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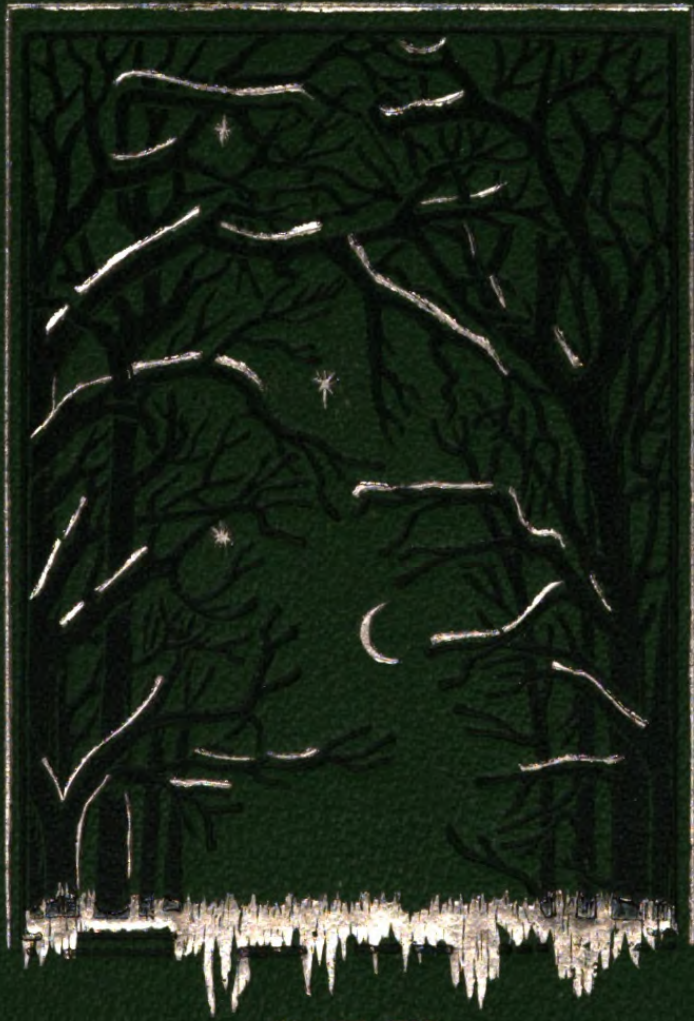
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ICE

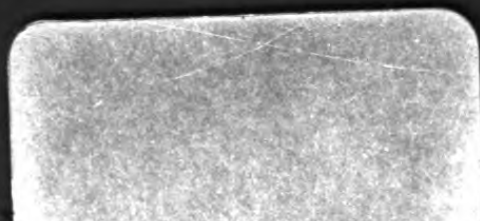


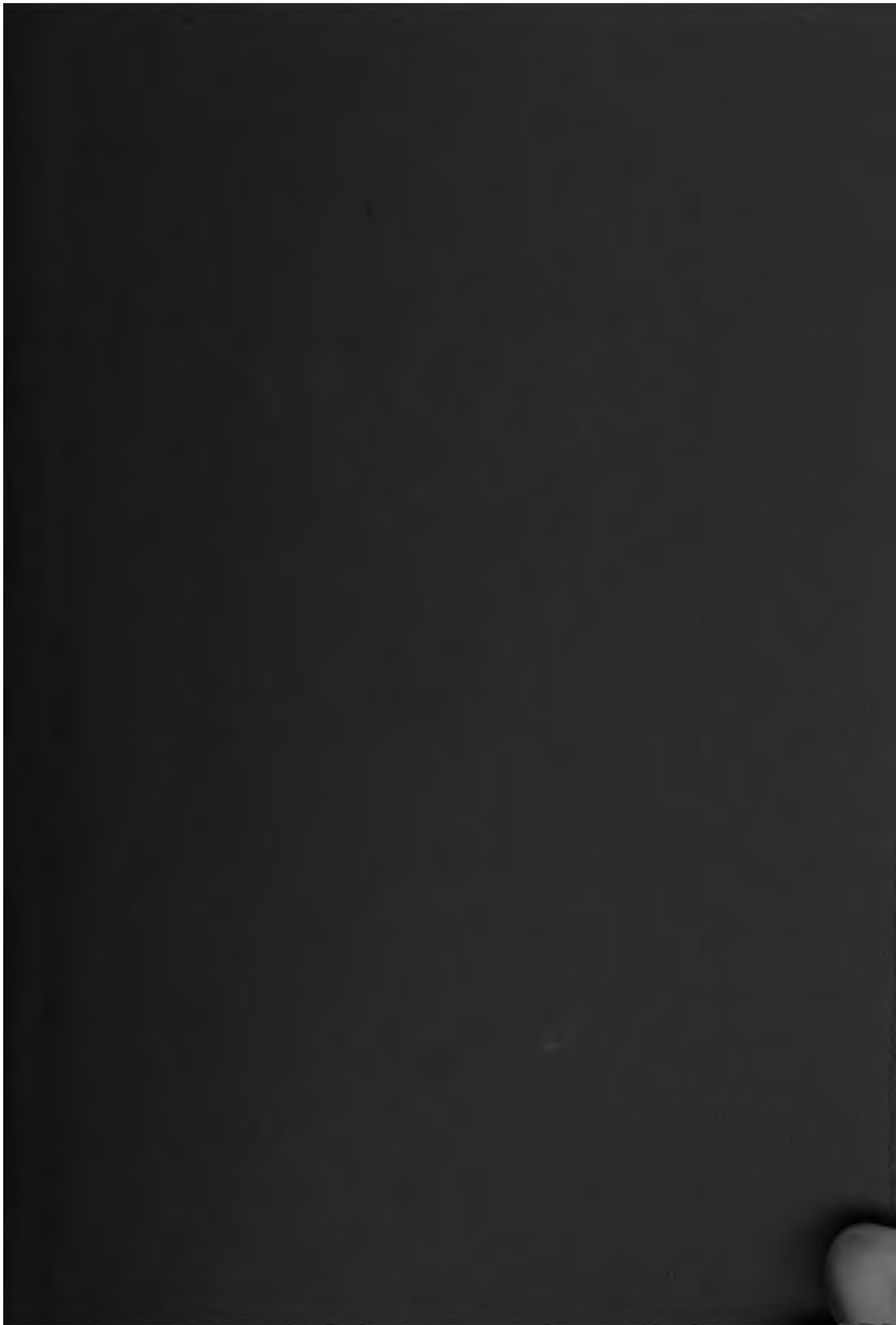
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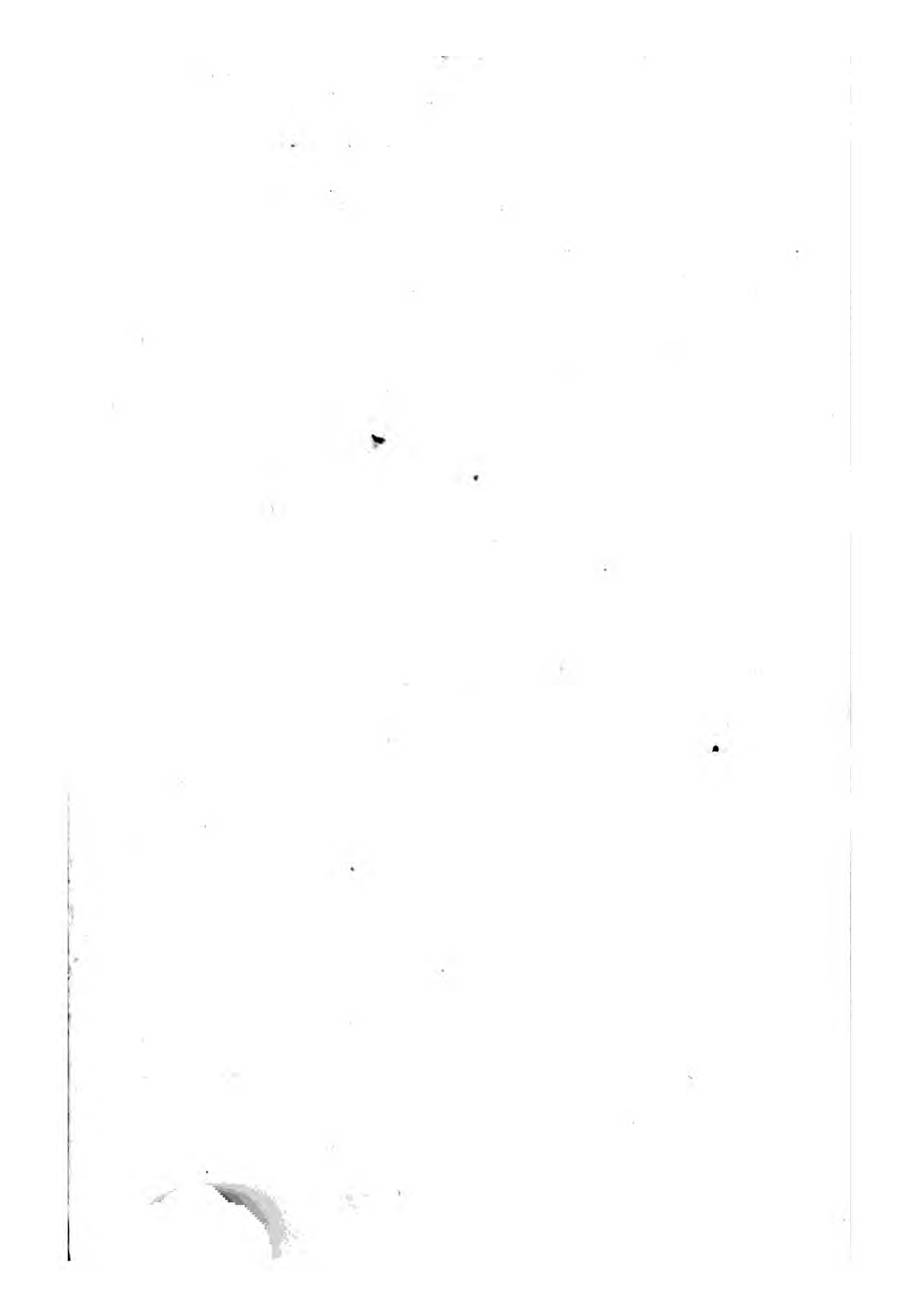




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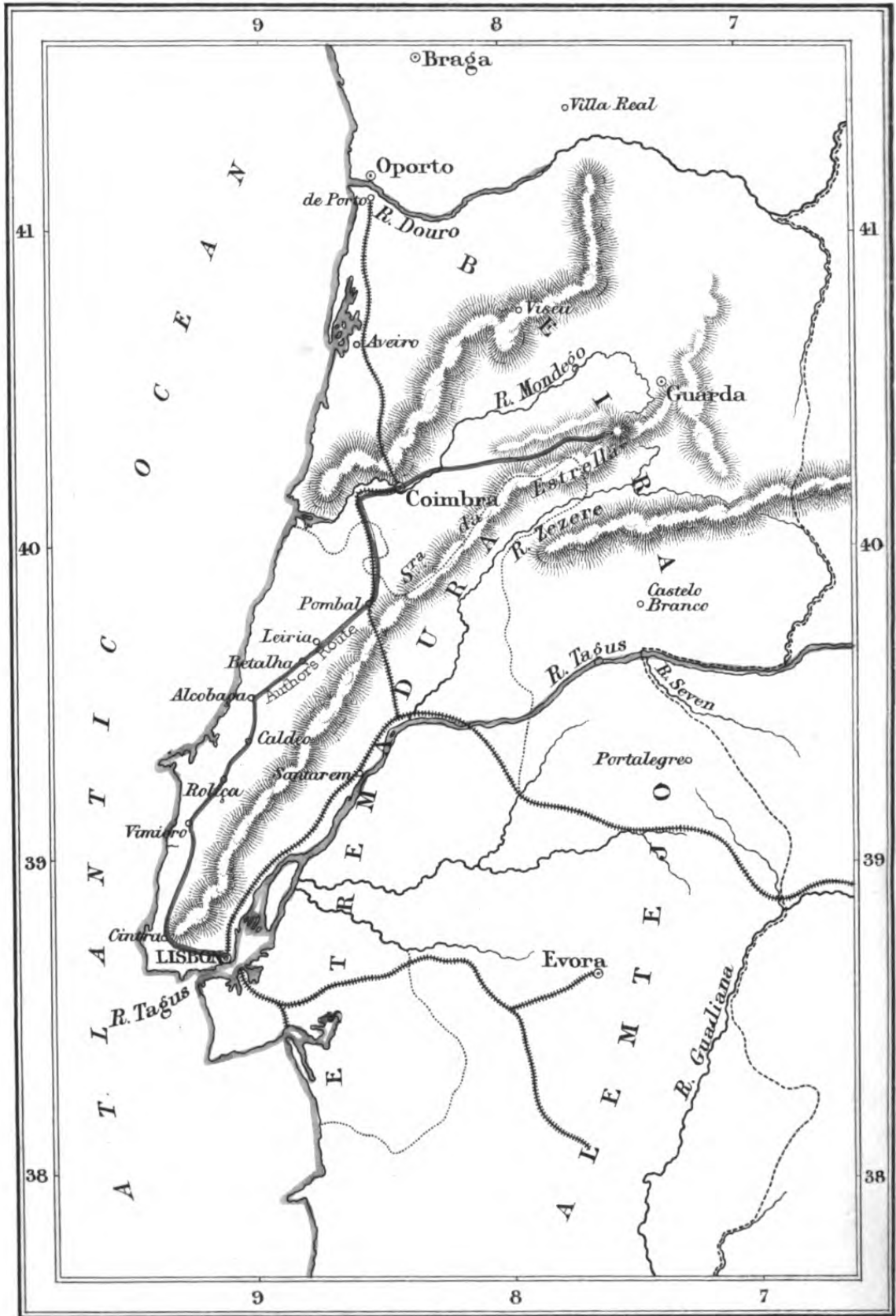








MAP of OUR ROUTE in PORTUGAL.



Stanford's Geog. Estab. 6 & 7, Charing Cross, S.W.

London. Sampson Low, Son & Marston.

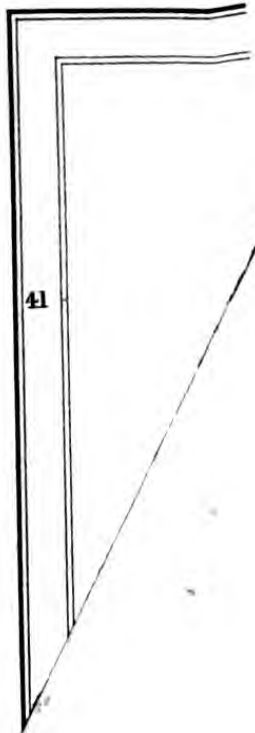
ICE

SOUTHERN NIGHT

MPS.

W. MARSHON,

1911



T I

ICE :

A

SOUTHERN NIGHT'S DREAM.

"La razon de la sinrazon que à mi razon se hace."

DON QUIXOTE.



