Borrow George

The Bible in Spain. Volume 1 of 2

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Содержание

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PREFACE

It is very seldom that the preface of a work is read; indeed, of late years most books have been sent into the world without any. I deem it, however, advisable to write a preface, and to this I humbly call the attention of the courteous reader, as its perusal will not a little tend to the proper understanding and appreciation of these volumes.

The work now offered to the public, and which is styled *The Bible in Spain*, consists of a narrative of what occurred to me during a residence in that country, to which I was sent by the Bible Society, as its agent, for the purpose of printing and circulating the Scriptures. It comprehends, however, certain journeys and adventures in Portugal, and leaves me at last in "the land of the *Corahai*," to which region, after having undergone considerable buffeting in Spain, I found it expedient to retire for a season.

It is very probable that had I visited Spain from mere curiosity, or with a view of passing a year or two agreeably, I should never have attempted to give any detailed account of my proceedings, or of what I heard and saw. I am no tourist, no writer of books of travels; but I went there on a somewhat remarkable errand, which necessarily led me into strange situations and positions, involved me in difficulties and perplexities, and brought me into contact with people of all descriptions and grades; so that, upon the whole, I flatter myself that a narrative of such a pilgrimage may not be wholly uninteresting to the public, more especially as the subject is not trite; for, though various books have been published about Spain, I believe that the present is the only one in existence which treats of missionary labour in that country.

Many things, it is true, will be found in the following volume which have little connexion with religion, or religious enterprise; I offer, however, no apology for introducing them. I was, as I may say, from first to last adrift in Spain, the land of old renown, the land of wonder and mystery, with better opportunities of becoming acquainted with its strange secrets and peculiarities than, perhaps, ever yet were afforded to any individual, certainly to a foreigner; and if in many instances I have introduced scenes and characters perhaps unprecedented in a work of this description, I have only to observe, that, during my sojourn in Spain, I was so unavoidably mixed up with such, that I could scarcely have given a faithful narrative of what befell me had I not brought them forward in the manner in which I have done.

It is worthy of remark, that, called suddenly and unexpectedly "to undertake the adventure of Spain," I was not altogether unprepared for such an enterprise. In the day-dreams of my boyhood, Spain always bore a considerable share, and I took a particular interest in her, without any presentiment that I should, at a future time, be called upon to take a part, however humble, in her strange dramas; which interest, at a very early period, led me to acquire her noble language, and to make myself acquainted with her literature (scarcely worthy of the language), her history, and traditions; so that when I entered Spain for the first time I felt more at home than I should otherwise have done.

In Spain I passed five years, which, if not the most eventful, were, I have no hesitation in saying, the most happy years of my existence. Of Spain at the present time, now that the day-dream has vanished never, alas! to return, I entertain the warmest admiration: she is the most magnificent country in the world, probably the most fertile, and certainly with the finest climate. Whether her children are worthy of their mother, is another question, which I shall not attempt to answer; but content myself with observing that, amongst much that is lamentable and reprehensible, I have found

much that is noble and to be admired: much stern heroic virtue; much savage and horrible crime; of low vulgar vice very little, at least amongst the great body of the Spanish nation, with which my mission lay; for it will be as well here to observe that I advance no claim to an intimate acquaintance with the Spanish nobility, from whom I kept as remote as circumstances would permit me; *en revanche*, however, I have had the honour to live on familiar terms with the peasants, shepherds, and muleteers of Spain, whose bread and *bacallao* I have eaten; who always treated me with kindness and courtesy, and to whom I have not unfrequently been indebted for shelter and protection.

> "The generous bearing of Francisco Gonzales, and the high deeds of Ruy Diaz the Cid, are still sung amongst the fastnesses of the Sierra Morena."[1]

I believe that no stronger argument can be brought forward in proof of the natural vigour and resources of Spain, and the sterling character of her population, than the fact that, at the present day, she is still a powerful and unexhausted country, and her children still, to a certain extent, a high-minded and great people. Yes, notwithstanding the misrule of the brutal and sensual Austrian, the doting Bourbon, and, above all, the spiritual tyranny of the court of Rome, Spain can still maintain her own, fight her own combat, and Spaniards are not yet fanatic slaves and crouching beggars. This is saying much, very much: she has undergone far more than Naples had ever to bear, and yet the fate of Naples has not been hers. There is still valour in Asturia, generosity in Aragon, probity in Old Castile, and the peasant women of La Mancha can still afford to place a silver fork and a snowy napkin beside the plate of their guest. Yes, in spite of Austrian, Bourbon, and Rome, there is still a wide gulf between Spain and Naples.

Strange as it may sound, Spain is not a fanatic country.[2] I know something about her, and declare that she is not, nor has ever been: Spain never changes. It is true that, for nearly two centuries, she was the she-butcher, *La Verduga*, of malignant Rome; the chosen instrument for carrying into effect the atrocious projects of that power; yet fanaticism was not the spring which impelled her to the work of butchery: another feeling, in her the predominant one, was worked upon – her fatal pride. It was by humouring her pride that she was induced to waste her precious blood and treasure in the Low Country wars, to launch the Armada, and to many other equally insane actions. Love of Rome had ever slight influence over her policy; but, flattered by the title of *Gonfaloniera of the Vicar of Jesus*, and eager to prove herself not unworthy of the same, she shut her eyes, and rushed upon her own destruction with the cry of "Charge, Spain!"

But the arms of Spain became powerless abroad, and she retired within herself. She ceased to be the tool of the vengeance and cruelty of Rome. She was not cast aside, however. No! though she could no longer wield the sword with success against the Lutherans, she might still be turned to some account. She had still gold and silver, and she was still the land of the vine and olive. Ceasing to be the butcher, she became the banker of Rome; and the poor Spaniards, who always esteem it a privilege to pay another person's reckoning, were for a long time happy in being permitted to minister to the grasping cupidity of Rome, who, during the last century, probably extracted from Spain more treasure than from all the rest of Christendom.

But wars came into the land. Napoleon and his fierce Franks invaded Spain; plunder and devastation ensued, the effects of which will probably be felt for ages. Spain could no longer pay pence to Peter so freely as of yore, and from that period she became contemptible in the eyes of Rome, who has no respect for a nation, save so far as it can minister to her cruelty or avarice. The Spaniard was still willing to pay, as far as his means would allow, but he was soon given to understand that he was a degraded being, – a barbarian; nay, a beggar. Now you may draw the last *cuarto* from a Spaniard, provided you will concede to him the title of cavalier, and rich man, for the old leaven still

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[1] "Om Frands Gonzales, og Rodrik Cid,End siunges i Sierra Murene!"*Krönike Riim*. By Severin Grundtvig. Copenhagen, 1829.

[2] See Burke's *History of Spain*, vol. i. p. 182, and vol. ii. pp. 87–95, 105.

works as powerfully as in the time of the first Philip;[3] but you must never hint that he is poor, or that his blood is inferior to your own. And the old peasant, on being informed in what slight estimation he was held, replied, "If I am a beast, a barbarian, and a beggar withal, I am sorry for it; but, as there is no remedy, I shall spend these four bushels of barley, which I had reserved to alleviate the misery of the holy father, in procuring bull spectacles, and other convenient diversions, for the queen my wife, and the young princes my children. Beggar! *carajo*! The water of my village is better than the wine of Rome."

I see that in a late pastoral letter directed to the Spaniards, the father of Rome complains bitterly of the treatment which he has received in Spain at the hands of naughty men. "My cathedrals are let down," he says, "my priests are insulted, and the revenues of my bishops are curtailed." He consoles himself, however, with the idea, that this is the effect of the malice of a few, and that the generality of the nation love him, especially the peasantry, the innocent peasantry, who shed tears when they think of the sufferings of their Pope and their religion. Undeceive yourself, *Batuschca*, undeceive yourself! Spain was ready to fight for you so long as she could increase her own glory by doing so; but she took no pleasure in losing battle after battle on your account. She had no objection to pay money into your coffers in the shape of alms, expecting, however, that the same would be received with the gratitude and humility which become those who accept charity. Finding, however, that you were neither humble nor grateful; suspecting, moreover, that you held Austria in higher esteem than herself, even as a banker, she shrugged up her shoulders, and uttered a sentence somewhat similar to that which I have already put into the mouth of one of her children, "These four bushels of barley," etc.

It is truly surprising what little interest the great body of the Spanish nation took in the late struggle; and yet it has been called by some, who ought to know better, a war of religion and principle. It was generally supposed that Biscay was the stronghold of Carlism, and that the inhabitants were fanatically attached to their religion, which they apprehended was in danger. The truth is, that the Basques cared nothing for Carlos or Rome, and merely took up arms to defend certain rights and privileges of their own.[4] For the dwarfish brother of Ferdinand they always exhibited supreme contempt, which his character, a compound of imbecility, cowardice, and cruelty, well merited. If they made use of his name, it was merely as a *cri de guerre*. Much the same may be said with respect to his Spanish partisans, at least those who appeared in the field for him. These, however, were of a widely different character from the Basques, who were brave soldiers and honest men. The Spanish armies of Don Carlos were composed entirely of thieves and assassins, chiefly Valencians and Manchegans, who, marshalled under two cutthroats, Cabrera and Palillos, took advantage of the distracted state of the country to plunder and massacre the honest part of the community. With respect to the Queen Regent Christina, of whom the less said the better, the reins of government fell into her hands on the decease of her husband, and with them the command of the soldiery. The respectable part of the Spanish nation, and more especially the honourable and toil-worn peasantry, loathed and execrated both factions. Oft when I was sharing at nightfall the frugal fare of the villager of Old or New Castile, on hearing the distant shot of the *Cristino* soldier or Carlist bandit, he would invoke curses on the heads of the two pretenders, not forgetting the holy father and the goddess of Rome, *Maria Santísima*. Then, with the tiger energy of the Spaniard when roused, he would start up and exclaim, "*Vamos*, *Don Jorge* to the plain, to the plain! I wish to enlist with you, and to learn the law of the English. To the plain, therefore, to the plain to-morrow, to circulate the gospel of Inglaterra."

Amongst the peasantry of Spain I found my sturdiest supporters; and yet the holy father supposes that the Spanish labourers are friends and lovers of his. Undeceive yourself, *Batuschca*!

But to return to the present work: it is devoted to an account of what befell me in Spain whilst engaged in distributing the Scripture. With respect to my poor labours, I wish here to observe that

[3] He reigned July – September, 1506.

[4] Known as *los fueros*. See Duncan, *The English in Spain*, p. 163.

I accomplished but very little, and that I lay claim to no brilliant successes and triumphs; indeed, I was sent into Spain more to explore the country, and to ascertain how far the minds of the people were prepared to receive the truths of Christianity, than for any other object; I obtained, however, through the assistance of kind friends, permission from the Spanish government to print an edition of the sacred volume at Madrid, which I subsequently circulated in that capital and in the provinces.

During my sojourn in Spain there were others who wrought good service in the Gospel cause, and of whose efforts it were unjust to be silent in a work of this description. Base is the heart which would refuse merit its meed; and, however insignificant may be the value of any eulogium which can flow from a pen like mine, I cannot refrain from mentioning with respect and esteem a few names connected with Gospel enterprise. A zealous Irish gentleman, of the name of Graydon,[5] exerted himself with indefatigable diligence in diffusing the light of Scripture in the province of Catalonia, and along the southern shores of Spain; whilst two missionaries from Gibraltar, Messrs. Rule[6] and Lyon,[7] during one entire year, preached Evangelic truth in a church at Cadiz. So much success attended the efforts of these two last, brave disciples of the immortal Wesley, that there is every reason for supposing that, had they not been silenced, and eventually banished from the country, by the pseudo-liberal faction of the *Moderados*, not only Cadiz, but the greater part of Andalusia, would by this time have confessed the pure doctrines of the Gospel, and have discarded for ever the last relics of Popish superstition.

More immediately connected with the Bible Society and myself, I am most happy to take this opportunity of speaking of Luis de Usoz y Rio,[8] the scion of an ancient and honourable family of Old Castile, my coadjutor whilst editing the Spanish New Testament at Madrid. Throughout my residence in Spain I experienced every mark of friendship from this gentleman, who, during the periods of my absence in the provinces, and my numerous and long journeys, cheerfully supplied my place at Madrid, and exerted himself to the utmost in forwarding the views of the Bible Society, influenced by no other motive than a hope that its efforts would eventually contribute to the peace, happiness, and civilization of his native land.

In conclusion, I beg leave to state that I am fully aware of the various faults and inaccuracies of the present work. It is founded on certain journals which I kept during my stay in Spain, and numerous letters written to my friends in England, which they had subsequently the kindness to restore; the greater part, however, consisting of descriptions of scenery, sketches of character, etc., has been supplied from memory. In various instances I have omitted the names of places, which I have either forgotten, or of whose orthography I am uncertain. The work, as it at present exists, was written in a solitary hamlet in a remote part of England, where I had neither books to consult, nor friends of whose opinion or advice I could occasionally avail myself, and under all the disadvantages which arise from enfeebled health. I have, however, on a recent occasion, experienced too much of the lenity and generosity of the public, both of Britain and America, to shrink from again exposing myself to its

[5] Graydon was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, who, finding himself unemployed at Gibraltar in 1835, undertook the distribution of the Scriptures, and continued the work until 1840.

[6] William Harris Rule, a Wesleyan minister, was born at Penryn, Cornwall, in November, 1802, educated at first for an artist, was called to the ministry in 1826, and proceeded as a Wesleyan missionary to Malta, making afterwards many voyages to the West Indies, until he was ordered to Gibraltar, where he arrived in February, 1832. See Rule, *Mission to Gibraltar and Spain* (1844); *Recollections of my Life and Work* (1886).

[7] Of Mr. Lyon I can learn nothing of any interest.

[8] Don Luis de Usoz y Rio was born at Madrid of noble parents in May, 1805. A pupil of the well-known Cardinal Mezzofanti, he was appointed, while yet a very young man, to the Chair of Hebrew at Valladolid. In 1839 he made the acquaintance in England of Benjamin Wiffen, the Quaker, so well known in connexion with Protestant literature and the slavery question in Spain; and after helping Borrow in his endeavour to circulate the Scriptures, and having accumulated an immense library of religious books, some of which were bequeathed to Wiffen, some to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and some to the great library at Madrid, he died in August, 1865. See the works of Wiffen and Boehmer; Menendez Pelayo, *Heterodoxos Españoles*, lib. viii. cap. 2; and finally Mayor, *Spain*, *Portugal*, *and the Bible* (London, 1892).

gaze; and trust that, if in the present volumes it find but little to admire, it will give me credit for good spirit, and for setting down nought in malice.

Nov. 26, 1842.

INTRODUCTION

PART I

When George Borrow, in the month of November, 1835, steamed up the Tagus on his adventurous journey to distribute the Bible in Spain, the political situation throughout the Peninsula was so complicated and so extraordinary, that a brief review of the events of the few years immediately preceding his arrival will be necessary to enable any one but a specially instructed reader to appreciate, or even to understand, his position and his adventures.

When Ferdinand VII. was restored to his kingdom by the British arms in 1814, Spain was still governed by the Cortes elected under the Liberal Constitution of 1812.

Ferdinand, having sworn many oaths to maintain this Constitution and Parliamentary Institutions in the country, no sooner found himself firmly seated on the throne, than, encouraged by the clergy within his dominions, and by the Holy Alliance in Northern Europe, he issued an edict dissolving the Cortes, and reviving the old absolutism with all the old abuses in Spain.

The nobles were once again exempted from taxation; the monasteries were restored; the Jesuits returned to Spain; the Inquisition was formally re-established; all Liberal politicians were persecuted to the death. For six years this royalist reign of terror – more dreadful by far than the *Terreur blanche* in contemporary France – was continued, until at length, the great American colonies having asserted their independence,[9] the standard of revolt was raised in Spain by Riego and Quiroga, two officers in command of an expedition which was just about to sail from Cadiz to renew the war against the colonists in South America in January, 1820. The success of this political revolution was prompt and complete. In March the king gave way, and once more accepted the Constitution of 1812; and an administration of moderate reformers was formed under Martinez de la Rosa, a well-known man of letters, and was generally acceptable to the country.

After much intrigue and factious opposition, both on the part of the extreme Royalists and the extreme Radicals, the election of Riego to the Presidency of the Cortes in 1822 marked the extreme limit of the triumph of the Liberal party in Spain.

The Congress of Verona in October, 1822; the growing pretensions of the Holy Alliance; the mission of the Duke of Wellington, with George Canning's protest against the armed intervention of any of the Powers in the domestic affairs of the Peninsula; and the ultimate invasion of Spain by a French army of 100,000 men under the Duc d'Angoulême, eldest son of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., in April, 1823; – these things belong as much to European as to Spanish history, and need only be referred to in passing.

The French army, as may be supposed, met with no serious opposition. Madrid was easily occupied before the end of May. Cadiz, maintaining a brief but honourable resistance, yielded to a bombardment in September; and Ferdinand VII., reinvested with absolute power over his subjects by foreign artillery and foreign bayonets in October, 1823, immediately unswore all his oaths, and restored all the old tyranny and abuses in Spain. Riego was at once put to death. All Liberals and even *moderados* were exposed to a sanguinary and relentless persecution. The leaders and their richer and more important partisans were as a rule able to make good their flight, in many cases to England; but their humbler followers paid the penalty of their liberalism with their lives. The French army of occupation remained in Spain for four years – 1823–1827 – and Cadiz was not evacuated until 1828.

[9] Chili in 1810–1818; Paraguay in 1811–1814; La Plata in 1810–1816; Mexico in 1810–1821; Peru and Bolivia not until 1824.

In September, 1824, Charles X. succeeded the more liberal Louis XVIII. on the throne of France, and George Canning, unable to compel or persuade the French to leave the Spanish people to themselves in Spain, "called a new world into existence to restore the balance in the old," and recognized the independence of the Spanish American colonies.

In 1829 Ferdinand VII. married, as his fourth wife, Maria Christina of Naples, a sister of the Duchesse de Berri;[10] and on October 10, 1830, the queen gave birth to a daughter, who was christened Isabella, afterwards so well known as Isabel II. of Spain.[11] The king, her father, immediately issued a Pragmatic Sanction, declaring the Salic law to be of no effect in Spain; and the young princess was accordingly recognized as heir-apparent to the crown. A formal protest was made by King Ferdinand's younger brother, Don Carlos, who found himself thus excluded from the succession, against this decree, and who soon afterwards quitted Spain.

On Michaelmas Day, 1833, Ferdinand VII. died, and his daughter Isabella was immediately proclaimed queen, as Isabel II., with her mother Doña Cristina as regent,[12] of Spain throughout Spain.

