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INTRODUCTION

Janet Schaw was born in Lavriston, a suburb of Edinburgh, and it is conjectured that at the time of her voyage to the West Indies and America she was possibly thirty-five or forty years of age.

She travelled with her brother Alexander who was to be an officer in the customs on the island of St. Christopher, the present day St. Kitts, and three children of a kinsman, John Rutherford. They started their journey on October 26th, 1774.

Miss Schaw wrote her journal-letters to a friend in Scotland and they include wonderful descriptions of the lives led by the planters and merchants in the West Indies and by the Scottish planters in North Carolina.

She returned to Scotland by way of Lisbon with the same three Rutherford children at the beginning of the Revolutionary War in America and landed at Setúbal in December of 1775.

Janet Schaw in her journal is shown to be a well born Scotswoman, loyal to her country and King, a born letter writer and a very interested and intrepid observer of life wherever she happens to be.

"A Sojourn in Lisbon" is memorable for its splendid impressions of eighteenth century Lisbon and the surrounding areas by "A Lady of Quality".

G. T. D., Hon. Editor

CHAPTER IV.

Sojourn in Lisbon.

Out at Sea.

WE are now fairly over the bar and once more launched on the vast Atlantick.* We have every reason to hope a prosperous Voyage, and every thing has been done to render it an agreeable one. I know not if I ought to rejoice that we have Mr Neilson for our companion, as want of health has forced him to leave the continent, and what sits heavier on his spirit, his friend Gov^r Martin, at a time when he wishes to be near him, but in his present state of health, must be a trouble not an assistance. I have been greatly obliged to that Gentleman, ever since he became my acquaintance. His attention has been that of a kind brother, and my gratitude is that of a much obliged sister. Should he get soon better, he will (as far as possible) supply my brother to me on this voyage. His conversation is entertaining and instructive, and if he recover his health, I hope he will recover his spirits and gain the fortitude necessary to his present situation, which is truly a hard one, as he had very considerable emoluments in

* The *George*, Captain Deans, sailed for Glasgow, via Lisbon, on November 10, 1775, as recorded in the log of the *Cruizer*. The only contemporary reference to Miss Schaw's departure is contained in a letter from Mrs. De-Rosset to John Burgwin. "Mr. Tom Hooper," she writes, "went to Scotland in a vessel with Miss Shaw and Miss Rutherford, on the way to England" (*James Sprunt Historical Monographs*, no. 4, p. 28).

America, and still higher prospects, which I fear will not be his again for a long time. But he is a vast philosopher and often uses your expression "it will be all one a hundred years hence."

Mr Rutherford and my brother Bob saw us over the bar—a bitter parting, I do assure you, it was on all sides; poor Mr Rutherford with all his family, and my brother with a lately found and much loved sister. I fear the Adieu is for ever and for ever. Poor Fanny was hardly able to support it, nor has she yet recovered from the shock. I should think less of myself than I do, did I not feel severely for those I leave behind; tho' in hopes of soon meeting Objects dear to my heart as life; objects indeed that can only endear life to me. Our schemes for the present are frustrated, yet let us not think we are the sport of fortune. Dark as my fate seems I sincerely believe that mercy ever triumphs over evil, and that a powerful hand controls what we call fate. To him then let us submit, and only pray for that fortitude, whose basis is trust in his goodness and omnipotence. I do not suppose this voyage will furnish any thing new, but if it should, it is not in my power to keep a journal of it, as my brother begged my stock of writing-materials, there being none to be had for love or money. The few sheets I now have I will keep, till we arrive at Portugal, when I will begin again to write, not to inform you of what you know so well already, but a journal of my own thoughts, ideas and apprehensions, where every thing is new to me.

Mr Neilson is very ill; Miss Rutherford not very well; the boys in good health, as I am. We have brought many pets, of which number is the bear. We were afraid he would join his brethren of the congress, and as he has more apparent sagacity, than any of them, he would be no small addition to their councils. Our Captain is a plain, sensible, worthy man, plays cribbage and backgammon dexterously, and when our poor Messmates are better, we are provided for

Whist. Our cabins and state-rooms are large and commodious, our provisions excellent and our liquor tolerable; but I long for a drink of Scotch two penny, and will salute the first pint-stoup I meet and kiss the first Scotch earth I touch. A weight however hangs on my heart. Adieu, you shall hear from me first opportunity. Adieu, may our meeting be happy.

Decem^r 4th 1775* Aboard the George in the bay of
St Tubes.

Between ten and eleven at night, we were hailed by a pilot-boat, which the Sailors called a bear-cod, as it exactly resembles one. By the Master we were told that we were then just opposite to Lisbon, and tho' it was extremely dark, I was directly for going aboard the boat, and making for the place, where my friends all resided, but was not a little surprised to be informed, that if the boatman carried me ashore, he would be hanged for his pains, and that it was not easy to answer what would become of myself. This brought on an explanation of all we must go thro' before we landed, and I was most terribly mortified that tho' so near our port, it would yet be several days before I could step on terra firma. The Cap^t also recollected that we had got no bill of health, and we dreaded the horrors of a Lazaretto;† but Neilson happily was the very officer, from whom we should have had our certificate, so having the seal of office in his trunk,‡ he made no scruple to antedate it a month and some

* Probably "December 4th" should be December 12. According to Miss Schaw's statement, the voyage lasted thirty-two days ("a month and some days," she says elsewhere), which, reckoned from November 10, the date of sailing, would bring the arrival at St. Tubes to December 11 or 12. As the party remained at St. Tubes only a few days and reached Lisbon on the 19th, it may be that the date of arrival should be put as late as the 14th.

† A lazaretto was usually a pest-house for smallpox and other contagious diseases, but here is used for quarantine.

‡ Neilson had been appointed naval officer by Governor Martin only a month or so before. It is curious that he should have had the seal of his office

days, and to write out a long certificate in very handsome Latin, which our faces bore witness to.

Our fears of a quarantine were at an end, and we slept that night in quietness; as we hoped to be in port by breakfast. But the wind coming against us, it took up most of the day to get forward, and we did not get on the coast till the afternoon, which luckily proved very fine, and here I had the pleasure of viewing an Italian sky, the beauty of which you have so often described to me, and at which I looked with uncommon delight, because it brought back to my memory, what you have said to me on this and many other Subjects. Nor was I entirely engaged with the heavens; the earth claimed part of my attention, and the hills, the rocks, the dales, all joined to please an eye that had been long deprived of such delightful variety, and confined to a dead level or nodding black pines equally disagreeable. The verdure just now is most lovely and meets the eye every where. Tho' this is by no means the sort of country I took it for, as I have fancied to myself a West India Island as large as a world, I was vastly pleased to behold the noble buildings as we sailed along the coast, till I was informed by our pilot, that they were, in general, bastiles—oh sound of horror and fear to a British ear.

At last we reached the bay, where we anchored within less than a mile of the Town of St Tubes.* The scene altogether was very lively and animating, particularly when joined to the idea of being once more in Europe. The evening was fine, the sun gilding the horizon and giving additional beauty to the green hills. The sky was placid and serene—above fifty ships were lying at Anchor, and above a hundred boats en-

in his trunk. Were the seals deemed, as were the papers, the private property of the incumbent? It is more likely, however, that his possession of the seal was something of an accident, since he had never actually entered upon the duties of the office.

*The name of the seaport is Setubal, called by the French St. Ives and by the British St. Tubes or St. Ubes.

gaged in the sardine fishing and chanting Vespers. The town was full in prospect and many windmills going above it, which I think a very cheerful object. The coast is extremely bold and the hills and high grounds, covered with wheat or pasture, looked so fresh that they perfectly cheered the senses.

But while we were busy admiring this pleasing scene, a boat approached, which was presently known to be from the custom-house. There were three or four tide-waiters in her, the sight of whom set our Johns to such cursing and muttering, that I could not conceive what ailed them, till the Cap^t told me these vermine were come to take their Tobacco, and would not leave them a single quid in their pouches. I could not wonder at their distress or rage on this occasion, nor be offended when they declared that America was dam—ly in the right to keep clear of these land rats. These however were only the guards come to prevent any being carried ashore. The others came in the morning. We have got figs, grapes and most charming wine on board, at which we are sipping at no allowance. I am charmed with the bells—there goes one just now as like our eight o'clock bell as it can be—*clink, clink*—dear me 'tis heartsome. Good Night.

There has been a general search for Tobacco, our Johns laid down there quids with a sneer that fully convinces me they have not lost all their comfort that way. Tho' the people who came on board made but a scurvy personal appearance, I found a vast difference between their manners, and those in the same station at home. They were actually distressed when they saw Ladies and made a thousand apologies. As Mr Neilson speaks every European language, we were informed of whatever we wished to know thro' his means. But tho' he made the tour of Europe a few years ago, he never was in Portugal, so is a stranger to their customs. He is particularly distressed about getting ashore, which, these people say, cannot be for three or four days.

