense; commercial transactions were suspended, and in the public mind there was a general misgiving, an undefined alarm, a certainty of coming change, a fearful looking forward to the issue of events. No circumstances worthy of record occurred during the next few days, but groups continued to assemble and shout for the Absolute King; and these proceedings were openly encouraged by persons within the palace, who appeared at the windows, joined in their "vivas," and waved white handkerchiefs in token of their cordial approbation. But the evening of the 1st of March was marked by serious tumults; and the strange selection of time and place for the perpetration of those outrages was, perhaps, the most extraordinary feature of all those extraordinary transactions. That evening was fixed on for the presentation of certain eminent persons, and many others availed themselves of that opportunity to repair to the palace and offer the earliest tribute of their homage to the Infant; but their astonishment was extreme when they found the inner courts of the palace, and the flight of steps leading into the hall of the Archers' Guard, completely occupied by a lawless mob. To such an extent was the popular feeling at that time in favour of Dom Miguel, that every individual who entertained Constitutional opinions, however moderate, was assailed. The Cardinal Patriarch was compelled to make the sign of the Cross, to call down heavenly blessings on the excited people, and to join in the cry of "Down with the Charter!" Fortunately Count Villa Flor was absent, for the mob expected him with impatience, and had sworn to take his life; but General Caula was severely wounded, and the Count da Cunha was only rescued from assassination by some officers, who drew their swords to protect him in the palace itself.

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The tumult was so great that the address from the Academy, which the Secretary was at that time reading to the Infant, could be scarcely heard by any of the surrounding courtiers. Yet the Infant was unmoved, and would not, or perhaps could not, restrain these outrages perpetrated on his guests, and committed in his own palace. The indignant troops, compelled to endure passively the insults heaped upon their officers, manifested their unabated attachment to the Imperial cause by playing Dom Pedro's hymn during the greater part of the ensuing night under the windows of the Ajuda. At this critical period Sir William A'Court, now Lord Heytesbury, one of the best diplomatists this country ever produced, left Portugal, being appointed to the Court of St. Petersburg.

On the 7th of March Count Taipa made an eloquent speech, and moved that Ministers be summoned to explain the causes of the recent tumults. I met him that evening at the Opera, in Count Villa Flor's box, and he then clearly foresaw the approaching downfall of the Constitution. Count Villa Flor was depressed, and the conviction that all his military efforts during the preceding year had been of no avail weighed heavily upon his mind.

Three days afterwards I dined with the Marquis of Fronteira, at his noble mansion near Bemfica: the dining-room is truly magnificent, the carving rich, the height imposing: it is built in the old style, and graced with a fine heroic bas-relief of the first chivalrous Marquis of Fronteira. Our party consisted of the British Commander of the Forces, Sir William Clinton, and his Military Secretary, Colonel Hare; the Count and Countess of Villa Flor; the Count of Alva, and his young daughter-in-law, the beautiful and unaffected Countess of Alva; the Count of Taipa, the Count of Puente, Dom Carlos, and our noble host and hostess. I allude particularly to this party, because it was chiefly composed of men who played a prominent part during that eventful crisis; because it was the last act of hospitality I received from my Portuguese friends at Lisbon; and, still more, because it was the last time they met in their native land around the festive board, for, before three days had elapsed, they were exiles and at sea. That was a trial-hour indeed; their long descended rank was henceforth to be denied, their privileges

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annulled, their possessions confiscated; even those ancient halls in which we were then sitting for the last time, those halls inherited from a long line of ancestors, were passing away from the rule of their lineal lord.

During dinner no allusion was made to public events, but afterwards the party divided into separate groups: the conversation was now carried on by the men in a low, but calm voice; and the darkening prospects of the country, which engrossed their thoughts, became the only subject of discussion. They knew the extent of the crisis, they felt the magnitude of the danger; they had maintained Dom Pedro's cause with unshaken fidelity, and were in consequence exposed to the resentment of the actual Government; that Government was advancing by rapid strides to the establishment of absolute power, and had already dismissed from the army many officers of moderate opinions, and had supplied their places by persons devoted to the court. They knew that the vengeance of Dom Miguel would be directed against themselves, when the changes then in progress should be completely effected, and the court be enabled to strike the blow securely. They were still unmolested, it is true, but theirs was a hollow peace, a treacherous quiet; they slept upon gunpowder, and were well aware that the match would be applied at the fitting moment.

Wishing to divert the minds of her guests from the heavy sense of impending calamity, the Marchioness of Fronteira placed herself at the piano, and played a lively air; but though her taste and execution were equally admired, it seemed as if the very music was infected by the melancholy of the time; and like—

> " The practised minstrel's fabled strain,
> That, disobedient at the call,
> Wail'd loud through Bothwell's banner'd hall,
> Ere Douglases, to ruin driven,
> Were exiled from their native heaven "—

even so her notes, as if prophetic of approaching woe, fell heavily upon a silent room and a lifeless audience.

On the following morning fresh changes were announced. The Count of Villa Flor was dismissed from the military government of Alentejo, the Count of Alva from the Algarves, the Marquis of Valença from the Traz os Montes, the Count of

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Lumiares from the Minho, and Sir Thomas Stubbs from Oporto; and their appointments were given to adherents of the ultra-Miguelist party. The Marquis of Chaves and the chiefs lately in arms against the Government were recalled. I do not blame their recall, but the proceedings against the Imperialists were, to the last degree, impolitic; for every measure tended to produce a struggle, and every circumstance showed that a day of active conflict was at hand.

On the 12th of March the panic was at its height among the Imperialists, and the Miguelists were scarcely less alarmed. Rio Pardo, a decided Absolutist, and then Minister of the War Department, terrified at the rapidity with which the wheel of revolution was revolving, exclaimed, "We have done in a week what could not have been effected, with safety, in a year." He was an able man, and knew the danger of the crisis. Spirited and even fierce discussions had taken place in the Chambers; and the militia and the regular troops were united, almost to a man, in their opposition to the Government. Whenever the Infant appeared in public they struck up the national hymn: the court, in consequence, forbade it to be played; the order was complied with, but flashes of resentment broke forth among the troops, and they did not scruple to declare that the oppressive measures then in progress should recoil on the oppressors.

I saw a detachment of the Caçadores drawn up in line at the Opera-house. Their colonel had been just superseded; the usual expression of good-humour no longer irradiated their features, but they stood with lowering countenances, preserving a gloomy silence. Probably the members of the Administration had no alternative in the course which they pursued: as a dismasted ship is driven upon the breakers by an uncontrollable tempest, so the Government, deprived of its better judgment, was compelled to adopt these perilous expedients by the secret but powerful influence of a fanatical priest, and the frantic energy of the Queen-mother.

That extraordinary person possessed abilities and a firmness of purpose that, under better regulation, might have led to all that was good and great. She had been foolishly insulted by the Cortes of 1820, and the sense of injury was not appeased, in her vindictive mind, by the overthrow of the offending par-

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liament, but every modification of the representative system became afterwards hateful in her sight. She organized conspiracies against the Charter in every part of the kingdom, and communicated with the conspirators; she originated, matured, and carried every desperate measure into execution; her word was law, her smile promotion; she sometimes persuaded, sometimes intimidated her incapable son; she snatched the rudder from his feeble grasp, and, with a furious but not unsteady hand, steered onward to the destined point, rejecting the safer but more circuitous path, and unappalled by the tempest gathering round her.

Dom Miguel in the mean time remained, like an eastern monarch, shut up within the walls of his palace, and refused to partake of any food that was not prepared by his faithful and favourite nurse. Nor were his apprehensions groundless: by a more conciliating policy he might have eventually secured the highest object of his ambition, and have probably governed with undisputed authority; but the impolitic violence of his conduct produced a corresponding spirit of resistance; and unforeseen events alone prevented, at that period, the reaction which might have been expected in the actual temper of the troops.

It was said, and I believe truly, that an extensive conspiracy was organized under the direction of a secret committee, but was rendered abortive by peculiar circumstances. Dom Miguel stood at that time on the brink of a precipice. Never, in any preceding period of Portuguese history, had a prince of the house of Braganza been involved in greater and more imminent peril; but in spite of his actual danger he succeeded for the moment; a short-lived success, not produced by plans wisely conceived and greatly executed, nor yet the offspring of that steady foresight which calculates on the stunning effects produced by vigorous measures following each other in rapid succession, nor of that considerate courage which carries unshrinkingly into execution the daring acts dispassionately resolved on as at once the boldest and the wisest policy. The fleeting triumph of the court was the result of unreflecting passion, aided by a fortunate combination of causes over which it had no control, and its ultimate failure was the almost certain result of a policy which outraged the feelings, not of the people

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generally, but of those who had arms in their hands, and who, baffled, it is true, in the first hour of surprise and alarm, had yet eventually, as circumstances have since proved, the great question in their decision.*

When Dom Miguel arrived in Portugal he found his authority rather nominally than practically controlled by the establishment of the Charter, divested as it was of any very popular tendencies, and essentially aristocratic in its elements. An enlightened or even a selfish view of his real interests should have made him cling to that Charter; upon that Charter he should have lavished every outward mark of respect, for, under the actual combination of parties, and in the actual temper of the people, it could have formed no real barrier against any determined exertion of the royal prerogative; yet would have enabled him to effect, without incurring personal odium, those reforms which had become absolutely essential to the prosperity of the state and to the stability of his government.

It is true that at the period in question the national feeling very generally inclined to the ancient rule; for, although the Portuguese Government had been for ages despotic in form, it had yet in practice been mild and paternal. But although the manifest sympathies of the people with the old order of things induced many persons to believe that the restoration of the absolute system on a stable basis was by no means impracticable, still, beneath these favourable appearances, there were symptoms in the body politic which led the calm and unprejudiced observer to infer that the best chance of preserving the old institutions of the country was to be found in an honest recognition of the Charter of 1827. To every man who looked beyond the surface, it was evident that, unless considerable changes were introduced into the fiscal and other departments, the wasteful expenditure of the public money could not be checked, the disorder of the finances, then yearly increasing, would continue to augment, and, in the critical state of parties, almost inevitably terminate in popular revolution. Internal revolutions are, at

* About this time, and subsequently, I blamed the policy pursued, on certain points, by our ambassador, Sir Frederick Lamb. I must frankly admit that, in that respect, I was completely in error, for I then possessed only a partial knowledge of events.

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present, with few exceptions, ultimately referrible to one and the same cause. The circumstances which immediately produce the change vary indeed in different states, according to the different character, habits, and condition of the people, but almost every revolution in our own times is ultimately referrible to embarrassments connected with the revenue. In states that have undergone the fiery ordeal of revolution, it will be generally found that difficulties of finance were not only an accompanying symptom, but often a very efficient cause of the national malady, and have not unfrequently preceded for a long time the crisis of the disease.

A Portuguese monarch, relying for support exclusively on the Absolute party, could hardly have ventured to introduce reforms prejudicial to the interests of many of his partisans, however essential to the safety of the state; he might, perhaps, have corrected the abuses which disfigured the judicial system, but he could hardly have abolished the gross monopolies which then pervaded the kingdom, checked the development of the national industry, and prevented the improvement of the revenue: but by the means of the Chambers he might have easily carried into effect the necessary improvements: the partial unpopularity resulting from those changes would have been borne by the legislature, while the advantage would have been reaped not only by the people, but also by the sovereign. Dom Miguel might, at that period, have affixed his own limits to every measure of change; a power seldom enjoyed by the head of the state in periods of active transition. The Charter of 1828 and the Charter of 1834, though essentially the same, were calculated to produce very different results. The Charter overthrown by Dom Miguel could not, I think, have been detrimental to the established interests of the country, at a time when an immense majority of the nation were attached to his person, and the strength of his adherents was unbroken; it was, however, fraught with ruin to many of those interests, when imposed on a defeated people by a party that had outstripped the moderation of their early leaders, that was flushed with success, and triumphant over every obstacle opposed to the gratification of their wishes. But in 1828 the Charter was an engine which would have obeyed the slightest impulse of the master-mind: a great ma-

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jority of the House of Peers were then devoted to the Infant; the representative assembly would have been moulded to his will; and thus, I believe, under the protecting sanction of the popular forms, he would have acquired a more real authority and a more effective command over the resources of his country than had ever fallen to the lot of any Prince of the House of Braganza under the old despotic rule. Had the Charter been respected, that species of authority which, however grateful to the caprices, is unimportant to the solid power of the monarch, could indeed have been no longer exercised; the nobles could not have been kept in a state of tutelage; their properties and family honours would not have remained dependent on the will of the court; nor would individuals in any rank of life have been liable to arrest at the mere fiat of a minister; but that power of calling forth and wielding the national resources which constitutes the real strength of a government, and should alone be coveted in the present day by an enlightened sovereign, would, I think, have been considerably augmented. But if this view of the case had proved in the result erroneous, if Dom Miguel had eventually discovered that the new Constitution was practically incompatible with a fair exercise of the royal prerogative, he might, even then, I am convinced, by personal conciliation, and by a gradual succession of cautious measures, have ultimately removed every obnoxious privilege, without incurring any real hazard; for among the Portuguese, with whom the love of liberty is of recent date, and altogether subordinate to their hereditary sense of loyalty, the Constitution was not sufficiently rooted in the hearts of the people, or of any influential order in the state, to have interfered with the attachment which would have soon grown up for a young and popular Prince.

A prædial insurrection is usually produced by some general and prevailing cause of discontent, but men in a higher rank of life are influenced at all times, and especially during periods of internal commotion, by motives of a mixed nature. Unquestionably, some of Dom Miguel's opponents were stanch adherents of the Charter; but many, who became determined enemies, would have quietly acquiesced in his authority, if the impolitic measures of his Government had not rendered submission more perilous than resistance. By declaring open war against the Consti-

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tution, and, still more, by the unmeasured denunciations of the court against the Constitutionalists, he drove into complete insurrection not only those who were sincerely attached to the Charter, but all who had, from various reasons, enlisted under its banners during the preceding year, when constitutional principles were still in the ascendant. Many of these would have adopted with little reluctance a system more congenial to his views, if their retreat had been rendered easy, if a prudent veil had been thrown over the past, and the new reign had been ushered in by the prospect of a lenient and impartial rule. "*Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur*" was a maxim which should have been graven in letters of gold upon the royal tablet, and should have uniformly influenced Dom Miguel's political conduct; but, by dividing the nation into two fierce and hostile factions, he evoked against his Government every varied principle of action which could sway the minds of his opponents. He should have allowed the distinctions of party to have blended insensibly, and have become lost in a general emulation to meet his wishes, and a general sense of loyalty to his person; and this, in the then temper of the nation, would have been not only a consummation to be devoutly wished for, but most easy of attainment. But when he drew still broader the actual line of demarcation between the rival factions, and compelled every man to proclaim his faith, and to take up his position either as an opponent or as a friend of Dom Pedro and the new Constitution, shame, and a sense of consistency, and the strong obligation of party ties, combined to retain under the standard of the Charter an immense proportion of those who had once espoused his cause; while others became involved in a mortal struggle with the Government, not without regret on their part, not from attachment to any abstract theories, not for the sake of the extinguished Constitution, but simply because they found themselves proscribed. In corroboration of this statement, witness the personal terrors experienced by the Constitutionalists in the last days of the Constitution, witness the general expatriation before the standard of revolt was raised.

That statesman would materially underrate the real measure of the attachment felt by the Portuguese for the old institutions of heir country, who judged entirely from the apparent strength

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of the respective factions as arrayed against each other during the recent struggle, or even from the final issue of the civil war. The most popular cause that ever was maintained by man would have been endangered, if not ruined, by the policy of Dom Miguel's Government. It would therefore be incorrect to imagine that the great body of the people were friendly to the unjust and oppressive measures adopted by Dom Pedro, after his return to Lisbon, against the Peers, the convents, and the Church generally; no such inference can be fairly drawn from the facility with which acts subversive of their interests were carried into execution.

The Miguelists were naturally opposed to those innovations, but they were vanquished, and had no voice: the moderate and influential men of the Imperial party beheld those violent changes with dissatisfaction; but, absolutely committed by the part they had taken in the recent struggle, they trembled for the safety of the new Government, and were consequently unwilling to endanger its stability, and perhaps restore Dom Miguel's power, by any vehement opposition to measures which they justly considered tyrannical and oppressive. Dom Miguel's failure in Portugal is not a proof that the great body of the people are favourable to changes so hastily adopted by the Governments which succeeded him; it is only a practical proof that institutions supported by the greatest portion of the property of the country, and firmly rooted in the popular affections, may yet be lost by an improvident policy on the part of their supporters, and by the gross mismanagement of their available resources.

There was a disposition in the leaders of the popular party in 1828 to reform manifest abuses, but at the same time to preserve all that was venerable in the old institutions. This spirit pervaded their legislation, and appeared in their careful abstinence from any foolish intermeddling with the property enjoyed by the church and the aristocracy, and in their almost ostentatious respect for the convents: even in the projected subdivision of the territory, although fresh arrangements were resolved on, as essential to the better administration of the local government of the country, the old names of the provinces were religiously preserved. Their policy was to retain old laws and usages whenever

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they could be retained without injury to the state, and in all instances to surround their new institutions with the old forms of the monarchy. This judicious deference to the popular prejudices was not imitated by their constitutional successors of 1834. They, on the contrary, adopting a different principle, laboriously endeavoured upon all occasions to obliterate that which was ancient, and substitute that which was new; a policy in which they were supported by Dom Pedro, who sacrificed the real interests of his country to the passionate indulgence of his personal resentments. In the altered spirit of their legislation may be found the cause of half the evils that afflict Portugal: to this cause may, in a great degree, be attributed the desecration of the convents, the consequent alienation of the peasantry, their unsettled state, and the lamentable change that has recently taken place in their habits and modes of life. The loss of the British privileges in Portugal, and the decline of British influence, may be traced, not very remotely, to the operation of a kindred feeling. But why, it may naturally be asked, were the liberal party of 1828 exempt from the influence of that hostility to every established system which almost invariably actuates the foreign Constitutionalist? Because the prevailing spirits of that party were, in 1828, the leaders of society; were men of rank and stake in the country, swayed by many of the feelings that attached to the old régime, and rather friendly to representative government from the force of circumstances than from any natural bias in favour of constitutional doctrines. I felt at the time that a state of parties and a conjuncture of circumstances so favourable to the old institutions of the country were not likely to recur if no real settlement were then effected; for I could not believe that, with an expenditure unchecked in the various departments, and which the state had become wholly unable to support, an absolute government could be maintained for any great length of time in the face of a powerful minority in the towns. I therefore earnestly desired a compromise of parties and of interests, in which all that was really valuable in the new system of opinions might be brought in aid of the tried and long-established institutions of the kingdom. But parties were at that time too exasperated for mutual concession, and a compromise was rejected, which might have been fraught with benefit to the

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country, and have long protracted the existence of institutions, many of which, unhappily, I think, for the interests of Portugal, have now ceased to exist.

I called on Sir William Clinton on the morning of the 12th of March, and found him suffering from the effects of a violent kick from a mule. Among the absurd rumours of the day, it was reported that the Queen-mother had purchased the recalcitrant brute, as a signal proof of the hate she bore the English. I afterwards called on Count Villa Flor: he was absent, but I found the Countess conversing with her mother, the Marchesa de Loulé, in the beautiful saloon which overhangs the sunny Tagus. The Marchesa was a soft and interesting person: she held her daughter's hand affectionately clasped in hers: she dwelt with feeling upon the anguish of their approaching separation, and bewailed, in simple but affecting language, the heavy times that rendered so precarious any future meeting on this side of the grave.

During the night of the 12th of March the troops remained under arms; some decisive blow was in consequence expected, and on the following morning the Chambers were closed by a decree of the Infant. As usual, the general apprehension exceeded the real danger; a belief was prevalent that stronger measures were in the contemplation of Government, that the leading Imperialists would be arrested during the course of the ensuing night, and that an extensive list of proscriptions, prepared by the Queen-mother and her confessor Macedo, was actually delivered into the hands of the officers appointed to carry them into execution.

The terrified Imperialists no longer ventured to remain within their houses, but concealed themselves during the day in various parts of the city, and, favoured by darkness, escaped to the vessels of neutral powers lying in the Tagus. On the following day I hired a boat, and rowed to the frigate of the British Admiral, to take a last farewell of Count Villa Flor and the Marquis of Fronteira, who had sought refuge on board the Spartiate. Times had changed, and the splendid Governor of Oporto,* so lately hospitable to the stranger, courted by the great, and worshipped by the poor, could no longer rest his

* Count Villa Flor.

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head securely in the lowest hamlet of his native land. He was evidently dejected, but endured with firmness this rapid reverse of fortune, and pressed my hand warmly as he alluded to the brighter days of our first acquaintance. "However, I have not abandoned the cause; honour is preserved," he said. His young and beautiful Countess was much affected by this sudden wrench from so many cherished ties; but the same exalted spirit that supported her during the dreadful night of her father's murder, and afterwards in the prisons of Peniche, sustained her in this heavy hour of hopeless separation from the kinsmen and the country of her youth. Determined to follow her husband's fortunes through every sad vicissitude, this exemplary woman renounced, without a murmur or a tear, the home that was soon to become the prey of the spoiler, and the friends she might never see again. The Marchesa de Fronteira wept bitterly, but did not speak; Fronteira was depressed, but said that he did not regret the part he had taken in public affairs: we walked to the cabin-window; he gazed earnestly on the well-known towers of Lisbon, and his eyes filled with tears as he saw, for the last time, the sun go down upon his native shores. Before that sun had risen again they were far away on the wide Atlantic.

In the evening I saw the police drawn up in rank, each man standing by his horse, obviously prepared to act at a moment's notice; the regular troops were again under arms, and remained in that state during the whole night. The Imperialists beheld, with renewed alarm, preparations which were in fact only precautionary, for the court dreaded a military reaction, as much as the liberal party feared some sudden act of ministerial aggression. The rumours were exaggerated and endless, the ferment great, the alarm universal, and it is difficult to say by which party it was entertained in the highest degree. During the following days the emigration was incessant, and the agonizing scenes which passed in the interior of Portuguese families would have touched the hardest heart; for persons of either sex, and of every rank and age, were involved in the general expatriation, and the British ships overflowed with the unfortunate fugitives who crowded around them, imploring that protection which was never yet denied by British seamen to the desolate and oppressed.

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In this crisis Lord Amelius Beauclerk extended his line-of-battle ships from the harbour up to Lisbon. This movement, though judicious, alarmed the timid, while the protracted occupation of the forts by British troops, against the known wishes of the court, exasperated the Miguelists, and the popular feeling, which afterwards flowed so strongly against the English, began even now to take a direction hostile to our Government. In the mean time Dom Miguel made arrangements to leave Lisbon and repair to his palace at Villa Viciosa, ostensibly to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. There, joined by his mother, supported by the peasantry, and strengthened by the Marquis of Chaves and his troops, he hoped to find himself speedily at the head of an overwhelming force, in a condition to march upon Lisbon, and dictate terms of submission to the Imperialists; a scheme discovered, I believe, and disconcerted, by Sir Frederick Lamb.

On the 15th of March an official proclamation appeared, alluding in terms of high commendation to the conduct of the troops during the crisis of 1824, expressing a confident hope that they would be found to possess the same zeal and loyalty when a similar occasion should require similar exertions, and threatening any refractory corps with severe punishment. As the overthrow of the first Constitution (and it must be admitted that most deservedly it fell) was the act of heroism for which the troops now received the Infant's thanks, it was impossible to misunderstand the nature of the services hinted at in this address and expected from the soldiery: this was followed by an order to the Intendant-general of the Police, requiring him to supply the Minister of the Interior with a list of the magistrates, throughout the kingdom, who had prevented the people from manifesting their affection for Dom Miguel, that such disaffected persons might feel the terrible effects of his justice. It is difficult to describe the alarm and indignation perpetuated by these successive announcements in the minds of the Imperialists, who enjoyed no repose, no freedom from anxiety, not even a momentary respite from great and continued excitement.

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CHAPTER X.

Assassination of the Professors of Coimbra—Costa—Midnight Adventure—Visconde Sa da Bandeira—Departure of the English Army—Sir William Clinton—Dom Miguel.

ABOUT this time there occurred a dreadful event which exhibits in striking colours the fury of the conflicting parties and the distempered feeling which prevailed. A deputation, consisting of three professors of the University of Coimbra, and two dignitaries of the see attached to that city, were proceeding to Lisbon, for the purpose of congratulating the Infant, when they were stopped by a party of students, who compelled them to leave their carriages, and, conducting two of the professors into an adjoining field, shot them. A military detachment was passing by at the critical moment, and, hearing the report of musketry, fortunately arrived in time to save the remaining members of the deputation. It was rumoured that many of the students had assembled on the evening preceding these events, had calmly discussed the offences imputed to the members of the deputation, and had passed sentence of death upon the offenders. Nine of these young assassins, some of whom were the children of very respectable parents, expiated their crime on the scaffold. At Lisbon attempts were made to assassinate a brother of Count Ficalho, and a brother of General Saldanha, and both these nobles were severely wounded.

General Saldanha himself arrived in the Tagus on the 21st of March ; his departure from England took place only a few days after the Infant had quitted it, apparently intending to respect the Charter: finding, to his utter astonishment, the Regent engaged in a very hazardous enterprise, and the country involved in all the turmoil of a revolution, he felt at once that with his acknowledged principles he could not land without incurring great personal danger, and therefore took the earliest opportunity of secreting himself in a neutral vessel. At this time my

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friend Major Sa, one of the most talented men in Portugal, and, by universal admission, one of her most gallant soldiers, was extremely anxious to see the General, under whom he had formerly served in the capacity of aide-de-camp, and to whom he was much attached. He discovered the ship in which Saldanha was concealed, and asked me whether I would accompany him in his attempt to reach it—a project attended with some hazard and considerable difficulty, for Saldanha's arrival had alarmed the Government to such a degree, that the most rigorous search had been made for him in various houses, under the belief that he had landed, and bodies of the police patrolled the quays all night to intercept his retreat. Bernardo Sa felt that Saldanha was involved in difficulty and danger, and the knowledge of his critical situation made him anxiously desire to obtain an interview with his old commander; an interview which more cautious or less generous spirits would have as carefully avoided, and which was not sought for the purpose of plotting against the Government in any way. As a stranger, I would not have involved myself in any political intrigues, or have become accessory to any proceedings hostile to the Government; but although there may possibly have been some personal imprudence on my part, still, in facilitating the object of my generous friend, and in agreeing to accompany him on a visit solely intended, on his part, as a tribute of respect to his former chief, I cannot surely be reproached with having compromised that character of neutrality, which it is the duty of every foreigner to observe in every country, and under every government, which affords him a temporary protection.

General Saldanha had played a very distinguished part in the recent history of Portugal, and, though I was by no means an approver of his general policy, I will not deny that a strong desire to see such a man under such extraordinary circumstances in some degree influenced my decision. Situations of intense interest excite intense feelings: the habitual reserve of ordinary life is then involuntarily thrown aside, the usual barriers are broken down by an urgency which overcomes all minor considerations, and the man appears in all his native strength or weakness. As steel calls forth fire from flint, so the excitement produced by a revolutionary crisis is an unfailing touchstone to

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extract the essential qualities of the mind, and drag them from their most hidden recesses. An hour spent in observing, at such a period, the development and play of character, will often afford a deeper insight into the real energies of an individual, or of a people, than years devoted to the investigation of their habits and modes of thought in tranquil times. Perhaps, also, my natural love of enterprise inclined me to second my friend's wishes.

Our resolution taken, it was by no means easy to determine the safest and most practicable mode of carrying our intentions into effect, as we could only proceed to the vessel by night, and were sure to find the guard ranged on the quays at our return; and both passengers and boatmen who landed after dark were subject to a severe examination. At length our plan of operations was arranged. It happened that on a certain evening I was engaged to meet a large party at dinner on board a British frigate: it was settled that my friend Bernardo Sa should engage a couple of boatmen upon whose good intentions he could in some degree rely, without, however, communicating to them any part of our scheme. He then agreed to call for me at the frigate, whence we proposed to row without loss of time to the vessel which contained Saldanha, and, after a brief interview with the General, return to the quay. When required to state, on landing, whence we came, it was settled that I should reply, as indeed I might with truth, that I had been dining on board the British frigate; and as the English were continually passing and repassing between the ships and the shore, my answer could hardly excite suspicion: moreover, I had been residing on the quay for some months, and was generally known as an Englishman, so that no doubt could exist on that head; and if I led the way with apparent confidence, my friend, enveloped in his mantle, might in all probability pass unnoticed. Even if the worst mischance befell us, and we were suspected and stopped by the guard, the truth of my statement would be corroborated by reference to the party on board the frigate; and as we felt the boatmen would not willingly compromise us, we might rationally hope that our little digression to Saldanha's ship would remain undiscovered.

The appointed evening came, but our measures were discon-

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certed by one of those untoward circumstances which sometimes derange the best considered schemes. There was a party—a concert, I believe—given that night at Lisbon, which began at an hour unusually early, and which my host of the frigate and many of his guests meant to attend. The party at the frigate, in consequence, broke up immediately after dinner, and, as I could not remain on board after the general dispersion without attracting observation, I thought it prudent to retire with the rest of my friends. Bernardo Sa arrived at the appointed hour and found me gone: by this unlucky contretemps our arrangements failed for that evening, and our plan was postponed, but not abandoned.

Early on the following morning I set off for Costa, with my intelligent friend Colonel Lambert. We crossed the water, hired mules, and rode for some miles through an uninteresting country. From the summit of a hill we looked down upon the village of Costa, bearing a strong resemblance to those Arab tents which I have seen studding the African plains, and appearing in the distance like mounds of earth raised in a pyramidical form. The Arab tents are made of camels'-hair, but these hovels are apparently composed of broom, and both are conspicuous from the darkness of their colour. Costa is built on the edge of the water; before it is a fine expanse of sand and a bold open sea, and the mountains of Cintra rise nobly in the distance.

By a strange inconsistency, perceptible in many parts of the Peninsula, the women of Costa were handsomely attired, although their wretched huts were destitute of the common necessaries of life: the men were on shore hauling in the nets; some wore bonnets, others hoods resembling cowls, while the rope, girded around their loose and picturesque garments, gave them a mônkish appearance, which ill accorded with the sternness of their countenances and the freedom of their attitudes. The children were laden with mussels, and vociferous for money, and a few pence thrown amongst them produced a terrific decline and fall of their aquatic goods. We lingered on the spot, enjoying the scene, and saw the fishermen haul in a draught of sparkling sardines. At our departure we were somewhat molested by an ancient dame, a worthy soul no doubt, but a little sentimental, and very much intoxicated; she spoke with energy about Dom

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Miguel, and seemed so much inclined to associate us in her political harangues, that we had some difficulty in avoiding the dangerous theme. We reached Lisbon before dark.

In the evening Bernardo called at my lodgings, and told me that he had made the necessary preparations for carrying our scheme into execution without further delay. As I had no longer any particular engagement at the frigate, we had not the same facilities as before, but we, however, determined to proceed upon the same plan. We left the house at nine o'clock, and, stepping into the boat then lying under the quay, rowed to the frigate, where we remained a few minutes, and then, re-embarking, ordered the watermen to steer us to the shore. When, however, midway between the ship and the shore, we suddenly pretended to recollect an engagement, and desired them to change their course and row us to the vessel which we well knew contained the General; that vessel was at a greater distance from the Lisbon quay than we had at first supposed, lying far down the river, which is here almost an arm of the sea, indeed nearly as far as Belem. It was a night of extreme beauty; there was not a cloud in the sky, not a breath on the face of the deep; the moon alone was to be seen in heaven, and was beautifully imaged in the water below; the banks, studded with towers and palaces intermingled with gardens and ancient walls, were reposing in the silver light; and the deep black shade they cast upon the water immediately beneath was separated by a defined line from the radiant surface beyond. Protected in some degree from observation by the bank, we glided down the stream among the vessels of various nations, and admired their tall masts resting against the deep-blue sky, and their beauteous tracery of spars, so light and delicate, yet so distinctly visible by the light of the moon; occasionally we passed a mighty frigate, at once the guardian and emblem of British greatness, standing apart from the naval host in solitary grandeur, and casting its gigantic shadows across the water.

At length we reached the vessel which contained Saldanha, and saw that great precautions had been taken to prevent the possibility of a successful attack. Some minutes elapsed before any reply was made to our reiterated calls, but at last a man appeared on the deck. Bernardo then rose, and said that he had

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formerly served under the General as aide-de-camp, and now desired to see him. The sailor replied that Saldanha had recently left the ship. We disbelieved this statement, and my friend persevered in his efforts, entreating him at all events to mention his name to the General; but though the man hesitated for a moment, he afterwards repeated his former statement with increased decision. He had probably received instructions not to admit, upon any account, that the General was actually concealed in the ship.

Baffled in our main object, we became anxious to effect a safe retreat, as the most difficult part of our enterprise was yet to be surmounted. Desiring, therefore, our men to hasten back to the quay, we rowed up the stream for some time without experiencing any interruption, but heard at length the unwelcome sound of a distant challenge; we looked anxiously around, and saw a small black speck upon the illumined water, like a mote on the brilliant disk of the sun. For a moment we hoped that an acute sense of danger had rendered us peculiarly alive to every sound, and we trusted that the suspicious object which lay before us, too clear to admit a doubt of its existence, was only a buoy. It lay so motionless, it seemed so little instinct with life, that our hopes became confirmed. While we were yet gazing upon it the call was repeated, and the black speck evidently changed its place; we immediately supposed it to be one of the many Government boats appointed to intercept communications between the refugees in the ships and their friends on shore, and especially between Saldanha and his partisans; and as our proceedings could not have borne the test of official inquiry, we felt that every chance of safety depended on instant flight. We urged our men to apply their utmost strength to the oar; they needed no exhortation, for they knew the danger of becoming involved in any questionable enterprise; their broad chests and vigorous arms were not exerted in vain, and we rather flew than glided up the stream. But this precipitate movement was hailed by our crafty observers as a signal to commence the chase, upon which they entered with equal determination and greater power; our boatmen, however, plied their oars with unabated spirit, and for a few minutes the result seemed doubtful. We looked with intense anxiety upon the object moving towards us; it was no longer a speck, distinguish-

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able only by its darkness from the surrounding waters, but evidently a boat bearing down upon us; we saw her every moment increasing in bulk; we saw the crew that manned her, like shadows first, then bodily and distinct; the quick repeated dashing of the oars came full upon our ears: our pursuers were now gaining rapidly upon us; the next moment they overtook our boat, commanded us to stop, and we reluctantly obeyed the summons.

To our unspeakable relief they only proved to be custom-house officers; who, having ascertained that we carried no smuggled goods, departed somewhat incensed at the unnecessary speed to which we had put such good men and true. We rowed on to the quay; as we approached the landing-place we distinguished the military patrol ranged along the shore, and saw their arms glittering in the moonlight; and now the last and most hazardous part of our enterprise was to be achieved. Our plan of operations had been previously arranged, so that our movements had no appearance of hesitation or embarrassment. I led the way up the landing-place; my friend, enveloped in a cloak which concealed his face, followed as an attendant. We were instantly and fiercely challenged by the officer on duty, and I as quickly replied that I was an Englishman, and had been that evening on board the frigate. The frequent occurrence of visits from Englishmen to the British line-of-battle ships, our unembarrassed manner, the confident and almost careless tone in which I answered, my English accent, and probably the recognition of my person, prevented me from experiencing any interruption. I regarded the officer steadfastly, to divert his attention from Bernardo. Attracted by my gaze, he returned it with equal earnestness, and kept his eyes so riveted upon me that I doubt whether he even observed my friend. If I mistook not, I perceived a shade of doubt and suspicion on his countenance, as if he wished to detain us, yet felt that such a step would hardly be justified by actual appearances. But we allowed him no time for reflection. As his first impulse did not prompt him to stop us, we passed on with quick but not with hurried steps, and in a few minutes were beyond his reach. So terminated our nocturnal enterprise: "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*," I observed to my friend as we separated. Had we been arrested by the guard, and the object of our expedition discovered, I, as an Englishman, should only

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have been subjected to great inconvenience: Bernardo would, however, have been exposed to real danger; but danger, in whatever shape it came, never affected his intrepid mind. He is one of the most humane and honourable men I have ever known. At a later period of the revolution he encountered far greater perils, and was placed in more difficult situations, yet throughout those trying scenes he well sustained his previous reputation. When Dom Pedro's standard was raised at Oporto in 1828, he escaped from Lisbon and joined Count Villa Flor's army in the north of Portugal; he marched with the troops to Coimbra, and never deserted them during their disastrous retreat into Spain; and when the failure of the insurrection became complete, he embarked for Terceira, the last stronghold of the Imperial cause. The vessel in which he sailed was, however, captured by a Miguelist sloop-of-war, and the most rigorous search was made for the scattered adherents of the Charter. During this examination he remained under a heap of cinders, which seemed incapable of affording effectual shelter to any living creature. The Miguelists, however, pierced the heap in various places with long sticks to remove all doubt, but missed him every time, and departed without any suspicion of the truth. Had he been taken prisoner at that time he would probably have suffered, as his extreme activity in Dom Pedro's cause had rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to the government of that day. Since that period he has given proof of great military talent; he has risen to high distinction, has been made a Peer, and is now a member of the Portuguese Cabinet.

The British army had received final instructions to return, and the 1st of April was the last day on which they continued to occupy any part of the Portuguese territory. My friends Colonel Lambert and Captain St. Clair spent their last evening with me. The first I met a few months afterwards in England, the last I never saw again. Captain St. Clair had virtues which endeared him to his friends, he had all the spirit of his own gallant profession, and abilities which might have reflected credit "on the lordly line of high St. Clair." But fate had otherwise decreed, and he died soon after his return, lamented by his brother officers.* On the following morning I went to head-

* Both are now gone. While this edition is going through the press the

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quarters and found the General preparing to quit the palace. Sir William Clinton had entirely won the affections of the Portuguese. His sway had been so firmly yet so gently administered, authority had been so tempered with kindness, the foreign Chief had so completely merged in the common Protector; in short, the elements were so mixed in him, that those who had hailed the arrival of the British army lamented his departure as a general misfortune, and those who hated British interposition spoke of him with a forbearance and even with a warmth of feeling rarely felt by men towards their political opponents. The separation between the British and their Portuguese allies was truly affecting. Our officers had awaited their recall with extreme impatience, but, when the hour of departure actually arrived, their joy was damped by the doubtful prospects which overhung their foreign friends; men with whom they had long co-operated on equal terms and lived as brothers. They felt that all hope of preferment for their late associates was at an end, and that even the prospect of preserving their rank in the army was hourly diminishing. The Portuguese accompanied our officers to the water's edge, as if they wished to postpone the final farewell to the latest moment, and cling, while it was yet possible, to their only remaining friends; and our officers embarked, not like men returning in high spirits to their native land, but with tears in their eyes, as if retiring from a disastrous campaign.

Bernardo dined with me, and in the evening we rowed to the Windsor Castle, a line-of-battle ship commanded by Captain King, and under orders to sail for England early on the following morning. I was unacquainted with the Captain, but he received us with civility, and I had the pleasure of again seeing many of my military friends. I went into the General's cabin, and found him still suffering from the effects of his accident and almost worn out with business, for in feeble as in robust health he paid the same unremitted attention to his official duties. Having quitted him with regret, I walked the deck with my friends. The air was warm, the sea calm, and as the evening

melancholy news of General Lambert's death has reached England. My gallant friend was Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, and fell a victim to the yellow fever, the scourge of that country.

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deepened the firmament became spangled with stars, and the lattices of Lisbon were illuminated by a more earthly but not less beauteous light. As we rowed to the shore the delicious scent of the orange-flower was wafted over the water, and actually loaded the air with its rich perfume. On the following morning I heard that the vessels appointed to convey the British forces to their several destinations had quitted the harbour with the earliest glimpse of light. A few days afterwards I called at the quarters recently occupied by the Commander-in-Chief, to see a young Portuguese officer who had been officially connected with the British army and was still remaining there. All his brother officers had been dismissed from the regiment, and he was only detained in consequence of the General's kind recommendation; but this apparent deference to Sir William's wishes only survived his departure a short time, and before two months had elapsed this young man was involved in the general expatriation. The shutters were closed when I entered the great saloon, but he opened them and admitted light. His conversation flagged and his spirits seemed depressed, and I could hardly myself resist the melancholy influence of the moment as I paced the deserted apartments so lately occupied by a brilliant staff and so often cheered by the voice of social mirth.

