

Journey to Lisbon in 1932

Transcribed from the original, which is in the possession of the author's nephew, Clive Gilbert. This account makes for good reading alongside the diary of Henry Fielding's Voyage to Lisbon in 1754, published in the Fortieth Annual Report and Review of the Society (2013).

By George Gilbert

On Friday, May 20th, we left home on our way to Portugal. It was necessary for us to leave on Friday, as the Boat on which we had engaged our passage was due to leave Southampton the following day at 12 noon, and it was not possible to reach it in time had we waited until the morning. We stayed there for the night at the South Western Hotel, close to the Docks. Though a waste of time in one sense it gave us an opportunity of seeing something of the shipping, and amongst the vessels we saw was the huge Aquitania being slowly towed to her berth at the docks on her return from New York, also the Mauretania and the British Queen, lying in readiness for departure on the morrow. These two left Southampton simultaneously with us, punctually at 12 noon, but being faster Boats they reached Cherbourg before us.

There was nothing specially worthy of note to be mentioned on our way. We passed the Needles as we sat at lunch. The Bay of Biscay was crossed in safety though a few of the passengers experienced some inconvenience. Personally I missed no meals whatever. The weather was good, but rather cold and windy with some sunshine. We called at the Ports of Corunna and Vigo to land at the first place one passenger, and at the second, three passengers, and to take on Board at each place a number of Spanish emigrants bound for Brazil. It was interesting to watch their arrival and medical examination, which all had to undergo and also the inspection of their papers. The official requirements in the latter respect were very exacting. We found we were required to fill up forms giving particulars not only of ourselves personally, but also the names of our parents and where we were going to reside after landing.

The voyage itself we found quite interesting; to a landsman living in the centre of England the change of living on the water for a time is very great, and to a certain extent has much charm. The beauty of the water was a never failing source of delight when it was in the happy moods, for the lovely colour was so wonderful. We saw specimens of natural history in the form of Porpoises who were very expert in their gambols, jumping quite out of the water one after another like boys playing leapfrog. As we drew near to Lisbon we passed a fleet of fishing boats with their coloured sails looking very picturesque in the morning sun.

We reached Lisbon at about 11am. on Tuesday. The passage up the River was in bright sunshine and very interesting. It is wide and deep enough to accommodate the largest vessels and is consequently a busy place. It is said to be the finest harbour in Europe. The mooring of the Steamer to the landing stage was accomplished in safety, but it was somewhat tedious. Immediately on landing there was nothing to suggest to us that we were on a foreign shore, but the Customs Shed which we next entered had some flavour in this respect, and we were kept waiting for what seemed a needlessly long time for the examination of our luggage. When

however the luggage did reach the place of examination, the officials were very civil and courteous and there was no further delay. Fortunately, we had friends resident in Lisbon fully acquainted with the language, and they steered us safely and quickly through all difficulties.

Once clear of dock-land we began to realise that we were no longer in England. As we drove away in the car waiting for us we entered into an avenue of recent construction, nicely laid out with trees and flowers which were strange to us, and with convenient tram lines. Our way lay through several streets, very hilly, and finally we landed at a small square in which there was a nice piece of green turf with a handsome centre of five palm trees overshadowing a monument dedicated to the memory of a famous Author, whose name I unfortunately forgot.

We were soon settled in our rooms, which were quite good and after lunch we were taken on our first tour of discovery. The first stop was made at a Museum in which we inspected a wonderful collection of state coaches, collected from many countries and illustrative of many periods. It is stated to be the finest collection to be found anywhere and is well worth a visit.

Continuing our journey we next visited a very famous building "The Church of Jeronimos". It has many remarkable features both in its exterior and interior. The entrances are very elaborate in the carving and the tall pillars upholding the stone roof are beautifully carved. The Monastery and Church adjoining were built by King Manuel in gratitude for the safe return of Vasco De Gama, who landed by the Tower of Belem close by. The King was so full of joy that he swore he would build a Monastery on that spot which should be worthy of the great occasion. He kept his word, and the Jeronimos Monastery and Church were begun two years afterwards in 1500. The building surpasses all others in its own particular style and is unique among the ecclesiastical structures in the world. There is an extraordinary richness of detail in the doors and windows and the West Porch is very beautiful. Inside the Church the first impression is of spacious beauty. The usual nave and aisle do not exist; from the ground there spring up into the mysterious gloom of the vaulted roof its slender carved marble pillars. Adjoining the Church are the expensive beautiful monastic buildings with their Cloisters, built of marble which still remain in a splendid state of preservation. They had been diverted from their original purpose and are now used as a school in which some hundreds of orphan boys from the ages of 8 to 18 are being educated at the expense of the State. It speaks well for the management of the School that though the boys have the run of these beautiful Cloisters, they do not appear to do any damage whatever.