Don Carlos, who had taken refuge in Portugal, found himself unable to cross the frontier, and was constrained to make his way from Lisbon by sea to London, and thence by way of France into the Basque provinces, where he arrived in September, 1834. Thus were founded the Carlist and the *Cristino* parties; and on the side of the former were at once ranged all the Basques, and the representatives of the absolutist and ultra-clerical party throughout Spain.

Don Carlos himself, unable to cross the frontier,[13] made his way from Portugal to England, and thence through France (May, 1834), where his pretensions were not unfavourably regarded, into Northern Spain (September, 1834). Mendizabal, a Cadiz Jew of much financial skill, who had acquired great experience and some consideration in England during his exile from 1823 to 1833, became Prime Minister of the Regency.

[10] The Duc de Berri was the second son of the Comte d'Artois, and as his elder brother, the Duc d'Angoulême, was childless, he was practically heir to the crown of France, and his assassination in 1820 had a most disastrous effect upon the royalist fortunes in that country. The son that was born to his wife some months after his death was the Duc de Bordeaux, better known in our own times as the Comte de Chambord, "Henri V."

[11] She was proclaimed in 1833; again on attaining her majority in 1843; and was formally deposed in 1868. She still (1895) lives in Paris.

[12] Queen Christina soon afterwards married her paramour, Ferdinand Muñoz, created Duke of Rianzares.

[13] It was a curious coincidence that Don Carlos, Pretender in Spain, and Dom Miguel, Pretender in Portugal, should have left Lisbon on the same day in an English ship.

PART II

On the outbreak of hostilities in the north-west, the most capable commander on the side of the Carlists was the Basque, Tomás Zumalacarregui. Born at Ormastegui, in Guipuzcoa, in 1788, he had served in the Spanish army from 1808 to 1831 without finding any special favour or advancement from king or Cortes. Dismissed the service in 1831, he emerged from his retirement on the death of Ferdinand VII. in 1833, and, openly attaching himself to the Carlist fortunes, he took the field against the queen's troops at the head of some eight hundred partisans. So great was his zeal and energy, and so popular was Zumalacarregui himself in his native Guipuzcoa, that in less than a year this little force had grown in his hands into an army of over thirty-five thousand men, superior not only in fighting qualities, but even in discipline, to any of the queen's forces, fairly armed, and well supplied with food and clothing.

But in spite of his commanding qualities, which made him indispensable to the Carlist cause, the success of the blunt and robust soldier excited the jealousy, not only of his subordinate commanders, and of the priests and women who had so great an influence at the court of Don Carlos, but even of the Pretender himself.

The only general who may be compared with Zumalacarregui on the Carlist side was born at Tortosa, at the mouth of the Ebro, as late as December, 1806, and was thus nearly twenty years younger than the Basque commander.

Cabrera was destined for the priesthood, and actually received the *tonsura* in 1825, but in 1833 he quitted the convent of the *Trinitarios* at Tortosa and joined the Carlist army near the historic mountain fortress of Morella in November, 1833; and in less than twelve months he had been appointed a colonel in the Carlist army in Aragon.

On the side of the Constitutionalists there was no display of military talent, or even of capacity. Rodil, Amildez, Mina, Valdez, followed each other without advantage to the queen's cause, and in spite of all the advantages incident to a regular government, with command of the capital and all the departments, little or no advantage was gained by the Constitutional forces for long after the first outbreak of hostilities. The war, however, was carried on by both *Cristinos* and Carlists with the utmost savagery.

The wholesale massacre of wounded and prisoners by both the *Cristino* and Carlist generals aroused the indignation of every civilized community, and especially in England, where an uneasy sense of responsibility for the atrocities which were committed was natural in view of the fact that the government had taken to some extent an official part in the war, and that English regiments were soon to be exposed to the cruelties against which the whole of Europe was protesting. The pressure of public opinion in England, indeed, was so strong that at length Lord Eliot was despatched to Spain to negotiate a convention between the belligerents which would ensure the ordinary laws of civilized warfare being obeyed. It was a difficult task.[14]

But by the exertions of Lord Eliot and Colonel Wylde of the Royal Artillery, who was serving as a kind of military *attaché* at the head-quarters of the queen's forces, a convention, known as the "Eliot Convention," was at length signed by Zumalacarregui at or near Logroño, on April 27 and 28, 1835.

The convention, as might have been supposed, was in practice regarded by neither party, and was evaded when not actually set at nought. It was said not to apply to any part of Spain but the Basque provinces, nor to any troops enlisted after its signature in April; but the massacre of prisoners was possibly not so systematically carried out after the agreement as it had been before. But, strangest of all, as soon as the news of the signature of this convention became known at Madrid, the utmost indignation was expressed, not only by the populace of Madrid, but in the Cortes. An attempt was

[14] See Duncan, *The English in Spain*, p. 26.

made to kill Señor Martinez de la Rosa in the streets by an armed mob, and the ministry was compelled to resign. Count Toreno was then called to the supreme power on June 7, with Mendizabal as finance minister.

Meanwhile the military skill of Zumalacarregui in the Basque provinces, and of Cabrera in the east of Spain, had alone prolonged the struggle during 1834 and 1835; but the death of Zumalacarregui from a wound received in action near Bilbao in June, 1835, was a serious blow to the hopes of the Pretender, although there are good grounds for supposing that the bold general's end was hastened by poison administered by his own partisans.[15]

In the month of April of this same year, 1835, Lord Palmerston, who, after a brief retirement from office in 1834, was once more Foreign Secretary in London, had sanctioned the enlisting of an army of ten thousand men in England, which, under the command of Colonel, afterwards Sir de Lacy Evans, landed at San Sebastian in August to assist the government of the regency to put down the Carlists in the northwest. There was already a British Auxiliary Contingent attached to the Spanish army, and the British Naval Squadron, under Lord John Hay, assisted the *Cristinos* on the coast between Bilbao and Santander.

But neither the native nor the British supporters of the regent were at this time successful in the Basque provinces. Bilbao was for many months besieged, and was at length relieved only in the month of December, 1836, by the English forces co-operating with Espartero, who was created, for his share in the victory, Count of Luchana.

The ministry of Count Toreno had lasted only from June to September (1835), when Mendizabal assumed the chief direction of affairs; and it was just two months later (November, 1835) that George Borrow first set foot on the soil of the Peninsula.

Mendizabal continued to be Prime Minister until May, 1836, when he was succeeded by a coalition ministry of Isturitz, Galiano and the Duke of Rivas (see text, p. 181), under whose administration took place the military riots at Madrid (August 11, 12), which were most bravely repressed by General Quesada, the commandant of the city, as so graphically recorded by Borrow (pp. 202–205). Yet Quesada's valour was of no avail. The decree of La Granja, of August 13 and 14, extorted from the fears of the queen regent by actual threats of military violence, was followed by the precipitate flight of Isturitz and Galiano to France, and of the Duke of Rivas to Gibraltar, and the assumption of power by Señor Calatrava, with Mendizabal as Minister of Finance. Quesada was murdered, as is said and sung on p. 206 of the text.

If the *Cristino* cause had made but little progress in 1836, there was even less encouragement to be found in the result of the military operations in the earlier part of 1837. General Evans was defeated at Hernani, near San Sebastian, in March, and although Lord John Hay with his English mariners took Irun, Don Carlos was allowed to march almost unopposed upon the capital. On September 12, he found himself within four leagues of Madrid, and had it not been for his own poltroonery and the jealousy and incompetence of those by whom he was surrounded, he might have ridden into the Puerta del Sol on the next day as King of Spain. But, *dis aliter visum* and all undefeated, he turned his back upon La Corte, and marched northwards with no apparent reason or policy, closely pressed by the new commander-in-chief of the *Cristino* forces, a man whose name is distinguished above that of any of his fellows in the contemporary history of his country.

Baldomero Espartero, the son of a village wheelwright in La Mancha, was born in 1792. Destined, like Cabrera, for the priesthood, he took up arms on the French invasion in 1808, and at the conclusion of the War of Independence in 1814 obtained a military position in Peru, in which he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself. After the capitulation of Ayacucho, when the independence of Peru was finally recognized, Espartero returned to Spain, and after some ten years of uneventful but

[15] In the words of an ancient chronicler, "Tuvose por muy cierto, que le fueron dadas yerbas" (Zurita, *Anales de Aragon*, lib. xviii. cap. 7).

honoured service in the home army he found himself, in 1833, entrusted with an important command in the queen's army. Indolent and yet ambitious, dilatory and yet vigorous when opportunity offered, loyal and yet politically untrustworthy, Espartero flourished in the troublous times in which he found himself, and made a name for himself both in camp and court; and having, as we have seen, been created Count of Luchana on the relief of Bilbao, he had taken the place of Señor Calatrava as Prime Minister in August, 1837, and was succeeded in the following October by Don José Maria Perez, who in turn gave place to Ofalia on November 30 (see text, vol. ii. pp. 100, 121), when Espartero returned to Madrid as Minister of War.

Cabrera meanwhile was ravaging Aragon and Valencia, and continued not only absolutely to disregard the Eliot Convention, and to massacre all the military prisoners that surrendered to him, but to put to death the women and even the children that fell into his hands.

But with the war in Aragon and Catalonia, the readers of Borrow's *Bible in Spain* have happily no need further to concern themselves.

The British legion, which, after two years' evil fortune was at length becoming a force of some military value, was broken up and sent back to London at the expense of the British treasury, though a remnant elected to remain in the Peninsula, which did good service until the close of the year as the "British Auxiliary Brigade."

In the spring of 1838 Espartero once more assumed the command of the queen's army with the title of captain-general, and gained an indecisive victory over the Carlists at Peñacerrada, between Logroño and Vitoria, in June, 1838; while Cabrera was able to repulse the queen's forces who sought to drive him from the strong position he had taken up at Aragon.

The ministry resigned in August, and the Duke of Frias presided over a short-lived cabinet, for in December, 1838, a new ministry was formed under Señor Perez de Castro; and Espartero, at length assuming the offensive with some vigour, was enabled, by the treachery of the Carlist general Maroto, to march unopposed into Orduña, the ancient capital of Biscay, in May, 1839.

After this practical victory Espartero was hailed as the saviour of his country, and received the title of Duque de la Victoria. Dissension soon completed what treachery had so well begun.

Even among the strong partisan officials of Don Carlos there were three parties, viz. *Marotistas*, men whose professed object was to force Don Carlos to leave Spain, and to bring about a marriage between his son and the young queen, which, combined with a modified constitution, might pacify Spain; secondly, a party headed by Villa Real and Marco del Pont, having for its object the establishment of Don Carlos on the throne, with powers limited by a permanent Cortes; and thirdly, the bigoted Absolutist party, headed by Cabrera and Teijeiro.

In all these circumstances it was not surprising that the abandonment of Orduña in May should have been followed, after a good deal of intrigue and very little fighting, by the Convention of Vergara on the last day of August.

Don Carlos immediately fled to France, and was housed by the French government at Bourges, where he continued to hold his court, and the war in North-Western Spain was at an end.

Cabrera, however, would have nothing to say to the Convention of Vergara, and the spring of 1840 saw Espartero at the head of a powerful force before the celebrated fortress of Morella, which surrendered in May.

Cabrera was finally defeated by Espartero at Lerida in the following July, and Spain at length enjoyed a desolate peace.

NOTE

Before Mr. Burke had seen any part of this edition in print, he was suddenly summoned to South America, as mentioned in his note (i. 190), and accepted my suggestion that I should revise and correct the proofs. His death shortly after leaving England has deprived me of a valued friend, and the book of the advantage of his final revision. While fully sensible of the disadvantages which this must involve, I hope that the errors thus caused will not prove so grave or so numerous as seriously to detract from the value of the edition. My best thanks are due to the many friends who have helped me, especially in the preparation of the Glossary, which has considerably outgrown the original draft.

Herbert W. Greene.

Magdalen College, Oxford,
November, 1895.

BORROW'S JOURNEYS IN THE PENINSULA

1. – Nov. 1835. [Belem] (11th Nov.), Lisbon (12th), Cintra, [Colhares, Mafra], Aldea Gallega (6th Dec.), [Pegões], Vendas Novas, Monte Moro, Evora (9th–17th); returns to Lisbon (19th), where he remains about a fortnight.

Aldea Gallega, [Pegões], Vendas Novas, Monte Moro, Arroyolos, Estremoz, Elvas, Badajoz (5th Jan. 1836), where he remains three weeks. Merida, where he remains three days. Trujillo, Jaraicejo, [Mirabete], Oropesa(?), Talavera, Madrid (about 5th Feb.).

2. – Nov. 1836. Falmouth (7th Nov.), Finisterre (11th), Lisbon (13th), Cadiz (starts on 24th), San Lucar, [Bonanza], Seville, where he remains about a fortnight. Alcalá de Guadaira, Carmona, [Moncloa, Cuesta del Espinal], Cordova (on third day from Seville), where he remains some time. Andujar, Bailen, Carolina (on third day from Cordova), [Despeña Perros], Aranjuez (25th Dec.), Madrid (26th).

3. – May, 1837. Madrid (about 15th), Guadarrama, Peñaranda, Salamanca (on third day from Madrid), where he remains till 10th June. [Pitiegua, Pedroso], Medina del Campo, Valladolid, where he remains about ten days. Dueñas, Palencia, [Cisneros], Sahagun or [Calzada], Leon (21st), where he remains about ten days. Astorga, where he remains three days. Manzanal, Bembibre, [Cacabelos], Villafranca, [Fuencebadon], Nogales, Lugo, where he remains a week. [Castellanos], Betanzos, Corunna, where he remains about a fortnight. Santiago (early in Aug.), where he remains about a fortnight. Padron, Caldas de Reyes, Pontevedra, Vigo, where he remains a few days. Padron, [Los Angeles], Noyo, Corcuvion, [Duyo], Finisterre, Corcuvion, whence he returns to Santiago and Corunna. Ferrol, where he remains about a week. [Novales], Santa Marta, [Coisa Doiro], Viveiro, Foz, Rivadeo, Castro Pol, Navias, [Baralla], Luarca, Caneiro, [Soto Luino, Muros], Veles (? Aviles), Gijon, Oviedo, where he remains about a week. Villa Viciosa, Colunga, Ribida de Sella (= Riba de Sella), Llanes, [Santo Colombo], San Vicente, Santillana, Santander, where he remains some days. [Montaneda], Oñas, Burgos, Valladolid, Guadarrama, Madrid (some time after 12th Sept.). Hence visits Toledo, and, in 1838, [Leganez, Villa Seca, Vargas, Cobeja, Mocejon, Villaluenga, Yuncler],[16] Aranjuez, Ocaña, returning to Madrid. Hence visits La Granja (= San Ildefonso). Segovia, [Abades], Labajos, Arevalo, Martin Muñoz, [Villallos], returning to Madrid.

4. – Dec. 1838. Cadiz (31st), Seville, where he remains about a fortnight. Manzanares, Madrid. Hence visits [Cobeña] and other villages to the east of Madrid. Victoriano (see ch. xlvi.) visits [Caramanchel], Alcalá de Henares, [Fuente la Higuera], Guadalajara. Borrow visits Naval Carnero (about the middle of March, 1830). Leaves Madrid for Seville (about the middle of April). Leaves Seville (31st July) for Cadiz, thence by sea to Gibraltar, whence, on 8th Aug., he sets sail for Tangier, landing next day.

Note. – Places enclosed in square brackets are not marked on the map.

[16] Villages between Madrid and Toledo.


BAY OF BISCAY

CHAPTER I

Man overboard – The Tagus – Foreign Languages – Gesticulation – Streets of Lisbon – The Aqueduct – Bible tolerated in Portugal – Cintra – Don Sebastian – John de Castro – Conversation with a Priest – Colhares – Mafra – Its Palace – The Schoolmaster – The Portuguese – Their Ignorance of Scripture – Rural Priesthood – The Alemtejo.

On the morning of November 10, 1835,[17] I found myself off the coast of Galicia, whose lofty mountains, gilded by the rising sun, presented a magnificent appearance. I was bound for Lisbon; we passed Cape Finisterre, and, standing farther out to sea, speedily lost sight of land. On the morning of the 11th the sea was very rough, and a remarkable circumstance occurred. I was on the forecastle, discoursing with two of the sailors: one of them, who had but just left his hammock, said, "I have had a strange dream, which I do not much like; for," continued he, pointing up to the mast, "I dreamt that I fell into the sea from the cross-trees." He was heard to say this by several of the crew besides myself. A moment after the captain of the vessel, perceiving that the squall was increasing, ordered the topsails to be taken in, whereupon this man, with several others, instantly ran aloft; the yard was in the act of being hauled down, when a sudden gust of wind whirled it round with violence, and a man was struck down from the cross-trees into the sea, which was working like yeast below. In a short time he emerged; I saw his head on the crest of a billow, and instantly recognized in the unfortunate man the sailor who, a few moments before, had related his dream. I shall never forget the look of agony he cast whilst the steamer hurried past him. The alarm was given, and everything was in confusion; it was two minutes at least before the vessel was stopped, by which time the man was a considerable way astern: I still, however, kept my eye upon him, and could see that he was struggling gallantly with the waves. A boat was at length lowered, but the rudder was unfortunately not at hand, and only two oars could be procured, with which the men could make but little progress in so rough a sea. They did their best, however, and had arrived within ten yards of the man, who still struggled for his life, when I lost sight of him; and the men, on their return, said that they saw him below the water, at glimpses, sinking deeper and deeper, his arms stretched out and his body apparently stiff, but that they found it impossible to save him. Presently after, the sea, as if satisfied with the prey which it had acquired, became comparatively calm. The poor fellow who perished in this singular manner was a fine young man of twenty-seven, the only son of a widowed mother; he was the best sailor on board, and was beloved by all who were acquainted with him. This event occurred on the 11th of November, 1835; the vessel was the *London Merchant* steamship. Truly wonderful are the ways of Providence!

That same night we entered the Tagus, and dropped anchor before the old tower of Belem;[18] early the next morning we weighed, and, proceeding onward about a league, we again anchored at a short distance from the *Caesodré*,[19] or principal quay of Lisbon. Here we lay for some hours beside the enormous black hulk of the *Rainha Nao*, a man-of-war which in old times so captivated the eye of Nelson, that he would fain have procured it for his native country. She was, long subsequently, the admiral's ship of the Miguelite squadron, and had been captured by the gallant Napier[20] about three years previous to the time of which I am speaking.

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[17] Mendizabal had become Premier and Minister of Finance in September, and the new Cortes was opened at Madrid by a speech from the throne on November 16.