The departure of the British army created at first among our merchants considerable alarm, which, however, subsided on the following morning, when they found that their throats were in a satisfactory state. The rain fell plenteously about this time, and contributed to cool the apprehensive imaginations of my English brethren. Before I left Lisbon I was presented to the Infant, at the palace of Ajuda, by Sir Frederick Lamb. The folding-doors of the audience-room were suddenly thrown back, and Dom Miguel was seen standing between his sisters under the royal canopy at the extremity of the apartment. He said little, but his manner was gentle, and the gloom which darkened his countenance on that inauspicious morning when he vowed—a fruitless vow!—to defend the Charter, was replaced by a placid and good-humoured expression. In the evening I called with my friend Bernardo on the Marchesa d'Alorna, grandmother of the Marquis of Fronteira. She had been driven from Portugal by the French invasion, and had fondly hoped, on her return after the

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general peace, to close her eyes in her native land, amid those who were nearest and dearest to her. But those ties, she said, were rent asunder, her kindred were again scattered over the face of the earth, and the evening of her life was desolate.

I had long intended to explore the southern provinces of Portugal, and most particularly those parts where a British foot "had ne'er, or rarely, been." My English friends were on the ocean; my Portuguese in exile. Bernardo alone remained; but the increasing dangers of the time compelled him at length to take refuge on board an English frigate, and I became a solitary being amid the populous city of Lisbon. Lisbon had therefore no longer any attractions for me; her deserted palaces only revived mournful recollections, and I determined to commence my journey without delay.

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CHAPTER XI.

Author leaves Lisbon — Moita — Luxuriant Vegetation — Setuval — Wild Scene of Midnight Revolution—Arrabida Convent—Melides—Simplicity of the People—Santiago—The Capitan Mor—Want of Communication—Villa Nova—Sierra de Monchique—Beauty of a Portuguese Heath—Senhor Joaquim (Corregidor of Lagos): his kindness and hospitality.

CONTRARY to the advice of my friend Mr. Forbes, who was well acquainted with the character of the people of the country, and read the signs of the times, I crossed the Tagus early in the morning, and reached Moita in about two hours. The only object of interest in our passage was a sand-bank washed by a current at times extremely strong, and called the Cabeza de los Españoles, because a boat full of Spaniards was lost there a few years before. The banks in the immediate vicinity of Moita are low and sedgy, but a little farther on the mountain range of Palmella rose boldly before us. At Moita we mounted our horses, but experienced a most vexatious interruption before we had advanced half a mile into the interior of the country.

It appeared that my servant Antonio, greatly moved for the maintenance of his dignity, having heard at Lisbon that I had hired a horse for my own use, rejected the offer of a safe but humble mule, and insisted upon the loan of a prancing animal; and in this wish he was so happily indulged, that having, with considerable difficulty, effected a lodgment in the saddle, he was ejected from the premises at a moment's notice. In this dilemma I proposed returning to Lisbon to negotiate matters with the horse-dealer; for I knew that Antonio, under the influence of his recent alarm, would probably return accompanied by some dilapidated creature, unable to totter along the first day's road. I therefore preferred sailing back to Lisbon, inconvenient as it certainly was, to the chance of any protracted delay; so, re-entering the vessel, which I had just congratulated myself on quitting, I lay down in a most implacable mood, my head resting

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on a hard sack, and my feet refreshed by the wind and rain which were driving fast against us.

In spite of various discomforts, I contrived to sleep, and the weather cleared up before we reached Lisbon, where we arrived rather crestfallen, after all the pomp and circumstance of our matutine exit. I spent the night at Bento's, and, having provided my dejected squire with an appropriate nag, I embarked early on the following morning, and, arriving at Moita, continued my journey through a sandy and pine-covered country.

Many flowers were in full bloom: I saw some fine specimens of the tall malmaquiers growing in beautiful abundance; the stuva, with its elongated and gummy leaf; the pink saragassa; and the arresmiñiño, which covers whole districts and fills the air with its delicious fragrance. The hedges were overrun with luxuriant fern, and with innumerable shrubs then in their loveliest state of vegetation, for the tender light-green tint, which seldom survives the first fortnight of spring in that burning climate, was still resting upon them. Palmella is a fortified town, finely situated on the summit of a hill. Here, man or horse becoming somnolent, Antonio was quietly transferred from the saddle to the sand, whilst I, unconscious of the deposit then in process, was admiring the first view of Setuval and its noble bay, bounded on one side by the Arrabida mountains. The plain is covered with magnificent orange-trees, laden with fruit, actually touching the ground. The air, deliciously scented with the lemon-bloom, showed at once the fertility of the soil and the indolence of the people, who, in other countries, would have collected the flower for the sake of its perfume. The ash, differing in some respects from our British species, was in full leaf; so was the fig; poppies of various colours abounded, and looked bright and gay amid the corn, but showed the defective state of the agriculture.

The chief trade of Setuval consists in the exportation of salt: the inhabitants are said to prepare annually 200,000 tons, of which 90,000 are exported in foreign shipping. The greater part of these 90,000 tons is sent to Ireland, Russia, Sweden, and Finland. and a small quantity is reserved for the use of the English fisheries. The remaining 110,000 tons of salt are partly consumed at Setuval, and partly exported to Oporto, Viana, and other Portuguese towns. The profits arising from the exporta-

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tion of oranges at Setuval are small: the salt is the staple article. By mutual regulations, British and Portuguese ships are, or at least were, entitled to the same indulgences in their respective ports; but as the trade was principally carried on in English bottoms, the advantages preponderated greatly on our side.

On my arrival at Setuval I stopped at a house kept by an English Catholic, a man possessing an extent of information far beyond his station in life. In the evening he accompanied me to a plot of ground just out of the town, where a large concourse of people was expected to assemble that very night. The agitation which then prevailed among the inhabitants was extreme. Enthusiastically attached to Dom Miguel, and implicitly guided by the priesthood, they regarded the Charter with utter abhorrence; and recent events at Lisbon had inflamed their minds to such a degree, that only a few days before my arrival the citizens had collected in large bodies and attacked the troops stationed in the town. The Caçadores, devoted to the Imperial cause, immediately fired upon their assailants, and a considerable loss of life ensued; but the popular feeling was so strong, and the authorities were so unanimous in supporting the Miguelist party, that the troops were obliged to leave the town, and were replaced by a regiment principally composed of the inhabitants, and fully participating in their political sentiments. The only check on the zeal of the Miguelists was thus for the first time removed, and the Imperialists looked forward with alarm to the result of a meeting convened by their avowed enemies, and held during the hours of darkness. The numerous confessions made during that particular season, for we were then in Lent, tended greatly to augment their apprehensions, as the priests thus obtained increased opportunities of secretly but deeply instilling into the popular mind their rooted, and, it must be admitted, not unjustifiable, hatred of the Constitutionalists.

As I walked with my host towards the scene of action, he endeavoured to dissuade me from prosecuting my journey into Alentejo, a district never very safe for travellers, but at that time peculiarly dangerous from the great political excitement which prevailed. He told me of an alarming incident that had once befallen him in travelling through a wild and uncultivated part of that province. He put up one evening at a lonely inn,

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where he found the kitchen table surrounded by a party of ill-looking men, whom he soon recognised as confederated robbers, by their appearance and manner, by the general style of their conversation, and still more by the peculiar connexion which seemed to exist between them and the master of the house. Shortly afterwards a gentleman stopped at the inn, accompanied by his servant and mounted on a fine horse, whose handsome accoutrements bespoke the rank of his owner. In the course of the evening my informant observed his host take up a pair of pistols belonging to the stranger and extract the bullets. Confirmed in his worst suspicions, he cautiously left the room and lost no time in effecting his escape; he assured me that he had afterwards reason to believe that both the gentleman and his servant perished in that den of villains.

Engrossed in conversation, we unconsciously approached the chapel at the extremity of the green, before which an enormous concourse of people were assembled. Night had long set in, but we saw by the glare of the lamps the crowd collected most densely around a regimental band, which was playing with amazing spirit the ultra-Royalist hymn; but even this favourite tune was often drowned by the deafening shouts of "Miguel the First, the Absolute, the most Absolute King! and death to the Malleardos,* death to the infamous Constitutionalists!" It was evident that the designs of the Miguelists in promoting this meeting had been crowned with success. The popular enthusiasm was at its height, and characterized by such extreme ferocity that I could not behold it without awe, or hear the deadly imprecations heaped upon the Constitutionalists without feeling that a terrible hour of vengeance was at hand. I have mingled much in revolutionary scenes, but never before or since, not even at Evora during the heat of civil conflict, have I seen the

* The Constitutionalists were about this time contemptuously called the Malleardos, or Spotted Ones, in consequence of an accident that befel Dom Miguel; the nickname is illustrative of the quick fancy and readiness of the people by whom it was given. He was driving an open carriage drawn by two spotted horses, which ran away with him so vehemently as to endanger his life. The people, who were generally attached to Dom Miguel, immediately applied the term Malleardos to the Constitutionalists, thereby intending to express their belief that, in one respect at least, they resembled the spotted horses, being equally disposed to run away with the car of the state, and to compromise the safety of their prince.

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human face distorted by such a variety of horrible passions; passions cradled in fanaticism, nursed in silence and in gloom, but now roused to madness, and ready to break down every barrier opposed to their gratification. Every passing occurrence ministered to their hate, and furnished matter for hateful illustration: if a rocket went up ill, the people called it a Constitutionalist, a declaration received with yells expressive of the utmost detestation and contempt; if it rose well, they cried out that even thus should their knives be sent into the hearts of the accursed Freemasons, and then they expressed fervent wishes that their traitorous heads were burning in the wheel of the rocket. In short, among that assembled multitude all seemed alike transported by one common love for the Infant, by one common hatred to his opponents, and by one pervading sentiment of unlimited and almost frenzied devotion to the Church. They were inflamed by music and the spirit-stirring hymn; by wine, which gave an appalling character of desperation to their gestures; and by religious zealots, who whispered, in each pause of the storm, that every blow they struck was struck for God. It is difficult to describe the effect produced at intervals by the sudden glare of the fireworks, dispersing the gloom and lighting up, though but for an instant, their stern and excited countenances. Those momentary gleams showed each man his neighbour's passion, and strengthened his own from a sense of the general sympathy; so that every moment their expressions of vengeance became fiercer, and their shouts more vehement and unintermitted.

At length they raised the cry of "Death to the English!" My host had long before urged me to quit the scene, but the deep interest with which I viewed these tumultuary proceedings fixed me spellbound to the spot. Had my British origin been discovered, my situation might have been very unpleasant, but the same dark face, which in Spain convinced the authorities that I was a native outlaw, effectually shielded me at Setuval from the suspicion of being an Englishman; still my foreign accent might have betrayed me had I been compelled to speak, and I felt on many grounds the necessity of retiring, for the people were ripe for violence; and their leaders, seeing that the time for action had arrived, bade the music cease. The crowd,

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that had been long pent up, chafing like a mighty stream within a narrow channel, now overflowed on all sides, bearing down on Setuval to carry their revolutionary intentions into effect. In trying to disengage myself from the turmoil, I observed that I was often recognised as a stranger, though not as an Englishman. Many fierce inquiring glances were bent upon me, many persons seemed inclined to stop me, and were only prevented by the hurried movements of the multitude, which pressed on, rank after rank, like the waves of the sea: once, indeed, a savage-looking fellow, rendered still more fierce by intoxication, seized me by the coat, and, declaring that I was a Freemason, desired me to shout for the Absolute King. My actual position was not agreeable, for my host had warned me that, although I might pass through the crowd unmolested, still, if a mere urchin raised the cry of Freemason against me, the people, in their irritated state, might fall upon me, as a pack obeys a single hound; no well-known Constitutionalist would that night, he assured me, trust himself on that plot of ground for all the treasures of the British exchequer: but the danger, if real, was but momentary, for, disordered by wine and forced onwards by the irresistible pressure of the crowd, my assailant lost his hold before I had time to reply. Extricating myself from the crowd, I took refuge in a knoll of trees behind the chapel, where I saw groups of men careering around with shouts and gesticulations absolutely demoniac, and rather resembling enraged wild beasts than rational beings; and still, as I made the best of my way to the inn by a circuitous path, I heard the loud beat of the drum and the infuriated cries of the people as they rushed to attack the dwellings of the Constitutionalists, who were, however, generally speaking, prepared for the tempest, and had fled from their houses some hours before the rising of the gale.

On the following morning I heard that great outrages had been committed during the preceding night; that the people were undisputed masters of the town, and Dom Miguel had been proclaimed King by universal acclamation. I had observed that a large proportion of the rioters consisted of fishermen, whose picturesque dress, dark tangled locks, and weatherbeaten visages heightened the wildness of the scene.

It is a singular fact, that, although these men had derived

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greater and more immediate advantages from the operation of the Charter than any other class, they were perhaps the most opposed to its continuance. The fishermen of Setuval were required to pay 30 per cent. to the religious establishments before the revolution of 1820, but in 1828 only contributed 10 per cent. to their support, and yet they were anxious to revive the abolished rights of the Church, and were almost to a man prepared to die in its defence; a fact honourable to them, showing in strong colours the immense powers of that Church, and the folly of attempting to overthrow, by direct hostility, a system built on feelings which defy calculation, and which, in Portugal, are too strongly impressed on the public mind to be eradicated by those arguments of mere self-interest which generally influence the conduct of men.

During the extraordinary scene of which I had been a silent but deeply-interested spectator, it was evident that the strong attachment manifested by the people on that night to the Church and to the ruling prince was combined with feelings of bitter resentment towards the supporters of the Charter. That resentment was not, however, justified by the conduct of the Constitutional party of that day, but the oppressive policy pursued by the Cortes of 1820 was still fresh in the memory of the people, and was not unnaturally, though it was at that time unfairly, visited upon the adherents of Dom Pedro's Charter; but since that monarch's final triumph, since my journey through Portugal, it must be admitted, that in violence and ill-treatment of the Church his Ministers have fully equalled, if not exceeded, their democratic predecessors. While they alienated the peasantry by their hasty suppression of the convents, by the same act they extensively indisposed the landed gentry of the kingdom; for almost every family of note in Portugal had some members attached to the monasteries and interested in their preservation: all these have grievously suffered, and many of them have been reduced to actual penury, by the harshness and injustice with which those ancient establishments were suppressed.

If there be yet in store for the Miguelists a day of power and retribution, I shall not envy any inhabitant of Setuval the distinction of Constitutionalist when the counter-revolutionary storm breaks out.

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I have often observed with interest the rapid transition by which the popular mind, in southern countries, passes from violent action to profound repose. On the morning after the revolution the people had resumed their ordinary avocations; the town exhibited a tranquil aspect, and I had some difficulty in conceiving that it could have been so recently the theatre of such a fearful disturbance.

At times, however, I have seen in the Peninsula, after a murderous conflict, the people paralysed by terror and the streets as silent as the deserts of Arabia. I remember arriving at a posada, bordering upon Lorca, a town in Andalusia, and hearing that the place was in a state of great revolutionary excitement; a conflict of parties had occurred on the preceding evening, and had terminated in the complete ascendancy of the revolutionists; the Governor had been driven from the town, his house burnt, and he was rescued with difficulty from the fury of the people. Four or five of the leading Royalists had been massacred in the public square, and several had been severely injured. Wishing to hear a more detailed statement of the affair, I ventured into the town; in the whole length of the principal street I only met two individuals; they appeared to shun observation, and were passing quietly but hastily to their destination. I delayed them, requesting to know the nearest way to the Plaza, and, on the pretence of inquiring whether I could proceed farther with safety, introduced the subject on which I was desirous of obtaining information. The first man to whom I addressed myself appeared much annoyed at my questions, and replied in a tone of exultation, which I suspect, from the nervous anxiety of his manner, was by no means in unison with his real feelings; however, he urged me to return to the posada, saying it was a very unfit time for a stranger to venture into the town. The second only answered, "For God's sake ask no questions, speak to no man, but return home without delay." Both seemed alarmed at the interruption, looked anxiously around them to ascertain whether the few words that had passed between us had been overheard, and then hurried on more rapidly than before. I perceived that the doors were closed and the windows barred as I advanced into the heart of the town, and, though I saw everywhere traces of the industry of man, I heard not a sound that recalled his existence to my

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mind. I confess I felt awed by the unnatural contrast that existed between the magnitude and flourishing appearance of the town, and the horrible stillness and desolation that seemed to reign over it, and which was only disturbed by the echo of my own footsteps. At length that echo became quite oppressive; it fell with such appalling distinctness on the ear, that I experienced a sensation of dread which actual danger could not have inspired, and compared with which almost any sound, however hostile, would have seemed a positive relief. As I walked amid these living tombs, I felt as if I were invading precincts respected by every foot but mine, and over which a sacred horror reigned: how refreshing to the heart is the loneliness of the country, how terrible the desolation of the town! At length I heard a heavy measured tread, and saw four or five men coming slowly and steadily down the street; they wore the black cap, and carried muskets under the black mantle, which is the distinctive dress of Lorca, but the points of their fire-arms projected beyond their capotes, and were clearly shown. Perhaps this gloomy costume, combined with the awful circumstances of the time, produced an exaggerated impression on my mind, but I thought at the moment I had never seen an expression of villainy so sullen and dispassionate, so hopeless and unrelenting, as that which was stamped upon the features of these men. But to return to Setuval.—For a long time afterwards the Constitutionalists did not venture to pass the night in their own houses, for they were acquainted with the volcanic nature of their countrymen, and during the late eventful times had not been wholly unaccustomed to those sudden storms.

I set off at an early hour on a fine morning to see the Arrabida convent, accompanied by the Consul's son, a young Portuguese of lively and agreeable manners: we chose the Aceitao track, and rode among hills fragrant with lavender and rosemary, and finely clothed with olive, pine, and cork, through plains glittering with flowers of various hues, and between hedges composed of aloes. The aloe-flower is white as snow and highly ornamental, but like the silver locks of age it is the blossom of the grave, for the plant lives many years, but only blooms once, and dies immediately afterwards.

We ascended a steep hill, and from the summit enjoyed a fine

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though distant view of Lisbon and the broad Tagus; riding on, we looked down upon the blue bay of Setuval, and the long line of the Alentejo coast stretching to Sines. Passing some chapels, rising above each other embosomed in wood, we reached the convent, and, entering a grotto, descended into the famous cavern, which is spacious, supported by two great natural pillars, and washed by the ocean. The water was that morning of a deep-green colour, and so clear that we could count the pebbles lying many feet below the surface; but though so calm, the echo of the wave resounding through the hollow vault was very impressive. The convent is inhabited by indigent monks of the Franciscan order, possessing no great extent of land, and receiving alms from strangers. Their internal regulations were very strict; they were forbidden to eat meat at any time, and enjoined to sleep in the heart of winter with the most scanty covering: before we left the convent they showed us the scourges with which they lashed themselves, and heavy stones which they hung round their necks as a penance. The garden terrace commands a fine view of mountains, sometimes terminating abruptly in precipitous crags, sometimes covered to the water's edge with wood, amongst which are found the quercus Australis, the maple, the strawberry-tree, and the carob, or St. John's bread-tree.

The Serra da Arrabida principally consists of grey limestone, and there is much of a kind of coarse flint breccia in the neighbourhood: The fathers asked us to spend the night at the convent, but we were anxious to return; so, taking a guide, we entered upon a track little used by horsemen. For the first few miles it was narrow and not very safe, for a false step would have precipitated us from a stupendous height into the sea below. As we approached Setuval the road improved, but my horse fell with me and bruised me slightly. During this expedition I had observed many curious plants. The cistus ladaniferus grew high, and covered the fields with its white blossoms, intermixed with the dark yellow-streaked cistus, which I believe to be the Libanotis. That lovely weed, the anagallis cærulea, which rivals the blue heaven itself in the depth and beauty of its colouring, grew side by side with the cardon, and under the shade of the fragrant lavandula multifida, known to the peasantry by the harmonious appellation of rosmeniño.

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I rode with the Consul's son to inspect the salt-ponds, which are situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea. They become filled when the tide flows in, and when it goes out the sluices prevent the water from retiring; as the water evaporates, a thick crust of salt is formed, but this process is only carried on during the hottest months of the year. The day was falling, and we rode back in haste, as the rioters were generally abroad towards dusk.

Having spent some days at Setuval, I took leave of the Consul, and received the kind adieus of my landlady and her pretty children, whose light-blue eyes and flaxen hair announced their northern extraction, and formed a pleasing contrast to the dark visages and sinister expression of that fiery race among whom their lot was cast. Her husband, mine host, whom I have already mentioned, asserted equality by a vigorous shake of the hand; honest and right-minded, fond of books, and capable of appreciating them, his life seemed to have fluctuated, under the influence of changing circumstances, between a higher and an inferior grade of society.

Embarking at Setuval, I landed, after a passage of three hours, at a point on the coast about a league distant from Comporta. Continuing my journey through a desolate country, I wound along the base of a high sand-hill, which formed a most glittering object in the distance, being entirely destitute of vegetation, except in a few places where it was dotted with occasional tufts of lavender. It was often difficult to maintain our footing, as the hill rose almost perpendicularly from the plain, which was, in many parts, completely under water. A large species of the aquatic lily covered large stagnant pools, and the yellow iris grew luxuriantly on the sedgy banks, but as we advanced the soil became firmer, and was overrun with laurustinus, arbutus, juniper, arbor vitæ, and cedar. I saw the passion-flower and the trevisco, and occasionally a beautiful plant sometimes mistaken by travellers for yellow heath; indeed I only discovered on inspection that, in spite of its general resemblance to the ericas, it could not be classed among any varieties of that tribe.

I arrived late in the day at Fontigna, a village consisting of a few houses only, but adorned with smiling gardens, and beautiful from its contrast with the adjacent waste. Fontigna is

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remarkable for a very primitive state of manners prevalent among its inhabitants, which invested them with a peculiar interest in my eyes: secluded from the world by the surrounding wilderness, and ardently attached to their native place, they rarely stray beyond its precincts; their joys, their sorrows, the recollections of their childhood, the hopes of their manhood, all centre in that cherished spot; living in a state of mutual amity and kindness worthy of the golden age, selecting their partners from the narrow circle of their little village, they pass on untroubled from the cradle to the tomb, in happy ignorance of the external world.

I rode on to Melides, where I found the Mayor, conspicuous by his new coat and oilskinned hat, haranguing his inferior friends. Having bowed to authority in the shape of his Worship, I adjourned to the inn, where I was overwhelmed with questions touching my journey by the simple inhabitants, who seemed lost in astonishment at the sight of a well-clad gentleman, as the privilege of wearing decent attire had hitherto been supposed to vest exclusively in the Mayor. An old woman, who was both deaf and dumb, happening to see my silver canteen, testified the utmost admiration by raising her hands and uplifting her eyes. I was surprised at the readiness with which by-standers conveyed complex ideas to her mind, and admired the emphatic gestures by which she made her own meaning understood. A young man intimated to her that I came from England, not from Spain; wishing to ascertain the fact, she approached me, raised one hand in the direction of the east, then, quickly withdrawing it, stretched both forth in the wildest manner towards the sea, wringing them and holding them extended for a minute, as if to say, You come not from Spain, but from a land far, far beyond the Western Ocean. Soon afterwards a Neapolitan drew near the fire; he had all the liveliness of his countrymen, and talked fluently enough, though I did not altogether like the general tenor of his observations, which ran too much on robbers and their exploits. Such themes were certainly not inappropriate in Alentejo, but I have remarked that villains in his rank of life often lead the conversation to subjects connected with their own vocation, partly to remove suspicion from themselves, partly to extract information, and, perhaps, in some degree

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from that vague and restless feeling which sometimes prompts men

> "to unload the breast,
> Even when discovery 's pain."

His father's house was situated on the borders of Calabria, and his provincial hatred of the Calabrians showed itself in the energy of his abuse. Happening to admire a flower worn by a young girl, she brought a basketful into my room; I gave her a trifle, which produced a second supply with a promise of a third. I then assured her that the flowers only retained their beauty whilst carried in her bosom. The observation pleased her, but had not the effect of preventing a general invasion of my apartment by her young companions, who arrived with garlands in profusion, and proceeded to investigate my goods and chattels with the utmost delight and amazement. The offspring of the poor are pretty throughout the south of Portugal, and are generally distinguished—a melancholy distinction!—by a look of premature care, peculiar in that country to the children of poverty.

As I retired to rest the old woman entered my room and pointed towards the window with an energy of manner which in any female of minor gesticulation I should have supposed intended to warn me of approaching danger. If such was the motive of her visit, her hint was certainly not lost upon me, for, recollecting the admiration excited by my canteen, and not wholly oblivious of my Neapolitan friend, I fortified my apartment with especial care. However inviting my goods might be to others, my room had certainly no attractions for me: there was neither floor nor pavement, consequently my bed rested on the damp earth; the roof was rotten and full of apertures, through which the sky was visible, and the rain fell in a lively stream. This utter want of accommodation, combined with a host of vermin, ravenous in the consumption of a well-fed Englishman, effectually disturbed my repose without the assistance of any human assailants.

On the following morning, as we approached the village of Santiago, we passed by a large mansion, from which issued a wild kind of being who proved to be the Capitan Mor; addressing me with a courtesy remarkable in a man of such uncouth

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exterior, he entreated me to alight and partake of all the hospitality his house could afford. Having declined his offer, I stopped at Santiago, where I drank in, with stunned and afflicted ears, the lugubrious wailing of infants issuing from every quarter of the compass. There I devoured in a barn some eggs, and bread soaked in water, the only breakfast I could obtain; for breakfasts in this part of the world are deficient in quantity, and in quality not very conducive to the maintenance of man; dinners were often a total blank in the record of daily events. Men shook their heads when I said that I was travelling through that wretched country solely for my personal amusement, for I did not venture to confess that the political excitement then prevailing was my chief inducement.

After sundry expostulations with man and beast—with man that was rapacious in the shape of an innkeeper, and beast that was obstreperous in the form of a mule—I quitted Santiago, having first explored the remains of a fine Moorish castle. We then entered a defile that led through mountains entirely covered with gum cistus many feet in height. It was cut down in several places and lay in heaps, which the farmers intended to burn during the ensuing August, esteeming the ashes good manure. The cistus populifolius was occasionally to be seen, but the ladaniferus is the prevailing growth. The foxglove was abundant, and a beautiful but lowly flower of a pink colour, called rosella by the natives, often attracted my notice. The wild olive and the quercus coccifera were intermingled with cork-trees almost as huge as forest-oaks, and covered by those young shoots which give them during the spring the beauty and freshness of deciduous trees. I observed some plots of ground well tilled, upon which the corn appeared to thrive; and as there seemed little difference in the nature of the adjacent soil, I have no doubt that here the absence of a more extended cultivation is less attributable to the poverty of the soil than to other causes. The want of water and want of hands in Alentejo depress the agricultural interest, and prevent the farmer from raising corn at a price which bears any competition with that which is imported. The first Cortes increased the duty on the admission of foreign corn into the kingdom, a measure highly popular in Alentejo, and perhaps the chief cause of the Consti-

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tutional feeling that was displayed so strongly in parts of that province. The importation of Spanish corn, smuggled across the frontier into Portugal, is, however, so considerable that no regulations established for the purpose of improving the state of agriculture in Portugal can have any great or permanent result, unless combined with measures tending to promote an extension of the home market; an object which Government may very much effect by opening roads and canals, and thus facilitating the intercourse between parts of the kingdom now absolutely unconnected. The material difference frequently existing in the price of commodities, at places but a few miles distant from each other, and sometimes only divided by a hill or a stream, is a striking proof of the extreme inconvenience arising from the want of proper communications.

In passing through a thicket near Calcar my horse made a dead halt, exhibiting unequivocal signs of alarm; this pause was followed by a loud rustling among the leaves, and immediately afterwards my muleteer cried out that a wild boar had passed by him into the most tangled part of the covert. As we approached Villa Nova, over a dreary waste of sand and heath, I saw some coveys of red-legged partridges, several bustards and curlews, and a cloud of gulls. The sea was always in my childhood an inexpressible source of pleasure to me, and now—when that creative fancy has very much subsided,

> "Which out of all the lovely things we see
> Extracts emotions beautiful and new,"

and clads them in a brilliant but delusive colouring—even now, the sea, revisited after any absence, however brief, conveys to my mind a sensation of delight which no other object of inanimate nature can in a similar degree awaken: it brings back those fresh and joyous feelings which are constant inmates of the breast during the springtide of life, but which afterwards only return at intervals, "like angel visits, few and far between." This delight in the ocean has never weakened with other impressions, probably because it was imbibed in my earliest years, because it was associated with some of my purest and happiest recollections, and, more than all, because it was instilled into my mind by one early lost, but fondly cherished and deeply

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lamented—one who loved that element in all its moods, who appreciated natural beauty in all its forms, and whose appreciation was ever just as it was exquisite. These sensations I experienced in their full force when I arrived on the heights above Villa Nova, worn out with fatigue and in but indifferent spirits. The dash of the waves sounded in my ears like the voice of a welcome and a well-known friend, and I rejoiced to see the great Atlantic—a splendid sight!—breaking over low rocks, and crested with foam almost to the horizon, come dashing against a succession of headlands, struggling and buffeting with the Villa Nova stream, which seemed to pour into its bosom no tributary tide.

On arriving at Villa Nova the Consul accompanied me to the southern side of the harbour. Immediately opposite lay the Terror, bomb frigate, wrecked on this coast during the terrific storm of the 19th of February, and only saved from utter destruction by the skill and coolness of the Captain, and the undaunted spirit of his crew: had they struck a little lower down, no efforts, however strenuous, could have availed them, as the coast is lofty and ironbound. We hired a boat and rowed to the frigate, where Captain Hope led me round the vessel, which was undergoing repairs, and was still in a shattered state. He then showed me the way across a barren sand-hill to the spot where the accident had occurred, and pointed out the marks of recent fires, and of the tents under which his crew had encamped for nearly two months. I returned to the inn as the day was closing, and was regaled with an apartment that admitted dioramic views of heaven and earth through sundry picturesque openings in the roof and wooden walls.

The sun shone brightly as I left Villa Nova early on the following morning, but was overcast before I had gained the heights above the town. The clouds seemed pregnant with mischief, as they rolled heavily from the west, and gave the altered scene a sad but just resemblance to the darkened prospects of the kingdom; the national landscape, as bright two months before, was then as suddenly enveloped in doubt and gloom. There was no inn at Port St. Antoine, but we stopped at a wretched hut, inhabited by an old woman and her daughters, who could only give us bread and water,—a poor repast for

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famished travellers. The youngest girl, Maria de Carmo, was extremely pretty: observing me gather a white flower from the hedge, she eagerly snatched it from my hand, and supplied its place by a rose, for, according to the superstition of the district, that white flower only grows above the dead, and borrows its rank luxuriance from the grave. As I was sitting in the hut, the peasants, unaccustomed to the visits of inquisitive Englishmen, crowded in to see the wild beast.

There was little variation in the character of the scenery till we reached the famous Serra da Monchique, a mountain-range constituting the northern barrier of Algarve. For many miles before we approached it the country was extremely desolate: for hours together we neither saw any villages, nor even passed a single hut: the few peasants whom we met seemed both astonished and terrified by the appearance of a traveller. Boys and women fled as we drew near, and, when they had not sufficient time to escape, testified the utmost alarm; even the men retreated when they descried us at a distance.

These retrograde movements were highly inconvenient, as we depended upon casual information for the right direction of our course across those wild and often trackless wastes. More than once I rode towards some of the peasantry to make the necessary inquiries, but each in turn invariably fled as I advanced; and when I pressed the pursuit till I had arrived within a few feet of my fugitive, he suddenly vanished, sinking into the gum-cistus, where he lay effectually concealed from my view. In vain I perambulated the place, and shouted; I could not discover the foolish fellow among those high bushes, and neither prayers nor menaces could draw him from his hiding-place. Disappearing in this ridiculous manner one after another, they reminded me of birds occasionally lost in a furze-brake, and not recovered after a most diligent search, though the sportsman has seen them fall.

We now commenced the long and arduous ascent of the Monchique range, and, following for many hours a path that wound up the steep in a zigzag direction, arrived, as the sun was setting, at a village prettily situated among groups of chestnuts; the air was, however, keen even at that time of year, from the immense elevation of the place. The people were simple, honest,

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and good-humoured, but could not give me any dinner, and had some difficulty in supplying me with a bed. From a neighbouring convent tower I gazed on the magnificent mountains which surrounded me; turning towards the north, my eye ran over the dark wastes of Alentejo stretching into endless distance, while far beneath me lay the rich and flourishing Algarve, bounded by the sea. The kingdom of Algarve is long and narrow, and its breadth appeared inconsiderable indeed in that extensive view.

On the following morning we continued our journey, and wound along the edge of a precipice. We were now in spring, the most delightful season of a Portuguese year. To the lover of natural beauty a Portuguese heath is, at that time, a scene of indescribable interest, at least in those happy spots where the peculiarly favourable nature of the soil permits the development of its varied treasures. Through such a scene we passed: the earth was then clad in its richest apparel; besides the rosemary, the juniper, the myrtle, the lavender, and a thousand bulbous plants disclosing their thousand beauties, the ericas umbellata and australis, with their brilliant and deep-red blossoms, and the various cisti, some yellow, some of a rosy tint, some white as snow, and others streaked with purple, embroidered the plain with their variegated and delightful hues. The very insects, disporting over those beautiful wastes, were marked by the same rich and decided colouring: the deep blue of the butterfly was not surpassed by its own azure heaven; and the emerald-green of some species of the scarabæus tribe seemed fresh from the colouring of their own Almighty artist. In short, a common character of grace and beauty in detail distinguished almost every object of animate and inanimate nature.

In gazing on that scene, how strongly did I feel that the great Author of those natural treasures is not more to be marvelled at in the awful assemblage of worlds which he has placed around us, than in those minute and sometimes almost microscopic glories which he has spread in such harmonious profusion at our feet! But these varied beauties that occasionally charm the eye on a Portuguese heath, and keep alive every faculty of perception, are not, it must be confessed, the distinguishing characteristics of the great wastes of Alentejo.

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The granite region, and the limestone strata, so often productive of a beauteous vegetation, are limited in extent: the sandstone and the slate more frequently prevail, and then the traveller may pass, for hours together, through mountain defiles, and over plains, covered, as far as the eye can reach, with the tall and unvarying cistus ladaniferus; and yet the graceful form of this plant, its green glistening leaves, its large white sleepy-looking flowers, heavily spotted with purple, and meeting the sight in every direction, are not without their influence on the mind. There is a fascination in the gorgeous monotony and universal stillness of the scene, in the solemn splendour of the never-clouded sun and sky, and in the heavy and almost enervating fragrance with which that all-prevailing cistus loads the air.

Insensibly affected by these circumstances, the mind, having no scope for active observation, and perhaps pleased to retire for a moment into a world of its own, involuntarily falls into that dreamy state, half pleasing and half melancholy, in which fairy visions arise unbidden, in which the fancy sports while the judgment sleeps, and thoughts chase each other through the half-unconscious brain, without effort, and almost without connexion.

I confess I had fallen into this kind of unprofitable reverie under the lulling influence of the great cistus wastes through which I had been travelling, but a glorious scene of living though inanimate beauty was at hand, springing up like an oasis in the desert, lovely in itself, but still more lovely from the force of contrast, affording ample matter for observation and interest, renewing my energies, and, like the sun, at once dispelling every mist from the mind; for now, leaving the slate soil and the cistus mountain, we entered that glorious valley of Monchique, which, in point of picturesque scenery, is preferred by many of the Portuguese to Cintra itself. It is indeed eminently beautiful: the vegetation in the valley is most luxuriant, and refreshed by streams of the clearest water: upon their banks the rhododendron grows profusely amid the lotus, the jonquil, and many varieties of the scilla, while the hills above are covered with chestnuts of an immense growth, and orange-trees bowed down by the weight of their golden fruit.

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Upon the whole, Monchique is perhaps inferior to Cintra in the beauty of particular situations, but is free from all the striking defects of that far-famed spot. However, I did not see this lovely valley to its utmost advantage, as the scenery was then deprived of its brightest ornaments, the chestnut-woods being only partially in leaf.

On leaving the beautiful valley of Monchique we entered a country, wild and desolate as that through which I had ridden during the few days preceding. The monotony of the cistus plains was indeed occasionally varied by tracts covered with the palmetto, so frequent in parts of the south of Spain. Like a dwarf aping a giant, it is in some respects a caricature of the great Eastern palm, yet, with its elongated leaves and short wild-looking stem, its appearance is picturesque enough. My destination was Cape St. Vincent, but, my horse knocking up three miles from Lagos, I was obliged to deviate from my route, and halt at a miserable little inn close to that town. Vexed at an accident which threatened to impede my journey, and exhausted by the heat of the sun, I threw myself on my mattress, and was quickly asleep. Roused by admonitory taps on the extreme tips of my toes, I found a lively little animal gesticulating largely and exhorting me to rise, announcing in a loud voice the approach of the Senhor Corregidor, an officer whose duties, in many respects, resemble those attached to the French prefecture, and whose official consideration is fully equal to that enjoyed by the French prefect. That such an advent should not be duly honoured, that any individual should be found by an inspecting Corregidor in the disrespectful attitude of profound repose, was an outrage on the dignity of office sure to fill the mind of a genuine Portuguese with horror. Believing that this would prove a visit of inquiry into the motives of my journey, terminating in annoyance and perhaps in arrest, I rose, ungraciously enough, but was reassured on finding that he only called to congratulate me on my arrival, and make me a free tender of his services. I thanked him for his considerate attentions, and he departed accompanied by three servants. I afterwards wandered through the town, which is situated on the southern coast of Algarve fronting the sea: the population is considerable, though the harbour is indifferent, and the greater

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part of the houses consist of one story only. Lagos only affords good anchorage for a fleet when the wind blows from the north or west.

Returning to the inn I met the Corregidor, Senhor Joaquim: he urged me to enter his house, and made me partake of tea and refreshments, brought in by a handsome middle-aged woman, who appeared sincerely attached to her master, and occasionally joined in the conversation with the easy freedom of a favourite and indulged servant. The extreme familiarity often existing in Portugal between master and servant is, at first, a matter of surprise to an Englishman. A servant standing behind his master's chair corrects his statements if he consider them erroneous, and not unfrequently makes observations on any question under discussion. A grandee of the kingdom attempted to combine the dignity of his elevated station with the national habits of familiarity towards his domestics by a whimsical mode of proceeding, for he invited them to join the family circle at cards, but required them to remain on one knee during the whole of the game.

On my return to the inn I found Antonio in a very feverish state, which gave me great uneasiness, as the natives of this district are subject to agues of a dangerous character. I immediately sent for a surgeon, who declared him labouring under a slight attack of that nature, and said that a few days' rest was necessary to restore him. I was, therefore, obliged to postpone for some days my journey to Cape St. Vincent. During this time the kindness and hospitality of the worthy Corregidor knew no bounds; he usually spent the greater part of the day with me, showing me every object of interest, and pressing me to take all my meals at his house with an earnestness that brooked no refusal. Breakfast was on the table punctually at seven, and consisted of tea and fruit in abundance, a delicious sweetmeat made of milk and eggs, with wine and meat. Dinner was served at twelve o'clock, an hour unusually late in the Algarve, but fixed on out of complaisance to my English habits. Our fare was always good, but varied little from day to day, consisting chiefly of soup, beef, garavanzos, chickens under every possible modification of cookery, rice in profusion, fruits, sweetmeats, and excellent wine.

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In the south of Portugal it is considered the duty of a liberal host to press his guest in the warmest manner to continue the repast, even when it is evident that his appetite is completely satisfied. The guest declines, and the host upon that occasion only makes an obeisance, but, immediately before the party breaks up, renews his entreaty; the guest again declines, upon which the master rises from table, shrugs up his shoulders, and assumes a look of great regret, as if to say, I have willingly laid before you my best fare; it is indeed indifferent, but you must excuse it, for it is all I have to offer.

Dinner was invariably followed by the siesta, and afterwards tea and coffee were successively handed round; the last and most delightful hours of the day were spent in the open air, and a supper, in all respects resembling dinner, closed the evening.

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CHAPTER XII.

Visit to Sagres—Don Henry—Castle of Sagres—Cape St. Vincent—Portuguese Ceremonial—Courtesies of Society—St. Vincent's Chair—Villa Obisbo—Ludicrous Mistake—Return to Lagos—Juan, the Borderer—Women of Silves—Marquis of Pombal—The Prazo—Faro—Tavira—Villa Real—Barbarity to Animals—Atrocities of Majendie—Alcoutin—Revolt at Mertola—The Lobishomens—Beja—The Alentejo—Religious Enthusiasm.

