

BHSP14-1785

Portugal in 1760: The Journal of a British Tourist

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The British Library contains a valuable hitherto unpublished account of Portugal in 1760 describing the travels of two British tourists, Thomas Pitt and John 7th Earl of Strathmore. Pitt, first Baron Camelford, (1737-93) was the nephew of William Pitt the Elder, in 1760 effectively Britain's war minister and, as Secretary of State for the Southern Department, responsible for British relations with Portugal. The nephew, who had recently left Clare Hall, Cambridge, was therefore an important visitor. Plagued with poor health as an undergraduate, Pitt chose to start his Grand Tour by visiting Lisbon, a popular destination for Britons in search of a health cure, but also the obvious point of departure for a tour of Iberia and the Mediterranean at a time when much of the Continent was rendered hazardous by the Seven Years' War. Pitt was accompanied by Strathmore, a college companion, and by Philip Francis. Entering the Tagus on 7 March 1760 and leaving Lisbon on 21 May 1760 they then travelled via Barcelona and Genoa to Florence where Pitt received the news of his father's death in July 1761.

The journal is preserved in volume 44 of the miscellaneous 'Collections' of the Reverend William Cole, which is volume 5845 of the Additional Manuscripts in the British Library. The folio numbers of the journal are f. 112-46. Cole (1714-82) was a great Cambridge antiquary, who had himself travelled extensively: to French Flanders in 1736, Portugal for his health in 1737-8, the Low Countries in 1743 and France in 1765. In 1772 when he transcribed the travel journal, he was living at Milton, a village near Cambridge

and the journal indeed ends on folio 146 with the remark 'Finished transcribing at Milton near Cambridge. October 24 Saturday 1772'.

Cole himself transcribed the journal from the transcripts made by the antiquarian and Cambridge academic Michael Tyson (1740-80), who had made them from a copy belonging to the antiquarian Richard Gough (1735-1809), a copy that does not otherwise appear to have survived. Gough made his transcript in March 1772, Tyson his by that autumn and Cole his in October 1772. These presumably laborious transcripts are a guide to scholarly methods in the age before the photocopier. The *Letters on the Spanish Nation* mentioned by Cole in his introductory note were those published by Edward Clarke (1730-86) on his return from acting as chaplain to the embassy of the Earl of Bristol, British envoy in Madrid. The British Ambassador who arrived in Lisbon in March 1760 was Thomas Hay, Earl of Kinoull.

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Oct. 8. 1772 Mr. Tyson of Benet College calling upon me at Milton near Cambridge left with me the following Observations in a 4.^{to} MSS which he had transcribed, and as he writes a very bad hand it is probable the names of persons and places will be much disfigured. He had the MSS from Mr. Gough, the author of Anecdotes of British Topography. What made the MSS the more desirable to me was the particular description and measurements of many of the Spanish cathedrals, together with plans of the ichonography of many of them. It may serve as an appendix to Mr. Clarke's Letters on the Spanish Nation, as he was chaplain to the same embassy, in the train of which Lord Strathmore and Mr Pitt also were. Lord Strathmore was educated at Pembroke Hall in the University of Cambridge: as was a brother of his also, the hon: Mr Lyon. When I was in Portugal in 1737, on account of my health, I went to Mafra, Cintra, etc and made some trite memoranda, which, If I can recover, I will subjoin to his account. Mr Thomas Pitt was Fellow-Commoner of Clare Hall in Cambridge. It is copied by Mr Gough whose writing is extremely like Mr Tysons's. On the first leaf is this entered, which I did not observe at first «Transcribed March 1772 by R. G.»

Observations in a Tour to Portugal and Spain 1760 by John Earl of Strathmore and Thomas Pitt Esq.

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After 3 days stay at Plymouth, into which we had been driven by contrary winds, we put out to sea with a most favourable wind, which carried us across the formidable Bay of Biscay, off Cape Finisterre, and opposite Oporto, in less than 3 days. We even spoke with a little Irish vessel going into that port with wood and fruit, i.e birch brooms and potatoes. The captain comforted me with our extraordinary passage: I had just composed myself to sleep, after a violent sea-sickness, and when I waked, expected to see the Rock of Lisbon just before us: when, imagine my surprise to find we had lost all sight of land, and had been driven half way to the Brasils, by a contrary gale in the night: six days together we lay floating on the Ocean.

The 7 March 1760 we entered the Tagus. About sunset the Ambassador received a visit from his brother, the British Envoy, and the Consul General. Next morning the Ambassador received his compliment, and was conducted to shore in the King's barge, and from thence to his house, by one of the first people about the Court, in the King's equipages; which, though not of the greatest magnificence, was very royal, and made a fine appearance.

It is an odd custom, that the Ambassador here is expected, on his arrival at his house, to entertain the noblemen appointed to conduct him, with a glass of water, i.e. a collation of wines and sweetmeats, of which he is likewise to partake. They do not relate the origin of this singular custom.

The Ambassador has at length had his first audience, and, as we are under his protection, we were admitted to our audience at the same time. Since the earthquake, the court has been removed to the village of Belem, where a barraca has been erected for them, until a new palace is built. Hither we accompanied the Ambassador in his Procession and luckily arrived without any accident to the mules or carriages, which we were every instant in apprehension of. After he had his audience, which met with a most gracious reception, he came back to introduce Lord Strathmore and myself. The King stood at the end of a long narrow room, between his brother, Don Pedro, and his uncle, Don Emanuel: his court ranged against the wall on each side. We made innumerable bows en avancant, and en retirant, which was the whole of the ceremony: for as strangers, we were not

expected to make the curtesy cross-legged, which the Portuguese are not dispensed from. In the Queen's apartment we had the same bows to make, as well as to all the Princesses, and the Camerara mor. The Ladies of the Court made a most ridiculous figure: the strange cloaths, and ornaments of feathers, ribbands and jewels, and the still stranger manner of their wearing them, added to the extreme ugliness of their persons, composed a scene that is scarce to be conceived, and put me in mind of the court of some of the wicked fairies in a French Romance.