[18] *Bethlehem*. The church was founded on the spot where Vasco da Gama embarked for his memorable voyage, July 8, 1497.

[19] More correctly *Caes do Sodré*, now the *Praça dos Romulares*.

[20] Sir Charles Napier (1786–1860) defeated and destroyed the Miguelite squadron off Cape St. Vincent on July 3, 1833.

The *Rainha Nao* is said to have caused him more trouble than all the other vessels of the enemy; and some assert that, had the others defended themselves with half the fury which the old vixen queen displayed, the result of the battle which decided the fate of Portugal would have been widely different.

I found disembarkation at Lisbon to be a matter of considerable vexation; the custom-house officers were exceedingly uncivil, and examined every article of my little baggage with most provoking minuteness.

My first impression on landing in the Peninsula was by no means a favourable one; and I had scarcely pressed the soil one hour before I heartily wished myself back in Russia, a country which I had quitted about one month previous, and where I had left cherished friends and warm affections.

After having submitted to much ill usage and robbery at the custom-house, I proceeded in quest of a lodging, and at last found one, but dirty and expensive. The next day I hired a servant, a Portuguese, it being my invariable custom, on arriving in a country, to avail myself of the services of a native, chiefly with the view of perfecting myself in the language; and, being already acquainted with most of the principal languages and dialects of the east and the west, I am soon able to make myself quite intelligible to the inhabitants. In about a fortnight I found myself conversing in Portuguese with considerable fluency.

Those who wish to make themselves understood by a foreigner in his own language should speak with much noise and vociferation, opening their mouths wide. Is it surprising that the English are, in general, the worst linguists in the world, seeing that they pursue a system diametrically opposite? For example, when they attempt to speak Spanish – the most sonorous tongue in existence – they scarcely open their lips, and, putting their hands in their pockets, fumble lazily, instead of applying them to the indispensable office of gesticulation. Well may the poor Spaniards exclaim, *These English talk so crabbedly, that Satan himself would not be able to understand them*.

Lisbon is a huge ruinous city, still exhibiting, in almost every direction, the vestiges of that terrific visitation of God, the earthquake, which shattered it some eighty years ago. It stands on seven hills, the loftiest of which is occupied by the castle of Saint George, which is the boldest and most prominent object to the eye, whilst surveying the city from the Tagus. The most frequented and busy parts of the city are those comprised within the valley to the north of this elevation.

Here you find the Plaza of the Inquisition, the principal square in Lisbon,[21] from which run parallel, towards the river, three or four streets, amongst which are those of the gold and silver, so designated from being inhabited by smiths cunning in the working of those metals; they are, upon the whole, very magnificent. The houses are huge, and as high as castles. Immense pillars defend the causeway at intervals, producing, however, rather a cumbrous effect. These streets are quite level, and are well paved, in which respect they differ from all the others in Lisbon. The most singular street, however, of all is that of the *Alecrim*, or Rosemary, which debouches on the *Caesodré*. It is very precipitous, and is occupied on either side by the palaces of the principal Portuguese nobility, massive and frowning, but grand and picturesque edifices, with here and there a hanging garden, overlooking the street at a great height.

With all its ruin and desolation, Lisbon is unquestionably the most remarkable city in the Peninsula, and, perhaps, in the south of Europe. It is not my intention to enter into minute details concerning it; I shall content myself with remarking that it is quite as much deserving the attention of the artist as even Rome itself. True it is that, though it abounds with churches, it has no gigantic cathedral, like St. Peter's, to attract the eye and fill it with wonder, yet I boldly say that there is no monument of man's labour and skill, pertaining either to ancient or modern Rome, for whatever purpose designed, which can rival the water-works of Lisbon; I mean the stupendous aqueduct whose

[21] One of the peculiarities of Lisbon is the number and variety of the names borne by the same street or square. This noble square, nearly 600 feet long by 500 wide, is, as may be supposed, no longer known by the name of the detested Inquisition, but is officially designated *Praça do Commercio*; it is invariably spoken of by the Portuguese inhabitants as the *Terreiro do Paço*, and by the English as Blackhorse Square, from the fine equestrian statue of King José I., erected in 1775.

principal arches cross the valley to the north-east of Lisbon, and which discharges its little runnel of cool and delicious water into the rocky cistern within that beautiful edifice called the Mother of the Waters, from whence all Lisbon is supplied with the crystal lymph, though the source is seven leagues distant. Let travellers devote one entire morning to inspecting the *Arcos* and the *Mai das agoas*, after which they may repair to the English church and cemetery, Père-la-Chaise in miniature, where, if they be of England, they may well be excused if they kiss the cold tomb, as I did, of the author of "Amelia,"[22] the most singular genius which their island ever produced, whose works it has long been the fashion to abuse in public and to read in secret. In the same cemetery rest the mortal remains of Doddridge, another English author of a different stamp, but justly admired and esteemed.[23] I had not intended, on disembarking, to remain long in Lisbon, nor indeed in Portugal; my destination was Spain, whither I shortly proposed to direct my steps, it being the intention of the Bible Society to attempt to commence operations in that country, the object of which should be the distribution of the word of God, for Spain had hitherto been a region barred against the admission of the Bible; not so Portugal, where, since the revolution, the Bible had been permitted both to be introduced and circulated. Little, however, had been accomplished; therefore, finding myself in the country, I determined, if possible, to effect something in the way of distribution, but first of all to make myself acquainted as to how far the people were disposed to receive the Bible, and whether the state of education in general would permit them to turn it to much account. I had plenty of Bibles and Testaments at my disposal, but could the people read them, or would they? A friend of the Society to whom I was recommended was absent from Lisbon at the period of my arrival; this I regretted, as he could have afforded me several useful hints. In order, however, that no time might be lost, I determined not to wait for his arrival, but at once proceed to gather the best information I could upon those points to which I have already alluded. I determined to commence my researches at some slight distance from Lisbon, being well aware of the erroneous ideas that I must form of the Portuguese in general, should I judge of their character and opinions from what I saw and heard in a city so much subjected to foreign intercourse.

My first excursion was to Cintra.[24] If there be any place in the world entitled to the appellation of an enchanted region, it is surely Cintra; Tivoli[25] is a beautiful and picturesque place, but it quickly fades from the mind of those who have seen the Portuguese Paradise. When speaking of Cintra, it must not for a moment be supposed that nothing more is meant than the little town or city; by Cintra must be understood the entire region, town, palace, *quintas*, forests, crags, Moorish ruin, which suddenly burst on the view on rounding the side of a bleak, savage, and sterile-looking mountain. Nothing is more sullen and uninviting than the south-western aspect of the stony wall which, on the side of Lisbon, seems to shield Cintra from the eye of the world, but the other side is a mingled scene of fairy beauty, artificial elegance, savage grandeur, domes, turrets, enormous trees, flowers, and waterfalls, such as is met with nowhere else beneath the sun. Oh! there are strange and wonderful objects at Cintra, and strange and wonderful recollections attached to them. The ruin on that lofty peak, and which covers part of the side of that precipitous steep, was once the principal stronghold of the Lusitanian Moors, and thither, long after they had disappeared, at a particular moon of every year, were wont to repair wild *santons* of Maugrabie, to pray at the tomb of a famous *Sidi*, who slumbers amongst the rocks. That grey palace witnessed the assemblage of the last Cortes held by the boy-

[22] Henry Fielding, born 1707, died at Lisbon, 1754.

[23] Dr. Philip Doddridge, born 1702, died at Lisbon, 1751.

[24] Cintra is an agglomeration of beauties, natural and architectural, and is full of historic and antiquarian interest. The greater part of the buildings are Moorish; but, unlike the Alhambra in Spain, it has been the abode of Christian kings ever since the expulsion of the Moslems in the twelfth century, and the palace especially is to-day a singular and most beautiful mixture of Moorish and Christian architecture.

[25] Tivoli (*Tibur*) is eighteen miles north-east of Rome.

king Sebastian,[26] ere he departed on his romantic expedition against the Moors, who so well avenged their insulted faith and country at Alcazar-quibir;[27] and in that low shady *quinta*, embowered amongst those tall *alcornoques*, once dwelt John de Castro,[28] the strange old viceroy of Goa, who pawned the hairs of his dead son's beard to raise money to repair the ruined wall of a fortress threatened by the heathen of Ind; those crumbling stones which stand before the portal, deeply graven, not with "runes," but things equally dark, Sanscrit rhymes from the Vedas, were brought by him from Goa, the most brilliant scene of his glory, before Portugal had become a base kingdom; and down that dingle, on an abrupt rocky promontory, stand the ruined halls of the English millionaire,[29] who there nursed the wayward fancies of a mind as wild, rich, and variegated as the scenes around. Yes, wonderful are the objects which meet the eye at Cintra, and wonderful are the recollections attached to them.

The town of Cintra contains about eight hundred inhabitants. The morning subsequent to my arrival, as I was about to ascend the mountain for the purpose of examining the Moorish ruins, I observed a person advancing towards me whom I judged by his dress to be an ecclesiastic; he was in fact one of the three priests of the place. I instantly accosted him, and had no reason to regret doing so; I found him affable and communicative.

After praising the beauty of the surrounding scenery, I made some inquiry as to the state of education amongst the people under his care. He answered that he was sorry to say that they were in a state of great ignorance, very few of the common people being able either to read or write; that with respect to schools, there was but one in the place, where four or five children were taught the alphabet, but that even this was at present closed. He informed me, however, that there was a school at Colhares, about a league distant. Amongst other things, he said that nothing more surprised him than to see Englishmen, the most learned and intelligent people in the world, visiting a place like Cintra, where there was no literature, science, nor anything of utility (*coisa que presta*). I suspect that there was some covert satire in the last speech of the worthy priest; I was, however, Jesuit enough to appear to receive it as a high compliment, and, taking off my hat, departed with an infinity of bows.

That same day I visited Colhares, a romantic village on the side of the mountain of Cintra, to the northwest. Seeing some peasants collected round a smithy, I inquired about the school, whereupon one of the men instantly conducted me thither. I went upstairs into a small apartment, where I found the master with about a dozen pupils standing in a row; I saw but one stool in the room, and to that, after having embraced me, he conducted me with great civility. After some discourse, he showed me the books which he used for the instruction of the children; they were spelling-books, much of the same kind as those used in the village schools in England. Upon my asking him whether it was his practice to place the Scriptures in the hands of the children, he informed me that long before they had acquired sufficient intelligence to understand them they were removed by their parents, in order that they might assist in the labours of the field, and that the parents in general were by no means solicitous that their children should learn anything, as they considered the time occupied in learning as so much squandered away. He said that, though the schools were nominally supported by the government, it was rarely that the schoolmasters could obtain their salaries, on which account many had of late resigned their employments. He told me that he had a copy of the New Testament in his possession, which I desired to see; but on examining it I discovered that it was only the Epistles

[26] Born 1554, succeeded to the throne 1557, killed in battle in Africa in 1578.

[27] Alcazar-Kebir al-Araish, near Tangier or Larache, in Morocco.

[28] João or John de Castro, the *Castro forte* of Camoens, second only to Vasco da Gama, among the great Portuguese discoverers and warriors of the sixteenth century, was born in 1500, appointed governor-general of the Portuguese Indies in 1546, and died in 1548. After a deadly battle with the Moslems near Goa, in which his son Ferdinand was killed, he pledged the hairs of the moustache and beard of his dead son to provide funds, not to defend, but to re-fortify the city of Goa. The money was cheerfully provided on this slender security, and punctually repaid by the borrower.

[29] William Beckford of Fonthill, the author of *Vathek*. His *Quinta de Montserrat*, with perhaps the most beautiful gardens in Europe, lies about three miles from the palace at Cintra, and is now in the possession of Sir Francis Cook, Bart., better known by his Portuguese title of Visconde de Montserrat.

by Pereira,[30] with copious notes. I asked him whether he considered that there was harm in reading the Scriptures without notes: he replied that there was certainly no harm in it, but that simple people, without the help of notes, could derive but little benefit from Scripture, as the greatest part would be unintelligible to them; whereupon I shook hands with him, and, on departing, said that there was no part of Scripture so difficult to understand as those very notes which were intended to elucidate it, and that it would never have been written if not calculated of itself to illume the minds of all classes of mankind.

In a day or two I made an excursion to Mafra, distant about three leagues from Cintra. The principal part of the way lay over steep hills, somewhat dangerous for horses; however, I reached the place in safety.

Mafra[31] is a large village in the neighbourhood of an immense building, intended to serve as a convent and palace, and which is built somewhat after the fashion of the Escurial. In this edifice exists the finest library in Portugal, containing books on all sciences and in all languages, and well suited to the size and grandeur of the edifice which contains it. There were no monks, however, to take care of it, as in former times; they had been driven forth, some to beg their bread, some to serve under the banners of Don Carlos, in Spain, and many, as I was informed, to prowl about as banditti. I found the place abandoned to two or three menials, and exhibiting an aspect of solitude and desolation truly appalling. Whilst I was viewing the cloisters, a fine intelligent-looking lad came up and asked (I suppose in the hope of obtaining a trifle) whether I would permit him to show me the village church, which he informed me was well worth seeing; I said no, but added, that if he would show me the village school I should feel much obliged to him. He looked at me with astonishment, and assured me that there was nothing to be seen at the school, which did not contain more than half a dozen boys, and that he himself was one of the number. On my telling him, however, that he should show me no other place, he at length unwillingly attended me. On the way I learned from him that the schoolmaster was one of the friars who had lately been expelled from the convent, that he was a very learned man, and spoke French and Greek. We passed a stone cross, and the boy bent his head and crossed himself with much devotion. I mention this circumstance, as it was the first instance of the kind which I had observed amongst the Portuguese since my arrival. When near the house where the schoolmaster resided, he pointed it out to me, and then hid himself behind a wall, where he awaited my return.

On stepping over the threshold I was confronted by a short, stout man, between sixty and seventy years of age, dressed in a blue jerkin and grey trousers, without shirt or waistcoat. He looked at me sternly, and inquired in the French language what was my pleasure. I apologized for intruding upon him, and stated that, being informed he occupied the situation of schoolmaster, I had come to pay my respects to him and to beg permission to ask a few questions respecting the seminary. He answered, that whoever told me he was a schoolmaster lied, for that he was a friar of the convent, and nothing else. “It is not, then, true,” said I, “that all the convents have been broken up and the monks dismissed?” “Yes, yes,” said he with a sigh, “it is true; it is but too true.” He then was silent for a minute, and, his better nature overcoming his angry feelings, he produced a snuff-box and offered it to me. The snuff-box is the olive-branch of the Portuguese, and he who wishes to be on good terms with them must never refuse to dip his finger and thumb into it when offered. I took, therefore, a huge pinch, though I detest the dust, and we were soon on the best possible terms. He was eager to obtain news, especially from Lisbon and Spain. I told him that the officers of the troops at Lisbon had, the day before I left that place, gone in a body to the queen, and insisted upon her either receiving

[30] A version of the entire Scriptures from the Vulgate was published in twenty-three volumes 12mo at Lisbon, 1781–83 by Dr. Antonio Pereira de Figueiredo. This was re-edited and published at Lisbon, 1794–1819. An earlier version was that of Almeida, a Portuguese missionary in Ceylon, who became a convert to Protestantism at the close of the seventeenth century. (See note on p. 98.)

[31] If Cintra is the Alhambra of Portugal, Mafra is the Escurial. The famous convent was, moreover, founded by John V. in fulfilment of a vow. The building was commenced in 1717, and the church consecrated only in 1730.

their swords or dismissing her Ministers; whereupon he rubbed his hands, and said that he was sure matters would not remain tranquil at Lisbon. On my saying, however, that I thought the affairs of Don Carlos were on the decline (this was shortly after the death of Zumalacarregui),[32] he frowned, and cried that it could not possibly be, for that God was too just to suffer it. I felt for the poor man who had been driven out of his home in the noble convent close by, and from a state of affluence and comfort reduced in his old age to indigence and misery, for his present dwelling scarcely seemed to contain an article of furniture. I tried twice or thrice to induce him to converse about the school, but he either avoided the subject or said shortly that he knew nothing about it. On my leaving him, the boy came from his hiding-place and rejoined me; he said that he had hidden himself through fear of his master's knowing that he had brought me to him, for that he was unwilling that any stranger should know that he was a schoolmaster.

I asked the boy whether he or his parents were acquainted with the Scripture, and ever read it; he did not, however, seem to understand me. I must here observe that the boy was fifteen years of age, that he was in many respects very intelligent, and had some knowledge of the Latin language; nevertheless he knew not the Scripture even by name, and I have no doubt, from what I subsequently observed, that at least two-thirds of his countrymen are on that important point no wiser than himself. At the doors of village inns, at the hearths of the rustics, in the fields where they labour, at the stone fountains by the wayside where they water their cattle, I have questioned the lower class of the children of Portugal about the Scripture, the Bible, the Old and New Testament, and in no one instance have they known what I was alluding to, or could return me a rational answer, though on all other matters their replies were sensible enough; indeed, nothing surprised me more than the free and unembarrassed manner in which the Portuguese peasantry sustain a conversation, and the purity of the language in which they express their thoughts, and yet few of them can read or write; whereas the peasantry of England, whose education is in general much superior, are in their conversation coarse and dull almost to brutality, and absurdly ungrammatical in their language, though the English tongue is upon the whole more simple in its structure than the Portuguese.

On my return to Lisbon I found our friend – , who received me very kindly. The next ten days were exceedingly rainy, which prevented me from making any excursions into the country: during this time I saw our friend frequently, and had long conversations with him concerning the best means of distributing the Gospel. He thought we could do no better for the present than put part of our stock into the hands of the booksellers of Lisbon, and at the same time employ colporteurs to hawk the books about the streets, receiving a certain profit on every copy they sold. This plan was agreed upon, and forthwith put in practice, and with some success. I had thoughts of sending colporteurs into the neighbouring villages, but to this our friend objected. He thought the attempt dangerous, as it was very possible that the rural priesthood, who still possessed much influence in their own districts, and who were for the most part decided enemies to the spread of the Gospel, might cause the men employed to be assassinated or ill-treated.

I determined, however, ere leaving Portugal, to establish depôts of Bibles in one or two of the provincial towns. I wished to visit the Alemtejo, which I had heard was a very benighted region. The Alemtejo[33] means the province beyond the Tagus. This province is not beautiful and picturesque, like most other parts of Portugal; there are few hills and mountains. The greater part consists of heaths broken by knolls, and gloomy dingles, and forests of stunted pine; these places are infested with banditti. The principal city is Evora, one of the most ancient in Portugal, and formerly the seat of a branch of the Inquisition yet more cruel and baneful than the terrible one of Lisbon. Evora lies about sixty miles from Lisbon, and to Evora I determined on going with twenty Testaments and two Bibles. How I fared there will presently be seen.