I HAD been prevented from reaching Cape St. Vincent by the disaster which befell my horse, but I now availed myself of the delay occasioned by Antonio's illness to visit it before I took my final leave of Lagos. The Corregidor kindly determined to accompany me; so, starting at an early hour, we rode through a wild country, covered with rosemary, heath, and cistus, and over a track full of stones, and in many places scarcely perceptible. The scenery became bold as we approached Sagres, a name dear to every Portuguese who loves his country, for it is closely interwoven with the best and brightest period of the national history. In this retirement Don Henry, that princely benefactor of Portugal, matured his high designs, and from this bay sent forth well-appointed naval armaments to explore an unknown ocean, fraught with real, and invested with fabulous terrors; committing his fleets to the guidance of leaders whose steadfast courage triumphed over obstacles deemed insurmountable, and whose great discoveries still constitute the most imperishable monument of Portuguese fame.

There is considerable depth of water in the Bay of Sagres, which still affords shelter to vessels, and traces remain of a harbour which might easily be restored by an enterprising government.

The day was closing as we arrived at the Castle of Sagres, boldly placed upon a projecting headland: the sun had just set, enveloped in crimson clouds; the wind was moaning around the mossy towers, and the sea raged at an awful depth below. Under

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these circumstances, well suited to the scene, I saw, for the first time, the heights of St. Vincent, and looked upon that famous cape which occupies so large a space in the imagination of childhood. We halted beneath the old pile, and, obtaining entrance, we proceeded along a narrow passage, cut through the massive walls, into a kitchen of dimensions such as our ancestors used. This apartment opened into an inner court of the fortress, where Don Joaquim sent a message to the Commandant, requesting the favour of a night's lodging for himself and a friend. Don Alvaro received us graciously, and assured us, according to the hospitable and rather magniloquent style of invitation common among the Portuguese, that his castle, his houses, his gardens (not a tree, not a bush, not even a plant was to be seen on that bleak spot), and all that he possessed, were at our complete disposal.

My sleep was that night disturbed by vivid dreams; and I awoke with a violent headache, and evidently affected in some degree by the prevailing ague. Restless and in pain, I rose at that early hour when the first faint streaks of light were stealing over the sky, and for a long time paced the battlements that frowned above a roaring ocean. The cliffs are dark and precipitous on all sides, and the isthmus on which the fortress stands has great peculiarities; its surface is covered with masses of rock, and the ground is in many places completely hollow. There is a fearful chasm, exceedingly dark and deep, directly communicating with the sea, which rushes through this subterranean channel with so loud a roar, that I almost thought the isthmus was in the act of being rent asunder. On placing a piece of heath over the orifice, I observed that it was blown away by the gust of wind produced by the rush of water below. From this, and from other circumstances, I suspect that the ground is in this part wholly undermined; the currents probably force their way from both sides of the isthmus into the narrow chasm, and that astounding roar must arise from the furious conflict produced by the meeting of these two opposing tides. The promontory of St. Vincent is composed of grey limestone, the rocks on all sides appear to have undergone violent convulsions, and the country, as far as the eye can reach, has an aspect of the wildest desolation.

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At breakfast Don Alvaro's daughter, a lively young person, appeared, and made her mother's excuses. Soon afterwards we took leave: the forms prescribed at parting by the old Portuguese ceremonial were gone through according to the strictest rules of the national etiquette; high and plenteous thanks were tendered on our part, and, in return, the Commandant made great professions of esteem, and reiterated many solemn excuses for the scanty and unsuitable reception which, he was bound to say, we had experienced in his poor Castle of Sagres. I remember a striking instance of the great extent to which mere ceremonial is carried by Portuguese of the old school, and it may not be amiss to relate it while I am touching on the subject. I called one morning on a high dignitary of the Church, and, ascending a magnificent staircase, passed through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the reverend Ecclesiastic was seated. Having concluded my visit, I bowed and departed, but turned, according to the invariable custom of the country, when I reached the door, and made another salutation; my host was slowly following me, and returned my inclination by one equally profound; when I arrived at the door of the second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the same ceremony again passed between us; when I had gained the third apartment, he was occupying the place I had just left on the second; the same civilities were then renewed, and these polite reciprocations were continued till I had traversed the whole suite of apartments. At the banisters I made a low and, as I supposed, a final salutation: but no: when I had reached the first landing-place, he was at the top of the stairs; when I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first; and upon each and all of these occasions our heads wagged with increasing humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at length completed. I had now to pass through a long hall divided by columns to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars, I turned and found his Eminence waiting for the expected bow, which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and managing his paces so as to go through his share of the ceremony on the precise spot which had witnessed my last inclination. As I approached the hall door, our mutual salutations were no longer occasional, but

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absolutely perpetual; and ever and anon they still continued, after I had entered my carriage, as the Bishop stood with uncovered head till it was driven away.

As I am here alluding to the manners of the country, I will just state that in Portugal a gentleman never quits an apartment in which there are ladies without turning round on arriving at the door, although he has already taken leave, to renew his parting salutation to his fair friends, who gracefully return it; and so invariably is this the practice, that a man disregarding it would be considered as positively deficient in the courtesies of good society, and a lady would feel somewhat disconcerted by the omission of such a customary mark of attention. Habit is so completely second nature, that, on returning to England after a considerable residence in Portugal, I could hardly refrain from this practice; and till British customs had again in some degree effaced my foreign impressions, I felt, on seeing our Englishmen quit the drawing-room without this salutation, that kind of uncomfortable sensation which is involuntarily excited in the mind by witnessing a rather coarse neglect of any of the recognised *convenances* of society; so truly conventional are many of those habits which appear interwoven with our very nature, and to be "rather part of us than ours."

When upon any occasion a Portuguese tenders his arm to a lady he is bound to proffer his left arm, on the chivalrous principle that the heart, the seat of the affections, should be placed as nearly as possible in juxtaposition with the fair being to whom, for the moment at least, the homage of its possessor is due.

But I am sadly digressing. Leaving the Castle of Sagres, and passing by a ruined fort, we rode across a wild and uninhabited country to the monastery which is situated at the extremity of Cape St. Vincent and on the verge of a stupendous precipice; a bleak exposure, for around the summit of that cliff a never-ceasing wind is heard to howl, and a stormy sea is for ever raging at its base. The convent is in a very dilapidated state, and only tenanted by a few monks, who happened to be all absent save one; and certainly in that monastic visage appeared as much of the animal and as little of the intellectual being as was ever depicted on the human face divine. Yet their fare is very

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indifferent, for they are far removed from any market, they seldom if ever eat meat, very rarely fish, and can only obtain a moderate supply of vegetables. "Non minuit præsentia famam" can be said of few places, but it is strictly applicable to Cape St. Vincent; that cape will not disappoint the most ardent imagination, for the view extends on either side over a coast uniformly bold, and rendered still more picturesque by great masses of rock standing out in the water, and then covered with clouds of shrieking sea-birds. A few steps below the monastery is Cape St. Vincent's Chair, a seat of stone not hewn by the hand of man, and supposed to have been occupied by the saint himself; and still the Portuguese mariner, sailing along this iron coast, sees through the rolling mists the saint upon his stormy throne, and fervently beseeches him to guide the ship in safety over his own troubled sea.

From thence we rode on to Villa Obisbo, a village some leagues distant from the convent: here a ludicrous mistake occurred. Having accompanied the Corregidor to a house where we dined, I wished to ascertain whether we were then in a private dwelling or in apartments hired for the occasion, as in one case I was anxious to contribute my share of the expense, an offer which in the other would have been considered tantamount to an insult. Feeling some delicacy in putting the question to my travelling friend, I inquired of a servant, and desired him to acquaint me with the price of the dinner, but he, it seems, misunderstanding me, approached the Corregidor, and, by some strange confusion of ideas, asked the price of his coat. That worthy officer was much astounded by such an unusual inquiry, and waxed wrathful at this seeming ebullition of plebeian insolence; the man, alarmed at his displeasure, referred him to me, and an awkward explanation ensued. My worthy friend was appeased, not satisfied; his good-humoured countenance assumed a graver aspect during the next hour of our ride, and more than once his eye glanced jealously from his substantial coat to mine, as if he were weighing their respective merits, and pondering upon the occult motive of such an extraordinary question. As we were mounting our horses to quit Villa Obisbo, the Abbot of St. Vincent approached us, and was immediately presented to me by the Corregidor. He folded me in a most paternal em-

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brace, and expressed great regret at his absence during my visit at the convent: I extricated myself with all imaginable politeness from the conventual grasp, and, making reciprocal protestations, took a sorrowful leave of this old and highly-valued friend. Our progress to Lagos was seriously impeded by numerous persons crowding around the Corregidor to pay him their tribute of respect, and by the village magnates anxious for the honour of a visit. We were joined by a party on horseback as we approached the town. During the last few miles the Corregidor kept up a sprightly conversation with a beautiful little girl, who was only nine years old, but had the formed manners and finished wit of a complete woman of the world.

On my return to Lagos I found Antonio slowly recovering, but as yet unable to resume the journey. Besides the physical debility resulting from his late attack, it soon became evident that he was under the influence of extreme fear. The appalling scenes which had taken place during our stay at Setuval had completely extinguished the little valour he naturally possessed, and the dread which was then generally entertained of an impending insurrection increased his reluctance to leave the Algarve and venture at such a time among the more ferocious population and into the more unsettled district of Alentejo. He was, however, at length induced to proceed, and I quitted my kind friend the Corregidor with real regret. I respected the generous hospitality which had prompted him to make a perfect stranger the constant inmate of his house, and was not insensible to the high consideration which he, an eminent officer under the Crown, had shown me in performing a journey of sixty miles over a hard and jolting road for the sole purpose of accompanying me in my expedition to the Cape; but such is the spirit and character of Portuguese hospitality. My greatest inconvenience had arisen from Antonio's illness during my stay at Lagos. The landlord of our miserable inn could only place at my disposal a small apartment, which contained my servant's bed and mine; but, finding it impossible to sleep in the heated and unwholesome atmosphere of a sick man's room, I generally passed the night on my mattress in the passage, which was rather an uncomfortable and chilling process. Had the Corregidor been apprized of this circumstance he would have forced me to accept a bed at his

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house, but I knew that it was completely full, and I was unwilling to encroach further on his kindness.

I should inform my readers that, in consequence of Antonio's protracted indisposition, I engaged a young fellow to accompany me to Faro in the capacity of an attendant. His name was Juan, but, as he came from that part of the Pyrenees which adjoins the Spanish frontier, he was generally called the Borderer (hombre de raya), an appellation well suited to his appearance and manners, which were wild and uncouth as his native mountains. Hearing of Antonio's situation, he came to me and bluntly offered his services; I complied with his request, as he seemed insensible to difficulty and danger, and was likely to facilitate my progress through the disturbed districts. Accordingly, having sent Antonio by the shortest road and easiest conveyance to Faro, I rode with Juan to Villa Nova, which is, perhaps, the best harbour on the Algarve coast; and then, directing my course into the interior, I travelled through a mountainous country to Silves, one of the most ancient towns in Portugal. Placed on the summit of a steep hill, it resembles, at a distance, a city of other days; an impression confirmed on nearer inspection by its massive walls, its overhanging houses, and old-fashioned windows. The women of Silves, and indeed of all the Algarve, are in face and often in figure extremely beautiful: their complexions are pale but clear, their eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, are always fine, and generally distinguished by a soft and pensive expression, which pervades the countenance and even characterizes the smile. Spanish charms dazzle and rivet the beholder; the beauty of the Algarvian, less full of fire, but fraught with more of tenderness, sinks not, however, less deeply in the heart.

Arrived at Silves I sent my letter of introduction to the Mayor, who received me courteously, and invited me to partake of a repast which was eminently provincial, during which my aversion to every dish, and my disinclination to annoy him by refusing the proffered delicacies, were feelings most disagreeably at variance. At length, to my unspeakable relief, I discovered some sausages made of honey, a dish peculiar to Algarve, and these I invaded with great courage, and lauded with perfect sincerity, and devoured with amazing spirit.

His anxiety to hear the most recent news from Lisbon, and

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the eagerness of his questions, betrayed the intense interest he felt in the momentous changes then in progress. He was evidently an Absolutist in the fullest acceptation of the word, hating moderate men and moderate measures, holding every modification of the representative system in equal aversion, and abhorring liberty, which he designated as only devil's play. He read aloud, with sparkling eyes and in an enthusiastic tone, a copy of verses addressed to the adherents of the Silveiras, attacking the Chambers, impugning Dom Pedro's claims, and speaking of their loved and lawful Sovereign, Dom Miguel, in the language of unbounded eulogy.

The Royal members of the Holy Alliance and King George IV. of England were warmly praised, but, as our late gracious Sovereign's name was the concluding word of the song, I cannot say whether his Majesty was commended on his own account or merely for the sake of the rhyme. Putting his arm into mine with all the cordiality of an old acquaintance, he asked me, as we paced the apartment, whether many of my countrymen were favourable to the establishment of a purely despotic government. I answered, laughingly, that there were few Englishmen solicitous for the establishment of a system absolutely uncontrolled in their own country. "Well, but you will admit that some of your nation entertain these opinions, and wisdom is only the portion of the few." Saying this gaily, he invited me to explore the town.

The walls of Silves have been little injured, the old Saracenic towers are very imposing, and a noble cistern, built by the Moors, is still in good preservation. The view extends over a finely-wooded country. The olive is not pollarded in these districts, as in many parts of Spain, where that practice is adopted to strengthen the oil and render it more highly flavoured. Some are, however, of opinion that such a mode of treatment only makes it more rancid; but, whatever may be the practical effects resulting from that system of managing the olive, it is unquestionably most injurious to the general appearance of the country, which it completely mars by disfiguring each tree in detail.

From the cathedral, where the Mayor knelt down and prayed devoutly, we adjourned to the town-hall, where the municipality had been invited to meet me. After mutual presentations and the

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exchange of mutual civilities, I again mounted my horse and rode on to Argus, where I arrived as the night set in. The inn was wretched enough, cats abounded, and women of little personal attraction were scattered about the principal apartment engaged in the construction of mats made of the palma, an indigenous plant, very green in its natural state, and very white when dried. I here experienced a slight return of fever, accompanied with frequent shivering—an affection increased by the severity of the night and the hardness of my couch, which was only a plank of wood.

From Argus I rode to Loulè, and stopped at the house of a Fidalgo, Senhor Sebastiao Alexandre de Gama Lobo, a young man of pleasing manners and well informed on subjects connected with his native province. His house was spacious, and the walls were evidently of great antiquity. His gardens were pretty and extremely productive, for he was said to export annually 500,000 oranges to England. He told me that he had never crossed the boundary of the Algarve; and although his grandfather had performed services which fairly entitled him to remuneration, he had never solicited any favour from the Court. He had, however, just obtained permission from the Government to found an entail, for land in Portugal does not descend by right of birth to the eldest son, unless so restricted by a special act.

The Marquis of Pombal perceived the theoretical, and perhaps sometimes real, inconveniences produced by the perpetual exclusion of large tracts of land from the market, but, instead of limiting the duration of entails, which might not have been an injudicious course to pursue, if indeed any legislation on the subject were expedient in the actual state of Portugal, he unwisely deprived individuals of the power of creating them under any circumstances without the express permission of the Court; a foolish restraint, which in some cases prevents the Portuguese from exercising a proper discretion in the disposal of their property, and is, in all, extremely unfavourable to the just maintenance of an aristocratic influence. But it was the policy of that jealous and over-lauded minister not to confine within due limits, but to degrade, that order of nobility which, under the guidance of a more sagacious mind, might have become at once the firm supporters of the monarchy and the temperate guardians of the national freedom.

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Pombal certainly possessed abilities, and unquestionably carried into effect some useful reforms, but, though more enlightened than the mass of his countrymen, he imagined—a common error of superficial minds—that a liberal policy consists in excess of change. He forgot that moderation is a proof of strength, and supposed, because preceding ministers had adhered somewhat too blindly to the beaten path, he could not deviate too widely from their track. His public conduct was not based on any public principle, and he entered into a most unrighteous war against the nobility of his country, not because he thought their privileges incompatible with the well-being of other classes, but from a mean and rancorous jealousy of an order to which he did not naturally belong. I will not here dilate upon the dark and doubtful history of the Aveiro conspiracy, but the sanguinary policy by which, upon that occasion, he triumphed over a portion of his fellow-subjects, has left an indelible stigma on his memory.

In alluding to the tenures on which land is held in Portugal, I should add that the Prazo, a species of leasehold property which I have described in a former work, is exempt from the operation of the common law, and descends entire to the eldest son. Land is generally much subdivided in Algarve and little entailed. Senhor Sebastiao had, however, carried his point, and was in consequence on the eve of uniting himself to a young lady of noble birth. While his servants were preparing dinner we visited a neighbouring manufactory, where many hands are employed in the process of extracting a kind of weak brandy from the fig, and from the algarroba, a fruit much relished in this part of the country by man and beast. We called on the Director of the establishment, and Senhor Sebastiao politely requested permission to show it to a friend. "Your Excellency should command, not request," answered the Director, and immediately conducted us over every part of the manufactory.

In Portugal the presence of a fidalgo generally smooths all difficulties: indeed the very word has a magical influence over the minds of men. I have observed that the provincial nobles are generally kind and considerate to the people, and are often repaid by their affection; they are perhaps too exclusive towards persons a degree beneath them in rank, but even this jealousy of the middling classes is slowly melting away before the spirit of

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the age. A sumptuous dinner awaited our return, succeeded by a dessert consisting of every fruit in season, an infinite variety of sweetmeats, and an abundance of excellent wines and liqueurs. From Loulè I rode on to Faro, where I found letters from my dear Father and Sister, and was hospitably received by the British Consul. By these letters I heard that they had just seen the Villa Flors and Count Taipa. On the following day I dined at the Consul's house, where I met a large Portuguese society. We spent the evening in a delightful garden near the town, where the cavaliers of our party paid compliments to the dark-eyed dames of Faro, who in return presented us with bouquets culled by their own fair hands.

The trade of Faro principally consists of bark and oranges; the greater portion of the fruit, exported from Lagos, is sent to Holland, but an enormous proportion of the cargoes exported from Faro are shipped for England. Antonio had by this time in a great measure recovered from his illness, but with reviving health his fears of mobs and massacres revived, and he now declared that he would not prosecute any further a godless expedition into the interior of the country; in conformity with this declaration, he announced his intention of remaining at Faro until the public tranquillity should be restored.

He was certainly unfit to cope with the difficulties and dangers of the time, and I afterwards regretted that any entreaties on his part should have tempted me to engage him as an attendant on such a doubtful expedition. He remained in the south of Portugal, and reaped the bitter fruits which are generally the portion of timid and indecisive men whose lot is cast in times of peril and alarm. He remained unmolested till the breaking out of the revolution in favour of Dom Miguel, but at that critical period, when the English name was held in execration, he was recognised by the populace as the servant of an English gentleman. He indeed escaped their violence, but lived in a state of perpetual terror, subjected to many hardships, concealing himself by day, and never sleeping two successive nights under the same roof. Body and mind sank under the united pressure of physical suffering and mental anxiety; naturally weak, he fell into a deplorable state of health, and though he at length returned to England he never rallied again, but died in a few months. Had

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he adhered to his master's fortunes, he would certainly have encountered some rough weather, but would probably have stemmed the gale, and gained the port in safety.

I now engaged the Borderer for the remainder of my expedition, much against the advice of my friends at Faro, who represented to me the inexpediency of trusting to the precarious fidelity of such a man in the lawless state of the districts which I intended to traverse. In consequence of these representations I made inquiries respecting other servants, but found no one disposed to accompany me through a country so proverbial for the fierceness of its inhabitants as Alentejo,* at a time when it was evidently on the eve of breaking out into open insurrection. During my stay at Faro very serious apprehensions were entertained for the tranquillity of the town; the people had already given very obvious indications of angry feeling, and great disturbances were expected on the morning previous to my departure; but the storm blew over for that day, and the explosion did not immediately take place. Feeling the full force of the objections urged against Juan, I adopted a plan which may seem foolish enough to persons unused to travel in disturbed countries, and perforce associate with desperate characters; but my intercourse with both had been very considerable during my various rambles, and I felt that it was the only mode by which I could combine my desire of retaining so useful an adventurer with a due regard to my personal safety. I therefore summoned him to my apartment, counted over my money before him, and confided it to his care. I knew from experience that many of these rough adventurers, who neither respect the lives or properties of others, are yet often scrupulously faithful to a master who reposes unbounded trust in their honour; on the other hand, I knew the stamp of man too well to suppose that, if he were determined to obtain my money, he would abstain from plunder because he must wade through blood to his object; and I felt that on the dreary wastes over which we intended to travel, and at the lonely places where I must often pass the night, he, assisted by others, would find numerous opportunities of carrying into execution any plan however deadly. But few men commit

* I have heard it stated that the crimes committed in Alentejo exceed in number those which are perpetrated over all the rest of the kingdom.

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unnecessary crimes; and should Juan prove a villain, he would probably decamp with my money, if he were suffered to retain possession of it, without attempting my life. I had afterwards some cause to think that my reasoning on this point was not altogether fallacious. So much for the Borderer. Having thus endeavoured to guard against domestic treason, I now took measures of precaution against my foreign foes, the knights errant of the highway, who at that period of civil commotion abounded in Alentejo. I desired Juan to secrete the greatest portion of the gold in a jar of marmalade; we deposited the remainder in the saddle by means of an incision ingeniously made, and scarcely perceptible on the minutest inspection; keeping in our pockets only a few gold pieces and many silver crowns, as those champions of the public road are always incommoded, and sometimes disagreeably uncourteous, if the bank entirely stops payment.

At Tavira I sent my letter of introduction to Senhor Xavier Palmerin, Governor of the Algarve, and was received by him with unbounded kindness and hospitality. He introduced me to his son Augustus, a fine young man scarcely twenty, well informed, and of distinguished but simple and unpretending manners. Immediately afterwards, as dinner was announced, his wife, Madame Palmerin, a graceful woman, who had evidently mixed much in the world, and possessed great conversational powers, entered the room. The English custom of asking individuals at table to drink wine is unknown among the Portuguese, but we pledged each other's healths abundantly, and filled our cups to the prosperity of our mutual friends. In the evening Augustus mounted me on a milk-white charger, whose proudly arched neck bespoke his Andalusian breed. We rode to the coast, where I saw a village, like Costa, resembling an African crail; the sea was roaring among the rocks, and the shore appeared wild and striking, but the sun had set, and I could hardly distinguish remote objects through "the twilight glow that momently grew less." Yet, though the hour was late, we lingered long on banks overgrown with aloes, amid olive-trees of immense size, and clumps of the carob, by some esteemed the most beautiful of European trees; and here indeed it attains a majestic height, and overhung our path with its finely feathering

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foliage. We returned to Tavira through groves of cork and olive, among orchards indescribably beautiful from their mass of bloom, and over plains enamelled with flowers; the air was balmy, and scented with a thousand odoriferous shrubs, and the evening had all the "douceur enivrante d'une soirée d'Italie"—a happy expression, which well describes the almost intoxicating sensation produced by the delicious nights of southern climes. Soon afterwards the moon arose, and lit up the scene with a splendour unknown to our northern latitudes. On our return we found many persons assembled at the Governor's house; recent events were the subject of conversation, and, although each individual was guarded in the expression of his opinion, it was evident that the general feeling inclined strongly to the Infant. They maintained his heart was excellent, excused his early follies, and declared that the enthusiastic attachment felt for him in Algarve knew no bounds. Madame said that ladies wept when they spoke of their Prince, and carried his portrait in their bosoms; a fact undoubtedly true, as I was assured by one lady that she wore his miniature next to her heart by day and night. The Governor informed me that he experienced the utmost difficulty in preventing the people of Tavira from committing acts of violence against persons supposed to be adverse to Dom Miguel's claims, and indeed Senhor and Senhora Palmerin, though ardent Miguelists themselves, were eminently calculated to allay the bitter animosities that had grown out of the civil dissensions, as far as general kindness and conciliation could have that blessed effect. In the course of the evening I conversed with a gentleman who impugned the conduct of the Constitutionalists, and, though he did not directly object to the Constitution itself, gave it a side hit by a very novel argument; he contended that, if the Sovereign, who was a single individual, could err, and his error produce mischief, the mischief occasioned by an error of the whole Chamber, which consisted of two hundred persons, would be exactly two hundred times more detrimental to the state, although the act committed might be precisely the same in both cases. The company dispersed before supper, after which I retired to rest. The luxury of repose was that night in some degree alloyed by a little circumstance which Madame related during supper as having occurred in the sleep-

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ing-room allotted to me, only a few days before my arrival. A young girl, suddenly entering the apartment, perceived a large snake coiled up behind the door; disturbed by her entrance, it glided away, and could not afterwards be found. On examining the apartment, I had no difficulty in accounting either for its entrance or for its disappearance, as both the ceiling and floor were old and full of crevices, many of which I could not stop by any contrivance. Knowing that these reptiles are attracted by warmth, I lay down to rest with some uneasy sensations, as such an addition to my solitary couch was not the most desirable man could covet, and twice, I confess to my shame, as I felt the smooth cold sheet, I started up, believing that the creature was even then in the act of entwining itself around me. These noxious intrusions are by no means uncommon in the Algarve; there is also a small ant that infests the houses, and is cursed with an outrageous appetite, which brings down upon its tiny but devoted head the vengeance of hard-hearted housekeepers; and a jet-black earwig, of a species resembling our own, but of a larger size, is often seen crawling with incredible rapidity, and unceremoniously intruding upon society, to the unspeakable dismay of nervous dames.

The Governor kindly urged me to protract my stay at Tavira, and I should have spent with pleasure some days among that amiable family, but was deterred from accepting his invitation by my increasing conviction of an approaching revolution, which would probably have rendered my journey into Alentejo, if deferred, not only difficult, but absolutely impracticable. He gave me a letter to the Juiz de Fora of Villa Real, and, as a mark of high consideration, commanded a naval officer to convey me in a government sloop to Mertola. Society was very languid at Tavira, partly from local causes, and partly from the gloomy aspect of public affairs; the regiment of Tavira had declared in favour of the Infant on the first announcement of the Charter, and had taken refuge in Spain after the suppression of the revolt; the wives of the exiled officers remained at home, and spent their solitary hours in praying for their injured Prince, and in mourning over their absent lords; a degree of fidelity unusual in the present day among any wives, but most especially in the Peninsula. Isolated from the rest of their countrywomen, the spirit of

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the age has scarcely yet approached the ladies of Tavira: many of them still wear the long Moorish veil, and rarely appear in places of public resort, even in the day, and are content to see the world from their grated windows.

Leaving Tavira, I rode through a pretty and populous country to Villa Real. Some lizards of an enormous size, probably exceeding a foot in length, crossed my path; centipedes of huge dimensions did ample credit to their hundred feet, and the far-famed cameleons were occasionally basking on the sunny walls. The American potato and the plantain are to be found in the gardens of the villas by which we passed. In the Spanish Consul, who signed my passport at Villa Real, I recognised an individual attached to the British Consulate during my residence at Cadiz some years before. Embarking in a vessel manned by a frolicsome set of fishermen, and crossing the Guadiana, a fine broad stream which falls into the sea immediately below the passage, I landed at Ayamonte, which I visited solely because it was a Spanish town, as I like to trace the national differences that often appear strongly marked when placed in juxtaposition. The houses are neat, have flat roofs, and are decorated with arcades, according to the fashion of the country. The men are handsome and gaily dressed, wearing short jackets and ornamented hats, but the children are badly clothed. I perambulated the town with great expedition, as certain doleful reminiscences of Spanish interference recurred to my mind; feeling no inclination to resume hostilities with the hydra, I asked no questions and entered no house, but returned to Villa Real the same evening, after a very moderate investigation of the place. On the following morning I saw an instance of cruelty to animals, a fault from which the Portuguese are by no means free, notwithstanding the general mildness of their manners—and a very great fault it is. A little boy was holding a wounded bird, twirling it round and round, making its broken wing the pivot of his operations. I rose to kill the poor victim, whose screams were dreadful, and to give the young rascal a little salutary correction, but the people interposed, and both men and women declared that it was a pity to destroy the bird, as it would survive many hours, and afford their child a long continuance of amusement.

This vice, it must be admitted, is not uncommon in Portugal.

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The streets of Lisbon are infested with dogs, which are generally protected by the lower orders, but I remember hearing that a party of young Portuguese, armed with pikes, amused themselves by sallying forth to destroy these animals. I was told, but am unwilling to believe the fact, that some Englishmen joined this disgusting expedition. I have no morbid feeling on the subject, but I must confess that I could place no confidence in any man who had been guilty of positive cruelty to a dog. The mind of such a man must be almost irreclaimably reckless, or his heart essentially wrong. A dog is united by so many sympathies to the human race, his habits are so much identified with ours, the love of his own species is so completely superseded by his love of man, he is so often the companion of our sports and the minister of our pleasures, he is so frequently "the first to welcome, foremost to defend," that the individual who can inflict causeless suffering on a dog has, in my humble opinion, little of manhood but the name. It may be observed that, generally speaking, cruelty to animals is more or less prevalent among nations as the national morality is high or low.

At Naples the most revolting instances of barbarity are not infrequent, and do not incur the public reprobation. Men who have kept mules for years will sell them, when old and unfit for further work, to be baited and torn to pieces by dogs, and thus repay a life of faithful service by a death of agonising pain.

Much cruelty is practised at the bull-fights in Spain; but in South America, where the public mind is in a still less healthy state, the barbarities inflicted at those public festivals are too revolting to be endured in the mother-country. In Germany, where manners are simple, and morals generally pure and unadulterated, humanity towards animals is a virtue sedulously inculcated and widely practised. Nor is this quality by any means rare among the virtuous Swiss.

In England societies have been formed for the protection of the brute creation, and the improved feelings of a more religious age have compelled the legislature to pass enactments restraining some of the monstrous cruelties which formerly prevailed. Much, indeed, has been done, but much remains to do. The pulpit should impress on the public, and parents on the youthful mind, a just abhorrence of this most unmanly vice. Many of

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the Dissenters have warmly co-operated with the better portion of the public press in this sacred cause, but have the ministers of the Established Church performed their part with equal zeal? Have that excellent body of men promoted, in this respect, with sufficient diligence, the will of Him who, in his merciful regard for every creature which his goodness has endowed with life, commanded that the ox should not be muzzled when it trod the corn, that the dam should not be taken with the young, that the ass should not be yoked together with the ox, that the kid should not be seethed in its mother's milk, and that the knife should be sharpened before the sacrifice was slain?

Exhibitions have, indeed, within the last few years, taken place in England, which, except at Paris, have hardly a parallel in iniquity. These exhibitions have, indeed, upon more than one occasion, drawn down the execration of the British public; but yet it is a fact replete with shame and sorrow to a religious people, that the "hellish Majendie,"* as he is termed by an eloquent writer, should have been permitted to soil this country by his bloody sacrifices, to pander to the worst passions of human nature, and first to vitiate and then attract the minds of our British youth by the excessive horrors he deliberately submitted to their view; atrocities which he weekly perpetrates at Paris, not for the advancement of general science, but to illustrate positions indisputably established, or perhaps to augment the amount of his own receipts at the expense of every virtuous feeling. Who can peruse the published statement of experiments made recently by one of his disciples,† without feeling disgust and grief that such acts could have been lauded by a writer of this country, and that such a statement should have been addressed to an English public? I will not harrow up the feelings of my readers by dwelling upon the enormities recorded in that publication; I will not dilate upon dogs kept in a state of torture for sixteen consecutive days, with burning irons forced into their heads, and all that long tissue of detestable villanies, as those experiments are justly termed by the Editor of the 'Literary

* As an operator, the man is not, I believe, unskilful; but medical men abroad observe that "comme médecin il est très faible." The truly wise are rarely cruel.

† A man of the name of Boilland. *Vide* note at the end of the book.

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Gazette,' who, under the influence of an honest indignation, exclaims that the authors and abettors of such crimes should be excluded from the pale of society.

What portion of the British public can such a publication have been intended to corrupt?* Where, indeed, can it have touched a kindred string? I do not believe that such practices find favour generally with medical men in England.† I have known many individuals belonging to that profession, and have found them honourable as men of the world, full of sympathy in the hour of affliction, and often imbued with high Christian principle; but these protracted butcheries, which degrade the operator far lower than the poor brute on which he exercises his fiendish skill, this soiling of the hands for hours, ay, for days together, in blood, this grovelling in torture, is inconsistent with any spirit of Christian charity, or with the proper feelings of a human being. Vivisection may perhaps be justifiable in some rare cases of acknowledged utility, but, carried to this horrible extent, it is a plague-spot on an honourable part of the body social, and should be extirpated, or at least restrained by legal enactments within the narrowest limits possible; otherwise it will involve in no common obloquy the profession that has produced a Baillie, that is illustrated by a Halford, and that, existing for the noble purpose of mitigating the sufferings of humanity, tends naturally to soften and to elevate the heart. But this stain upon the profession will be soon effaced; the improved feelings and increased religion of the day cannot and will not slumber over practices so utterly abhorrent to the mild spirit of our faith.

I embarked at seven in the morning in the sloop-of-war prepared for me by the Governor's order; we were assisted by the tide, and the wind, though faint, was favourable. The hills were sandy, and rather bold than high; and villages were occasionally scattered along the banks of the river, which there divides the

* Phrenological Journal and Miscellany, vol. vii.

† It is impossible to see without feelings of the most unlimited regret the mode in which these questions appear to be considered in the life of Sir Astley Cooper, or indeed the light in which they were regarded by that eminent man. Had the circumstances there detailed been stated to me by a foreigner, I should at once have denied them as absolutely incompatible with the habits and feelings of English gentlemen moving in the first circles of the medical profession.

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kingdoms of Spain and Portugal. Completely exhausted by the sun, which was that day intolerably oppressive, for the violent heats had already set in, I slept till we reached Alcoutin, a village prettily situated on the edge of the water. I had just engaged a room at a private house, as there was no inn, when the commander of the sloop arrived, and brought a civil message from the Mayor, who expressed regret that I should have thought of occupying any house but his during my stay at Alcoutin. I adjourned to his house: he was an intelligent young man, a native of the Traz os Montes, and told me that for many years he had spent his little income in collecting a library, which was burnt by the insurgents after the capture of Braganza. On that occasion he was compelled to fly, and endured great hardships, rambling among the mountains, and sleeping in the open air when the ground was covered with snow. In the cool of the evening we explored the environs of Alcoutin, and strayed into a garden belonging to a lady of some distinction, whom we met in one of the walks; joining parties, we sat down beneath a fine orange-tree, and feasted on the fruit, which her servants were gathering from the branches. The evening was delicious; the birds sang sweetly, the sky was cloudless, and a few brilliant stars were gradually eclipsed by the moon, then rising, and becoming brighter every moment. At length we returned to Alcoutin, and, sitting near the window of the Mayor's house, enjoyed a view which can hardly be surpassed in rural beauty. Above and around us were bold and picturesque hills; the moonbeams quivered on the peaceful Guadiana as it rolled along, showed the clear outline of the Spanish mountains, and lit up the village of San Lucar on the opposite bank.

As we were gazing upon that tranquil scene, the Captain, a fine old weather-beaten sailor, appeared and summoned me to embark. He steered, and, as the wind had completely fallen, our crew, consisting of several stout fellows, were compelled to row. The voyage was delightful: the air was warm; not a sound was heard but the dash of the oars; and among the thickets on the bank

> "the wakeful nightingale,
> Who all night long her amorous descant sung."

As we proceeded, the river ceased to divide the two kingdoms,

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and I bade a final farewell to Spain. Occasionally we passed some boats, which appeared to shun our observation, and, although only a few yards distant from us, were almost concealed by the deep shade of the rocks under which they glided. But the Captain's keen and practised eye detected the slightest movement on the face of the water. He regularly challenged the crews of the passing boats, and on their reply some mysterious signs were exchanged, which I afterwards learnt had reference to the revolt at that time breaking out in these districts. On parting from them, the Captain, according to the fashion of the country, invariably saluted them in the following words, pronounced in a very peculiar cadence—"May you pass in safety to your home! may you preserve your health! I esteem you greatly." In making use of these expressions he paused distinctly between each separate sentence, but was never interrupted by the person whom he addressed. His hearer stood always in an attitude of profound and solemn attention till the Captain had ceased to speak, and then made his salutation in the very same form of words, the Captain in his turn listening with an air of equal attention. After this interchange of civilities, the respective parties pursued their different ways. These formal greetings are not in this part of Portugal restricted to any class, scarcely indeed to any age. I have seen lads of eleven or twelve years old addressing each other with the same gravity of manner, and in the same ceremonious style, introducing also the regular pauses between sentences that are rather sung than said. At length we reached Mertola, and moored beneath a high and picturesque rock.

The Captain, who evidently entertained suspicions which he did not think right to communicate, sent a man to the town, whose return I awaited with impatience, as I felt extremely fatigued, and the night was far advanced and had become very cold. He brought the unwelcome tidings of a general revolt at Mertola, which he said would render any attempt on our part to enter the town that night extremely perilous. I therefore wrapped myself up in my plaid, and, lying down on one of the benches, took my rest *al fresco*. The blazing torches, reflected in the water, brought out in strong relief the tall figures of our crew, dressed in their white trowsers, and wearing the scarlet sash and the Algarve bonnet; lit up the eager countenances of

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some who were actively engaged in the division of their rude fare; and showed the deathlike repose of others, who, exhausted by their labours, were sunk in a heavy sleep. I awoke early, and lay for some hours shivering on the bench in a most uncomfortable state, for the morning air was intensely cold, and brought back a considerable return of my late feverish attack.

On entering the town I found it in a state of extreme agitation. The people had risen against the Authorities some hours before my arrival, and had proclaimed Dom Miguel Absolute King; and large bodies of men were still parading the streets, wearing the Miguelist colours, and threatening to renew the tumults of the preceding day. An immense proportion of the nobility, the clergy, and the magistracy had placed themselves at the head of the movement, and, at a public meeting just held, had drawn up a petition entreating the Infant to abolish the democratic institutions recently established. This meeting was attended by one hundred and seventy-four persons, among whom there were only four dissentients, who drew up a counter-petition, in which they defended their opposition to the prayer of the petitioners on curious grounds. They declared that the original petition had a tendency to fetter the will of the Infant, by dictating to him the line of conduct he ought to pursue, and was consequently of a seditious and disloyal character. Under this pious dread of infringing upon the prerogative, they sought to disguise their real anxiety to preserve the Constitution, and endeavoured to save it by an appeal to principles still more despotic than those which were advocated by their opponents: they were, in fact, unwilling to resign their liberties without a struggle, but were equally desirous to avert the anger of the Government, and their mode of reconciling these conflicting objects was whimsical enough. The town was in such a disturbed state that I could not visit some fine remains of antiquity.

From Mertola I rode over a large tract of country abounding in cork and covered with lavender and cistus to a ruined house, then used as an inn, and situated in the heart of the wilderness, many miles distant from any other habitation. Here I stopped, for I was ill and too exhausted to proceed farther. Two noble storks were perched on a low tree near the house, and guarded a huge nest which they had built in its branches, while the lesser

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birds, availing themselves of window-frames that never yet enclosed a pane of glass, had made their habitation in the ceiling of my room, and flew to and fro in utter disregard of mortal man. I was drinking tea, when the Borderer entered and informed me that some peasants had intimated their intention of invading my apartment. They said that in their youth they had often heard their fathers speak of the English, but had never themselves seen an individual of that nation, and were anxious to avail themselves of the present opportunity. I desired Juan to give my compliments, and say that I should have great pleasure in being exhibited. On the strength of this invitation some wild-looking fellows appeared, and standing in a row fixed their stupid eyes upon me, as if determined to enjoy a perfect view of the wild beast; thus they gazed continuously upon me for some minutes, but never uttered a word, and at length departed as they came without the slightest salutation.

I was ill and shivering, though the evening was really warm; I therefore gladly established myself in the kitchen for the sake of its roaring fire. The room was spacious and imperfectly lighted, the chimney huge, and the roof high and pointed. Here I observed a man of singular appearance, sitting apart, not speaking himself, or spoken to by others. His face was pale and haggard, his eyes deep sunk, and his hairs were prematurely grey.

The Borderer whispered in my ear that he was one of the dreadful Lobishomens, a devoted race, held in mingled horror and commiseration, and never mentioned without emotion by the Portuguese peasantry. They believe that, if a woman be delivered of seven male infants successively, the seventh, by an inexplicable fatality, becomes subject to the powers of darkness, and is compelled on every Saturday evening to assume the likeness of an ass. So changed, and followed by a horrid train of dogs, he is forced to run an impious race over the moors and through the villages, nor is allowed an interval of rest till the dawning Sabbath terminates his sufferings, and restores him to his human shape.

If, therefore, a peasant chance to meet a pale and weary traveller at an early hour on a Sunday morning, he shudders, and in fancy sees the traces left by the infernal chase upon the stran-

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ger's haggard countenance. A wound inflicted upon the poor victim of this unhallowed agency during the very act of transformation can alone release him from this accursed bondage; a liberation supposed to be most rarely effected, because few men have courage to behold the appalling change in progress, and still fewer have sufficient coolness to strike the critical blow at the exact moment. Such is the superstition of the Lobishomens, diffused more or less over the whole of Portugal, but subject to different versions in different districts, and only credited implicitly in the wild and lonely wastes of Alentejo.