We have since seen the court in as great gala as their present Pragmatica would admit of, on the Queen's birth day. The jewels the King wore are estimated at an immense value, and seem extremely large, but by the manner of their setting are deprived of any lustre: like all the other jewels I have seen in this country. The taste of the Portuguese in dress exceeds description. The skills being all the produce of [p. 220] their own manufactures, seem to vie with each other in the strangeness of the colours and design. Variety, and newness of conceit are reckoned the highest degree of taste: so that I am assured, if a Portuguese lady has the misfortune to have bought a silk, of which another has the fellow, she rather chooses to have it made up with the stripes the wrong way, rising in rings, one above another, than be thought barren of invention, or capable of imitation. They have generally dirty, sallow complexions, and their eyes, though almost universally of a fine black, have usually, from the result of their features, a most disagreeable expression. Their hair, on which they pride themselves extremely, is often of a most surprising length, by the means of pastes and pomatums, from which it is seldom clear, and as it hangs in large braids below their waist, it commonly leaves sufficient marks on their cloaths. The rest of the coiffure consists in large buckles, and toupees fixed with diamond combs, and other ornaments of jewels, ribbands, and macaw's feathers, which gives them a most wild and whimsical air; especially to old and ugly women. Their undress is a sort of English nightgown, but strangely made, and put on after their taste: often black silk, with a glaring brocade petticoat, and sometimes a white apron, with an hankerchief about their necks, and diamond rings, and feathers stuck about it. This was the dress in which they made their formal visits to the Ambassador: and one could see, they thought themselves extremely well satisfied with their persons.

As to their conversation, I could form no judgment, not understanding Portuguese: but they seemed lively, and by what I could understand, their wit consisted chiefly in equivocal and double meanings: which perhaps translated into another language, would prove no better than puns. As they have little commerce among themselves, and none with strangers, they are extremely awkward in company,

and totally unacquainted with the ease of good-breeding. One Lady of great rank, wife to a Secretary of State, was a full half hour fighting with the ambassador from door to door, and placing her back against the wall, rather than suffer herself to be prevailed upon to be handed by him to her coach: an attention which she would never have forgiven, had he neglected it.

The men are usually handsomer than the women: their tawney complexions become them better: they have almost all of them fine black eyes and hair, and white teeth. Several, with whom I conversed in French, seemed not to want quickness, or curiosity: but as they are scarce allowed any education, they are ignorant upon almost every subject. I can't say I perceived much pride or reserve among them. They seem to like being treated with ease and familiarity; are extremely fond of our nation, and dine with us frequently.

The salvia or dress of the female peasants has something pretty in it, were it on better figures. It consists of a jacket with sleeves coming down to the wrist, and turned up with different colours; a petticoat, and cap of cloth to preserve them from the sun and is often used by the nobility in their masques, which they say, are very pretty.

The common people are strong, and in general not ill made; but partake of the laziness and indolence of their climate; which makes them always choose to suffer a present inconvenience, rather than endeavour to remedy it.

All the wheels of their carts and waggons turn, not as with us round the axle, but with it, which occasions a most disagreeable creaking, heard at a considerable distance.

The strongest passion of the Portuguese seems to be revenge: which is evident from the number of assassinations and murders, which happen daily on the slightest provocation: every one carrying under his cloak a *faca* or knife, which he never fails to draw upon the least affront [p. 221] he conceives intended him. The respectful compliments that pass among them, I suppose from a fear of giving offence, appear ridiculous to a stranger: nor will the first nobleman dare to strike his servant upon the greatest provocation: as it is safer for him to put a dozen of them to death, than to let one live under the consciousness of such an affront. An English merchant told me, that at his country house near Lisbon, he had a sort of under-servant, of the lowest kind, employed in the meanest offices in the kitchen, and among other things on killing lambs, kids, and such sort of provision for the family. One day they ordered him to kill a calf for their use: but he not only

peremptorily refused to demean himself by so dishonourable an action, but declared, that were such a thing once known of him, his family would be disgraced for ever, nor could his sons and daughters ever hope to find any but professed butchers that would make alliance with them.

Besides the principles of pride and revenge, they have every other inducement to murder: which is so common, that none dares venture in the streets on foot after dark, though the city is surrounded by a large military force: and my hair-dresser sent me word the other evening, that he could not come, unless I would sent my chaise for him.

Their superstition is almost equal to their pride, and both so blended, that neither is a check upon the other. The proudest will demean themselves to the lowest offices in outward acts of piety, which they imagine will atone for whatever crimes they may commit against virtue and morality: and the most religious would have no scruple to make a short transition from prayer to murder. We went to see a great procession, to a village not far off; and in our return we drove through a crowd of penitents, who had quarrelled on the road, and were determining their dispute with so lively a zeal, that some were the next morning found dead on the spot.

Debauchey of every sort is said to flourish in this climate: and nowhere more than in convents. One of the principal amusements of strangers is to go to the grate famous nunnery near the city, an institution for nobles only, and where there are some of the handsomest women in Portugal. They give sweetmeats, and in return you entertain them with champagne and burgundy until they are in tune for conversations that would be proper only for a brothel. This was at least the account they gave me of it.

In the short acquaintance I have had with these people, I do not pretend to draw a faithful or minute picture of their manners: I speak as things present themselves, and according to the impressions they make on my mind: but upon the whole, I am afraid the proverb is not so much mistaken, which strips a Spaniard of his good qualities to make a Portuguese.