There are many Churches in Lisbon, a great number of which I visited; all of them are very fine and it is evident that in days gone by the Country was very enthusiastic in supporting its Religion. Today this enthusiasm for the Church is much less noticeable and in fact the Government has dealt rather harshly with it and one no longer sees the public processions and other displays which formerly were prevalent. In fact one never sees a priestly garb in the streets at all, public opinion being too hostile to allow of it. The persecution is less bitter than it was I am told, and the Government of to-day is more inclined to sympathy than was the case a few years ago. There are many art treasures to be found in the Churches, in fact each one seems to be a Treasure House. The style of decoration in some cases is very gorgeous, gold forming a conspicuous feature and also paintings in many of the side Chapels which are to be

found in all Churches. Seeing so many art treasures in so short a time one's mind became somewhat confused, and I am afraid I have a very mixed and hazy idea of what I really did see, but amongst them I have a vivid remembrance of a large collection of Art Needlework, the most beautiful and elaborate work which I had ever seen. It includes vestments etc., most beautifully worked in gold and colours, also many other articles such as candlesticks, chalices, flagons, etc., in solid silver, the value of which I suppose it would be difficult if not impossible to estimate.

But apart from its Churches, Lisbon is an interesting City. From the deck of a vessel lying in the River one gets an extensive view of it as it rises in tiers almost from the water's edge in the clear atmosphere which gives it a bright and attractive appearance; this, however, gives no idea of its outlay if one may make use of such an expression. It is built not merely on rising ground, but on a series of hills, and if it were not for the excellent service of trams, getting about the City would be a matter of great fatigue. From a picturesque point this disadvantage to the pedestrian has great compensations from the fact that it is possible to get, from some of the highest points, birds-eye views of many parts of the City. There are also elevators in one or more parts which obviate the necessity of tramping up a steep hill. I went up several times in one of these and found myself close to the ruins of what must have been a rather fine gothic Church. It was destroyed by an earthquake in 1755 and for some reason has not been rebuilt, but from what remains of it the impression given is that of beauty. Speaking of the earthquake reminds one that like the great fire of London, its influence was not altogether to the bad, as now in the place of narrow, more or less squalid, streets wider thoroughfares and handsome buildings have sprung up. Upon the path of the scene of the disaster where formerly there stood a Palace surrounded by narrow streets there now exists an extensive and well laid out public square, the Praca do Comercio, or, as the English call it, Black Horse Square; this name is taken from a large equestrian monument which stands in the square. From this square streets lead up to a square in the centre of the City called the Rocio, and further on to a very beautiful avenue called Avenida da Liberdade. On either side of this are large and attractive houses. There are also several other fine avenues.

Probably one of the most interesting sights of Lisbon, quite different to those which I have mentioned is the Fish Market; this is quite close to the river and here day by day in early morning is to be witnessed a scene of bustling activity accompanied by a babble of voices defying description. Fishing boats with their loads of fish are lying a few yards off in the river, and as the busy porters bring their treasures ashore the fish is sold by auction to little groups of women who hawk their purchases about the City. Many kinds of fish are to be found in the Market. Sardines are very abundant, small mackerel, john dorees, large flat eels and many others whose names I do not know. But interesting as the fish are, the vendors of them are even more remarkable. The Lisbon Fishwives are an outstanding feature in the life of Lisbon. They carry their baskets of fish on their heads, (and the weight must be very considerable) generally without assistance from their hands, as they walk along very briskly with a fine upright carriage and shapely limbs which must rejoice the heart of any artist and be the envy of women of other countries. In fact this habit of carrying weights on the head is not confined to Lisbon but is general throughout Portugal; in the outskirts of the City and in country places it is the custom

for women to fetch water from public fountains in special water pots, and to carry it home balanced on the head without any assistance. I saw many instances of this.