On the following morning I continued my journey to Beja, over an immense plain for the most part uncultivated, but occasionally varied by patches of corn and groups of trees, and bounded by the Spanish hills. A creature crossed my path resembling a lizard in form and colour, but of such an enormous size that I can hardly believe it to have been an animal of that species, and should have certainly thought it an iguana if it were not extremely doubtful whether that reptile is ever found in Portugal.

Beja stands on an eminence, and, with its ancient gate and fine girdle of Moorish towers, is conspicuous from afar. The Mayor received me with great civility, but expressed the most unfeigned surprise at the arrival of an English Lor, as he emphatically called me, observing that the motives which could have induced me to visit Beja were quite unfathomable, and far exceeded his powers of divination. The greatest impediment to my researches invariably arose from the total inability of the natives to comprehend the feeling which prompts an Englishman to forsake the comforts of his native land, and prosecute a fatiguing and hazardous journey through a disturbed country.

In the neighbourhood of the great Peninsular towns, the people, accustomed to the visits of Englishmen, acknowledge the harmless nature of their investigations, and only wonder at the national infatuation. But my arrival created the utmost astonishment in those remote and secluded parts of southern Portugal, which had been rarely visited by a stranger: being engaged in no mercantile transactions, and having no ostensible business, I could not assign any of those reasons which influence other travellers, and render their motives explicable to the mind of a foreigner.

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My journey to the fortress of Sagres, and afterwards to Cape St. Vincent, had not only excited surprise, but actual consternation. The most absurd reports of an approaching descent upon the coast by a British force were circulated among the people, and credited by persons whose more extended means of information should have preserved them from the popular error. The people of Beja were so suspicious of my motives, that some gentlemen to whom I sent letters of introduction were rather disposed to treat them as forgeries than to admit that an Englishman of rank could actually be travelling through the country, at such a time, for the mere gratification of his curiosity.

The soil near Beja is good; near Evora it is of a lighter and less productive kind. The absence of cultivation over so great a part of Alentejo is not, I think, entirely attributable, as some persons have supposed, to any particular circumstance, but to a combination of causes. The joint tenancies that exist, and the peculiar tenures on which property is generally held, are certainly not favourable to an extended cultivation; but unquestionably the arid nature of the soil over large tracts, their absolute unfitness in many places for the growth of corn, the scarcity of villages, the frequent absence of water, and the general deficiency of hands for agricultural purposes, are the principal causes of the neglected state of the rural interest in Alentejo. This province is, with reference to its size, the least populous in Portugal; the towns and cities are indeed immensely peopled, but whole districts are almost without inhabitants.

The population of Alentejo is supposed to have diminished during the last century, while the Entre Minho has become unable to support its increasing numbers, many of whom annually emigrate from their happy valleys, and offer their services to the inhabitants of other provinces: influenced, however, by similar habits, and by the recollection of a common home, these poor people keep together, ranging from place to place, in tents, under the command of a chosen chief. Large flocks of swine are seen upon the desolate wastes of Alentejo, collected in numbers under the shade of the evergreen oak, and feeding upon the mast; and on this kind of diet they thrive wonderfully, and attain a prodigious size. The hams of Alentejo are proverbially excellent, and indeed are not surpassed in flavour and quality by any in the world.

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Julius Cæsar signed a treaty of peace at Beja, which from that circumstance derived its ancient name of Julia Pax. I saw here some Roman masonry, apparently the remains of a cloaca, said by my informant to form large and lofty communications beneath the city, though now choked up. Whilst I was examining a fine tower, built by King John, I heard a cry as of many voices, shrill, piercing, infinitely prolonged, and eminently absurd, apparently the dying vociferations of pigs, or women in a state of massacre. My attendants were greatly moved by these piteous outcries, and I discovered, upon inquiry, that they proceeded from womankind, in the shape of tender nuns, proclaiming vigorously, "Dom Miguel, Absolute King of Portugal."

In the evening I beheld a most impressive scene, strongly characteristic of the country and of the time. Happening to stray into a great church as the day was falling, I found it thronged with persons listening with deep attention to the discourse of an eminent preacher. The first part of his sermon consisted of the usual moral precepts; but then, advancing slowly and almost imperceptibly to the main object of his address, he warned his hearers against the impious men who wished to undermine their holy religion, and deprive those who sat in lofty places of their rights. In this general and guarded language he addressed them for some time, assuring himself of their sympathy before he fully developed his views. At length he spoke of the Infant in explicit terms; he portrayed in vivid colours the high-wrought devotion which he had shown to the cause of God, even in his boyish days; he described him as the youthful saviour of his country, the princely saint. He then represented him as fallen from his high estate, the victim of his holy zeal, given over to the oppressor, and sent across the sea to spend the best years of life in cheerless and unmerited exile.

During this period of his discourse the men were greatly moved, the women bathed in tears. By a sudden and artful transition, thrilling in its effects on the mind, he passed from this affecting description of his woes and wrongs to the glorious circumstances attendant on his return—an event, he said, indisputably wrought by the hand of God, which had marked him out to the nation as her chosen ruler: and as Noah and his company were permitted to ride in safety over the dreadful deep,

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when none others saw and lived, so was the Infant, returning to the throne of his ancestors, miraculously preserved amid the the storms that strewed his native coast with wrecks. As he gave vent to his own excited feelings, the animation of his manner and the fervour of his language increased. He denounced the guilty Freemasons, haters of the Church, and enemies of God's delegate upon earth: he pronounced the heaviest maledictions—dishonour and mischance in this world, and doom eternal in the next—on all those erring men who listened to the dark suggestions of the conspirators against their lawful Prince, the well-beloved of God, the specially guarded by his patron saint the Archangel Miguel. Finally, he enjoined his hearers, as they valued their immortal souls, to obey a call which came from Heaven itself.

If it was curious to observe the knowledge of human passions which he displayed, and the inimitable skill with which he moulded them to his purposes, it was still more interesting to trace the alternations, from melting pity to fervid indignation, produced upon his hearers by the varying tenor of his discourse. The effect was quite electrical when first, abandoning a veiled though pointed style of expression, he burst forth into a sweeping denunciation against the Constitutionalists, and as a prophet, commissioned from on high, preached a crusade in favour of their heaven-sent Prince; a murmur of applause and sympathy pervaded the assembly, and would have grown into a loud unanimous shout, had not respect for the sacred pile restrained such an irreverent expression of their feelings. But though the expression faltered on the tongue, neither time nor place could quell the thought then burning in the heart, and the sparkling eye, the arm involuntarily raised as in defiance, and the low but fiercely uttered vow which ran round the holy place, bespoke the general and determined will.

I beheld the scene with the deepest interest, and thought of the famous meeting at Clermont, when, summoned to avenge the Christian griefs by Peter the Hermit, the mighty multitude, moved by an eloquence as stormy, and inspired by as unanimous a mind, cried out, "It is the will of God, it is the will of God!"

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CHAPTER XIII.

Revolt in the Provinces—Evora—Author arrested—Fury of the Populace—The Guard-room—The Prison—Andalusian Banditti—The Corregidor—Confinement—Tumult and Defeat of the Troops—Author released—The Borderer—Andalusian Smugglers—Leaves Evora—Leaves Lisbon—Montemor—Superstition of the Beggars—Pegoines—African Adventure detailed—Arrives at Lisbon—Dom Miguel declared King—Quits Lisbon—Reflections on past Events—Returns to England.

On the following morning I rose before the break of day. In quitting Beja I saw a fine red stag, which recalled to my memory the wild heaths of distant Somersetshire,

> "Where the hunter of deer and the chieftain trod
> To the hills that encircle the sea"—

and for the moment Portugal and Portuguese politics vanished from my mind. I rode over some beautiful forest-ground, and afterwards entered on an immense and apparently boundless waste. Here I felt a touch of that peculiar feeling, so often called a foreboding of approaching ill, but which in this, as in almost every similar case, is only the result of observations that leave a general and indistinct, but not ill-founded impression, although the train of reasoning which leads to that impression is at the time too subtle and too rapid to be detected even by the mind through which it passes. But as I made further progress over these wild plains, there were symptoms of the moral storm, distinct and obvious to the most careless eye. I observed couriers occasionally riding in breathless haste; peasants coming from different quarters, bearing the red cockade; beggars who no longer paused to supplicate, but wore a look of fierce excitement, and pushed on in one direction as if they scented a richer prey: and once I passed a strange wild-looking man, apparently half pilgrim and half prophet, declaiming, in the emphatic language of the day, in favour of the Prince. I had already

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seen, at times when danger overhung the altar and the throne, such pilgrims travelling in still more unfrequented parts of the Peninsula from village to village, and almost from hamlet to hamlet, stirring up the minds of men and preaching the crusade. Children at once and heralds of the storm, they owe their passionate eloquence to the fanatic zeal which they inherit and impel. I recollected having seen a still more singular enthusiast on the confines of Catalonia: his dress was composed of tattered shreds of various hues; he was tall, gaunt, and had a film over the eye which seemed to impair his vision; erect and unbending, he seemed like a type of the old fanaticism; he looked like a seer of ancient times, as he called on the people, by the Royalists who had recently died in arms for the faith, by the martyrs who were slaughtered of old, by the Saviour's cross, in the name of God, to rise in defence of the King, his delegate upon earth. These wild beings were the immediate precursors of the bloody Catalan revolution, and now I recognised the same appearances in Alentejo, the same spirit of stern enthusiasm in the preacher and of deep conviction in the hearer. I recognized the approaching triumph of royalist and religious revolution in that wild figure which stood before me; for now the call to arms in defence of God and the crown was not merely in the mouths but in the minds of men, and came not only from the pulpit, but was proclaimed on the public way by ruder yet not less powerful apostles of the faith. These circumstances convinced me that an irresistible movement had begun, and that society was ruffled by no passing breeze, but was upheaving from its lowest depths.

It was now clear, from the statements of all with whom we paused for a moment to converse, that the long-apprehended revolt had actually taken place, and that the people were on all sides rising *en masse* against the Constitutionalists. Our situation was becoming extremely precarious: Beja, which we had just left, was manifestly on the eve of an explosion; Evora, which lay before us, was actually the scene of fearful commotions; and the same spirit was rapidly diffusing itself through all the neighbouring towns and villages: in short, it was evident, from many concurring accounts, that both in front and in rear, towards the western wilds and along the Spanish frontier, revo-

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lution, from which there seemed no escape, inevitable revolution, had drawn around us its fiery circle.

"Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito"

was, however, in this emergency my safest and indeed my only principle of action. While yet in the open plain, some miles from Evora, we saw in the distance a cloud of dust, upon which Juan with some trepidation announced the approach of a Black Company; bands thus denominated by the peasantry from the dark nature of their deeds. Confined to the wild parts of Alentejo, these companies were the offspring of the civil distractions, during which they originated and with which they ceased to exist. They generally consisted of mounted ruffians, who combined together under political pretexts for purposes of plunder, and proceeded from village to village perpetrating great outrages. Such would indeed have been unwelcome visitors, but Juan's alarm proved groundless.

Evora is built on an eminence like Beja, and is striking from its elevation, and venerable from its ancient towers. Passing under a high arch and entering the town, we were challenged by the sentinel on duty, who at first supposed me to be a Spaniard, and, under that impression, behaved with the utmost civility; but my passport soon revealed my English origin, and this discovery produced an immediate change of manner. The city was apparently in a very excited state, for the people had collected together in groups in the public square, and were engaged in earnest conversation, but, seeing me stopped by the guard, they flocked around us to inquire the cause, and heard that I was an Englishman with marked displeasure. They assailed me with a thousand questions respecting the motives of my journey and my arrival at that critical moment; and became confirmed in their worst suspicions when I could make no reply which was in their opinion satisfactory. Some demagogues, availing themselves of these prepossessions against me, cried out that I was an accursed Englishman, a son of that heretical nation which was now preparing to wage war against the holy faith, and murder their lawful King Dom Miguel.

My position was awkward enough: the mob had already fallen upon Juan and were plundering my baggage, and several

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fierce enthusiasts threatened, and indeed seemed preparing, to pull me from my horse. In this annoying conjuncture, the sentinel gave a fortunate direction to the growing ferment by declaring me a state prisoner, whose machinations ought to be fully investigated, and for this purpose he would take me to the town-hall and submit my case to the Mayor: the people acquiesced in his proposal, and shouted, "To the Mayor! to the Mayor!"

I was then placed between two soldiers, and, surrounded and followed by a menacing crowd, was led to the town-hall, where I found the Mayor in an upper apartment, greatly disconcerted by this appeal to his authority. His utmost ingenuity could not devise any legal ground upon which the adoption of coercive measures against me could be justified; but the fierce threats and lawless conduct of the mob below showed him the imminent danger of refusing to comply with their declared wishes. He paced the room to and fro in a state of extreme indecision, and at length, unwilling to condemn yet afraid to acquit me, sent me for final judgment to the Corregidor. I was then led to the house of that officer, escorted by a crowd, which, like a snow-ball, gathered strength as it rolled along; but the Corregidor, placed in the same disagreeable alternative of encountering the popular anger, or pronouncing an illegal and discreditable judgment, declaimed against the Mayor's indecision, and, trembling himself, said that he hated timid men, and sent me back to the town-hall. This game of battledore and shuttlecock was not less annoying to me than to the people, who, anxious for an immediate decision, expressed their impatience by an angry yell, and threatened to take the affair into their own hands.

On my return to the town-hall his worship's irresolution was at once removed by a soldier, who informed him that the people would no longer brook delay, and were forcing their way up stairs. At this intelligence a hurried consultation took place between the Mayor and the secretaries of police, and I was again placed under the custody of the guard, which conducted me to a large hall filled with militiamen. There I met the Borderer, my companion in misfortune, who informed me that he had been despoiled of his knife, his pistol, and all that he carried about him.

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I was here required to give up my papers and all that I had in my pocket, and when this operation was completed the secretary desired the soldiers to do their duty. "Senhor, follow me," said the Sergeant. "To what place?" "To prison," he replied. I repeated his words in unfeigned astonishment, for, although I was fully aware of the perilous predicament in which I stood, the idea of a prison had never suggested itself to my mind. The sudden and varying emergencies of the eventful hour which had elapsed since my arrival at Evora had employed all my faculties in counteracting immediate dangers, and had left me no time to speculate on my eventual destination; but this unexpected announcement excited my surprise and indignation to such a degree that I burst forth into a strain of unusual vehemence, denied their right to imprison me, and reminded them of the old Portuguese law by which no fidalgo could be legally confined in a common jail.

I felt, even then, that such a plea might be considered invidious, and was moreover ill-founded, as any enactment of that nature could of course apply to native rank only; but I knew that it was in accordance with the opinions studiously professed by the party into whose hands I had fallen, and was therefore calculated to embarrass their operations. I concluded by saying that the privileges of an Englishman, violated in my person, would be surely and promptly redressed by the British Ambassador.

The agents of the police were evidently startled by a vehemence so unusual in a prisoner; and, in the pause that followed, a militiaman of the name of Montero came forward, and suggested that during the night I should be confined in the guard-room instead of the prison, saying that he would be responsible for my appearance on the following morning. The police acceded willingly to a proposition which in some degree extricated them from their perplexing situation, and, as Montero was distinguished for his attachment to the Infant, and was extremely popular both with the people and the militia, the mob consented, though not without reluctance.

Determined, however, to have one victim, they seized upon the Borderer, and declared that he should expiate his own and his master's crimes in prison. I remonstrated with them on the

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extreme injustice of persecuting an individual against whom no accusation was levelled, and whose sole offence consisted in his temporary connexion with an Englishman; but, carried away by their senseless fury, they twice endeavoured to drag him to prison, and twice, assisted by Montero's earnest exhortations, I prevented them.

At length the point was adjusted in our favour, and, for that night at least, he was permitted to share his master's fortunes. The scene must have appeared striking indeed to an indifferent spectator, for, though so much occupied by the embarrassments of my actual position, I was not even then insensible to the picturesque appearance of surrounding objects. The militiamen were standing in groups, some anxiously expecting their final orders, others holding aloft blazing torches that dispelled with their red glare the darkness of the night which had just set in, and showed the people still pressing into the hall through the lofty archway, and lit up the vaulted roof and the walls literally black with smoke; and there, looking upon the threatening crowd with a calm but sullen eye, the Borderer stood, conspicuous by his red scarf and Castilian hat.

We were now removed to the guard-room and placed under the strictest surveillance, for neither Juan nor I were allowed to exchange a word. In the evening the Sergeant Montero appeared, and, with a delicacy unlooked for, but not in the Peninsula infrequent in his rank of life, entreated me to consider myself rather as a guest than a prisoner, and assured me that, while he had authority, the guard-room should be reserved for my use.

This man's conduct was highly creditable; he had opposed with manly firmness the indiscriminating passion of the multitude, he had obtained for me better terms from their leaders than I could have expected under actual circumstances, and had tempered by the courtesy of his manner the real harshness of their measures. Soon afterwards some agents of the police arrived, examined my baggage, and took possession of the greater part of my papers. My journal I had secreted in my mattress, to which I therefore clung with an apparent tenacity of regard for my creature-comforts which somewhat amazed the worthy inspectors.

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I had now cause to congratulate myself on the precaution which I had taken in thus concealing my notes; but not you, my gentle reader, for, had they been seized, you would most assuredly have never been troubled with the perusal of this little volume. A few loose papers of some consequence were in my pocket at the moment of my arrest, but these I contrived to slip up my sleeve during the subsequent confusion. They, however, occasioned me great uneasiness, as I momentarily expected to see them fall to the ground, for ever and anon I felt them travelling down my arm, and as so many eyes were fixed upon me I could only replace them by sundry jerks intended to pass for the vehement gesticulations of outraged honour.

In the course of the evening I gradually discovered that a great popular movement had taken place at Evora, and that the revolutionary ferment was at its height. It appeared that just before my arrival the people, impatient to proclaim Dom Miguel, had summoned the Juiz de Povo, an officer appointed for the express purpose of submitting their wishes to the Camera or municipality, and had enjoined him to convene that body without delay. When the Camera had assembled, the people forced their way into the apartment where they were sitting in conclave, and compelled each member successively, on pain of instant death, to affix his signature to a document declaratory of the Infant's right to the throne. They then unfurled the national standard, paraded the city, and proclaimed him under the title of Miguel I. The military governor of Evora, warmly attached to the Imperial cause, endeavoured to suppress the insurrection, but upon his interference the population rose *en masse*, and, joined by the militia, attacked with desperate courage and completely defeated the regular forces, who escaped from the city with difficulty and loss.

Their Commanding officer was only saved by the extraordinary exertions of his troops, and the Colonel of the militia, deserted by his men, who almost unanimously espoused Dom Miguel's cause, fell desperately wounded. It was at that ill-fated time, in the very first moment of popular triumph, that I reached Evora; the popular laurels were fresh, the popular success was complete, but the victors had not yet dispersed, their dead were still unburied, and their vengeance unappeased. During the

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whole of the day on which I arrived the greatest disorders prevailed; the links that hold society together were dissolved, and the persons of the Constitutionalists were everywhere attacked and their houses plundered. On that dreadful day alone two hundred persons are said to have been arrested by the furious rabble, and dragged to prison without the warrant of any legal forms or the sanction of any legal authority.

The arrival of an Englishman at such a conjuncture was calculated to excite deep suspicion, for the Miguelists then considered the British as the great stay and hope of the Constitutional party, and regarded us with a hatred proportioned to the unbounded love they bore the Infant. He had not yet indeed assumed the crown, but was invariably styled King by the civil officers, the militia, and most of the inhabitants, who wore the red and blue cockade in token of their devoted attachment to his cause.

The guard-room was small, and contained no furniture, except indeed a clumsy table attached to the wall; there I passed the night, devoured by insects and oppressed by the heat, for the door was closed and the window fastened. Montero called in the morning, and expressed his readiness to oblige me in any point consistent with his duty, but he was superseded immediately afterwards, and I was consigned to the charge of a most hot-headed Miguelist, who had obtained some share of public favour from the exaggeration of his political principles. This man quickly asserted his power with a degree of insolence which I could ill endure: he threw open the door of the apartment, insisting that it should not be closed till night had set in, and actually encouraged the rabble to gather round the window, which looked into the square, and was only a few feet from the ground. Groups collected and dispersed several times in the course of the morning, but later in the day they assembled in greater numbers, and gave very decided indications of hostile feeling.

My mattress had been placed on the table, but they now insisted on its removal, and desired that it should be put on the floor, while, in compliance with another mandate, the bed on which the guard slept was promoted in its stead. My servant, attended by a militiaman, had been allowed on the preceding

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evening to fetch provisions from the town, but my new Governor would neither permit Juan to leave the guard-room in the early part of the day, nor would he send out any of his own men on such a necessary errand; and when he at length consented to let Juan go, he was driven back with threats by the people, so that we were kept for about twenty hours without any food.

That day slowly wore away, one of the most unpleasing I have ever experienced, for it was attended by humiliating circumstances, though not by a sense of humiliation, and I can hardly now revert to it without sickening sensations. During my previous expeditions into revolutionised countries I had been exposed to danger as imminent, but danger had been then unaccompanied by insult, and my spirits had risen under the excitement; but now, confined within narrow bounds, exhibited to the crowd, an object of mingled curiosity and abhorrence, taunted, and, still worse, occasionally pitied, I concealed my indignation under the mask of indifference. A few bright traits, however, relieved the general gloom of the picture. A Frenchman, approaching the window, addressed me in his native language, expressed regret at my situation, and intimated his willingness to serve me; and a young officer of rank, to whom I was subsequently indebted for acts of real kindness, entered the guard-room, and had the courage to pledge me in a glass of wine. The guard, suspicious of a conversation which they did not understand, obliged the Frenchman to retire, but only looked sullenly on the young officer, whose rank and station in some degree awed them into good behaviour.

The day began to fall, and my situation was indeed most uncomfortable. Large bodies of men paraded the streets singing revolutionary songs intermingled with appalling shouts; and, stopping under the walls of the prison, which almost adjoined the guard-house, uttered furious denunciations of vengeance against its unpopular inmates. From thence they proceeded to the guard-room, and, gathering round the open window, gave loud hurrahs for Dom Miguel, and, looking at me with glaring eyes and clenched fists, testified their rooted detestation by every angry gesture and expression, and by every varied intonation of voice, from the passionate yell to the hateful hiss, and then departed, after some ferocious shouts of "Death to the Free-

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masons!" and "Death to the English!" promising to return at a later hour and destroy the accursed and heretical conspirator. My charitable Governor, who had hitherto lost no opportunity of increasing the odium under which I laboured, became alarmed at these vindictive menaces, uttered as they manifestly were with the dreadful energy of real determination. He knew that his countrymen of Evora, when fairly roused, have much of the tiger in their wrath: he was well aware that the hours of darkness were generally selected for acts of outrage against individuals, and he felt himself unable to protect me from the coming storm. He therefore sent a message to the Authorities, requesting them to make out an order for my immediate committal to prison, as he fully expected the guard-room to be forced that night by the mob, and would no longer hold himself responsible for my life. His report was confirmed by the representations of the Frenchman and of the young officer, who had kindly interested themselves in my behalf, and who now urged with equal vehemence the necessity of my removal to some place of real protection. The Authorities had unwillingly sanctioned my arrest in the first instance, and had subsequently taken no notice of the affair, hoping that, in a time so pregnant with events, the whole transaction would be forgotten in a few hours, in which case they intended to sign my passport for Lisbon, and desire me to leave the city without delay; but on receiving this intelligence they made out the order for my committal, and sent a party of militiamen, accompanied by two secretaries of police, to see it carried into immediate execution.

The huge prison doors were opened by the jailor; a tall man, apparently still athletic, though he had numbered more than seventy years, and every hair on his head was white. Entering, I found myself in a low vaulted passage, the termination of which was lost in obscurity: it led to a dungeon, and was so dark that it might well appear to the eye of fancy a communication between the upper world and the infernal regions. Passing this gloomy corridor, we reached a flight of stairs guarded by an iron door, whose grated bars of immense thickness precluded all hope of escape. This door the jailor unlocked, and, ascending the staircase, conducted me to my destined apartment, which was lofty, spacious, and unequally divided by an iron grating: the

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roof was of wood, high, and pointed; the floor of stone; while two windows, or rather apertures, for they contained no glass, looked into the street, and were strongly guarded by iron bars placed in transverse directions. Such was the general aspect of a room that had neither fireplace, nor chair, nor table, nor furniture of any kind.

It is a trite observation that our ideas of happiness and misery are entirely relative: in the even course of ordinary life we are hardly aware how rapidly, and of the extent to which, our feelings vary with varying emergencies. The mere suggestion of a prison had on the preceding evening filled me with irrepressible anger; so gross an indignity seemed scarcely tolerable, even in imagination; but yet, in fact, I have seldom known a more grateful moment than that in which I first crossed the threshold of my prison-room, and heard the retiring steps of the jailor as he turned upon me the key of the iron door. I then felt that I would rather submit to any hardship, and encounter any danger, than again pass through the bitter ordeal which I had that day undergone in the guard-room. The massive walls and strong bars of my grated apartment deprived me indeed of personal freedom, but delivered me from contumely and menace, and from great and imminent peril: they spoke the language of protection, and the solitude to which they consigned me was unspeakably delightful after the overbearing clamours of the populace.

In the course of the evening the secretaries of the police arrived to take my depositions, which I signed at their requisition, having first attentively perused them. I had thus some practical experience of the mode of administering justice in Portugal. A prisoner charged with the commission of an offence is subjected to a strict examination, his answers are recorded by an officer of the law, acknowledged by his own signature, and then submitted to the judge, who is guided in his opinion of the case by this record, and by an accompanying statement of facts; but should the record and statement be perverted, it is evident that subsequent proceedings flowing from a tainted source must be equally vitiated, and, the more upright the intentions of the judge, the more unjust will the final judgment be. And thus it happens that a skilful notary can often in the first stage of the process determine the eventual fate of the accused, who, if dull

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and uneducated, will sometimes, through sheer stupidity, and a total ignorance of the nature of the act he is performing, put his name to a record of questions and answers imperfect, garbled, and unfairly prejudicial to his own cause; but he will, more frequently, by a dishonest connivance with his legal examiner, obtain a version of the affair eminently favourable to his own case, and equally disadvantageous to the interests of justice. On the present occasion I had no reason to complain of the notaries, for they were unprejudiced and well-intentioned, and represented the transaction in its real colours.

Some years before the events to which I am now alluding I passed through Lucena, a town situated in the kingdom of Granada, and in the heart of a wild and secluded district, at that time abandoned, almost without a struggle, to a numerous banditti, who had encamped in a neighbouring forest, and were carrying on their depredations with impunity. Every man carried a musket, every detached house was rudely fortified as in the feudal times, and the boldest feared to traverse the wood except in caravans or large bodies, associated and armed for mutual protection. I remember hearing at this place that a noted robber had recently appeared in the town, and had murdered an inhabitant in the open day: he was arrested; but, in consequence of the nature of the depositions stating the case, was speedily liberated. I asked how this had occurred. "It was quite natural," my informant answered, "for he supplied the Escribanos, and some of our principal magistrates, with clothes." —"Was he then a tailor?" I asked with some surprise; knowing well that the Andalusian bandit generally follows his vocation pretty exclusively, and regards with haughty contempt the peaceful habits of industrious life. "A tailor, Señor!" said my friend, smiling at my simplicity; "he was a caballero" (a cavalier), "and when any travellers fell into his hands he appropriated their gold and their goods generally, but reserved the waistcoats and trowsers of the denuded individuals for the Escribanos and magistrates, who were consequently the best-dressed men in the town, and were thus enabled to keep up the dignity of their profession. In his prosperous days he supported them, and they were bound by every tie of interest and honour to uphold him in the hour of adversity." This good understanding between the

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robber and the functionary is rather severe upon the traveller, not only because all hope of redress or restitution of goods is thereby rendered hopeless, but because a real orthodox bandit of Andalusia generally disdains the appropriation of wearing apparel, and therefore this spoliation of coats and waistcoats may be considered as an extra loss incurred for the benefit of the guardians of the law.

The state of Lucena was singular enough about that time. To English eyes it was curious to behold a party dressed for an evening assembly, proceeding to a house a few hundred yards from the town with muskets in their hands. It was a strange mixture of modern civilization with an almost feudal state of society.

I was much struck with this peculiar state of things when I passed through that unfrequented district of Spain in 1822, and rode with my brother-in-law to Benamex or Benamegi, over a desolate country exhibiting no vestiges of man, and fragments of old Moorish towers alone indicating that this neglected plain had been once inhabited. As we descended the heights, and were enjoying a glorious though distant view of Malaga, the Mediterranean, and the bold mountains of Ronda, we met a muleteer, who told us that a band of fifty robbers, mounted after the fashion of the Andalusian highwaymen, had taken up their abode at a venta, or solitary house, that bordered the road, in a forest which we expected to traverse that evening. Towards the middle of the day we entered Antequera, a town of some beauty, and famous in Moorish story. Beyond, the country assumed an appearance very unusual in Spain; enclosures became frequent, the hedges were lined with poplars, sometimes with elms, and groups of trees met the eye in every direction, for an instant recalling to my recollection the smiling scenes of the west of England; but this comparison, momentarily suggested by the improved cultivation, was quickly dispelled by the unprotected state of persons and property, and the lawless habits of the population; evils that soon pressed themselves upon my observation in signs too manifest to be doubted; nor did the animation of nature extend far beyond the environs of Antequera, after which we again relapsed into the same monotonous country. Overtaken by a violent thunderstorm, we endeavoured to gain admittance into a large but lonely

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house by the roadside; but the door was firmly secured, and its inmates were for a long time deaf to our repeated vociferations. It was at length unbarred after many questions, and with evident symptoms of uneasiness, which seemed by no means to diminish as we rode into the yard and asked for bread and wine. Unaccustomed to travellers, and sometimes visited by the mounted highwaymen when foraging for provisions, they were unable at first to determine the character of their visitors, or the nature of our visit. The scene was curious, as it illustrated forcibly the unsettled state of these districts, and reminded me of the old feudal times when every mansion was secured against the assaults of an enemy. As we rode along the path that led to the forest of Benamegi, we were joined by some muleteers, who warned us of approaching danger in very expressive terms. One, as he left us, intimated a hope that the hour in which we traversed the wood might be a fortunate one. It was then customary for persons travelling through this part of the country to unite in caravans sufficiently numerous and well armed to resist any attacks; and as these were principally composed of peasants carrying their goods to market, travellers were often enabled to avail themselves of such efficient protection. Hearing that a caravan was but a mile in advance, we galloped forward, and joined it as it entered the forest. We passed the reputed quarters of the banditti, the fearful venta, a picturesque building situated in a hollow in one of the wildest and most beautiful parts of the forest. Soon afterwards a cry of robbers ran through the caravan, and we were shown three men in the wood leaning on their guns, whom our companions recognised as forming members of the great banditti. Protected by the caravan, I felt some curiosity to see the highwayman of Andalusia, who, like the *legitimate* smuggler, was distinguished by a particular dress, was mounted on the high-necked horse of the country, and had some redeeming points in his character. He was seldom known to commit murder or inflict any personal outrage, except in cases of continued resistance; and affected, in the full exercise of his vocation, a lofty courtesy of manner and a contempt for sordid details; but these men were not mounted, and were not remarkable from any peculiarity of appearance. They were perhaps the last recruits the band had received, and were not yet admitted to the privi-

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lege of the robber's dress, or to a full knowledge of the mysteries of the profession; for it was said that in the best established bands a regular apprenticeship was often served. The number of the band was I suspect exaggerated, although the district was so much infested with robbers, that it had become a proverb in the country that whoever drank from the clear spring of Lucena was from that hour endowed with all the qualifications of a good highwayman.

But to return to my prison at Evora, from which I have wandered with my usual taste for rambling.—The Intendant left me: the city remained that night in a state of the greatest excitement, and the yells were sometimes tremendous.

The life of a prisoner is monotonous enough, as it is rather a history of feelings than events. The grateful sensation at first inspired by my prison-walls soon ceased to operate on my mind, while the strict confinement became every day more severely felt, and was to me peculiarly irksome, as it involved a total change of habits. For some time past I had generally been on horseback from sunrise to sunset; and the narrow limits within which my movements were now restricted formed a most unpleasing contrast to the free range of the mountainous Algarve and the interminable wastes of the Alentejo; and as I saw through my grated windows the bright sun and the blue unclouded sky which I could now no more enjoy, I longed for "the life so late I led," and pined for the open heath and the rushing steed. Many hours of the day I spent in pacing my apartment; sometimes I amused myself by observing a dark-eyed lady who frequented a balcony on the opposite side of the street, but still more often I lay on my mattress reading over and over again my only book, Gil Blas, a most appropriate study, for his imprisonment by villainous Corregidors made my own woes appear quite classical. I was fortunately on good terms with the jailor, who, when he brought me my meals, would sometimes linger to inform me of the events occurring in the town, and I was always prepared for his arrival by the heavy sound made by the grated door at the foot of the stairs, as he unlocked it and swung it back on its iron hinges; a sound which, however discordant it might have appeared under happier circumstances, was in my state of solitude rarely unwelcome.

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I remember being amused by a little incident, which was curious enough as a striking instance of the greater importance men often attach to words than to things. One night, when the jailor was bringing me supper, he observed, speaking of his parents, that his father was a native of Galicia. I afterwards inadvertently called him a Galician. "No, Senhor," said the old man, drawing himself up with dignity, "I did not say my father was a Galician; I only said that he and his parents before him were born in Galicia"—a distinction too subtle for my unrefined intellect, but which really originated in a keen sense of the contempt which in Portugal unjustly attaches to the word Galician.

One day I was surprised by a visit from the young officer whom I have already mentioned. He was accompanied by the Frenchman, and had been permitted to see me by the authorities. Having previously called upon the Corregidor, he had represented to him the injustice of humouring a misguided people by detaining any longer in prison an individual charged with no definite offence; he had urged him to issue an immediate but secret order for my liberation, saying that he would take me to his father's house without attracting the public attention, and would consider himself responsible for my appearance on the day required.

The Corregidor in answer regretted the treatment I had experienced, and admitted that my arrest could not be defended on legal grounds; adding that, if he had been present in the first instance, he would have ordered the sentinel to let me pass unquestioned, but that such a course was subsequently rendered impracticable by the violent prepossessions of the people. He had been, however, anxious to show me every possible indulgence, and had awarded to me the best apartment in the prison; but he could not comply with his young friend's request, as an order for my release would be construed by the suspicious citizens into a connivance with persons arrested on political charges, and would very possibly be followed by an attack on the prisons and a massacre of the prisoners.

His declaration was sincere, and I felt it to be so. The Corregidor could not act otherwise, for he was no longer a free agent, but the slave of a faction that would only acknowledge his authority while he complied implicitly with their wishes.

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Yet, although my young friend's application was ineffectual, I was gratified by the generous zeal which had prompted him to take so deep an interest in the fate of a perfect stranger; but he was only twenty-one, and at that age the heart is warm, and the mind has scarcely begun to calculate.

That day, enlivened by the visit of my friends, brief as that visit was, made the next appear more cheerless; cheerless it seemed indeed to me, though full of beauty and brightness to the emancipated portion of mankind: towards evening the aspect of the heavens changed, clouds gathered, and

——— "with the night
Came storm and darkness in their mingling might."

I had never entirely recovered from the feverish attack under which I had suffered in the Algarve, and the want of fresh air and exercise now produced a return of indisposition, and the appalling cries of "Death to the prisoners!" which rose that evening from groups collected beneath my windows, jarred on a mind then restless and irritable from disease. The disturbance was, however, of short duration; it seemed as if, yielding "to power unseen, and mightier far than they," the furies of the human breast were silenced by the more angry strife of the elements, for as the weather grew tempestuous the popular uproar died away. As I lay on my mattress exhausted, yet unable to sleep, gazing on the melancholy light of a solitary lamp and the strong reflection cast upon the wall by the iron grating, I could only hear the fitful gusts of the passing wind as it shook the building, and the mournful and unvarying splash of the rain as it fell drop after drop from the overhanging roof on the pavement below.

Time and circumstance alike contributed to dispirit me, and vexatious thoughts chased each other rapidly through my mind. I felt that the issue of my adventure was extremely doubtful: a favourable statement of my case had indeed been forwarded to the Minister of Police at Lisbon, and I entertained no doubt of his willingness to release me. I had written to the British Ambassador, and was well assured of his interference in my behalf, but I knew that serious differences must have arisen between the Governments of Great Britain and Portugal in consequence of

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Dom Miguel's recent conduct, and it was then generally believed at Evora that Sir Frederick Lamb had actually left the kingdom.

My letter might therefore never reach its destination; should it, however, find Sir Frederick in Portugal, still it was extremely probable that under the actual excitement the local authorities would not venture to enforce an order issued by the central Government if opposed to the public feeling at Evora; and the violence of the mob, which occasionally collected around the prison, convinced me that even its thick walls and ponderous bars would not afford its inmates any certain protection against a sudden burst of popular fury.

I was also hardly satisfied with my own conduct. A dislike to bend to circumstances, and alter the route I had originally fixed on, when the expediency of such an alteration had become apparent, assisted in some degree by a desire to see the great political change in progress, had carried me into scenes which cooler heads would have avoided; and if the loss of life should eventually prove the penalty of my indiscretion, such a termination of my exploit would not be cheered by any consolatory reflections, for I should have perished in an expedition that could hardly under any circumstances have been useful to others or to myself.

From the contemplation of actual evils my mind "flew unconscious o'er each backward year," and past as well as present scenes were tinged with the same sombre hue. I had never perhaps before had leisure to devote so many hours uninterruptedly to calm and dispassionate reflection. In active life the mind is hurried on by the pursuit of some real or imagined good, by the eagerness of speculation, and the overmastering force of passion, and turns away from all that is painful in the impressions of former years; impressions which the mind can never wholly erase, but which it refuses to dwell upon as injurious to its energies.

When captured by a Catalan guerilla in the great Spanish revolt of 1822, and threatened with instant death, there was a grandeur in the events passing around me, and a corresponding elevation of sentiment in those among whom my lot was for the moment cast, which made me comparatively insensible to the fate which might await me. Their chivalrous and unconquerable

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attachment to their lawful King, their gallant bearing against outnumbering enemies and under an overwhelming reverse of fortune, and their steadfast resistance to the most unrighteous persecution which ever brought down infamy on the prostituted name of freedom,—these were qualities that put to shame the self-arrogated virtue of the Spanish legislator; these are traits which shed a glorious and redeeming light upon the gloomy history of those days; these are circumstances which time can never efface from my mind, and which impressed me strongly even in that hour of personal danger. And the sight of Vila, rich in youthful heroism when the morning sun arose, rich in her bowers and halls, but a heap of blood and ashes when that sun went down,—the sight, I say, of beautiful but perishing Vila,* and the heavy sound of the destroying cannon, reverberating among the rocks, as it mowed down the never-yielding population of that devoted place, excluded from my mind every other emotion save that of ardent sympathy with the martyred Royalists.

But in my lonely prison-room at Evora, with nothing to interest and little to excite, debarred from every wonted occupation, deprived of books, and "left in utter solitude to pine the prey of every changing mood," exposed to the chances of a dreadful and inglorious death, and unsupported by a single circumstance that could give dignity to danger, my spirits became depressed, not broken. My mind, thrown entirely on its own resources, found a painful pleasure in recalling past scenes, and retracing the stormy course of my own varied and eventful life; for in my continual rambles I had mixed with every class and experienced every vicissitude of fortune.

That hour of physical and mental depression exercised a softening influence on all my feelings. Those whom I loved appeared in lovelier colours; those whom I had been accustomed to view under a less kindly aspect were now seen by the sobered spirit in a more charitable light; and many of my own actions, deemed in their day of little moment, became to stern reflection each a crime. I thought of the various occurrences I had witnessed in various countries, from the Italian revolutions down to the actual moment; I heard again the lofty aspirations breathed by an

* A town in the north of Spain destroyed by the Constitutional troops in the spring of 1822.

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ardent people in the delusive hour of an imagined liberation, and their patriotic cry that the last day of slavery was the brightest of existence rang again in my ears.* I remembered the misjudging zeal with which I then concurred in their hopes, and I turned from the excesses which had belied the noble promise of that day and had disappointed my boyish enthusiasm. And blended with the stirring recollection of public events came the memory of pleasures passed and friendships contracted in the midst of war and confusion. Those companionships had been marred and broken,—that country had been visited by the heavy hand of civil war. One undistinguishing night had buried all.