I plainly see he is to take such a charge of us, as will tease his life—Lord help him, he little knows how perfectly easy I am, and more inclined to laugh than cry at the little accidents we meet with on this journey. Oh my friend! that I had no more to distress me—but let us not repine nor quarrel with the wise œconomy we ought to adore. 'Tis in our own breasts that the events of fate must take their colour. The reception they meet with and the turn they take there, constitute them good or evil. One thing I am at least sure of, that if you are happy, I never can be miserable.

I was interrupted by a message informing me that the officers of health and of the holy Inquisition were just coming aboard—also that the Proconsul begged the honour of waiting on the English Ladies. Tho' the Inquisition has now lost its sting, there is still an horror in the sound, and, Miss Rutherford says, I grew pale at the name. I had no reason however. In place of a stern Inquisitor, came a smiling young Priest, who, I fancy, would render penance pretty easy for some of us, were he chosen Father confessor properly. Our healths were taken for granted, and our chests tho' opened, were not searched. On opening my chest, I observed a piece of excellent self-attention in M^{rs} Miller, who had been told, that if a Bible was found, the person who owned it, would be sent to the Inquisition. She had one in folio, which she had transferred to our chest, and taken no care to conceal it. However it was taken no notice of. The proconsul spoke very good French, and our priest conversed with M^r Neilson in Italian. They drank tea with us, and after making the Cap^t sign to a set of most curious articles for himself and his crew, they left us at full liberty to go ashore when we pleased, and to carry our trunks (which they marked) unmolested by further search. I made Neilson translate the Articles signed by the Cap^t, mate and himself, some of which were as follows. That the said officers or none of the crew shall insult any female they chance to meet. Item, that they

shall take off their hats to the clergy, and not affront them in any way; that they shall kneel at the elevation of the host; that they shall in no way insult the cross, wherever set up, by making [water], but however urgent their Necessities may be, shall retain the same, till at a proper and lawful distance. Many more equally important were set down and signed.

Neilson, who went on shore with our Visitors, has returned and informs us he has by their means got us excellent lodgings, and that we are to eat meat to morrow on shore, tho' this is a season of strict fasting. He has given us a most ludicrous account of the Lady who is to receive us; a Senora Maria, who has said so many handsome things to him, that he is quite afraid of her. He has told her however he is married, and his wife comes ashore with him. I fancy he found this necessary, and I am to take him under my protection.

They assure me the packet will sail from Lisbon in a few days, and I will get this sent you. You will see by my writing, we had a good voyage, tho' I forgot to tell you so. We were just thirty two days, the blinds were never up, nor were we incommoded, tho' we had a fresh breeze thro' the whole Voyage.

We dined yesterday with Senora Maria, a squat sallow dame between forty and fifty, but such an Amarosa in her manner, that Neilson required the presence of his supposed wife to save him from the warmth of her caresses, which, to say the truth, she bestowed on us all, embracing and clasping us till we were half suffocated. But this was not the worst of it: she brought her maid to pay her compliments. She was just Don Quixote's Maratornious [Maritornes],* with her

* The description of Maritornes in Don Quixote (ch. xvi) reads as follows: "An Asturian wench, broad faced, flat-headed, with a little nose, one eye squinting and the other not much better. It is true, the elegance of her form made amends for other defects. She was not seven hands high; and her shoulders, which burdened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground more than she would willingly have done." Hogarth gives us a

jacket and ruff-eye; have not seen such an animal. She would measure half as much again round, as from head to foot. Her bushy black hair was frizled up, which with her little winking eyes and cock-nose made a most complete appearance. I trembled for her embraces, as the effluvia of the kitchen were very strong, but happily she was more humble than her dame, for she squatted down and clasped us round the knees, kissing our feet, which we permitted her to do without raising her to our arms, as it seems we ought to have done. Senora took much pains to inform us she was no publican, only kept a house of accommodation for her friends, in which number she did us the honour to consider us. This would have surprised an Englishman, but I, who had been used to such friendships, thought it not stranger than that of the bridge of Tay, with many more in your country, where I have been treated as a friend with very little ceremony, and paid very decent or rather indecent bills for meat and drink, of which I had the smallest share.

Dinner over, we went to view the town, which has been once magnificent, but is now almost entirely a ruin, partly owing to the dreadful earthquake,* and partly owing to the still more horrid effects of despotism. Here I beheld the remains of the palace of the Duke de Alvara, a most noble ruin. His fate you know well, and I dare say we both join in thinking that he and his son the Marquis deserved every severity; for it is past a doubt, that they made an attempt on the life of their sovereign—a crime that admits of no palliation.† Yet as Voltaire most justly observes, there is no crime

picture of Maritornes in one of his scenes illustrating Don Quixote. Miss Schaw may have seen this print.

* The great earthquake occurred on November 1, 1775, just twenty years before Miss Schaw's arrival.

† The Duke of Aveiro (Joseph Mascarenhas), 1708-1759, with the marquis and marchioness of Tavora, their two sons, and four or five others, were executed in 1759 for an attempt on the life of King Joseph I, September 3, 1758. The duke and the marquis were broken on the wheel, their bodies consumed by fire, and their ashes thrown into the sea; the marchioness

however great, but we lose sight of, when the punishment is extended beyond the limits of humanity. Thus the memory of these two parricides would have been held in utter detestation, had they alone suffered death; but when we see the venerable Dutchess, the two amiable youths not yet eighteen years old suffering the same dreadful fate, tho' entirely innocent, nature revolts, and will no longer term it justice, but diabolical barbarity. Nor does it appear less shocking to find the impotence of power extend to objects incapable of feeling or understanding punishment—one infant daughter rendered infamous and shut up in a convent to [serve in] the lowest offices; ashes strewn in the air; one palace torn down and the ground salted, another entirely ruined, tho' the walls yet remain so far as to let you observe how great this unhappy family once were, and whose fate is silently regretted by their country. You know the exclusion of the Jesuits followed this affair, and with them fell the power of the Inquisition.*

We visited several churches, which are now decorating for

was decapitated, the ducal palace pulled down, and the family and even the name of Tavora obliterated as far as possible. The cruelty of the sentences and the torture which accompanied the execution of the principal conspirators, as well as the "grand affair" itself, made a great stir at the time and the details must have been well known to Miss Schaw. No one who has ever read the contemporary accounts of the scene at the scaffold at Belem, as printed, for example, in the *Universal Magazine*, XXIV, 96-99, which Miss Schaw might well have seen, can ever forget the harrowing details of the spectacle. There were two palaces, one at Setubal and the other at Lisbon. From Miss Schaw's account neither would seem to have been entirely destroyed.

* A recent historian of Portugal says of the plot, "Whatever the real origin of this plot may have been, it resulted in the king being waylaid and wounded, and in the execution of some of the most prominent nobles of Portugal. It seems not impossible, in view of the repetition of the incident ten months later that Pombal [see page 236, note] by these 'popish plots' was killing his two birds with one stone, so as to strengthen his influence with the king by disgracing the great nobles who were jealous of his power and by discrediting the Jesuits, whose reputation and record would certainly render them responsible. In 1759 the Society's estates were confiscated and its members expelled" (*Portugal, An Historical Study*, by George Young, p. 195).

Christmas—the Virgin is dressing out, and is sometimes very pretty, tho' at other times most gloriously ridiculous. Some of the churches are truly fine, but the images are in general paltry and no fine paintings in any of those I have seen. But we have an invitation to a convent of Missionaries to-morrow, where they tell me every thing is noble, and they are rich tho' beggars by profession. It will not be easy for the sailors to observe strictly the articles of not affronting the cross, for they [the crosses] are so close on each other, that it will hardly be in their power to keep clear of offence. Indeed the profusion of emblems of the most sacred of all subjects shocks me greatly. You find it over the doors of places for the vilest uses. You see the most horrid violation of it, wherever you turn your eyes, and one would think it was set up by Turks or Jews, as a standing ridicule and reproach on a religion they despised and disbelieved. It is not here I would be converted to the Catholick faith, as it is no better than a puppet show.

I must tell you an anecdote of our hostess Maria. As she carried us thro' a very disorderly and dirty house, we at last arrived at a sort of lumber room, where stood a large cloth press. She put on a solemn look, and bade Neilson inform us we were in her private chapel, that she was not rich, but what she had to spare she bestowed on her God. I approved of the object of her liberality, but could observe nothing in her chapel worthy the acceptance of a much lower person. But on opening the above mentioned press, we were struck with a view of the Virgin and her son in figures, not much above the length of my middle finger, attended with a croud of Lilliputian saints, who were gayly dressed, and stood on each side in decent order. A folding up altar was then let down, on which was displayed every utensil necessary for devotion in miniature, the whole making a very pretty baby house. Senora Maria kneeled and crossed herself most devoutly, in which the good breeding of Mr Neilson accompanied her.