Lisbon

The prospect of this great city rising from its ruins is at a great distance: as, besides the Arsenal, there are but 3 houses built upon the intended plan. The plan of

the streets and squares is extremely well imagined. There is a pretty broad valley between 2 hills running down the Tagus, in the part where the palace stood. Through this they intend to make their principal street, all the houses regularly built after one model, and tires au Cordon, terminating in a noble square, open in front to the river, which is of a great breadth here, with Old Lisbon upon a high ground opposite: the other 3 sides will be surrounded with a very handsome narrow arcade, with public buildings above, and an equestrian statue of the king, in the centre. The other street, which will likewise be regular, will lead at right angles into the great street, from the hills on each side, and the suburbs. Though the design is extremely noble, the architecture is as bad; except in the square before described. They seem to consider the front of an house only as an high wall, with holes larger or smaller, to admit light as occasion requires. This want of taste appears in all the buildings that still remain, except a fragment of the palace that escaped. [p. 222] Nor have they any better taste in their quintas, or country villas.

The rides near Lisbon are extremely agreeable; particularly in the cool of the morning and evening, when they have always a refreshing breeze from the sea throughout the summer.

There are some noble points of view, where the river, the city and the adjacent villages form very noble and pleasing scenes: but their villas have seldom the advantage of these situations, nor have they any idea of embellishing them by gardening, planting, or laying out grounds. The orange gardens, or rather orchards, add very little to the beauty of the country; and the want of verdure, and forest trees gives every prospect a dreary and uncomfortable air; which the want of water in many places renders it impossible to remedy. But in other situations, where they may, at a small expence, moisten their soil sufficiently, what a paradise might they create beneath the charming climate where every shrub or flower, for use or ornament, seems to spring up in spite of all disadvantages. Nature has lavished upon this spot all her favours; and it is in many parts almost a desert: to us she has only given industry, and we have made that island, which in antient time was looked upon as the seat of wild and savage barbarity, become the seat of plenty, the nurse of arts, and the mother of science. Surely! we have no reason to complain of nature's distributions! If she has enriched the Tagus with her golden sands, she has given the Thames the faculty of attracting them to her.

A more melancholy abode than Lisbon, since the great calamities of earthquake and fire, cannot be conceived. The English and foreigners have established indeed a separate society to themselves: but the Portuguese seem to

have no resources; as their pride will not suffer them to mix with strangers, and their natural jealousies make all society among themselves impracticable. The only amusement they seem to have a natural genius for, is music: which has flourished extremely, since the present King has given his protection and encouragement to it, by calling over so many Italians. The operas were as magnificent as possible, at the King's expence: and though, since the ruin of their city, they have no longer those models to form themselves upon, they seem still to inherit something of the Italian taste, as far as one could judge on a short acquaintance.

The only public spectacle at present is a miserable Tragi-Comedy, not much frequented, and they have always curtains to their boxes. They have no assemblies: and though some foreign ministers have attempted to introduce them, the ladies do not choose to come to them.

Their equipages are as singular as the rest of their manners: they always go about in two-wheeled chaises with leather curtains, like those that carry our citizens to Hampstead and Highgate. though some of them are ornamented with gilding and varnish, to the amount, as they pretend, of 100 moidores. These are always drawn by a pair of mules: and thus they go jolting to court on a birthday, as an English farmer's wife would to market. Indeed, nothing can appear less like the residence of a great monarch, surrounded by the nobility of his kingdom: everything having an air of poverty and meanness, distress and dejection.

We are just returned from an excursion into the country, to a very agreeable retreat at the foot of the rocky mountain, known at sea by the name of the Rock of Lisbon. It is a small village, with a royal villa, where people retire for the sake of the cool air, and the wildness of the situation. From thence we went to the royal convent of Mafra, a vast pile of building, in a dreary situation, some fine rooms within, and a profusion of marbles of the country, which wanted only a better polish to be extremely beautiful.

Alcobaça

We next visited two famous monasteries, little visited by strangers. Among the letters with which the Conde D'Oeyras furnished us, was an order, with the King's seal, to all his officers etc in the places we should pass thro, directing, on pain of his displeasure, to provide [p. 223] us with lodging, horses, equipage, and

whatever we might require. Such an order was absolutely necessary in these roads and country. Their inns are mere huts: and had we not brought our beds with us, I doubt it would have been difficult for us to have supplied us. We escaped however, through much bad roads, in our little calash, and the 2nd morning about dusk arrived at the convent of Alcobaça. The minister having advertised them, by express, of our coming, and ordered them to do us the utmost honours they were capable of, we found a large place before the convent so crowded with people, that it was necessary for a guard of militia, which they had summoned, to make a lane for us up the steps. At the door we were received in form by the guardian, and first people of the fraternity, with the utmost certainty and conducted by the light of torches through cloisters of gothic arcades, with the whole college in procession, to our apartment, where only the guardian, and 2 others were admitted. We delivered our letter, and received such compliments, as it was hardly possible to bear without laughing, and which our interpreter had not wit enough to return. Our rooms, which were extremely spacious, were hung with crimson damask and gold, the floor covered with Persian carpets, and our beds in alcoves, decked with embroidered coverlids. We had a basin and ewer brought to wash before supper, and on another salver a napkin of fine linen, curiously pinched, and strewed with rose leaves and orange flowers. We then passed into the next room, where we found a large table groaning under a service of monstrous dishes. The first we tasted was a soup composed of gravy, bad oil, vinegar and sugar: the other dishes were pyramids of boiled fowls smothered in rice; others with their limbs distorted, as if they had been spitted alive; and everything breathing garlic, saffron and bad oil. In our 2nd course we had pyramids of meat pyes strewed with sugar, and ragouts powdered with spices. In short, in the multitude of things we were obliged to taste, there was not one that did not offend the palate. The desert consisted of vast piles of oranges, sweet lemons, citrons and sweetmeats that disdained to owe their flavour to any thing but the sugar cane. At length, after having drank reciprocally all the healths that we though would be required on either side, we retired to repose. The next morning we were no sooner dressed, than we found the whole College assembled in the next room, a tour levee. We breakfasted in state at the end of a long table, with the rest seated round the room, and admiring the peculiar grace with which we put every morsel into our mouths. After breakfast we were attended through the Convent, and had everything shown and explained to us: which, I must own, gave me great pleasure. They are of the Cistercian order, the richest in Portugal, possessing a vast tract of land, which is said to bring them in £50,000 p.an. Their magnificence is every way proportionable. Their church is Gothic, but extremely noble. The plate, jewels, and ornaments of the plate, copes etc are as rich as possible.