He who has ever spent a restless night, when the frame is fevered and the heart heavy, must remember the unreasonable impatience with which he pined for the first glimpse of day as he turned from side to side on his lonely couch, vainly soliciting

> "That sleep which would not weigh his eyelids down,
> And steep his senses in forgetfulness."

Such was my fretful and unhappy state on the evening to

* I remember seeing, on a great public occasion at the breaking out of the Piedmontese revolution, two hundred educated persons lay their hands on their hearts, and cry out, "Le dernier jour de l'esclavage est le plus beau de la vie." When the Constitution was proclaimed, I was given a tricolor cockade by one of the revolutionists, and preserved it as a curious memorial of the time. During the great Catalan revolution, when my desk was searched by the exasperated Royalists, I expected every moment to see this ill-starred badge of democracy brought up in judgment against me; but to my surprise the investigation passed over without eliciting this apparently conclusive proof of my revolutionary tendencies. I was not aware, till many months afterwards, that my life had been preserved by the kind foresight of a sister, who, with her constant affection, had taken precautions for her brother which he had not taken for himself. Under the influence of some general apprehension, she had removed, without my knowledge, those dangerous emblems from my desk immediately before my departure for Spain. Since the last paragraph was written, though scarcely four months have elapsed, that beloved Being has been taken to her kindred heaven. She is gone—the playmate of my boyhood, the delight and blessing of my early home, the unvarying friend, and, in the grave business of life, the faithful counsellor of my riper years. In younger days, when life was new to both of us, she traced with me the golden paths of poetry, and in after years every effusion of my pen, and even this story of my travels, was submitted to her purer taste and rarely failing judgment. How great a charm is to be found, how great a blessing is wrapped up in those simple words—there is! Now, alas! I can only say—there was. "And, oh, how many sorrows crowd into those two brief words!"

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which I allude. Sleep, "nature's kind nurse," refused to visit me till the waning lamp showed that the night was far spent; then, indeed, sleep came, but not repose,—the restless mind renewed its busy train of thought. My recollections assumed distinct form and colouring; I was transported to the cherished scenes of former years—I saw once more the friends of my early days—I mingled with the absent; and the dead, restored to all the freshness of existence, greeted me again

> "With hand as warm and brow as gay
> As if we parted yesterday."

I was suddenly and terribly awakened. I started up and drank in with eager ears the most dreadful yell that I ever yet heard sent forth by an infuriated people; that shout I felt at once was no longer a general expression of political animosity, but the voice of popular passion freshly and violently excited. The crowd, however, which had so fearfully revealed its near approach, rushed on, and in a moment more I could scarcely hear the distant sound of their heavy tread; but the volcano was labouring, and the eruption was at hand. After a brief interval I heard a confused sound of voices, and, climbing up to the iron grating, looked through it with intense anxiety. The sun had risen, but my view was limited to the street in which the prison was situated: I listened attentively, yet heard no repetition of those startling cries; but as the low moaning wind precedes the tempest, so a general though indistinct murmur, uncommon at that early hour in the morning, and apparently rising from all quarters of the city, seemed to portend some unusual agitation. Soon afterwards small parties rushed down the streets calling out for arms, knocking at the houses, and exhorting their friends to rise; the signal was obeyed, the groups were reinforced, and the tumult increased. At length the drum beat to arms, and the tocsin sent forth its formidable peal. At this tremendous summons the insurrection became universal, and a furious crowd pressed down the street, as through the main artery of the city. As the refuse of the ocean is brought from its lowest depths to the surface by a disturbance of the waters, so the worst portion of the population, roused by the storm, was now seen conspicuous. Every foul alley, every subterranean cellar sent forth its

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birds of prey to darken with their ill-omened presence a scene which needed no additional horrors; an ill-favoured race, which shunned the light in quiet times, and never left their loathsome precincts but for deeds of ill; men upon whom it were enough to look but once to see that murder was their trade, and to feel that mercy could be no inmate of their hearts. Mixed with them were the more respectable inhabitants of the place, militiamen, artisans, and peasants, variously attired and variously armed; some clad in long dark cloaks, others half naked from the haste with which they obeyed the summons; some bearing muskets and bayonets, others long knives, while many brandished the huge club and held aloft the dreadful pike. They were evidently pressing on to the horrible work of blood: their countenances were inflamed with rage, and their expressions stern and short, for they had then no time for idle shouts. I vainly endeavoured to discover from their hasty exclamations the object of the rising: I wearied my mind in conjecturing the cause. The insurgents had already expelled the regular troops and had proclaimed the Infant King; the Imperialists had everywhere submitted to their dictation, and the Miguelists remained undisputed masters of the city. Against whom then was this furious ebullition directed? My blood froze as the only probable answer suggested itself to my mind. An attack on the prisons had long been threatened by the mob and dreaded by the authorities; for they were then overflowing with those real and supposed partisans of Dom Pedro's cause who had been arrested during that distracted time; and night after night the awful cry of "Death to the Prisoners!" had been raised under the prison windows. The people were then probably directing their course to the great prison in the square, and, when they had satiated their rage in the blood of its ill-fated inmates, would, I supposed, undoubtedly retrace their steps to the prison in which I was confined, and there renew the slaughterous work.

About this time the jailor entered my apartment to fetch a loose bar that was lying in a corner of the room. The old man was evidently possessed with the same belief; he was labouring under extreme agitation, but said resolutely that he would fortify the prison doors, and defend them against the mob to the last extremity. I desired to know the immediate cause of the

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tumult; he told me that the regular troops, expelled a few days before by the citizens, had re-entered Evora during the night, and had just been found by the astonished inhabitants drawn up in battle array in the heart of the city. Against these invaders the energies of the people were now directed, and if, as he anticipated, the issue of the struggle should prove disastrous to the Imperial troops, the prisons, so often menaced, would, he feared, become the scene of sanguinary excesses. He could not then delay, but said he would return in a short time and give me further tidings; he left me, but not as before to irksome solitude, for every faculty was engrossed by these momentous events.

A heavy discharge of musketry was followed by a complete cessation of every hostile sound, and then the tumult was renewed, and the cries of the people rose high above the roar of the combat. Had I been able even as a prisoner to behold the thrilling scene, a sense of personal danger would probably have been lost in the deep interest inspired by such a struggle; but the iron bars of my grated window prevented me from looking down the street; those bars which I never before viewed with feelings of such unbounded aversion. At this time the doors and windows on the opposite side of the street were closed, and the inhabitants were ranged on the balconies armed with missiles to pour down on the devoted troops. Even women shared the exasperation of the moment, and, bearing jugs of hot water and scalding oil, prepared to assist their sons and husbands in the extermination of men whom they considered hostile to the altar and the throne.

I remained in a state of great suspense till my jailor returned, for, circumstanced as I was, life or death was apparently dependent on the issue of the struggle. At length re-entering the room he told me that victory was decidedly inclining to the popular party: they had taken the arsenal, and had plentifully supplied themselves with arms from its ample magazines, and were thus enabled to renew the contest on more equal terms. Again he left me, and another anxious pause ensued; but at his third and last visit he announced the total defeat of the regular troops, who were only saved from utter destruction by the admirable conduct of their commanding officer.

Hemmed in by a resolved and overwhelming populace, at-

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tacked in front and rear, and from the houses above, unable to maintain their ground, they yet succeeded in making good their retreat, after some gallant but ineffectual efforts to retrieve the day. After their expulsion from the city the disorders which had convulsed Evora at the breaking out of the revolution were renewed: the Imperialists were again assaulted in their houses, and the Corregidor, or civil Governor, whose comparative moderation had excited the hatred of the fanatics, was barbarously assailed, although himself sincerely attached to the Infant's cause. His coat was stabbed through in several places, and his life was only saved by the exertions of some faithful adherents; but he was degraded and deposed by general acclamation, and, as they hurried him to a place of confinement, to preserve him from a worse fate, the mob repeatedly enjoined them to tear him limb from limb. Such was the fall of the Corregidor, who a short time before had signed the order by virtue of which I was then a prisoner. So rapid is the march of revolution, so quickly does the condemner become the condemned!

A calm now prevailed, perhaps more awful than the dreadful din which had preceded it; the streets were deserted, the ordinary business of life was suspended, the uproar of conflicting parties was unheard, for the assailants were engaged at the extremity of the city in pursuit of the retiring troops. It was an awful pause indeed, for I knew that the unnatural silence would soon be terminated by the murderous bands returning from the mortal struggle flushed with success and ripe for further outrage.

During that interval of fearful repose I could not but feel that within the last few hours my prospects had become greatly overcast, my chances of safety sensibly diminished. I felt as a mariner wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, who, safe for the moment, awaits the gradual flow of that returning tide which must prove to him inevitable death; for I found myself in that hopeless situation in which no efforts could profit me, no prudence lead to extrication, no courage be of any avail.

There, in my prison cell, if the sovereign people willed it, I must be coolly and deliberately butchered, without a weapon to save or to avenge, without a chance of preserving life by flight, or of prolonging it by manly resistance. In the nervous impa-

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tience of my feelings I almost wished to shorten my suspense, and to exchange the deadly calm which reigned around me for the furious assault which would soon, I was persuaded, be directed against the prison doors. But that Power "which can guide the whirlwind and direct the storm," and which in its wisdom so often baffles the calculations of man, be they for good or be they for evil, had otherwise decreed.

That calm, so strangely at variance with the general character of the time, was of some duration. The return of the conquering people was, at first, indicated by cries faintly heard in the distance, but deepening as they drew nearer, and at length sounding absolutely terrific; these were, however, only the expiring cries of exhausted passion, for, rich in the spoils of the fallen arsenal, they passed beneath my windows, apparently worn out by their exertions, and showed no disposition to attack the prison, but passed sullenly by without a single menace.

Their exhaustion was so complete that during the rest of the day a deathlike stillness pervaded the populous city of Evora; not a shout, not an exclamation, not even the common sounds of social life were heard; but the ceaseless dash of the fountain playing in the adjacent street alone interrupted a silence which contrasted singularly with the stormy excitement of the morning.

Night came on, and an anxious night it was to every prisoner. The fall of the Corregidor had been chiefly owing to the efforts he had made to shield unoffending citizens from the lawless arrests of the mob, and to preserve those who were arrested from further violence. Our protector had now fallen, and, although we might indulge in hope, we had no longer any assurance of protection. Who, with the warning fate of the Corregidor before his eyes, would say to the unbridled multitude, "So far, no farther, shalt thou go"? The dragon was unchained; might had vanquished right; there was a power above the law, and, though fatigued and slumbering for the moment, we had every reason to apprehend that the spirit of popular vengeance would revive with the reviving energies of the people. But, contrary to the general expectation, the desire of shedding the blood of the prisoners decreased when every barrier to the perpetration of such an act was removed; for, elated by their signal triumph

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over the troops, proud of their triumphant capture of the arsenal, and gratified by the deposition of the obnoxious Corregidor, the leaders of the insurrection heard with less impatience the calm remonstrances of their superiors in station, and allowed the public feeling to take a better direction. Large bodies of men remained in the square for many hours after the conflict, and in the evening the peasantry formed companies selected from their own class, and afterwards regularly guarded the ramparts by day and night.

I have little more to record during the remaining days I spent in prison. One evening, when the room was darkened by the shades of approaching night, as I sat by the window listening to the perpetual chant in favour of Dom Miguel, sung by the men, and echoed by the children, the door was opened, and letters were brought me from the British Embassy informing me of the decided interference of the British Ambassador in my behalf, accompanied by a message from the Mayor announcing the welcome intelligence of my actual liberation.

I instantly repaired to the town-hall, and requested him to issue an order for the release of Juan, who was confined in the great prison in the square; but the Mayor declined complying with my wishes, assigning no reason for his refusal, but only stating that he was detained by the will of the Intendant of Police and the superior authorities, by royal orders, by orders from the King (for so Dom Miguel was then styled at Evora). In short, it might have been inferred from his answer that all the royalty of Europe had conspired against the unfortunate Borderer. After some fruitless endeavours to persuade his inexorable worship, I had a last and hurried interview with Juan in the prison, and then departed, resolved to renew my exertions in his behalf at Lisbon, where, after a long altercation with the authorities, my remonstrances were crowned with success.

If I were asked what was the real character of the Borderer, I should answer, that during my long and frequent rambles I have rarely met the man with whom I have spent so much time, yet of whose real nature and designs I had finally so much doubt. He was vainglorious and boastful to a ridiculous extent, but was not, I think, deficient in real courage. His honesty was very questionable, for when I arrived at Lisbon, and examined

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the money concealed in the saddle, I found a considerable deficit. It is true that my portmanteau had been pillaged at Evora, and that the saddle had remained without protection for a long time; still I have difficulty in believing that, if the secret place had been discovered, any common plunderer would have been so moderate as to have taken only a portion of the spoil, during a period of such universal licence, and when the chances of detection were so slight.

A little circumstance, also, during our journey excited some suspicion in my mind, though even now I hardly know in what light to consider it. As we were one morning riding through a defile in one of the wildest and most uninhabited parts of Alentejo, he suddenly approached me, drawing nearer till our horses were abreast, and then asked me whether I had lost my eye-glass, saying he thought I had left it at the place where we had slept the preceding night.

There is occasionally among the inhabitants of the Peninsula, but especially among the Spaniards,* a sudden and apparently unaccountable transition from extreme blandness and courtesy of manner to a startling ferocity of expression and abruptness of tone; and I have observed that this peculiar change of countenance and voice generally characterises the accomplished villain, and is visible at the moment when he thinks he can safely throw off the mask, and give way to his native brutality.

Such a fierceness of expression and abruptness of tone I then remarked in the Borderer, symptoms which I had learnt to distrust, and which struck me as ominous. At that hasty and unexpected question I felt in my bosom for my glass, but kept my eye steadily fixed on Juan's right hand, which was in the pocket where I knew he carried fire-arms, so that the least suspicious motion of his arm would have met with a corresponding movement on my part, and I should instantly have sprung forward and drawn forth my own pistol. If he really entertained any villanous project he saw me prepared, and therefore abandoned his intention. But the peculiarity of his manner and the position of his hand may have been purely accidental; still my suspicions were excited, and during the remainder of my journey I made him always ride before me, and never remain even for a

* Chiefly among the Valencians.

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moment in the rear; a precaution which I had adopted generally, though not invariably, in the earlier part of our expedition. There was also something highly unsatisfactory in his mode of alluding to the past events of his life: he admitted that his former master had been murdered in his presence, and, though he deprecated the act, I could not discover, even by his own version of the affair, that he had made the slightest effort to prevent it.

I have generally found these rough adventurers faithful and devoted; and, when our acquaintance has been of some duration, they have often become much attached to me, and have sometimes offered to leave their country, and follow my fortunes all over the world. I have, in consequence, frequently parted from them with regret, but I entertained no feeling of this kind for the Borderer. I may have done him wrong, but, in spite of my disinclination to distrust his fidelity, dark suspicions would at times irresistibly force themselves upon my mind. I had, however, no certain knowledge of any criminal intention on his part; and, as he had suffered in my service, I felt bound to exert myself to the utmost to procure his release.

Any man who has travelled much in wild countries, particularly in Spain, where the extremes of vice and virtue exist, will have found his observation of character rendered peculiarly acute by the emergencies arising from the insecure state of the country, and the consequent necessity of obtaining some insight into the intentions of the guides and adventurers upon whose fidelity his safety for the time essentially depends. A series of constant observations at length produces in the observer a rapid and almost intuitive recognition of character. In forming a general and hasty opinion of an individual, I have been sometimes guided by indications so trivial that I should have been almost ashamed of admitting that they could influence my conduct, although most unquestionably they had that effect; yet, practically, I was rarely deceived. During my early wanderings those indications would have passed, probably without notice, certainly without comment; but the necessity of scrutinizing the individuals to whose care I intrusted my safety led me to connect particular symptoms with particular intentions and a particular state of mind. A peculiar mode of introducing subjects, a particular mode of questioning,

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a certain reserve, and sometimes even a certain frankness, an earnest look, or even a pre-occupation of mind, have occasionally excited my suspicion; and, latterly, I seldom found that suspicion wholly destitute of foundation. It is true that men have great constitutional differences; some are frank, some reserved, all occasionally absent; and till we are acquainted with the temperament of the individual, it may be said that no fair conclusion can be drawn from such trivial circumstances. So I reasoned for a long time, but practically there was a certain frankness, there was a certain reserve, there was a certain absence, and even a certain earnestness, which I learned to distinguish as emanating from a person in some degree to be distrusted. I can hardly explain the difference of manner that was often perceptible between the honest man and the accomplished traitor; the shades in that state of society are often so indistinctly marked, the lines so finely drawn; but yet I was generally sensible of the difference, though Juan's case was certainly an exception. The truth of these observations will, I am sure, be admitted by every person who has travelled much in times and in a country requiring perpetual caution and habitual observation of character.

I have known persons who have endeavoured to ascertain the character of their guides, in very dangerous districts, by entering into conversation with them upon points connected with their doubts, and thus endeavouring to infer from their manner the truth or the mistaken nature of their suspicions; but men will frequently come to a false conclusion by this mode of proceeding. A man conscious of his integrity will either betray embarrassment, or testify displeasure, or show something like ridicule at the anxiety of his inquirer, if he have any clue to his motives, or perceive the drift of his questions; in short, he will manifest emotion of some kind, which the superficial observer attributes to a source from which it does not proceed. Your cool, insinuating, pleasant guide, who deprecates treachery in fluent language, and with a cool, unembarrassed manner, is, generally speaking, the man to be really dreaded and suspected; and his intentions can only be inferred by indications of a very different character.

In alluding to the different kinds of courtesy which pervade society in different parts of Europe, I have before observed how

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quickly and almost insensibly men fall into the habits of individuals with whom they live, and adopt those conventional forms which, however varied, are but the common expression of that courtesy and high breeding which prevail in good society. It is remarkable how soon the mind contracts a mode of judging, thinking, and acting, alien from its general views, and which the individual only applies to particular circumstances, and to a particular state of things. I was impressed with the truth of this observation by a circumstance which occurred to me in Spain in 1822. I was traversing with my brother-in-law the plains which divide Gibraltar from Cadiz: no language can do justice to the beauty of that scenery; there the cork-tree exceeds in size and fantastic variety of form all that I had ever heard of its magnificence, even in those far-famed forests; the plain was literally purple with flowers, and the coronella, growing luxuriantly around us, overhung our path with its yellow blossoms, shed them profusely on the ground, and made our track through the woodland a continued carpet of gold. Here nature reigned undisturbed, and in her primitive glory. During a journey of two days' duration no human habitation met our eyes, with the exception of the solitary venta at which we passed the night; over those beautiful wastes the wild cattle ranged in herds, far as the eye could reach, free as the air they breathed, and experienced no molestation from the tyrant man. Mounted on spirited horses, and having left our servants, muleteers, and baggage some miles in the rear, we perceived, towards the close of the first day, two men, armed and on horseback, coming towards us across the plain. Such an apparition, in such a lawless country, and on so desolate a spot, induced us, being at the moment wholly unarmed, to accelerate our pace; an acceleration which seemed to produce a corresponding degree of activity in the strangers. Observing this, we put our horses to their utmost speed, and, looking back, perceived that our pursuers had imitated our example, and were pushing vehemently along a track leading over broken ground and through a belt of wood. We pressed hastily up the hill, and, reaching the summit, discovered the strangers in the plain below, still following in our track, but completely distanced, and having apparently given up the chase. Though now relieved from any immediate apprehension, we were

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much perplexed, for the day was closing; the ground, studded with thickets and old trees, was tangled in the extreme, and the track was almost lost. We soon became fairly bewildered, but at length perceived through the increasing gloom an object which we felt assured was the venta; yet, as we approached it, there was something uncommon in its form and dimensions, and it seemed to bestride the height on which it was placed with an assumption of dignity little suited to a lonely venta of the wilderness. When we arrived at the expected haven of repose, we felt no inclination to select it as our resting-place; most assuredly "our minds were never set so high," for it proved to be a huge gibbet of peculiar construction, erected, as we afterwards heard, by a feudal lord of the territory. The two props were of heavy masonry, and, seen through the uncertain light of the evening, resembled a lofty archway. Our mistake was not agreeable under the circumstances of the moment, as we had lost much time, and were apprehensive that our friends in the rear might overtake us before we could reach an asylum: we, however, soon regained the track, and arrived in safety at the venta.

We had not been long installed in the inn, and had just established ourselves in the seats scooped out of the huge chimney by the side of the roaring fire, when the door opened and two men entered the kitchen, one of whom was armed to the teeth: he wore pistols, a huge sabre hung at his side, clattered along the ground, and gave audible notice of all his movements; there were no candles, but the blazing fire illuminated the apartment, flashed upon his arms, and showed his broad chest and vigorous frame. A more formidable opponent never rode the King's highway; upon his lineaments the open and unscrupulous ruffian was stamped in most unquestionable characters; he seemed ready to commit any crime, and equally ready to avow it; his voice was loud, his manner boisterous, and his eye had a peculiarly hardened and reckless expression. He instantly recognised us, and asked jeeringly, and in a tone as I thought in some degree indicative of disappointment, whether our recent flight had been the result of fear? We observed coldly that the lateness of the hour and the danger of being benighted on such wild plains might account for the rapidity of our movements, without seeking

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for other motives. Soon afterwards his companion drew near the fire, and entered into conversation with me. He was a very different man; he had more control over his passions, more depth of character, and evidently possessed a greater acquaintance with respectable society. His friend was at all times, I suspect, an open, brutal, and unreasoning ruffian; but this man was a fair specimen of the accomplished villain found in Andalusia and Valencia; ready with his knife, but not less ready with his tongue; loving pleasure; having some regard, if not to character, at least to the decorum of external manner; versatile in his powers, and assuming in different societies as many different hues as the changeful cameleon. He drew near my seat by the fire, and addressed me in a courteous and rather engaging manner, alluding to our adventure on the plain with easy indifference. Continuing the conversation, he asked me, as if by chance, whether our road lay to Algeziras or across the northern wastes? I saw the drift of the question, and gave an evasive reply, but soon afterwards took an opportunity of stating, as if incidentally, that, although we had little to defend, we were travelling armed. The remark appeared to flow naturally from the conversation, but the Andalusian was too keen and practised an observer to misunderstand my motive; he perceived at once that I understood the nature of the pursuit on the plain, and saw into the reasons of his recent inquiry: a quick light shot from his eye, a shade, the expression only of a moment, passed over his countenance, but from that time there was a peculiar something impossible to doubt, yet equally impossible to define, which convinced us both that we mutually understood each other's motives. And yet he did not cease conversing: he scarcely flagged, though he perhaps addressed himself to me less exclusively than before; a mere bystander would have perceived no difference in his manner, but a close observer might possibly have remarked that he was a shade less cordial at the close than he had been at the commencement of the conversation. I think he was baffled in his object, and therefore annoyed for the moment, but, as no explanation occurred, he neither resented my suspicions nor was really much embarrassed by my knowledge of his designs. He was, I doubt not, one of those Andalusian bravos who will amuse their intended victim, and ingratiate themselves with any person they

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think of consequence, up to the moment when they plunge their daggers in his heart, not only for the purpose of eliciting information conducive to their object, but, strange as it may seem, from a certain appreciation of social intercourse and perception of social distinctions. On subsequent reflection I felt that his conduct and my own were somewhat singular. His apparent disregard of my knowledge of his intentions arose in all probability from that indifference to the shedding of human blood which so generally prevails in Spain, and from the consequent belief that, although I was the object, and might have been the victim, of his attack, my knowledge of his schemes would not much depreciate him in my opinion, though it might lead me to distrust him and guard against a recurrence of the danger. My perception of his intentions appeared to raise me in his opinion, while it had not the effect of materially disconcerting him. I was also rather surprised at my own involuntary mode of viewing our relative positions, on reconsidering our conversation. Although persuaded that he had intended to plunder us, and would not have scrupled to combine murder with robbery, my English abhorrence of the plunderer and assassin was unconsciously tempered by the more lenient feelings which prevail on those points in Spain, and I allowed him to continue the conversation with me, because I wished to obtain information from him on points on which he appeared qualified to speak. Had he impugned my honour, a strong impulse would have prevented my communicating with him, but an attack upon my purse and person, however indefensible, yet seemed in unison with the wild law of that wild country, which held such deeds in little reprobation, and only prescribed that force must be repelled by force or met by stratagem. These men were avowed smugglers. Before the revolution of 1820 the Spanish smugglers formed a distinct class, that retained, with much originality of character, certain defined principles and an established code of honour upon which they professed to act. By this code all robbery except the plunder of the revenue was highly censured, unless, indeed, it took place under very peculiar circumstances. In traversing the country they discharged their daily reckonings with exactness and often with generosity; and, in spite of their illicit occupations, showed the most incorruptible fidelity towards

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persons who placed themselves under their protection or relied on their honour. Such principles were recognised, if not acted upon, by every individual who became a member of the fraternity, and continued more or less in force while the number remained limited; but when the change that was operated in the commercial policy of Spain had given a violent stimulus to the illicit trade, a new class of smugglers suddenly arose, unformed by previous habits, and solely created by the demand for foreign merchandise, which in consequence of the new regulations could no longer be supplied by the old channels. This new class had no restraining points of pride, and, becoming alternately robber and smuggler, plundered the revenue and the traveller with laudable impartiality. It is scarcely necessary to add that our heroes of the plain were old villains of the new school.

On the following morning I went to the inn, and, desiring the muleteer to load the mules, employed the interval in taking a hasty view of the cathedral, which is Gothic, but has little claims to beauty; the altar is, however, built in the Italian style, extremely rich, and decorated with various marbles. I also visited the ruins of a temple, supposed to have been dedicated to the goddess Diana, and which still boasts some noble columns, evidently raised during the best period of Roman architecture. At one moment I intended to inspect the Bishop's library, and the museum, said to be the finest in Portugal, but, feeling the imprudence of exposing myself too much to the public observation at such a time, I returned to the inn. The events then and there occurring proved the justice of my apprehensions, and showed the precarious tenure on which I enjoyed my newly-recovered liberty. The innkeeper, vexed at the removal of the mules, whose maintenance had been very profitable to him, declared he would not allow them to depart unless positive instructions to that effect were forwarded to him from the Mayor. Several persons who happened to be in the court at the time took his part when they learnt my name; and as a crowd, attracted by the noise, began to collect, I was strongly advised to prevent a recurrence of any unpleasant scenes by again taking refuge in the prison. Thither I repaired most reluctantly, and thence I addressed a strong remonstrance to the Mayor, calling upon him to give effect to the instructions of his Government

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by issuing the necessary orders; but that officer was either unwilling or unable to enforce his authority, and chose rather to attain his object by the gradual process of entreaty than by direct command. I was in consequence compelled to pass the remainder of that day and the ensuing night in my old apartment at the prison, from which, in the distempered state of the public mind, I did not again venture to sally till I quitted Evora entirely. Towards dusk on the following evening I left the prison for the last time. As I crossed the threshold I saw my fair friend whom I had so often beheld from my grated windows, standing on the balcony; I bowed, and she returned the salutation gracefully, but every other countenance was scowling and distrustful as I mounted my horse and left that inhospitable city; none there "the parting hand extended gave"—none wished the stranger a safe journey and a glad return—and no kindly voice exclaimed "God bless him!"

The high towers of Evora faded in the distance. I had intended to have visited Elvas, a fortress of great national importance, but could not deviate from the route prescribed by the Authorities, my passport being made out for Lisbon in the name of the King, Dom Miguel the First, although he had not yet assumed the crown. It was, I believe, the first passport drawn up in that form, and was, as such, alluded to in the debates that took place on the affairs of Portugal in the British House of Commons.

I slept that evening at a solitary inn. At Montemor I met a Juiz de Fora, recently appointed to the magistracy of Elvas, to which town he was travelling escorted by seven soldiers, as the road was said to be infested by robbers, and accompanied by a young and blooming bride, scarcely seventeen years of age, whose raven locks contrasted well with the alabaster whiteness of her skin, and whose dark eyes were full of fire. I spent the night at Selveira, where I was amused by the energetic feeling displayed in the Infant's cause by a handsome young woman, as she was chopping a block of wood with considerable force near the kitchen fire: "Even thus," she said, "I should like to cut off the heads of all who deny the divine mission of Miguel." "The divine mission!" I answered, laughingly; "would it not be enough to admit his divine right

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to the throne? If I denied his divine mission would you cut off my head?" "Willingly," she replied with animation, "if you were such an unbeliever; but you are not, surely?" "Surely you do not deny the divine mission of our blessed Miguel?" re-echoed the lady-mother, approaching me with a most sinister expression of countenance. I was hungry, and therefore mean-spirited: accordingly I acquiesced in the established creed, for I knew that any manifestation of heterodox opinions on the subject of Miguel's divinity would be followed by a supperless retreat to bed. Entering the kitchen on the following morning, I saw two convivial friars demolishing a coarse but substantial breakfast, and the old woman waiting upon them, and evidently rejoicing in their inordinate appetite. She required me to pay three times as much for my breakfast as she charged the reverend Fathers, although the quality of the provisions was the same, and the quantity they consumed far greater; and yet her charge to me was not high, but was rather extravagantly low to them—a liberality on her part the result of strong religious feeling, for she must have been a loser by their visit to her inn. One of the priests conversed with me very cordially till he discovered me to be an Englishman, but then became extremely shy and reserved.

On the following morning I continued my journey, and passed several wild-looking men, who appeared to be compounded of the beggar and marauder, and were probably roused into unusual activity by the circumstances of the times. A curious superstition attaches to this rambling race in those parts of Alentejo where the little landholders dwell in isolated houses upon their estates. When a child is born, crowds of wild-looking beggars assemble from different and even remote parts of the great Alentejo wastes, and collect around the house; barefooted, and occasionally bareheaded, they frequently carry devotional pictures in their hands, and sometimes a charm or talisman in the bosom. If invited to partake of the good man's cheer, they heap innumerable blessings on his infant heir; but if the door is sternly closed against their intrusion, they successively approach the inhospitable threshold, denounce the guiltless object of the day's rejoicing, and consign their victim to an early grave, or to a lengthened life of sorrow. In some parts of the district, a

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christening concluded without their presence and approval is considered by the superstitious inhabitants as fearfully incomplete, and even by strong-minded men as wanting in a kind of moral sanction. The mother dreads the scowl of a rejected wanderer of the wild; his curses, sometimes defied though never disregarded, return in seasons of domestic grief with all the terror of their original impression. Years afterwards, the conscience-stricken parent, seated by her drooping child, hears on the midnight blast the voice that warned her of her present woe, and sees again the evil eye that froze the current of his blood, and numbered his young days; and as the terrible remembrance wakes, her hopes decline: her care abates under the certainty of a predestined doom, and thus the prophecy works out its own fulfilment.

At Pegoines we heard formidable accounts of the banditti that infested a forest through which we were obliged to pass. On the preceding day they had attacked a gentleman's carriage and fired upon the escort, who, alarmed by this uncourteous reception, disappeared with all the pomp of war, abandoning the gentleman and his treasures to the foe; of these, the first and probably the least valuable, they spared, the latter they secured.

The road from Pegoines traversed for many miles plains covered with heath and cistus. At length we reached the fearful forest, which was chiefly composed of pine-trees; it was sad and dark, and appeared a scene well calculated for robber exploits. Behind the crumbling walls of a ruined house the banditti had lain in ambush on the preceding day, and, safe themselves from any danger of reprisal, had fired upon the travellers. The muleteer pointed out the dreaded spot, which was only a few steps from the road, but uttered not a word, and only waved his hand as a signal to press forward, so much he feared to hear some startling summons from the brake, or to see it suddenly become alive with armed men. The forest can generally be passed in safety, and the actual danger was owing to the distracted state of the times, the gang being chiefly composed of political outlaws. Indeed, highway robberies, so frequent in Spain, are in Portugal of rare occurrence, except in parts of Alentejo; but the man from whom I hired my mules was understood to have a secret understanding with most of the bands dispersed over that province, in virtue of which they

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abstained from plundering his muleteers and the persons who travelled with them.

Every man who has dwelt upon the inspiration of the mightiest spirit of our days will recollect that thrilling description of Highland clanship, in which Ben Lomond's hill-side, apparently so still and deserted, burst into armed and instantaneous life at the call of Roderick Dhu. Such a sudden transformation I once beheld in the north of Africa, and saw it without encountering the peril which generally attended the adventurous scenes into which it was so often my fate to be thrown. I was travelling with a relative through the forest of El Raba, accompanied by a Mussulman guard consisting of individuals named and appointed by the Moorish Governor as men possessing influence over the tribes and leaders of the wild district through which we passed, and consequently able to secure our safety. Our guard was headed by Medi, styled the Sacred, from his recent pilgrimage to Mecca. The defile through which we wound our way slowly and with difficulty was so narrow that two horsemen could not ride abreast: crags rose on both sides, but neither perpendicular nor high, surmounted in some places with single trees, covered in other parts with a tangled vegetation of a most luxuriant but lower growth, and occasionally admitting deep vistas into distant glades. When we had reached the centre of the forest, which seemed as still and undisturbed by man as on the day of its creation, we heard a rustling sound among the bushes like the rush of a mountain deer when roused from his sylvan couch, and instantly the silent and solitary forest became instinct with formidable life. Thicket and brake gave up its hidden denizens, and a wild Arab started into unexpected existence from the shade of every sheltering tree and crag. At the same moment a negro, apparently the leader of the band, vaulted over a low rock, and laid his hand rather fiercely on the bridle of the horse on which the Chief of our guard, the sacred Medi, rode; but, instantly recognising his superior, he bent the knee and kissed the hem of his garment with an expression of such devoted affection that it lives even now in my recollection, and gave at the time an interest and almost a charm to features naturally hard and repulsive. Our leader received this oriental salutation with an air of dignified regard, and poured some gun-

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powder into the hands of his black adherent, who retired after another prostration, apparently gratified by the notice taken of him by our chief. The Arabs, clothed in a species of white garment, with scimitars at their sides and muskets of unusual length in their hands, spoke not a word, but gazed upon us with lowering countenances, as if disappointed of their prey. That armed apparition rising upon us from the depths of the forest in such a startling shape, the consequent interruption of our march, and its renewal, were but the events of a moment. A scene that left upon our minds an ineffaceable impression was, in its actual occurrence, "like the lightning that has ceased to be ere we can say it lightens;" and as we wound round the projecting point which excluded from our view that fiery and dark-tinted tribe, they had not moved from their position, and each man was standing as he stood the moment that they burst upon our sight.

To return to my Portuguese rambles.—Emerging from the wood, we continued our journey between hedges of alders, which formed a dense canopy overhead with their rich foliage and intermingling branches, and cast a deep shade on the road. We afterwards rode through an open country to Aldea Gallega, where I met a militiaman, who, according to his own account, was on duty at Evora on the day of my arrest, and was now proceeding to Lisbon with the deputation appointed by the insurgents to wait on the Infant and explain the cause and nature of the late revolution. He said that he belonged to the Montero party, and had spared no exertions in my behalf; but I had no recollection of the man, and could therefore neither confirm nor deny his statement. A couple of crusados by no means tended to diminish his zeal in my cause, and he left the apartment abusing the Authorities who had committed me, and the people who had urged my committal, and vehemently lauding—gentle reader —your humble servant, the Absolute King, and all the other good things of this wicked world.

On the following day we embarked for Lisbon, but were encountered by a hurricane, which drove us to Alcantara. We, however, subsequently effected a landing at the Black Horse Square, where I met my friend Mr. Forbes, who informed me that the Corps Diplomatique had suspended their functions. I went to my former lodgings in the Caes do Sodre, and was

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received with pleasure by my worthy landlord Bento, who reinstated me in my old apartments.

So terminated an expedition fraught with interest, full of varying incident, attended with difficulty and danger, and singularly disastrous towards its close. The most sumptuous and the scantiest fare had been alternately my lot—the Republican and the ultra-Royalist, the peasant, the priest, and the noble, successively my hosts; my race had been run through sunshine and through storm, amid the greatest warmth of apparent friendship and the utmost violence of real hate; the heated room and the luxurious couch, the hard plank and the cold night-air of heaven, the palace and the prison, I had experienced in rapid revolution. In the morning I frequently knew not where I could rest my head at eve in safety, and I often lay down to rest without any certainty of passing the night uninterrupted by alarm.

I remained in Portugal only a few days after my return to the capital. During my tour through the southern provinces many important events had occurred: the revolution in Dom Miguel's favour had made considerable progress, and he had been actually proclaimed King in Lisbon, Oporto, Evora, Faro, and all the great towns of the kingdom. Supported by these manifestations of the popular feeling, he had issued a decree convoking the Three Estates for the purpose of determining the succession to the throne, and had by that act virtually abolished the Constitution.

The consequent suspension of the diplomatic functions infused a momentary hope into the bosoms of the dispirited Imperialists; the extensive changes recently made in the regiments that occupied the capital, the dismissal of the Constitutionalists, and promotion of Miguelist officers, had destroyed their hopes of effecting at Lisbon any plan of successful resistance to the Government; but the regular troops, stationed in the northern districts, were still commanded by their former Colonels, retained their attachment to Dom Pedro, and were quite disposed to turn their arms against his opponents. Many individuals at Lisbon knew that the clouds were gathering, and that the storm would burst at Oporto.

I had accidentally heard of the intention. Day after day I expected to hear that the strife had begun; and, although personally unconcerned in the event, and taking no part whatever in

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the plots of that distracted period, it was not without a fearful interest that I listened for the distant howlings of the gale which would, I knew, at length break in upon the hollow tranquillity of the time. It was, I believe, at one moment intended to place the late Infanta Regent at the head of the insurrection, or at least to commence operations under the sanction of her name; and the Government appears to have had some vague suspicions of the scheme, as two curious manifestos appeared in the gazette. In the first, Dom Miguel declared his sister's abhorrence "of the machinations, plotted in the dark caverns, for the subversion of all that is good and established on the face of the earth;" and in the second, the Princess confirmed his statement.

After an interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and many discussions with the police, assisted by Sir Frederick Lamb, who maintained our British privileges with British firmness, I succeeded in obtaining an order for Juan's release. My last visit was paid to the Condé de Linhares, one of the most talented members of the extinguished House of Peers; after which I took leave of my excellent landlady Mrs. Bento and her pretty daughter, and about midnight entered a boat accompanied by my landlord, who had consented to act as my servant *pro tempore*, and accompany me to England.

We had scarcely seated ourselves before a lad, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, rushed from the house and threw himself into Bento's arms, exclaiming, as the tears rolled rapidly down his cheeks, "My master, my dear master, why are you going to leave us?" Bento, who was himself much affected, endeavoured to console his servant with many expressions of kindness.

Feelings of this kind would hardly in England have existed between persons standing in the relative position of master and apprentice, or if, indeed, they had existed, those nicely regulated notions of what is required by the gradual subordination of ranks, which pervade every class of English society, from the highest to the lowest, would not have permitted their unrestrained expression on the one hand, or their free and cordial reception on the other. Still this little incident prepossessed me highly in favour of the lad whose fidelity to his master appeared so devoted, and of the master whose kindly disposition had excited such grateful feelings in the bosom of his dependant.

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I was unwilling to quit the country without bidding farewell to my gallant friend Sartorius, so I rowed to the Pyramus, and found Lord Frederick Beauclerk on deck keeping the midnight watch. The Captain, roused from his slumbers, received me with a countenance expressive of the deepest sympathy, for he was fully prepared to find in his nocturnal visiter some unfortunate emigrant arrived at that unseasonable hour to claim his protection.

I passed the night in a comfortable hammock on board the Pyramus, and on the following morning at break of day embarked on board the Stanmer packet, commanded by Captain Sutton. My only fellow-passenger, Senhor Jose Candido Xavier (since dead), was a person of great attainments, and much distinguished by the prominent part he had taken in Portuguese affairs. He had discharged, at the same time, the separate duties of Minister for the War and for the Foreign Departments, and was high in office when the Infant arrived.

Since the period to which I am now alluding the important question which then agitated men's minds in Portugal has been brought to an issue. Great changes have taken place in the *dramatis personæ;* time has removed the hostile brothers, the victor and the vanquished, from the stage; Dom Miguel is an exile, Dom Pedro dead. In touching upon some of the circumstances which led to the present state of things, I have endeavoured to speak of parties and events with perfect impartiality. Our interposition had at that period very much alienated the Miguelists from the English; but, although I lived much more with the Imperialists at Lisbon than with their opponents, my opinions were not warped by this circumstance: I deprecate the severe and injudicious policy pursued by Dom Miguel on his return to Portugal, but I must not, in justice, withhold from his party the praise which is unquestionably their due. As a party, they were brave, sincere, high-principled, attached to their religion and to the old institutions of the country. The honourable fidelity with which they adhered to the fortunes of their Prince during the extremity of his reverses, and the unhesitating devotion with which men in the enjoyment of all the luxuries of life sacrificed every earthly possession in his cause, are circumstances that reflect upon them imperishable credit; but their

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virtues could not redeem his errors or repair the calamities entailed upon their families and their country by his misjudging policy. In the provinces I found men of both parties anxious to facilitate my journey and to show me personal attention. Even at Evora, the Authorities of the city, fairly borne down by the popular feeling, and trembling for their own existence, were, I think, really unwilling to impede my journey, and, with the exception of one individual, showed no disposition to aggravate the rigour of my confinement.