I made a slight obeisance, but Fanny viewed the whole with the utmost contempt. No sooner was it shut up, than the Vivacity of Senora returned, and pulling out the drawers under this model of a Romish Church, she displayed her Wardrobe, of which she was not a little vain, then making us a present of some artificial crosses, she led us to the further corner of the chapel, where was fitted up a great number of wicker baskets for sale, extremely pretty, of which we purchased several. Were I sufficiently in cash, I could buy many things here vastly cheap. Some money I will venture to lay out; as at Lisbon I am sure of credit. But were not that the case, I should feel a pang every time I unlocked my little cash-chest, which contains a large sum for a poor refugee, and of which I never dare lose sight, having no very high idea of Portuguese honesty. The bed-chambers at Maria's were so dirty that we could not stay in them. Neilson indeed was so resolute to have us go on board to sleep, that I could not help thinking, he was afraid to be from under my *protection* at that season [that is, at night], when I could not so cleverly keep up the character of wife.

We leave St Tubes to-morrow morning, and are to proceed to Lisbon—but tho' no great journey, the manner of our travelling has been a work of no little trouble to Mr Neilson, whose goodness and attention knows no bounds. What must have become of us without him? I think it would have been impossible to have gone on. Yet I am often vexed at his anxiety, for as he is hurt by our smallest inconveniency, he is for ever uneasy, as such accidents must constantly occur in our present situation. Our mode of travelling has been a source of great distress, as no other carriage was to be had, but that of a pack-saddle fixed on the back of either an ass or a mule. For my part I had just been contemplating the ease with which a set of market women was moving along and admiring their mounterrara caps,* when he entered the

* Mounterrara caps, Spanish *montera*, were hunting caps made of cloth.

tarily paid him that respect, I could not believe any of his order could have deserved. Nay, so much reverence did this old man of seventy nine inspire, that I seriously begged his benediction, and found myself affected by the benevolent solemnity with which he bestowed it on me. Our gay priest provided a collation for us, which he produced and placed without ceremony on one of the low altars that adorned this church, which is indeed a very fine one, and has some good paintings and images, particularly one of our Lady of Sor-row, placed under a large crucifix, which I think as affectingly beautiful as the fancy of any Artist could produce. But the image on the cross, appears more calculated to inspire horror than either love or devotion. Nor are you ever shown this amiable pattern of all human perfection from his childhood, till he appears in the attitude of agony and extreme misery. This is doubtless owing to the dark superstition peculiar to the people of this country, where religion is held as a whip over slaves, and every individual has a court of Inquisition within his own breast. They figure the merciful father of his creatures, dark, gloomy and inexorable as the first Inquisitors. That this does not prevail in every Roman Catholick country is certain; of which the fine paintings I have seen copied are a proof, where we see that divine figure often delineated in the act of pardon and mercy, with a countenance that inspires the beholder with love, gratitude and adoration—in those there might be danger, but in nothing I have seen here.

We slept last night in an apartment in the Duke de Alvara's palace. Luckily we did not know where we were till the morning, otherwise that most unfortunate noble family would have haunted our dreams. Tho' the place where we were is part of the vast building, yet it seems to have been only apartments for the domesticks, as it enters differently from the palace, but has been itself most magnificent, and is now occupied by the English Gentleman, whom I before

mentioned, and he is making it very neat. But the grand apartments where the family resided are under the sentence of infamy, the windows built up and no one suffered to enter. The earthquake did it no harm, and there still remains a noble balcony covered with lead round the whole, which is longer than our Abbey of Holyrood house. Also the ruins of a vinary at least a thousand feet in length, where they had grapes all the year. The gardens and fish-ponds have been noble and extensive, they are now turned into vineyards, and let out to tenants. Tho' treason is a crime of so high a nature as to admit of no palliation, yet we must regret that such a family committed a crime to deserve such punishments. Adieu, till I write from Lisbon, which I certainly will the first packet. I have just got a letter from M^{rs} Paisley in return to one I wrote her. It is impossible to say whether her pleasure or surprise is strongest. Her affection however is most expressive, and I am sure my heart feels it.

Lisbon Decem^r the 20th

We got here last Night thro' many adventures, and are now as happy as the most amiable and most affectionate of friends can make us. But I will go on in proper form and begin with our journey, which proved a perfect comic-tragedy, and I was often at a loss, whether to cry or laugh. We set out in the calash of the noble Lady, which was really a neat one, drawn by two excellent Mules and conducted by a postilion, whose head would be an object of envy to the first Macaronie in Britain. But our excellent governor [Neilson] was so happy at getting us properly accommodated, that he forgot to take care of himself, and left it to a Mule-tee to provide three Mules—one for our baggage, another for a scoundrel of a chetsarona [cicerone] and a third for himself, begging only that he might get a common saddle not a pack one. He got a saddle indeed, but not a common one,

for it was an old French pique, that had not felt the air for fifty years, with a rusty stirrup at one side and a wooden box at the other to thrust his foot in.

The muleteer placed the baggage on the best mule. Our chetsarona had the next choice, while the old pique was placed on the back of a mule, which to his natural perverseness had added the positive humours of at least five and twenty years experience, and guessing we were about to ascend the mountain, absolutely refused to move. In vain did his unfortunate rider make his back resound with kicks; he was insensible to every remonstrance. The day was shockingly hot, Mr Neilson had run about to have every thing convenient for his female charge, till he had got a return of his fever, with a violent head-ache. No wonder his philosophy was staggered. His courage indeed was so far spent, that he was on the point of yielding the Victory to his Antagonist, when the Muleteer came to his assistance, and with three or four hearty blows of a cudgel across the rump of his stubborn property, he thought fit to move at last, but with the most untoward motion, and stopping every now and then, till the correction was repeated, went off with a jerk, which made our poor friend feel all the defects of the old saddle. This was a bad remedy for a head-ache, nor was it mended by the noise of the bells, which hung round the baggage mule, and which I insisted on having in view, having no very high idea of the honesty of a Portuguese Muleteer. A light-headed young Portuguese officer, being on the parade when we went into the calash, took a fancy to attend us, tho' a perfect stranger, and observing Mr Neilson's distress, he politely begged to have the honour of whipping up his beast. Neilson by this time was so heartily tired, that he did not care if the Devil was to whip him up, and readily accepted the offer, when the ridiculous creature began a scampering round our carriage, mounted on a fine Spanish horse, smacking his whip over the mule, and hollowing *diable*

mulla, mulla. There was no resisting laughing, in which the sufferer himself joined in spite of his head-ache.

I was exceedingly vexed however at this accident, as it was likely to deprive us of Mr Neilson's company the whole way, thro' a glorious country, diversified beyond description, every now and then a noble building attracting our attention, but of whose use or names we could get no information, our postilion speaking only his native language, our Chetsarona not come up, and our best instructor kept off by his confounded brute and light-headed companion. How often did I wish for my brother who would have enjoyed this scene to the full, and rendered it many degrees more agreeable to us by his judicious remarks. Quite impatient, we at last resolved to leave the calash, and ascend the remaining part of the Mountain on foot, which was now become so steep, that it was all our mules were able to pull up the carriage. The whole road was covered with mules and asses, carrying wine in skins to the waterside. Mr Neilson found no regret in relieving his stubborn pad of his burthen, and by the assistance of his arm, we got on tolerably, but not without many stops, not only to breathe, but to take a survey of the charming prospects that presented themselves to us on all sides.

As we advanced nearer the summit, we left behind St Tubes, the sea, the shipping, the large salt-works, the fine ruins, and a country beautifully green with corn and rich pasture-ground. Before us we had the river, Tagus, with the town of Lisbon and all the adjacent country on the opposite shore. On our left hand we had a scene nobly wild and beautifully romantick. The mountains presented us with rocks and woods, thro' which flowed many a rapid stream, which fell down in noisy cascades thro' the valleys below. But tho' these valleys boasted their cultivation and invited us to admire vine-yards, orange-groves and olive orchards, yet that where Nature alone held dominion entirely engaged our

attention, and we traced the wildness of the mountains, as far as our eyes could penetrate thro' the trees or over the rocks. While we were making different observations, Miss Rutherford said it recalled to her mind a description she had often admired, that of the scene when Don Quixote met the unhappy Gentleman deprived of his senses.* We had all agreed in the justness of the observation, when at the very instant, as if by design, the scene was completed by the appearance of an unhappy wretch in the very situation in which the unfortunate count is there represented. Tho' a deep valley divided the two mountains, he was directly opposite to us, and so near, that we both heard and saw him distinctly. He was almost naked, his hair hanging loose about his shoulders, while the swiftness with which he leaped from rock to rock too plainly indicated the situation of his mind, and as he approached the precipice, I trembled lest he would go headlong over. However he stopped just on the utmost point, and falling on his knees seemed to implore us (with uplifted hands) in a supplicatory voice, which however was soon converted into that of the greatest wildness, and his actions were quite frantick. He beat his breast, tore his hair, and by his gestures seemed to be imprecating curses on us, after which with terrible cries, he returned behind the rocks, and we saw him no more. We were vastly affected at this view of the greatest extremity of human misery, and which our Chetsarona told [us] he had been reduced to by the infidelity of a wife he adored; that he had killed her lover, and taken refuge in the convent just before us, but was soon deprived of his senses. However the fathers humanely took care of him, tho' he often escaped to the woods and rocks. That every female he saw, he took for his wife, and always at first addressed them with softness, but soon with such rage, as made it very dangerous to be near him.