The situation of the convent is extremely beautiful, surrounded on all sides with cultivated hills, covered with vines and olives, with a plentyful stream watering their garden at all seasons of the year. But they have little, or no taste, or design in their expence; and seem to study richness, rather than elegance in all they do. As they entertain, so they reign like princes over the district that belongs to them.

Our dinner passed like the supper, not forgetting to drink, To the pious memory of the Princes our Ancestors.

In the evening, we saw their great altar lighted up at vespers, at the end of a long gothic asile, had a most striking effect, with the organ and voices, altogether impressing upon the mind the most solemn awe [p. 224] In the morning, when we were to take our leave, a favour was requested of us, in the name of the whole Society, that the honour we had done their convent might be for ever perpetuated, by our leaving with them our names, and all our titles.

We were presented with a thick folio, which contains the description of the convent, and some other curious books, which we had taken notice of in the library.

Batalha

Two or 3 of their principals accompanied us to the other convent of the Battaglia, which is but a few hours ride: and in the villages we found the militia under arms, who beat their drums, and waved their colours as we passed.

The convent of the Battaglia is of the Dominican order, and though far from rich, received us with great hospitality. The Prior, an exceeding good kind of old man, exerted his utmost efforts to do us honour, and had a cook sent him from the Bishop of Leyria upon the occasion.

We here, with many thanks, dismissed our militia, who had been mounting guard hitherto at the door of our apartment.

This convent is of the most elaborate and exquisite Gothic architecture I ever saw: one part being left imperfect, being so beautiful that nobody dared to finish it.

When we took leave of our old Prior next morning, the only request he made us, was, that we would relate to the minister, how much their fabric had suffered by the earthquake; and how much they needed the King's assistance to repair it:

whereas we could not help observing, that every one of our friends, who had been particularly assiduous about us at Alcobaca, desired us to remember their names particularly at Lisbon.

Lisboa

The city of Lisbon stands on the north side of the Tagus, about 4 L. from Fort St. Julian, which is at the entrance of the harbour. The approach is extremely beautiful: the river has a noble extent, and the banks on the Lisbon side are diversified with forts, scattered about in little bosoms, the ground having the advantage of a very pleasing inequality, without being mountainous. But it wants trees and verdure: there being no green in this country, but from a few scattered catches of barley, sown instead of grass for cattle. This prospect has likewise the advantage of being contrasted by the Rock of Lisbon rising at a proper distance behind it, like a wild, black, rugged mountain. The city appears stretching down the side of a steep hill to the water, with a multitude of vessels lying before it seeming to cover the river.

Belem

The village of Belem, with an old fort, (the only defence of the City) lies on the water side before you come to Lisbon: and to this fort all salutes are made. In this village the King now resides in a wooden Barraca, as do many of the foreign ministers: the houses having escaped without much damage, and being very agreeably situated.

This village is also remarkable for a very fine convent, built in the Gothic taste of Emanuel, the first among their Kings for elegance and the polite arts. The west end of the church is extremely rich in carved work, in a style peculiar to itself, having more the air of the antique grotesque. The lights are long, and if pointed at all, it is scarce discernable. The roof was esteemed a pattern for lightness and elegance of stonework, but suffered so much by the earthquake, that it is not shown. Here is a square court of singular beauty surrounded by cloisters both above and below, with arcades of stone, richly and elegantly ornamented; but different from the English Gothic, and more resembling the Grecian, in several of its figures and ornaments.

The City appears to have been of large extent, covering several hills and vallies: but the houses [p. 225] though large, were ill placed, the streets narrow,

and ill contrived. The suburbs remain pretty entire, and have been augmented since the calamity. At present nothing strikes the eye in the city but ruin and desolation: the fire having completed what the earthquake begun: Heaps of rubbish; broken walls; fragments of churches, with the paintings and ornaments in many parts remaining, form altogether a sense of horror rather to be felt than described.

Some limit the loss of people in this calamity to 6000, others extend it to 90,000: the more general opinion makes it from 25, to 30,000. The plan for rebuilding it will make it the most regular, and best pierced in Europe: the streets corresponding to each other at right angles, some extending quite through the city, and each having its inhabitants assigned it: the plan of the houses exactly resembling each other in size, front and height: those for shopkeepers and tradesmen extremely plain, but will be pleasing by their perfect regularity. The streets where the nobility are to reside are more stately. There will be two very handsome squares: one towards the water, already described, [p. 221] in which will be the Tribunals of Justice, the Royal Exchange, and other public buildings, whence it will be called *Placa de Commerca*. The Arsenal, just finished, joins to this square. It has cost a great deal of money to lodge cabals, anchors etc which they have not now ready. It stands where the best part of the old palace stood, is built in a very bad style with several blunders, one of the wings running in an obtuse angle, purely for the sake of setting it on the foundations of the old Opera House. The Portuguese themselves are ashamed of it.