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[32] He was killed in June, 1835. (See Introduction.)

[33] *Alem*, "beyond;" *Tejo*, the river Tagus.

CHAPTER II

Boatmen of the Tagus – Dangers of the Stream – Aldea Gallega – The Hostelry – Robbers – Sabocha – Adventure of a Muleteer – Estalagem de Ladrões – Don Geronimo – Vendas Novas – Royal Residence – Swine of the Alemtejo – Monte Moro – Swayne Vonved – Singular Goatherd – Children of the Fields – Infidels and Sadducees.

On the afternoon of the 6th of December I set out for Evora, accompanied by my servant. I had been informed that the tide would serve for the regular passage-boats, or felouks, as they are called, at about four o'clock; but on reaching the side of the Tagus opposite to Aldea Gallega, between which place and Lisbon the boats ply, I found that the tide would not permit them to start before eight o'clock. Had I waited for them I should have probably landed at Aldea Gallega about midnight, and I felt little inclination to make my *entrée* in the Alemtejo at that hour; therefore, as I saw small boats which can push off at any time lying near in abundance, I determined upon hiring one of them for the passage, though the expense would be thus considerably increased. I soon agreed with a wild-looking lad, who told me that he was in part owner of one of the boats, to take me over. I was not aware of the danger in crossing the Tagus at its broadest part, which is opposite Aldea Gallega, at any time, but especially at close of day in the winter season, or I should certainly not have ventured. The lad and his comrade, a miserable-looking object, whose only clothing, notwithstanding the season, was a tattered jerkin and trousers, rowed until we had advanced about half a mile from the land; they then set up a large sail, and the lad, who seemed to direct everything, and to be the principal, took the helm and steered. The evening was now setting in; the sun was not far from its bourne in the horizon; the air was very cold, the wind was rising, and the waves of the noble Tagus began to be crested with foam. I told the boy that it was scarcely possible for the boat to carry so much sail without upsetting, upon which he laughed, and began to gabble in a most incoherent manner. He had the most harsh and rapid articulation that has ever come under my observation in any human being; it was the scream of the hyena blended with the bark of the terrier, though it was by no means an index of his disposition, which I soon found to be light, merry, and anything but malevolent; for when I, in order to show him that I cared little about him, began to hum "*Eu que sou contrabandista*,"[34] he laughed heartily, and said, clapping me on the shoulder, that he would not drown us if he could help it. The other poor fellow seemed by no means averse to go to the bottom: he sat at the fore part of the boat, looking the image of famine, and only smiled when the waters broke over the weather side and soaked his scanty habiliments. In a little time I had made up my mind that our last hour was come; the wind was getting higher, the short dangerous waves were more foamy, the boat was frequently on its beam, and the water came over the lee side in torrents. But still the wild lad at the helm held on, laughing and chattering, and occasionally yelling out part of the Miguelite air, "*Quando el Rey chegou*,"[35] the singing of which in Lisbon is imprisonment.

The stream was against us, but the wind was in our favour, and we sprang along at a wonderful rate, and I saw that our only chance of escape was in speedily passing the farther bank of the Tagus, where the bight or bay at the extremity of which stands Aldea Gallega commences, for we should not then have to battle with the waves of the stream, which the adverse wind lashed into fury. It was the will of the Almighty to permit us speedily to gain this shelter, but not before the boat was nearly filled with water, and we were all wet to the skin. At about seven o'clock in the evening we reached Aldea Gallega, shivering with cold and in a most deplorable plight.

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[34] "I, who am a smuggler." The Spanish version, "*Yo que soy*," etc., is more familiar, and more harmonious.

[35] "When the king arrived."

Aldea Gallega, or the Galician Village (for the two words are Spanish, and have that signification), is a place containing, I should think, about four thousand inhabitants. It was pitchy dark when we landed, but rockets soon began to fly about in all directions, illuming the air far and wide. As we passed along the dirty unpaved street which leads to the *largo*, or square, in which the inn is situated, a horrible uproar of drums and voices assailed our ears. On inquiring the cause of all this bustle, I was informed that it was the eve of the Conception of the Virgin.

As it was not the custom of the people at the inn to furnish provisions for the guests, I wandered about in search of food; and at last, seeing some soldiers eating and drinking in a species of wine-house, I went in and asked the people to let me have some supper, and in a short time they furnished me with a tolerable meal, for which, however, they charged three crowns.

Having engaged with a person for mules to carry us to Evora, which were to be ready at five next morning, I soon retired to bed, my servant sleeping in the same apartment, which was the only one in the house vacant. I closed not my eyes during the whole night. Beneath us was a stable, in which some *almocreves*, or carriers, slept with their mules; at our back, in the yard, was a pigsty. How could I sleep? The hogs grunted, the mules screamed, and the *almocreves* snored most horribly. I heard the village clock strike the hours until midnight, and from midnight till four in the morning, when I sprang up and began to dress, and despatched my servant to hasten the man with the mules, for I was heartily tired of the place and wanted to leave it. An old man, bony and hale, accompanied by a bare-footed lad, brought the beasts, which were tolerably good. He was the proprietor of them, and intended, with the lad, who was his nephew, to accompany us to Evora.

When we started the moon was shining brightly, and the morning was piercingly cold. We soon entered on a sandy hollow way, emerging from which we passed by a strange-looking and large edifice, standing on a high bleak sandhill on our left. We were speedily overtaken by five or six men on horseback, riding at a rapid pace, each with a long gun slung at his saddle, the muzzle depending about two feet below the horse's belly. I inquired of the old man what was the reason of this warlike array. He answered, that the roads were very bad (meaning that they abounded with robbers), and that they went armed in this manner for their defence; they soon turned off to the right towards Palmella.

We reached a sandy plain studded with stunted pine; the road was little more than a footpath, and as we proceeded the trees thickened and became a wood, which extended for two leagues, with clear spaces at intervals, in which herds of cattle and sheep were feeding; the bells attached to their necks were ringing lowly and monotonously. The sun was just beginning to show itself; but the morning was misty and dreary, which, together with the aspect of desolation which the country exhibited, had an unfavourable effect on my spirits. I got down and walked, entering into conversation with the old man. He seemed to have but one theme, "the robbers," and the atrocities they were in the habit of practising in the very spots we were passing. The tales he told were truly horrible, and to avoid them I mounted again, and rode on considerably in front.

In about an hour and a half we emerged from the forest, and entered upon a savage, wild, broken ground, covered with *mato*, or brushwood. The mules stopped to drink at a shallow pool, and on looking to the right I saw a ruined wall. This, the guide informed me, was the remains of Vendas Velhas, or the Old Inn, formerly the haunt of the celebrated robber Sabocha. This Sabocha, it seems, had, some sixteen years ago, a band of about forty ruffians at his command, who infested these wilds, and supported themselves by plunder. For a considerable time Sabocha pursued his atrocious trade unsuspected, and many an unfortunate traveller was murdered in the dead of night at the solitary inn by the woodside which he kept; indeed, a more fit situation for plunder and murder I never saw. The gang were in the habit of watering their horses at the pool, and perhaps of washing therein their hands stained with the blood of their victims. The lieutenant of the troop was the brother of Sabocha, a fellow of great strength and ferocity, particularly famous for the skill he possessed in darting a long knife, with which he was in the habit of transfixing his opponents. Sabocha's connexion with the gang at length became known, and he fled, with the greater part of his associates, across the Tagus to the

northern provinces. Himself and his brothers eventually lost their lives on the road to Coimbra, in an engagement with the military. His house was razed by order of the government.

The ruins are still frequently visited by banditti, who eat and drink amidst them, and look out for prey, as the place commands a view of the road. The old man assured me, that about two months previous, on returning to Aldea Gallega with his mules from accompanying some travellers, he had been knocked down, stripped naked, and all his money taken from him, by a fellow who he believed came from this murderers' nest. He said that he was an exceedingly powerful young man, with immense moustaches and whiskers, and was armed with an *espingarda*, or musket. About ten days subsequently he saw the robber at Vendas Novas, where we should pass the night. The fellow on recognizing him took him aside, and, with horrid imprecations, threatened that he should never be permitted to return home if he attempted to discover him; he therefore held his peace, as there was little to be gained and everything to be risked in apprehending him, as he would have been speedily set at liberty for want of evidence to criminate him, and then he would not have failed to have had his revenge, or would have been anticipated therein by his comrades.

I dismounted and went up to the place, and saw the vestiges of a fire and a broken bottle. The sons of plunder had been there very lately. I left a New Testament and some tracts amongst the ruins, and hastened away.

The sun had dispelled the mists and was beaming very hot. We rode on for about an hour, when I heard the neighing of a horse in our rear, and our guide said there was a party of horsemen behind; our mules were good, and they did not overtake us for at least twenty minutes. The headmost rider was a gentleman in a fashionable travelling dress; a little way behind were an officer, two soldiers, and a boy in livery. I heard the principal horseman, on overtaking my servant, inquiring who I was, and whether French or English. He was told I was an English gentleman, travelling. He then asked whether I understood Portuguese; the man said I understood it, but he believed that I spoke French and Italian better. The gentleman then spurred on his horse, and accosted me, not in Portuguese, nor in French or Italian, but in the purest English that I ever heard spoken by a foreigner; it had, indeed, nothing of foreign accent or pronunciation in it; and had I not known, by the countenance of the speaker, that he was no Englishman (for there is a peculiarity in the countenance, as everybody knows, which, though it cannot be described, is sure to betray the Englishman), I should have concluded that I was in company with a countryman. We continued discoursing until we arrived at Pegões.

Pegões consists of about two or three houses and an inn; there is likewise a species of barrack, where half a dozen soldiers are stationed. In the whole of Portugal there is no place of worse reputation, and the inn is nicknamed *Estalagem de Ladrões*, or the hostelry of thieves; for it is there that the banditti of the wilderness, which extends around it on every side for leagues, are in the habit of coming and spending the money, the fruits of their criminal daring; there they dance and sing, eat fricasseed rabbits and olives, and drink the muddy but strong wine of the Alemtejo. An enormous fire, fed by the trunk of a cork-tree, was blazing in a niche on the left hand on entering the spacious kitchen. Close by it, seething, were several large jars, which emitted no disagreeable odour, and reminded me that I had not broken my fast, although it was now nearly one o'clock, and I had ridden five leagues. Several wild-looking men, who, if they were not banditti, might easily be mistaken for such, were seated on logs about the fire. I asked them some unimportant questions, to which they replied with readiness and civility, and one of them, who said he could read, accepted a tract which I offered him.

My new friend, who had been bespeaking dinner, or rather breakfast, now, with great civility, invited me to partake of it, and at the same time introduced me to the officer who accompanied him, and who was his brother, and also spoke English, though not so well as himself. I found I had become acquainted with Don[36] Geronimo Jozé d'Azveto, secretary to the government at Evora; his brother

[36] So spelt by Borrow, but the correct Portuguese form is *Dom*.

belonged to a regiment of hussars, whose head-quarters were at Evora, but which had outlying parties along the road, – for example, the place where we were stopping.

Rabbits at Pegões[37] seem to be a standard article of food, being produced in abundance on the moors around. We had one fried, the gravy of which was delicious, and afterwards a roasted one, which was brought up on a dish entire; the hostess, having first washed her hands, proceeded to tear the animal to pieces, which having accomplished, she poured over the fragments a sweet sauce. I ate heartily of both dishes, particularly of the last; owing, perhaps, to the novel and curious manner in which it was served up. Excellent figs, from the Algarves, and apples, concluded our repast, which we ate in a little side room with a mud floor, which sent such a piercing chill into my system, as prevented me from deriving that pleasure from my fare and my agreeable companions that I should have otherwise experienced.

Don Geronimo had been educated in England, in which country he passed his boyhood, which in a certain degree accounted for his proficiency in the English language, the idiom and pronunciation of which can only be acquired by residing in the country at that period of one's life. He had also

[37] Rabbits were so numerous in the south of the Peninsula in Carthaginian and Roman times, that they are even said to have given their name (*Phœn.* "Pahan") to Hispania. Strabo certainly speaks of their number, and of the mode of destroying them with ferrets, and the rabbit is one of the commonest of the early devices of Spain (see Burke's *History of Spain*, chap. ii.).

fled thither shortly after the usurpation of the throne of Portugal by Don Miguel, and from thence had departed to the Brazils, where he had devoted himself to the service of Don Pedro, and had followed him in the expedition which terminated in the downfall of the usurper, and the establishment of the constitutional government in Portugal. Our conversation rolled chiefly on literary and political subjects, and my acquaintance with the writings of the most celebrated authors of Portugal was hailed with surprise and delight; for nothing is more gratifying to a Portuguese than to observe a foreigner taking an interest in the literature of his nation, of which, in many respects, he is justly proud.

At about two o'clock we were once more in the saddle, and pursued our way in company, through a country exactly resembling that which we had previously been traversing, rugged and broken, with here and there a clump of pines. The afternoon was exceedingly fine, and the bright rays of the sun relieved the desolation of the scene. Having advanced about two leagues, we caught sight of a large edifice towering majestically in the distance, which I learnt was a royal palace standing at the farther extremity of Vendas Novas, the village in which we were to pass the night; it was considerably more than a league from us, yet, seen through the clear transparent atmosphere of Portugal, it appeared much nearer.

Before reaching it we passed by a stone cross, on the pedestal of which was an inscription commemorating a horrible murder of a native of Lisbon, which had occurred on that spot; it looked ancient, and was covered with moss, and the greater part of the inscription was illegible – at least it was to me, who could not bestow much time on its deciphering. Having arrived at Vendas Novas, and bespoken supper, my new friend and myself strolled forth to view the palace. It was built by the late king of Portugal, and presents little that is remarkable in its exterior; it is a long edifice with wings, and is only two stories high, though it can be seen afar off, from being situated on elevated ground; it has fifteen windows in the upper, and twelve in the lower story, with a paltry-looking door, something like that of a barn, to which you ascend by one single step. The interior corresponds with the exterior, offering nothing which can gratify curiosity, if we except the kitchens, which are indeed magnificent, and so large that food enough might be cooked in them, at one time, to serve as a repast for all the inhabitants of the Alemtejo.

I passed the night with great comfort in a clean bed, remote from all those noises so rife in a Portuguese inn, and the next morning at six we again set out on our journey, which we hoped to terminate before sunset, as Evora is but ten leagues from Vendas Novas. The preceding morning had been cold, but the present one was far colder – so much so, that just before sunrise I could no longer support it on horseback, and therefore, dismounting, ran and walked until we reached a few houses at the termination of these desolate moors. It was in one of these houses that the commissioners of Don Pedro and Miguel met,[38] and it was there agreed that the latter should resign the crown in favour of Dona Maria, for Evora was the last stronghold of the usurper, and the moors of the Alemtejo the last area of the combats which so long agitated unhappy Portugal. I therefore gazed on the miserable huts with considerable interest, and did not fail to scatter in the neighbourhood several of the precious little tracts with which, together with a small quantity of Testaments, my carpet-bag was provided.

The country began to improve; the savage heaths were left behind, and we saw hills and dales, cork-trees, and *azinheiras*, on the last of which trees grows that kind of sweet acorn called *bolotas*, which is pleasant as a chestnut, and which supplies in winter the principal food on which the numerous swine of the Alemtejo subsist. Gallant swine they are, with short legs and portly bodies of a black or dark red colour; and for the excellence of their flesh I can vouch, having frequently luxuriated upon it in the course of my wanderings in this province; the *lombo*, or loin, when broiled on the live embers, is delicious, especially when eaten with olives.

We were now in sight of Monte Moro, which, as the name denotes, was once a fortress of the Moors. It is a high steep hill, on the summit and sides of which are ruined walls and towers.

[38] May 26, 1834.

At its western side is a deep ravine or valley, through which a small stream rushes, traversed by a stone bridge; farther down there is a ford, over which we passed and ascended to the town, which, commencing near the northern base, passes over the lower ridge towards the north-east. The town is exceedingly picturesque, and many of the houses are very ancient, and built in the Moorish fashion. I wished much to examine the relics of Moorish sway on the upper part of the mountain, but time pressed, and the short period of our stay at this place did not permit me to gratify my inclination.

Monte Moro is the head of a range of hills which cross this part of the Alemtejo, and from hence they fork east and south-east, towards the former of which directions lies the direct road to Elvas, Badajoz, and Madrid; and towards the latter that to Evora. A beautiful mountain, covered to the top with cork-trees, is the third of the chain which skirts the way in the direction of Elvas. It is called Monte Almo; a brook brawls at its base, and as I passed it the sun was shining gloriously on the green herbage, on which flocks of goats were feeding, with their bells ringing merrily, so that the *tout ensemble* resembled a fairy scene; and that nothing might be wanted to complete the picture, I here met a man, a goatherd, beneath an *azinheira*, whose appearance recalled to my mind the Brute Carle, mentioned in the Danish ballad of Swayne Vonved: —[39]

"A wild swine on his shoulders he kept,
And upon his bosom a black bear slept;
And about his fingers, with hair o'erhung,
The squirrel sported, and weasel clung."

Upon the shoulder of the goatherd was a beast, which he told me was a *lontra*, or otter, which he had lately caught in the neighbouring brook; it had a string round its neck, which was attached to his arm. At his left side was a bag, from the top of which peered the heads of two or three singular-looking animals; and at his right was squatted the sullen cub of a wolf, which he was endeavouring to tame. His whole appearance was to the last degree savage and wild. After a little conversation, such as those who meet on the road frequently hold, I asked him if he could read, but he made me no answer. I then inquired if he knew anything of God or Jesus Christ; he looked me fixedly in the face for a moment, and then turned his countenance towards the sun, which was beginning to sink in the west, nodded to it, and then again looked fixedly upon me. I believe that I understood the mute reply, which probably was, that it was God who made that glorious light which illumes and gladdens all creation; and, gratified with that belief, I left him and hastened after my companions, who were by this time a considerable way in advance.