LONDON :

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON,

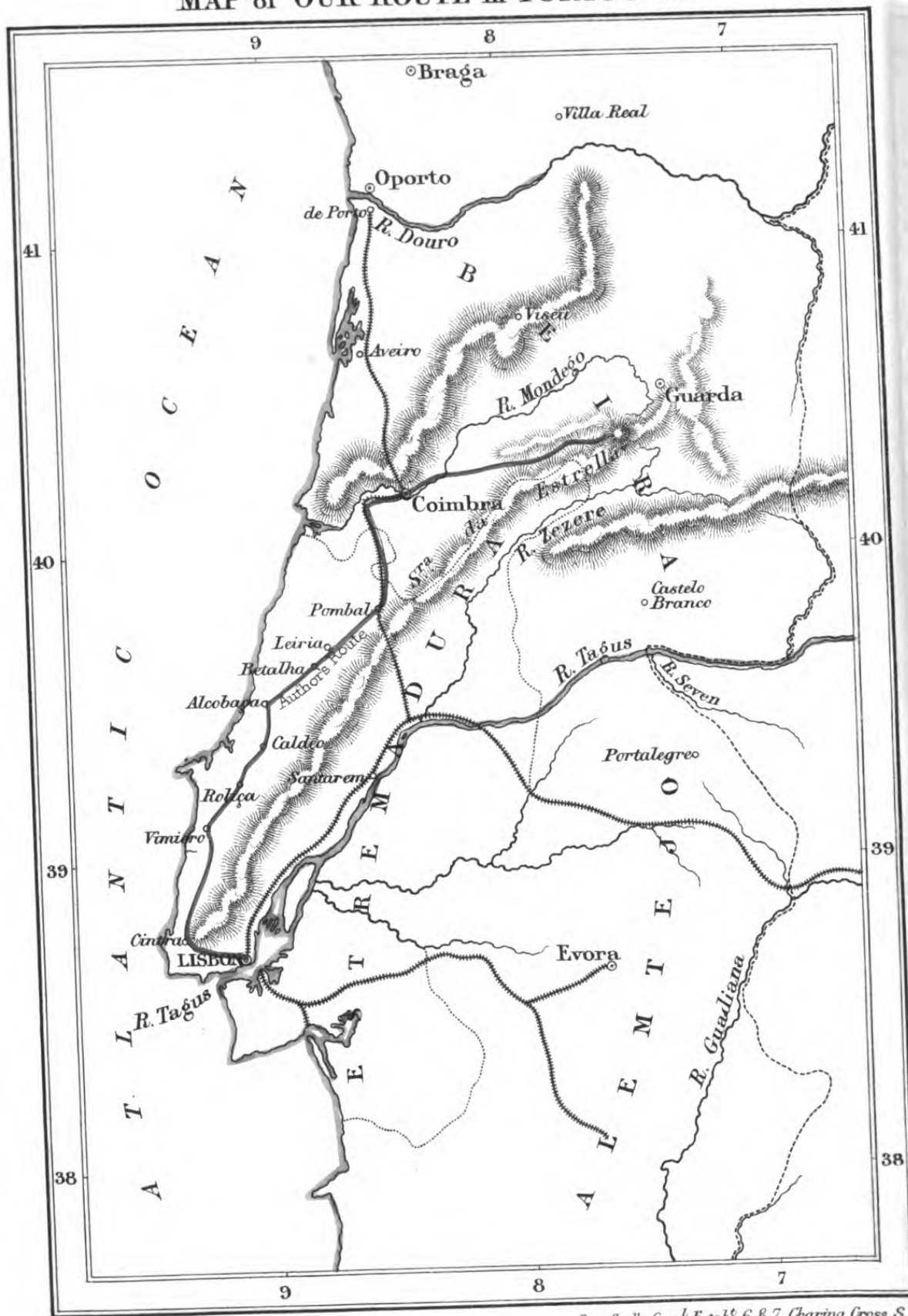
CROWN BUILDINGS, FLEET STREET.

1871.

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MAP of OUR ROUTE in PORTUGAL.



Stanford's Geog^l Estab^l 6 & 7. Charing Cross, S.W.

London. Sampson Low, Son & Marston.

A PREFACE

Is an obnoxious thing, whether to read or write.
Don't read mine.

First of all, to mention the principal books to which I am indebted for historical glimpses of that picturesque land, Portugal, foremost among these is Schæfer's "Geschichte von Portugal," in five volumes, dry enough, but careful and ample; it is the book on which I have mostly relied for the main lines of my work; its dates are not, however, always correct, nor its details in all cases exhaustive. De Veer's "Heinrich der Seefahrer" is well known. Of Portuguese books by which I have been assisted, I may mention that part of the "Monarquia Lusitana," by Fray Rafael de Jesus, ed. 1683, and the part compiled by Fray Manoel dos Santos; the Chronicles of

Duarte Monez do Leao, etc., etc. Although I have made but little use of it, in the present sketches, I can recommend Herculano's "Historia de Portugal" for early Portuguese history. Calderon de la Barca's "Principe Constante," parts of Camoe's "Lusiades," and the tragedy of "Inez de Castro," by Joao Baptista Gomez (of which, however, I know only the translation by Alexander Wittich), all give poetic visions of events mentioned in the text. The "Noticias Ultramarinas," published by the Academia Real das Sciencias, are full of fresh graphic accounts of voyages and discoveries of the fifteenth century.

As to the meaning of Ice. If, gentle reader, it has afforded you a pleasant hour, that is the best of meanings; and if not, all my fruitless, archaic intentions must be stigmatised as worse than meaningless, and you certainly have a right—*moral* right, you know—to have your purchase-money back again. If pressed for an explanation, I shall feel inclined to answer as Jean Paul Richter did to a friend in like circumstances—"When I wrote *that*, only two persons knew

what I meant—the Almighty and myself; and now, alas! only one—the Almighty.”

As to the notes, I owe a word of apology for these uncouth appendages; but I wish it to be clearly understood in palliation of my offence, that though the purchaser of Ice obtains for his money both the text and its notes, he is expected to keep to the one or the other, and not to read both. Should he persist in doing so, in spite of this formal notice, it is not my fault.

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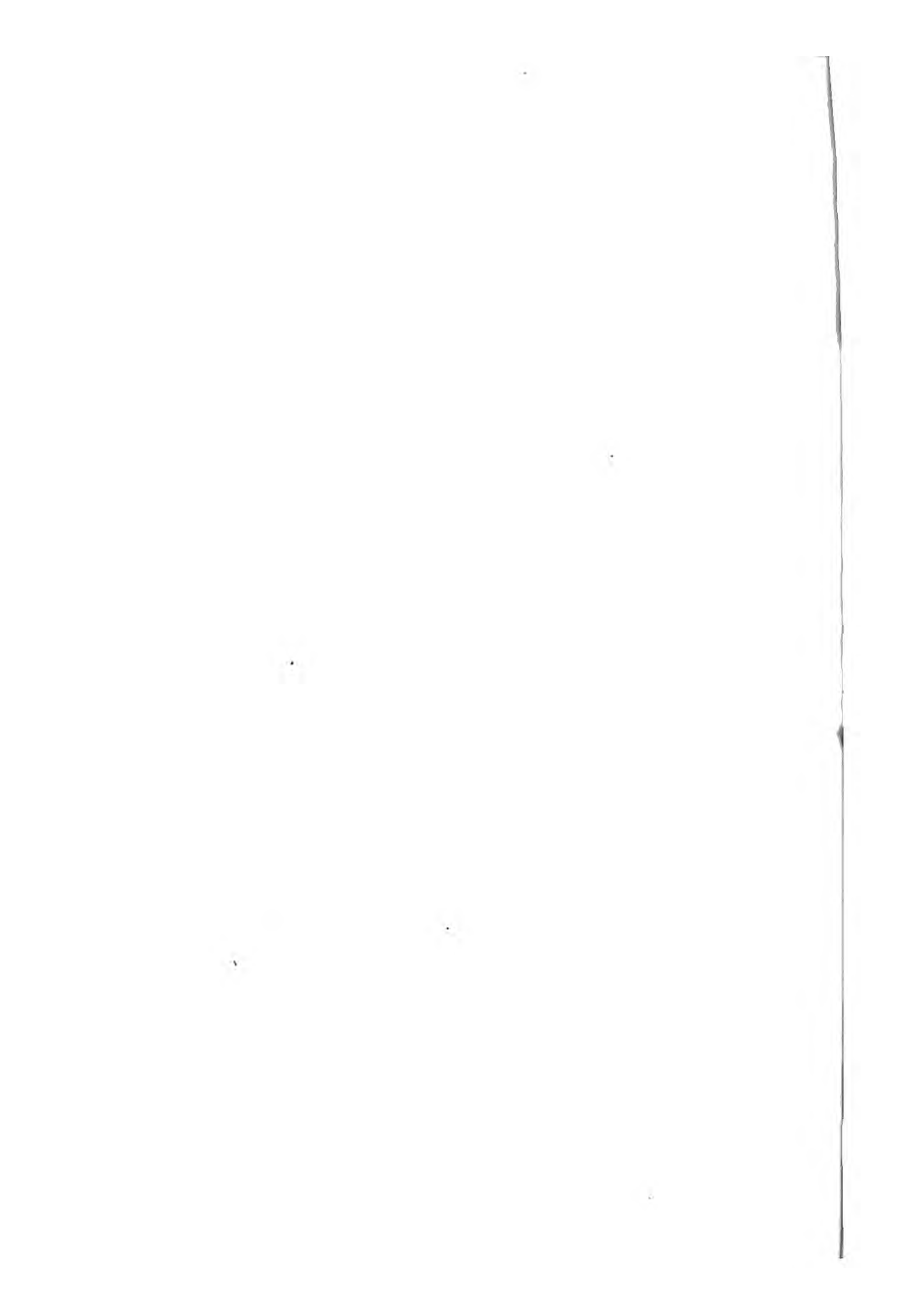
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ICE:

A SOUTHERN NIGHT'S DREAM.



FITT I.

THE START.

WHITE glare and colourless glowing, the plastered walls are steaming up in their own dry way ; the powdery dust has not the strength to rise, and the breeze that laid it is long since dead. Lines of ink in channels of silver, run the dark shadows through the gleaming streets. Our lungs seem to play in a hungry vacuum, yet our limbs are oppressed with a tenfold weight. The shadows creep, the old beggar crawls, the cat prowls ; still their movements are but a mockery of motion ; if the cat would but sneeze, *that* were grand indeed, and the relief infinite !

But there cometh never a snuffle, you might hear the very plants in the garden grow, were it

not for one obstacle—the starved flowers have not had the means of adding one single cell to their stature for the six sultry weeks last past. It is an age of light, light as impenetrable as darkness, light to turn our weak nerves sick.

Below, the mighty Tagus drops through blank oily spaces down to the cooler Ocean blue. Above, the molten sun floods half the heavens, drawing creation to his burning heart. No air, not a cat's-paw. Not a fin moves in the river, not a wing in the air.

Oh, for some respite or relief! Cool water to drink or to plunge in; a mountain flank where to catch a breeze; ten years' existence for a hummock of ice. But bathing is little better than soaking, and a draught of water brings naught but lukewarm sickness to the innermost heart; the only hills in sight are a pinky-blue ridge twenty miles away, and ice! Don't you wish you may get it?

“And why not?” exclaims the feeble voice of my defunct friend B——, for he has been as good as a corpse since eleven a.m. “Let us take our umbrellas, and venture out into the desert; if I lie here much longer I shall scarce have strength to kill the flies, which—devil take them!—have

been tasting me at a rate that won't leave much by dusk."

So down we went into the street, and down came the sun on our shoulders; up went our umbrellas, and up from the stones beat the incandescent glare. It was almost too much, still movement through the stagnant air was better than repose, and varying the foul odours, than one and the same dull stench.

We passed the fruit-stalls, with mangy apes and parrots; the mosaic plaza, where greasy Massaniellos impel you to their boats; the sundial, with its one hot finger stretching towards heaven, as though to say, that's where it comes from; on to the café and the marble tables, which at least *looked* cool. So, too, did the portly comedian, playing that everlasting game of dominoes with the same sallow smoker of cigarettes, and beyond him the sixth premier of the year sipping coffee with a *sang froid* quite inexplicable, considering his position, on a red plush cushion, and that he was engaged in reading a critique of his own policy in the "C——," that most acrid of revilers. Noticing these facts in passing, we woke the recumbent waiter with a start, and made him notice us, as, seating ourselves on

two daily newspapers which opportunely covered the red plush, we simultaneously cried out "Ice."

We were told that there was no *bonâ-fide* ice to be had, but *nevé*, or a sort of snow; and contenting ourselves with what we could get, gave our orders accordingly. After watching the workings of the minister's face for some minutes, and vainly hoping for some crisis in the game of dominoes, which might give us insight into its mysterious laws, we saw the waiter shuffling towards us, balancing our snowy bumpers in true artistic style, while swearing at the cook behind him, and taking an order for chocolate from the dominoes party, "N'um momento, senhor," "Filho," etc.; what a lively mercurial race they are, these Southerners! But, alas! a luckless spittoon caught his foot when within a few yards of us; he tottered, caught at the nearest table, and, after various lunges to recover himself, finally sent the two *nevés*, in a bold parabola, straight into the lap of the ex-minister of state, who, in his fury and snow-clad flanks, much resembled some lofty volcano in eruption.

The next attempt was more successful; we

swallowed the slushy refreshment, and, as the last burst of splendour from the dying sun mellowed the quays and river into one vast Claude, we once more entered the stony street which led to my high-perched home.

We turned into the garden, where my poor pensioners hung their heads or opened upon me burning eyes, which prayed too plainly for a drop of water. It cannot be; no, not for all the passion of thy throbbing heart, my Fatima Ipomœa; at a vintem a barrel it is too costly even for Zenobia queens like thee. Ask it of the moon; see, she is already of her abundance shedding silver flakes upon your sapless leaves; there must be moisture in the cool floods welling from her crystal heart. . . . But there is not, as soon becomes apparent to me, sitting under a screen of vine-leaves enjoying the quiet æther, and the still breathing of the exhausted world. The enamelled trellis and the dark foliage of the orange-tree seem to shine through water, so liquid is the light; but all is dusty, gritty to the touch, and the last hardy snail of the year hermetically sealed up in its own inside—that soft retreat of gastropodes and gluttons.

“No moisture! What, grumbling again?”

You who ought to be as succulent as an ice-plant, after all you ate at the café?"

"Am I grumbling again? Aye, and growling too, to call that ice! As soon compare a taper-flame to the wastes of red Gehenna. What one longs for in this ashy oven is not such stuff as that, but white and purple quarries of the crystal rock, plains, fields, and mountains of it curving their gleaming saddle-backs against a far-off sky. Pile upon pile, rocking minarets and toppling towers, in the grandeur of cyclopean size, in the splendour of flashing wreaths moulded of heaven-born silver, and coloured with such tints as curtain off the grand white-limbed Apollo in his sleep. Depth within depth, more grim and horrible, more dark and fathomless than the abyss of a devil's soul. Hard, blue and brittle, cold and cruel as steel, grewsome and inexorable as death, remorseless and impenetrable as the grave."

"Restless too, scarce less so than its wild island offspring, the icebergs. Restless, truly, and yet withal so still and pure. When in the grey dawn the first shimmer passes over their white folds, it seems as if the once bright earth were there laid out for an eternal sleep, in a broad maiden shroud; so when at noon the sun's hot

rays detach some imminent mass, the echoes of its fall rock through a silence, the full awfulness of which is then alone apparent; and when at midnight frost has once more fixed the rivulets to their icy beds, and clamped the falling stones, one might hear the very stars twinkle, or the rush of the rising moon. And yet it moves, as many another still current in whose waters we daily see ourselves reflected, dreaming but little of their downward course until the stones from the dry bed cry, 'Fool, awake, and drink,' and an incorporeal laugh dies away in the dark wood behind us."