* The scene referred to is in Don Quixote, Book III, ch. xxiii.

We were so much affected with this melancholy scene, that we walked in silence up the mountain, and had reached the summit before we were aware, and found ourselves just under the convent of Palmella, which gives its name to a very pretty village just by, remarkable for a small pleasant wine produced on the Valley and rising grounds to our right hand. Whether the hurry of the former scene had prepared us to look with peculiar delight on one that appeared the perfect valley of contentment, I know not, but it certainly conveyed to the mind a strong idea of rural felicity; and the same thought struck all our company. It was one continued vineyard, with a number of hamlets scattered thro' it, the neatness of which could not be exceeded, and the whole scene looked like humility and safety. A nearer view might have shown our mistake. We left both the town and the convent without stopping, tho' much pressed to take refreshment. Our mules however drank at an elegant marble fountain for the relief of travellers. We got into our Calash, Neilson mounted his mule, which seemed more reconciled to his rider, and descended the other side of the mountain in perfect safety, and to my no small surprise, I found a heather moor above three miles long, and at the end of it came on a flat, very unpleasant tho' a cultivated country, and got to Mytoe [Moita], which is in the kingdom of Lisbon, about four o'clock.* Our guide conducted us thro' a narrow lane,

* In going from Setubal to Lisbon, the party would have to ride over the Sierra da Arabida and sail across the Tagus. Southey has described the reverse journey, from Lisbon to Setubal, in terms which may well be compared with those of Miss Schaw. He crossed the Tagus to Moita, rode thence on mules (at a "cruzado novo" apiece) up the hill of Palmella, through the pines, with flowers scattered on every hand amid the heather and sand, and found at the entrance to Palmella a fountain "with the arms of the town and an inscription, in which (he says) I was sometime amused at seeing S. P. Q. P., by the idea of the Senate and People of Palmella." He then descended on the other side of the sierra with a prospect before him "the most beautiful I ever beheld" and entered Setubal, which he describes at some length (*Letters written during a Short Residence in Spain and Portugal*, pp. 320-321).

where we saw wrote over a door an *Anlish hot for man and bost*. This we entered, but did not find it did much credit to England. Our Chetsarona however had been aware of this, and we had every thing brought with us for dinner, and found we had only to pay for leave to eat our own meat.

The Tagus like our Firth can only be crossed at the tide. Mr Neilson had secured the first boat for ourselves, and we were just stepping on board, when two or three men interposed, and told us we were prisoners to the state and must return. Our guide took much pains to assure us that it was nothing, but I by no means liked the Adventure. We were taken to the house of a judge, who received us in his Library, but seemed very little pleased with this interruption to his studies. Tho' the regard paid to our sex by every man in this country obtained us civility, our judge or rather jailor was a little spare old body, wrapt in a great cloak with a woollen coul on his bald pate, which however he uncovered, nor could be prevailed on to cover his head or resume his seat, while we were standing, which we did, till Neilson was carried off to the Governor, from whom a message came to let us know that we were at liberty, but the Gentleman a prisoner. This favour I absolutely refused, and declared I would remain, till I could send to my friends at Lisbon for redress.

No sooner had Neilson left the judge than he made us be seated, and I dare say he paid us many compliments, as he accompanied all he said with a most obliging air. We understood he offered us fruit, which however we did not accept, but returned bow for bow in silence for above an hour, during which time, our postilion, our guide and Muleteer had been under examination in regard to us, and had given such answers as convinced the Governor, who fortunately was not an idiot, that we had no design either on the King's or Marquis of Pombal's life.* Two men then came and took an

* Joseph I, 1750-1777, son of John X, married Maria Anna, daughter of Philip V of Spain. His daughter, the princess of Brazil, married his youngest

inventory of our features, our complexion, the colour of our hair, and made us take off our hats to see we had not wigs. This being done, a certificate was attested and delivered to Mr Neilson, and we were set at liberty. We were forced however to pay no less than Nine shillings and ninepence a piece for this certificate, and we had lost the tide and were forced to return to our paltry inn, till the next arrived.*

Now for the first time, since I set out on my expedition, my temper fairly forsook me. The Night was cold and a drizzling rain had come on. It was also so dark, that I lost all the pleasure I hoped for on the Tagus. Tho' we had hired the boat entirely, it was half full of dead hogs, fish and a variety of articles for Market, and we were hardly set off from the shore, when the crew began chanting their Vespers, and had the dead swine which lay by them joined their grunts to the concert, it could not have rendered it more disagreeable.† But farewell, the Captain of the Packet calls, and is to take charge of this, and one for my brother himself. Adieu, Adieu.

brother, her uncle Peter. After Joseph's death in 1777, she and her husband reigned as Maria I and Peter III, he until his death in 1786, she after that, alone, until her death in 1816, when she was succeeded by her son John VI, the great-great-grandfather of the late Carlos I. See below, p. 251.

Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho e Mello, Marquess of Pombal, was the greatest statesman that Portugal ever produced. Not only did he rebuild Lisbon after the earthquake but he endeavored also to win independence for Portugal from the political dominance of Spain, the commercial dominance of Great Britain, and the religious dominance of the Inquisition and the Jesuits. (The most accessible life of Pombal is by J. Smith, Count of Carnota, *Memoirs of the Marquess of Pombal*, 1843, but though a scholarly work it stands in great need of revision.)

* This adventure happened at Moita, which though located today some distance from navigable water, was then the place of departure on the southern shore of the Tagus for those wishing to go to Lisbon.

† Southey returned to Lisbon and in crossing the Tagus from Moita had much the same experience as had Miss Schaw. He made the trip in a boat "used for carrying dung," the moisture of which "oozed through upon us." "Half a dozen ducks, who made part of the passengers, amused us (he writes) with their music, and the men stunk so abominably that even Manuel complained. We preferred being wet to this pestilential atmosphere and reached Lisbon after a passage of five hours" (pp. 331-332).

Friendship is a plant of slow growth in every climate, and of so delicate a Nature, that the person who can rear up a few, may think himself happy, even where he has passed his early years and has had his most constant residence. Travellers in passing thro' foreign countries have no right to expect friendship, and if they meet its resemblance in politeness and civilities, ought to be perfectly satisfied. But how much greater reason have I to be pleased, who have met the real genuine plant, a heart that beats time to my own, and enjoys all the happiness she bestows, and participates all the pleasures and civilities that on her account and by her means are hourly heaped on us. You cannot have forgot the lovely and amiable Christy Pringle. You have heard me speak of her a hundred times, and never without the sincerest regret for her absence. That affection, that began while she was in the nursing, is not lessened, and has proved to me a source of infinite satisfaction. M^r Paisley, whom she married some years ago, adds dignity to the name of a British merchant, a title that conveys more in my idea than that of Duke or Lord in any other part of the world. He carries on an extensive commerce to the East and West Indies, the African^{*} Islands, the Brazils and indeed to every quarter of the globe. His success has been what he justly merited, and I believe he is not now second to any in our British factories. He lives with the Magnificence of a prince and the hospitality of an English merchant. He is a French-man in politeness, which his benevolent actions daily show to a number of obliged and grateful connections, who by his means are put in the way of becoming independent and happy.

We were received by him with that openness of manner, that did not suffer us to feel we were strangers, and he soon gave us every reason to think ourselves at home with our nearest relations. The evening after our arrival, we were visited by a number of the British of both sexes. Amongst

these was General M^cLean, Gov^r of Lisbon^{*} and commander in chief of the land forces. His name informs you of his country. He is indeed a fine highland looking fellow, and tho' not now a boy is still a great favourite with the Ladies. His Aid de Camp, Major Scott,† is from Mid Lothian, Scott of Mollinie's eldest son, who has been so long abroad, that he has entirely gained the manners of a foreigner, and tho' a most worthy man and much beloved here, if ever he returns to his country, will not fail to be called horribly affected.

But of all the men I have yet seen, I prefer Major Lindsay,‡ also a Scotchman. This Gentleman who is universally and justly admired, is brother to Lindsay of Wormiston in Fife. Never did I see in my life a more agreeable figure, or more amiable manners than he possesses; he looks and moves the Gentleman. I am never so happy as when attended by him. His conversation is elegant, polite and entertaining, his taste is refined, his remarks judicious. He has such an accurate manner of explaining the present objects and describing the absent, that I am at a loss to discover with which of the two I am most pleased. My brother would doat on him. He is the man entirely to his taste. I am never happy when he is

* The General Maclean mentioned by Miss Schaw as "governor of Lisbon," was Francis Maclean of the Macleans of Blaich, who was a lieutenant in the army of Cumberland at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom in 1747, served with Wolfe at Quebec in 1759, and accompanied the expedition against Belleisle in 1761. His extraordinary position in Lisbon was due to the fact that when in 1762 France and Spain combined against Portugal, England offered her assistance and sent Maclean to organize the military defences of the country. He was appointed in 1762 governor of Almeida and later, as major-general, governor of the province of Estremadura and the city of Lisbon, serving in that capacity until 1778. On his departure he was presented by Peter III with a sword and by his consort Maria I with a ring. During the next two years he was with the army in America as brigadier-general. He died in 1781 (*Historical and Genealogical Account of the Clan Maclean*, 1838, p. 293).