The Plan for the Palace is said to be extremely magnificent. The situation is marked out on an eminence a little without the town, having the city on one side, the river and vessels on the other, and the prospect of a very pleasing country on the third: but on the 4th the mountains come a great deal too near, and they talk of planting them. The design covers a great deal of ground, and the expence is calculated at 30,000,000 crusades; near 3,000 000 sterling, including the purchase of many noblemens barracas erected here: nobody being allowed to build in the city until the plan was perfected. Upon the whole, the situation, though somewhat striking, is extremely exposed, and has not advantages enough to compensate for the inconvenience of disturbing individuals: and other more pleasing spots may be found nearer the river, not liable to these objections: so that some people think the design will not take effect.

The city is supplied with water by a noble aqueduct of stone, conveying it 9 m. from near a town called Belles, west of Lisbon, sometimes on arches, sometimes underground. The highest arches are to be seen in the valley of Alcantra, where you stand under 112 feet diameter, and 225 feet high. The others across the same

vallery are extremely large, though inferior to this, but pointed, though all the rest are round: the architect having been prevailed upon, by those who envied him, to condescend to this ill-judged economy: for which the King is said to have treated him so roughly, that he took to his house, and shortly after died of the bruises and disgrace.

There is hardly any building left worth describing. Among the ruins are some Gothic churches, very whimsical, but, I imagine of no great antiquity. One, belonging to an Hospital, is ornamented with a kind of clustered combined columns, wreathed and intertwined one in another, and bound round at proper distances, so as to form one twisted column. Another richer piece of Gothic resembles that at the Convent at Belem, which belongs to the Society of Mercy, or the *Irmandade da Misericordia*: a society of great distinction for relieving every kind of distress, providing for widows and orphans, educating children, putting out apprentices, portioning out girls, releasing captives and prisoners etc.

[Here follows a description of the Old See, or Cathedral]

Cintra

Cintra, a Village 5 Leagues from Lisbon: the Road bad, and paved; open corn country, but not fruitful; in many Parts quite barren; here and there diversified with Garden Fox-glove, blue *Convolvulus*, Everlasting pea, and others cultivated in our Gardens. On the Left is a Royal Villa, called Callares, belonging to Don Pedro: the Gardens are esteemed; but the Buildings seen from the Road, and its Situation did not tempt me to visit it.

Cintra lies in a most remarkable situation among Trees, at the Foot of a rude rugged Mountain, covered with bare Rocks. Here is a Palace, built by different Kings, for their Reception during the Coolness of Summer: for which Reason, the nobility resort much to it. John I, the great Don Emanuel, and the Cardinal King, are the principal Builders of this Palace. But Don Emanuel's apartment is easily distinguished from the Rest, in a very beautiful square Room, covered with a Dome, called the *Sala das Armas*; the Ceiling being painted in Compartments with gilt mouldings, ornamented with the Arms of the chief nobility, and the Royal Arms in the Centre: which has a rich and elegant appearance. There is another Ceiling of the same kind, with Swans in the Compartments, which is likewise

[p. 231] beautiful, and the Room of a very noble Proportion, with a little Canal contrived to pass under the Windows, on one Side of the Court, tho' it is above Stairs: there being great Command of Water, which is employed in little Fountains in most of the apartments, and must have a very agreeable Effect, in cooling the Air, in so hot a Climate. The Rooms are mostly wainscoted with Tiles, in the manner of the Country; but so diversified in their Colour and Design, as to have a very neat, and beautiful Effect.

From their Barranda, or open Portico above Stairs, they have some Views of the Mountain behind, and the open Country before. The Style is a very whimsical kind of Gothic, much ornamented, but in a bad Taste; the Shape of the Arches spoiled with different intertwined Ropes, and other ill-judged Conceits.

They shew the Room where King Alphonso was confined by his Brother Don Pedro, and where he died: and in one of the Barrandas, is a Chair of Tiles, in which they say Don Sebastian sat in Council, when he determined on his African Expedition.

The mountain that rises behind this Village, is the Land Side of the Rock of Lisbon, and has a most noble and singular appearance. It runs in a Ridge, broke into Several Summits of unequal Heights, covered with Masses of naked Rock, of an incredible Size, piled to a vast Height, and crowned with the Ruins of a Moorish Fortification, which runs all along the Ridge, having the Walls of Towers, of a small Church or Mosque, (tho' it had since Marks of Christian Worship) and of a very large arched Reservoir.

On the Top of highest Cluster of Rocks, in a Situation which no Words can describe, stands a small Convent, built by Don Emanuel, and called The Nuestra Senhora de Penha, neat, but remarkable only for a very fine Sacarium in the Chapel, of Alabaster, containing the History of Christ, most exquisitely wrought in Bas Relief, by an Italian. The extraordinary Elevation of the Building, when it is not involved in Clouds, gives a most extensive view over the strange wild scene about it, to the sea, the entrance of the Tagus, and an unmeasurable district of country, not of the most beautiful kind.

From Cintra is a most lovely walk among trees winding with great variety at the foot of the mountain, to a quinta, called Penta verde, now very ruinous, but formerly belonging to the famous Don John de Castro, Viceroy in India, who after great services, retired here from the honours of a Court, nor would be prevailed upon by Don Emanuel, to quit his retirement for any consideration, but that of

being employed in fresh enterprises: and when he was ordered by that Prince to ask a reward, desired only that rock, then a naked brown spot, contiguous to his house. He planned the present buildings and plantations, but was sent abroad, and died, leaving them to be perfected by his descendent. He was one of the romantic heroes of that age, full of noble qualities, and the particularities of a great mind. The Place is the most romantic picturesque of scenes: large pines, and other trees growing up among the rocks, which are covered with moss, and cut into rude steps, leading to the principal points of view, where are some votive chapels, with inscriptions of his victories, and glories, moral precepts etc. standing on well-chosen eminences. In one of these spots interred the heart of his son, who died with him in his wars abroad. This villa is open to all comers, but can neither be sold or let, or any profit made of it by his descendents.