Oh, glorious glacier! refined essence of the rain-cloud, offspring of the stainless sky, who does not know and feel the power of its history? Light was the snow-flake's fall on the high peak; but the sun glowed, fellows pressed, and soon the great stream knitted all together, and the heavenly angularities were worn off in the common crush; the crystal became a globule, then a particle, then a part, and now its course was downwards—steadily downwards, perhaps, for the time, without hope of return. Then was felt the cruel gripe of earth; hard loads fell right and left, wounding and soiling, while long dark traces stained the

glacier's sides and breast. Is there no return? downward, steadily downward, bearing the burdens and the taint, but bearing them bravely with the inner heart unsoiled, until, in the dark gorge where hangs the saffron morning mist, there, in its grave, the ice-rock lays its burden by, and soars once more into the quickening light.

Yes, such it is; but to get at it would be better than rhapsody; but how? Like everything else attainable, I suppose—by seeking, with an obstinate faith in the old Greek's saying, "*τόδε σητούμενον άλωτον.*" After all, to know, *what* one seeks, is not that half the battle, without killed and wounded? Well, in this case, the elements we search for are stillness, purity, retained or regained, grandeur and horror—we would, moreover, something which unites them all. And how to set about it? Another rub; oh, that first step! In our case, however, it is not necessary; we will take to ourselves those wings with which, in embryonic state at least, we are all furnished, and may all employ, and spreading them with a rattle, as of an arena of fans, shoot up into the cool, bright night.

Hark! how they beat, and how the air streams

past at every stroke, in truth they are powerful engines, and as such must be firmly controlled or we should soon find ourselves somewhat too near Hecate's airy shadow land, and justly earn the name of lunatics! Moreover, though we see strange things, and hear as strange, if we would arrive anywhere, we must not let our attention wander too long from the object of our flight—and that is *Ice*.

Strange, the nearer heaven we rise, the plainer do the dark phantoms of earth appear! Ugh! what a cold chilly whirl and fearful flash of eyes went past. That must be a Prince of many quarterings, and the blackest dye in Hell; keep your wings going or your blood will clot, and the rush of air which follows them will draw us after. Look, the whole land below is alive with evil forms. Some going to haunt sick people, filling rooms with waxing and retreating horrors, and minds with chaos and despair. Some carry vials of cunning potions which they pour into the ear of sleeping innocence; others bear Killköpfe (devilkins), which they place at childless cottage doors, or even exchange for true-born children, when the parents' wickedness gives them unwonted power; others, again, are laying stumbling

blocks, digging pitfalls, or spinning webs in runs they know the human game frequent. What terrible activity, and in a Catholic country too! But observe, however solid they look in the broad shadows, they are but filmy nothings in the light; while other forms glide in full splendour through the silver spaces of the moonshine, removing obstacles, breaking springes, filling up holes, restoring children, destroying Killköpfe, and over all, causing by their simple presence, the devils to scurry off with yells of pain. There, too, floats Rest, with her soft-limbed handmaidens, and her low, sweet lullaby song. And Fancy, on whose streaming robes the starlight dances as on a brook; these, and many more, known, but rarely seen of mortals but we must shape our course and rise no higher; the world is even now but as a dark sphere in a silver gauze, and it is said that, from the purer æther above, its depths become transparent, revealing the records of its dark chronology, which, may be, it is better not to see too clearly. Written with bones, what can it spell but death? and well we know without such sight that our vaulted atmosphere spans one huge charnel house; that well nigh all the dusty crust of this our orange has, at one

time, leaped, or dived, or fluttered, or quivered with the electric shocks of soul ; well, we know, but still believe that it is not with the worms that we can find our purest wisdom, but in the light above.

FITT II.

STILLNESS.—TOMBS OF ALCOBACA.

THE sturdy pinions, which shot us up so rapidly into this thin æther, are now bearing as northward, while we sink once more towards the things of earth from which our first wild flight had cut us off. The sensation as we fall at this terrific pace, is for all the world as though, spider-like, a thread dependent from some vast beam in the heavens, were being spun from our unwilling diaphragm. Already I hear, amid the rush of air, the roar of the omnivorous sea, and catch flashes of his hoary main torn through its rocky comb along the coast. That long, silver serpent, now brightening out of the chequered mass beneath us, is the Tagus, and where those woolly cloud tufts sleep are the heights of the Estrilla, where men once worshipped Lucifer's pale star, and now they know not what. Our wings are bearing us that way.

Another parabolic swoop, and down-like flakes seem to start from the shadowy reaches of the river, while animated spots crawl on the sands around its treacherous mouth. As we shoot towards the hungry infuriated bar, it appears that the spots are human, and engaged in the human work of wholesale destruction, that they are sardine fishers, and have strewn the beach for a quarter of a mile with one of their gigantic hauls. How many millions of jewel eyes are glazing in the light of those red fires amid the roar of their own fresh waves. The sea is paying itself in kind a few paces on. . . . *Rossa Senhora de Arrabida!* Up with the helm again and bear out the jib. *Deus meu!* she has missed stays, and the tide is taking her straight for that boiling shoal. But before she can gather way enough to tack again she is within the fell swoop of the breakers; the first lifts her, cork-like, toward the moon, to which the blank-faced crew stretch their clasped hands—then breaking into a ridge of foaming glory sucks swiftly backward, while the second already towers and shakes its savage starlit-hair above. With a redoubled fury, as though it smelt the human freight, the inexorable billow thunders on and crashes on the shoal; then all is still, while the

broken wavelets toy with nerveless fingers, and the next dark ridge is gathering far away. Fishes, ye are revenged!

We are low enough now to smell the orange blossoms, and the pace is worthy of Iris; on, over that bold buttress of echoing rock, the dark, true Finisterre, the westernmost point of Europe; there, to the left, where monastery and castle, crescent and cross nod from the toppling sierra, among the "tumbled fragments of the hills" lies the modern garden of Decameron, where luxury of mortal attire mocks at bird and butterfly, and human laughter hushes the thousand rills. Who has not heard of Cintra, that Hesperid garden of idleness, where Venus Myrtea, Verticardia haunts day and night the aromatic woods, while new Corymbauts fill each gap in her gay chorus, little heeding that the old hill is crumbling swiftly to the sea, and the great dragon lying with eye of fire full length along the ragged chain above. 'Tis but a poet's fancy and a sunlit ridge; but his time will come nevertheless.

That low curving line of tawny sand-coloured hills, abutting at one end on the sweeping Tagus, and at the other, where the Sizandro trickles to the ocean, once bristling with six hundred guns,

formed the world-famous lines of Torres Vedras, behind which the Iron Duke so often retreated, to the great exasperation of his foes, who, thereupon, nicknamed him hedgehog, but lived long enough to know him as a porcupine that well could dart its quills. A few strokes of the wing and we pass Vimiera, still sacred in our eyes to the manes of countrymen—the scene of Wellington's second success over the French, and of his utter discomfiture by a senior, but not a better officer, without whom he had assuredly cut Junot off from Lisbon, and prevented the convention of Cintra.* A few more strokes and another field is under us, whose crops could give a horrid reason for their rank luxuriance. This time it is Roliça, the scene of the first engagement of British troops in the Peninsula, and the commencement of that long chain of stubborn fights which ended under the walls of Toulouse, shaking the self-sufficing despot's skull-throne to the ground. Military genius and patriotic duty! here are fine kites with which to fly a string of rustling platitudes; but we have an object, and so must on.

* It was on this occasion, namely, of General Burrard's opposition to his advance, that Wellesley turned to his adjutants, and said, "Now, gentlemen, we have nothing else to do but amuse ourselves and shoot red-legs."

Away over the baths of Caldas where the sins of the fathers, side by side with the vices and infirmities of the children, lie soaking in warm water, hoping by sulphur to become clean.

But before us, rising grey and barren from a sea of mist, lies the bold Sierra d'Albardos, and here methinks we shall find something of what we seek. Close to the ground, but clear of the bushes, we top the rugged chain. It is moist now at all events, and the air from our wings shakes the dew in showers from the folded petals of the cisté, yellow, mauve, white, and spotted, they will be studding the hill like fallen stars in little over an hour, for their golden eyes are already peeping for the dawn. What do you shiver at? It is no hobgoblin; we cannot see them when so low, and they cannot touch us at this pace, it is only an owl hawking on the shadowy side of the topmost crag looking out for red-leg number two, having made no end of forced-meat balls out of number one, and feeling peckish, as we winged creatures say.

Aha! there is a building for you! why, it is as big as the whole remaining town together, and doubly imposing. Who built such a structure in so snug a glen? Who but those who ever built

the lordliest structures on the fattest soils, whenever they had the power, and would too now if any faith (however strong) would trust their hands in its pockets. See there, the towers of a church rise from the pile; you guess it is the famous monastery of Alcobaca. Yes; over the country round, grey with dim olive-trees, whistling with corn, matted with vineyards, and perfumed by the orange, lemon, and fruit blossoms all, once reigned a truly regal succession of mitred abbots. This monastery built (1148—1222) by Affonso Henriquez, the founder of the Portuguese monarchy, and given to the monks of the Cistercian, or *Bernardine* fraternity, has counted a king among its abbots, and sent forth its vassal bands in no inconsiderable numbers to the battles of former days.

No less than nine hundred and ninety-nine monks (it is said the number could never be exceeded) maintained in its palmy days unintermitted service in the church, while even as late as Beckford's visit at the close of the last century, the revenues amounted to £24,000. The generalship of the Cistercian order in Portugal, the office of Lord High Almoner of the kingdom, and that of Visitor of the order of Christ (the suc-

cessors in this country of the powerful and wealthy Templars) were for long united in the Abbot whose hospitality is said to have kept pace with his magnificence. I have running in my head the description of an English traveller who had seen the place in its last days of glory. Through* the centre of the immense and nobly groined hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter (so it seems he told me, or I read), ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, flowing through pierced wooden reservoirs containing every sort and size of the finest fish. On one side loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stoves extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay brothers and their attendants were rolling out and puffing up into a hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a cornfield.

* The words from here to the end of the paragraph are William Beckford's own, from "Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha," and the date of his visit was 1794. From manifest reasons it would not do to acknowledge the quotation by inverted commas in the text.

Surely here was material *afficere humo divinæ particulam auræ*, to clog the feathers of the airiest, fairiest soul that ever stirred the frieze of a monkish cassock. Nor will the well-known liberal hospitality of the monastery suffice entirely to explain the grandeur of their gastronomic apparatus. But the spirit of the place is long since fled, no luscious incense lingers in the air, the rat enjoys a quieter if more frugal life, and the spider drops presumptuous on the marble slab, alike fearless and famished. It must have been a grand place for flies in the good old days, and no lay brother's broom could ever have invaded the recesses of that lofty roof.

But see! our wings have ceased to beat over this dark hole in the ridge of roofs, so without any queries of why or wherefore, down it we must go. Pass through this door and across the cloisters; in the daytime tame and commonplace enough, but now in the shadowy night gaining in ideality in proportion as they have yielded up their material outlines.

A few more turns along the harsh stones which seem so loudly to resent intrusion, and we are standing within the church, gazing up at the simple pointed arches of the high piers,

equally silent and more than equally severe, than those grand halls of northern beech-wood, whence, it is said, their first conception sprung.

A single light gleams from the altar, like as it were a silent witness that, though the old monastic life is swept away, the idea from which it first arose shines on, bright, steady, clear. Even the crumbling material of the church but suffers slow transition, passing into new forms, and shall its spiritual foundations not persist in this young lusty world run riot? In the days of the apple, freewill convulsed the destinies of the race, and the same freewill and conflict with authority are now more rife than ever, shaking the ancient stays and moorings, while men cry "Out, out upon the ocean, let us free." What if they stand out too far from the shore, let be, the ocean soon will do its work and sober the wild crew. Meanwhile amid the tumult, let us not throw off old virtues with our old restraints; but keep the altar-taper burning though all other flames be quenched, and sooner or later we shall find within the law that freedom which it is vain to seek without it.

The faint light, together with the green rays of the moon, suffice to show the way across the church.

Up to the transepts and then south, past many a grotesque idol smeared with garish paint, by many a niche exuberant in paper vegetation, from whose mystic recesses some stolid doll stands forth in all the ineffable glory of brocade and tinsel. Before one altar hangs a sadly-quaint collection—a human leg, a cow, three pair of human breasts, six arms, eight couple of eyes, and, last of all, a baby—all, more or less rudely modelled in wax, all destined to importunate and fix the Saint's benevolence upon particular wants and loves of his or her particular devotees. Well, in spite of this God "does hear when men do call, and the blue sky is over all." So, cynic, keep your sneers for better times. Stop here in this still nook at the extremity of the south transept, pause a short space alone with the dead. Not a sound ruffles the silence of the tombs, and only the noiseless fittings of a dusky bat recall the world that is.

A few paces before us, illuminated by the chilly but gentle light, which seems rather to emanate from than rest upon them, lie two pale corpses, each on its own dark elevated bier. They are turned face to face, or rather, poor, sad, stiffened things! with sole of foot to sole of foot,

that when the last trump shall wake them, in rising from the grave their eyes may meet at once. There is a strange jumble in this last behest of passionate love of the corruptible with the incorruptible, of the finite with the infinite.

The one on the left is a stately female form, apparently a queen's; in her hand a glove, at her feet a tiny dog, of all his race the daintiest; the latter in an exquisite, intense, canine sleep, with one delicate leg drawn up—is plainly well alive and dreaming, and we should soon know it too, did some rash gallant seek to win that glove from his lady. But the nature of her sleep is too well marked for even the most headlong to be deceived into so rude an error. No light or shadow flickers through the untenanted skull—no volition floats suspended on the rigid but yet nerveless lines. The commotion is stilled, the incompatible union at an end, the dust is dust again in its pristine inanity.

“ Though we should smite her on the cheek
And on the mouth, she will not speak.”

“ God forbid,” say you? Aye, but it has been done by some modern Vandals once, but that story does not concern us now.

The figure over against her is—as, indeed, are both—of more than ordinary human size. In its rigid, passive guise, one can see little trace of the hot nature that once swayed and shook it, and yet somewhat might be surmised from those haughty features, that stern brow, and the colossal grandeur of the man.

What does it all mean? Listen, and I will tell you a story :—

Constanza, daughter and heiress of Don Juan Manoel, Marquis of Villena, the most powerful and consequently troublesome vassal of Alfonso XI., of Castile, was, from her wealth and lineage, born with small chance of a quiet life. Her lot was cast in days when rich, influential, and even beautiful women were little more than court cards in the pack, destined to be bandied about without rest or ruth, according as the great game of beggar my neighbour swayed through its endless ups and downs. Fernando IX., King of Portugal, to wit, speculated with his daughter Beatriz, in no less than five different engagements of her hand, before ever one was clenched by a marriage. Queens, as Blanca, wife of Dom Pedro, of Portugal; and the nobler Mathilde, Countess of Boulogne, wife

of Alfonso III., when not blessed with issue, were returned, often after many years' marriage, as un-serviceable wares; while the stabbing or hewing to death of a wife by the hands of her lord, is a tragedy more than once repeated in the annals of those times, without appearing to have branded the assassin with any peculiar infamy.*

Constanza, although she escaped violence in her own person, occasioned her share of bloodshed, and had her sop in the common bowl of bitterness; but by the side of the more splendid anguish of her rival, the griefs that bent her to the grave have passed unheeded; she sank into the grave like a flower, with a wireworm at the root, *ignotus picori nullo contusus aratro.*

At an age when the fruit of the orange was more likely to have raised a sparkle in her eyes than all the associations of its dreamy blossoms, we hear of her standing in the church of Valladolid, pledging her unborn faith. The gorgeous sea of blazonry and banners which waved between the piers, must have contrasted strangely with the pale cheeks of the infant heroine of the farce. It was autumn, in the year of grace 1325, and the

* See the case of Donna Maria Telles, wife of the Infant Dom Joao, mentioned at page 170, Fitt IV.

young heiress was betrothed to no less a person than Alfonso, King of Castile; the ambitious father, in his mind's eye, already beholding her thin brows pinched with the cold pressure of a crown.