The rain fell heavily as we sailed down the Tagus. I looked for the last time at Lisbon, beautiful even through her tears. I gazed earnestly on her convents, her palaces, and her orange-gardens, and sighed as I remembered the pleasant hours which I had spent among their light-hearted inmates, and thought upon "the thousand heavy times which might befall them now."

At length we were fairly on the main ocean: the wind was blowing furiously from the south, the gallant ship running before the gale at the rate of twelve knots an hour, and the sea was so stormy that a single wave breaking over the jib-boom divided it as if it were a thread. During that day and the following night I was confined to my berth by continual sickness; but, becoming accustomed to the rocking of the ship, went on deck the second evening as the shades of night stole over the tempestuous bay; and that bay in its wrathful mood is as proud a sight as the eye of man can seek to gaze upon!

There I stood till a late hour watching the towering waves as they came driving against our stern, and listening with pleasure to their incessant dash, and to the creaking of the rigging, and to the wind moaning among the high shrouds. The hurricane blew steadily in one direction and without intermission for three days, and only slackened a few hours before the termination of our voyage, which was prosperous, and almost the shortest upon record.

Early on the morning of the fourth day we hailed the Lizard Point: my long wanderings, the fatigues of my solitary expeditions, and the perils of revolution, were all forgotten as I trod once more upon the soil of native, peaceful, and then unreformed England.

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TAYLOR INST. OXFORD

CHAPTER XIV.

Review of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces.

I WILL only preface my review of the social and political state of the Basque provinces by observing that, at the period when the following account was first published, the ancient constitution of the free states—grievously assailed indeed—could not, however, be considered as yet extinguished. The struggle for its existence was then maintained by the ill-fated Basques with a determination of which history records no similar example. The thoughtful patriot knew, indeed, that even the fastnesses of the Biscayan mountaineers, admirably calculated as they are for defensive war, he felt that even courage and devotion great as theirs, could hardly prevail eventually against the discipline of regular armies, and the steady efforts of concentrated power. Still bright gleams of hope, naturally elicited by the great though transient lustre of their exploits, passed through the mind of many a man who doubted, if not desponded of the result in his more reflective hours; and in the eyes of astonished Europe the final success of the Spanish Government appeared for a long time trembling in the balance. The author wrote his review of the Basque provinces during this crisis, and therefore constantly makes use of the present tense, and speaks of the privileges as still in existence. He felt that, even when probabilities are the most unfavourable—

> "Even when the crisis of their fate
> To human eye seems desperate,"

the issue of events must ever be regarded as more or less uncertain. In spite of the darkened prospects of the Biscayan heaven, he could not—he would not—prematurely assume the extinction of rights which monarchs had indeed determined to destroy, but which God, in his mercy and wisdom, might have thought fit to spare. But it was otherwise decreed by Him whose counsels cannot err: the power of man was permitted to do its worst in those unhappy provinces. At length worn out by the indomita-

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ble opposition of the people, the Queen's generals fraudulently guaranteed the preservation of rights which they knew their own Government would not confirm, but which they doubted their own ability to suppress. The last act of the tragedy was worthy of the first; a war of injustice was crowned by a deed of the basest perfidy, and the laws which governed a land of freemen for a thousand years were at length abrogated. In an age of greater civilisation than any which had preceded it—in an age of greater supposed deference to the claims of justice—this most unjust and cruel act was committed.

These fueros, a term by which their peculiar laws and liberties are designated in Biscay when spoken of collectively, these fueros were not destined to die the lingering and dishonoured death which generally awaits the final extinction of free institutions. It has been said that free institutions can hardly perish till the freemen who should have perished in their defence have become themselves degraded; that the tyrant cannot prevail

> "Till self-abasement paves the way
> For villain change and despot's sway;"

but the sons whom Biscay had trained to the practice of all that is good and great fell in thousands and tens of thousands, pouring out their blood like unregarded water, before the liberties of Biscay were suffered to expire. Those privileges were not worn out by time, nor had become unsuited to the condition of the people, nor had in any respect practically ceased to be loved, honoured, or obeyed. Those rights had not retained the name while they had lost the spirit of genuine freedom; in those still ripening institutions not a germ of decay was as yet to be found; their liberties, bright in the dawning of their political existence, were still better and brighter in their meridian hour; they had no evening—darkness came prematurely upon them; or, if they had an evening, the decline of their day was like that of the tropical sun, which sets in undiminished glory:—

> "No pale gradations quench his ray,
> No twilight dews his wrath allay;
> With disk, like battle target red,
> He rushes to his burning bed,
> Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
> Then sinks at once, and all is night."

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The three provinces of Guipuzcoa, Alava, and Biscay form an integral part of the Spanish monarchy, but have for ages possessed the rights, and been governed by the laws, of freemen.

The province of Guipuzcoa enjoys in many respects the same privileges as Biscay. We are told by the Marquis de Mondexar, in his Historical Memoirs of the Life and Actions of Alonzo the Noble, eighth prince of that name, that the province of Guipuzcoa, possessed at the commencement of his reign by the King of Navarre, although governed in fealty by different rich men of the land, "became, in the year 1200, united with Castille through the will of its inhabitants." He afterwards states "that the people sent envoys to King Alonzo to treat of their intentions, signifying that, if he would come among them to concert and agree respecting their union, they would separate from Navarre." * The King of Castille gladly responded to their wishes, and repaired to Guipuzcoa, where, in the terse language of the historian, "they settled their matters and covenants." He subsequently adds, "The conditions of this contract, eventually signed and concluded on the 8th of October, 1238, corresponding to 1200 of the Christian æra, are preserved in the original instrument, afterwards published by Father Luiz de Vega, a Jeromite monk, and quoted by Estevan de Garibay, in his Chronicle."† "It would be superfluous," concludes the Marquis, "to repeat the conditions, when it will suffice to say that the same exemptions and privileges which they still enjoy were granted to the natives."

In virtue of this compact the Guipuzcoans still hold their privileges, and the charter granted by King Alphonzo details the circumstances which led to the union, and is or was preserved, till lately, in the general archives of the province. This singular and interesting document ‡ sets forth that the Guipuzcoans were induced to withdraw their allegiance from the King of Navarre, and transfer it to the sovereign of Castille, because the Navarrese monarch, in direct contravention of their laws, and disregarding their ancient right of free election, had illegally endeavoured to nominate, by his sole authority, a chief magis-

* Mondexar, chap. lxxvii. † Ibid.
‡ Copied by Don Rafael Floranes, of Valladolid.

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trate for their state, to the exclusion of the individual chosen by their general assembly, held annually at Tolosa and Durango, according to the ancient custom of the land.* Upon this account they withdrew their fealty from him, and transferred it to the King of Castille, who, in return, guaranteed to them their ancient rights, and confirmed them by a charter.†

The province of Alava has its own constitution, not, however, differing substantially from those of Biscay and Guipuzcoa. In 1332 this province acknowledged Alphonso XI. as their lord. The deputies empowered to treat with this Sovereign as their lord found him at Burgos, where they made him a formal tender of the county.‡ He immediately hastened to Arriaga, where the general assemblies of the country were convened on great occasions, and there, in the presence of the Hidalgos and the Prelate of Calahorra § and the assembled people, he entered into a solemn compact that neither he nor his successors would ever alienate any part of the land of Alava; that neither he nor they would ever give laws to the Alavese,‖ but would engage to maintain, for the benefit of all, the fueros and freedom of the country, as then established; that the Alavese should be exempt from every sort of contribution and personal service from which they had been free before,¶ and that the Hidalgos should retain undisturbed possession of their lands, woods, and forests; that although the King reserved to himself the lordship and the justice,** and the Ox of March,†† the Governors of their towns should be spontaneously chosen by the freemen of the soil; ‡‡ that the Merino, or judicial officer, appointed by the

* Mendoza observes, that, although the Guipuzcoans at different times intrusted their province to the protection of different princes, first to those of Navarre, and afterwards to those of Castille, they never lost their independent rights, although they may have recognised in the union (en la Confederacion) some kind of superiority.—Lib. ii. cap. 13, of the Monarquia Española, por Salazar de Mendoza.

† From Mondexar, note to chap. lxxvii.

‡ Chap. c. of 'Cronica de Don Alfonzo XI. de Castilla,' by Cerda y Rico, ed. Madrid, 1787.

§ *Vide* Note at the end of the work.

‖ Mariana, lib. ii. cap. 20. ¶ Ibid.

** The appointment of the judicial officer.

†† This has reference to some old feudal reservation, though I have not been able to discover the exact nature of the custom.

‡‡ With the exception of Vitoria and Trevino.

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Crown, should be a noble of Alava, and that, except in certain specified cases, he should not proceed against any of his countrymen unless they had been previously committed by their own Alcaldes; that the King, having no dominion over the province, as property of his own, should not be at liberty to give possession of it to any individual, nor even to issue orders for the erection of any town or village.*

Finally, they declared that, in case these rights, or any portion of these rights, should be infringed, the nobles or Infanzones should be forthwith absolved from their sworn allegiance, and each and every Alavese be authorised to take up arms, pursue, and kill the offender.† To these articles the King subscribed, and upon these terms it is stated, in the lofty style of Castille, that "the Hidalgos consented that we should have the lordship of the county of Alava, and that it should be royal, and they put it in the crown of our kingdoms for us, and for those who shall reign after us in Castille and Leon."‡

Biscay retains its ancient laws, customs, and tribunals, and is governed by its own national assemblies; it yields contributions to the Sovereign as a free gift; it arranges its own taxation; it has no militia laws; it is exempt from the odious system of impressment for the navy; it furnishes its own contingent of soldiers and sailors; it appoints its own police in peace; it provides for its own defence in war; the King's troops cannot enter the province at any time, or upon any pretext, without the special permission of the Junta; no monopoly, royal or private, can be established in Biscay; no Biscayan can be required to contribute to the Crown of Castille a greater amount of taxation than that paid formerly to their lords, a sum now reduced to a stipulated duty on the iron-foundries and to certain tithes and rents.

The King, as lord, can only nominate Biscayans by birth to

* This restriction was imposed on the King to prevent the erection of any fortress which might be turned against the liberties of his subjects.

† Garibay, vol. ii. book xiv. cap. vii. Zamacola, Historia de las Naciones Bascas, tom. ii. cap. 2.

‡ Contract between Alonzo XI. and the Hijosdalgos of Alava, made at Vitoria, on the 22nd of April, 1332.—*Zamacola.* Mariana confirms the principal articles of the compact, and states that the compact itself was existing in his time. Lib. ii. cap. 2, de la impress. de Madrid, del año de 1617.

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ecclesiastical appointments in Biscay; their Alcaldes are freely chosen by the people. No Biscayan, resident in any province of Spain, can be tried, either civilly or criminally, by the laws of Castille, but the case must be referred to Valladolid, to be there determined by a tribunal of Biscayan judges, and according to the laws of Biscay. Every Biscayan is noble, and is recognised as such by the law in every province of Spain. A perfect equality of civil rights prevails in Biscay. The Biscayans are all equal in the eye of the law, from the tenant of the aspiring Casa Solar to the humblest peasant of the soil. All participate equally in the benefit of the fueros, are equally bound by the law, and receive the same measure of justice.

The house of the Biscayan is his castle in the most emphatic sense of the word. No magistrate can violate that sanctuary; no execution can be put into it, nor can his arms or his horse be seized; he cannot be arrested for debt, or subjected to imprisonment upon any pretext whatever, without a previous summons to appear under the old tree of Guernica, where he is made acquainted with the offence imputed to him, and called upon for his defence; he is then discharged on the spot, or bailed, or committed, according to the nature of the crime and the evidence adduced against him. This, the most glorious privilege that freemen can possess—this, the most effectual safeguard against the wanton abuse of power—this, a custom more determinately in favour of the subject than even our own cherished Habeas Corpus—was enjoyed by the Basques for centuries before that far-famed guarantee of British liberty had an existence in our islands; and yet a right which we esteem so inappreciable at home we are labouring to subvert in a foreign and, till now, a friendly land.

I will at present shortly allude to the character and duties of the legislative body. The General Junta, or Biscayan Parliament regularly assembles every second year, although, upon critical occasions, an extraordinary session is frequently held. It is called together by the Corregidor, who acts in concert with the deputation, which during the recess sits permanently at Bilboa.

Notice must be given at least fifteen days before the appointed time of meeting, and the measures intended to be proposed and discussed must then be publicly announced, that the Deputies

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may consult their constituents on each specific point, and receive their instructions.

The Biscayan towns, with few exceptions only, are represented.* There is no electoral qualification, every inhabitant has a vote, universal suffrage prevails. These rights have been annulled by the Queen's Government, practically by Castañon, virtually, but completely, by the Estatuto Real; and yet we are gravely told that the Basques are struggling only for the establishment of despotic power; and, strange to say, our Government, professing to act on liberal principles, sends out an officer of similar opinions to substitute a constituency, perhaps the most restricted in Europe, for that system of universal suffrage which was the ancient law of the land, and to replace a Constitution which protects the liberty of the subject in the highest degree by a species of anomalous charter which defines no privilege and secures no right. So much for the consistency of party politics, and for the real liberality of our foreign policy. —But to return to Biscay.

The Deputies meet on the appointed day beneath the celebrated tree of Guernica, and take their seats on benches of stone. The arms of Castille glitter above the seat occupied by the Lord of Biscay, or by the deputy Corregidor, who for many generations past has always presided in his place, and the arms of Biscay are displayed above the opposite seat of the popular Tribunes. Here the Deputies deliver their credentials, but before they commence the labours of the session they institute an inquiry into the list of members returned. With a simplicity worthy of the patriarchal times they pass under a brief review the name of every Deputy, to ascertain that he is pure and unspotted in his general character, as no vicious man is fit in their opinion to legislate for a free and virtuous state. And, indeed, they have at all times well deserved the love of their country; they do not bear the name of Deputies, as in other states, but are called and have been known immemorially in Biscay as the Guizon-onac or good men of the land; a touching proof of the integrity with which they have exercised their functions from generation to genera-

* This exception applies only to the towns in the district of Durango, which formerly separated of their own accord, and declined sending Deputies.

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tion, and of the perfect confidence reposed in them by their contented fellow-countrymen. What a tale of virtuous government and real sympathy between the people and their representatives is disclosed in this single and simple expression of popular good will!

The debates are public, and the measures submitted to their consideration are proposed in Spanish, but discussed in the Basque language. The Biscayan Parliament possesses exclusively the right to legislate for Biscay, to make new laws when requisite, and repeal those which time or circumstances have rendered inexpedient, to propose the budget, to adjust the taxation for the two following years, and to make every necessary arrangement connected with the internal economy and the external defence of the province. It also grants letters of naturalization to foreigners, and assigns pensions to natives who, by acts of signal patriotism, have deserved well of their country. No order of the Spanish Government is directly received by the Basque Parliament;* any order emanating from the Crown of Castille is addressed to the executive authorities of the province, by which it is referred to the Tribunes, who take it into their deliberate consideration, determine whether it be or be not in unison with the law of the land, and, accordingly, either approve or reject it. Their veto upon any resolution of the Spanish Government is absolute, and the seemingly inconsistent, but not uncourteous formula of "Obedecida, pero no cumplida,"† is their peculiar but decisive mode of rejection. If an order from the Spanish Government be of great importance, and supposed to affect any essential privilege, directly or indirectly, the Parliament is convened, the Tribunes deliver their opinions on the legal and constitutional bearings of the question, and the Deputies, after mature deliberation, confirm or condemn the order. On questions of very doubtful and difficult decision the Deputies request the presence of the fathers of their country, Patricios de Biscaya, men so called from the great consideration in which they are held. They are, generally speaking, individuals of high personal character, who, perhaps retired from public life, have yet grown grey in the public service, have once taken an

* *Vide* note at the end of the volume.

† "Obeyed, but not carried into execution."

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active part in the Junta, have been members of the permanent deputation to which I shall immediately allude, are profoundly versed in the laws of their country, and are considered, from their known opinions and from the past habits of their lives, strongly disposed to maintain in all their integrity the ancient fueros of the land.

During the interval which elapses between the close of the session and the re-assembling of the parliament, the administration of public affairs is vested in a commission residing at Bilboa, composed of the two Tribunes and a certain number of Deputies elected by ballot out of the legislative body. To these is added the Corregidor, who sits as President; and although a native of Biscay is alone eligible to this office, the Basques have ever guarded their privileges with such a jealous spirit of precaution, not only against the likelihood, but almost against the possibility of encroachment from the Crown, that this officer is not permitted to vote in common with the other members of the deputation, solely because he is appointed by the Court.

It may then be justly said that before the Queen's accession the Basque provinces were freer than the freest canton in Switzerland. Like the Swiss in character, their political position in some respects resembled that of the Swiss cantons at the time when the unjust ambition of Austria compelled them to assert their lawful rights; like the cantons, the Basque provinces were bound to each other by strong ties of interest and affection; no change could take place in any of the provinces without the previous consent of its own inhabitants; no contribution levied upon them without the sanction of their own representatives was legal: these were privileges secured to them by their respective and nearly similar constitutions—constitutions which required, by precise and positive enactments, every Basque subject, from the highest to the lowest, to resist, even unto the death, any encroachments upon their liberties, whether proceeding from the Spanish Government or from any other power. To which were those brave Biscayans, whom his Majesty's ministers designate as rebels, bound to adhere in the crisis which has arisen—to the common, and also to the written law—to the immemorial law of their country—or to the arbitrary edicts of a Government of yesterday, based, as I hope to prove, neither

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in reason nor in legal right? A determination to resist external aggression, and to preserve their national rights, is the great pervading principle which influences the present conduct of the Basques, and has animated them from the earliest period of their history.

Theirs are privileges, and theirs, indeed, a country, worthy of defence, alike against the despotic and the democratic tyrant; and when I call to mind the high spirit of that people, and contrast the once flourishing condition of those provinces with their present desolation, my heart swells with sorrow and indignation. When formerly I crossed the frontier of the Basque provinces I felt myself at once on a free land, amid a race of men possessing and deserving freedom. The erect, not haughty carriage, the buoyant step, the frank and manly yet respectful greeting, and the whole bearing, spoke of liberty long enjoyed, well understood, and not abused. Such were the Basques, trained to habits of self-reliance by centuries of self-government; freemen in spirit, not in name alone; drinking in with their mothers' milk a love of justice and a reverence for the law; in thought sober yet independent, and wholly without fear, except the honest fear of doing wrong; models of ancient manners, and not unfrequently of manly beauty; faithful friends, generous hosts, simple yet inflexible observers of their word; following with fervour, but without intolerance, their Fathers' faith, they were the Tyrolese of Spain, and, I might add, the flower of Europe. Lambs in the hour of peace, yet lions in the field, with them the household charities and patriotism went hand in hand; in them the bravest yet the kindest spirit, the mildest yet the proudest virtues, were combined. Never, perhaps, existed a more perfect union of the qualities which should adorn a people; the idolatry of freedom so distinctive of the Swiss,* and the unconquerable affection of

* I speak of the Swiss as I knew them when I wrote this account of Biscay, not of that now styled Federal party, types of the worst democracy of the day—men who, without religion themselves, have made religious pretexts a cloak for their own unprincipled ambition and for their own insane spirit of persecution. These men have sprung up, or at least become notorious, since that time. Their conduct in forcing on a civil war, and their subsequent proceedings in the vanquished districts of the Sunderbund, place them on a level with the worst Jacobins of France and Spain. And yet these men have had defenders in this country!

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the Tyrolese to his hereditary princes, were, by a happy and most unusual combination, united in the Basques.

How well I recollect that beautiful and joyous country before it groaned beneath the scourge of civil war! those lowlands, rich, luxuriant, and proving by their high cultivation the prosperous state and unfettered industry of the people; those highlands, rich in wood and water, and a loyal population; those antique mansions, retaining the character of an earlier age, where the gentlemen of the country lived, not crowding into towns, as in other parts of Spain and of the continent, but residing on their estates, benefiting the neighbourhood, and obtaining the rich return of local love and respect—a habit arising from the security of the country, and the long prevalence of free institutions. Their estates, handed down from generation to generation from a remote antiquity, are not regarded with a jealous eye by a people enjoying the largest measure of freedom compatible with the public good, and who are at once too happy to envy their superiors in station, and too rational to suppose that an aristocratic influence is naturally hostile to their interests. On the contrary, the public feeling flows in a very different channel, and the man who sells his feudal and turreted mansion incurs the certain disapprobation of his neighbours, is supposed to have compromised the just dignity of his position, and to have entailed upon his relatives a family disgrace.

The proprietors of these castellated abodes were formerly reverenced as the Chiefs and Elders of the district; great respect was paid to their opinion, which, indeed, was considered decisive on many points of private difference and local interest, and even now they are treated with high distinction, and enjoy a solid influence.

Under a social system so constituted, and when such was the habitual feeling of the inhabitants in relation to each other, it is scarcely necessary to say that before the breaking out of the actual revolution the Basques were happy. Attached to their proprietors, free from those jealous animosities which in many countries array class against class; elevated, for the most part, above the pressure and temptations of poverty; possessing a healthy and temperate climate, a country and a dynasty to which they were passionately attached, and institutions which left them nothing to

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reform and little to desire, they were exempt from all the ills that "Kings can cause or cure," and were, and had been for ages, blessed beyond the ordinary lot of mortals. The eastern Sage, who vainly sought a virtue unattainable by man, and the Abyssinian prince, who roamed the world in quest of perfect happiness, might have met rejoicing in the valleys of the Basque, and have indulged, at least for a season, in the fond belief that they had found, at length, the objects of their search.

What, then, could men whose political sympathies were based on the most honourable affections of our nature have in common with such a Government as that which is afflicting Spain? How could their generous and exalted sentiments of liberty accord with that bastard freedom which respects not the means so that the end be obtained—which in spirit is based upon a principle of absolute equality—which has no toleration for any class of opinion or line of conduct but its own—and which rejects liberty itself in its purest form, if clad in a garb of antiquity, and divested of that uniformity which is an essential ingredient of that narrow system?

To their rights and privileges, erected on the broadest basis, the Basques adhered with an affection which no words can express: those were not rights of yesterday, but rights associated with every deeply-cherished recollection, interwoven with their traditions, connected with every stirring incident in the public annals of their little state, and hallowed by the proud remembrance that they had been maintained for ages by their Fathers against outnumbering enemies; at a time, too, when the night of despotism weighed heavily on the surrounding world, and when their star was the only light of liberty which shone in the European heaven.

The memory of those glorious times is not extinct in Biscay; and still, I am assured, the enthusiastic Carlists sing the heroic song of the "Field of the Blood-red Stones" when they attack the squadrons of the Queen; and, although so many centuries have rolled away since that conflict, so disastrous to Castille, they still recall the trophies of that fight, and boast that the Castillians of to-day shall crouch beneath the hereditary vigour of their arms.

It is, then, against a people indomitable in war, and therefore

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invaluable in periods of invasion as the props of the monarchy, and in peace adorned by every social and useful virtue, that the Spanish Government have thought right to direct their hostility! Such conduct will not stand the test of inquiry. The Government have attempted to abolish privileges, not feudal or obsolete, not enjoyed by a few for the advantage of the few, but affecting the lowest as well as the highest individual, and securing to all alike personal freedom and undisturbed enjoyment of property.

On the part of the Spanish Government it was neither a matter of policy nor expediency, but of positive obligation, to maintain those privileges, as the result of mutual concession and solemn compact at the time of the respective unions with the Spanish Crown, and afterwards successively confirmed by the sovereigns of Spain at their accession to the throne—confirmed by the Austrian—confirmed by the Bourbon dynasty—and respected even by the gloomy spirit of the second Philip.

The conduct of the Spanish Government in violating those rights, under those circumstances, is indefensible upon any principle of law or equity. It is more than questionable whether one party can recede from a compact of such a nature without the concurrence of the other; but the wildest partisan never maintained till now that during the existence of the connexion one party is at liberty to absolve itself from the obligations it has incurred, and yet require the other to fulfil its part of the contract. The Constitutionalists are determined to preserve the union, yet would destroy the privileges guaranteed by that union to the Basques. They would retain for themselves the advantages arising from an important accession of territory to the state, while they refuse to fulfil the conditions by which alone those advantages were obtained.

The Crown lawyers in Spain have evaded, discreetly enough, a fair and direct consideration of the terms of the union with Biscay, alluding to the compact, in general language, as vague and doubtful, undefined at all times, and certainly not at present binding on either the Sovereign or the legislature of the kingdom. To establish a more correct view of the case, and to show that these rights were made, from the earliest times, a matter of solemn compact between the governor and the governed, it will

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be necessary for me to enter, briefly indeed, but rather critically, into some passages of the history of these provinces.

It is asserted—for I speak with much doubt when referring to such remote transactions—that as early as the year 870 the free Biscayans assembled under the memorable oak of Guernica, and elected, as their Lord and Protector, Don Lope Zuria, a son of an opulent noble of Biscay,* "stipulating"—(I quote the very words)—"stipulating with him, at the same time, a compact, having certain conditions, for the perpetual observance of those laws and customs previously established among them, in the following words: 'That it was the law and liberty of the people that any order or decree issued by the said Lord of Biscay, if contrary to the laws and fueros of Biscay, directly or indirectly, should not be put into execution.' "†

From this time till 1105 the Biscayan lords appear to have been elected by the people; from 1105 till 1370 they succeeded each other in strict hereditary descent; but, during that period, the national assemblies met regularly under the ancient oak of Guernica.

In the fourteenth century Don Pedro of Castille made an ineffectual effort to obtain possession of Biscay; but his brother, Don Tello, married the heiress of the lordship of Biscay, and was acknowledged as lord of that country, on condition that he would swear to preserve inviolate, to all the inhabitants of Biscay, their fueros, usages, customs, and privileges, as all the Lords of Biscay had done before.‡

Upon the death of Tello, and of his wife Donna Juana de Haro, the heiress of the lordship of Biscay, without issue, Don Juan of Castille, heir to that kingdom, and at the same time descended from one of the Haro ladies, was acknowledged by the Biscayans as their lawful lord in the year 1371. Soon afterwards, on his Father's death, this Prince succeeded to the throne of Castille, and at that period the union of Biscay with Castille took place.§ We have now to consider the circumstances under which

* Argote ascribes this election to the year 870. Henao alludes to the event as occurring nearly forty years later.

† Argote de Molina, cap. lxxxiii. Garibay, lib. ix. cap. xxii. Navarro, cap. vii.

‡ Gutierres, lib. iii.

§ For a more detailed account of the mode in which the crowns of Cas-

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it was effected. From the general nature of the transaction, even without any direct testimony to that effect, it is highly probable that the laws and privileges of Biscay would have been retained; but it is manifest, from the accounts handed down to us, that, in point of fact, they were solemnly and specially reserved.

In the first place, the union was "quoad caput et regimen," in virtue of which, upon every principle of national law, any kingdom, province, town, or church, united to another, retains, after the union, the same privileges, usages, and customs it previously possessed, experiencing no change, except that involved by a mutual adherence to a common head. The union of Biscay was with the Crown and not with the kingdom of Castille; and as Don Juan held the lordship of Biscay by a different title from that by which he succeeded to the throne of Castille, the laws and privileges of Biscay could hardly be affected by a junction of the crowns.

The theory of the case would then induce us to suppose that the national rights and customs of the Biscayans would not have been impaired by the union. This probable view of the case is borne out by testimony to that effect, of the most decisive kind, and from various sources.

To such a jealous extent was the affection for their provincial privileges carried at the time of the union, and so completely were those rights made matter of deliberate compact, that the free Biscayans stipulated that Don Juan and his successors to the Crown of Castille should style themselves, not Kings, but Lords of Biscay, to mark and keep in perpetual remembrance the tenure and conditions upon which alone they held possession of that country; and ever since the union the Spanish Sovereigns have invariably styled themselves Kings of Spain and Lords of Biscay; a designation foolish and unmeaning if that province had merged in the kingdom generally. "Nomine qui differunt censentur differre effectu et essentiâ" is a recognised maxim of law. The admitted fact, too, that the subsequent Sovereigns of Castille confirmed the Biscayan fueros and privileges, not as Monarchs graciously conferring a favour, but as lords exercising the office of first magistrate, is strongly confirmatory of the compact.

tille and Biscay merged in the same individual, see 'Padre Gabriel Henao, Averiguaciones Cantabras,' 1, folio. Mariana. Navarro, cap. 1, 28.

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It is, however, of great importance to my argument to investigate minutely the arrangements entered into between the Biscayans and their new Lord, the Sovereign of Castille, at the period of the union of the Crowns. When Don Juan was received by the Biscayans as their Lord in his father's lifetime, he repaired in person to Guernica, and swore to respect their rights; again, at the junction of the Crowns, he entered into a compact with the Biscayans that Biscay should be annexed for ever to Castille, and, in return for this concession on their part, bound himself and his successors to maintain their fueros, customs, franchises, and liberties, now and for all time to come. In virtue of this engagement Biscay became united to Castille.*

From this statement of facts it appears that the allegiance of the Biscayans was conditional from very remote times, and dependent on the fullest recognition of their rights. It is equally clear that at the union of Biscay with Castille the agreement entered into by the Biscayans, first with their elective, and afterwards with their hereditary Lords, was solemnly renewed by the Spanish Sovereigns, who pledged themselves and their successors to preserve inviolate the laws and privileges of the people intrusted to their charge. And here I might almost rest my case; for it is clear that the Queen's Government, in abolishing the privileges of Biscay without the consent of the Biscayans, have violated the compact formed at the time of the union, in virtue of which alone Biscay became an integral part of the monarchy.

But as the Crown lawyers in Spain have shrouded the question of the Basque privileges under a mist of their own creation, skilfully enough; for, well understood, it is fatal to the justice of their cause; as they have insinuated that those rights were virtually annulled by the union of the Crowns, I will incur the danger of fatiguing my readers by showing the light in which those privileges were viewed by the first Sovereign who wore the united Crowns of Biscay and Castille, and by the Spanish monarchs who succeeded him.

Don Juan, first prince who was both Lord of Biscay and King of Castille, permitted some of his subjects to erect on

* Lope Garcia de Salazar, libro xx. Señores de Vizcaya.—Zamacola.

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certain lands in Biscay a town subsequently called Miravalles; upon which Bilboa and other towns protested, declaring that the Lord of Biscay could not grant those lands without an infraction of their privileges, as the territory in question belonged not to the Crown, but to the Hidalgos and people of Biscay. Some meetings and consultations took place on the subject; and finally Don Juan issued a manifesto which was deposited in the archives of the new town of Miravalles. From this declaration I extract the two following paragraphs:—

"I have found by the said consultation that, in authorizing the erection of the town in question, I was acting in conformity with the will of God and with a due regard to my own interest, and that by so acting I did not infringe upon either the privileges, usages, customs, or fueros of Biscay, nor against the privileges of the town of Bilboa, nor was I acting against my own oath, which I should have maintained inviolate before every other consideration." And in another part of the manifesto are these striking expressions:—"I have moreover ascertained by the council that the oath I took when I was received by the Biscayans as their Lord does not extend to this, and that in authorizing the erection of the said town I do not infringe upon the said oath; on the contrary, I keep my oath, and should have been guilty of a crime if I had not given the order or had forbidden the erection of the city."*

This, the recorded language of the first King of Castille who became Lord of Biscay, is a conclusive proof that, however lightly the supple genius of the Crown lawyers of Spain may affect to treat the question, still the Sovereign who lived at the time of the union, and whose inclinations would have naturally led him to disregard an oath of a merely formal nature when militating against his own authority, had no hesitation in openly declaring that he was solemnly bound by the engagement into which he had entered to respect the ancient rights of the Biscayans; although, acting in accordance with the unanimous judgment of his council, he was distinctly of opinion that the order in question was not an infraction of their privileges.

Such was the conduct of the first King of Castille who became

* Covarrubias, Questiones Practicæ, vol. i. No. 5.

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Lord of Biscay. In what light was the union of the free states considered by his successors? Did they conceive that, as Sovereigns of Castille, where their government was comparatively despotic, they had any right to dispute the free privileges of any of their Basque subjects? Let us for a moment investigate the matter, always remembering that the three provinces of Alava, Guipuzcoa, and Biscay, united under different circumstances and at different times to the Crown of Castille, had still been united conditionally, and with a strict reservation of their peculiar laws and rights.

At the death of Don Juan the First, his son and heir, Henry the Third, was eleven years old, and consequently could not be required by the Biscayans to confirm their fueros; but when he attained his fifteenth year, the legal age, he repaired in person to Biscay at the requisition of the States, and, under the oak-tree at Guernica, swore to observe their rights in the year of our Lord 1393.*

We are told, in the curious chronicle that records the life of Henry III., that upon this occasion when the King reached Bilboa he sent letters to the chief Biscayans, requesting them to meet him at the spot where they had been accustomed to assemble; and then the King, leaving the city, travelled onwards until he reached a spot called, in the Basque language, Arechabalaga, which means "the hill of the broad-spreading oak;" and there he would fain have conferred with the assembled nobles of the land in good and hearty intercourse, but they were divided by jealous feuds, and each chief kept haughtily aloof on the brow of the hill, with his train-band gathered round him; and then the Brotherhood came forward, and one and all required the King to swear to the good laws and usages of Biscay, as they had been administered by all its former lords,—and to this the King replied that he was willing so to do; and then the Brotherhood again came forward, and desired him to confirm their association, united by a common bond for the right and good administration of justice,—and to this the King replied that he was willing so to do; and then the Brotherhood came forward a third time, and said that, as King Henry was not lord

* Garibay, lib. xv. cap. xl.

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of the land until he came in person to swear to their charters and receive them as his own, consequently they were not bound to yield him the contributions which had accrued since the death of good King John, his Father, and therefore desired that he would direct his treasurer not to require the same,—and to this, their third request, King Henry stated that he was willing to accede.*

King Henry's reign was generally marked by a cautious observance of their privileges; but, labouring at one period under great pecuniary embarrassments, he unwisely addressed a pedido, or kind of summary request for money, to his Guipuzcoan subjects; upon which their Parliament assembled at Tolosa repressed, with uncompromising vigour, those early symptoms of Spanish encroachment, and came at once to a resolution singularly divested of the courtesies of modern expression, and exhibiting that stern spirit of freedom which so strongly animated those plain-spoken assertors of the popular rights.

The Deputies unanimously resolved on the 10th of August, 1391, that no Guipuzcoan cited before the courts of Castille should obey the summons; that, if any agent of Castille should attempt to exact the pedido, on the plea of tribute, from any Guipuzcoan, the injured man should alarm the province, and all the inhabitants, old and young, should come in arms to seize the collector, and bring him before the General Assembly of Uzarraga, there and by them to be judged;† that, in case the collector‡ escaped with what he had seized, an equal amount should be taken from the duties payable to the King, and transferred to the injured party;§ that an account of the seizure should be promulgated throughout Guipuzcoa; and that every Guipuzcoan, from the age of sixteen to sixty, should hold himself prepared to maintain the decision of the States.

The King felt the justice of their reproof, attempted no remonstrance, and at once withdrew his request. The following resolution, passed by the Deputies of Guipuzcoa assembled at Tolosa

* Cronica de D. Enrique III., written by Don Pedro Lopez de Alaya, and corrected by Secretary Geronimo Zurita, ch. xiv.

† Garibay.—If found guilty, death was the penalty.

‡ Garibay.—I adhere not only to the general meaning, but, as nearly as possible, to the words of the resolutions quoted by Garibay. The style is antiquated, but may not on that account be unwelcome to the curious reader.

§ Garibay.

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on the day specified, is a striking proof of the consideration which the popular representatives had attained even at that early period, and of the weight and influence they possessed. They enacted, that if any inhabitant of Guipuzcoa be summoned by the King, or his Governor of Castille, on account of his refusal to pay the tribute, or on any similar ground, he should not obey the summons, but the Deputies of the town should go forth and inquire into the cause of the summons, and answer for him. The Guipuzcoan representatives had higher notions of their own importance in the fourteenth century than the Commons of England after the lapse of more than one hundred and fifty years from the period in question. Those Deputies were accustomed to give laws to their country, and arrange their internal affairs with moderation and firmness, at a time when the popular branch of the English legislature were told by their Sovereign that they were only brute folk and inexpert. Yet against the descendants of such men, and against their hereditary liberties, have we, their younger brothers in the art of government, waged a most indefensible war.

When Henry died his son and heir was a child, and the circumstances to which his minority gave birth carry on our chain of proof, distinctly mark the sense in which the treaty of union was interpreted at that time both by the people of Biscay and by the Court of Castille, prove clearly the extreme tenacity with which the Biscayans clung to their rights, and show that they were acknowledged in the amplest manner by the Spanish Court.

During the minority of the young Prince, afterwards Juan II., his mother Catalina and his uncle Don Fernando governed Castille, and, as Regents, called on the Biscayans to pay the contributions due to the Lord of Biscay; but they answered, with the conscious pride of freemen, that they would not accede to that request until their fueros and privileges had been confirmed by oath, and with all the usual forms.

Upon a second and more urgent application from the Regency, the Biscayan Parliament assembled under the tree of Guernica, and came to the following resolution:—

"That, although there was no precedent for payment of contribution to their lord until he had confirmed their fueros, and

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sworn to maintain the same, however, in consideration of his tender age, and that the Regent, his uncle, was in the war against the Moors, they would pay, on condition that the Queen mother would engage that, when the Regent, Don Fernando, should return from the war, he should go to Biscay and swear to maintain their privileges, as Tutor and Governor, and that when the King, Don Juan, their Lord, should become of age, he would do the same; if this arrangement were not agreed to, they would still suspend the usual contributions."*

It is not easy to adduce a stronger proof of the jealous affection entertained by the Biscayans for their provincial rights. They admitted no postponement in the legal confirmation of their liberties; they refused allegiance upon any other terms, and required from the *locum tenens* the same guarantees for the entire preservation of their privileges which they were accustomed to exact from the more permanent possessor of the throne.

Such was the course pursued by the Biscayans at this conjuncture; and it is worth observing that the Queen Regent, in her reply, neither stated nor insinuated that their demand was an encroachment on the authority of the Crown, or unsupported by the common law of the land. On the contrary, she took the following oath on the 14th of July, 1407:—

"I, the Queen mother, as Guardian and Regent of these kingdoms belonging to my son, swear, upon the Cross and upon the Holy Gospels, which I hold in my hands, to maintain to Biscay, to the towns and to the lowlands, to the nobles, to the citizens, and to the inhabitants therein, their fueros, usages, customs, privileges, rules and ordinances, franchises, liberties, gifts, immunities, and lands, according to the best and amplest manner in which they were confirmed to them in the time of Donna Constanza, and the other Kings and Lords of Biscay, from that time to the present day; and, in the name of the King and Lord, my son, as his guardian, I confirm the same."

It has been, I think, sufficiently proved that the Biscayans did not regard the compact entered into with the Crown of Castille at the time of the union as a vain formality, but rigidly insisted

* Garibay, lib. xvi. cap. xlvi.

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upon the exact observance of their rights as the only condition of their allegiance. They warned the third Henry in no courtly language, when he endeavoured to strain the prerogative; and the fate of the fourth monarch of that name displays in striking colours the just but inexorable sternness with which they avenged the first positive infraction of the compact between Lord and people.

King Juan died in 1454; and, in consequence, on the 4th of March in the ensuing year, a deputation went from Biscay to Segovia, and urged the new King to proceed without delay to Guernica, and take the usual oath under the tree. The King replied that the war then waging against the Andalusian Moors would prevent an immediate compliance with their request; he would, however, take the earliest opportunity of confirming their privileges at the appointed spot; and, to leave no doubt of his intentions, he immediately pledged his faith and royal word to maintain to Biscay all its fueros and privileges; and actually, in 1457, King Henry went to Biscay, and took the usual oaths.*

Not only did King Henry confirm the rights of the Biscayans, on two separate occasions, within the limited space of three years, but when they were alarmed, in 1470, by a rumour that the King had granted certain lands in Biscay to some minions of his court, conscious of the illegality of such an act, and before any direct remonstrance had been addressed to him, he issued a manifesto, in which he assured the Biscayans that he had neither granted the lands in question to any Castillians, nor had ever entertained the slightest intention of so doing.†

The royal declaration appeased his irritated subjects; but, prone to exceed his just prerogative, and forgetting the severe rebuke which his ancestor had received on a similar occasion, he addressed a pedido for money to his Guipuzcoan subjects, through his minister of finance, a Jew: a deputy, transported with rage at this apparent disposition to violate the privileges he had sworn to observe, gave way to the fierce passions so common at that time, and, drawing his sword, slew the encroaching minister on the spot.‡ When King Henry heard of the event, he sent

* Henao, lib. i. cap. 61. † Ibid., lib. ii. cap. 18.