Besides the Fish Market there are also several other large markets for the sale of fruit and vegetables. The diet of the Portuguese, especially amongst the working classes, consists very largely of fish and fruit, and as a result one sees no large butcher's shops such as we have in England. A great deal of food is disposed of by street hawkers and their various calls are sometimes very musical.

In wandering about the City I noticed various matters which differ from our Rugby life. There are the mechanical means of locomotion as with us, but the chief animals of burden are mules, supplemented by horses of a very light build; heavy horses do not appear to exist in Portugal. Throughout my stay I do not remember seeing a single shire horse or anything approaching it as regards weight, even in the country. Outside the large towns oxen are very popular beasts of burden; they are very handsome and attractive creatures, docile and patient, with pathetic eyes; they are good workers, though rather slow. In the country too, donkeys take the place of horses and are used for the bringing of agricultural products into the towns, many driven by woman and girls. The products are placed in panniers and in the homeward journey the burden is replaced by the weight of the traveller.

My knowledge of Portugal and the Portuguese would have been more thorough had there not been the difficulty of the language. When I was with my friends there was no difficulty, but when I was out on my own matters were very different and sometimes amusing. The spelling of a word I found does not always give an idea of its apprehension, and my attempts must have sounded very amusing to the people to whom I addressed myself. However they never laughed at me though I am sure I richly deserved it. On the contrary they were courteous and did their best. One day my friend, an Englishman, and I went out with the intention of visiting a certain place. We had a fairly good idea of its direction but the roads were hilly and the sun was hot and no-one to whom we spoke seemed to understand English. So as the last resort we stopped two young men, one of whom was wearing a student's garb, and we appealed to them for assistance. Unfortunately they too had no knowledge of our language, but by means of one or two place names and an odd word or two of French we made them understand where we wished to go, and they most good-naturedly turned back and accompanied us, and when at last being too tired to proceed further, we decided to return they most considerately waited with us until the right tram came up. We must have wasted quite a Quarter of an hour of their time, but they did not grudge it in the least.

The place we were aiming at was the English Cemetery, which I visited afterwards. Amongst the dead buried there is Fieldson, the English Novelist. Judging from the various inscriptions on the grave-stones one gets an idea that many of the dead had gone to Lisbon on the score of health for the benefit of the climate. The Cemetery is very much of a garden with many beautiful flowers and shrubs. In it stands a nice English Church, with a duly appointed English Chaplain, but strange to say, the Caretaker cannot speak English.

So far as I can judge, Portugal is not much of a sporting country, though I am told football is played all the year round. There is a Sports Club at Lisbon belonging to the English residents, and on a very small scale they play cricket, tennis and golf, but the conveniences for cricket and golf are very limited indeed. Bull-Fighting is still carried on, and there is a large bull-ring in the principal avenue. I did not see the inside but I saw a queue waiting for admission one Sunday afternoon. The sport is said to be somewhat fading in popularity and giving place to tennis and football. Also there is less cruelty with the Portuguese than with the Spanish bull-fighting. Instead of using old worn-out animals good, valuable horses only are used, and these are protected by pads to ensure their safety.

As a Rotarian, I should fail in my duty if I omitted to mention my attendance at the Lunch of the Lisbon Club. The Meetings are held in the literally palatial building, for it was formerly the residence of a leading nobleman. It is most elaborately decorated and has a most remarkable staircase. The lunch itself was in keeping with its surroundings, and the members attending it included several men of considerable importance. I was introduced to the gathering by the American Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. who was in charge of the Lisbon branch of the Association which is apparently very successful. I was also fortunate enough to meet the Times Correspondent, who is a member of the Club. All the members of the Club spoke English, I believe, but naturally the business was carried on in Portuguese. I delivered to the Club a greeting from Rugby, and I was charged with the duty of reciprocating a message from them. At the lunch we listened to a very interesting address on Brazil by the President of the Geographical Association, who seemed to have a very full knowledge of his subject, and to deliver it in a very interesting manner judging from the expression on the faces of the members. After lunch I was taken by my friend to the Geographical Institute, where I saw a collection of articles and products from the various Portuguese Colonies and Posters. I also saw there some particularly fine copies illustrating the voyages and discoveries of the early Portuguese explorers.

On my first afternoon in Lisbon while visiting the Museum I have already referred to, I was accosted by a fellow Rotarian from England. Apparently he recognised my badge and introduced himself and his friend who were just passing through Lisbon.