† The "Major Scott" mentioned here was John Scott of Mallony, who in 1742 married Susan, granddaughter of the Marquess of Tweeddale. Their eldest son, Thomas, served with distinction in America, Holland, and India.

‡ "Major Lindsay" was probably Major Martin Eccles Lindsay, son of Henry of Wormiston, though the identification is not certain.

not with us, and could attend to him the day long. Yet I view him as a superior being, as he is on the utmost Verge of Mortality, and in a few weeks at farthest will join his kindred angels. He knows this is the case and waits his fate with the fortitude of a man and the resignation of a Christian. It has ever been my lot to pay days of sorrow for hours of pleasure, and my heart tells me I will sincerely regret this blasted bud of friendship—indeed the subject already pains me, so I will say no more.

I ought to have begun my list of civilities with Sir John Hort,* our British consul, as he was the first who waited on Mr Paisley on our arrival and politely invited us to a ball at his house the day following, an offer, which scarcely we knew how to accept, as we are perfect Goths in the article of dress, so much has fashion altered since we left Britain. Our friends Mrs Paisley and her sister Charlotte Pringle however exerted themselves so successfully, that we really made a decent figure; to me it appeared a most surprising one, as a French frizler and Portuguese comber exalted my head to a height I did not believe it capable of attaining, and between flowers, feathers, and lace, I was perfectly metamorphosed. It did not cost much to make Miss Rutherford fit to appear. At her age every thing does well; then either the magnificence or simplicity of dress is equally admired. Mrs Paisley was always remarkable for the last, and tho' dressed up to the fashion, still contrives to have it in that style, which is indeed suitable to her character, which tho' polite to the height of good breeding, is yet admired for the most gentle and native simplicity that can adorn the sex in any age or in any station.

The labour of the toilet over, we arrived at Sir John's, where we found a most superb entertainment for a brilliant

* Sir John Hort was the second son of Josiah Hort, archbishop of Tuam, and married Elizabeth, daughter of the Honorable William Fitzmaurice, brother of the 20th Lord Kerry. He was appointed British consul-general at Lisbon in 1767, was created a baronet in the year, and died October 23, 1807.

company. To me it appeared particularly so; to me who have not seen any thing of the kind for so long a time. Here we were presented, or more properly to speak as a Lady, had presented to us all the foreign Envoys and residents and one ambassador, but I forget from what court. The Ladies were all British or French, as no Portuguese Ladies appear in publick. The king is just now at a palace about 12 or 14 miles off,* and has with him many of the first Nobility. However there were several, and I thought them genteel-looking people. The house is large and there was a number of apartments lighted up, which received great Addition from the manner in which all the fine rooms are furnished here, which is up to the surbase, where our rooms are painted, with a sort of china-tiles, as we do the inside of chimneys in England. These are often very fine, and so nicely fitted as to form complete landscapes. Add to this that they use the most brilliant cut crystal in Lusters, so that take it altogether, a Portuguese visiting room is not inferior to the first drawing room in Europe. We were served in the genteel style I have seen. The table was very much on the plan of a West Indian entertainment, but every thing was hid under the profusion of Artificial flowers, which cover every thing in this place. Sir John is said to be very formal in his manners, but to do him justice, I cannot say he appeared so to me. Mr Paisley says indeed he never saw him so easy as that Night.

Our Envoy, Mr Walpole,† has invited the whole company to his house; but the day is not fixed. He is a cheerful

* The royal palace at Cintra, some sixteen or seventeen miles away.

† Robert Walpole was the son of Horatio Walpole, diplomat and auditor-general of the plantation revenues, nephew of Sir Robert Walpole, and cousin of Horace, the wit and letter writer. He served as clerk of the Privy Council in extraordinary, 1748-1764, in ordinary, 1764-1768, on diplomatic business in France, 1768-1770, and as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Portugal, 1771-1800. He married at Lisbon, May 10, 1785, Miss Stert, daughter of Richard Stert, a merchant there, and died in 1809. His relative Thomas, son of Horace, was a member of the Ohio Land Company in 1773 and one of the Vandalia petitioners in 1774.

pleasant man, but tho' he was vastly polite to our company, I could not help observing he is fond of a certain species of wit, to which he was too much encouraged by some Ladies he talked to. This I can easily see is considered as taste, yet it certainly affords no great triumph, as of all others it is what is practised by the lower class with greatest success. I know you will tell me there is a vast difference between vulgar language and a delicate double entender. But I deny that there can be a delicate method of treating indelicate subjects, and that all the difference is no more than Tweedle dee and Tweedle dum. My friend told me on our return, that I had missed a great deal by not understanding the Portugueze, which it was her misfortune to do. By the bye I must tell you a very polite piece of attention in Sir John: finding M^r Neilson did not stay at M^r Paisley's tho' he saw him there, he waited on him next morning and gave him his invitation in person.

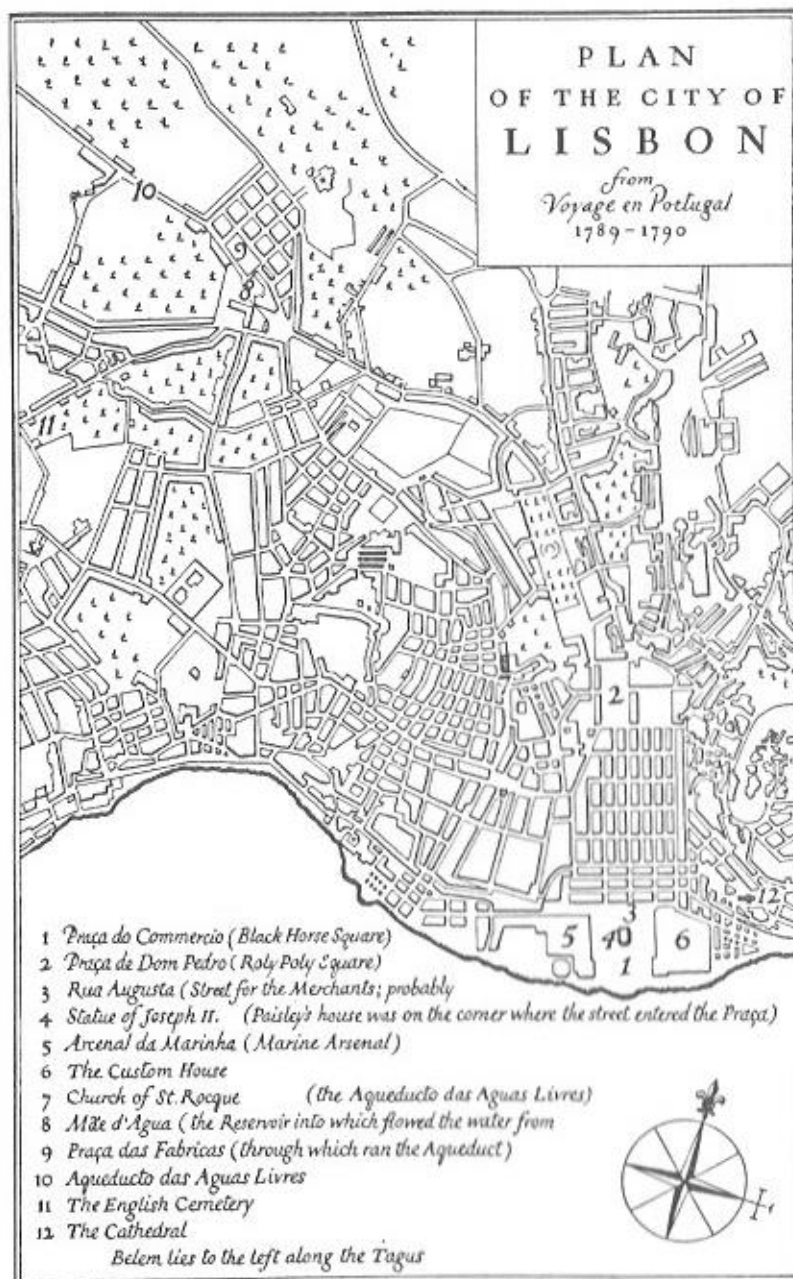
Such a succession of new scenes presents itself to me every day, nay every hour, that I am at a loss where to begin, and seem to want subject, by having too many at my command. All travellers are fond of ruins, and Lisbon can shew as pretty a set as any Modern city need boast of. Yet I do not find they afford me such infinite satisfaction as one might expect. The disagreeable idea that what has been may be again often intrudes on my Imagination, and I view churches, Monasteries, palaces and even the Inquisition in ruins with a sort of reverential awe, and tho' a staunch protestant, cannot help reflecting on the words of our Saviour, which certainly exclude the daring insolence of pronouncing what are his Judgments, "Think ye these on whom the tower of Siloam fell were sinners above all others? I say nay," These however were not the sentiments of a good Lady, whom I had the honour to call Grandmother, and who had lived at the period when miracles and Judgments were greatly the fashion. This affair of Lisbon gave strength to her doctrine,

and tho' she pretended to pity, I really believe she privately rejoiced at an event that seemed to confirm all she had said (which was not little) on the subject. She sincerely believed that this vast Magazine of dreadful materials had been treasuring up in the bowels of the earth from the foundation of the world to catch the priests and their votaries at this very nick of time, when, to use her own words, they had no cloak for their sin. And she used to ask with a sort of triumph, did any protestants fall in this, I trow not. This always finished the whole. For none of her young audience knew more of the matter than what she told them. Let us not therefore confine the spirit of persecution alone to popery. This Lady, who wanted neither sense nor good Nature, was not sorry for any misfortune that befel a Papist.*