[p. 232] From Pentra [sic] verde to Callares, 4 m. from Cintra, is one of the most beautiful rides that can be imagined, through fine woods, diversified with rocks and openings. Callares is a pretty village, exclusive of its charming situation. Near it is a Convent remarkable for a Room wainscoted with Cork, and for a wild rugged situation. Cintra, and its environs about with these extraordinary and enchanted scenes; a mixture of beauty and horror.

Mafra

The road hence to Mafra, about 4 leagues, is extremely unpleasant, over a broken causey, through a barren country, in some parts yielding a little corn. The villages is poor and mean, with a wretched inn, and stands much in the way of the great building; the ground having never been laid out about it. The front is extremely large: the chapel in the centre ornamented with 2 orders of pillars, one above the other, and covered with a pediment. This part, at some distance, does not appear unelegant, and it is the best of the whole building. On each side are bell towers, with cupolas, much ornamented, and arising infinitely too high, spoiling the effect of a tolerably proportioned dome, rising behind from the centre of the chapel. All this is finished in good white stone. The front, which extends, (including a break in the middle of 5 windows, rising a little higher than the rest, with a row of small attic windows and a balustrade) is covered with a yellow stucco, which disgraces the appearance of the front, and gives it an air of poverty and meanness.

The whole front is finished with 2 frightful and heavy pavilions of 3 windows each, covered with ugly stone domes, and their base storey sloping outwards, like basements to a Gothic chapel.

You ascend to the chapel by a large flight of setps, into a long, narrow slip, by way of portico, or vestibule, running the length of the facade of the chapel, and adorned with statues of saints, in niches, larger than life; which seem not ill executed, if placed at a proper distance from the eye. Hence you enter the chapel, which is rather, I believe, an epitome of St. Pauls's, than St. Peters's: having all the defects of that building, without any of its majesty and grandeur. The dome however, is not ugly, and the great variety of nine marbles which adorn the altars, and incrust the walls and vaulting, have a rich appearance, and want only a finer polish. The whole Convent and Palace have an incredible profusion of fine marbles in every apartment. [footnote inside double quotation marks: It is somewhat singular, that in 1738, I went to Mafra, Cintra, Collares etc with a relation of this Mr. Pitt, with whom I had no other acquaintance than his being at Lisbon, with his ship at the time I was: His name was Temple West, Captain of a man of war, and a very agreeable Gentleman. He offered to convey me to England in his ship: but he went sooner than was suitable to me.]

[pp. 232-3 Dimensions of Mafra]

[p. 233] Two pretty Chapels open to the Transepts on each side the Choir, about 52 palms by 30, with altars at the end. They have a great deal of black marble, and are finisht with more elegance, and a better taste than the rest.

The printed description of Mafra is so exact in every apartment, that I shall only mention the Library, and Refectory, as the most striking. The former is 381 palms long, by 43, with recesses in the middle, like a cross. It is not furnisht: but from its height and length, one may judge it will contain a great number of books.

The entrance into the Refectory is by a large octogon of 20 palms diameter, with 4 large marble basons, in form of conchs, with brass cocks. This is a very pretty room, and called the Lavatory, through which you pass into an handroom room 42 by 118 palms, well lighted, and adorned with marble, with a bench of brazil wood round it. Here the monks [footnote: As well as I can remember at this distance, they are not monks, but friars of the Order of St. Francis, to a most surprizing number, which inhabit the Convent of Mafra: and this circumstance seems to confirm it, as Mr. West was much offended at the ill smells in the lavatory, proceeding from the washing of the Frairs habits there, who, as they wear no linen, the natural perspiration in so warm a climate must occasion a strong smell] wait till dinner is served up in the Refectory, which is 218 palms by 42, with a noble, high and arched roof: the benches and tables continued round the room, and a double row in the middle. The suite of these 3 rooms has a very striking and magnificent appearance.

The park belonging to the palace is a considerable extent of uneven ground, which being planted irregularly for shelter to the game, affords some agreeable forest scenes in the bottoms, which will improve as the wood grows larger. This they call the Tapada. It is filled with deer, wild boars, partridges etc and the royal family repair hither for about 10 days every year to shoot and hunt.

The Viconde di Ponte di Lima has a very agreeable place or garden near the village, with a wood, and some fine old trees: but it is ill laid out, in strait walks, stars, parterres, fountains, etc.

From Mafra, in the road to the town of Caldas, after leaving the wall of the Tapada, you have a very agreeable prospect from the mountains, into a rich and fertile vale, with some villages: that of Terma de Torres at the bottom, thro' which you descend into the Valley. The country continues agreeable, and tolerably fruitful 'till beyond the village of Trucisal, when you cross some barren mountains to Torres Vedras, a pretty large village, very agreeably situated, in a cultivated bottom. There is an old castle on a eminence, whence you have a very pleasing prospect of the village, and the ground rising agreeably round it. From hence, 'till you get almost to Obidos, the road continues very black, and barren mountains covered with heath, furze and a kind of dwarfe myrtle growing on the most barren spots. Some wild flowers are intersperst, and in many parts young oaks, as thick set as in a seedling bed, and of the same height, a species of dwarfe oaks bearing very large acorns with which their hogs are fatted, as in some parts of Spain. This is the case in almost all the wild heaths we past over.

[p. 234] In this road we past thro' a fir wood belonging to a seat of the Marquis D'Allegretti, remarkable only but for a bad situation, and called Buccalliera.