Juan Manoel de Villena was, however, as aforesaid, a troublesome vassal, and could not keep quiet. It was not long, therefore, before he quarrelled with the King, and thereupon caused his daughter Constanza to be carried off from the court, for we must remember she was not as yet married, but only betrothed. Now it so happened that just about the time of this difference between the Castilian monarch and his future father-in-law, the King and Queen of Portugal, Alfonso IV., and Beatrice his wife, had a daughter ripe for the market, and, like good parents, were on the alert to dispose of the same to the best advantage, *i.e.*, to themselves. Profiting by the differences just mentioned, they adroitly proposed this new alliance to their irritated neighbour; the bargain was struck, and Alfonso now transferred the royal troth—this time somewhat the worse for wear—to Maria of Portugal.

How much of these transactions came to the ears of Constanza, is not certain; enough, at

least, must have transpired to open her eyes to her real standing in the world; to the fact that she was a mere chattel, though, as it happened, a gilded one. It is probable that she now commenced that wholesome discipline of disenchantment which was the foundation of her peaceful, patient endurance of the trials of after years. Ample time and occasion for sober reflection was allowed her, for Alfonso—determined, until sure of his new bride, to retain his hold upon the old—in the autumn of 1327, once more obtained possession of the young heiress, and consigned her to the charge of the Alcalde of Toro. In this humiliating captivity the unfortunate ex-betrothed of the Castilian King remained until after the celebration of his marriage with the Portuguese Princess, when she was returned to her father, who must have received her with very mixed feelings.

Not long after Alfonso's marriage, Dom Pedro, the heir-apparent to the Portuguese throne, married Blanca, daughter of the Infant Don Pedro of Castile.

Don Juan Manoel can have been by no means at a loss to find a suitor for his daughter, for, besides grander names, the minor Hidalgos must

have been sensitive enough to the charms of La Villena, seen through the halo of her golden hopes; nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that the proud noble bitterly resented the slight put upon him by his monarch, and the fact that he had in much to thank himself for what had occurred, would, probably, but add poison to the wound. He treasured up his wrong, and time and circumstances gave him opportunity for ample revenge. In the meantime the vulgar herd of pretenders were kept at a respectful distance—may be, among them, one the foolish girl had dared to *love*.

There is a saying in an ancient Lusitanian law, treating of marriages, to the effect that *os que são por prima no hau lou cima*,* and certainly both the marriages above mentioned, were unhappy; Maria of Portugal, the wife of the King of Castile, remained for a long while childless—an unpardonable shortcoming, which her lord revenged by an intrigue with a certain Leonora de Guzman, by whom he had a child, and with whom, even long after his legitimate wife had

* Ord. Affonso, liv. 4, tit. 10, cited in Schœfer's "Geschichte von Portugal:"—

"Those (marriages) that are forced never end well."

presented him with an heir to the throne, he continued his scandalous connection. Blanca, the bride of Dom Pedro of Portugal, likewise prayed in vain to heaven to send her a child; none came, and so in course of time, it began to be feared that she must go.

Thus it came to pass that Villena, looking forth in dudgeon on the field of possible combinations, watching for his hour and getting others to watch for him, heard how little of bliss characterized domestic life at the Portuguese Court. Here he had, moreover, a friend in the person of Fernando Rodriguez de Balboa, Chancellor to the Queen, and between these two it was determined to try if something might not be done, in order simultaneously to relieve two spites—that of prince against his wife, and that of a vassal against his sovereign. The ground was tried and found practicable, the plot slowly ripened, and finally in the year 1334, the assembled Cortes at Santarim, before which the subject had now arrived, agreed to the marriage of Dom Pedro with Constanza de Villena, and the return of the unfruitful Blanca to her father's house. Can anything be conceived more blank and sad than the home journeys of these slighted women! Although the bride to

be and she that had been never met in the flesh, the shadow of the rejected Blanca must have often passed before Constanza, in those terrible after days, when her turn also came to see another stand between her and her sun.

At length the decisive marriage treaty was duly signed, and the great red seals appended ; the alliance, or what perhaps was considered the most important part of it, the dowry, could be looked upon as safe ; the three hundred heavy dobras, each one worth £33 1s. 6d., and making therefore a great sum for those early days, had been already counted into their sacks ; but the bride, the earnest of this chivalrous contract, where was she ?

If the King of Castile could not have her—and legal bigamy even the monarch of those days could not permit themselves—if Alfonso could not marry her, no one else should ; least of all, could it be permitted that the minx should dare to take his daughter's place ; moreover, the hard gold was still in Castile, and while there, always maintained an honorary connection with the royal treasury. So arms were burnished, troops mustered, couriers went and came, and the old banners were brought down from the walls.

The Portuguese, who meant to have their young lady and the *dobras* too, might any day be over the border.

In truth, after a very short delay, the Lusitanian standard, emblazoned with the wounds of Christ, was seen dancing here and there along the tawny Spanish marches; this time it was not the "Alto Rei di Portugal" but "Constanza," that was the war cry, and why, indeed, not "*dobras*"? The rival fleets likewise encountered on the waves; but neither by land nor sea was there any great engagement. A few men had sunk choking in the dust, a few more in the brine; when lo! a *Deus ex Machina*, the far off Rome intervenes. The Supreme Pontiff had often in those early days the will and authority of a *vis mediatrix*; and must be allowed the credit of having frequently checked the bloody contests of the times, at least when the holy see had nothing to gain by them. Such was now the case, and so the war was stayed; Villena might at length congratulate himself on having really effected the sale of his daughter to a king. By the Pope's intercession, a peace was concluded—Blanca to be taken home, and Constanza, poor thing, with what was left of her human heart, to be allowed to pass the frontier.

But the hubbub before her marriage is not a time a Spanish girl would choose for tears—a husband is a husband, and a king a king; all the world too was at her feet, praising her, congratulating her, envying her; besides, Dom Pedro was a very handsome man, and of course swore he loved her, and why indeed should he not? If after all, there was no one in the herd of suitors to whom she vouched peculiar preference, we may well suppose that on the eve of her departure, as she wept and kissed adieu to her girlhood, and her girlhood's friends, it was not unmixed pain which she experienced.

“ Esruhte noch im Schicksals Schoosse
Die dunkle und die schwarze Loosse.”

Moreover, the jealous etiquette which in later times stripped the child Marie Antoinette, on an island in the Rhine, of the very garments she had worn at home, lest a breath of her childhood and with it a particle of home influence, should lurk among their folds,* such rude punctilio had not

* Maria Pia of Italy, the girl-bride of the present Dom Luis of Portugal, was treated little better on leaving her native country. Not one lady of her own home being permitted to accompany her. It is a pity that no system can be invented for extracting and fuming the fair princesses' hearts on these occasions. Marie Antoinette was fourteen and a half, and on her arrival in France,

yet become law, at least in Spain, and so, from among her maiden companions, it was left open to Constanza to select those she wished to accompany her to her new home. No light consolation. Her choice was made and fell in particular upon a girl of passing loveliness, a woman born "to rob the world of rest." This girl was a daughter of Dom Pedro Fernandez, a first cousin of the infant Dom Pedro, and the result of an intrigue with a certain Dona Beringuella Lourenzo, what of that? but her name was——yet what of that? it is a common name in Spain.

Constanza crossed the frontier, beheld her future lord, and had ample reason to be satisfied with his appearance. The marriage followed in pomp and form, and Villena might now fairly hope that time would see his child a queen. One stipulation of the treaty shows well the gossamer of which, in those days, royal marriage ties were woven. It ran to the effect, that His Majesty promised to keep to this one wife, *provided she bore him a child*. Constanza performed her part,

a French writer says of her treatment that, "Saisie par l'etiquette livrée aux femmes qui lui etaient jusqu'à son dernier vêlement d'Archiduchesse, elle disait adieu à ' ses pauvres dames d'Allemagne,' et passait à la Maison Française."—From "Revue des Deux Mondes."

and a son of hers afterwards sat upon the throne : if Dom Pedro kept his, the merit is another's.

Thus it came to pass that the splendid fellow, Dom Pedro I., whose effigy, for it is his, solemn and grand, sleeps in the noble stone before us, led home triumphant his Spanish bride, by the warm myrtle hills, to the dreamy banks of the Mondego.

It is Constanza, then, who sleeps opposite to him, so laid that, in the awful waking out of nothing, their eyes may meet at once? Touching, very—touching and tender, but not true!

No, friend! Such should, perhaps, have been the simple sequence, but, alas, a little something came between.

Well may we oftimes ask :

“Are we puppets, man in his pride, and beauty fair in her flower ;

“Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at the game ?”

If the present is the ancestor of the future, and the boy father to the man, the family likeness is often so sadly obliterated before the child grows up, that bastardy may well be darkly whispered. Action and reaction seem better terms in which to describe the antagonistic relationship than cause

and effect. The ephemeral moment is strong alone in knowledge of its weakness, learnt from its dissimilitude to the past. We toil out that for which we were designed, not that to which we are inclined, then, like the poor moth, we perish while our work lives on. The motley weaving of our lives will be our winding-sheet, to be unrolled we know not when nor where. In that great day some weird, confused tapestries will be displayed.

If to live implies to change, and death be but a greater change of life in which the other changes are summed up, and, may-be, come together again, it were surely well to see to it a little in the pieces, these tickings of the clock we call the present.

But are we masters even of *that*, the apprehensive instant, the luminous ripple lighting the great ocean of before and after? Some use their individual strength enough to feel the mighty sweep of the current, or even swim in quasi liberty from shore to shore, or downwards to new pools; some float, frail minnows in the torrent, awed by its rush, unconscious of its course, while others still, quite sad to see, whirl round in drowning circles in the flood, and dream the while that they are stemming it. All, however, whether heedful or listless, fast or slow, agents or burdens,

drift on and drift surely, to build in the deep ocean the world that is to be.

Only when the last consummation comes to us may we see dimly somewhat of the clue between the was and will be; the work produced that is—then, too, shall we see we were working not all alone, nor at a tiny sample, all our own; we shall recognize the presence of the mysterious phantom, weaving with us all the long hours, and see where he had cunningly shifted the shuttle.

But what has all this maundering philosophy to do with the question as to who it is that lies in the tomb before you, to the left of that of Dom Pedro?

Look back, and see Dom Pedro tenderly leading home his true devoted wife, and then glance at the two monumental effigies before you, turned one to the other, emblazoning a strong affection to the after world. Have you not got the connecting clue? No, friend! Look back again, and behind the Queen, among the foremost figures of the long marriage-train, as it winds with "suave and swan-like movements," amid a storm of bells and music, and a sea of banners—close to the bridal pair you may see a girlish figure

of exquisite beauty, wrapt by a halo of great loveliness—there is the missing link you seek, that, Constanza's friend; and while the tomb of Dom Pedro's hard-won bride is scarcely known,* *she* it is that sleeps in the royal tomb before you; his crown upon her head; her name deep graven on his heart,—for the name of that friend, the common name in Spain is, INEZ.

However Inez de Castro, for it is no other, came to this, her resting-place—she sleeps still enough now. The “pure womanly,” has survived the grave, and we need only think of her here as in the time of her maidenly innocence, as on the day of that fateful marriage. Her wrong, of having yielded

“O coracoa a quem soube vencella,”

“Her heart to him who won it,”

was fearfully punished by the foulest butchery that ever stained the annals of the so-called age of chivalry. But it brought her to, perhaps, the only rest that was left for her, let the murmurs of the fonte dos amores† sound never so softly through

* Constanza, Dom Pedro's second wife, is buried in the choir of the Franciscan Church at Santarem.—“Chronica dos Reis de Port.” Tom. ii. por. D. N. do Liao.

† This fountain in the garden at Cocintra, where Inez resided at the time of her death, still bears the same name, and still murmurs

the heavy perfumed shade. Release from all horror, all perplexity, all sin. Re-union with that younger self which life had marred and disfigured. The torrent reached the quiet ocean ere it could stagnate in a sluice, or vanish in the parching sands. The level, placid surface of that great water betrays nothing of the boiling current of the early courses of its tributaries.

When one looks upon a body from which the life is gone, the impression conveyed with fullest force is of a struggle ended—not blank placidity, but a sense of rest induced by contrast; the harsh element of the contrast is therefore likewise present to the mind; the impression of the life-long contest of a spirit bound, and which has left those “awful lines” behind.

There is, moreover, an intense abandonment in the matter—a subsidence, concentration, we call it stonyness. Yet, though there is relief in the thought of cessation from an unequal conflict, the recollection of the long fight to the last wrench, is present still, and the sense of something gone most keen. Again, when a human being calls upon a soul it loves from beside a death-bed, it is

woingly as it issues from the rock under the shade of the self same cedars, whose broad boughs fanned the flush on Inez cheeks.

a call of anguish and despair, the irrational wailing of the flesh without a hope of answer.

But by the quiet grave it is far otherwise, the voice that throbbed and quivered murmurs evenly. Sorrow is sober now, and with her faith, and the spirit that they fain would commune with has ventured near. They stand on each side of a gate, closed but not locked, disclosing long vistas of the broad domains beyond—yearning, compelling spaces of the land of Home. Dread silence reigns before the everlasting doors, by whose deep pillars we bury the way-worn garments of those who have entered in. In the stillness of the arched shadow, across which pass from time to time the forms we knew, it is well at times to sit and muse, if perchance an air of the glorious freedom, a breath of the balmy quiet, may pierce to our heavy brows.

Here, in the moonbeams, we will then wait a while, and, by the still *hic jacets* of two stormy lives we may find the first element of our Ice.

F I T T I I I.

Part I.

DOM JOAO AND PHILIPPA.

DOM FERNANDO.

UP from the hollow of Alcobaça! for the night is rolling up her dark-blue cloak, and the moon and stars are waning into day. Two long white scrolls of mist mark the line of the streamlets Alcoa and Baça, which, after here mingling their waters, hurry down the few remaining leagues unto the sea. The groves of olive weep with the dew, and the ruddy morning clouds peel from the bushy hills like carded wool. It is a bad moment to linger in dells and gorges, where all the evil influences of the night huddle together in a last retreat.

There is little moving on the fine road which runs from here to Leiria, a few herds of goats, a

few pigs *following* dark-eyed little girls; here and there a tottering cart, wheel and axle going round together; the waddling bullocks, with heads bent to within a few inches of the dust, the driver shrieking at them in a tone which pierces to one's very marrow. It is strange that Dante's horrific brains conceived no human beings yoked to such carts, straining through the dust to the accompaniment of the *carreiro's* goad and cruel snarl. It were a fit purgatory for lolling exquisites.