I have been asked several times what is the condition of Portugal politically. My stay there was far too short to qualify me to express any opinion, but so far as I can see, there is no sign of restlessness or disaffection. The annual national demonstration took place on Sunday afternoon, when some 15,000 troops, sailors and representatives of all the branches of Naval, Military and Civil Service marched down the principal avenue and saluted the President.

There was some apprehension that signs of revolution might be forthcoming, but nothing happened. The procession took about two hours to pass and most of the time I mingled with the crowd which was quite quiet and orderly. The Country is governed by military dictatorship which is a great advantage upon the previous Government, and the condition of affairs generally is being steadily improved.

Considerable attention is being given to the condition of the roads and to the National Buildings, many of which had fallen into a state of serious deterioration. There is in Lisbon a handsome Parliament House, but no Parliament at present exists to make use of it.

Portugal is not an industrial country as we understand the term, though of course there are Works, but not in the City, and as a result the atmosphere of Lisbon is remarkably clear. It is quite difficult to realise the age of many of the buildings because of the absence of grime and soot, and speaking on this point there is another great contrast to our English Cities; scarcely any plain brick buildings are to be seen; they are either stone or stuccoed and painted. In some instances the walls are lined with ornamental tiles and further all houses are supposed to be re-coloured regularly every 5 years. Speaking of tiles reminds me that this form of decoration is very old in Portugal and most elaborate designs are to be found in public buildings and Churches and even in private houses. In a ceramic factory a few miles out of Lisbon I saw the process of tile making, when the Artist was painting his picture on the tiles. In this same factory I saw various kinds of work being carried on. It is the largest ceramic factory in Portugal employing 800 people, and much beautiful work is turned out.

But though Portugal is not an industrial country, it still has its difficulties of unemployment, and recently a law has been passed levying 3% on all wages and salaries for the benefit of the unemployed, but it is scarcely necessary to say that the tax is by no means popular with the people who have to pay it. Possibly as a result of unemployment, beggars are somewhat plentiful and very persistent. If a private car stops outside a shop or a house the chances are that someone will quickly come to solicit alms.

Lisbon is a fairly busy place, but there are no great shops such as we see in the large towns of England, and the buildings are not so elaborate as with us, but in spite of that the streets have a fascination of their own and the open spaces are attractive and well kept. In all the smaller towns which I saw and even in the villages very fine good open spaces are to be found. This is a decided advantage as most of the villages have rather narrow streets with the houses built right up. Practically there are no front gardens with small houses, but in the public open spaces flower beds are well kept and give a pleasant effect. The country roads are fairly good, but occasionally we found much dust partly owing to the absence of rain. On one occasion we experienced a very unpleasant change; we were taking a short cut from the main road, and the road on which we found ourselves was very hilly and in parts of it the surface was like the bed of a mountain stream without the water, winter storms had so washed away the surface. It spoke well for the construction of the motor in which we were riding that it did not break down under the heavy strain to which it was subjected. In speaking of the country roads I am reminded of what we saw along them and the places we passed through. On the moor-land and wider tracks we saw many wild flowers, some of them quite strange to me. In many districts the aloe was growing in abundance by the water side and quite a number of the plants had a strange pole-like stem growing to a height of probably eight to ten feet which eventually would terminate in a small and somewhat insignificant flower at its head. On several occasions I saw a prickly-pear with its beautiful orange colour flowers also growing by the water side. Portugal is definitely an agricultural country and the neighbourhood of Lisbon is cultivated as small holdings. This means that there are no large farms as with us and no green

fields with hedgerows; every possible piece of land seems to be cultivated, vines being the most notable crops in many districts; maize also is largely cultivated and potatoes. Very few cattle are to be seen, and sheep are not plentiful, and what I saw were poor and apparently of little value. Oranges, lemons and olives are largely cultivated. In many districts the land is well timbered especially on the higher ground where pines flourished. The face of the country is very hilly, range after range being visible, but there are also extensive plains. At many points, as the roads wind along the tops of the ridges, glorious views are to be seen, which with the purple haze of distance give most charming pictures.