I have often been told that Lisbon resembled Edinburgh. This to me is not very apparent. It is true they are both built on high ground, but it would require you to bring the Calton hill into the middle of the city to give a strong resemblance. The houses built on the hill in Lisbon are finely situated for air, and have one of the finest prospects in the known world, that of an extensive country, covered with vineyards, intermixed with churches, Villas, and one of the King's palaces called Belleim.† This luxuriant prospect is at once under your eye, and joined to it that of a water scene, no less magnificent of its kind, as the Tagus is here large as a Sea

* If the reference in the text be to Miss Schaw's grandmother on her father's side, her first name was Anna. She is mentioned as living at Lauriston in 1726 and must have survived until after the earthquake in 1755. It would be interesting to know more about this old lady, who, in characteristic Scottish Presbyterian fashion, "was not sorry for any misfortune that befel a Papist."

† Belem was a suburb of Lisbon, extending three or four miles southwest along the Tagus, from a mile and a half to five miles distant. It is sometimes called the Westminster of Portugal, because containing two royal palaces and a royal monastery founded in 1490. One must distinguish between the palace d'Ajuda and the Belem palace (the Paço de Belem), sometimes called the Botanical Palace. The former was not built at this time, so that it was the latter which Miss Schaw visited.



and covered with a vast number of ships as well as the King's galleys. Every thing appears busy. I cannot help considering commerce as a chain to link all the human race to each other, by mutually supplying each other's necessities. I was much pleased with the prospect I have been describing, but no pleasure is without its alloy, for I viewed it from the sick chamber of my old friend Colin Drummond, brother to your friend the Dutchess of Athole.* He is come to Lisbon as the Denier resort, and tho' he affects to think himself better, told me privately, it was all over. This his physician confirmed, adding with some warmth that the people of Britain loved mightily to be buried at Lisbon, as they seldom come there, till just ready to step into the grave.† I stayed with him all day. He took my visit very kindly, and his spirits grew much better, while I remained with him. This however was by no means the case with my own. The unexpected meeting and the situation he was in very much affected me and recalled to my remembrance the agreeable circle in which I was accus-

* The Dutchess of Atholl (second wife of James, 2d Duke of Atholl) was Jean, daughter of John Drummond of Meginck, Perthshire. Colin Drummond was her brother. Miss Schaw is right in speaking of her as the "Dutchess of Athole," even though on September 2, 1767, she was married to Lord Adam Gordon, of the 66th Regiment of Foot, who had just returned from America (journal printed in Mereness, *Travels in the American Colonies*), for according to British usage a peeress who marries again may retain her title. Her first husband died in 1764. As she had first married in May, 1749 (*Universal Magazine*, IV, 239), she must have been about forty-five in 1775.

† For many years Englishmen and Scotsmen had made Portugal a British winter resort. Mr. Young writing of the eighteenth century says, "The new trade in tourists was just beginning with those whose health made a winter in England a worse hardship than crossing the seas; and Fielding's account of his journey to Portugal as a luxurious invalid late in the eighteenth century, shows what hardship then meant. The moist mild climate of Lisbon was considered suitable for consumptives by the science of the day, and all who could afford or survive the journey went with Fielding to fill the British cemetery at Lisbon" (p. 185).

The land for a cemetery was ceded to England in 1655, in accordance with the XIV article of the treaty of 1654 ("and finally, that a place be allotted them fit for the burial of their dead"). The most famous persons who lie buried there are Henry Fielding and Dr. Philip Doddridge, but scores of others also found in the British cemetery their final resting place.

tomed to converse with him, almost all of whom are now no more.

I was that evening at a very brilliant assembly given by the factory,* and tho' there were many fine women, my partiality gave it for our own three friends M^{rs} Paisley, Charlotte Pringle, and my own Fanny. I found the men in general of my opinion, and was informed that some of them had given a strong proof of their preferences, as Miss Charlotte would soon be M^{rs} Main, a Gentleman equal in every way to what I formerly said of M^r Paisley, and in the same line, as well as connected by the strictest bond of friendship. I hope it is true.

I saw mass performed one day in the great church of St Rock,† where all the nobles of Lisbon were prostrate on the ground, covered with their vails. The English seldom or never enter the churches, but particularly avoid them on high festivals. However one of M^r Paisley's young Gentlemen went with us. For tho' Miss Pringle had been a considerable

* To understand the reference to the "factory" and the presence of so many English and Scottish merchants in Lisbon, one must remember that since the treaties of 1642 and 1654, the marriage treaty of 1661, which confirmed the earlier arrangements, and the famous Methuen treaty of 1703, Portuguese commerce had come practically under British control. British merchants established themselves in Oporto and Lisbon, receiving and selling imported merchandise to the Portuguese, either for home consumption or for export to Brazil, and for this purpose erected buildings which were used as warehouses and agencies, for the storing and selling of goods. In a sense Portugal became in the eighteenth century Great Britain's commercial vassal, and the Portuguese merchants rarely rose above the level of shopkeepers and retail traders. It was this condition of commercial subordination that Pombal wished to alter by restoring trade to the natives and making them importers and wholesale dealers in foreign goods. He was unsuccessful in his effort.

The terms "factor" and "factory" were used as the equivalent of "agent" and "agency." Evidently the buildings served not only as commission houses and places for storage, but as residences also and centres for entertainment.

† The Church of St. Roque was erected by the Jesuits in 1561. It is "exteriorly a building of the meanest architectural pretensions," but contains a beautiful chapel, that of St. John the Baptist, constructed of costly marbles, jasper, and lapis lazuli. Apparently Miss Schaw and Fanny were so taken up with the altar and the wardrobe that they did not see this work of art, the usual object of interest to visitors.

time there, she had never been in any of the churches. I was much disappointed in the highest part of this showy religion. I had formed to myself a very grand idea of it, but perhaps it was owing to the particularity of their church, where the great altar is never displayed, nor used but when a Bishop or a Cardinal performs the Service. Two priests were immediately sent to take charge of us, and they made us step without ceremony over the very backs of the people, who were on the ground almost quite flat on their faces, and by a private door landed us behind on the great altar, where they let us see the Service below by drawing up the crimson velvet curtain, and I own (God forgive me) that viewing it as I then did, it appeared little more solemn than my friend Senora Maria's cloth-press. But the altar is very superb, and adorned with the finest Mosaic work I ever saw, which forms four beautiful pieces of painting. We now repaired to the Wardrobe, where we saw some gorgeous dresses for the Cardinal. But the fine Brussels point took Miss Rutherford's fancy so much, that I think the only method to convert her would be to bribe her with a present of the prettiest shirt. They showed us two altar-pieces of solid silver, but more to be coveted than admired, as their richness was their only merit. We had a very elegant rout at the Paisleys in the evening, and are engaged for every evening for a week.

I had just got this length, when M^r Paisley came to inform me that a Gentleman was in the visiting room, who was just setting out for England. I send this by him, as I will miss no opportunity. I am an easy correspondent, however as I can expect no answer. Adieu, I hope to see you before you can receive another, tho' I will write again by the King George Packet. Adieu.

I was yesterday at Belleim, the winter palace of the King; tho' they are just now spending their Holydays at one further in the country. The house is by no means fine, and did not the garden and other appurtenances atone for it, it would

hardly be worth the trouble of going to see, but those indeed are well worthy of a traveller's Notice. This garden contains within it variety enough almost to satisfy a Sir William Chalmers,* and had I not read his account of what a garden ought to be,† I should not venture to express all I saw under that single appellation, but tho' it is far from being so extensive as his plan, yet it contains a great deal more than his three natural notes of earth, air and water, water, earth and air. As this palace is intended for a winter residence, every thing has been done to render it agreeable for that season of the year. The walks are covered with the finest gravel and sheltered from the cold by hedges of ever-green. They are so contrived as to stretch your power of walking to a considerable length, every now and then opening into orange-groves and shrubberies of various winter plants and flowers.