We have now reached a small table-land extending towards Batalha to our front, and to the ocean on our left. The latter is but dimly visible, far away where the last terraces of slope seem to hang over empty air. That long, plain village we have just passed over is Aljubarrota, famous for a certain athletic bakeress, Pisqueira by name, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. She ought not to be forgotten in the world's history, nor will she be.*

The plain is broad and open, and displays a matchless confluence of purples, warm browns, and blues in the half-light of the dawn. Here and there red pine stems—planted, some of them, five hundred years ago by the good King Diniz,

* See "Monarquia Lusitana." Frey Monoel dos Santos.

who, as the proverb goes “*fiz todo o que quiz*” (did everything he would)—glow in the midst of their own solemn shades, becoming almost livid as the first rays of the day play on their contorted branches. The multitudinous undergrowth which the discriminating light is now individualizing, salutes the rising sun with the aromatic incense of its heavy bloom : it consists chiefly of myrtle, feathery heaths, butchers’-broom, dwarf oak, and some half-dozen species of *cistus*, of which the gum *cistus* is the most prominent, the myriad white blossoms of the latter, as the petals languidly open to the kiss of the sun, look much as if a host of butterflies had just fluttered down on the dawn-breeze. They will look their God full in the face for the whole of the long day, for they love heat and light, and do not desire to live beyond the acme of their existence, while they have nothing to hide, unless it be some intruding beetle in the depths of their bright eyes, or a covey of young Barbary partridges among the dusky tangle of their roots.

What a sun ! It has scarcely topped the hill, and already its rays impinge like arrows on our backs, while the flowery plain seems to dance in the light. Let us make for the black blot under

that huge cluster pine, and rest a wee. How the great luminary draws all nature, and how all nature seems to tend in ecstasy to him, from the upstretched, drawn-out blossom of the oxalis at my feet to that ponderous cloud mountain, ever toppling and vanishing piecemeal overhead.

To be, to wax and to vanish in and by the might of one sublime power. Is it not grand? Well, yes. . . . Why, what would you have more so? Creation, perfection, apotheosis circling before you—if that does not satisfy your ideal of grandeur, what would you then? What of human that could equal this, that would not rather mar it. There is no trace of man within leagues of us. We are alone with the great, simple, first processes of nature, and her last results—man—is at war with her; besides, what grandeur could he add to what we have before us?

I cannot help it. I am a man, and need something more than this. The chamois must leap, in very wantonness, while to the stone it suffices to undergo slow transformation without a break in its impassiveness, so a glimpse of voluntary suffering, sympathetic sorrow, or fearless hope is necessary to me above the animal existence. Virtue and enthusiasm in fact. Such things as a small

army defending native soil against an overwhelming host. A noble mother sacrificing her sons to duty—sons worthy of such a mother, sacrificing themselves to truth and honour. Something like this were more and grander unto me than all the soulless glory of your pantheistic waste.

Well, if it is all the same to you which side wins in the battle, and whether the sons that surround the noble mother be dead or alive, it may be possible to gratify you even with your *aliquid humanum*; but we must then beat back our wings into the past.

Here we are on the self-same spot on the morning of the 14th of August, 1385. Beyond the fact that the great white road no longer shines out here and there on the undulations of the plateau, and that the pine-trees are smaller and thicker together, but little difference is noticeable. The same light burns and brightens over the broad expanse, while apparently the same ambrosial vegetation exhales its essence heavenward. But see, along the bridle track which runs to Leiria and the north, comet-like, with a long tail of dust, come some twenty horsemen at a fast trot, pennons fluttering, and armour sparkling in the sun. They are evidently anxious to gain the sheltering

group of houses on the Alcobaça road, known as the hamlet of Aljubarrota, before the sun is in the zenith. Unless my eyes deceive me there is a medley of Portuguese and Castilian colours and blazons; and yet, at this moment, Portugal should be at death grips with her haughty neighbour, striving for dear existence.

There are two more cavaliers coming at a gallop over the heath, this time from the direction in which the first party were advancing. They dash up to them vociferating loudly, and all now wheel and make off at full stride along the way they came towards Leiria.

And now, rising above the rough scrub, towards Porto de Mos, and the hollow which slopes to the Lis—in ample explanation of the retreat of the doughty cavaliers we just saw—starts line after line of steel-tipped spears; then, to their right and left, knights fully caparisoned wheel prancing among the heather, while some more soberly-attired bands of bowmen are bending their bows and examining their shafts. Among these latter we discern St. George's Cross—a little band of English, whom we are glad to find in such good company, seeing that their somewhat Condottieri habits did not always allow them to be

particular.* In front of us too, the earth seems, as of old, to bring forth armed men. There, fluttering among the pines, is the blue and white standard of Portugal, with

“ The five dear wounds our Lord did bear.”

And the red-cross banner of the order of Aviz; while see! there comes riding along the lines, cross in hand, the sturdy prelate Archbishop of Braga; that knight in front is Nuno Alvarez Pereira, the “ Great Constable;” by his side is Mem Rodriguez—men who have enough to do, for few indeed are the trusty champions who in the present crisis preferred their country’s welfare to their own. We shall see more of the Portuguese nobility anon, but not where they ought to be. And yet the cause for which this army stand blocking the road to Lisbon is nothing less than national independence. This they will have under a king of their own choice, and this they will defend to the last against all the guilded

* Just ten years before, in 1375, we find some six thousand English knights and adventurers—where they certainly had no business—helping Enguerraud de Coucy to ravage the valleys of the Aar and the Emmeu. Three thousand of them were killed by the peasants of the Eutlibuch, and buried under the so-called Engländer-hübel, where any one may now meditate upon them to great advantage.

chivalry which Castile can bring against them, and spite all the traitors among their own natural chiefs. Circumstances have made it more especially the people's cause, and they are ready to follow Joao, Master of Aviz, a man whom they have chosen to the death.

But this is no time for explanations; forty thousand men, on horse and foot, are shaking the ground between this and Leiria, whence Castile in her glory advances, rocking with arrogance, beaming the splendours of war full in the rays of the sun. It is a grand moment, but a sad one, for who, comparing that host with the small force before us, can doubt the issue; *pro patria mori*, is not perhaps the hardest demand on virtue; but it is cruel to sit by and see it exacted sweepingly, pitilessly, and with scorn.

Who is not there of the proudest and boldest, from King Juan on his mule* to the tiny page, who thinks it fine sport to see the "King of Aviz" chastised for his temerity. All the chivalry of Leon and Castile has not been held sufficient to turn war into pastime and compel success; Navarre is represented here by sturdy

* Ague compelled King Juan to ride a mule in the place of his charger on that eventful day.

troops, aye, and far off France as well,* while many a courtly Portuguese has come to feed the land of his birth with the blood of her sons. The Count of Barcellos, Dom Joao Affonso de Menezes, Gonçalo Vasquez de Azevedo, and then behind Vasco Pires de Carnolus and the Master of Alcantara, what are they doing there in the ranks of their country's foes?

The God of battles fights, it is said, on the side of the strongest armies : † as yet, at least, his noblest symbol fights with the strongest hearts, and no mean ally is he too, as he strides—

. . . Κατ' Ουλόμποιο καρήνων χωόμενος κῆρ
Τόξ' ὤμοισιν ἔχων ἀμφηρέφεατε φινρέτην.

"In wrathful mood adown Olympus flanks,
His brow athwart his massive shoulders slung
By the capacious quiver."

But what is this? Can the invaders fear an army of one fourth their strength? Impossible! But be the cause what it may, certain it is that the Castilian forces are altering their line of advance, making a flank movement towards the sea, as though they would fain pass on without giving

* Among the distinguished Spaniards present I may mention Don Pedro of Arragon and Diogo Furtado de Mendoza.

† Never was a falser statement. One might compile a volume of instances to the contrary; it is a cynical, thoroughly modern lie.

battle ; while the Portuguese take breath and relax their strong nerves. It is the Sun-God that has brought this about.* King Juan has ordered a halt, and his veterans gather round him in council ; some, and those not the least valued councillors, advocate an advance on Lisbon without a battle ; others, among which the Portuguese Count of Barcellos, call clamorously or plead earnestly for a chance to whet their swords. The main body avail themselves of the respite to get some food under their jerkins while they are yet whole, and to wash the hostile soil down their throats. Here and there old soldiers doze on their elbows, one knee bent, one hand on their arms, watching the Portuguese, while careless gallants chop the cistus in a meaning way with their clean swords.

So let us lead them for a truce, young lungs and old, sucking in that delicious air, young eyes and old blinking in that glorious light for the last time ; meanwhile we will occupy ourselves with a short tale

“ About the war,
And what they fought each other for.”

The first Portuguese Parliament—known as

* The sun and dust in their faces is said to have been the direct cause of this deviation of the advancing Spaniards, which gave time and extra courage to the Portuguese.

the Cortes of Lamego, at which place it was held* in the year 1143, had shown itself, as was natural in a country which had but so lately sprung from a foreign fief, peculiarly jealous lest female heirs to the throne should by their marriages bring the land under the dominion of a foreigner. Thus, although the principle of female succession was admitted, it was likewise solemnly decreed that in no case should an alien reign over the country, and, consequently, that in the event of an heiress to the crown marrying a foreign prince, she should thereby forfeit her right of succession. Such was considered to be a fundamental law of the realm, whatever doubt may be thrown on the far-famed Cortes itself.

Until after the decease of Fernando (son of the unfortunate Constanza, of whom we have spoken above), no opportunity occurred for testing the strength of these provisions. This prince

* Or was *not* held, as the terrible modern critics will now have it. The Cortes, which has been considered the fount of Portuguese constitutional law, has been declared to have been as much an invention as poor Julia Alpinula, or Romulus his wolf. Whether it existed or not, it is, oddly enough, none the less real, and its laws have been continually appealed to in Portugal. As, for instance, by the Duke of Braganza in 1579, when maintaining his claims to succeed Cardinal Henriquez, etc., Jove, Bacchus, and Ceres were true enough for the ancients.

died without male issue, leaving one only daughter Beatriz, married to Juan, King of Castile. This marriage was accompanied by a solemn treaty, the acceptance of which in due form, had been obtained from the various estates in Portugal, but which document ran in letter and spirit contrary to the restrictive provisions with regard to the succession which have just been mentioned. In this compact with Castile, it was provided that if Fernando died without a son, the succession *should fall to the son of Beatriz and Juan*; that the father and mother might take the title of King and Queen of Portugal on Fernando's death, but that *until the said son should be born* and attain the age of fourteen, his widow, Leonora, *the Queen Dowager*, should be Regent in Portugal; lastly, that in the event of Fernando having no further issue of his body, *and Beatriz dying without an heir*, the kingdom of Portugal should then pass to King Juan of Castile.

Was ever such a brew of trouble concocted? Hitherto there had sat upon the Portuguese throne no king but Fernando capable of thus selling his country. The belief that the latter stipulations would never come into operation, may, as far as they are concerned, be alleged in excuse for his

weak, plotting nature; but leaving the government of the kingdom to such a woman as his consort, Leonora Telles de Menezes, was either infatuation or infamy. This extraordinary person, who combined both the fascination and the venom of the serpent with the magic, heartless beauty of the Banshee, exerted such a fatal charm on those who came within her influence, as to compel admiration in the face of her atrocious vices, while her subtle tongue rarely betrayed in its blandishments the lethal sting to which it served as sheath. She was married to Fernando during the lifetime of her own husband, to whom she had borne a child, thereby committing an act of the coarsest bigamy.* Not content with this—for how many women that begin this descent to hell ever stop?—she encouraged for years the scandalous intimacy of a Gallician adventurer, one Andeiro, whom her complaisant husband made Count of Ourem, and with his assistance involved the country in endless troubles and intrigues. She had suffered, or far more probably instigated, her husband, to mutilate the patriotic leaders of an outbreak, who sought to prevent the dishonour which her marriage would bring upon the Crown,

* Her husband's name was Joao Lourenço da Cunha.

and this by cutting off their hands and feet, she had prompted the brutal murder of a sister as noble as she herself was vile; and, in morbid resentment against the stinging sense which honest looks and words could not but from time to time occasion her, she had not hesitated to attempt the destruction of the greatest in the land, plotting the death of such men as Joao, Grandmaster of the Order of Aviz, and half-brother to the King.

Such was the woman who, after Fernando's death, took over the government of the kingdom, styling herself "Dona Lionor pella graça de Dios, Rainha, Governador et Regador dos Regnos de Portugal e do Algarve."* If Portugal was humiliated before, probity and honour might now take to the woods. But Circe's spells were not less potent when a crown adorned her head, and enough retainers were found ready to be turned into beasts, despite the banner with the sacred wounds which waved above the palace.

Meanwhile the assumption of the Regency by the Queen Dowager was to the King of Spain the least important stipulation of the marriage treaty ;

* In her husband's lifetime she had styled herself "Dona Lionor pella graça de *Sancta Maria* Rainha de Portugal e do Algarve."

but still the infant whose birth alone could give him a legitimate chance, persisted in preferring the pleasant child-garden of the unborn, while the only other event which could hasten matters, *i.e.*, the death of his wife, was almost equally difficult to compel. Something must be done, if not honestly, still something. It was resolved to work upon Leonora, whose position was rickety enough to make her glad of anything that might steady it; also if the gods themselves are won by gifts, why not Lusitanian nobles? The Queen mother became a tool in the hands of the Spanish King, and by her pliancy caused even more irritation among the patriotic Portuguese than ever she had done by her ill-fame. In her private capacity her coquetry was vicious enough, in her public character it was high treason to the nation.

Dona Beatriz was then to be publicly proclaimed; it was enough that the Queen had so ordained it, Lisbon should yet become a provincial town, and Portugal submit to her more ancient neighbour. The baby-garden might be banished from the royal mind. May be, meanwhile a foreign Prince, in compounding with the nobles of a country as the sole arbiters of its

fate, is apt to find his reckoning made without the host.

On a fixed day the great body of the nobility mounted their horses, and rode in pomp and splendour through Lisbon's steep streets. At their head, Henrique Manoel de Villena, Count of Cea, waved the sacred banner vigorously to and fro, but the heavy ensign quickly collected its proud drapery, hiding within the folds again the solemn symbols of the past: "REAL, REAL, PELA RAINHA DONA BRITES DE PORTUGAL!" Clear and firm rang out his cry above the gathering masses, but it was a cry with a false echo, waking only discord where it pierced. In vain Villena swung the standard, it folded sullenly again; in vain he shouted lustily, he could not quiver one responsive chord; in vain the horses pranced, the stones resounded dry and hollow beneath the rattle of the knightly horses and trappings. Nothing availed; fond as the Lisbon burgher is of pageant, and truly loyal as are the people of Portugal, this time they recognized an allegiance dearer than that they owed the daughter of their King. But such a comedy begun must be played through. "REAL, REAL!" came again the cry, this time leaving uncertain the designa-

tion as for whom ; it would not do, the mass is suspicious ; electric, and inflammable sparks were already flying, things were already getting critical, when just at this juncture, Alvara Pirez de Castro, a brother of the Inez entombed at Alcobaca, with an eye to his nephew's interests, shouted aloud, "Real, Real ! he who is to have the kingdom, let him take it." Whereupon, the commotion becoming dangerous, the uncongenial heralds returned to the palace.