I have always found in the disposition of the children of the fields a more determined tendency to religion and piety than amongst the inhabitants of towns and cities, and the reason is obvious – they are less acquainted with the works of man's hands than with those of God; their occupations, too, which are simple, and requiring less of ingenuity and skill than those which engage the attention of the other portion of their fellow-creatures, are less favourable to the engendering of self-conceit and self-sufficiency, so utterly at variance with that lowliness of spirit which constitutes the best foundation of piety. The sneerers and scoffers at religion do not spring from amongst the simple children of nature, but are the excrescences of over-wrought refinement; and though their baneful influence has indeed penetrated to the country and corrupted man there, the source and fountain-head was amongst crowded houses, where nature is scarcely known. I am not one of those who look

[39] The ballad of Svend Vonved, translated from the original Danish, was included by Borrow in his collection of *Romantic Ballads*, a thin demy 8vo volume of 187 pages – now very rare – published by John Taylor in 1826. The lines there read as follows: —"A wild swine sat on his shoulders broad,Upon his bosom a black bear snor'd."The original ballad may be found in the *Kjæmpe Viser*, and was translated into German by Grimm, who expressed the greatest admiration for the poem. Svend in Danish means "swain" or "youth," and it is characteristic of Borrow's mystification of proper names that he should, by a quasi-translation and archaic spelling, give the title of the Danish ballad the appearance of an actual English surname.

for perfection amongst the rural population of any country – perfection is not to be found amongst the children of the fall, wherever their abodes may happen to be; but, until the heart discredits the existence of a God, there is still hope for the soul of the possessor, however stained with crime he may be, for even Simon the magician was converted. But when the heart is once steeled with infidelity, infidelity confirmed by carnal wisdom, an exuberance of the grace of God is required to melt it, which is seldom manifested; for we read in the blessed book that the Pharisee and the wizard became receptacles of grace, but where is there mention made of the conversion of the sneering Sadducee, and is the modern infidel aught but a Sadducee of later date?

It was dark night before we reached Evora, and having taken leave of my friends, who kindly requested me to consider their house my home, I and my servant went to the Largo de San Francisco, in which, the muleteer informed me, was the best hostelry of the town. We rode into the kitchen, at the extreme end of which was the stable, as is customary in Portugal. The house was kept by an aged gypsy-like female and her daughter, a fine blooming girl about eighteen years of age. The house was large. In the upper story was a very long room, like a granary, which extended nearly the whole length of the house; the farther part was partitioned off, and formed a chamber tolerably comfortable, but very cold; and the floor was of tiles, as was also that of the large room, in which the muleteers were accustomed to sleep on the furniture of the mules. After supper I went to bed, and, having offered up my devotions to Him who had protected me through a dangerous journey, I slept soundly till the morning.

CHAPTER III

Shopkeeper at Evora – Spanish Contrabandistas – Lion and Unicorn – The Fountain – Trust in the Almighty – Distribution of Tracts – Library at Evora – Manuscript – The Bible as a Guide – The Infamous Mary – The Man of Palmella – The Charm – The Monkish System – Sunday – Volney – An Auto-da-Fé – Men from Spain – Reading of a Tract – New Arrival – The Herb Rosemary.

Evora is a small city, walled, but not regularly fortified, and could not sustain a siege of a day. It has five gates; before that to the south-west is the principal promenade of its inhabitants; the fair on St. John's Day is likewise held there; the houses are in general very ancient, and many of them unoccupied. It contains about five thousand inhabitants, though twice that number would be by no means disproportionate to its size. The two principal edifices are the See, or cathedral,[40] and the convent of San Francisco, in the square before the latter of which was situated the *posada* where I had taken up my abode. A large barrack for cavalry stands on the right-hand side on entering the south-west gate. To the southeast, at the distance of six leagues, is to be seen a blue chain of hills, the highest of which is called Serra Dorso;[41] it is picturesquely beautiful, and contains within its recesses wolves and wild boars in numbers. About a league and a half on the other side of this hill is Estremoz.

I passed the day succeeding my arrival principally in examining the town and its environs, and, as I strolled about, entered into conversation with various people that I met. Several of these were of the middle class, shopkeepers and professional men; they were all Constitutionalists, or pretended to be so, but had very little to say except a few commonplace remarks on the way of living of the friars, their hypocrisy and laziness. I endeavoured to obtain some information respecting the state of instruction in the place, and from their answers was led to believe that it must be at the lowest ebb, for it seemed that there was neither book-shop nor school. When I spoke of religion, they exhibited the utmost apathy for the subject, and, making their bows, left me as soon as possible.

Having a letter of introduction to a person who kept a shop in the market-place, I went thither and delivered it to him as he stood behind his counter. In the course of conversation I found that he had been much persecuted whilst the old system was in its vigour, and that he entertained a hearty aversion for it. I told him that the ignorance of the people in religious matters had served to nurse that system, and that the surest way to prevent its return was to enlighten their minds. I added that I had brought a small stock of Bibles and Testaments to Evora, which I wished to leave for sale in the hands of some respectable merchant, and that if he were anxious to help to lay the axe to the root of superstition and tyranny, he could not do so more effectually than by undertaking the charge of these books. He declared his willingness to do so, and I went away determined to entrust to him half of my stock. I returned to the hostelry, and sat down on a log of wood on the hearth within the immense chimney in the common apartment; two surly-looking men were on their knees on the stones. Before them was a large heap of pieces of old iron, brass, and copper; they were assorting it, and stowing it away in various bags. They were Spanish contrabandists of the lowest class, and earned a miserable livelihood by smuggling such rubbish from Portugal into Spain. Not a word proceeded from their lips, and when I addressed them in their native language, they returned no other answer than a kind of growl. They looked as dirty and rusty as the iron in which they trafficked; their four miserable donkeys were in the stable in the rear.

The woman of the house and her daughter were exceedingly civil to me, and coming near crouched down, asking various questions about England. A man dressed somewhat like an English

[40] The Spanish *Seo* = a cathedral.

[41] *Serra* is the Portuguese form of the Spanish *Sierra* = a saw.

sailor, who sat on the other side of the hearth confronting me, said, “I hate the English, for they are not baptized, and have not the law,” meaning the law of God. I laughed, and told him that according to the law of England, no one who was unbaptized could be buried in consecrated ground; whereupon he said, “Then you are stricter than we.” He then said, “What is meant by the lion and the unicorn which I saw the other day on the coat-of-arms over the door of the English consul at St. Ubes?”[42] I said they were the arms of England! “Yes,” he replied, “but what do they represent?” I said I did not know. “Then,” said he, “you do not know the secrets of your own house.” I said, “Suppose I were to tell you that they represent the Lion of Bethlehem and the horned monster of the flaming pit in combat, as to which should obtain the mastery in England, what would you say?” He replied, “I should say that you gave a fair answer.” This man and myself became great friends. He came from Palmella, not far from St. Ubes; he had several mules and horses with him, and dealt in corn and barley. I again walked out and roamed in the environs of the town.

About half a mile from the southern wall is a stone fountain, where the muleteers and other people who visit the town are accustomed to water their horses. I sat down by it, and there I remained about two hours, entering into conversation with every one who halted at the fountain; and I will here observe, that during the time of my sojourn at Evora, I repeated my visit every day, and remained there the same time; and by following this plan, I believe that I spoke to at least two hundred of the children of Portugal upon matters relating to their eternal welfare. I found that very few of those whom I addressed had received any species of literary education, none of them had seen the Bible, and not more than half a dozen had the slightest inkling of what the holy book consisted. I found that most of them were bigoted Papists and Miguelites at heart. I therefore, when they told me they were Christians, denied the possibility of their being so, as they were ignorant of Christ and his commandments, and placed their hope of salvation on outward forms and superstitious observances, which were the invention of Satan, who wished to keep them in darkness that at last they might stumble into the pit which he had dug for them. I said repeatedly that the Pope, whom they revered, was an arch deceiver, and the head minister of Satan here on earth, and that the monks and friars, whose absence they so deplored, and to whom they had been accustomed to confess themselves, were his subordinate agents. When called upon for proofs, I invariably cited the ignorance of my auditors respecting the Scriptures, and said that if their spiritual guides had been really ministers of Christ, they would not have permitted their flocks to remain unacquainted with his word.

Since this occurred, I have been frequently surprised that I experienced no insult and ill-treatment from the people, whose superstitions I was thus attacking; but I really experienced none, and am inclined to believe that the utter fearlessness which I displayed, trusting in the protection of the Almighty, may have been the cause. When threatened by danger, the best policy is to fix your eye steadily upon it, and it will in general vanish like the morning mist before the sun; whereas, if you quail before it, it is sure to become more imminent. I have fervent hope that the words of my mouth sank deep into the hearts of some of my auditors, as I observed many of them depart musing and pensive. I occasionally distributed tracts amongst them; for although they themselves were unable to turn them to much account, I thought that by their means they might become of service at some future time, and fall into the hands of others, to whom they might be of eternal interest. Many a book which is abandoned to the waters is wafted to some remote shore, and there proves a blessing and a comfort to millions, who are ignorant from whence it came.

The next day, which was Friday, I called at the house of my friend Don Geronimo Azveto. I did not find him there, but was directed to the See, or episcopal palace, in an apartment of which I found him, writing, with another gentleman, to whom he introduced me; it was the governor of Evora, who welcomed me with every mark of kindness and affability. After some discourse, we went

[42] The barbarous seaman’s English transliteration of *Setubal*, the town of Tubal, a word which perpetuates one of the most ancient legends of Spanish antiquity (see Genesis x. 2, and Burke’s *History of Spain*, chap. i.).

out together to examine an ancient edifice, which was reported to have served, in bygone times, as a temple to Diana. Part of it was evidently of Roman architecture, for there was no mistaking the beautiful light pillars which supported a dome, under which the sacrifices to the most captivating and poetical divinity of the heathen theocracy had probably been made; but the original space between the pillars had been filled up with rubbish of a modern date, and the rest of the building was apparently of the architecture of the latter end of the Middle Ages. It was situated at one end of the building which had once been the seat of the Inquisition, and had served, before the erection of the present See, as the residence of the bishop.

Within the See, where the governor now resides, is a superb library, occupying an immense vaulted room, like the aisle of a cathedral; and in a side apartment is a collection of paintings by Portuguese artists, chiefly portraits, amongst which is that of Don Sebastian.[43] I sincerely hope it did not do him justice, for it represents him in the shape of an awkward lad of about eighteen, with a bloated booby face with staring eyes, and a ruff round a short apoplectic neck.

I was shown several beautifully illuminated missals and other manuscripts, but the one which most arrested my attention, I scarcely need say why, was that which bore the following title: —

> "*Forma sive ordinatio Capelle illustrissimi et xianissimi principis Henrici Sexti Regis Anglie et Francie am dm̃ Hibernie descripta serenissiō principi Alfonso Regi Portugalie illustri per humilem servitorem sm̃ Willm. Sav. Decanū capelle supradicte*."[44]

It seemed a voice from the olden times of my dear native land! This library and picture-gallery had been formed by one of the latter bishops, a person of much learning and piety.

In the evening I dined with Don Geronimo and his brother; the latter soon left us to attend to his military duties. My friend and myself had now much conversation of considerable interest; he lamented the deplorable state of ignorance in which his countrymen existed at present. He said that his friend the governor and himself were endeavouring to establish a school in the vicinity, and that they had made application to the government for the use of an empty convent, called the *Espinheiro*, or thorn-tree, at about a league's distance, and that they had little doubt of their request being complied with. I had before told him who I was; and after expressing joy at the plan which he had in contemplation, I now urged him in the most pressing manner to use all his influence to make the knowledge of the Scripture the basis of the education which the children were to receive, and added, that half the Bibles and Testaments which I had brought with me to Evora were heartily at his service. He instantly gave me his hand, said he accepted my offer with the greatest pleasure, and would do all in his power to forward my views, which were in many respects his own. I now told him that I did not come to Portugal with the view of propagating the dogmas of any particular sect, but with the hope of introducing the Bible, which is the well-head of all that is useful and conducive to the happiness of society; that I cared not what people called themselves, provided they followed the Bible as a guide, for that where the Scriptures were read, neither priestcraft nor tyranny could long exist; and instanced the case of my own country, the cause of whose freedom and prosperity was the Bible, and that only, as the last persecutor of this book, the bloody and infamous Mary, was the last tyrant who had sat on the throne of England. We did not part till the night was considerably advanced; and the next morning I sent him the books, in the firm and confident hope that a bright

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[43] 1554–1578 (see note on p. 8).

[44] "The Fashion or ordering of the Chapel of the most illustrious and Christian prince, Henry VI. King of England and France, and lord of Ireland, described for the most serene prince, Alfonso the illustrious King of Portugal [Alfonso V., 'The African'] by his humble servant William Sav., Dean of the aforesaid chapel." This was William Saye of New College, Oxford, who was Proctor of the University in 1441, and afterwards D.D. and Dean of the Cathedral of St. Paul, and of the Chapel of Henry VI. (See Gutch, *Appendix to Woods Fasti Oxonienses*, p. 48).

and glorious morning was about to rise over the night which had so long cast its dreary shadows over the regions of the Alemtejo.

The day after this interesting event, which was Saturday, I had more conversation with the man from Palmella. I asked him if in his journeys he had never been attacked by robbers; he answered no, for that he generally travelled in company with others. “However,” said he, “were I alone, I should have little fear, for I am well protected.” I said that I supposed he carried arms with him. “No other arms than this,” said he, pulling out one of those long desperate-looking knives, of English manufacture, with which every Portuguese peasant is usually furnished. This knife serves for many purposes, and I should consider it a far more efficient weapon than a dagger. “But,” said he, “I do not place much confidence in the knife.” I then inquired in what rested his hope of protection. “In this,” said he; and, unbuttoning his waistcoat, he showed me a small bag, attached to his neck by a silken string. “In this bag is an *oraçam*,[45] or prayer, written by a person of power, and as long as I carry it about with me, no ill can befall me.” Curiosity is the leading feature of my character, and I instantly said, with eagerness, that I should feel great pleasure in being permitted to read the prayer. “Well,” he replied, “you are my friend, and I would do for you what I would for few others; I will show it you.” He then asked for my penknife, and, having unripped the bag, took out a large piece of paper closely folded up. I hurried to my apartment and commenced the examination of it. It was scrawled over in a very illegible hand, and was moreover much stained with perspiration, so that I had considerable difficulty in making myself master of its contents; but I at last accomplished the following literal translation of the charm, which was written in bad Portuguese, but which struck me at the time as being one of the most remarkable compositions that had ever come to my knowledge.

The Charm

> “Just Judge and divine Son of the Virgin Maria, who wast born in Bethlehem, a Nazarene, and wast crucified in the midst of all Jewry, I beseech thee, O Lord, by thy sixth day, that the body of me be not caught, nor put to death by the hands of justice at all; peace be with you, the peace of Christ, may I receive peace, may you receive peace, said God to his disciples. If the accursed justice should distrust me, or have its eyes on me, in order to take me or to rob me, may its eyes not see me, may its mouth not speak to me, may it have ears which may not hear me, may it have hands which may not seize me, may it have feet which may not overtake me; for may I be armed with the arms of St. George, covered with the cloak of Abraham, and shipped in the ark of Noah, so that it can neither see me, nor hear me, nor draw the blood from my body. I also adjure thee, O Lord, by those three blessed crosses, by those three blessed chalices, by those three blessed clergymen, by those three consecrated hosts, that thou give me that sweet company which thou gavest to the Virgin Maria, from the gates of Bethlehem to the portals of Jerusalem, that I may go and come with pleasure and joy with Jesus Christ, the Son of the Virgin Maria, the prolific yet nevertheless the eternal virgin.”

The woman of the house and her daughter had similar bags attached to their necks, containing charms, which, they said, prevented the witches having power to harm them. The belief in witchcraft is very prevalent amongst the peasantry of the Alemtejo, and I believe of other provinces of Portugal. This is one of the relics of the monkish system, the aim of which, in all countries where it has existed, seems to have been to besot the minds of the people, that they might be more easily misled. All these charms were fabrications of the monks, who had sold them to their infatuated confessants. The

[45] Portuguese *oração* or *oraçam*– a prayer.

monks of the Greek and Syrian churches likewise deal in this ware, which they know to be poison, but which they would rather vend than the wholesome balm of the Gospel, because it brings them a large price, and fosters the delusion which enables them to live a life of luxury.

The Sunday morning was fine, and the plain before the church of the convent of San Francisco was crowded with people hastening to or returning from the Mass. After having performed my morning devotion, and breakfasted, I went down to the kitchen; the girl Geronima was seated by the fire. I inquired if she had heard Mass? She replied in the negative, and that she did not intend to hear it. Upon my inquiring her motive for absenting herself, she replied, that since the friars had been expelled from their churches and convents she had ceased to attend Mass, or to confess herself; for that the government priests had no spiritual power, and consequently she never troubled them. She said the friars were holy men and charitable; for that every morning those of the convent over the way fed forty poor persons with the relics of the meals of the preceding day, but that now these people were allowed to starve. I replied, that the friars, who lived on the fat of the land, could well afford to bestow a few bones upon their poor, and that their doing so was merely a part of their policy, by which they hoped to secure to themselves friends in time of need. The girl then observed, that, as it was Sunday, I should perhaps like to see some books, and without waiting for a reply she produced them. They consisted principally of popular stories, with lives and miracles of saints, but amongst them was a translation of Volney's *Ruins of Empires*. I expressed a wish to know how she came possessed of this book. She said that a young man, a great Constitutionalist, had given it to her some months previous, and had pressed her much to read it, for that it was one of the best books in the world. I replied, that the author of it was an emissary of Satan, and an enemy of Jesus Christ and the souls of mankind; that it was written with the sole aim of bringing all religion into contempt, and that it inculcated the doctrine that there was no future state, nor reward for the righteous, nor punishment for the wicked. She made no reply, but, going into another room, returned with her apron full of dry sticks and brushwood, all which she piled upon the fire, and produced a bright blaze. She then took the book from my hand and placed it upon the flaming pile; then, sitting down, took her rosary out of her pocket, and told her beads till the volume was consumed. This was an *auto-da-fé*[46] in the best sense of the word.

On the Monday and Tuesday I paid my usual visits to the fountain, and likewise rode about the neighbourhood on a mule, for the purpose of circulating tracts. I dropped a great many in the favourite walks of the people of Evora, as I felt rather dubious of their accepting them had I proffered them with my own hand, whereas, should they be observed lying on the ground, I thought that curiosity might cause them to be picked up and examined. I likewise, on the Tuesday evening, paid a farewell visit to my friend Azveto, as it was my intention to leave Evora on the Thursday following and return to Lisbon; in which view I had engaged a calash of a man who informed me that he had served as a soldier in the *grande armée* of Napoleon, and been present in the Russian campaign. He looked the very image of a drunkard. His face was covered with carbuncles, and his breath impregnated with the fumes of strong waters. He wished much to converse with me in French, in the speaking of which language it seemed he prided himself; but I refused, and told him to speak the language of the country, or I would hold no discourse with him.