‡ Mariana alludes briefly to the death of the Jew Gaon, and the attempt to exact the pedido which produced it.—Tom. ii. lib. xxiii. ch. 6. The circumstances of the murder are given at greater length by Garibay, lib. xvii.

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envoys to Tolosa, demanding the immediate surrender of the offending individual. To this demand the Guipuzcoans returned a positive refusal; stating that the act was committed in a lawful attempt to resist an illegal and treasonable proposition. Collecting their troops on the hills commanding the town, the citizens prepared to maintain, by force of arms, the spirited reply which they sent back to the King, and which I here insert, as characteristic of the determined spirit of the people:—

"The Basques are the representatives of the Iberian nation. For Spanish freedom they lavished their blood against Carthage, against the Romans, and against the Goths. They restored Spain by expelling the Moors, who had conquered it from the barbarians. The struggles of the Basques against the Caliphs of the West lasted for more than six centuries. The little country of Castille scarcely existed when our nation, dwelling in the Pyrenean Mountains, counted many centuries of glory and enterprise!

"In acknowledgment of the services which we have rendered to Castille, we claim to be allowed peaceably to enjoy our laws and liberties, the inheritance which our ancestors preserved to us at the expense of so much blood and so many glorious labours. If, however, the Castillians behave ungratefully and unjustly towards us, they shall learn, at their own cost, who were, and still are, their masters in the art of war, and their mountain liberators.

"As regards the pedido unjustly demanded of us, and as touching the death of the Jew, know that the intrepid Guipuzcoan who killed the publican deserved well of his country. Tell this to King Henry! Return, and bid him remember that one of the fundamental laws of our people runs thus:—We ordain that if any one, whether native or foreigner, should coerce any man, woman, people, village, or town of Guipuzcoa, by virtue of a mandate from our Lord the King of Castille, which has not been previously agreed to and sanctioned by the general assembly, or whosoever violates our rights, laws, charters, and privileges, shall be disobeyed, and, if he persists, killed."

Such was the proud and patriotic spirit which animated the

ch. 9; and an old Biscayan manuscript enters still more fully into the details of the transaction, and the events which followed it.

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Basques. The King followed the example of his ancestor in withdrawing, as he had foolishly imitated his conduct in proposing, the pedido. He bowed before the storm; but, too dishonest to abstain from encroachments which he had not the power to complete, he renewed the attempt which he had solemnly disclaimed to grant certain lands in Biscay to some Castillian favourites.* When this resolution of the King was known in Biscay, a national assembly was held at Guernica, and there, under their cherished tree, they came to the memorable resolution that their Lord had forfeited his right to the lordship by a deliberate infraction of their fueros, and, in consequence, determined to transfer their allegiance from King Henry to his sister, the Princess Donna Isabella, afterwards so famous in the annals of Spain, and at that time next in succession to the lordship, the presumptive heiress to the throne of Castille; provided she would swear to maintain their privileges, and on this condition only. In conformity with this resolution, they sent to Castille Don Lope de Quincozes, a Biscayan of high consideration, with full power to acquaint the Princess with their decision, and offer her the vacant throne upon the terms already stated. To those terms she subscribed at Segovia, on the 14th of July, 1473; and the faithless Lord of Biscay was dispossessed of his lordship.†

A revolution was thus effected in the succession, not after the fashion of those days, by bloodshed and force of arms, but with a calmness, a moderation, and an attention to legal and constitutional forms, unparalleled among the warriors and statesmen of that rough-dealing time, and which appeared almost incomprehensible to the age in which it occurred. When the feeble despot heard the astounding intelligence of his own deposition, so peaceably yet so completely effected, he was seized with an unavailing repentance: he implored the Biscayan Parliament to rescind their resolution, and restore him to his lost authority, offering to grant them more extensive privileges than they had ever yet possessed under his ancestors;‡ but the wise Biscayans refused to negotiate with a Prince who had been false to his oath, and had violated a solemn compact with his people. The

* Zurita, Annales de Aragon, lib. xviii. cap. 61.
† Garibay, xvii. cap. 28. Lopez de Azala.
‡ Zurita, cap. 61.

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King of France interposed, but his mediation was firmly refused;* and a Castillian army sent into Biscay to enforce obedience to King Henry's will experienced the same success which has characterised the military operations of the present Queen of Spain, exerted at an interval of three centuries and a half, on the same theatre of action, and for nearly similar objects.†

I will now insert the oath taken by the Princess Isabella in the presence of Don Lope de Quincozes, the Biscayan envoy; and to this I must particularly direct the attention of my readers, principally from its great constitutional importance, as renewing a solemn compact between the Crown of Castille and its Biscayan subjects; and in some degree from the wild and chivalrous and almost mystical character which breathes in every line—a character pervading the early annals of Spain, and which still tinges the manners and lingers in the hearts of her people in some secluded districts of the kingdom:—

"I, as Princess and Lady of the said towns, lowlands, and lordship of Biscay, with all places adjoining and adhering to the same,—I bind myself once, twice, and thrice—once, twice, and thrice—once, twice, and thrice, according to the fuero and custom of Spain, on the hands of Gomez Manriquez, Knight, Man, and Noble, who receives this my homage: and I swear to our Lord God, to the Holy Virgin Mary, and on the sign of the Cross ✠, which, corporally, I touch with my right hand, and on the words of the Holy Gospels, in whatsoever place they may be, to maintain firm, good, valid, and binding, now, and for all time to come, the said privileges, general and special, fueros, usages and customs, franchises and liberties, of the said towns and lowlands of the said county and lordship of Biscay, and of all places adjoining and adhering to the same."‡

When, upon the death of Henry IV., King Ferdinand of Aragon, and his consort the famous Isabella, succeeded to the throne of Castille, King Ferdinand, although engrossed by his Spanish and Italian wars, proceeded immediately to Biscay, attended the Biscayan Parliament, and swore not only to main-

* Zurita, cap. 61. Annales de Aragon.

† Garibay, lib. xvii. Mariana, lib. xxiii. Navarro, cap. 29. Henao, lib. ii. cap. 18.

‡ Cuerpo del Fuero de Biscaya, folio 282.

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tain their fueros and privileges generally, but granted them new liberties, and specially engaged that he would never alienate, upon any pretext, the smallest portion of the land of the lordship of Biscay. And we are told by the old chroniclers, whose description of the events of the time is so full of striking and picturesque detail, that, "immediately after the King our Lord had taken the oath, on the said day, the 30th of July, 1476, the King our Lord went out of the church, and under the tree of Guernica, which is near the said church, his Majesty sat on a chair of stone, which is under the said tree, covered with royal pomp of gold brocade; and the said Corregidor, and the Alcaldes del Fuero, and the Prelate of the church, and the Procuradores, and the Deputies Emanes, and the Knights, and the Esquires, and the Hidalgos before mentioned spoke out, and said for themselves who were present, and for those who were absent, that they received him as the King of Castille and Leon, and as Lord of Biscay."*

Unlike her present Majesty of Spain, Queen Isabella regarded the privileges of her Basque subjects with such profound respect, that, although she had sworn at Segovia to maintain their rights in the presence of the Biscayan envoy; although her consort Ferdinand had subsequently confirmed, and even extended, their privileges; still that just and politic Princess proceeded to the Basque States in 1483, and again confirmed their rights, not once but repeatedly, in the church of Guernica, under the tree of Guernica, and in every large town of Biscay, Guipuzcoa, and Alava.†

Some years afterwards the Biscayan Parliament determined that many laws and ordinances were still remaining on the book of the Fueros which, in consequence of the lapse of time and change of manners, had become inapplicable to the state of society as it then existed. Under that impression they introduced considerable changes into the legislation of the day, and at the accession of Charles V. presented the reformed code for his approbation. He confirmed the book of Fueros, thus amended, without scruple or hesitation, as well as the privileges, and franchises, and liberties of the said lordship, and lowlands, and towns, and cities (so the act of confirmation runs), in the same way and

* Recopilacion de los Fueros de Biscaya, folio 298.

† Henao, lib. i. cap. 61.

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manner as they were confirmed and approved by the Catholic Kings, our Lord's father and grandfather. Dated June 7th, 1527.*

Even Charles V., the greatest monarch of his age, only assumed, in the height of his pride and power, the modest title of Lord of Biscay. The wisdom of the policy pursued towards the Basques by Ferdinand and Isabella became very conspicuous in the time of that sovereign. When, in the early part of his reign, Valladolid, Segovia, Toledo, and almost all the great towns of the kingdom had openly joined the popular league, and the armies of the commons were making head against his authority, the Basques, guaranteed in the undisturbed possession of their ancient laws and liberties, remained perfectly loyal, and were publicly thanked by that monarch, not only for the peace and order preserved in their country, but for the faith and loyalty of their conduct during that trying conjuncture. If Charles V. at his accession to the throne had encroached upon the liberties of the Basques, they would most unquestionably have joined the popular league, and the issue of that great struggle might have been wholly different; so true it is that in public as in private life the most upright is generally the safest policy.

From the time of Charles V. to the present time the Spanish Sovereigns have successively, and without a single exception, confirmed the privileges of the Basques, whose lofty and independent spirit did not decline with the age of chivalry, but continued to burn with as pure and bright a flame in later times, and amid surrounding despotism.

When Philip V., in 1718, opposed the pretensions of the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, and unnecessarily provoked hostilities with that kingdom, the Biscayans came forward to assist the Crown with their characteristic loyalty and spirit. The Spanish army experienced some reverses; an unworthy influence prevailed at Madrid; and the timid monarch, who had urged his subjects into a war with France, recoiled from the tempest he had raised, and left the Guipuzcoans exposed to the undivided hostility of their powerful enemy. When they found themselves absolutely abandoned by the Court, at whose instigation and in whose behalf they had taken up arms, and when they

* Libro del Fuero, folio 301.

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saw their territory wasted and their cities given up to a licentious soldiery, a deep and universal indignation pervaded the province, and Deputies were returned from every part of Guipuzcoa to the general Junta, solemnly pledged to bring forward and support a measure for the immediate repeal of the union between Guipuzcoa and Castille; and, actually, it was proposed and carried in the Guipuzcoan Parliament, that, in consequence of the unjustifiable conduct of the Spanish Court, the union should be repealed and the allegiance of the province transferred to France; but on this condition only, that the French monarch should swear to maintain their rights and privileges in all their integrity. The offer was actually made to France, but not accepted, and the matter dropped in consequence.

After the conclusion of the war the popular exasperation subsided, and the mild and cautious policy which the Spanish Government pursued at that critical conjuncture succeeded in restoring to the Crown the lost affections of the provinces.

Such were the proceedings of the Basques in the last century; and yet, in the face of these facts, we are called upon to believe that men who so recently exercised the rights of a free people and an independent state are now entitled to no privileges but such as a bankrupt Government at Madrid may please to confer upon them! Strictly speaking, every King of Spain is still bound to repair in person to Guernica on his accession to the throne, and swear under the tree to preserve their privileges; but the Basques, contented with the substance, have of late years dispensed with the form of attendance: that form, however, has not been annulled, or even disputed, but only evaded; for when the Biscayan privileges are confirmed by the Spanish Sovereigns at Madrid, the royal journey to the Basque States is announced, but invariably postponed, on the plea of pressing business, to a day that never arrives.

And now I have led my reader down the stream of time, and have described the gradual formation of a constitutional system of government, little known, indeed, but, in point of interest, without a parallel in the history of the world, if we consider the noble and engaging character of the people among whom it was established, the length of time it has existed, the extent of freedom it has secured, and the excellence which it attained in an

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immature and half-civilized age. The soundest principles of government were thoroughly appreciated and successfully carried into effect by the isolated Biscayans at a time when the elements of civil liberty were scarcely understood in other parts of Europe.

Time and experience have unquestionably improved the science of government; its machinery rolls on lighter wheels, but the great political maxims to which the old Biscayans adhered have been confirmed and diffused by the ripening wisdom of mankind; and I may safely say that there is no great principle of law and liberty engrafted upon our own constitution in later times which may not be found embodied in their early code.

The cant of liberty and the jargon of political economy were not for ever on their lips, but a heartfelt love of freedom was the mainspring of every thought and action; and all that is of practical value to the happiness of individuals and to the welfare of the state was comprehended by the Basques and steadily enforced. At a time when religious toleration in Great Britain was rather the Utopia of a few benevolent minds than an admitted principle of government, and when every human energy was depressed by the iron yoke of the Inquisition in other parts of Spain, this institution was unknown to the Basque provinces, and indeed was never suffered to pollute that land of freedom. A tradition still exists, that, when the agents of that dreadful tribunal went from Castille on a message to the Biscayans to recommend that institution to their adoption, they were met by the Deputies on the very frontier of the state, and sternly told, "So far, no farther shalt thou go." In short, the more carefully we examine the old Biscayan records, the more we shall be inclined to feel that the Basques have had no superiors in the race of civil and religious liberty.

And now let us pause for a moment and see the conclusion to which we are irresistibly led by a calm consideration of the events already enumerated. A compact appears to have been concluded in very remote times between the Biscayans and their elected Lords, in which the provincial privileges were insisted on as the sole condition of their allegiance. Doubts have, I know, been cast upon the events of that distant period; doubts which, I think, are not borne out by the notices of the time; but we can easily afford the Crown lawyers of Spain the benefit

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arising from the darkness and general uncertainty of that epoch. Sufficient light is shed upon the transactions of a later period to answer every practical purpose.

When the Crowns of Castille and Biscay were united, we find the Biscayans insisting upon the full recognition of their privileges as the price of their consent to that measure, granting to their new master, the Sovereign of Castille, the title of Lord, but refusing him that of King, as far as Biscay was concerned; that he might keep in mind the terms upon which he was received, and the engagement by which he was bound.

We find the first Castillian Lord of Biscay journeying to that country at the requisition of his Biscayan subjects, as soon as he had attained the legal age, and solemnly swearing to preserve their rights. We find him, at a subsequent period of his reign, publicly adverting to his oath as that which should regulate his conduct as their ruler, and during a reign of twenty years adhering strictly to the letter of his engagements; we find his son and heir taking the same oath at the legal age; we find the Biscayans, in the reign of his infant grandson, refusing to pay their usual contributions to the Regency, stating that there was no precedent for payment of contribution to their Lord until he had confirmed their fueros, and sworn to maintain the same; and only yielding to the repeated applications of the Regency on the solemn promise that the young Prince should take the oath at the earliest period practicable, and that the Regent should proceed to Biscay, and swear to observe their rights during the intervening time.

We afterwards see a King of Castille swearing to respect, but violating, those privileges; we find the crime and the punishment following in close succession; we see him legally dispossessed of Biscay by the Biscayan Parliament, and the territory transferred by a vote of that assembly to his sister, the next in succession; and we see the offer accepted by that Princess, upon the express condition of maintaining in perpetuity, and in their fullest sense, the existing rights of Biscay.

The progressive history of the time shows us her husband, King Ferdinand, soon afterwards, not only confirming but extending these rights; and the Biscayan Parliament, in the reign of his successor, exercising their legislative functions on

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the most delicate and important matters, and coming to a solemn decision that the ancient laws of Biscay were defective, and required reform. We discover that, in pursuance of this resolution, their code of laws was re-arranged, and, to a great extent, remodelled, by a Biscayan commission, acting under the immediate control of a Biscayan Parliament; that, so amended, it was presented to Charles V. for his approbation; that it received the assent of that monarch; that it was printed, and ever since that time has formed a regular and written Constitution, which has been invariably confirmed by the succeeding Kings of Spain.

Did human laws ever rest upon a more legitimate basis? Were the liberties of freemen ever "bequeathed from sire to son" in such unbroken succession, or maintained with such determination for so great a length of time? Every incident in the origin and progress of the Biscayan Constitution that could make engagement sacred, or give confidence and stability to transactions between public bodies, has combined to give a character of legal and established right to the liberties of that nation.

Here is prescription in its most venerable shape for the lovers of antiquity; here is a revolutionary title for the friends of the sovereignty of the people;* here are privileges confirmed over and over again by the monarch, and asserted by the people with unvarying energy and success in every age and under every variety of circumstance. In whatever light, according to whatever political bias, men may please to consider the question, to this conclusion fair-judging persons must arrive—that, if solemn and repeated confirmation, if the most remote prescription can avail to make any title indisputably good, the privileges of the Biscayans are unassailable in principle, and cannot, therefore, with the faintest semblance of justice, be abolished, or even modified, without their own consent, expressed by their own assemblies.

The occasional attempts at encroachment are but additional proofs of the reality and extent of those privileges; for every encroachment, from the thirteenth century down to the present period, has been repelled by the Biscayans, and every repulse has ultimately been acquiesced in by the encroaching party.

* The transference of the crown from Henry IV. to his sister Isabella.

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To believe that a free people, paying fealty to a sovereign despotic in the rest of his dominions, should not, during the lapse of centuries, have been exposed to some aggression upon their liberties, is to suppose that which never yet existed in the annals of limited monarchy,—it is to suppose that, where two conflicting interests are confronted, no collision will ever arise; that Sovereigns in Spain are exempt from the passions incident to the human mind in other countries,—in short, that it is not in the nature of power to oppress, or of prerogative to encroach. But we have seen the ineffectual efforts of every Prince who trod that crooked path in the early days of the Basque connexion with Spain, and similar attempts in recent times have been equally conspicuous for their failure.

Philip III. endeavoured to introduce into Biscay some changes at variance with their privileges, but he soon became sensible of his indiscretion, he retracted his orders, confessed his error, and stated in a public manifesto that he had been wrongfully advised.*

An attempt was made in Alava, in the commencement of the last century, to enforce the royal orders without previously submitting them, as the law required, to the popular Authorities of the province. This encroachment on the Alavese liberties appears to have originated with one of the Ministers of the Crown, but was speedily arrested by a royal injunction, countersigned by Don Joseph Nicholas de Castro, and bearing date the 6th of August, 1703. It ordered that "all warrants addressed to the Judges of the Commission, or to other persons in the province of Alava, shall be first presented to their Junta, or submitted to the Diputado-General, to ascertain whether they contain anything contrary to the fueros' laws and privileges, and, if those privileges should be in any degree affected by its contents, such warrants shall be obeyed but not carried into effect."

In the year 1742 an Alcalde of Fontarabia made a similar attempt to violate the Guipuzcoan privileges, and also endeavoured to carry into effect a royal order transmitted to him through Don Joseph del Campillo, the Minister of that day, without having previously submitted it to the provincial depu-

* Recopilacion de Fueros, folio 301. This manifesto is dated Valladolid, May 24th, 1601.

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tation. Guipuzcoa was thrown into the greatest ferment by this departure from the law and usage of the land, but was appeased by a royal order rebuking the Alcalde, and commanding that officer to submit to the proceedings instituted against him by the deputation, and appear before their jurisdiction, as an atonement for the outrage he had so wantonly committed. The Royal order is inserted in the notes.

In 1804 Godoy (the nicknamed Prince of Peace) sent a quantity of stamps into Biscay, insisting on their use in aid of the general revenue. The Deputies met, denounced the act as an infringement of their liberties, and declared that the innovation was contrary to the laws of Biscay, and could not be allowed. The Government threatened; but the Deputies, supported by the sympathy of an unanimous people, persevered in their refusal, and, in consequence, the obnoxious stamps were delivered to the common hangman, and burnt under the tree of Guernica.

This contemptuous defiance of the Spanish Government by the patriots in the defence of their lawful privileges produced much irritation at Madrid, but the Biscayans carried their point, and the right they claimed was tacitly but fully admitted by the baffled Ministry. The attempt was not renewed. Stamps were still, as before, effectually excluded from Biscay; and when any warrant issues from a superior court, the order for execution in Biscay is always made out on plain, unstamped paper.

The last time, before the Queen's accession, that the Spanish Government contemplated any infringement of the liberties of the Basques, was in King Ferdinand's reign; and the circumstances connected with this intention are extremely curious, as solving an apparent contradiction in the feelings of the parties engaged in the present struggle, and showing the principal cause of the popularity enjoyed by Don Carlos in the north of Spain. It is sometimes said in England that, if the Basques were really struggling for their liberties, they would scarcely rally with such passionate zeal round the standard of a prince known to entertain opinions of a strongly monarchical character. The fact may appear singular to men unacquainted with the recent history of the Court of Madrid. At one period of Ferdinand's reign, a profligate Minister, anxious to ingratiate himself with

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the Court by excess of servility, concocted a scheme to abridge materially, if not entirely to suppress, the liberties of the Basques, and submitted the plan to the Council of State, over which Don Carlos then presided. The minister dwelt upon the possibility of extracting a larger revenue from the Basques, upon the expediency of extinguishing a spirit of independence so dangerous from the example it held out, and strongly urged the policy of reducing all the provinces of Spain to the level of a common servitude, and of thus at once extending and securing the absolute prerogative of the Crown. In consequence of this proposal, the question of the Basque privileges underwent a protracted investigation; the case was argued before the Council in detail, and considered in all its legal and constitutional bearings. During the progress of this inquiry, Don Carlos, acting less as the Prince than as the friend of the people, took ample care that the Biscayan advocates should not be deprived of any fair advantage; and when the inquiry was brought to an issue, he rose and stated that the ministerial scheme involved a manifest breach of the compact solemnly entered into between the Crown of Spain and the people of the free provinces; that good, if indeed any good could eventually result from such a measure, was not to be obtained by a positive violation of faith; that the Crown was bound to respect the established rights of the meanest subject of the realm; that such a conspiracy against their privileges was not to be endured; and that the proposition itself was an insult to Castillian honour.

Don Carlos may have prejudices connected with the royal authority in common with his countrymen; but that refusal to enter into an unprincipled scheme, though possibly advantageous to the prerogative, showed a man upon whose word, once given, a nation can rely. There spoke the same resolute and honest spirit which, when in France and captive, declined to treat with his imperial oppressor on any but on equal terms; the man who, while his brother meanly consented to abandon the Crown of his ancestors, and the people nobly struggling for that crown, refused to give up his birthright, or to forfeit his eventual title, by any voluntary act, saying that he was born a Prince of Spain, and would maintain his just rights to the last hour of his life.

But, with respect to the ministerial scheme for the suppression

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of the privileges, the vigorous condemnation pronounced by Don Carlos had an electrical effect on the Council, and the worthless project expired in its birth.

The project, indeed, expired, but gave rise to results unexpected by the projector. The honourable part which Don Carlos had taken in the Council, on a question of such vital interest to the Biscayans, was quickly known in Biscay; and from that moment he became the undivided object of their enthusiasm; the centre of their hopes; the idol of their affections; and, in his person, they now revere the representative of their ancient Sovereigns, and the guardian of their actual liberties; and, when they raise the war-cry for that Prince, the loyalty and the liberties of Biscay seem identified in their eyes, and are indissolubly bound up in the magic of his name.

And well, indeed, might the inhabitants of the privileged provinces love the Prince who loved and respected their privileges. The effect of those rights is perceptible not only in the demeanour of the people, but in the general aspect of their districts: a traveller, entering the Basque provinces by the Castillian frontier, is impressed by the great and sudden improvement visible in the appearance of the population, in their dress, in their agriculture, in their very beasts of burden; their cottages are neat and sometimes beautifully ornamented, and a general air of comfort pervades their districts. Entering Navarre on the side of Aragon, he is equally struck with indications of increased prosperity, and is agreeably surprised by the extreme improvement of the roads, which are scarcely passable till he reaches the frontier of Navarre, but are afterwards broad, smooth, and kept in the highest order.

These are but the external symptoms of the real difference which prevails between the internal arrangements of the privileged provinces and those which have no especial rights; taxation for local purposes is really applied in the privileged states to the objects for which it is nominally raised. No individual or body of men can there embezzle any portion of the public money, which is guarded with a jealous eye, and dispensed with a judicious hand; and if those provinces derived solid benefits from the possession of these privileges, the ancient government was no sufferer by their existence. No district of the kingdom possessing an equal population contributed more largely than

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Biscay to the support of the Crown: this province maintained and officered, at its own expense, alike in peace or in war, an army of 14,000 men, kept in complete repair no less than three-and-twenty forts, providing artillery, ammunition, and men, and in periods of invasion sent forth a host of independent guerillas. In times of unusual peril they voluntarily made unusual exertions: in 1793 they sent 8000 men to divert the attack from the royal army; and when the lines were forced by the invading French, they raised, without a sordid scruple or a dissentient voice, an additional body of 16,000 men, and defended the frontiers, and for a time repulsed the enemy with all the characteristic courage and constancy of their country.

I will not fatigue my reader with any detailed instances of the existence, in recent times, of the Navarrese rights. These rights were great indeed; these powers, more extensive, in some respects, than those possessed by the British Legislature, were actually wielded by the Cortes of Navarre, as proved by the admission of the Spanish Cortes of 1812, an assembly wedded to the system of provincial uniformity, and hostile to provincial distinctions. The privilege of suspending the promulgation of a law, after it had received the sanction of the Crown, was actually exercised by the Cortes of Navarre in 1817. By the old constitution of Navarre, when the States General of the province had determined upon a bill, which is called in Navarre the demand of a law, the King either approves or rejects it; but, even after it has received the royal approval, the Cortes of Navarre can re-examine it, and at last absolutely forbid its promulgation and enrolment, should it appear contrary to the public interest.

The Basques and the Navarrese, separated from each other, it is true, by a striking diversity of tastes and habits, are yet united by an equal attachment to their privileges and to their Prince. The Biscayan, delighting in varied enterprise, fond of agricultural, but no less attached to commercial pursuits, as much at home on the ocean as on his native hills, will frequently leave his country in the morning of life to advance his fortunes in other states, and sometimes in another hemisphere; but, unlike the adventurous spirits of France and England, his original impressions are little weakened by a greater intercourse with the world, and the laws, the liberties, and the traditions of his country cling to him in whatever part of the globe he may be found; in

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short, his affections seldom take root in the scene of his active speculations, but are centered in that distant home which he only leaves to revisit after years of successful enterprise, there to spend the remainder of his life in competence and comfort. The Navarrese, on the contrary, animated not perhaps by a greater but by a different kind of affection for his country, adheres with tenacity to the soil of his birth; he is usually addicted almost exclusively to agricultural pursuits; no prospect of advantage or promotion can, generally speaking, induce him to abandon, even for a time, the home of his fathers.

I have heard, even from their wild guerilla chieftains when in arms, the most touching expressions of affection for their altars and their hearths. The Navarrese is ready to make any sacrifices and incur any danger, if those sacrifices are to be made, and that danger incurred, upon his native soil; but if compelled to pass the limits of his beloved province, his energies too often desert him, and he sometimes seems deprived of half his strength. To such an extent is this overpowering attachment to their country carried in Navarre, that, when Guerge marched into Catalonia, at the head of a Navarrese force, to assist the Carlist insurgents, although his troops were quartered in a country far more abundant than their own, were well received by the inhabitants, and were moreover crowned with success in the field, he was prevailed upon by their entreaties and prayers to lead them back to Navarre, and there, under the inspiration of their native sky, they were surpassed by none in courage and devotion to the cause.

And now I have told my tale. This review of the state of Biscay was written, as I have previously observed, when the Biscayan war was still in active operation. This statement was published at a time when I entertained some hopes of a happier issue, with fear, however, preponderating over hope; it is now republished, when hope, alas! has merged into certainty. Still the coming generation may ask what were the far-famed fueros of Biscay; and it may not be uninteresting or useless to receive, from the pen of one who knew and loved that people in their better day, some brief account of those peculiar privileges which constituted their pride and happiness from the dawn of their political existence to their late shameful overthrow.

NOTES.

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NOTES.

"After the counter-revolution in 1823 the convents were restored, but have been finally suppressed under the Christino Government. The cruelties exercised on the unhappy monks upon this occasion are horrible to think of." —P. 22.

I WILL briefly communicate, for the information of readers who take an interest in the administration of Church matters, a few of the decrees levelled by the Christino government against the conventual establishments, and notice some of the barbarities exercised upon the unhappy monks at this time.

Upon one occasion, I think in 1834, a mob collected before the convent of the Jesuits at Madrid, in the street of Toledo, the doors of the edifice were forced open, and a massacre of the monks ensued. On the same evening the head convent of the Franciscans was attacked. They defended themselves for a long time with the most heroic courage; but the convent was at length taken, and no less than forty of its inmates were deliberately butchered. Yet several battalions of the Queen's army were present, and saw the carnage without emotion; not a man stepped forward in their defence, and not an officer of that degraded force exerted himself to save those victims of the popular rage. Yet to these monks no political crime had been imputed, and against them no political accusation had been raised. On the same evening the convent of the Dominicans, the convent of the Carmelites, and many other monasteries were destroyed, although the armed force in Madrid might have easily suppressed the tumult. These striking displays of liberal energy were imitated in the provinces, and repeated with still greater success. The indignation felt by the ministers of foreign powers had compelled the Spanish Government to take some notice of crimes which had dyed the streets of the capital with the blood of innocent men; but in the provinces these acts were renewed by the Liberals under the encouraging eye of the constituted authorities. The result of these proceedings was obvious. Forbidden to keep arms for their own defence, and unprotected by the natural guardians of the law, the monks were compelled, under the hourly dread of assassination, to desert their once peaceful halls and well-cultivated fields, too fortunate if, in that hour of persecu-

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tion, they could obtain from a compassionate and still revering peasantry some portion of that sustenance which they in more prosperous times had never denied to the poor and the suppliant; and happy, too happy, if under the wretched roof of some lowly but sincere adherent of the faith they could at once conceal their miseries and their proscribed persons from the dangerous observation of their enemies.

The convents, in consequence, became in many places reluctantly deserted by their lawful tenants, who did not venture to remain; upon which the Government quietly seized upon their lands and upon all their effects, in virtue of a decree which, in a spirit prophetic of coming events, they had lately promulgated, "that, if any ecclesiastics should quit the kingdom without licence, possession should be taken of their temporalities," with this monstrous addition, "that no other proof of the flight of the ecclesiastic from the kingdom was requisite than public report."

As the endangered monks necessarily sought concealment, public report was a creature wholly at the command of the liberal inquisitor, and that monk was often declared a voluntary exile from his native land who was perhaps at the very moment pining in the last state of indigence within the limits of his former territory. The Government first decreed "that any ecclesiastics who had left the kingdom," for which no proof but flight was requisite, "should by that act have forfeited their property;" and then, by excluding them from the protection of the law, the Government rendered flight almost inevitable, and thus brought them within range of the confiscating edict. By this subtle and iniquitous policy they succeeded, at least to a great extent, in gratifying the animosity of the Liberals by the destruction of the monastic establishments, without alarming the great European powers by an act of manifest spoliation.

But among the Spanish monks there were men not only intrepid in the faith, but stanch in the defence of their legal rights—men who would not be induced by the murder of their companions, and by their own imminent peril, to desert their ancient halls. Against these obstinate proprietors another process was adopted. The Government had decreed "that any ecclesiastic who should be guilty of providing the rebels with arms, money, &c., of receiving them, inducing persons to join them, or exciting movements or sedition, should have their temporalities confiscated," &c. &c.

To the letter of that decree no objection could be fairly raised, if it had been carried into effect with fairness; but when men were summoned to rebut charges so easily made, so difficult to be disproved, of so vague a description, and before individuals predetermined to effect their ruin, the deposition of a discarded menial was proof sufficient to decide

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their fate: the vaguest hearsay allegation from a liberal opponent was an excess of testimony; and, although property was at stake,—property dear to freemen as their lives,—not only the spirit of justice, but the very form of a trial, was declared by a Constitutional Government to be unnecessary in their case; and the confiscation of all their effects was only preceded by a short investigation before a local functionary, whose decision might be pronounced with certainty before the examination commenced. Justice was then declared in pompous terms to be satisfied, and no further measures to be requisite.

By such iniquitous means the Spanish monks, who had sacrificed all other and better prospects to their profession, became in many instances deprived not only of a comfortable provision for life, but of the means of subsistence, frequently by an unjust sentence, upon an ill-supported accusation, and sometimes in the evening of life; yet these were men to whom the people had long looked up with reverence, and now regard as martyrs.

Since that period the open march of revolution has dispensed with the assistance of collusive measures; the convents have, with few exceptions, been suppressed by a general edict; and, although the exiled monks were promised a paltry pension, as some compensation for the easy competence which they had again enjoyed during the restoration of the old Government, even that inadequate allowance was so ill secured, was practically so limited by conditions, and so irregularly paid, that these poor pensioners have been reduced to a condition of the lowest misery, and many of them, as in 1820, have perished from actual starvation.

I do not know whether any faith has been kept with the survivors. Narvaez, in his former administration, showed himself far more sensible to the claims of justice, where the Church and its members were concerned, than any other minister whom the revolution has produced. Espartero, the favourite of the English nation, did not even understand the meaning of that word when Church questions were agitated.

"The restoration of the Inquisition, altered and improved so as to meet the improved spirit and the more humane policy of the present day, might have been a proceeding neither unwise nor unpopular."—P. 95.

I have been censured for this expression of opinion, although I had conceived that, with the stated limitation, it could have been open to no objection. It cannot be supposed that I am friendly to the spirit of such an institution; but every man acquainted with the real state of parties in Spain must be aware that an official manifesto, at any period of the recent struggle, announcing the intention of Don Carlos to abolish that tribunal, would probably have been attended with results highly

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prejudicial to the royal cause. That institution is still deeply rooted in the prejudices, if not in the affections, of the peasantry. Over their heads its thunders rolled almost innocuous, even in those days when the despotism of the papal power was most uncontrolled; and during the last five-and-twenty years its depression has been invariably accompanied by the desecration of their altars, the persecution of their priests, and the destruction of every ancient and religious institution, and is therefore associated in their minds by the ascendancy of revolution in its worst shape. A formal abolition of this tribunal would probably have given rise to great misapprehension of the motives of Don Carlos among that valuable class which so long wielded in his favour the physical force of the country, and might therefore have been most impolitic. Whether or not it might have been desirable to have preserved the Inquisition nominally, divesting it of all that was objectionable, might have been a fair question for the consideration of a statesman. That it was not the intention of Don Carlos or of his advisers to have perpetuated the abuses of that tribunal is manifest from the following extracts from a correspondence which I have seen, and of which I can guarantee the authenticity.

Extract from a letter of Joaquim, Bishop of Leon :—

"With respect to the Inquisition, the manifesto should state in explicit terms that, for the better regulation of the Church of Spain and its dependencies, it has been found necessary to re-establish the old Councils of Toledo, which, during the number of years that the Church was exclusively governed by them, shed so much lustre on it. You know as well as I do that the said Councils are much anterior to the establishment of the Inquisition, and that by the fact of calling them together the Inquisition will be quietly abolished."

To make this clear, I will only state that the Councils of Toledo possess little more authority than that possessed by our Ecclesiastical Courts, and their decisions cannot take effect without the previous sanction of the Crown.

Extract from a letter of Don Carlos to the Bishop in 1835:—

"You know, my dear Bishop, the rectitude of my intentions and my sentiments on this subject, the abolition of the Inquisition, and that they are the same as those which you express in your letter. It is true I am an enemy to manifestos, because I only wish to do what is right, and to secure the happiness of my countrymen, which must ever be my main desire. Now a manifesto, besides that it raises expectations which one may never be able to realize—a thing which I detest above all others—must either be strung together with high-sounding promises and phrases intended to hallucinate and deceive, or *it must too openly expose the intentions one really has of doing good to one's country to be prudent.* Nevertheless, if

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you still judge it necessary and useful, I am still ready to publish the manifesto you advise; but, in that case, I pray you to put it together for me, because, so high is the opinion I entertain of your wisdom, and the love and interest you bear me, that then I shall remain satisfied that it will be done as it ought.

(Signed) "CARLOS."

Dated, Tolosa, Nov. 10, 1835.

I have stated that the Inquisition did not prevail in Biscay. In point of form, the agents of that tribunal could not act openly in those provinces from the nature of their laws. In point of practice, it appears from Zamacola an infinite number of Protestant families escaped from France after the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew, and found a secure asylum in Biscay, where they were protected and kindly received. And yet this generous conduct observed towards the unfortunate exiles might have entailed on the Biscayans the resentment of the Court of France, and was sure to excite the displeasure of the Spanish Government; for it must be remembered that this toleration was shown by them during the reign of Philip II., the most powerful prince that ever swayed the sceptre of Spain, at a time when *autos da fè* were of frequent occurrence in other parts of his dominions, and when foreigners as well as natives were brought to the stake.

NOTES TO THE REVIEW OF THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL STATE OF BISCAY.

[In these Notes I have inserted some of the old proclamations and public papers to which I have alluded in the historical chapter of my work (p. 316), and on which I have in some degree founded my argument. I have also annexed a literal translation of those documents which appeared to be most interesting or most essential to the points which of late years have been brought under discussion.]

THE Basques, Vasques, or Guasques, have been at all times a most remarkable people, and to this day speak a language of their own, entirely different from that made use of in other parts of Spain, with which indeed it bears no kind of analogy. It appears, from various sources, that the highland districts of Biscay, Alava, and Guipuzcoa were never subdued by the Romans, invincible on every other soil. For this reason we cannot discover, in those parts of the Basque provinces, any traces of the language and the laws, the customs or the religion, of those masters of the world. Towards the close of the Neustrian empire, the

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Basques were celebrated for their military achievements, and overran and subjected, though they did not long retain, a large portion of France.* Gascony tells its own tale, and is evidently a legacy bequeathed by the Basques or Guasques, as they were then indiscriminately called. The Mahometan invaders were not more successful in their efforts against these highlanders of the north of Spain; among their rocks, for centuries, the persecuted faith of Christ found a secure asylum, when, except in the Asturias, the Crescent had almost everywhere in Spain replaced the Cross. From these wild fastnesses the tide of Christianity, that had ebbed so low, was destined to flow back over its lost domain, in a course of gradual and progressive triumph, till it had again no limits but the sea.

Don Rodrigo Toledano observes,—"Saraceni totam Hispaniam occupaverunt gentes Gothicæ fortitudine jam contrita nec alicubi resistente, ecceptis paucis reliquiis, quæ in montanis Asturiarum, Viscagiæ et Alavæ, Guipuzcoæ, Ruconiæ, et Aragoniæ remanserant, quas ideo Dominus reservavit ne lucerna Sanctorum in Hispanis coram Domino extingueretur."—*Rodrigo Toledano*, lib. iv. cap. 1.

"En las partes de los Pirineos, que están mas á la mar mayor y los contornos de estos lugares, que descienden en Guipuzcoa, y costeando el mar se estienden por Alaba y Bizcaya, quedaron los Christianos tan exemptos de los Moros como primero lo fueron de los Romanos."—*Bueter*, lib. i. cap. 30.

"Otra parte se encerró en los montes Pirineos en sus cumbres y aspereza dó moran los Vizcaynos y los Navarros. Estos confiados en la fortaleza y fragura de aquellos lugares, no solo defendieron su libertad sino tratoron y acometieron tambien de ayudar á los demas en España." *Mariana*, lib. viii. c. 1.

Guipuzcoan union with Castille.—p. 318.

Guipuzcoa is defended by the Crown, Biscay by the people themselves. The King's Governor in Guipuzcoa cannot, however, interfere in civil matters. A Corregidor appointed by the Crown presides over the Guipuzcoan Parliament, as in Alava and Biscay. The Guipuzcoan Junta is composed of the Corregidor, four Deputies from San Sebastian, Tolosa, Aspeitia, and Azcoitia, each of whom must be an inhabitant of the town he represents, and Deputies from every village of the province.

Speaking of the Guipuzcoan towns, Garibay observes that "King Alonzo confirmed to them their fueros, which were afterwards confirmed to them by other Kings."—Lib. xii. c. 29.

* Michelet.

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"The King unwisely addressed a pedido to his Guipuzcoan subjects."—p. 334.

The pedido was considered a direct infringement of their rights. Garibay states that "there is an original document in the archives of Mondragon stating that the King, Don Pedro, imposed a hundred thousand maravedis of tribute, under the name of pedido, on all the towns from the northern bank of the Ebro to the sea-coast, including Guipuzcoa, but the nobles of that province ordered the King to search for a precedent; and as none could be found, the King commanded his secretaries to register and note down that the demand should never more be repeated."—Lib. xv. cap. 34.

"A Deputy, transported with rage....slew the encroaching minister on the spot."—p. 337.