The baby-garden regained its legitimate importance.

A like or worse reception met similar experiments in the provinces ; while among the nobles, also, there were not wanting knights whom neither chinking gold, nor a tinkling tongue, nor pseudo honour, nor fear of Castile could win to betray their country. King Juan did not, however, despair ; he knew well how to play some dark shadows of intimidation through the more brilliant phantasmagoria with which he had hitherto dazzled the Portuguese. Those who refused the bait fled scared into the net.

In these days, Andeiro, Count of Ourem, who had of late preferred the safe eyrie of his

high castle,* came down to the court, doubtless to condole with Queen Lionora in her heavy affliction. The abandoned widow soon, however, placed him upon such a footing of intimacy as was at once an insult to the nation, and shameful dishonour to her own and the royal family. When private incentive points out a path of public duty, it is soon entered upon. Two men especially were, from both the public and the private point of view, convinced of the urgency of the death of Andeiro. The one was Joao, Master of Aviz, the illegitimate son of Dom Pedro,† by Theresa Lourenço (a Gallician), and consequently half-brother of the late King; the other, the Count of Barcellos, Leonora's brother.

The two brooded over their sense of wrong, and the mind of one at least was dangerously affected. More than once the dagger, once indeed the axe, had been already whetted for the handsome skin of the profligate Aveiro, and now

* The position of Ourem, on a bold eminence about half-way between Lieria and Thomar, is excessively striking. It was founded by Affonso Henriquez about 1136, and was made the appanage of the wretch mentioned in the text by Fernando.

† Of the Dom Pedro, husband of Inez, who intrigued with the said Dona Tareja Lourenço to console himself for the loss of his wife. As Fernando was Dom Pedro's legitimate son by Constanza de Villena, he was consequently half-brother to Joao, Master of Aviz.

again, in his fortieth year, the Erinnyes were close upon him; he might have felt their hot breath in his hair, had he not, like most devoted men, been blinded. At this time, a terrible foe, terrible from his character and from his purpose, was added to the number of the conspirators, Alvaro Paes, an ancient and highly-esteemed burgher of Lisbon, one of the royal counsellors to boot. Paes was a patriotic man, and judged with the judgment of his times as to the value of an individual life. A plot was concocted, and as a part thereof it was agreed that during the perpetration of the desperate act itself, the people should be worked upon to induce them to believe that the popular Master of Aviz himself had fallen the victim of a Court intrigue. Once aroused and massed together, it would be easy to make them the instrument of his safety, and obtain their approval of the assassination.

The conspirators,* by virtue of their high

* The Count of Barcellos, the Queen's brother, who was privy to the whole plot, if he did not actually lay hand to its execution, was already at the palace when the Master of Aviz and Ruy Pereira arrived. Joao took advantage of the first opportunity to speak to him aside, and inform him of the object of his visit to the Queen, recommending him to retire. Barcellos replied, that just because he knew the purpose of the Grandmaster to be such as it was, he would remain to support it. Ruy Pereira, who supported Joao throughout, was an uncle of the Nuno Alvarez, who was afterwards the celebrated Great Constable.

position, had easy access to the palace, and, once there, they were tolerably certain to come face to face with Andeiro. Some arrangements with respect to the defence, in the threatening aspect of affairs, of the marches of Alemtejo, was an ample pretext for seeking an audience of the Queen. The Grandmaster brought with him, besides several companions, twenty-five squires, all well armed. The Queen received him in the presence of Andeiro, the Count of Barcellos, and others. She praised the manners of the English, who in times of peace lay aside their arms, and "adorn themselves like ladies." The Grandmaster excused the warlike attire of himself and suite, as being the only means, in so peaceful a realm as Portugal, of keeping themselves familiar with their weapons. The Count of Barcellos left; dinner-time came, and the Count of Ourem begged the Grandmaster to dine with him. He had already proffered the same invitation at the commencement of the interview. Joao refused, but added that he wished to speak with the Count before his departure. They then took leave of the Queen, and passed into the ante-room. Here the Master of Aviz and his victim stepped to the window; a clumsy blow from Joao's sword (he

was but a poor assassin), a defter one from the dagger of Ruy Pereira,* and the work was done; the wretched favourite lay a corpse by the threshold of his mistress's room. The people, who had meanwhile collected before the palace to save or avenge the man of their predilection, whom they fancied attacked, found him with hands reeking from a desperate deed, in which they were one and all compromised.

The state of Leonora's mind it is needless to describe, and for other details there is not time. Feeling that those who slew her paramour almost at her feet, were prepared, if necessary, for worse, and fearing as much the results of the popular agitation, the Queen at once retired to the Castle, whence she shortly after removed with her Court to Alemquer,† longing only for power and opportunity to "send the plough over the city of Lisbon, and sow the barren place with salt."‡

The breach between the popular, that is the national party and the Court was now an open one. Lisbon became the leader of the one, Spain of the other; while Leonora lent herself to every

* The uncle of Nuno Alvarez, the future Great Constable.

† A town not far from Lisbon, between Santarem and Villafranca.

‡ Her own words.

dictate of Juan's ambition, in order that she might realize her darling dream of vengeance, the good burghers of Lisbon saw in the coming of the King of Castile, only a prospect of maimed legs and arms and whips of scorpions; for, whether altogether willingly or not, they had become identified in criminality with their favourite. To whom might they turn for counsel or protection? who would lead them, if they resisted the imminent chastisement and ruin which awaited them. One man alone was fit for and it seemed equal to the task, and that man was, as it were, bound to accept it. The Master of Aviz had brought matters to this grim pass, the Master of Aviz must share the responsibility, the Master of Aviz could alone fend off the storm.

But the Master of Aviz was even now preparing to flee over the sea and take refuge in England, whether in sincerity of purpose or to try men's minds as some thought, be that as it may, Joao was contemplating escape. The honest people felt that with his departure the last spar to which they clung would sink beneath the troubled waters, and their doom lay hold on them. They, therefore hung about him, mobbed him, stopped him. From henceforward, events succeeded each

other rapidly, and the sun burst glistening through the rain. News arrived indeed, of the advance of the King of Spain, and an attempt at a reconciliation between Joao and the Queen, came as might have been expected, to nothing,* but enthusiasm was loose, and confidence followed, the soul of the people was inflamed, ready to dare and endure. A few days after Joao's departure was stayed, and an assembly met in the Church of St. Domingos, and again the following day, 16th December, 1383, in greater numbers, in the town-hall, and proclaimed him Defender and Regent of the kingdom, thus formally throwing down the gauntlet.†

Joao accepted the championship, although he knew his position well; but few nobles had given him their allegiance, and most of these unwillingly; the gay chivalry had followed the Court, his strength was placed in the sturdy hearts of the people. Since Portugal had been a kingdom, this issue, on so broad a scale, had not been tried before.

Meanwhile the King of Castile saw with no

* It was based on no less a proposition than her marriage with the Master of Aviz, the necessary dispensation for which, it was maintained, the Pope would not fail under the circumstances to grant.

† Diniz and Joao, the children of Inez de Castro, who would have had much to say to this arrangement, were absent in Spain.

small satisfaction, the Portuguese nobility and court arrayed against the stubborn folk, on whom all his own arts had miscarried. He would now try what virtue was in his flail for dusting such vulgar chaff. The spite of an injured beauty was no mean ally. Passion is one of the chief captains in the army of Craft, who does not much care what becomes of his tools; so Leonora found out, and of her we will now take a final leave.

The Castilian army had not been long over the frontier, before the Queen mother found her position to be rather that of a prisoner in Juan's camp than that of a monarch in her own dominions. Stung and humiliated at the result of her own wiles and spite, she attempted an escape into Cocintra, before which town the army lay encamped. It failed, and she was secured, whereupon her champion, Juan, thought the opportunity a good one to throw off the mask; considering the venomous, feline nature with which he had of late been able to become better acquainted, more dangerous than any prestige Leonora lent him, was likely to be useful, he summarily rid himself of the deteriorated beauty, sending her to end her days and weep, if she could, her scarlet sins, in the monastery of Fordesillas.

This treatment of a woman they despised did not break the allegiance of the Portuguese nobles to Castile—an allegiance boasting certainly more solid foundations than the spumey wrath of a vixen. The advantages of submission, the futility of resistance, and similar considerations, often weighted with more substantial arguments, prepared their ears to listen to the subtle logic which was ready to make anything of the marriage stipulations. Confident of success, King Juan advanced upon Lisbon.

The campaign was long and terrible, the fleets of the two countries met in the Tagus, if the small Portuguese squadron which forced the passage to the relief of the town deserves the name, and Lisbon was besieged for five months. But all was vain, the stubborn burghers refused to be castigated, and the enemy's lash recoiled on his own back. The Sun-God fought on the popular side,* and a fearful sickness broke

* Schœfer in his history of Portugal, quotes a statement of Ayala, to the effect that the pest in the camp spared all the Portuguese, both those in the service of King Juan and those taken prisoner, notwithstanding that the Castilians sometimes *made them sleep in the same beds with those already ill of the disease*. Cromwell's army, I read in a conscientious pamphlet on the sieges of Bristol during the civil war, was likewise spared in this singular manner from the disease ravaging the Royalists opposed to him.

out in the Castilian lines ; finally, Queen Beatriz herself, who was present with her husband in readiness to take possession of her kingdom, was attacked by the disease, whereupon King Juan broke up his camp on the 3rd of September, 1384, and the diminished band turned their faces homewards. Their losses had been enormous; the number of biers* of those nobles whose bones it was desired to bear away to the tombs of their fathers, was so great, that the thin remnant of the flaunting army wound on like one vast funeral train towards the yellow hills of Spain. But not even this sight broke the proud monarch's resolution ; Pharaoh is not an unique instance of those who will break rather than bend before the winds of God. Looking down from a neighbouring height upon the gleaming city that had successfully defied him, Juan exclaimed, "Oh Lisbon, Lisbon, I will yet see the ploughshare pass over thee!"

And now, more memorable still, behold it is

* The Spaniards on all occasions invest the obsequies of the deceased with peculiar pomp and solemnity ; on this, every corpse was placed in a coffin hung with black, and laid on the back of a mule, on either side walked the servants, inferiors, dependants, while the other followers of the deceased, on horseback, with his banner and arms, completed each mournful party.

he that is here before you, with that threat on his lips, once again to attempt its execution.

While Castile was recovering from the shock of her first ill-fated expedition, and mustering up strength for a second blow, Portugal, ennobled by success, was waxing daily more invincible. In the interval of breathing time which followed on the first campaign, a Cortes was assembled at Coimbra, April, 1385, to consult on the state of the kingdom, and combine new measures of defence. We are not astonished to learn that one of the first acts of this Cortes was to proclaim the Master of Aviz King of Portugal, and to beseech him, for his country's sake, to take the national regalia in his iron grasp ; nor that Joao at first refused, and afterwards accepted, urging much against the step, but finally yielding to the much that others urged. The claims of the children of Inez de Castro were quashed for ever by a memorable speech of the famous legist, Joao das Regras, and thus Joao took his seat on that throne of which he was one of the noblest occupants among many right royal men.

But Joao's occupation of the throne was for long only figurative, for some time he had to be content with a saddle—the King of Castile was

again on the frontier, near Elvas, with forces summoned from far and near.

Elvas, however, was no more to be taken than Lisbon, so the King moved northwards, entered Portugal by Ciudad Rodrigo, passed by Celorico and Coimbra, and marking his way by unwarlike acts of mean-spirited resentment and cruelty, finally reached Leiria.

Joao, meanwhile, had raised the forces of the north; his trusty friend, Nuno Alvarez Pereira (the Great Constable), those of the south, and the two had effected a junction at Abrantes, on the Tagus. They were thus in a position to throw themselves between Lisbon and the invaders.

With such overwhelming numbers, as report gave to the Castilian monarch, it is not to be wondered at, if the majority of Joao's counsellors prudently advocated avoiding a battle, and the adoption of retaliative measures of a less formal character, on the frontier of Castile, such desultory warfare as went by the name of "guerra aguerreada." The position of the young monarch—he was only twenty-seven—was, indeed, an unenviable one; if he fought, he did so against the advice of those he was bound to respect, if he

directed his attack elsewhere, he exposed the faithful town of Lisbon, to which he owed his crown, and its fate was sealed.

When there is little to choose between one perilous path and another, give me valour rather than prudence as a guide. There are great stakes when both men and nations had better stand close up to the faces of their foes, however grim they seem, look straight, lean back, and strike hard, and, fortunately for Portugal, there was found a Hotspur in her camp who took this view of things; fortunately for Joao his friend was even younger than himself. Nuno Alvarez scorned to shrink off "towards Seville, there," as he said, "to cut down an olive tree or two." He was for stopping, at any price, the enemy's advance on Lisbon, and defending to the death the honest burgher families within its walls. Headstrong and resolute, without waiting further for permission, he pushed forward with those troops under his command straight upon Thomar, and here his king was fain to join him with the remainder.*

From Thomar the little army wound over

* King John was only twenty-seven, the Constable twenty-two, at the time.

tracts of heather and pine, by the foot of the high castle hill of Ourem, henceforth destined for a nobler vassal,* on to Porte de Mos, and reached the latter place the day before yesterday. On the morning of this, the 14th of August, in the year of grace, 1385, they again advanced, and threw themselves like mastiffs where you now see them, right in the Castilians' path.

The numbers on either side may be estimated as 10,500 against 39,000.

David, it is clear, will fight; but what says Goliath?

See, he too will accept the challenge; the Castilian troops are drawing up for the attack, the flank movement on Lisbon is abandoned. Religion is here upon the battle-field playing her world-old part. On the one side a bishop pronounces absolution on all who die combating the schismatic enemies of the Church, in the name of His Holiness Urban VI.; on the other, in the name of Clement VII., while, if vehement prayers do move the saints, St. George and St. James will soon—oh, horrible, not to be told!—be fighting

* Andeiro—Leonora's paramour—was Count of Ourem; and, singularly enough, this was the title chosen by the great and good knight, Nuno Alvarez, as the reward of his services, on the condition that Joao would make no other Counts during his lifetime.

in mid-air. The mystic war-cries and fanatic words at least give spurs to the onset, and now, like sea and river, the unequal tides have dashed together.

By heaven! the little band of the Portuguese van make a stout resistance, hopeless against such overwhelming numbers, but grand to see; the Spaniards, at close quarters, have hurled away their lances and taken to the short sword and battle-axe; powers above, how thick the thwacks resound! Burghers of Lisbon, tremble in your morning nap! See, they are through!

Through, but that is all—like the waters in rear of a swimmer, so the wings of the desperate little army close in upon their passage, fighting now on either hand—that right wing with the restless green banner, is the “lovers’ wing,” the “Ala dos Namarados,” a sort of Fenian troop, bound by oath to hold their position with their lives. The hewing and thrusting is terrible, some mailed forms pass like meteors through the ranks, leaving a trail of dead behind; others are whirled together and borne with their colours this way and that, like drowned leaves in a pool. Each individual fights on his own account, but with every stroke shakes the balance of the common cause;

virtue now fights hand to hand, and not, as in the times to come, through telescopes.

The frayed mass of the Spanish advance still acknowledges its leaders, and is pressing close on to the royal banner of Portugal, when a knight in a dark helmet of prodigious weight, suddenly springs from his horse, and crying, "Forward! I am the King," leads on, dealing right royal blows. The Castilian progress is arrested, and lo! their banner down; but the dark knight, the gallant King, is down too, and has but a second to live. No—yes though—no—he is rescued by one of his cavaliers; while now, in their turn, the confidence of the Spaniards begins to quaver, their standard is gone, their coherence is going—St. George for ever!