Wednesday was stormy, with occasional rain. On coming down, I found that my friend from Palmella had departed; but several *contrabandistas* had arrived from Spain. They were mostly fine fellows, and, unlike the two I had seen the preceding week, who were of much lower degree, were chatty and communicative; they spoke their native language, and no other, and seemed to hold the Portuguese in great contempt. The magnificent tones of the Spanish sounded to great advantage amidst the shrill squeaking dialect of Portugal. I was soon in deep conversation with them, and was much pleased to find that all of them could read. I presented the eldest, a man of about fifty years of

[46] This, the correct Portuguese form, is that generally used in English, though the Spanish *auto-de-fé* is often referred to.

age, with a tract in Spanish. He examined it for some time with great attention; he then rose from his seat, and, going into the middle of the apartment, began reading it aloud, slowly and emphatically. His companions gathered around him, and every now and then expressed their approbation of what they heard. The reader occasionally called upon me to explain passages which, as they referred to particular texts of Scripture, he did not exactly understand, for not one of the party had ever seen either the Old or New Testament.

He continued reading for upwards of an hour, until he had finished the tract; and, at its conclusion, the whole party were clamorous for similar ones, with which I was happy to be able to supply them.

Most of these men spoke of priestcraft and the monkish system with the utmost abhorrence, and said that they should prefer death to submitting again to the yoke which had formerly galled their necks. I questioned them very particularly respecting the opinion of their neighbours and acquaintances on this point, and they assured me that in their part of the Spanish frontier all were of the same mind, and that they cared as little for the Pope and his monks as they did for Don Carlos; for the latter was a dwarf, (*chicotito*), and a tyrant, and the others were plunderers and robbers. I told them they must beware of confounding religion with priestcraft, and that in their abhorrence of the latter they must not forget that there is a God and a Christ to whom they must look for salvation, and whose word it was incumbent upon them to study on every occasion; whereupon they all expressed a devout belief in Christ and the Virgin.

These men, though in many respects more enlightened than the surrounding peasantry, were in others as much in the dark; they believed in witchcraft and in the efficacy of particular charms. The night was very stormy, and at about nine we heard a galloping towards the door, and then a loud knocking. It was opened, and in rushed a wild-looking man, mounted on a donkey; he wore a ragged jacket of sheepskin, called in Spanish *zamarra*, with breeches of the same as far down as his knees; his legs were bare. Around his *sombrero*, or shadowy hat, was tied a large quantity of the herb which in English is called rosemary, in Spanish *romero*, and in the rustic language of Portugal *alecrim*,[47] which last is a word of Scandinavian origin (*ellegren*), signifying the elfin plant, and was probably carried into the south by the Vandals. The man seemed frantic with terror, and said that the witches had been pursuing him and hovering over his head for the last two leagues. He came from the Spanish frontier with meal and other articles. He said that his wife was following him, and would soon arrive, and in about a quarter of an hour she made her appearance, dripping with rain, and also mounted on a donkey.

I asked my friends the *contrabandistas* why he wore the rosemary in his hat; whereupon they told me that it was good against witches and the mischances on the road. I had no time to argue against this superstition, for, as the chaise was to be ready at five the next morning, I wished to make the most of the short time which I could devote to sleep.

[47] *Alecrim* is usually supposed to be a word of Arab origin. The Spanish for rosemary is, however, quite different, *romero*. The Goths and Vandals have, it may be noticed in passing, scarcely enriched the modern vocabulary of the Peninsula by a single word. (See the Glossary.)

CHAPTER IV

Vexatious Delays – Drunken Driver – The Murdered Mule – The Lamentation – Adventure on the Heath – Fear of Darkness – Portuguese Fidalgo – The Escort – Return to Lisbon.

I rose at four, and after having taken some refreshment, I descended and found the strange man and his wife sleeping in the chimney corner by the fire, which was still burning. They soon awoke, and began preparing their breakfast, which consisted of salt *sardinhas*, broiled upon the embers. In the mean time the woman sang snatches of the beautiful hymn, very common in Spain, which commences thus: —

> "Once of old upon a mountain, shepherds overcome with sleep,
> Near to Bethlehem's holy tower, kept at dead of night their sheep;
> Round about the trunk they nodded of a huge ignited oak,
> Whence the crackling flame ascending bright and clear the darkness broke."

On hearing that I was about to depart, she said, "You shall have some of my husband's rosemary, which will keep you from danger, and prevent any misfortune occurring." I was foolish enough to permit her to put some of it in my hat; and, the man having by this time arrived with his mules, I bade farewell to my friendly hostesses, and entered the chaise with my servant.

I remarked at the time that the mules which drew us were the finest I had ever seen; the largest could be little short of sixteen hands high; and the fellow told me in his bad French that he loved them better than his wife and children. We turned round the corner of the convent, and proceeded down the street which leads to the south-western gate. The driver now stopped before the door of a large house, and, having alighted, said that it was yet very early, and that he was afraid to venture forth, as it was very probable we should be robbed, and himself murdered, as the robbers who resided in the town would be apprehensive of his discovering them, but that the family who lived in this house were going to Lisbon, and would depart in about a quarter of an hour, when we might avail ourselves of an escort of soldiers which they would take with them, and in their company we should run no danger. I told him I had no fear, and commanded him to drive on; but he said he would not, and left us in the street. We waited an hour, when two carriages came to the door of the house; but it seems the family were not yet ready, whereupon the coachman likewise got down, and went away. At the expiration of about half an hour the family came out, and when their luggage had been arranged they called for the coachman, but he was nowhere to be found. Search was made for him, but ineffectually, and an hour more was spent before another driver could be procured; but the escort had not yet made its appearance, and it was not before a servant had been twice despatched to the barracks that it arrived. At last everything was ready, and they drove off.

All this time I had seen nothing of our own coachman, and I fully expected that he had abandoned us altogether. In a few minutes I saw him staggering up the street in a state of intoxication, attempting to sing the *Marseillois* hymn.[48] I said nothing to him, but sat observing him. He stood for some time staring at the mules, and talking incoherent nonsense in French. At last he said, "I am not so drunk but I can ride," and proceeded to lead his mules towards the gate. When out of the town he made several ineffectual attempts to mount the smallest mule, which bore the saddle; he at length

[48] The modern form of "*Hymne Marseillaise*" is less correct. Hymns of the kind are masculine in French; those that are sung in churches only are feminine!

succeeded, and instantly commenced spurring at a furious rate down the road. We arrived at a place where a narrow rocky path branched off, by taking which we should avoid a considerable circuit round the city wall, which otherwise it would be necessary to make before we could reach the road to Lisbon, which lay at the north-east. He now said, "I shall take this path, for by so doing we shall overtake the family in a minute;" so into the path we went. It was scarcely wide enough to admit the carriage, and exceedingly steep and broken. We proceeded, ascending and descending; the wheels cracked, and the motion was so violent that we were in danger of being cast out as from a sling. I saw that if we remained in the carriage it must be broken in pieces, as our weight must ensure its destruction. I called to him in Portuguese to stop, but he flogged and spurred the beasts the more. My man now entreated me for God's sake to speak to him in French, for if anything would pacify him that would. I did so, and entreated him to let us dismount and walk till we had cleared this dangerous way. The result justified Antonio's anticipation. He instantly stopped, and said, "Sir, you are master; you have only to command, and I shall obey." We dismounted, and walked on till we reached the great road, when we once more seated ourselves.

The family were about a quarter of a mile in advance, and we were no sooner reseated than he lashed the mules into full gallop, for the purpose of overtaking it. His cloak had fallen from his shoulder, and, in endeavouring to readjust it, he dropped the string from his hand by which he guided the large mule: it became entangled in the legs of the poor animal, which fell heavily on its neck; it struggled for a moment, and then lay stretched across the way, the shafts over its body. I was pitched forward into the dirt, and the drunken driver fell upon the murdered mule.

I was in a great rage, and cried, "You drunken renegade, who are ashamed to speak the language of your own country, you have broken the staff of your existence, and may now starve." "*Paciencia*" said he, and began kicking the head of the mule, in order to make it rise; but I pushed him down, and taking his knife, which had fallen from his pocket, cut the bands by which it was attached to the carriage, but life had fled, and the film of death had begun to cover its eyes.

The fellow, in the recklessness of intoxication, seemed at first disposed to make light of his loss, saying, "The mule is dead; it was God's will that she should die; what more can be said? *Paciencia*." Meanwhile, I despatched Antonio to the town, for the purpose of hiring mules, and, having taken my baggage from the chaise, waited on the road-side until he should arrive.

The fumes of the liquor began now to depart from the fellow's brain; he clasped his hands, and exclaimed, "Blessed Virgin, what is to become of me? How am I to support myself? Where am I to get another mule? For my mule – my best mule – is dead: she fell upon the road, and died of a sudden! I have been in France, and in other countries, and have seen beasts of all kinds, but such a mule as that I have never seen; but she is dead – my mule is dead: she fell upon the road, and died of a sudden!" He continued in this strain for a considerable time; and the burden of his lamentation was always, "My mule is dead: she fell upon the road, and died of a sudden." At length he took the collar from the creature's neck, and put it upon the other, which, with some difficulty, he placed in the shafts.

A beautiful boy of about thirteen now came from the direction of the town, running along the road with the velocity of a hare: he stopped before the dead mule, and burst into tears. It was the man's son, who had heard of the accident from Antonio. This was too much for the poor fellow; he ran up to the boy, and said, "Don't cry. Our bread is gone, but it is God's will; the mule is dead!" He then flung himself on the ground, uttering fearful cries. "I could have borne my loss," said he, "but when I saw my child cry, I became a fool." I gave him two or three crowns, and added some words of comfort; assuring him I had no doubt that, if he abandoned drink, the Almighty God would take compassion on him and repair his loss. At length he became more composed, and, placing my baggage in the chaise, we returned to the town, where I found two excellent riding mules awaiting my arrival at the inn. I did not see the Spanish woman, or I should have told her of the little efficacy of rosemary in this instance.

I have known several drunkards amongst the Portuguese, but, without one exception, they have been individuals who, having travelled abroad, like this fellow, have returned with a contempt for their own country, and polluted with the worst vices of the lands which they have visited.

I would strongly advise any of my countrymen who may chance to read these lines, that, if their fate lead them into Spain or Portugal, they avoid hiring as domestics, or being connected with, individuals of the lower classes who speak any other language than their own, as the probability is that they are heartless thieves and drunkards. These gentry are invariably saying all they can in dispraise of their native land; and it is my opinion, grounded upon experience, that an individual who is capable of such baseness would not hesitate at the perpetration of any villany, for next to the love of God, the love of country is the best preventive of crime. He who is proud of his country will be particularly cautious not to do anything which is calculated to disgrace it.

We now journeyed towards Lisbon, and reached Monte Moro about two o'clock. After taking such refreshment as the place afforded, we pursued our way till we were within a quarter of a league of the huts which stand on the edge of the savage wilderness we had before crossed. Here we were overtaken by a horseman; he was a powerful, middle-sized man, and was mounted on a noble Spanish horse. He had a broad, slouching *sombrero* on his head, and wore a jerkin of blue cloth, with large bosses of silver for buttons, and clasps of the same metal; he had breeches of yellow leather, and immense jack-boots: at his saddle was slung a formidable gun. He inquired if I intended to pass the night at Vendas Novas, and on my replying in the affirmative, he said that he would avail himself of our company. He now looked towards the sun, whose disk was rapidly sinking beneath the horizon, and entreated us to spur on and make the most of its light, for that the moor was a horrible place in the dusk. He placed himself at our head, and we trotted briskly on, the boy, or muleteer, who attended us running behind without exhibiting the slightest symptom of fatigue.

We entered upon the moor, and had advanced about a mile when dark night fell around us. We were in a wild path, with high brushwood on either side, when the rider said that he could not confront the darkness, and begged me to ride on before, and he would follow after: I could hear him trembling. I asked the reason of his terror, and he replied, that at one time darkness was the same thing to him as day, but that of late years he dreaded it, especially in wild places. I complied with his request, but I was ignorant of the way, and, as I could scarcely see my hand, was continually going wrong. This made the man impatient, and he again placed himself at our head. We proceeded so for a considerable way, when he again stopped, and said that the power of the darkness was too much for him. His horse seemed to be infected with the same panic, for it shook in every limb. I now told him to call on the name of the Lord Jesus, who was able to turn the darkness into light; but he gave a terrible shout, and, brandishing his gun aloft, discharged it in the air. His horse sprang forward at full speed, and my mule, which was one of the swiftest of its kind, took fright and followed at the heels of the charger. Antonio and the boy were left behind. On we flew like a whirlwind, the hoofs of the animals illuming the path with the sparks of fire they struck from the stones. I knew not whither we were going, but the dumb creatures were acquainted with the way, and soon brought us to Vendas Novas, where we were rejoined by our companions.

I thought this man was a coward, but I did him injustice, for during the day he was as brave as a lion, and feared no one. About five years since he had overcome two robbers who had attacked him on the moors, and, after tying their hands behind them, had delivered them up to justice; but at night the rustling of a leaf filled him with terror. I have known similar instances of the kind in persons of otherwise extraordinary resolution. For myself, I confess I am not a person of extraordinary resolution, but the dangers of the night daunt me no more than those of midday. The man in question was a farmer from Evora, and a person of considerable wealth.

I found the inn at Vendas Novas thronged with people, and had some difficulty in obtaining accommodation and refreshment. It was occupied by the family of a certain *fidalgo*[49] from Estremoz; he was on the way to Lisbon, conveying a large sum of money, as was said – probably the rents of his estates. He had with him a body-guard of four and twenty of his dependants, each armed with a rifle; they consisted of his shepherds, swineherds, cowherds, and hunters, and were commanded by two youths, his son and nephew, the latter of whom was in regimentals. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the number of his troop, it appeared that the *fidalgo* laboured under considerable apprehension of being despoiled upon the waste which lay between Vendas Novas and Pegões, as he had just requested a guard of four soldiers from the officer who commanded a detachment stationed here. There were many females in his company, who, I was told, were his illegitimate daughters – for he bore an infamous moral character, and was represented to me as a staunch friend of Don Miguel. It was not long before he came up to me and my new acquaintance, as we sat by the kitchen fire: he was a tall man of about sixty, but stooped much. His countenance was by no means pleasing: he had a long hooked nose, small, twinkling, cunning eyes, and, what I liked worst of all, a continual sneering smile, which I firmly believe to be the index of a treacherous and malignant heart. He addressed me in Spanish, which, as he resided not far from the frontier, he spoke with fluency; but, contrary to my usual practice, I was reserved and silent.

On the following morning I rose at seven, and found that the party from Estremoz had started several hours previously. I breakfasted with my acquaintance of the preceding night, and we set out to accomplish what remained of our journey. The sun had now arisen, and all his fears had left him – he breathed defiance against all the robbers of the Alemtejo. When we had advanced about a league, the boy who attended us said he saw heads of men amongst the brushwood. Our cavalier instantly seized his gun, and, causing his horse to make two or three lofty bounds, held it in one hand, the muzzle pointed in the direction indicated; but the heads did not again make their appearance, and it was probably but a false alarm.

We resumed our way, and the conversation turned, as might be expected, upon robbers. My companion, who seemed to be acquainted with every inch of ground over which we passed, had a legend to tell of every dingle and every pine-clump. We reached a slight eminence, on the top of which grew three stately pines: about half a league farther on was another similar one. These two eminences commanded a view of the road from Pegões and Vendas Novas, so that all people going and coming could be descried whilst yet at a distance. My friend told me that these heights were favourite stations of robbers. Some two years since, a band of six mounted banditti remained there three days, and plundered whomsoever approached from either quarter. Their horses, saddled and bridled, stood picqueted at the foot of the trees, and two scouts, one for each eminence, continually sat in the topmost branches, and gave notice of the approach of travellers. When at a proper distance, the robbers below sprung upon their horses, and putting them to full gallop, made at their prey, shouting, "*Rendete*, *Picaro*! *Rendete*, *Picaro*!"[50] We, however, passed unmolested, and, about a quarter of a mile before we reached Pegões, overtook the family of the *fidalgo*.

Had they been conveying the wealth of Ind through the deserts of Arabia, they could not have travelled with more precaution. The nephew, with drawn sabre, rode in front; pistols in his holsters, and the usual Spanish gun slung at his saddle. Behind him tramped six men in a rank, with muskets shouldered, and each of them wore at his girdle a hatchet, which was probably intended to cleave the thieves to the brisket should they venture to come to close quarters. There were six vehicles, two of them calashes, in which latter rode the *fidalgo* and his daughters; the others were covered carts, and seemed to be filled with household furniture. Each of these vehicles had an armed rustic on either side; and the son, a lad about sixteen, brought up the rear with a squad equal to that of his cousin in

[49] Spanish *hidalgo*.

[50] "Surrender, scoundrel, surrender!"

the van. The soldiers, who, by good fortune, were light horse, and admirably mounted, were galloping about in all directions, for the purpose of driving the enemy from cover, should they happen to be lurking in the neighbourhood.

I could not help thinking, as I passed by, that this martial array was very injudicious, for though it was calculated to awe plunderers, it was likewise calculated to allure them, as it seemed to hint that immense wealth was passing through their territories. I do not know how the soldiers and rustics would have behaved in case of an attack, but am inclined to believe that if three such men as Richard Turpin had suddenly galloped forth from behind one of the bush-covered knolls, neither the numbers nor resistance opposed to them would have prevented them from bearing away the contents of the strong box jingling in their saddle-bags.

From this moment nothing worthy of relating occurred till our arrival at Aldea Gallega, where we passed the night, and next morning at three o'clock embarked in the passage-boat for Lisbon, where we arrived at eight: and thus terminates my first wandering in the Alemtejo.

CHAPTER V

The College – The Rector – Shibboleth – National Prejudices – Youthful Sports – Jews of Lisbon – Bad Faith – Crime and Superstition.

One afternoon Antonio said to me, "It has struck me, *Senhor*,[51] that your worship would like to see the college of the English."[52] "By all means," I replied, "pray conduct me thither." So he led me through various streets until we stopped before the gate of a large building, in one of the most elevated situations in Lisbon. Upon our ringing, a kind of porter presently made his appearance, and demanded our business. Antonio explained it to him. He hesitated for a moment; but, presently bidding us enter, conducted us to a large gloomy-looking stone hall, where, begging us to be seated, he left us. We were soon joined by a venerable personage, seemingly about seventy, in a kind of flowing robe or surplice, with a collegiate cap upon his head. Notwithstanding his age there was a ruddy tinge upon his features, which were perfectly English. Coming slowly up he addressed me in the English tongue, requesting to know how he could serve me. I informed him that I was an English traveller, and should be happy to be permitted to inspect the college, provided it were customary to show it to strangers. He informed me that there could be no objection to accede to my request, but that I came at rather an unfortunate moment, it being the hour of refection. I apologized, and was preparing to retire, but he begged me to remain, as in a few minutes the refection would be over, when the principals of the college would do themselves the pleasure of waiting on me.