Obidas is situate in a more pleasant country, which continues to Caldas, so called from the warm sulphur baths, highly esteemed. Here is a noble hospital founded by Leonora, wife to John 2nd and since augmented by royal benefactions. The apartments are neat, and well calculated for the reception of poor people, who are liberally maintained during the season of the waters.

From the Caldas to Alcobaça is desolate, dreary country, the road, if possible, more dangerous for a carriage, than any part of the foregoing, which is as bad as can well be travelled. On the left you have a prospect of the sea, the little bay of St. Martinho, and the Vallado d'Alfarajon, with an old Moorish Tower at some distance. You have a view likewise of a most extraordinary district of country at some distance, about the village of Nazarea, a place much frequented

by people of devotion, on account of a miraculous image of our Lady. This country extends by the sea side, and is a dead white sand, as void of any vegetables as the desertes of Arabia. In the middle rises an extreme high rock or mountain, quite black, giving the whole an appearance of horror not to be described.

Convent of Alcobaça

The situation of the monastery of Alcobaça when you have descended into the bottom in which it stands, is extremely beautiful: the hills rising round it at a Proper distance, cultivated to the top, and some of them cloathed with fine olive yards and vineyards; black mountains rising behind the hills. There is likewise good command of water in two large streams, which never fail in the heat of summer, and would enable them to do what they pleased to embellish their plan, if they were not quite insensible to the natural adavantages of their situation. But as they use their water only to wash their kitchin, thro' which it is conducted, so they seem to esteem the fertility of their soil, only as it produces to them 300 pipes of wine, (which they shewed us in their cellar) and actually talk of building wings to hide from them the best of their prospect.

This noble monastery was founded by Alphonso I in 1148 after the great defeat of the Moors in the battle of Alfagaron, and in pursuance of a vow he then made: but not living to finish it, his successors, Sanchez and Alphonso 2 perfected the work.

The west end of the great church finishes the principal front on the right hand. You ascend to it, as to the Convent, by a large flight of steps. The great door is pointed, with a multitude of decreasing mouldings. There are gemel towers to resemble the Gothic style; but in fact only a mixt heavier Grecian. This whole front has been lately built at the expence of the community. The entrance from hence into the nave is one of the most striking things imaginable, the side arches being of an uncommon height, quite up to the vaulting of the nave, so as to admit neither light, nor ambulatoryes over them, and continuing without interruption for the length of 334 palms, with 12 pillars, the choir being included in the nave, and only the space of about 42 palms beyond the transept for the Chapella Môr, which ends in a semicircle, and is ornamented with the richest altar imaginable, finely gilt, with columns, and rising to a considerable height. We saw this altar lighted up, while they were performing their eveing service, to very fine music.

The breadth of the nave, by our measurement, was about 28 feet, and the side isles, exclusive of the pillars, about 12 feet each, so as to be in the whole breadth, about 66 feet from wall to wall. The distance betwuen the pillars 10 feet. The pillars are ornamented [p. 235] with 8 slender columns, with foliage capitals, and are about 6ó palms in height, above which the mouldings rise perpendicular for some way before they spring into a pointed arch, at the height of near 20 palms more at least [sic], which is also the height of the side isles. The height of the nave, transepts and capella môr, from the pavement, to the key-stone of the vaulting, allowing for the steps, is 94 palms, which, allowing 9 inches to the palm, makes it about 70 feet high,

The choir takes up 5 arches of the nave from the transept (the stalls are executed in wood, with elegant Gothic tabernacle work, given by Don Emanuel) but is separated from the rest of the nave by nothing but a low rail, so as not to intercept the view to the High Altar.

The transepts from the altars at each end contain 241 palms in length, and 74 in bredth, including a side isle of the west side, of 3 arches; in one of which are 3 curious old tombs, or sarcophagi of the wife and daughters of Alphonso 3d, and opposite to them, in arched recesses, much gilt and ornamented, 2 rich monuments, with a multitude of figures of monks and angels in one of them, praying over one of their kings on his last agonies.

[illustrations of two of the sacrophagi]

In the other transept, in the recesses, are 2 chapels, one of which leads into the Convent.

The Capella Môr is of the same bredth as the nave, about 28 feet, and 42 palms along, ending in a semicircle, or polygon, with long bays in the faces, and slender columns [p. 236-237] continued description of monastery and [p. 236] illustration of pillars round the outside of the choir.]

[p. 237] Monastery of Batallha

The road from Alcobaça to the monastery of Battaglia, tho' in one part extremely bad, is not in general so dangerous for a carriage as the preceding road from Caldas to Alcobaça. While you keep in the valley, it is rich and fruitful; afterwards the country grows hilly and barren. You pass thro' the village of

Aljubarrota, remarkable, as well for the defeat of the Spaniards near it, where a memorial is erected, as for being reputed the oldest village in Portugal. From thence the ground is poor, and covered with stunted olive trees, 'till you descend into the valley of Battaglia, which resembles that of Alcobaça, only not quite so large, but rather more pleasing, from some little wooded dells, that run along between the hills.

[pp. 238-40] Description of monastery

[p. 240] *The road from Battaglia to Lisbon carries you back part of the road from Alcobaça, thro' wretched oliveyards, which continue to the village of Lagura, whence you pass thro' those of Venda di Costa, and Tagaro, to Otta, thro' a very mountainous, and desert country, with here and there some oliveyards, and little vallies; and in one or 2 places we observed oaks of a very tolerable size. The country about Otta is bad for about a league: but when you come near the Tagus, it grows more agreeable; a fruitful plain stretching down to the river bounded by hills, cultivated to the top with vineyards, oliveyards, corn etc. and the road varied with villages and quintas, which altogether forms a variety of very agreeable scenes quite on to Lisbon, and the road for a carriage by no means formidable.*

[p. 241] *The Old Castle at Lisbon is almost entirely ruined, but appears to have been of great antiquity. It is situated upon the top of a steep hill, which commands one of the finest views imaginable. The city, or rather its ruins, are extended in a valley under it, and cover the rising ground opposite, beyond which, and to the right, the country breaks in very agreeably with corn grounds varied with clusters of buildings, villages, olive yards in the little bottoms, and convents on the hills: and on the left is a most magnificent prospect of the Tagus, with all its ships, quite from the entrance of the harbour, with its forts, to where the river spreads into a vast bason behind Lisbon, with pine woods, Old Lisbon, and other towns on the opposite shore: the whole bounded by rising mountains at a distance.*

There are likewise several exceeding fine views at a little distance from Lisbon, commanding different prospects of the city, river and country, which altogether form the most glorious pictures that can be imagined.