Portugal is a most interesting Country, but important as the Cities of Lisbon and Oporto may be, they do not contain all the national treasures. In the course of a three days motor tour I had the opportunity of seeing Bussaco, Coimbra, Leiria, Batalha, Alcobaca, Cintra and Maffra. At all these places there are architectural treasures which I am quite unable to describe, but the choice of them I fully realise; the carvings in stone are just exquisite and the magnificence of the buildings themselves wonderful. At one of these great monastic Churches our visit took place on the great day of the Feast of the Sacred Heart; it was in quite a small country town, little more than a village, but gathered within it was a small concourse of people, chiefly men, who were standing listening intently to the Parish Priest, who was reading from a book referring to the Festival. In these large Churches there are, as a rule, few seats, and many of the congregation were sitting on the floor or kneeling. A very pleasant sight was the presence of a number of birds, swifts, which were in constant flight up and down the lofty nave during the Service.

At the Monastery of Alcobaca there is a famous kitchen formerly used by the Monks, through which runs a stream of water in which live fish were kept. Today these buildings are utilised as a workhouse, housing some hundreds of men. The time of our visit happened to be their supper time, and we saw them entering into a large dining hall, a veritable group of human derelicts gathered as from the highways and hedges of the Parable; in spite of their depressing circumstances they seemed to be, however, a fairly cheerful crowd.

Portugal is, as you know, intimately connected with the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular War, and in the neighbourhood of which I am now speaking, some of the most famous engagements took place. A recent writer on Portugal speaking of the struggle with the Moors says:- "A greater battle than ever Christian and Moslem fought raged in later time upon Bussaco, around which, just outside the granite wall of the wood of the North Western slopes of the long mountain the French marching through between the ranges of hills had to ascend the steep crown in face of Wellington's Forces. It was hazardous work even with a strong army and seasoned troops, but the French General Massena, despising the character of his opponents, made the attempt and was completely defeated with great carnage." On the site of the battle near to where Wellington stood surveying his army there now stands a commemorative obelisk. The battle took place on September 27th 1810 and was the turning point of Napoleon's history.

Bussaco itself, an old Monastery, was occupied for centuries by various Orders of Monks, including the Trappists, and so they are rich in the possession of miles of land around it. The domain is enclosed by the wall extending for nine miles, and on the glens and in the ravines

the climate is so mild that winter is practically unknown, and trees and shrubs, brought from all parts of the globe, were cultivated with great care and enthusiasm by the silent Monks, and the result of their labourers remains until to-day. Like other famous Monasteries, the buildings are no longer applied to the purpose originally intended, but they are being carefully tended by the Government. Adjoining the Monastery "There stands a Palace, so stately and beautiful, so new and spotless though as to seem like a scene from a fairy tale". Thus writes a recent Author. It was built by the Portugal Government for a Royal residence, but before it was finished King Manuel II was an exile in England. To-day it is an Hotel, very palatial in its appointments, but very comfortable and particularly moderate in its terms. We had lunch there, in every way satisfactory, well served, and in no respect excessive as to charges. The Manager took us through the house, pointing out its various advantages and we were greatly surprised at the low rate of charges. But beautiful as it is, and standing in very wonderful surroundings it is very little supported by the travelling public, so that it must be run at a loss. It is one of several run by the same Proprietors.

My knowledge of Portuguese Hotels is very limited, as I was fortunate enough to have rooms in a private house in Lisbon managed by two Irish ladies, highly cultured, and of considerable travelling experience, and being good linguists, they had an intimate knowledge of Portuguese and several other languages. I had the privilege of meeting there several other visitors of considerable interest. My only experience of Hotels was at Coimbra, where we stayed at quite a first-class house, and another quite good one at Alcobaca.

Apart from the experience gained at Lisbon there is so much of interest in that country that there ought to be a special paper on some of these outstanding sights. Principal amongst them are Batalha, Alcobaca, Coimbra and Maffra. At all these places there are extensive monastic buildings with glorious Churches. In a deep hollow about eight miles from Leiras lies the world-famed Abbey of Batalha, the wonder and envy of ecclesiastical architecture for six centuries and even now one of the most beautiful gothic structures in existence. The whole edifice is built of a marble-like lime-stone which time has turned to a beautiful soft yellowy cream colour. It has many remarkable features of great architectural beauty, such as statues of exquisite carving. One of its great glories is the side chapel, the octagonal chapel of the Founder. This is specially interesting to English people, because it contains the twin tombs of John the Great and his English wife Phillipa, grand-daughter of Edward (?), who were married at Oporto in 1387. Their sculptured effigies hand in hand as the noble pair went through life: and around the chapel are arranged the sarcophagi of their four sons, upon each stone coffin are carved the Insignia of the Garter of the Arms of England. Quartered with those of Portugal. All are in most beautiful order and look quite modern. "Outside the Church is the renowned Cloisters, and here the work being of a later date than the Church controversy has spent itself as to whether the luxuriant exuberance of the sculpturing is or is not imperfect taste". The Writer of this remark goes on to say:- "Personally I find the Cloister exquisite beyond description, I experience in the fullest measure, as I gaze at this marvel of human skill, the cloistered court of Batalha. Standing in the centre of the court-yard and looking up at the Abbey one sees three beautiful lace-like parapets raised one above the other along the whole length of cloister, clerestory and nave, clear cut edges of perfect curves against the blue sky. Each of the