See there, in the heather, a short way from the medley, what is that going on? A knight is helping another on to a horse, and that other is the King of Spain, who, accompanied by a few followers, but deserted by the spirit of chivalry, makes off as best he may. The knight, for he at least remains one, is Pedro Gonzalves de Mendoza, and he will back into the fight, considering it better, as he says, to die here, than, returning whole, to be asked by the women of Guadalajara,

why he led their sons to the death, and himself came home without a scratch?

But the fight is by no means over, the lot is still within the urn although it be terribly shaken, a fresh contest is raging fiercely in the Portuguese rear. They are cut off and must perish, or perform the impossible. Even so, and, therefore, how great an error in tactics was that same hemming in, for they will at least endeavour to perform that impossible, and die endeavouring.* Does that fighting equal your ideal? alas that it should be against such fearful odds! Juan, Juan, come back over the heather, for surely the victory is thine! But he is borne madly on upon the wings of panic, while Portuguese and Spaniards too are borne away, man after man, but on other wings, beyond the human tumult and the crystal empyræan. The forces of the Master of Aviz are selling their lives dearly in all parts, and now the ubiquitous Constable comes down like a thunderbolt to the rescue of the rear—and here

* A similar error, of driving an enemy to desperation, cost the Austro-Bavarian army under General Urede, some 6,000 or 7,000 men, the 30th October, 1813. It will be remembered that this corps threw themselves in the route of the retreating French on the bank of the Kintzic, near Hanau, leaving the latter but one chance of regaining their country. They played it and won.

again the Castilian bands are checked. The Spanish vanguard, unsupported, is getting fearfully thinned*—they bite the ground, or look askance, wavering decidedly—the Portuguese are performing wonders, the mass of the Castilian nobles are off after their monarch, a few prefer to sink here fighting, and to take that other road—it is all over, the invaders fly broadcast. The King, mockingly styled of Aviz, has proved himself Lord of Portugal and master of the field, while at a distance, among the brushwood, a last skirmish is maintained for the possession of the royal plate, and camp-chapel of King Juan.

The battle, which has maintained and consecrated the independence of Portugal, has lasted half-an-hour; but many “stalwart souls of heroes” have meanwhile taken flight; two thousand five hundred Castilian cavaliers have fallen, to say nothing of the foot, while but one hundred and fifty foot, and here and there a noble, have paid the great victory of the Portuguese.†

* The Spaniards alleged as the reason why they were not supported by their wings, that hollows or fissures in the land prevented the latter from advancing to their assistance. This has been disputed, and, from what I saw of the ground, highly improbable.

† Among the Spanish dead were five Alcaldes mayores, Don Pedro of Arragon, son of the Marquis of Villena, and the Count of

And now, the battle over and its last discords fainting into harmony beyond the low hills, let us sleep a little in the scented air amid the murmurs of the bees; listen to the lullaby of the sea-breeze through the cistus and pine needles, and it will wrap you in a trance well-nigh as sound as that which seems to lock the senses of those poor fellows on the road there. Sleep! Nay, but I cannot. What are those birds? See, and more of them, dark spots wheeling in the sunny blue, ever more and more, ever nearer and nearer. No, I cannot sleep, cannot cast off my human robes so soon. The Castilians cry in vain to the earth to cover them; make, like hunted hares, for the distant frontier; everywhere, on hill and in dale, noble or varlet, young or old, the exasperated patriots, reinforced by the peasantry, unmercifully hew them down; even the bakeress of Aljubarrota fortissima Tyndaridarum fells some half-dozen wretches with her long shovel; there they lie, schismatics and anathematized food for devils, whom no one will bury, and whom, on nearer examination, not even the pious

Barcellos. The latter had done much to bring on the battle, in return for which King Joao, who had gained everything by it, sought out his body among the carnage, and looked himself to its burial. Monarquia Lusitana—Frey Manoel dos Santos.

birds and beasts will devour.* No, this is no place for sleep!

Well, then, let us up; I, being less human, am rested now; and though the sun is nearing the watery prairies of the west, we may see yet a sight before he vanishes.

King Joao called upon heaven in the hour of need. Nothing strange, you say, in that. Nay, but he remembered his obligation in the noontide of prosperity; that is worth a monument, and there you have it now before you, near the little village where he slept the night before the battle.

Lapped in a fertile hollow, near the banks of the streamlet Lis, at the foot of a craggy corner crowned with majestic pines, is the massive pile of Batalha stretching over many a rood. The foliage is bluish-green, the road mellow red, and the rich dust has blown for ages over the huge building, and helped to tone its paleness into harmony. Commenced at the close of the four-

* Frey Manoel dos Santos—*Monarquia Lusitana*—relates how the peasantry and the women of the villages fell to the murderous work like professional slayers, and says that the loss in this way was even greater than in the course of the battle. With the one exception of the Count de Barcellos mentioned above, the unhallowed corpses were allowed to fester in the sun, the very birds and beasts refusing food which the church had damned.

teenth century by King Joao I., of happy memory,* in gratitude for his successes over Spain, it was left unfinished at the death of Dom Manoel, at the close of whose reign the genius of Gothic architecture seems to have fled the country. Matteo Fernandez, the author of the exquisite cloisters and of the last unfinished chapel,† was laid under the pavement of the principal church before his work was done. Fortunately, however, for posterity, the already vitiated taste of the nation had nevertheless too much feeling to endure the revolting attempt of his degenerate son to complete the grand design with a patchwork of meretricious classic. The sacrilegious hand was stayed, and the artist's thought remains in all the monitory grandeur of its incompleteness. The Capella Imperfeita, with its maze of fantastic detail, lies open to the sky; the clustered shafts spring to invisible points of culmination, supporting nothing but the southern air; arrested, paralyzed, it forms a worthy monument of the fortunate king and of the artist's mind that honoured him. He wrought faithfully at the foundations, and God has provided the roof.

* O Rey de boa memoria.

† Called on this account the Capella Imperfeita.

As the warm-tinted limestone glows redder and redder in the dark setting of the vale, we may note the chief masses into which the group of buildings is divided. The main edifice, nearest this way, is the original church, whose every detail is a work of masterly finish, and yet unprejudicial to the whole. You might roam for hours over the roofs, among battlements, pinnacles, machicolations, and buttresses, through an endless series of artistic surprises, startled at every turn. Here through what would seem the work of Flemish bobbins, hewn in stone, you may peep through upon the grotesque luxuriance of the sculptured cloisters down below; then a monstrous cat leaps from the roof across the sky, and fetters a rat between her claws—study the ferocity of the one, the anguish of the other; or a hawk of huge proportions hovers over some court or gallery; or a monkey grins from his seat upon a buttress; strange flowers and creatures appear at every step.

Adjoining the south-west angle of the church is the founder's chapel, the *Capella do Fundador*. Its lancet windows are beautiful enough from outside, but when presently we study it from within, or pierce somewhat into the history of its

noble dead, whether it be from the perfect design, or the halo which their lives still cast about it, I think you will admit that it is, among many chapels, a gem.

At the far eastern end of the pile, and a little north, stands the Capella Imperfeita, an octagonal chapel, which, as we have already seen, was the last work of Dom Manoel's time. The builder's thought has been buried with him, and subsequent generations have found it easier to criticize than to complete. The half-finished shafts remain as they were left when, over three hundred years ago, the last clink of the last hammer struck through the evening air. Although the western arch and other details surpass in elaborate ornamentation anything to be seen elsewhere, most people would, I think rightly, prefer the heavy foliage of the cloisters or the sterner arches of the church to the fretted lace-work of this already feebler time. The workmanship is, notwithstanding, matchless. In some places you may pass your hand through three superficies of carving on the same stone, one within the other, as in Chinese ivory balls, and beyond this third level pass a finger through to the moulded pier behind. Among the embellishments is one which is a

riddle, still waiting for its Œdipus: it is a legend or posy running in and out among the carvings, cut in Gothic characters to this effect—

“Taniaz e Key.”

May be that, which seems an owl, and moans so plaintively around this roofless space at night, could solve the enigma best.

That is the sacristy, where is preserved the iron helmet which King Joao carried so gallantly through the battle up above.* Beyond lies the cloisters of the Dominicans; in one corner is an exquisite-covered fountain, and the whole is more like the voluptuous penetralia of a caliph than the austere retreat of a monk. Into this court the chapter-house and refectory open, and beyond are other cloisters of the reign of Affonso V.; plain, rigid, and correct, their boldness contrasts too strongly with the Eastern profusion of adornment over all else within these precincts. But if you wish to study the wondrous details of plant and beast which that white stone reveals—which, by the way, is not just out of the quarry, but three

* It is very massive and of great weight, and only opens by a little trap behind, intended, no doubt, for feeding through.

hundred years old in its place;* if you wish to do it justice, you must go alone and linger longer. We must now enter the church before sunset.

The west door through which we pass, preceded by our spindle shadows, is with its ninety sculptured figures, a fit portal to this splendid temple; but no sooner are we within the threshold than it is forgotten with the world it separates, while awe-struck we gaze down the grand spaces of the vast edifice before—simple and void without one modern vandalism to shock the eye.† Eight bays of unusual altitude divide us from the fretted choir arch—beyond which not even a feeble flicker defines the shadowy altar, the steps to which are flooded with the blood-red light.

Not a whisper breaks the silence of the

* The stone of the cloisters—a soft, somewhat chalky carbonate of lime—doubtless owes the retention of its pristine purity much to its sheltered position, more to the dry air, as round the fountain it is a good deal spoilt by the wet. Outside, the entire mass of buildings is much redder, probably both from the more rapid oxidation of iron contained in the stone, and from the red dust of the country round, which seems in the course of time and spite the occasional heavy rains, to have cast a ruddy bloom over its whiteness. In many places the entire newness of the stone, bears grateful testimony to the repairs which are continually operated under the good auspices of German taste and energy.

† Some inferior modern diamonds of stained glass must, I am afraid, be excepted.

vaulted space, so often tumultuous with bursts of praise; not a figure crouches on the stones worn by the adoration of generations; the stillness is complete, save for the heaving of our lungs, the creeping of the sunlight up the piers.

Turn to the right and follow me. This is the Founder's Chapel; in the centre are eight beautiful shafts of exquisite lightness and grace, supporting what is known as a lantern with a lancet window on each of the eight sides. Directly under this, beneath a central top of marvellous workmanship, and raised seven feet from the ground, are the recumbent effigies of Joao, the knight of the dark helmet, whom we saw fighting on the heather a short while back—and of Philippa, his true wife. A worthy scion of a splendid stock, the latter was the eldest daughter of John of Gaunt and of Blanche, heiress of the house of Lancaster. Noble as was her parentage, her children were fully worthy of their lineage. One son, Duarte, the eldest, is buried under the altar-steps of the main church, the other four occupy those high, recessed tombs, along the south wall before you. A very grand old English matron was this Queen Philippa, and her consort and her

people honoured her as such.* Her love for her husband and children was of that heroic British stamp, which unhesitatingly sacrificed to their honour and renown the egotistical satisfaction of holding them about her; thus she joined herself with the young princes, in advocating the chivalrous attack on Ceuta, by which they were to win their spurs, consenting too, without a murmur, to her husband accompanying the expedition, when once he had pleaded "the service of God." With her own hands she buckled on her boys their maiden swords, and herself sick unto death, found soul enough within her still to speak unto them from lips scorched with disease; a few of those quickening words whose

"Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and ever."

Seeing what magnificent fellows those sons became, and having some of those words preserved to us, we are well justified in rating highly the influence of such a mother on three separate characters; above all, their affection and loyalty to each other, and the genial concord which reigned amongst them long after she was in her

* "Tantæ enim opinionis apud populum erat, quod solum illud recte factum videbatur quod ipsa comprobasset, Matth. de Pisano." Quoted by Schæfer *Ges. v. Portugal.* Tom. ii., page 264.

grave, must be attributed in much to habits grafted in the child-mind long before the ripe intelligence sanctioned them as principles. When a few weeks before her death, on the occasion of this Ceuta expedition, she presented the royal aspirants for knighthood with the swords prepared for them, all of which, richly inlaid with gold and jewels, lay placed beside the dying woman's bed, she accompanied each costly gift with words rarer and choicer still; to Duarte, the young heir, she spoke of his kingly duties, naming justice as the first virtue of the prince—impressing on him to give every man his due, to shield the weak against the strong; to take especial care of his brothers; lastly, she warned him that he was born a king to the intent that he might protect subjects, not lord it over slaves: to her fair-haired Pedro, calm, chaste-eyed and self-controlled, she commended the virgin and the widow, the honour of the loveliest and frailest: this unto these; but it was for Henrique, the youngest, that she reserved the pearl of counsels, and thus the golden maxim fell:—“Question not,” she said, “to prefer a glorious death unto a pleasant life.” Many a time and oft, in after years, did Henrique practise fearlessly the lesson of that hour.

The swords had been girded on, but the princes were still gathered round the death-bed of the Queen, full of their young knighthood and their mother's parting words, their thoughts now fixed within the room, now leaping uncontrollably to Ceuta and the coming expedition, when suddenly the rising wind burst with a rush upon the palace.

"What wind is that which blows so strong?" inquired the Queen.

"North wind," replied the children.

"A fair wind," rejoined Philippa, "as it strikes me, for your voyage, which, without doubt, will take place on the feast of St. Sebastian."

The same wind ere it fell at sundown bore Philippa's soul away, and the voyage took place exactly as she had predicted.*

Although a modest and discreet wife to Joao, Philippa had rigid notions of what she owed herself and her position, as may be gathered from a little anecdote, the *denouement* of which reminds one of the story of the garter. Thus it runs: One day, passing suddenly into one of the old Moorish rooms of the palace of Cintra, Philippa beheld her lord and master presenting one of the

* Prinz Heinrich de Seefahrer und seine zeit von Gustav de Veer.

ladies of the court with no less a gage of his tender favour than a rose. Nothing abashed, the King exclaimed, "*por bein;*"* and so the matter would, one might have thought, have ended, but with all her virtues, Philippa was a woman, and, moreover, an English woman, so, whether or not she suspected something under the rose, she put on a very serious face. Not meeting, however, with that contrition which she thought herself entitled to expect, she kept aloof. Joao no doubt said she sulked. The King, unconscious of evil where none was meant, consoled himself as best he might; but the many-tongued beast scented, or fancied it scented, offal, and became to savour the waxing scandal—the King, therefore, determined to put an end to this state of things by a somewhat malicious joke. Having made all the necessary preparations, and the court being assembled, he sent a special message to the Queen, requesting the pleasure of her company. Philippa, attended by her ladies-in-waiting, in due time obeyed the summons; the doors of the lofty apartment, where sat the King, were thrown open, and Her Majesty, no doubt looking solemn and demure enough, stepped upon the threshold; stopped, and gazed,

* "To be taken in good part"—*Honi soit qui mal y pense*, in fact.

and saw, with what feelings history does not relate, that the room, from top to bottom, was thick with painted magpies, each holding in one claw a rose, and in the beak a scroll, with the words "*por bein.*" La sala das Pegas is still to be seen at Cintra, and the motto, "*pour bien*" runs, as you may notice, intermixed with briar leaves round the high tomb before you, where Joao and Philippa sleep side by side, secure enough from magpie cries.*

Such lovers' quarrels as this serve but to reveal the harmony in which the royal couple usually lived. Philippa seems to have been a very queen of women; cultivated, pious, and wise, she exerted a purifying and elevating influence on all about her; nor did she disdain to set the example of an excellent housekeeper. She died in 1415, of the pest, in the 64th year of her age, the 36th of her marriage.† Her husband lived to see in the valour and prowess of her sons, the seed which she had sown bear fruit, and at last, on the 14th of August, 1433, followed his beloved wife. As the two slumber side by side, their heroic effigies

* At Batalha the motto is in French, at Cintra, in Portuguese—round the tomb it alternates with the words, "*Il me plait*," a haughty device enough.