Lisbon May 13 1760

Lisbon to Madrid

About 3 leagues across the Tagus extremely pleasant, from the views of the

City, which vary as you pass on, with a large olive wood, stretching itself upon the Bank beyond it, towards Moraviglia.

Aldigalega nothing remarkable, standing upon a flat on the water side.

Aldigalega to Lagoes about 4 or 5 Leagues, the road a dead sand, continuing almost to Silbedos, and so great a scarcity of good water, that we were obliged to provide ourselves with it from Lisbon.

The Country is extremely flat, and produces vineyards about Aldigalega: after which, you pass over nothing but barren deserts, intersperst with pines, most of them small and stunted, and some open groves of large cork trees, which are beautiful, resembling oaks at a distance and spotting the sides of the hills very agreeably. You pass by a Convent called The Nossa Senhora di Atalaia, soon after you leave Aldeagalega, and have a view of the town of Palmela at a distance, on the right hand, situated upon the brow of a high hill, that commands the flat beneath. Excepting these, you have no sign of habitation, 'till you come to Lagoes, which is a wretched inn, or hut, standing almost alone in a dreadful country, with only some pines about it.

[p. 242] *From Lagoes to Venda Nova is about 3 Leagues, over a continuance of the same desert country, without the variety of pines or cork trees, or any other object whatever, the ground being covered with heath, or rather a mixture of wild flowers, as cystus and althaea, with a mixture of a myrtle-dwarf oaks, etc which tho' full as black as heath at a distance, affords a variety of reds, yellows, whites and greens, as you pass by it. The village of Venda nova is surrounded with some Fields and Vineyards, and has in it the Ground Story of a Palace, which has never been finisht; nor do I see any thing to tempt a future King to think of it.*

From Venda Nova to Monte Môr, about 3 leagues, by the village of Silbedos, over the same kind of barren Country, with Patches here and there of miserable Corn, till you come to a very romantic rocky valley, with old Cork Trees, not far from Monte Môr: after which it improves round that Town, which is neat, and very pleasantly situated, upon an Eminence, with Olive Trees, Quintas, Convents, and green Corn Fields about it. I here saw, for the first Time, the Indiana Fig in Blossom in the Hedges. It bears a deep yellow Flower, somewhat of the Form and Colour of a Marygold; but larger, and not so much expanded.

From Monte Môr to Arrayolos about 4 Leagues. Not far from Monte Môr we descended into a most beautiful Plain, covered with Cattle, and bounded on each Side with cultivated and woody Hills. In this Plain stands a Quinta, which

belonged to the late Duke d' Aviero. After this the Country becomes again poor and mountainous, with some agreeable Openings and Valleys, till you come to Arrayolas, a Village with nothing remarkable but the Remains of an old Castle on a Hill.

From Arrayolas to Venda del Duque 3 Leagues: the Soil dry and sandy, but some of the rising Grounds adorned with Wood, and an extensive Valley soon after you leave Arrayolas, mostly left to Pasturage. The Inn at Venda del Duque stands alone at the Edge of a large Wood of old Cork Tres.

From Venda del Duque to Estremoza about 4 Leagues, barren, with Heath and Flowers etc till you come to Estremoza, which is situated on a very high Hill commanding a most striking and extensive Prospect under it of Cork woods, olive yards, Quintas, meadows, and every Thing, but Water, that is requisite to a fine View. This Town is extremely well fortified, and has a very advantageous Situation for Security. The Garrison is remarkable for a very noble Sala das Armas, well filled, and neatly kept. It is esteemed for the best in Portugal. There is a very strong old Tower, built by King Dennis, of whiter Marble, but black with age: Marble of the finest sort being the common material of the Buildings of this town. They shew you likewise a Chapel, dedicated to Santa Isabellea his wife, where she died. It is adorned with Paintings, that are not ugly, of the Miracles she finished, and is finished in a pretty Taste.

Fom Estremoza to Elvas, about 7 Leagues, by Villa Vizzosa, which is worth seeing on account of the Palace of the old Dukes od Braganza. The Road to it is extremely good and pleasant, thro' an inclosed Country, with Vineyards, Olive yards and corn Fields.

The Palace is a modern Building, and has some good Rooms: the best is a Sort of Hall ornamented in the Ceiling with not bad Pictures of some of the Kings of Portugal and their Sons. It is called The Casa dos Reys. There is a Tapada, or Park belonging to it, thro' which we passed in the way to Elvas, planted with Pines, and old Cork Trees, which make [p. 243] a Figure in this Country. But the Road, after you leave the Tapada, is not very bad, for a Cariage, but very poor and barren; the Corn that grows in some Parts seeming to be hardly worth the Trouble of cutting. There is a Cistern in the Garrison, archt with Stone, and capable of receiving Water enough to supply the Town for 6 months, if the Aquaeduct, which feeds it, should be destroyed; and the Water will not corrupt. This is the frontier Town towards Spain, as Badajoz is towards Portugal: the two dominions being separated by a small stream about half way betwene them, in a flat, poor and sandy Soil.