cloister-arches is filled with stone tracery of excessive richness and variety, and only the most callous soul could remain unmoved by its exquisite beauty. The Chapter House was described by Beckford more than 150 years ago as:- “A square of 70 feet and most strikingly beautiful apartment I ever beheld. The graceful arching of the roof unsupported by console or column is unequalled; it seems suspended by magic. Indeed human means failed twice in constructing this bold unembarrassed space. Every difficulty, however, was overcome, and the work remains to this hour secure and perfect. From the Cloisters at a distance of but a few feet are the “unfinished chapels”. These consist of a sort of Lady Chapel or Apse built out at the back of the High Altar like Henry VII Chapel at Westminster. A large central chapel with 10 smaller chapels round it rise to perhaps half their intended height and roofless, for when King Manuel died in 1521, the work was stopped and has never been resumed. The first view of this fragment and particularly of the great arch, by which it was intended to connect it with the Church, strikes an observer with astonishment that human brains and hands could ever compass such intricacy of design and execution.” The writer I am quoting goes on to say:- “As I walked up the road leading from the hollow in which the Abbey stands, I looked back again and again at the perfect loveliness of the building I was leaving behind. The flying buttresses, the lines upon lines of fretwork edging, the multitude of floreated pinnacles, and the glorious Gothic of the West Front, all of the softened hue of old gold, presented in my eyes the perfection of a gothic building. Batalha reservedly nestling in its green hollow far from the busy haunts of men, has a charm of its own that I have found in no other Gothic Church; and as I finally turned my back upon it I carried with me a memory which in my life will never fade.”

The Church and Monastery of Alcobaca, built 1148-1222, stand fronting a very extensive triangular praca (open space), crossed by long avenues of acacias. The whole edifice is raised above the surface of the praca, upon a platform some ten feet high, and upon this parade the monks in old times were mustered to receive distinguished visitors. All is quiet now, for the monks are gone these hundred years. Of the Church itself, the nave is stern and simple and the windows high above the ground. In the north transept is the dark and beautiful gothic chapel of the tombs of the resting place of the earlier princes. The most striking of these are the sculptured figures of Pedro the Just and his murdered mistress, Inez de Castro. The king ordered the body of this much loved lady to be placed foot to foot with his own statue, so that he could look first on her, when he re-opened his eyes on the last day. There is a fine hall called the Sala dos Reis, lined with pictorial blue tiles representing the deeds of the Kings of Portugal, and statues of the Kings themselves are upon brackets round the walls.

Coimbra is famous as a City of learning for all Portugal for many centuries, and still the only University town in the realm. There are some 2,000 students in attendance and they are noticeable in the town with their conspicuous cloaks. The important feature of the University buildings is the gorgeous Library, which contains many valuable manuscripts and early printings. In the town itself there is an old and interesting Cathedral and many other objects of interest.

There is one other place I would like to mention and that is Maffra. Quoting from a recent book:- “Built in the 18th Century and remarkable for its huge size, it stuns one by its proportions which are magnificent, but not beautiful. The whole building is about a sixth of a

mile long and has 5,200 doors and 2,500 windows. The Church is of rose and white marble, and the steps in front of the gigantic towers are hundreds of feet long. It is said that King John V vowed that if he should have an heir to the Throne he would build a magnificent new Convent on the site of the poorest one in Portugal; his son was born in 1715, and until the Work was finished 30 years later, at least 14,700 labourers were employed. Outside the Church the buildings consist of a Monastery, Palace and Barracks, now used as a Military School.

I would like to have said more about the wonderful sights which I saw in Portugal, but it requires the pencil of an artist, and the pen of a poet to do anything like just.

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