We sat down on the stone bench, when he commenced surveying me attentively for some time, and then cast his eyes on Antonio. "Whom have we here?" said he to the latter; "surely your features are not unknown to me." "Probably not, your reverence," replied Antonio, getting up, and bowing most profoundly. "I lived in the family of the Countess – , at Cintra, when your venerability was her spiritual guide." "True, true," said the old gentleman, sighing, "I remember you now. Ah, Antonio, things are strangely changed since then. A new government – a new system – a new religion, I may say." Then, looking again at me, he demanded whither I was journeying. "I am going to Spain," said I, "and have stopped at Lisbon by the way." "Spain, Spain!" said the old man. "Surely you have chosen a strange time to visit Spain; there is much blood-shedding in Spain at present, and violent wars and tumults." "I consider the cause of Don Carlos as already crushed," I replied; "he has lost the only general capable of leading his armies to Madrid. Zumalacarregui, his Cid, has fallen." "Do not flatter yourself; I beg your pardon, but do not think, young man, that the Lord will permit the powers of darkness to triumph so easily. The cause of Don Carlos is not lost: its success did not depend on the life of a frail worm like him whom you have mentioned." We continued in discourse some little time, when he arose, saying that by this time he believed the refection was concluded.

He had scarcely left me five minutes when three individuals entered the stone hall, and advanced slowly towards me. The principals of the college, said I to myself; and so indeed they were. The first of these gentlemen, and to whom the other two appeared to pay considerable deference, was a thin, spare person, somewhat above the middle height; his complexion was very pale, his features emaciated but fine, his eyes dark and sparkling; he might be about fifty. The other two were men in the prime of life. One was of rather low stature; his features were dark, and wore that pinched and mortified expression so frequently to be observed in the countenance of the English.: the other was a bluff, ruddy, and rather good-looking young man. All three were dressed alike in the usual college cap and silk gown. Coming up, the eldest of the three took me by the hand, and thus addressed me in clear silvery tones: —

[51] The Portuguese form.

[52] The missing word would seem to be "Catholics." Borrow was fond of such, apparently meaningless, mystery.

"Welcome, sir, to our poor house. We are always happy to see in it a countryman from our beloved native land; it will afford us extreme satisfaction to show you over it; it is true that satisfaction is considerably diminished by the reflection that it possesses nothing worthy of the attention of a traveller; there is nothing curious pertaining to it save, perhaps, its economy, and that, as we walk about, we will explain to you. Permit us, first of all, to introduce ourselves to you. I am rector of this poor English house of refuge; this gentleman is our professor of humanity; and this" (pointing to the ruddy personage) "is our professor of polite learning, Hebrew, and Syriac."

Myself. – I humbly salute you all. Excuse me if I inquire who was the venerable gentleman who put himself to the inconvenience of staying with me whilst I was awaiting your leisure.

Rector. – Oh, a most admirable personage, our almoner, our chaplain; he came into this country before any of us were born, and here he has continued ever since. Now let us ascend that we may show you our poor house. But how is this, my dear sir, how is it that I see you standing uncovered in our cold, damp hall?

Myself. – I can easily explain that to you; it is a custom which has become quite natural to me. I am just arrived from Russia, where I have spent some years. A Russian invariably takes off his hat whenever he enters beneath a roof, whether it pertain to hut, shop, or palace. To omit doing so would be considered as a mark of brutality and barbarism, and for the following reason: in every apartment of a Russian house there is a small picture of the Virgin stuck up in a corner, just below the ceiling – the hat is taken off out of respect to her.

Quick glances of intelligence were exchanged by the three gentlemen. I had stumbled upon their shibboleth, and proclaimed myself an Ephraimite, and not of Gilead. I have no doubt that up to that moment they had considered me as one of themselves – a member, and perhaps a priest, of their own ancient, grand, and imposing religion, for such it is, I must confess – an error into which it was natural that they should fall. What motives could a Protestant have for intruding upon their privacy? What interest could he take in inspecting the economy of their establishment? So far, however, from relaxing in their attention after this discovery, their politeness visibly increased, though, perhaps, a scrutinizing observer might have detected a shade of less cordiality in their manner.

Rector. – Beneath the ceiling in every apartment? I think I understood you so. How delightful – how truly interesting; a picture of the Blessed Virgin beneath the ceiling in every apartment of a Russian house! Truly, this intelligence is as unexpected as it is delightful. I shall from this moment entertain a much higher opinion of the Russians than hitherto – most truly an example worthy of imitation. I wish sincerely that it was our own practice to place an image of the Blessed Virgin beneath the ceiling in every corner of our houses. What say you, our professor of humanity? What say you to the information so obligingly communicated to us by this excellent gentleman?

Humanity Professor. – It is indeed most delightful, most cheering, I may say; but I confess that I was not altogether unprepared for it. The adoration of the Blessed Virgin is becoming every day more extended in countries where it has hitherto been unknown or forgotten. Dr. W-, when he passed through Lisbon, gave me some most interesting details with respect to the labours of the propaganda in India. Even England, our own beloved country..

My obliging friends showed me all over their "poor house." It certainly did not appear a very rich one; it was spacious, but rather dilapidated. The library was small, and possessed nothing remarkable; the view, however, from the roof, over the greater part of Lisbon and the Tagus, was very grand and noble. But I did not visit this place in the hope of seeing busts, or books, or fine prospects, – I visited this strange old house to converse with its inmates; for my favourite, I might say my only, study is man. I found these gentlemen much what I had anticipated; for this was not the first time that I had visited an English.. establishment in a foreign land. They were full of amiability and courtesy to their heretic countryman, and though the advancement of their religion was with them an object of paramount importance, I soon found that, with ludicrous inconsistency, they cherished, to a wonderful degree, national prejudices almost extinct in the mother land, even to the disparagement of those of their own

darling faith. I spoke of the English., of their high respectability, and of the loyalty which they had uniformly displayed to their sovereign, though of a different religion, and by whom they had been not unfrequently subjected to much oppression and injustice.

Rector. – My dear sir, I am rejoiced to hear you; I see that you are well acquainted with the great body of those of our faith in England. They are, as you have well described them, a most respectable and loyal body; from loyalty, indeed, they never swerved, and though they have been accused of plots and conspiracies, it is now well known that such had no real existence, but were merely calumnies invented by their religious enemies. During the civil wars the English.. cheerfully shed their blood and squandered their fortunes in the cause of the unfortunate martyr, notwithstanding that he never favoured them, and invariably looked upon them with suspicion. At present the English.. are the most devoted subjects of our gracious sovereign. I should be happy if I could say as much for our Irish brethren; but their conduct has been – oh, detestable! Yet what can you expect? The true.. blush for them. A certain person is a disgrace to the church of which he pretends to be the servant. Where does he find in our canons sanction for his proceedings, his undutiful expressions towards one who is his sovereign by divine right, and who can do no wrong? And above all, where does he find authority for inflaming the passions of a vile mob against a nation intended by nature and by position to command them?

Myself. – I believe there is an Irish college in this city?

Rector. – I believe there is; but it does not flourish; there are few or no pupils. Oh!

I looked through a window, at a great height, and saw about twenty or thirty fine lads sporting in a court below. “This is as it should be,” said I; “those boys will not make worse priests from a little early devotion to trap-ball and cudgel playing. I dislike a staid, serious, puritanic education, as I firmly believe that it encourages vice and hypocrisy.”

We then went into the Rector’s room, where, above a crucifix, was hanging a small portrait.

Myself. – That was a great and portentous man, honest withal. I believe the body of which he was the founder, and which has been so much decried, has effected infinitely more good than it has caused harm.

Rector. – What do I hear? You, an Englishman, and a Protestant, and yet an admirer of Ignatius Loyola?

Myself. – I will say nothing with respect to the doctrine of the Jesuits, for, as you have observed, I am a Protestant; but I am ready to assert that there are no people in the world better qualified, upon the whole, to be entrusted with the education of youth. Their moral system and discipline are truly admirable. Their pupils, in after-life, are seldom vicious and licentious characters, and are in general men of learning, science, and possessed of every elegant accomplishment. I execrate the conduct of the liberals of Madrid in murdering last year the helpless fathers, by whose care and instruction two of the finest minds of Spain have been evolved – the two ornaments of the liberal cause and modern literature of Spain, for such are Toreno and Martinez de la Rosa.[53].

Gathered in small clusters about the pillars at the lower extremities of the gold and silver streets in Lisbon, may be observed, about noon in every day, certain strange-looking men whose appearance is neither Portuguese nor European. Their dress generally consists of a red cap, with a blue silken tassel at the top of it, a blue tunic girded at the waist with a red sash, and wide linen pantaloons or trousers. He who passes by these groups generally hears them conversing in broken Spanish or Portuguese, and occasionally in a harsh guttural language, which the oriental traveller knows to be the Arabic, or a dialect thereof. These people are the Jews of Lisbon.[54] Into the midst of one of these

[53] Toreno (1786–1843), a statesman and historian, thrice banished on account of his liberal opinions, died in exile in Paris. His friend Martinez de la Rosa (1789–1862), who experienced a somewhat similar fate, was the author of some dramas and a satire entitled *El Cementerio de Monco*. See Kennedy, *Modern Poets and Poetry of Spain*, p. 169. Toreno’s historical works have been translated into French.

[54] When the Jews were banished from Spain by the Catholic sovereign in 1492, they were received into Portugal by the more

groups I one day introduced myself, and pronounced a *beraka*, or blessing. I have lived in different parts of the world, much amongst the Hebrew race, and am well acquainted with their ways and phraseology. I was rather anxious to become acquainted with the state of the Portuguese Jews, and I had now an opportunity. "The man is a powerful rabbi," said a voice in Arabic; "it behoves us to treat him kindly." They welcomed me. I favoured their mistake, and in a few days I knew all that related to them and their traffic in Lisbon.[55]

The Jews of Europe at the present time are divided into two classes – synagogues, as some call them – the Portuguese and German. Of these the most celebrated is the Portuguese. Jews of this class are generally considered as more polished than the others, better educated, and more deeply versed both in the language of Scripture and the traditions of their forefathers. In London there is a stately edifice which is termed the synagogue of the Portuguese Jews, where the rites of the Hebrew religion are performed with all possible splendour and magnificence. Knowing all this, one would naturally expect, on arriving in Portugal, to find one's self in the head-quarters of that Judaism with which the mind has been accustomed to associate so much that is respectable and imposing. It was, therefore, with feelings of considerable surprise that I heard from the beings, whom I have attempted to describe above, the following account of themselves: – "We are not of Portugal," said they; "we come from Barbary, some from Algier, some from the Levant, but mostly from Barbary, yonder-away!" And they pointed to the south-west.

"And where are the Jews of Portugal," I demanded: "the proper children of the country?"

"We know of none but ourselves," replied the Barbaresques, "though we have heard say that there are others: if so, they do not come near us, and they do right, for we are an evil people, O thou *Tsadik*, and thieves to a man. A ship comes every year from Swirah;[56] it brings a cargo of thieves, for it brings Jews."

"And your wives and families," said I, "where are they?"

"In Swirah, or Salee, or other places from whence we come. We bring not our wives with us, nor our families: many of us have escaped hither barely with life, flying from the punishment due to our crimes. Some live in sin with the daughters of the Nazarene: for we are an evil race, O *Tsadik*, and do not observe the precepts of the law."

"And have you synagogues and teachers?"

"Both, O thou righteous one, yet little can be said of either: our *chenourain* are vile places, and our teachers are like ourselves, bound in the *galoot* of sin. One of them keeps in his house a daughter of the Nazarene; he is from Swirah, and what good ever came from that shore?"

"You say your teachers are evil: do ye hearken unto their words?"

"Of course we hearken unto them: how could we do else and live? Our teachers are evil men, and live by fraud, like ourselves; yet still are they masters, men to be dreaded and obeyed. Have they not witchcraft at their command, and angels? Have they not words of power, and the *Shem Hamphorash*?[57] Were we not to hearken to them, could they not consign our souls to horror, to mist and vapour, to mire and clay? Even as thou couldst, O righteous one!"

Such was the extraordinary language in connexion with themselves which they held to me, and which I have no reason to doubt, as it was subsequently corroborated in more ways than one. How well do superstition and crime go hand in hand! These wretched beings break the eternal commandments of their Maker without scruple; but they will not partake of the beast of the uncloven foot, and the fish which has no scales. They pay slight regard to the denunciations of holy prophets against the

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liberal John II., on payment of a tax or duty of eight *cruzados*. Armourers and smiths paid four *cruzados* only. Before the marriage of his cousin, King Emmanuel, with the widowed Princess Isabella in 1497, the Jews were subject to renewed persecution in Portugal by arrangement between Isabella the Catholic and her son-in-law (see Burke's *History of Spain*, chaps, xlvi., xlix.).

[55] See Appendix to this volume.

[56] A seaport town in North Africa, better known by the name of Mogadore (see chap. lii.).

[57] The name that may not be spoken; that is, Jehovah or *Yahweh* (see Glossary, *sub verb.*).

children of sin, but they quake at the sound of a dark cabalistic word pronounced by one perhaps their equal or superior in villany; as if, as has been well observed, God would delegate the exercise of his power to the workers of iniquity.

It is quite certain that at one period the Jews of Portugal were deservedly celebrated for wealth, learning, and polished manners; the Inquisition, however, played sad havoc with them. Those who escaped the *auto da fé*, without becoming converts to Popish idolatry, took refuge in foreign lands, particularly in England, where they still retain their original designation. At present, notwithstanding all religions are tolerated in Portugal, the genuine Jews of the country do not show themselves;[58] in their stead are seen the rabble of Barbary, and these only in the streets of Lisbon – outcasts who make no secret of their own degradation.

[58] Strange anecdotes, however, are told, tending to prove that Jews of the ancient race are yet to be found in Portugal: it is said that they have been discovered under circumstances the most extraordinary. I am the more inclined to believe in their existence from certain strange incidents connected with a certain race, which occurred within the sphere of my own knowledge, and which will be related further on. – Note by Borrow.

CHAPTER VI

Cold of Portugal – Extortion prevented – Sensation of Loneliness – The Dog – The Convent – Enchanting Landscape – Moorish Fortresses – Prayer for the Sick.

About a fortnight after my return from Evora, having made the necessary preparations, I set out on my journey for Badajoz, from which town I intended to take the diligence to Madrid. Badajoz lies about a hundred miles distant from Lisbon, and is the principal frontier town of Spain in the direction of the Alemtejo. To reach this place, it was necessary to re-travel the road as far as Monte Moro, which I had already passed in my excursion to Evora; I had therefore very little pleasure to anticipate from novelty of scenery. Moreover, in this journey I should be a solitary traveller, with no other companion than the muleteer, as it was my intention to take my servant no farther than Aldea Gallega, for which place I started at four in the afternoon. Warned by former experience, I did not now embark in a small boat, but in one of the regular passage felouks, in which we reached Aldea Gallega, after a voyage of six hours; for the boat was heavy, there was no wind to propel it, and the crew were obliged to ply their huge oars the whole way. In a word, this passage was the reverse of the first – safe in every respect, but so sluggish and tiresome, that I a hundred times wished myself again under the guidance of the wild lad, galloping before the hurricane over the foaming billows. From eight till ten the cold was truly terrible, and though I was closely wrapped in an excellent fur *shoob*, with which I had braved the frosts of Russian winters, I shivered in every limb, and was far more rejoiced when I again set my foot on the Alemtejo, than when I landed for the first time, after having escaped the horrors of the tempest.

I took up my quarters for the night at a house to which my friend who feared the darkness had introduced me on my return from Evora, and where, though I paid mercilessly dear for everything, the accommodation was superior to that of the common inn in the square. My first care now was to inquire for mules to convey myself and baggage to Elvas, from whence there are but three short leagues to the Spanish town of Badajoz. The people of the house informed me that they had an excellent pair at my disposal, but when I inquired the price, they were not ashamed to demand four *moidores*. I offered them three, which was too much, but which, however, they did not accept; for, knowing me to be an Englishman, they thought they had an excellent opportunity to practise imposition, not imagining that a person so rich as an Englishman *must* be, would go out in a cold night for the sake of obtaining a reasonable bargain. They were, however, much mistaken, as I told them that rather than encourage them in their knavery I should be content to return to Lisbon; whereupon they dropped their demand to three and a half; but I made them no answer, and, going out with Antonio, proceeded to the house of the old man who had accompanied us to Evora. We knocked a considerable time, for he was in bed; at length he arose and admitted us, but on hearing our object, he said that his mules were again gone to Evora, under the charge of the boy, for the purpose of transporting some articles of merchandize. He, however, recommended us to a person in the neighbourhood who kept mules for hire, and there Antonio engaged two fine beasts for two *moidores* and a half. I say *he* engaged them, for I stood aloof and spoke not, and the proprietor, who exhibited them, and who stood half dressed, with a lamp in his hand, and shivering with cold, was not aware that they were intended for a foreigner till the agreement was made, and he had received a part of the sum in earnest. I returned to the inn well pleased, and having taken some refreshment, went to rest, paying little attention to the people, who glanced daggers at me from their small Jewish eyes.

At five the next morning the mules were at the door. A lad of some nineteen or twenty years of age attended them. He was short, but exceedingly strong built, and possessed the largest head which I ever beheld upon mortal shoulders; neck he had none, at least I could discern nothing which could be entitled to that name. His features were hideously ugly, and upon addressing him I discovered that he

was an idiot. Such was my intended companion in a journey of nearly a hundred miles, which would occupy four days, and which lay over the most savage and ill-noted track in the whole kingdom. I took leave of my servant almost with tears, for he had always served me with the greatest fidelity, and had exhibited an assiduity and a wish to please which afforded me the utmost satisfaction.

We started, my uncouth guide sitting tailor-fashion on the sumpter mule, upon the baggage. The moon had just gone down, and the morning was pitchy dark, and, as usual, piercingly cold. We soon entered the dismal wood, which I had already traversed, and through which we wended our way for some time, slowly and mournfully. Not a sound was to be heard save the trampling of the animals, not a breath of air moved the leafless branches, no animal stirred in the thickets, no bird, not even the owl, flew over our heads, all seemed desolate and dead; and during my many and far wanderings, I never experienced a greater sensation of loneliness, and a greater desire for conversation and an exchange of ideas than then. To speak to the idiot was useless, for though competent to show the road, with which he was well acquainted, he had no other answer than an uncouth laugh to any question put to him. Thus situated, like many other persons when human comfort is not at hand, I turned my heart to God, and began to commune with Him, the result of which was that my mind soon became quieted and comforted.