Nor is unanimated Nature all you have to amuse you. While we were admiring a row of cape jessamine, which even now is covered with flowers, a huge elephant laid his proboscis over the wall against which it was planted. I confess I was startled at the uncommon salutation, tho' I had no reason. This unwieldy novelty was very well secured, and on mounting the stair of an adjoining summer house, we had a full view of him in safety. What a pigmy is man, when compared to such an animal as this, and yet is vain enough to pretend dominion over him. A little further on we met a compartment entirely the reverse of the last. This is an Aviary which contains five hundred singing birds, all exquisite in their plumage, tho' I could not hear their notes. These are a yearly tribute to the queen from the Brazils, the Madeira, and indeed from all the dominions where they are to be had. Their apartment is large and well contrived, of an oval form and grated over the top. It is planted round with orange-

† His description of an Asiatick garden.

* Sir William Chambers, *A Dissertation on Oriental Gardening*, 1772.

trees, Myrtles, and a variety of evergreens, and in the middle is a piece of water, which receives a constant supply from the hands of a Hebe placed at the upper end, and runs off from the bottom, so as to be always fresh, while a small grate prevents the little gold and silver fishes from being carried off, and they look very pretty frisking about in it.

A little further on, we found Indian fowls of all denominations, some of them very beautiful and others very much the reverse. It were impossible to name them all, but they are well represented on the Indian papers we get home. One however I took more particular Notice of, as I had often admired her figure on the gold medal which hung at Mr^s Murray of Stormont's breast,* and which empowered her to keep in decent order those Misses and Masters, whose heads and heels were equally light. You will guess I mean the pelican, which is the badge of her authority as Lady directress of our assembly. Her power both you and I have felt, tho' much oftener her goodness and even partiality. This tender mother is not however in fact lovely, tho' of good report. There were several other compartments filled by the feathered race of different kinds, but it would be tedious to mention them all. We now entered a field, at the further end of which was a whole street of small houses, which we found were occupied by animals of the most noxious natures, such as pole cats, weasels etc. One in particular was inhabited by rats of Brazil, of a very large size. They all came peeping thro' their grates, just like so many nuns, and if they were to confine only such as they think would do mischief to society, if free, they were in the right. Behind this we found a very noble menagerie, in the form of a court. Here are lions, leopards, panthers, bears and wolves. Both the lioness and

* Nov. 7, 1777. "Died at Edinburgh, Hon. Mrs. Helen Nicholas Murray, daughter of the deceased David, Viscount of Stormont, aunt of the present Viscount of Stormont, and sister of the Earl of Mansfield" (*Scots Magazine*, 1777, p. 627).

the panther have whelps. The last has the most beautiful kittens it is possible to conceive. I forgot the tiger, which has also a young family. Tho' there is a number of officers to attend this ferocious court, they are not kept neat, and the smell is intolerable.

Leaving this, we found ourselves again in the garden, and presently arrived at another court, which I may venture to pronounce magnificent. This was the menage and the royal stables. These contain above three score of the finest horses in the world. The absence of my brother on this occasion, converted my pleasure into pain, as I could not help bitterly regretting his not enjoying this satisfaction, and the more I was charmed with these lovely animals myself, the more sincerely I lamented his Missing that, which of all other sights would have pleased him most. But I hope on some future occasion it may be in his power. The elegance of these creatures is past description, and I admired them so long, that I had scarcely time for the next sight, which is just behind them, and indeed makes part of the same buildings. This is no less than thirteen Zebras. But as you have often seen the Queen's ass, I need not describe them, for they are exactly the same. They have been endeavouring to break them to draw in the Kings carriage, which would look very pretty, but tho' several grooms have been maimed and some even killed in the attempt, they are as untamed as ever, and tho' many of them have been colted in the stables, and began as early as possible, it has had no effect. They are infinitely stronger as well as taller than the common breed of asses, and I should think mules bred from them would both be useful and much handsomer than those they at present have.*

* Southey visited the same gardens and his account of conditions twenty years later supplements admirably that of Miss Schaw. The collection of birds he considers "the richest I ever saw," but the menagerie was "ill managed and ill supplied." "I was almost sickened," he writes, "at the pestilential filth in which the beasts are confined. The fine old elephant of John V was put upon a short allowance of cabbages, but as those who diminished his

Good night, it is very late and I write by the light of a lamp, as they use no candles in bed-chambers here.

The King George packet sails to morrow, and I am set down to finish the last letter to you from the continent. My hopes are now on the wing, and I trust that goodness which has hitherto protected me, will carry me safely to the end of my long voyage, and let me find my friends as much mine as ever.

We were yesterday a considerable way in the country, where the depredations of the earthquake are very visible; but our principal object was the fine aqueduct, on which it was able to make no impression. So compact and firmly are the stones united, and so indissoluble is the composition with which they are cemented, that tho' many years have passed since the water first began to flow thro' it, it is not the least impaired. It has its beginning sixteen miles up the country and comes over many high mountains in its way to Lisbon. The arches on which it rests are for that reason very unequal; on the mountains not exceeding three or four feet, and in the valleys often rising to above two hundred, as I am informed, for my eye is not exact enough to judge of heights. The pillars which support these arches are plain, but strike the Imagination with an idea of the greatest possible strength. The aqueduct seems to be from forty to fifty feet in breadth, but the water does not take up above twelve or fifteen feet of it. A walk is raised on each side, and the roof appears about sixteen feet high. At the distance of every fifty feet is an opening, which admits the light and the air, but is so contrived as to exclude rain. These look like little towers on the

food could not lessen his appetite, the poor animal died. There are only three zebras remaining; they [were] bred in this country and some attempts were made to break them in. The late Don Jaze de Menezes, son of the Marquis of Marialva [the friend of William Beckford] actually drove them in an open carriage, till they broke two or three carriages for him, and some of them had killed themselves by struggling" (pp. 314-316).

outside.* I have been particular as to this fine piece of Architecture, as I do not recollect ever to have read a description of it, nor indeed of Lisbon by any hand, who has done it justice. Mr Twiss† says a great deal, but his travels seem only a journal of his own bad humours, prejudices and mistakes, for I believe he would not willingly tell a falsehood, but I am at a loss to think where he found the dirty scenes he describes. I have been at no pains to avoid them, yet have met with no such thing.

After our return from the country, we took a whole round of the town, which tho' spacious, I do not like so well as Edinburgh. Their principal street (the Rua Augusta) is neither so broad, nor near so long as our High street, and tho' the people live over head of each other as we do, the buildings are not so high, nor appear so well built, and the

* The Church of St. Roque and the aqueduct were the usual "sights" for visitors to Lisbon at this time. The latter, whose "stupendous height" filled Southey "with astonishment," brought water into Lisbon from springs ten miles away, as far as Chellas, spanning a valley upon huge arches, the highest of which was over 250 feet in altitude. This structure, the Aqueducto das Aguas Livres, was built under John V by Manuel da Maia, and so well built that it escaped injury from the earthquake. It has 127 arches in a single row, with pointed openings.

Of this famous work Beckford, the author of *Vathek*, writes, "I sat down on a fragment of rock under the great arch and looked up at the vaulted stone-work so high above me, with a sensation of awe not unallied to fear; as if the building I gazed upon was the performance of some immeasurable being endowed with gigantic strength, who might perhaps take a fancy to saunter about his work this morning, and, in mere awkwardness, crush me to atoms" (*Letters*, II, 36).

† Richard Twiss, *Travels through Portugal and Spain in 1772 and 1773*, London, 1775.

From all accounts the Lisbon of this period was dirty and unsanitary, Miss Schaw to the contrary notwithstanding. Southey says that Lisbon at the end of the eighteenth century was notorious for its dilapidation, insecurity, and dirt. "The filth of the city is indeed astonishing. Everything is thrown into the street and all the refuse of the kitchen and dead animals are exposed to the scorching sun" (p. 213). And Byron—

"The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt;
Ne personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd, unhurt."

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, I, xvii.

jalousies* on the windows give them all a look of prisons. In this street is the arsenal, which is a fine building. The town is fast getting the better of her Misfortunes. Many of the streets are rebuilding in a handsome and modern manner, and one noble square is finished, in a corner of which is Mr Paisley's house.† Here is a statue of the present king and the favourite Minister, the Marquis of Pombal. It is no easy matter to form an opinion of the character of this statesman, either as a private man or a minister, one party extolling him, and another abusing him. He is hated by the princess of Brazil,‡ in proportion as he is loved by her father, and the moment the king dies he will find all the weight of her resentment. She is said to be very bigoted in matters of religion, and gloomy and vindictive in her temper. The moderation of the minister, and the lenity with which he is supposed to have inspired the king towards hereticks give great offence to her and the clergy, while the nobility in general are his enemies from his endeavours to lessen their exorbitant power,

* Jalousies were iron or wooden shutters, with fixed slats sloping upwards from the outside. They could, as a rule, be raised or lowered, at the will of the person within, enabling her to look out without being seen.