The murder of the Jew Gaon is differently related by different writers, though all concur in stating that it was occasioned by an attempt on his part to levy the pedido upon the Guipuzcoans in the King's name. Mariana says that he was killed by the people; Garibay attributes his death to the Hidalgos; others impute it to a Deputy. We find this brief account of the transaction in Mariana:—

"En Tolosa, pueblo de Guipuzcoa, el comun del pueblo mató en seis de Mayo á un Judio llamado Gaon: fue la occasion que por estar el Rey cerca, entretanto que se entretenia en Fuenterabia, empezó el Judio a cobrar cierta imposicion que se llamaba el Pedido sobre que antiguamente huvo grandes alteraciones entre los de aquella nacion, y al presente llevaban mal que se les quebrantasen en sus privilegios y libertades. No castigo este delito y esta muerte."—Tom. ii. lib. 23, cap. 6.

"At Tolosa, a town of Guipuzcoa, the common people killed, on the 6th of May, a Jew of the name of Gaon; the event occurred in this manner:—While the King was at Fuenterabia the said Jew began to exact a sort of contribution called the 'Pedido,' which had formerly excited much disturbance among the inhabitants of that country; and on the present occasion they were displeased at this violation of their privileges and liberties. This crime and murder was not punished."—Tom. ii. lib. 23, cap. 6.

Garibay enters into the transaction at greater length, and observes, with respect to the authors of Gaon's death, that "the Hidalgos of Guipuzcoa, indignant at an outrage which their privileges and lordly nature (*hidalguia*) could not brook, killed the Jew in the town of Tolosa, on the 6th of May, while the King was at Fuenterabia, being induced to act thus in defence of their privileges, and in order that no man should hereafter dare to commit a similar outrage."—Lib. xvii. cap. 9.

"Tell this to King Henry! Return, and bid him remember that one of the fundamental laws of our people runs thus:—'We ordain that if any one, whether native or foreigner, should coerce any man, woman, people.... shall be disobeyed, and, if he persists, killed.'"—p. 338.

The old Guipuzcoan law runs thus:—"We ordain and command, that

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if any native lord or foreigner, under the pretext of royal letters or provisions from the King our lord, which have not been previously submitted to the Junta, and approved of by them, if such a person shall commit aught against the privileges of the province, and shall endeavour to do aught against the right of any inhabitant or inhabitants of the towns and villages, they shall not obey him or permit him to carry his intentions into effect; on the contrary, they shall resist him, and if they cannot make him desist by fair means they shall kill him, and the towns and villages shall defend the killers or wounders."—*Book of the Guipuzcoan Fueros*, cap. ii. tit. 39.

An Alcalde of Fontarabia attempted, in 1742, to violate the Guipuzcoan privileges, by trying to carry into effect a royal order transmitted to him through Don Josef del Campillo, the Minister of that day, without having previously submitted it to the Provincial Deputation. Guipuzcoa was thrown into the greatest ferment by this departure from the law and usage of the land, but was as quickly appeased by a royal order rebuking the Alcalde, and commanding that officer to give ample satisfaction to the Deputation for the outrage he had so wantonly committed.

"He hecho presente al Rey la carta de vm. de 8 del corriente, en que dá cuenta de lo ha que executado en cumplimiento de la órden que se le dió en 21 del pasado para la soltura de M. Blanchet, y lo que de ello ha resultado, y ha sido del desagrado de S.M. que vm. no exhibiese su real órden para que constase de ella á la provincia y contribuyese á su observancia, como S.M. no duda lo haria por la experiencia que tiene de su obediencia, y no se hubiera dilatado la execucion de la órden, ni vm. hubiera pasado á la prision del Alcalde de Sacas, que ha dado lugar á que la provincia haya despachado contra vm. judicialmente mandandole comparecer á su jurisdiccion; por lo qual, no queriendo S.M. que este modo de proceder vm. dé motivo en adelante á que se sienta, como lo ha hecho en esta ocasion, una provincia que le es muy fiel; manda S.M. que vm. comparezca ante ella, como le ha intimado, dexando S.M. á la diligencia de la diputacion la libertad de Blanchet, como ya le está prevenido en fecha de 15 del corriente y se le repite hoy."

"I have laid before the King your letter of the 8th instant, giving an account of what you have done in the execution of the order sent to you on the 21st of last month, respecting the discharge of M. Blanchet, and its results. It has displeased H.M. that you should not have exhibited his royal order, in order that the province, on being informed of it, should have concurred in its execution, as H.M. does not doubt it would have done, having so many proofs of its obedience; and by that means the execution of the order would not have been delayed; neither should you have gone to the prison of the Alcalde de Sacas, which has induced the province to make a judicial representation against you, requiring your appearance before its jurisdiction. H.M., therefore, being unwilling that your conduct in this respect should give offence to a province so faithful, commands you to appear before it according to the notification, H.M. leaving the question of Blanchet's discharge at the discretion of the Deputation, as determined upon on the 15th instant, and communicated again this day."

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The union of Alava with Castille.

"The Deputies....found the King at Burgos, where they made him a formal tender of the county....and there, in the presence of the Hidalgos and the Prelate of Calahorra, &c."—p. 319.

"From the time that Alava was conquered and taken from the Navarrese, it has always been an independent lordship, disposable at the will of the Hidalgos and native proprietors of the land of Alava. Sometimes they gave the lordship to one of the sons of the Kings (of Castille, I imagine), sometimes to the Lord of Biscay, sometimes to the House of Lara, and sometimes to the Lord of the Cameros. And during all that time no King held lordship in the land, nor appointed officers to administer justice, except in the towns of Vitoria and Treviño, which were his own; and all that land, these towns excepted, was called the Fraternity of Alava. And when the King was at Burgos, the deputies from the Fraternity of Alava, and the nobles and the proprietors of the soil, with a deputation from the rest, came to the King and told him that they were willing to give him the lordship of all the land of Alava, and they requested him to receive the lordship of the land, and to give them their fueros reduced to writing, by which they might be governed, and that he should appoint officers to administer justice. And upon this the King left Burgos, and went to Vitoria. And when he was there, the Bishop of Calahorra came to him and said, 'Señor, whoever is Bishop of Calahorra is one of the Fraternity of Alava; and, as a Brother of the Fraternity, I come to tell you that all the Hidalgos and proprietors of Alava are assembled in the field of Arriaga, which is the spot where they have been accustomed to assemble time out of mind; and they have begged me to come and tell you this, and request you to proceed to the Junta, and they will give you the lordship of Alava, as they have already informed you by their deputies.' And the King went to the Junta in the field of Arriaga."—Cronica de Don Alonzo XI. de Castillia. Cerda y Rico, cap. 100.

Don Lorenzo Padilla, a most careful author, observes that "La provincia ó cofradia de Alaba siempre fue libre y tomaba por Señor á quien le parecia y asi fueron Señores de ella muchos de la casa de Guebara y de la de Mendoza, y por la mayor parte se encomendaban á los Señores de Bizcaya, ó á los de los Cameros, y asi estuvieron encomendados á Don Lope de Haro."—Royal injunction, restraining the intended encroachments on the Alavese liberties.

"Pero por fortuna semejantes disputas terminaron en 6 de Agosto del año de 1703, en que se concedió á aquella provincio real privilegio refrendado de D. Josef Nicholas de Castro, mandando, 'que todos los despachos, que se dirigieren á jueces de comision y á otros en la provincia de Alaba, hayan de ser presentados primero en su junta, ó ante el dipu-

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tado general, para que se reconozcan si tienen cosa que contravenga á los fueros, leyes y preeminencias de la provincia, y en caso que se vulneren en todo ó en parte, se obedezcan y no se cumplan dichos despachos.'"

It is curious to perceive with what perseverance and complete success the Basques have defeated every attack upon their freedom. Will her Majesty of Spain and the British Cabinet succeed in effecting the overthrow of that independence which neither the Romans, nor the Mahometans, nor the early monarchs of Spain, nor their foreign allies, nor the later Sovereigns of the country were able to subvert?

"To these articles the King subscribed."—p. 320.

Alavese union with Castille.—It was also agreed in the Alavese contract, that no iron-foundries should be established in Alava, that the forests might not be wasted; that the Alcaldes should be natives of Alava; that the Hidalgos residing in the hamlets next to Vitoria should be considered as nobles of Alava, although Vitoria and Treviño were specifically exempted from the operation of that article which precluded the King of Castille from the right of appointing governors to the Alavese towns. It was also stipulated that the monasteries and property of the Alavese should be their own; a clause intelligible enough, though oddly worded, and apparently involving a truism, but which only implied that the King their lord had no right to interfere with the conventual property, although, as patron, he possessed the privilege of appointing the abbots. If I were inclined to swell the catalogue of outrages perpetrated by the Queen's Government upon the Basques, I might dwell upon the decrees which have suppressed the monastic institutions in Alava, as in the rest of Spain—a direct contravention of an ancient fuero, and most essential article of the union. In the first and second editions of this work the Spanish text was invariably placed in juxtaposition with the translation. Generally speaking, the translation is now alone given, for the sake of brevity. I have, however, stated the works and the chapters from which the extracts are taken.

Mariana states, in lib. 16, that "The King being at Burgos, some ambassadors from that part of Cantabria, or Biscay, called Alaba, came unto him, offering him the lordship of that country, which had been free till then, accustomed to govern itself with its own fueros and laws, except Vitoria and Treviño, which long before belonged to the Crown of Castille. On the plains of Arriaga, where, in conformity with ancient usage, they held their councils and juntas, and gave obedience to the King in person, they, of their own accord, and by their own spontaneous will, placed under the protection and seignory of the King the liberty which for so many centuries they had inviolably maintained.

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At their own requisition he agreed that they should be governed by the fuero of Calahorra, and he confirmed their ancient privileges, so that they remain at the present moment in a state as that of liberty, because no sort of tribute nor excise can be imposed upon them. Of all these covenants there are letters-patent of King Don Alonso, dated at Vitoria, on the 2nd of April, 1332."

No direct taxes, or indirect contributions, were levied upon the Biscayans by the Spanish Government. The King, as lord, had the following rents, as expressed in the fueros of Biscay:—"The Lords of Biscay had always on certain houses and lands, in all the towns of Biscay, a fixed annual rent and cess; and so likewise they have in the iron-works a duty of sixteen dineros viejos on every hundredweight of forged iron, and on the monasteries and provostships. But they have never had any alcavala, or duties on goods passed across the mountains, or contributions; on the contrary, the Biscayans, and the Hidalgos of Biscay, and the inhabitants of Durango, are now, and have always been, free and exempt from every contribution, from all service, from any alcavala, and from every imposition of whatever nature it may be."—Fueros of Biscay Law, 4 tit. i.

There were no customhouses established along the Biscayan frontier of France, and the Spanish Government were unable to impose such a restriction upon their trade as long as it respected the fueros of Biscay. This exemption is one of the greatest privileges enjoyed by the Basques; but it has been assailed by the Queen's Government in that spirit of wanton aggression which has characterized her policy towards the Basques.

The King's troops cannot enter the province upon any pretext whatever, either in time of peace or war. A special permission from the General Junta may, under peculiar circumstances, justify such a proceeding.

The Parliament, or General Junta, of Biscay, is composed of the Corregidors and three Lieutenant-Corregidors, appointed by the Crown, but not empowered to vote; six Regidores, officers elected by the Junta, and in some degree resembling our aldermen; the two popular Tribunes, chosen also by the Junta, and the Deputies sent from the towns, villages, hamlets, and scattered houses of the lordship.

"No order of the Spanish Government is directly received by the Basque Parliament."—p. 323.

Any royal order sent from Castille to Biscay is addressed to the Corregidor, and is presented by this officer to the members of the permanent deputation, by whom it is referred to the popular Tribunes. If the order

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is confirmed by their sanction, it is carried into effect; if disallowed by them, it remains a dead letter.

"During the interval which elapses between the close of the session and the re-assembling of the Parliament, the administration of public affairs is vested in a Commission residing at Bilbao."—p. 324.

The permanent Commission superintend the collection of the contributions, manage the expenditure both in the civil and military departments, and administer justice. Their proceedings have, however, no legal effect, unless sanctioned by one at least of the popular Tribunes, who are bound to scrutinize their measures with great severity, that no act may be committed, either purposely or unintentionally, directly or indirectly, against the liberties of the land. The deputation are compelled to publish, a fortnight before the re-assembling of the Junta, a detailed statement of the course pursued during their administration, and are bound to send copies of the document to every member of Parliament. When the Junta meets, a discussion generally arises with reference to some part of their conduct, upon which the Tribunes appear, and freely take part in the debates. The tribuneship, it may be observed, is in Biscay a post of great trust and distinction, because the liberties of the subject may be materially affected by a skilful or incompetent discharge of the duties annexed to the office.

The General Junta of Biscay assembles every two years; that of Guipuzcoa every year, in the month of July; and that of Alava three times in the course of every year. The provincial fueros were for ages the common law of the land, and were only reduced to writing in 1452, in the reign of Juan the Second, by a commission appointed for that purpose. In the following century the Biscayan code, as I have already observed, was reformed, printed, and recognised, in its amended state, by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, as the established law of the land.

As far as it is possible to ascertain the truth at so remote a period, it appears that Zenon, Lord of Biscay, had two daughters, one of whom was married to Arista, King of Navarre, and the other, Dona Iñiga, the heiress of Biscay, to Don Lope Zuria, son of one of the most powerful nobles of Biscay. We are told that, on account of the "noble qualities and great valour which he displayed in the battle and victory of Arrigoriaga, he was chosen as their Lord by the Biscayans assembled under the tree of Guernica, on condition that he would swear to maintain their rights and privileges." Garibay, speaking of this transaction, observes, "Refieren mas, que assentado con el sus fueros y orden que adelante havran de tener, commenzó el dicho año á ser Señor de Bizcaya," ix. cap. 22. Navarro also states, "Y los Biscaynos assentaron con el sus fueros leyes y usos y le tomaron por su Señor, ni absoluto ni soberano sino con

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sus leyes y condiciones y con pacto de ellas le juraron por tal el mismo año," cap. 7. [*The Biscayans covenanted with him with respect to their fueros, their laws, and their customs, and chose him as their Lord, not as their absolute or sovereign master; but with laws to bind him, and with stipulations, and with an agreement to observe them, they swore to him as to their Lord that very year.*] Carmona states, "Viscayni dominum et principem sibi assumpserunt Zuriam non tamen absoluté sed certis adhibitis panctionibus quibus eximia sibi privilegia Biscayni reserbabant quæ retulit Gutierres." Aut. 24. Gutierres confirms this statement, and specifies the privileges, lib. iii.

From these statements, and from the accounts of other early writers, who concur in the assertion that, when Lope de Zuria was chosen by the Biscayans as their Lord, he swore to observe their privileges as then established, it may be inferred that when those old chroniclers wrote the rights in question were ancient, and lost, perhaps even then, in the night of time. The Biscayan fueros were therefore, at a very remote period, the common law of the land; their constitution is probably the oldest in the world, and has been the least subject to those vicissitudes which attend all human institutions. As the highland districts of Biscay were never overrun by a foreign enemy, it is impossible to assign any date to the commencement of their liberties.

The Biscayans were so jealous of their privileges, and surrounded them with so much form and circumstance, that they compelled their lords, at their accession to the lordship, to take the oath to maintain the rights of Biscay, in four different places, specifically named by the Book of the Fueros. He was first required to take the oath "A las puertas de la Villa de Bilbao," and then, in the words of the fuero, "Dende ha de venir á San Emetrio Celadon de Larraverna: y ende en manos del Clerigo Sacerdote que tenga el cuerpo de dios nuestro Señor consagrado en las manos, ha de jurar lo mismo . . . . y assi venido á la dicha Guernica so el Arbol de ella, donde se acostumbran hacer las juntas de Bizcaya, ha de jurar e confirmar todas las libertades e privilegios e franquezas e fueros e costumbres que los dichos Bizcaynos han, y tierras y mercedes que han del Rey y de los Señores passados de los guardar y tener e mandar tener y guardar . . . . y dende ha de ir a la villa de Bermeo donde en Santa Eufemia de la dicha villa y ante el Altar de la dicha Iglesia, estando ende el Clerigo Sacerdote revestido, teniendo en las manos el Cuerpo de Dios consagrado, ha de poner la mano en el dicho Altar, e jurar lo mismo."—*La Ley* 2, del titulo 1.—The oath was, therefore, to be taken by the new lord before the gates at Bilbao; secondly, under circumstances of great solemnity, in the parochial church and juradera of San Emetrio; thirdly, beneath the tree of Guernica; and lastly, in the juradera of Santa Eufemia.

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I have observed that, from the time of Lope de Zuria till 1105, the Lords of Biscay were chosen by the people; so it is stated by some authors; at the same time it appears, as far as I can discover, that the Biscayans almost invariably elected the son of the late lord.—*Garibay*, lib. xii.; *Navar.*, cap. 13; *Henao*, lib. iii.

The author of the Escudo, speaking of Don Juan the First, observes, "That he proceeded in person to Biscay, and took the oaths in the church of Santa Maria, of Guernica, and promised, for himself and his descendants, that he would maintain their fueros, usages, customs, franchises, and liberties. In the same form, and with the same stipulation as to their liberties, he united, at a subsequent time, the lordship to the royal crown of Castille, to be separated no more."

Lope Garcia states, "He (Don Juan) annexed or appropriated (apropió) Biscay to the royal crown, binding himself in the church of Santa Maria and in Santa Eufemia to maintain their usages, customs, franchises, and liberties;" and afterwards states that it was made a matter of solemn compact that Biscay should never more be separated from his crown.—Lib. xxi.

Garibay observes, that from the time of the union the lordship of Biscay remained for ever incorporated with the Crown. (Dende este año en adelante quedó perpetuamente incorporado en la Corona.—Lib. xix.)

"Upon which Bilbao and other towns protested."—p. 332.

The people of Bilbao seem to have protested against Don Juan's order for the erection of the town of Miravelles, in virtue of their fuero, *Ley* viii. tit. 1: "Que havian fuero, uso y costumbre, que por quanto todos los montes, usos y Exidos son de los Hijos-Dalgo y Pueblos de Biscaya y villa ninguna non se puede hacer." The order does not, however, under the circumstances of the case, appear to have been considered any infraction of the Biscayan privileges.

"And then the King (Henry the Third), leaving the city, travelled onwards till he reached a spot called, in the Basque language, Arechabalaga."—p. 333.

Mariana, Henao, and other writers allude to this journey, and communicate different points of detail. Garibay gives the longest account:—

Garibay, dict. lib. xv. cap. 40, ibi. "Fuesse al Campo de Arechabalaga. En aquel sitio juntandose toda Vizcaya en quadrillas, Vandos, y Hermandades, pidieron al Rey, que les Jurasse sus fueros, y privilegios, y respondiendo que le placia .... fue el Rey D. Enrique recibido por Se-

"He went to the field of Arechabalaga. There the whole of Biscay assembled in quadrillas, in bands, and in hermandades, and asked the King to swear to observe their fueros and privileges, and, on his answering that it was his will so to do, King Henry was received as Lord of Bis-

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ñor de Vizcaya, y le besaron las manos; y passando con él á la Iglesia de la Villa de Larravezua, segun la costumbre antigua de los Señores de Vizcaya, juró en el altar los fueros. Despues de comer fue el Rey á la villa de Guernica . . . . en el dia siguiente ido à la villa de Bermeo, juró en la Iglesia de Santa Eufemia los privilegios de aquella Villa, y su Tierra. Prosigue diciendo, que buelto á Guernica huvo alli grandes diferencias, los unos pidiendo el *riepto*, y los otros contradiciendo, y á lo ultimo, porque la mayor parte pedia, se introducio en Vizcaya el riepto en este año, en el qual les concedió el Rey Don Enrique, estando assentado só el Arbol, y Lugar acostumbrado de Guernica."—El Padre Mariana, lib. xix., cap. 1.; El Padre Henao, lib. i., cap. 61, con Pedro Barrantes, en la Chronica de este Rey.

cay, and they kissed his hands; and, proceeding together to the church of the town of Larravezua, as the ancient Lords of Biscay had done, he swore on the altar to maintain their fueros. After dinner the King went to the town of Guernica. . . . . On the following day he went to the town of Bermeo, and there he swore, in the church of Santa Euphemia, to maintain the privileges of that town and its hamlets. . . . . Having returned to Guernica, great feuds arose, some asking the *riepto*, and others opposing it; but as the greatest number were for it, the *riepto** was finally introduced in Biscay in this year, with the sanction of the King Don Henrique, while sitting under the tree, and in the usual place, at Guernica."

The calamities of the time, the lawless acts of the feudal chiefs, and the excesses of the numerous bands that overran the country, induced the inhabitants of the towns and cities to unite and form associations for the protection of life and property. Those institutions, known as the Hermandades or Brotherhoods, were celebrated for the efficiency of their organization. The Captains were gentlemen of high character, the lieutenants were the richest inhabitants, and the soldiers the most approved citizens of the towns. They had power to punish robbers by the most summary process, and to pursue offenders beyond the limits of the province. Any citizen who refused to become a member of the fraternity, when invited, was placed beyond the pale of their protection. These Hermandades were confirmed by the King, and were at one period much renowned for their courage and activity.

Extract from a clause of a royal Cedula, issued by Henry the Third: —"Bien sabedes como el dicho mi Señorío de Biscaya es apartado sobre si en sus fueros e libertades," &c.

* The word *riepto* puzzled me extremely, and for some time I could not discover its exact import from any Spaniard; it was, however, explained to me by Señor José de Alcala, of King's College, London; a gentleman who combines the most profound attainments with the highest honour and integrity, to whose information I am indebted on many historical points, and whose acquaintance I have experienced much gratification in making. *Riepto*, and sometimes *repto*, was the old orthography for the word now written *reto*, from the word *retar*, which means to accuse a noble of an infamous action in the presence of the King, calling upon him to make a full confession before the Sovereign, or to meet his challenger in mortal combat, when, how, and where the King might please to direct.

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"The Queen-Regent took the following oath on the 14th of July, 1407."—p. 336.

"Juramento de la Señora Reyna Madre: Primeramente la dicha Señora Reyna Madre del dicho Señor Rey, assi como su Tutora, é Regidora de sus Reynos Juró en la Cruz é Santos Evangelios, tañendo corporalmente con sus manos, de guardar a Vizcaya, Villas, é Tierra-llana, é á los Fijos-Dalgo, é á todos los Vecinos é Moradores de ella sus Fueros, é buenos usos, é buenas costumbres, é privilegios, é Quadernos, Ordenanzas, Franquezas, Libertades, Gracias, é Mercedes, é Tierras, segun que mejor, é mas cumplidamente les fue guardado en tiempo de Doña Constanza, é de los otros Reyes, é Señores, que despues fasta aqui han sido de Vizcaya. E ella en nombre del dicho Señor Rey, assi como su Tutora, assi se lo confirmaba, é confirmó. Y prosigue, Jurando todo lo demas, que los Vizcaynos, havian pedido por su carta, exceptuando solamente, que en todo acontecimiento se pagassen los derechos de las Ferrerias; y dá la razon, *ibi*. Ca estos se pagaron siempre, y se deben pagar, assi en un tiempo como en otro."

"King Henry pledged his faith....to maintain to Biscay all its fueros and privileges."—p. 337.

"Father Henao, in chap. 61 of the 1st book, num. 6:—But in order to show to them that his intention and will has been, and still is, to preserve to them their said privileges, fueros, usages, and customs, he swore and did swear, and promised and did promise, by his royal word, as King and as Lord, to keep and to order to be maintained to the said towns, villages, and lowlands of the county and lordship of Biscay, and to all the Knights, Shieldbearers, and Figos-Dalgos of the same, all their privileges and fueros, and good customs, and the written ordinances by which they are governed and ought to be governed, and their liberties, grants, lands, and the free use of the same. Also, that his Lordship, as soon as other pressing affairs permit, will repair in person to the said land and county of Biscay, and will take the usual oath in those places where it ought to be taken."

"And actually, in 1457, King Henry went to Biscay, and took the usual oaths."—p. 337.

"Formula of the oath taken by Don Henrique IV. in the church of Santa Maria la Antigua, near the town of Guernica, on the 10th of March, 1457: 'The high and powerful Lord Don Henrique, King of Castille and Leon, there present....They said to his Highness, that according to the fueros, usages, and customs, when a new lord comes to Biscay to receive the lordship thereof, such a lord has an oath to take....The said Lord the King said that he was come there to take

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the said oath, and that it was his pleasure so to do; and then he said that he swore and did swear before God, and before the Holy St. Mary, and by the words of the Holy Gospels, wherever they might be, and by the sign of the Cross, which he touched bodily with his own right hand (that Cross which was brought from the high altar of the said church, with a crucifix on it), to maintain to all the said Knights, Shieldbearers, Fijos-Dalgos, farmers, and labourers, and all other persons, of whatsoever state, quality, or condition they might be in the lordship of Biscay, their fueros and privileges, good usages and customs, franchises and liberties, grants, lands, and official appointments, as well and as fully as the same was preserved to them in the time of the King Don Juan of blessed memory, his father, and of the other Kings and Lords of Biscay, till the present time.' " &c.

"When the Biscayans were alarmed by a rumour that the King had granted certain lands in Biscay to some minions of his court,....he issued a manifesto, in which he assured the Biscayans that he had not granted the lands in question to any Castillians."—p. 337.

" This royal order was signed at Segovia on the 19th of July, 1470:—Know, &c., that I am informed some persons have said and announced that I have given, as gifts to some gentlemen and persons, some towns, villages, and lands of this my county, my lowlands and privileged places, and that I have separated and divided, or intend to separate and divide, the same from my Royal Crown, by which you may receive detriment; and as I have not given or made any grant of this my county, nor even thought of so doing; as, on the contrary, considering that my county is one of the noblest provinces of my kingdoms, and one of my titles of honour, and as it is so noble in itself and borders upon foreign kingdoms....it has always been, and it is, my will, that my said county be and continue to belong to my said Royal Crown, and that it be not divided nor separated from it. In order, therefore, that you may be sure and convinced of it, and that you may know it is essential to my service, and to the honour of my said Royal Crown, it is my pleasure to order and command, as hereby I command and order," &c.

Oath taken by the Princess Isabella.—p. 340.

" Yo, como Princesa y Señora de las dichas Villas y Tierra llana del dicho Condado e Señorio de Biscaya, con las Encartaciones y sus adherencias hago pleyto omenage úna, dos e tres veces, una, dos, e tres veces, una, dos, e tres veces, segun Fuero e costumbre de España en manos de Gomez Manrique, Cavallero e Home e Hijo Dalgo, que de mi lo recibe; e juro á nuestro Señor Dios y á la Virgen Santa Maria, su Madre y a esta señal de la Cruz ✠, que corporalmente tango con mi mano derecha, e por las palabras de los Santos Evangelios, donde quiera

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que estan, de haver por ratos, gratos, firmes y valederos, para agora y en todo tiempo los dichos Privilegios generales, y especiales, Fueros. usos, y costumbres, franquezas, e libertades de las dichas Villas y Tierra llana del dicho Condada y Señorio di Bizcaya, con las Encartaciones. Clausula del pleyto omenage y Juramento."

The translation of this remarkable oath is given in the text, p. 340.

"King Ferdinand .... swore to maintain their privileges."—p. 340.

"The formula of the oath was as follows (fol. 294): And then he said, that he did swear, and swore before God and the Holy St. Mary, and by the words of the Holy Gospels, wherever they may be, and by the sign of the Cross ✠ (here he touched with his right hand a Cross with a crucifix, which had been brought from the high altar of the said church), that he did swear and did confirm, and swore to preserve and confirmed their fueros, their written laws, good usages and customs, their privileges, franchises, and liberties, their grants and lanzas, and lands, their official appointments, and monasteries, to the Knights, the Shieldbearers, Hijos-Dalgos, husbandmen, and other persons, of whatsoever condition they may be, of the towns, of the lowlands, and city of Orduña, of this county of Biscay, and of Durango, and of the privileged places, as well and as fully as they had been preserved to them in the time of the other Kings and Lords of the said county.

"Formula of a new oath for the preservation of the immunity and liberty of the fuero, fol. 294: Moreover she said and swore that inasmuch as her Highness the Queen, seeing that, during the time of her difficulties and the unjust war carried on by the Kings of France and of Portugal against her royal person and her kingdoms, the Knights, Shieldbearers, Fijos-Dalgos, Dames and damsels, and husbandmen, and all in their several stations, of the families and inhabitants of this county, of the privileged towns, and of Durango, have served and followed her with great love and loyalty, and do still serve and follow her, exposing their persons and possessions to great risk and peril, like good, loyal, and distinguished vassals, not only with that obedience, fidelity, and loyalty to which they are bound, but with a zeal beyond what their fueros and privileges prescribe and call upon them to show; she, therefore, swore and declared, that with respect to those great, and high, and distinguished services which they have performed, and are still performing every day, and those which they may yet achieve by sea and by land ... it shall not be looked upon, nor understood, nor considered, or in any way interpreted, that they have infringed upon their rights, nor exceeded nor acted against the said fueros and privileges, usages and customs, franchises and liberties .... Her Highness will not consider such services as due to her at any time, nor will compel them at any

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period in any way to perform them.... And, therefore, that all those fueros, and good usages and customs, and liberties, which her Highness has sworn to preserve and has confirmed, shall continue and remain firm, and in full force and vigour, for the time to come."

Zurita states, that "In the month of September, 1473, the Corregidor and the Alcaldes, and the Prestamero, and the Lords of the Justice, and the Cavalleros, and the Hidalgos of the county and lordship of Biscay, and the places adhering to the same, assembled in the town of Bilbao; and the King of Sicily sent a cavalier of his house, bearing the name of Alonzo de Mesa, to stimulate and inspirit them to remain true to the cause of him their lord and the Princess, and to offer them every kind of favour and assistance, because the Constable was waging against them a cruel war, and they were sorely persecuted, because they had transferred their allegiance to the Princes (Ferdinand and Isabella) against the mandate and will of the King, Don Henry."—Cap. 61, lib. xviii. It appears, however, that, confiding in their own resources, and determined to achieve their own liberation, they declined even the assistance of their own chosen lord. The result of the struggle showed that these brave Biscayans had formed no erroneous estimate of their strength; and one of their writers, alluding to this contest, and to other circumstances connected with their history, observes, with becoming pride, that the lordship of Biscay has been always so valiantly defended by its own inhabitants, and at their own expense, that no enemy of the Spanish Crown ever obtained, by force, a footing on that soil.

Zurita observes, with respect to this war, "Y con cinco quentos, que el Rey mandó dar al Conde de Haro, para que les hiciese guerra, juntó mucha gente suya, y los ostros Grandes, y entró por el Condado haciendo mucho daño; aunque se le resistió por los Biscaynos muy animosamente." Cap. 61.

Garibay also states, "Sabido por el Conde de Haro, la buelta de Pedro de Avendaño, y Juan Alonzo de Muxica á sus casas.... juntando apriesa sus gentes y las del Conde de Salinas, y Don Luis, y Don Sancho de Velasco sus hermanos, y de otros valedores, entró con mucha Cavalleria en Biscaya. Lo mismo hicieron el Conde de Trevino y el Adelantado .... dieron batalla en Abril 27, dia Sabado al Conde de Haro, cerca de la villa de Munguia en un passo; donde el Conde fue vencido por la Infanteria Biscayana habiendo peleado ambas partes varonilmente. Fueron presos el Conde de Salinas y Don Luis de Velasco," &c. Mariana, Henao, and Navarro, confirm this statement.

"The King our lord went out of the church."—p. 341.

We are told that the Lord Don Ferdinand presided over the General Junta, held on that day, under the celebrated tree. There, according

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to the Cedula Real, "The oath was taken by the most lofty, the most resplendent, and the most powerful Don Ferdinand, King of Castille, Leon, Sicily, and Portugal, and Firstborn of Aragon."

"And under the tree of Guernica."—p. 341.

Having often alluded to the celebrated tree of Guernica, I must observe that it partakes of the immortality of the crown: a younger scion of the parent stock is always growing near the parent tree, and ultimately replaces its predecessor in the national affection.

"Law i. tit. 1:—He shall come in person to Biscay, to take the oaths, to promise, and to confirm to them their privileges and usages, and customs, franchises, liberties, and fueros."

"They enjoyed it by fuero, and by law, and by franchise and liberty, as a right established, that any decree or Royal order, given by the said Lord of Biscay, or in his name, which should be or might be contrary to the laws and fueros of Biscay, directly or indirectly, should be obeyed but not put in execution."—Ley 11, titulo primero del fuero.

"If, being required by the Biscayans to do so, the lord will not come within one year to take the oath and confirm their privileges, as above stated, the said Biscayans, both those of the lowlands of Biscay, and those of Durango and the privileged towns, shall not give nor send to him, nor to his treasurer, nor to the collector, the rents and contributions payable to him by the towns and those houses in Biscay subject to pay the same. And if the said lord send, during that time, any order or decree, it shall be obeyed, but not carried into execution."—La ley 1 del titulo.

"In the law xix., tit. 1, of the fuero, it is written thus:—Moreover, they said they had a franchise and liberty granted to them by his Highness, and his ancestors, to this effect,—That inasmuch as the said Biscayans have their Chief-Justice residing in the court and chancery of Valladolid, to try all their causes, both civil and criminal, no inhabitant of Biscay, or of the lowlands, or of any city of that county, or of any of the privileged places, or of Durango, shall, even while out of Biscay, be tried for any crime or debt by the civil or criminal, or by any other Judge, in the kingdom and lordships of their Highnesses, nor shall be sentenced by them, except only by the Chief-Justice of Biscay, although those crimes and debts may be committed or contracted out of Biscay and in any part of Castille. And should any Biscayan be sued or arrested, he shall be sent before the said Chief-Justice as soon as he has required his dismissal and declined any other jurisdiction."

Navarre is not a Basque province, and has had no connexion with those states since the ninth century; at which time the Guipuzcoans are said to have entered into an act of federation with Don Garcia

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Ximenes, the first King of Navarre, stipulating, however, that they should be free at all times to enter into an alliance with any other power, or place themselves under the protection of any other state. Navarre was united to Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella; and I will give a short account of the system by which they were governed after the union. Their laws and liberties were not affected by that event, and were fully recognised by the monarch who governed Spain at that time, and by his successors.

The Cortes of Navarre are composed of three States—the Church, the Nobles, and the Commons, known in the province by the name of the Universities. In conformity with the law of their fuero, the Cortes met every two years, in virtue of a summons issued by the Viceroy of Navarre. Their powers were very extensive. When assembled in Congress, they agreed upon the exact sum to be granted to the King of Spain during the two following years. With respect to their legislative functions, they possessed the initiative, a most important privilege of which the Crown was deprived, and were, as I believe I have previously observed, able to suspend, indefinitely, the promulgation of acts passed by their own assembly, and sanctioned by the King or his Viceroy. The Cortes availed themselves of this power upon extraordinary occasions. Any measure resolved on by the States, and sanctioned by the Viceroy, acquires the force of law, without any further or more direct confirmation on the part of the Crown.

The Viceroy presides over the Cortes, and, at the opening of the session, takes the oath prescribed by law; the same oath was taken, in the year 1500, by the Duque d'Albuquerque, then Viceroy of Navarre, and has been adopted by his successors without the slightest change of expression:—

"I, Viceroy of the kingdom . . . . . in the name of his Majesty, swear by the sign of the Cross, and upon the Holy Gospels, to you the Prelates, Marquesses, Knights, to you the men of the cities and towns, and to all the inhabitants of Navarre, to those who are present, and those who are absent, to maintain all your fueros, laws, usages, statutes, customs, franchises, exemptions, liberties, and immunities which each man possesses, without need of a new confirmation from his Majesty, either special or general; and that all the laws shall be interpreted in your favour, and to your honour, and to that of the kingdom of Navarre."—*Amendariz, Leyes del Reyno de Navarra.*

The Viceroy of Navarre is the military and civil chief of the province. There is a supreme tribunal for civil and criminal causes, and another court of a financial character, composed of a judge, or president, three ministers, a treasurer, and an officer appointed exclusively for the purpose of maintaining the boundaries of Navarre, and taking care that the

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contributions are to be levied within, but not extended beyond, the limits of the province. This court regulates the contributions, superintends their collection, and takes into consideration the orders of the Viceroy with reference to the distribution of the money.

The administration of justice in the towns is vested in the Alcaldes, who are freely chosen by the people. Their jurisdiction is, however, as might be supposed, somewhat limited, except in those towns where the Alcaldes are lawyers, or have assessors. An appeal lies to the supreme court of Navarre, not to any court in Spain; every cause must be decided in Navarre. In short, this province has been so admirably governed by its own peculiar laws and permanent tribunals, and the people have been so completely satisfied with their own internal administration, that the Cortes have gradually ceased to assemble regularly, and of late years have only met on great occasions. The Queen Regent ascends the throne; the prospect is overshadowed; the rights of Navarre are invaded; the loyalty of a contented people is exchanged for a determined spirit of resistance; and the province is convulsed with civil war from one extremity to the other.

Catalonia possesses, in some respects, her own peculiar jurisprudence, and some favourite privileges with respect to the selection of the men sent by the province to serve in the royal army. But I am waxing long, and must not exceed further, even on the interesting subject of the provincial rights.

Note to p. 263.

EXTRACTS FROM THE 'LITERARY GAZETTE,' SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1831.

"We will not argue the question, or animadvert upon the absurd lengths to which the apostles of phrenology, as a science, carry their dogmata; but we will at once go to the fourth paper, that which has provoked our indignation, and ask if the detail of such abominable cruelties, under the name of experiments, instead of procuring allies to the cause of phrenology, is not sufficient to revolt human nature against it and its atrocious professors? The paper is entitled 'Bouillard's Experiments to discover the Functions of the Brain, concluded;' and so cold-blooded a narrative of barbarities, perpetrated on a worthless plea, it never has been our painful duty to peruse.

"We declare before Heaven that we think the barbarian who could, during a whole week, thus inflict unendurable torments upon an animal, and calmly count its writhings and agonies, deserves to be put out of the

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pale of society as a monster. Hamlet says, 'Hang up philosophy;' we say, 'Hang up philosophers who dare commit such outrages as these.' The next trial was equally horrid, and prolonged during sixteen days. We quote on, marking in italics some of the most obnoxious points of heartless cruelty it was ever our misfortune to read:—

"'On the morning of the 28th of June *I transfixed the anterior part of the brain of a young dog, which possessed the reputation of being lively, docile, and intelligent:* the instrument, in making its way from the right to the left side, inclined slightly in an oblique direction upwards and backwards.

"'*When menaced, it crouches as if to implore mercy, but does not in consequence obey.* It, on the contrary, *utters cries which nothing can repress*, similar to those of a young uneducated dog, *whose intellect is undeveloped.* It eats with great voracity, and is in good health. I watched it attentively for the remainder of this and for the first *fifteen days* of the succeeding month. It enjoyed the perfect use of its external senses. By a kind of instinct of imitation, it walked when it saw any one else walk, following the individual wherever he went. Its want of docility was remarkable: when called it did not come, but lay down and wagged its tail with an air of stupidity. When we tried to lead it, it resisted, rolled upon the ground, and cried, but at last walked, again stopped, drew back, and cried anew. *When confined, it cried continually, in spite of all correction.* It appeared astonished at everything: and its air of stupidity was remarked by all those who were not aware of the operation which had been performed, and strangers to physiological observations. It was easily alarmed; *and when menaces were succeeded by blows, in place of flying or acting so as to avoid them, it merely lay down in a supplicating posture and cried. It did not caress us on our return, although absent for many days.**

"'*All its docility consisted in coming when, after caressing it, we called upon it in a tone of kindness; or, if we had menaced, beat, or called upon it in vain, in going away, holding down its head and tail, and in crouching down as if in the act of supplication.* Its eyes became animated, its ears were erected on the slightest noise, but it still preserved a look of imbecility. *It was sacrificed, August 15th, in the performance of a new experiment.*'"

I will add nothing in addition to these admirable comments; but will only appeal to the public of Great Britain, and especially to that valuable portion of it the clergy of the country, whether it can be right to

* So that the unfortunate animal on which these sixteen days of torture were inflicted appears to have been previously attached to the authors of these atrocious experiments, and in the habit of lavishing caresses upon them!!

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slumber any longer over practices so corrupting to the young mind, so destructive of every virtuous feeling, so utterly abhorrent to a God of mercy. Are not they, and all who humbly strive to hold the "bond of peace," bound by every tie of duty to their Maker and their fellow-men to spare no exertions in rooting out these demoralizing offences from the land? I appeal to the members of the medical profession, for whom no man has a higher respect, whether as Christians, and even as gentlemen, it has not become incumbent upon them to deny all participation in these and similar atrocities; to banish such offenders from the pale of their society; and to rescue an honourable profession from the stigma which such iniquities, if not disavowed, must fix upon it?

THE END.

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