We passed on our way uninterrupted; no thieves showed themselves, nor indeed did we see a single individual until we arrived at Pegões, and from thence to Vendas Novas our fortune was the same. I was welcomed with great kindness by the people of the hostelry of the latter place, who were well acquainted with me on account of my having twice passed the night under their roof. The name of the keeper of this inn is, or was, Jozé Dias Azido, and, unlike the generality of those of the same profession as himself in Portugal, he is an honest man; and a stranger and foreigner who takes up his quarters at his inn may rest assured that he will not be most unmercifully pillaged and cheated when the hour of reckoning shall arrive, as he will not be charged a single *ré*[59] more than a native Portuguese on a similar occasion. I paid at this place exactly one-half of the sum which was demanded from me at Arroyolos, where I passed the ensuing night, and where the accommodation was in every respect inferior.

At twelve next day we arrived at Monte Moro, and, as I was not pressed for time, I determined upon viewing the ruins which cover the top and middle part of the stately hill which towers above the town. Having ordered some refreshment at the inn where we dismounted, I ascended till I arrived at a large wall or rampart, which, at a certain altitude, embraces the whole hill. I crossed a rude bridge of stones, which bestrides a small hollow or trench; and passing by a large tower, entered through a portal into the enclosed part of the hill. On the left hand stood a church, in good preservation, and still devoted to the purposes of religion, but which I could not enter, as the door was locked, and I saw no one at hand to open it.

I soon found that my curiosity had led me to a most extraordinary place, which quite beggars the scanty powers of description with which I am gifted. I stumbled on amongst ruined walls, and at one time found I was treading over vaults, as I suddenly started back from a yawning orifice into which my next step, as I strolled musing along, would have precipitated me. I proceeded for a considerable way by the eastern wall, till I heard a tremendous bark, and presently an immense dog, such as those which guard the flocks in the neighbourhood against the wolves, came bounding to attack me “with eyes that glowed, and fangs that grinned.” Had I retreated, or had recourse to any other mode of defence than that which I invariably practise under such circumstances, he would probably have worried me; but I stooped till my chin nearly touched my knee, and looked him full in the eyes, and, as John Leyden says, in the noblest ballad which the Land of Heather has produced: —

“The hound he yowled, and back he fled,

[59] Portuguese *real* = one-twentieth of an English penny.

As struck with fairy charm."[60]

It is a fact known to many people, and I believe it has been frequently stated, that no large and fierce dog or animal of any kind, with the exception of the bull, which shuts its eyes and rushes blindly forward, will venture to attack an individual who confronts it with a firm and motionless countenance. I say large and fierce, for it is much easier to repel a bloodhound or bear of Finland in this manner than a dung-hill cur or a terrier, against which a stick or a stone is a much more certain defence. This will astonish no one who considers that the calm reproving glance of reason, which allays the excesses of the mighty and courageous in our own species, has seldom any other effect than to add to the insolence of the feeble and foolish, who become placid as doves upon the infliction of chastisements, which, if attempted to be applied to the former, would only serve to render them more terrible, and, like gunpowder cast on a flame, cause them, in mad desperation, to scatter destruction around them.

The barking of the dog brought out from a kind of alley an elderly man, whom I supposed to be his master, and of whom I made some inquiries respecting the place. The man was civil, and informed me that he served as a soldier in the British army, under the "great lord," during the Peninsula war. He said that there was a convent of nuns a little farther on, which he would show me, and thereupon led the way to the south-east part of the wall, where stood a large dilapidated edifice.

We entered a dark stone apartment, at one corner of which was a kind of window occupied by a turning table, at which articles were received into the convent or delivered out. He rang the bell, and, without saying a word, retired, leaving me rather perplexed; but presently I heard, though the speaker was invisible, a soft feminine voice demanding who I was, and what I wanted. I replied, that I was an Englishman travelling into Spain; and that, passing through Monte Moro, I had ascended the hill for the purpose of seeing the ruins. The voice then said, "I suppose you are a military man going to fight against the king, like the rest of your countrymen?" "No," said I, "I am not a military man, but a Christian; and I go not to shed blood, but to endeavour to introduce the gospel of Christ into a country where it is not known;" whereupon there was a stifled titter. I then inquired if there were any copies of the Holy Scriptures in the convent; but the friendly voice could give me no information on that point, and I scarcely believe that its possessor understood the purport of my question. It informed me, that the office of lady abbess of the house was an annual one, and that every year there was a fresh superior. On my inquiring whether the nuns did not frequently find the time exceedingly heavy on their hands, it stated that, when they had nothing better to do, they employed themselves in making cheesecakes, which were disposed of in the neighbourhood. I thanked the voice for its communications, and walked away. Whilst proceeding under the wall of the house towards the south-west, I heard a fresh and louder tittering above my head, and, looking up, saw three or four windows crowded with dusky faces, and black waving hair; these belonged to the nuns, anxious to obtain a view of the stranger. After kissing my hand repeatedly, I moved on, and soon arrived at the south-west end of this mountain of curiosities. There I found the remains of a large building, which seemed to have been originally erected in the shape of a cross. A tower at its eastern entrance was still entire; the western side was quite in ruins, and stood on the verge of the hill overlooking the valley, at the bottom of which ran the stream I have spoken of on a former occasion.

The day was intensely hot, notwithstanding the coldness of the preceding nights; and the brilliant sun of Portugal now illumined a landscape of entrancing beauty. Groves of cork-trees covered the farther side of the valley and the distant acclivities, exhibiting here and there charming vistas, where various flocks of cattle were feeding; the soft murmur of the stream, which was at intervals chafed and broken by huge stones, ascended to my ears and filled my mind with delicious feelings.

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[60] The lines, which Borrow, quoting from memory, has not given quite accurately, occur in the ballad of "The Cout of Keilder." They are, according to the text in the edition of 1858, with "Life by Sir Walter Scott" —"The hounds they howled and backward fled,As struck by Fairy charm" (stan. 16).John Leyden, M.D., was born in 1775, near Hawick, and died in Java in 1811, after an adventurous and varied life. His ballad of Lord Soulis is of the same character as that so highly praised by Borrow.

I sat down on the broken wall and remained gazing, and listening, and shedding tears of rapture; for of all the pleasures which a bountiful God permitteth his children to enjoy, none are so dear to some hearts as the music of forests and streams, and the view of the beauties of his glorious creation. An hour elapsed, and I still maintained my seat on the wall; the past scenes of my life flitting before my eyes in airy and fantastic array, through which every now and then peeped trees and hills, and other patches of the real landscape which I was confronting. The sun burnt my visage, but I heeded it not; and I believe that I should have remained till night, buried in these reveries, which, I confess, only serve to enervate the mind and steal many a minute which might be more profitably employed, had not the report of the gun of a fowler in the valley, which awakened the echoes of the woods, hills, and ruins, caused me to start on my feet, and remember that I had to proceed three leagues before I could reach the hostelry where I intended to pass the night.

I bent my steps to the inn, passing along a kind of rampart. Shortly before I reached the portal, which I have already mentioned, I observed a kind of vault on my right hand, scooped out of the side of the hill; its roof was supported by three pillars, though part of it had given way towards the farther end, so that the light was admitted through a chasm in the top. It might have been intended for a chapel, a dungeon, or a cemetery, but I should rather think for the latter. One thing I am certain of, that it was not the work of Moorish hands; and indeed throughout my wandering in this place I saw nothing which reminded me of that most singular people. The hill on which the ruins stand was doubtless originally a strong fortress of the Moors, who, upon their first irruption into the peninsula, seized and fortified most of the lofty and naturally strong positions, but they had probably lost it at an early period, so that the broken walls and edifices, which at present cover the hill, are probably remains of the labours of the Christians after the place had been rescued from the hands of the terrible enemies of their faith. Monte Moro will perhaps recall Cintra to the mind of the traveller, as it exhibits a distant resemblance to that place; nevertheless, there is something in Cintra wild and savage, to which Monte Moro has no pretension. Its scathed and gigantic crags are piled upon each other in a manner which seems to menace headlong destruction to whatever is in the neighbourhood; and the ruins which still cling to those crags seem more like eagles' nests than the remains of the habitations even of Moors; whereas those of Monte Moro stand comparatively at their ease on the broad back of a hill, which, though stately and commanding, has no crags nor precipices, and which can be ascended on every side without much difficulty. Yet I was much gratified by my visit, and I shall wander far indeed before I forget the voice in the dilapidated convent, the ruined walls amongst which I strayed, and the rampart, where, sunk in dreamy rapture, I sat during a bright sunny hour at Monte Moro.

I returned to the inn, where I refreshed myself with tea and very sweet and delicious cheesecakes, the handiwork of the nuns in the convent above. Observing gloom and unhappiness on the countenances of the people of the house, I inquired the reason of the hostess, who sat almost motionless on the hearth by the fire; whereupon she informed me that her husband was deadly sick with a disorder which, from her description, I supposed to be a species of cholera; she added, that the surgeon who attended him entertained no hopes of his recovery. I replied that it was quite in the power of God to restore her husband in a few hours from the verge of the grave to health and vigour, and that it was her duty to pray to that Omnipotent Being with all fervency. I added, that if she did not know how to pray upon such an occasion, I was ready to pray for her, provided she would join in the spirit of the supplication. I then offered up a short prayer in Portuguese, in which I entreated the Lord to remove, if he thought proper, the burden of affliction under which the family was labouring.

The woman listened attentively, with her hands devoutly clasped, until the prayer was finished, and then gazed at me seemingly with astonishment, but uttered no word by which I could gather

that she was pleased or displeased with what I had said. I now bade the family farewell, and having mounted my mule, set forward to Arroyolos.[61]

[61] The place of the brooks, or water-courses. Sp. *arroyo* = brook.

CHAPTER VII

The Druid's Stone – The Young Spaniard – Ruffianly Soldiers – Evils of War – Estremoz – The Brawl – Ruined Watch-tower – Glimpse of Spain – Old Times and New.

After proceeding about a league and a half, a blast came booming from the north, rolling before it immense clouds of dust; happily it did not blow in our faces, or it would have been difficult to proceed, so great was its violence. We had left the road in order to take advantage of one of those short cuts, which, though passable for a horse or a mule, are far too rough to permit any species of carriage to travel along them. We were in the midst of sands, brushwood, and huge pieces of rock, which thickly studded the ground. These are the stones which form the *sierras* of Spain and Portugal; those singular mountains which rise in naked horridness, like the ribs of some mighty carcass from which the flesh has been torn. Many of these stones, or rocks, grew out of the earth, and many lay on its surface unattached, perhaps wrested from their beds by the waters of the deluge. Whilst toiling along these wild wastes, I observed, a little way to my left, a pile of stones of rather a singular appearance, and rode up to it. It was a Druidical altar, and the most perfect and beautiful one of the kind which I had ever seen. It was circular, and consisted of stones immensely large and heavy at the bottom, which towards the top became thinner and thinner, having been fashioned by the hand of art to something of the shape of scollop shells. These were surmounted by a very large flat stone, which slanted down towards the south, where was a door. Three or four individuals might have taken shelter within the interior, in which was growing a small thorn-tree.

I gazed with reverence and awe upon the pile where the first colonies of Europe offered their worship to the unknown God.[62] The temples of the mighty and skilful Roman, comparatively of modern date, have crumbled to dust in its neighbourhood. The churches of the Arian Goth, his successor in power, have sunk beneath the earth, and are not to be found; and the mosques of the Moor, the conqueror of the Goth, where and what are they? Upon the rock, masses of hoary and vanishing ruin. Not so the Druid's stone; there it stands on the hill of winds, as strong and as freshly new as the day, perhaps thirty centuries back, when it was first raised, by means which are a mystery. Earthquakes have heaved it, but its cope-stone has not fallen; rain floods have deluged it, but failed to sweep it from its station; the burning sun has flashed upon it, but neither split nor crumbled it; and time, stern old time, has rubbed it with his iron tooth, and with what effect let those who view it declare. There it stands, and he who wishes to study the literature, the learning, and the history of the ancient Celt and Cymbrian, may gaze on its broad covering, and glean from that blank stone the whole known amount. The Roman has left behind him his deathless writings, his history, and his songs; the Goth his liturgy, his traditions, and the germs of noble institutions; the Moor his chivalry, his discoveries in medicine, and the foundations of modern commerce; and where is the memorial of the Druidic races? Yonder: that pile of eternal stone!

We arrived at Arroyolos about seven at night. I took possession of a large two-bedded room, and, as I was preparing to sit down to supper, the hostess came to inquire whether I had any objection to receive a young Spaniard for the night. She said he had just arrived with a train of muleteers, and that she had no other room in which she could lodge him. I replied that I was willing, and in about half an hour he made his appearance, having first supped with his companions. He was a very gentlemanly, good-looking lad of seventeen. He addressed me in his native language, and, finding that I understood him, he commenced talking with astonishing volubility. In the space of five minutes he informed me that, having a desire to see the world, he had run away from his friends, who were

[62] The first Lusitanians of whom we have any record or tradition were almost certainly Celts.

people of opulence at Madrid, and that he did not intend to return until he had travelled through various countries. I told him that if what he said was true, he had done a very wicked and foolish action; wicked, because he must have overwhelmed those with grief whom he was bound to honour and love, and foolish, inasmuch as he was going to expose himself to inconceivable miseries and hardships, which would shortly cause him to rue the step he had taken; that he would be only welcome in foreign countries so long as he had money to spend, and when he had none, he would be repulsed as a vagabond, and would perhaps be allowed to perish of hunger. He replied that he had a considerable sum of money with him, no less than a hundred dollars, which would last him a long time, and that when it was spent he should perhaps be able to obtain more. "Your hundred dollars," said I, "will scarcely last you three months in the country in which you are, even if it be not stolen from you; and you may as well hope to gather money on the tops of the mountains as expect to procure more by honourable means." But he had not yet sufficiently drank of the cup of experience to attend much to what I said, and I soon after changed the subject. About five next morning he came to my bedside to take leave, as his muleteers were preparing to depart. I gave him the usual Spanish valediction, *Vaya usted con Dios*,[63] and saw no more of him.

At nine, after having paid a most exorbitant sum for slight accommodation, I started from Arroyolos, which is a town or large village situated on very elevated ground, and discernible afar off. It can boast of the remains of a large ancient and seemingly Moorish castle, which stands on a hill on the left as you take the road to Estremoz.

About a mile from Arroyolos I overtook a train of carts, escorted by a number of Portuguese soldiers conveying stores and ammunition into Spain. Six or seven of these soldiers marched a considerable way in front; they were villanous-looking ruffians, upon whose livid and ghastly countenances were written murder, and all the other crimes which the Decalogue forbids. As I passed by, one of them, with a harsh, croaking voice, commenced cursing all foreigners. "There," said he, "is this Frenchman riding on horseback" (I was on a mule), "with a man" (the idiot) "to take care of him, and all because he is rich; whilst I, who am a poor soldier, am obliged to tramp on foot. I could find it in my heart to shoot him dead, for in what respect is he better than I? But he is a foreigner, and the devil helps foreigners and hates the Portuguese." He continued shouting his remarks until I got about forty yards in advance, when I commenced laughing; but it would have been more prudent in me to have held my peace, for the next moment, with bang – bang, two bullets, well aimed, came whizzing past my ears. A small river lay just before me, though the bridge was a considerable way on my left. I spurred my animal through it, closely followed by the terrified guide, and commenced galloping along a sandy plain on the other side, and so escaped with my life.

These fellows, with the look of banditti, were in no respect better; and the traveller who should meet them in a solitary place would have little reason to bless his good fortune. One of the carriers (all of whom were Spaniards from the neighbourhood of Badajoz, and had been despatched into Portugal for the purpose of conveying the stores), whom I afterwards met in the aforesaid town, informed me that the whole party were equally bad, and that he and his companions had been plundered by them of various articles, and threatened with death if they attempted to complain. How frightful to figure to one's self an army of such beings in a foreign land, sent thither either to invade or defend; and yet Spain at the time I am writing this is looking forward to armed assistance from Portugal! May the Lord in his mercy grant that the soldiers who proceed to her assistance may be of a different stamp: and yet, from the lax state of discipline which exists in the Portuguese army, in comparison with that of England and France, I am afraid that the inoffensive population of the disturbed provinces will say that wolves have been summoned to chase away foxes from the sheep-fold. Oh, may I live to see the day when soldiery will no longer be tolerated in any civilized, or at least Christian country!

[63] May you go with God; *i. e.* God be with you; good-bye.

I pursued my route to Estremoz, passing by Monte Moro Novo, which is a tall dusky hill, surmounted by an ancient edifice, probably Moorish. The country was dreary and deserted, but offering here and there a valley studded with cork-trees and *azinheiras*. After midday the wind, which during the night and morning had much abated, again blew with such violence as nearly to deprive me of my senses, though it was still in our rear.

I was heartily glad when, on ascending a rising ground, at about four o'clock, I saw Estremoz on its hill at something less than a league's distance. Here the view became wildly interesting; the sun was sinking in the midst of red and stormy clouds, and its rays were reflected on the dun walls of the lofty town to which we were wending. Not far distant to the south-west rose Serra Dorso, which I had seen from Evora, and which is the most beautiful mountain in the Alemtejo. My idiot guide turned his uncouth visage towards it, and, becoming suddenly inspired, opened his mouth for the first time during the day, I might almost say since we had left Aldea Gallega, and began to tell me what rare hunting was to be obtained in that mountain. He likewise described with great minuteness a wonderful dog, which was kept in the neighbourhood for the purpose of catching the wolves and wild boars, and for which the proprietor had refused twenty *moidores*.

At length we reached Estremoz, and took up our quarters at the principal inn, which looks upon a large plain or market-place occupying the centre of the town, and which is so extensive that I should think ten thousand soldiers at least might perform their evolutions there with ease.

The cold was far too terrible to permit me to remain in the chamber to which I had been conducted; I therefore went down to a kind of kitchen on one side of the arched passage, which led under the house to the yard and stables. A tremendous withering blast poured through this passage, like the water through the flush of a mill. A large cork-tree was blazing in the kitchen beneath a spacious chimney; and around it were gathered a noisy crew of peasants and farmers from the neighbourhood, and three or four Spanish smugglers from the frontier. I with difficulty obtained a place amongst them, as a Portuguese or a Spaniard will seldom make way for a stranger, till called upon or pushed aside, but prefers gazing upon him with an expression which seems to say, "I know what you want, but I prefer remaining where I am."

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.