† The portion of the city that was rebuilding was the lower town (Cidade Baixa) near the river. The Praça do Commercio, the "noble square" of the text, was the centre of its business life. From this square running back along the higher ground was the Rua Augusta, connecting it with the Praça de Dom Pedro, with its wavy pavement, called Roly-Poly Square by the British sailors. Along the Rua Augusta were the commercial houses and on the north-west corner of the Praça do Commercio, extending west along the Arsenal street, was the huge Arcenal da Marinha, which Miss Schaw wrongly locates on the Rua Augusta. (See plan of the city in *Voyage en Portugal*, 1789-1790, 1797.) In the centre of the Praça do Commercio was the equestrian statue of Joseph I, erected only the year before, from which later came the name, Black Horse Square, given by the British. On the south front of the pedestal was a bust of Pombal. This bust was removed in April, 1777, after Pombal's fall, and the city arms in bronze substituted. It was restored in 1833. Mr. Paisley's house was on a corner of the Praça do Commercio.

‡ Joseph I's eldest daughter, Maria Francesca, Princess of Brazil, married her uncle, Dom Pedro, his youngest brother. They succeeded to the throne in 1777, but as a consequence of continued in-breeding were too feeble-minded to rule with any regard for the welfare of Portugal. Maria was fanatically religious and Pombal was overthrown by a combination of a court camarilla and the clerics.

and reduce them to the laws of their country and of humanity. Nor does he gain much approbation from the middle and low class, who unused to liberty, know not how to make it sit easy. The severity with which he has punished the crime of murder, particularly assassination in the streets, has been attended with such success, that the streets of Lisbon are now as safe as those of any town in Europe, tho' they are still entirely dark.

I was at a play a few Nights ago and saw an actress, who had been mistress to a Marquis, whose Jealousy on her account had made him murder no less than three suspected rivals. For the last he was banished, and would have been broke on the wheel, notwithstanding his high rank, had not the princess of Brazil obtained him the liberty of retiring. The playhouse is not fine, the scenes paltry and the play unintelligible from the action at least.* I wished to see the Portuguese manner of dressing, and had no other way than this, as they are ordered to keep strictly to the mode. They have a very good Italian opera when the court is at Lisbon, but no ladies are admitted. This they say is owing to the Queen, who is extremely jealous of her Royal consort, and if we credit

* The theatre was in the Rua d'os Condes, and the employment of men for the female parts aroused ridicule and disgust among French and British travellers. "Comme il est interdit," writes the author of the *Voyage en Portugal*, "aux femmes depuis quelques années de monter sur le théâtre, les hommes sont obligés de jouer leur rôles. Rien de plus ridicule ni de plus dégoûtant à la fois que de voir sous les habits d'une femme un homme à larges épaules et menton barbu," etc. (II, p. 44). Beckford writes, "The play afforded me more disgust than amusement; the theatre is low and narrow, and the actors, for there are no actresses, below criticism. Her Majesty's absolute commands [that is, of the former Princess of Brazil, see preceding note] having swept females off the stage, their parts are acted by calvish young fellows. Judge what pleasing effect this metamorphosis must produce, especially in the dancers, where one sees a stout shepherdess in virgin white, with a soft blue beard, clutching a nosegay in a fist that would almost have knocked down a Goliath and a train of milk-maids attending her enormous footsteps, tossing their petticoats over their heads at every step. Such sprawling, jerking, and ogling I never saw before, and hope never to see again" (II, 71-72). The royal opera house of São Carlos was not built until 1792-1793.

report, not without reason. Tho' the natural character of the men is that of jealousy and suspicion, there is no place where the women are held in such estimation and treated with such respect. Every wish is gratified except that of liberty, and even the husband who confines his cama with bolts and jealousies, never approaches her, but with the respect and adulation of a passionate lover. Indeed the violence of his love is his only excuse. I have been in the parlour of several of the genteelist monasteries, and conversed with many nuns of the first fashion. They are however very hard of access, and it requires no small interest to see some of them. They appeared very much pleased with us, particularly with Fanny, whose person and manners they highly complimented. They never suffered us to leave them, without presenting us with some little mark of their approbation, and we have got as many artificial flowers as would dress a whole Assembly.

I will have no other opportunity of writing from hence. My next letter will be from Greenock. Had it not been our care for the boys, we would have returned by the way of France, and Mr Neilson is perfectly acquainted with the route. This would have been very agreeable, nor were we restrained on account of our finances, as Mr Paisley offered us an unlimited credit to draw on him from every town that was in our route. Indeed his friendship and attention are not to be described, and I consider it as no small acquisition to have gained his acquaintance, tho' my travels had afforded nothing more.

And now, my friend, adieu to our epistolary correspondence, which I hope ends here, as I sincerely hope we may never be again as long parted, and that our travels shall mutually serve to amuse our winter evenings, when we shall travel them over again in the friendly circle of a cheerful hearth. I have wrote my brother under cover to Lord T—d, Ld C—B, C—M,* and if he is in Britain he will not fail to

* "T—d" is manifestly Lord Townshend, in all probability George,

get some of them. Be sure to have a letter for me at Greenock, to the care of your old correspondent George Neil, who is land-waiter there. How many of your letters has he had charge of! Let me know about my brother. I will positively say Adieu, Adieu.*

Marquess Townshend, 1724-1807, who had the boys under his protection in 1776-1778. The identification of the others is unimportant.

* It is not easy to determine from the internal evidence of the narrative just how long the Lisbon visit lasted or just when the party sailed for Scotland. As nearly as can be made out the duration of the visit was somewhat less than four weeks, so that the departure could not have been earlier than the middle of January. It might have been later. In any case Miss Schaw, Fanny, the boys, and Neilson could hardly have reached Greenock before the end of the month or early in February, 1776. It is strange that in the narrative no mention is made of Christmas or New Year's festivities, for the visit included both of these festal days.

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room, and in the greatest vexation told me, he believed I would not get to Lisbon. On being informed of the wherefore, I assured him that should not prevent my journey, as I thought the pack saddle as pretty a method of travelling as any I had seen. What! Miss Ruthertud and me on pack saddles! Be it ever so easy a method, he would not submit to see us in such a style. I begged him to consider that we had no dignity to support at St Tubes, and that the disgrace of the pack saddle would be entirely washed away before we got to Britain. Nothing could reconcile him to it however, and telling me adventures did better in theory than practice, he went off with a priest, who soon procured him the calash of a noble Lady, who is banished from court to this place, for having privately married without the King's consent a brave officer, who is confined in one of the Neighbouring bastiles, and it is supposed he will be put to death. As her relations are very powerful, she has offered to shut herself up in a Monastery, and make over all her fortune to the court, if they will pardon him. Oh Britons, Britons, little do you know your own happiness!

This affair settled, we went round the churches, which are this day finished. The new dresses of the Virgin are all in the British taste, white and silver, and blue and silver are the favourites. But at one church she had on a tie-wig—but why am I describing to you what you are so perfectly acquainted with; yet allow me to say that I could not have believed it possible to have turned the plain, the noble and rational worship ordained by its blessed Author into such a farce, as is acting here at this moment, nor can I believe the Actors are not in general laughing at themselves. We have made several acquaintances with priests, whom I like very well, and one of them is so much pleased with our company, that he has not found the way to his convent since our

Great of the peasant people of Spain, which, though originally used by mountaineers, came to be the common head-

arrival. He stays at a Mr G—'s, an English merchant, who politely carried us to his house, and introduced us to his sister, who tho' married to a Portuguese husband, takes all the liberties of a British wife.* We have found her however a very good companion, and as she knows every body are much the better for her. Our père Francis is a jolly round-faced, round-belly'd father in grace. A certain young American engages however his attention at present as much as his holy Mistress; not that he neglects his duty to her, far from it—he gets up every now and then even from cards, and running to a lamp and Mass-book, which lie ready, he repeats his Ave Marias as fast as possible, and then returns to the object of his present adoration, and begging her pardon, shrugs up his shoulders, saying these things must be done, This father, whose vows tie him down to poverty and mortification, wears his robes round his middle very gracefully, his cowl hangs back in a careless manner, and shows a jolly, comely countenance. He eats monstrously and drinks a tumbler of wine to wash down every three or four mouthfuls, and by the time dinner is over, is fit for any frolick you please. Yet he has a sort of decency of manner, and in the midst of a very foolish conduct, has a sobriety in his looks, which is not the case with them all.

* To take all the liberties of a British wife meant a good deal in Portugal, where at this time the wives of the better classes rarely left their homes to appear in public places or to share in the social life of the men. Pombo tried to relieve women somewhat of their ennui, due (as was commonly said) to masculine jealousy, but even he failed in his main object and was obliged to contrive pleasures that could be enjoyed by the women alone among themselves.