† See Schœfer, Vol. ii.—Ges. Portugals.

afford after all a grander, nobler feast unto the eyes than poor frail Inez and Dom Pedro.

But the monument of Queen Philippa would justly be held incomplete without those of her sons, which, from its superior height, it seems to overlook, much as her stately mother's bed may have of old overlooked their infant cribs. On two of these tombs we may remark, among other ornamentation the Garter.

Does anything belong less to a man than his own body. He can neither make it fat nor thin, tall nor short; he cannot keep it in health, though he may perhaps hurry it into disease; nor can he repair it and strengthen it, even to last his time, except in a very minimum, often fictitious degree. The so-called dominion of his soul within and over it, is at best but an *imperium in imperio*, and half of it works unconscious of his will; least of all can he lay it by where he will when done with, much as this may be his desire.

Who can confidently say, "My bones shall lie in the sepulchre of my fathers." He who thinks to feed "the violets of his native land," may, when the buzzards have done with him, but add a ray of splendour to some jungle flower—the ancestral marble often gapes for what the

unfathomable sea is rocking in its mighty bosom.

This is no strained hypothesis, not even a prince, whose sceptred arm and regal will, may have prematurely fixed the graves of thousands, can secure his own. Of the four coffins which lie behind the wall in front of you, three arrived only after a delay, in the case of two a long delay, of years, and many were the jostlings and indignities to which the weary dust was submitted ere it finally found rest where it is, and where, let us hope, it may be permitted to lie, until the light of the last day shall set it once more throbbing with the unknown force.

Let us consider these tombs a little more closely ; each is a work of art, and each the outer binding of a poem. The first to the left is that of

DOM FERNANDO,

Philippa's youngest son. Although slight of frame and of delicate nature, there was no grating discord, no false vibration born of feebleness in his being—from first to last the fine-strung instrument, gave out one full clear tone to the glory and honour of the maker. He held his life by a peculiarly solemn tenure, owing it to the rare

devotion of his mother, who refused to prolong her own existence at the expense of his. His pre-occupied piety had borne his heart to the other side of the grave, while he still walked on this ; much as it actually is now—the rest of his remains lying in the tomb before you. Although physically better adapted to work out his good work in the more peaceful fields of life, Fernando was no chicken-hearted ecstatic, unable to wield a lance or bear the sight of blood ; cast, therefore, in an age when religious enthusiasm moved armies and shook walled strongholds to the ground, he longed, as ardently as the best, to verify his knighthood in some chivalrous struggle for the cross. Ceuta had given Duarte, Pedro, and Henrique, those elder brothers whom Philippa's own hands had girded for the contest—ample opportunity to prove their metal and consecrate their golden spurs, Fernando and Henrique now instigated an expedition against Tangiers.

All opposition to the undertaking having been overcome, or at least silenced, and the royal permission reluctantly given, a little fleet at length set sail in the reign of Duarte, successor of Joao I. Fernando's heart exulted, for it was truly an hour of triumph over forebodings, over

laggards, over prophets of evil, over endless difficulties of organization and detail. One of those moments when young blood runs far too quick for any spectral chill to freeze it. Such a moment did the Princes savour when, one by one, the anchors of the gallant squadron dropped into the blue waters of Africa. After a short delay before Ceuta, where Henrique disembarked and proceeded with his share of the forces over land, the fleet arrived before the high town of Tangiers, in the month of September, 1437.

The forces of the Portuguese, considerably less than what the enthusiastic Princes had at first calculated upon, were altogether unequal to the undertaking, even in those times before the Portuguese had lost the habit of beating each his fifty Moors.* Two unsuccessful attacks were made upon the town, and many gallant onsets, on a large army which hovered about in the vicinity, and which grew as steadily, as the bands of Christians dwindled, until at last it had swelled to a numberless host, under the Lords of

* The force at first consisted, according to Veer, of fifty-nine galleys, thirty ships, and one hundred and twenty smaller craft, and an army of twenty thousand men. Some foreigners were there, among whom an Englishman with four ships, whose name is said to have been "Mundo," clearly some corruption.

Fez, Bellez, Marocco, and Tasilete. As this bristling sea closed round them, the Portuguese found themselves at length shut up in their entrenchments, their hostile efforts as fruitless as before the advancing tide, an infant's bank of sand.

The little troop (now reduced to some five thousand combatants, the seamen having escaped to the ships) long and manfully hurled back the infuriated swarm. But when the herd of wolves has brought the stag to bay, however fearlessly he ply his antlers, tossing the vermin heavenwards, no one can doubt the end. One chance alone remained, and one the brave never reject—they might cut their way, through the short distance to the beach, and gain their ships. The hope of escape was a poor one, but still it was hope; each champion gathered heart afresh before the final tussle, death was everywhere, but on that side lay also the sunny hills of home.

Alas, what boots the galley's lusty pine, the elastic temper of her wing, the buoyant prow with which she leaps from out of the recurring nest of foam? a sea-worm bores her timbers, and the vast waters *will* have their own, let man do what he will. Within the Christian camp there crawled a reptile viler far than any worm; this wretch, the

Chaplain of Dom Henrique, revealed the plot of exit to the Moors, and again the valiant remnant felt the hand of death upon their coats of mail.

Every life within the camp was now at the mercy of the Unbelievers, a poor tenure, exasperated as the latter were by the mad resistance of the Portuguese, and the consequent slaughter of their bands. But if there are cruel Moors there are likewise cunning Moors, and, at this juncture, one of the latter shrewdly suggested the means of obtaining a more important gain from their enemies' necessity than the mangled carcases of an infidel pack, from which the vultures would profit more than they. This man persuaded the Mohammedan commanders to offer the Christians freedom to retire with their clothes, but leaving their arms, etc., behind, on condition of one hundred years' peace with the Moors, and *the retrocession of Ceuta* with the captives confined there. These terms were accepted by men on the verge of destruction, although they knew as well as any, the value which their countrymen attached to the possession of the fortress in question. Well, they had done their best, Ceuta might be reconquered; or, extorted in extremes as it was, the treaty might never be ratified—at least their

lives were their own again, and while smiths could hammer they would not want for weapons. But a difficult part of the arrangement remained; the Moors were astute enough, and now came the question of hostages, the corporeal guarantees of the pact. There was no want of men there, as elsewhere, to dash into the midst of a host of Moors, and, sword in hand, to perish or turn the scale, but who would go, a living surety, into their hateful cruel hands, and that for a treaty which his indignant fellow-countrymen might and seemingly ought, to tear to shreds? This required courage of another sort; and it was necessary, moreover, that the volunteer should be one of note. He was found in the person of Fernando, who offered himself as the gage of this convention.

“ Atqui sciebat, quæ sibi barbarus
• Tortor pararet? ”

The Moors, on their side, gave the son of Cala ben Cala, ruler of Tangiers and Arzilla to the Portuguese. Fernando was accompanied into captivity by several noblemen and members of his immediate household.

The Portuguese bade farewell to their heroic surety and his companions, and turned their faces

to the sea. On their way to the boats, the Moors who could hardly bear to watch their prey, be it on whatsoever conditions, escaping unscathed from their gripe, attacked the retiring band, and thus, by a violation of its chief provisions, relieved the Portuguese from the obligations of the humiliating treaty. But Fernando was in the hostile clutch, and it would be found easier to revenge than to control the acts of his barbarian jailor. Sad, indeed, must have been the home voyage of the adventurers, and they must often have been tempted to stand off from the coast, which seemed to frown upon them, and sail on into the unknown West, bearing their dread tidings with them farther and farther still from home.

Fernando was first taken to Arzilla; but when, after several months' waiting, there appeared no sign of the cession of Ceuta, Cala ben Cala declared himself in duty bound to forward his prisoner to the King of Fez. Now, in the latter place, there ruled—in the stead of the right heir, who was but a boy—a monster, Lazurac by name, a keen, truculent persecutor of unbelievers. Bad, therefore, as had been the treatment of the Portuguese in Arzilla, it was nothing to the fate that awaited them in Fez. Along the road they already

savoured a foretaste of the acrid food which they must henceforth eat; every indignity was heaped upon them, some threw dung, some jibed at them, others spat in their faces. Fernando himself had been mounted on a wretched, bare-boned brute, with patched saddle, destined to excite the jeering scorn of the faithful, and fret the Royal captive's mind; but the strong heart was not to be thus wounded, and the indignities glanced from their opposite like hail from polished steel.

We mortals, especially in these material days, are often tempted to look upon the soul as the flame to which the body serves as wick, the mind as oil. A bright appearance, waxing and waning with the state of these its substantial supporters, these sources whence are drawn its volatile essence. Medicine, metaphysics, science, and even metaphor, have helped to establish and corroborate this view. Let the body be pinched and starved, and the mind subjected to mephitic influences, or frozen and kept from light, and we expect to see the bright flame dwindle in exact proportion, become a sordid vapour, and at last a spluttering dying spark. But surely mind and body act upon the soul as wormwood on the lips, or soft west winds on pastures of the wolds, as

upon something distinct and separate from themselves. Congeal the oil within the lamp, or the streamlet mar its source, and flame and rainbow of the brook exist no more; they never were but shining atoms, now imprisoned. But if it is so with the soul, it is not from the captivity of Fernando that we should learn it.

The journey to Fez was a fit prelude to the horrors there in store, tortures even more intolerable as the days crept on, and coming fiendlike coupled with temptation, for well Fernando knew that with a word his sufferings might be exchanged for a sensuous Oriental heaven upon earth. To one, however, for long in thought, transcending this world, weaned from its animal delights, deeming the best use of its gifts their bestowal upon others, and knit with one powerful enthusiasm of sacrifice,—to such an one it was indeed vain to offer bodily freedom or luxurious ease for that in which he lived and had his being,—his absorbing faith. Low as he was reduced, terrible as was the alternative of pain, the Mohammedan allurements were to Fernando as the strains of a midnight tavern to a passing angel's ears; and while his strength forsook him, and his mind was strained and shaken, the reiterated

persecutions served but to stir the divine embers, kindling more brightly the unquenchable fire within.

And so for six long years did the outward man slowly wither, droop, and wear away, until the growing soul was scarce restrained by its thin prison walls—six years of taunts, scoffings, and menial drudgery of the lowest kind; harassed by ever renewed threats of violent death, racked with hope deferred, with, at length, what to him was worst of all, forced separation from his fellow-captives. But the soul lived on, nay, grew and flourished, until at last there came, as always comes, the end; in the dark dungeon, burst the full dawn of deliverance, a hand, not all unknown, touched the poor shattered form lovingly, tenderly; a presence thrilled the expectant spirit, and a clear bell voice whispered, "Arise, be free!"

But before we relate how Fernando finally obtained his freedom, it will be as well shortly to mention the several unsuccessful plans which were, at diverse times, devised for compassing it.

After the fatal capitulation before Tangiers, Dom Henrique, instead of returning to Portugal, repaired to Ceuta, where he met his brother Joao, who had arrived with reinforcements from the

Algarves. The two instantly decided upon employing these fresh forces for the recovery of Fernando; and Joao straightway set out for Tangiers, intending to throw the breach of the treaty, already alluded to,* in the teeth of the Moors and, while offering to restore the son of Cala ben Cala, to demand the surrender of his brother. A storm, however, came on and blew him off the coast, compelling the abandonment of the enterprise, the success of which was indeed, in any case, most doubtful.

As the second attempt to effectuate the release of the unfortunate Prince, may be reckoned the endeavour of the Infants, Dom Pedro and Dom Joao, to obtain the consent of the Cortes to the relinquishment of Ceuta, that thus, by fulfilment of their part of the treaty, the Portuguese might recover their princely hostage. The estates met at Leiria (not far from this place); the Princes urged the duty of adhering to the capitulation and fulfilling its stipulations, animadverting on the slur which would attach to the nation did they, by refusing to ratify the cession, leave their

* The attack on the Portuguese, as they were retreating to their boats after the surrender, was the grossest violation of the capitulation.

royal surety to perish unredeemed. But an influence more powerful than that of the two Princes turned the scale against them; the Church gloried in Ceuta, whereas the fate of an individual mattered little to the Church. Moreover, he might be admitted on the list of her martyrs; the Church influence carried the day. It was understood that every other means to rescue Fernando must be employed, but that Ceuta must not be given up.

The third attempt was a secret one at his escape,* which, being discovered, only increased the misery of the captives.

Fourthly, during the minority of Duarte's son, Alfonso V., and the regency of Dom Pedro, the question of the surrender of Ceuta was once more entertained by the brothers, and negotiations actually opened to this end; but the monster who ruled at Fez seems to have been loath to forego his victim while yet a tremour stirred the muscles, and with an Oriental refinement of cunning continued to delay the release, hoping, no doubt, to obtain, in addition to Ceuta, a money ransom, which would have been far more advantageous to his own per-

* There seems to have been more than one successive plot of this kind.

sonal interests than the surrender of the fortress. Meanwhile, his over-refined subtlety cut its own throat, as we shall presently see.

Lastly, Fernando himself, at various times, negotiated with Lazurac for the purchase of his liberty by a ransom; it was finally fixed at 150,000 *dobras* and 150 captive Moors; but not even the itching for gold could quite persuade the coarse jailor to open the prison door, and the only apparent result of the discussions was the closer confinement of the victim.

So much for futile efforts; but there had been all this while a better plan devised for the Prince's liberation, and at length a messenger was sent to carry it out, for it was time.

Fifteen months had Fernando then been a prisoner in the foul hole allotted him, where the light of the sun never came, where the air was thick with fetid exhalations, and loathsome vermin, in multitudinous agitation, roamed through the reeky darkness, or settled on its solitary tenant. Yes, my friend, think upon it, and know that the great heart still beat true and strong, and that the soul shone with a pure and steady flame, through all that dearth of nourishment. He was very ill, the most exhaustive of diseases sucked his life

away.* Lazurac, who could not help at times feeling admiration for his prisoner, had conceded that one of the Christians and a doctor might now watch by him. He lay upon the ground, his head upon a block of wood, the yellow flicker of the light shone on the fetid walls, disclosing half their horrors. From time to time his voice might be heard praying, or that of his companions, reading to him, or the clink of a chain behind the wall indicated that one of his devoted fellow-prisoners had come near, at great personal risk, to wave a hand to him, or learn how he was going on. Lazurac himself might have let the door stand open now, small fear was there of the flight of such a wretch.

Towards evening he received the sacrament; the old world was now spinning once more her verdant rim across the red disc of the sun, rushing, she knew not where, and yet likewise a prisoner, held by those chains which mind and soul alone can burst. The parched African horizon thirsted for shadow, and all things tuned themselves to rest. Fernando, too, was still, he seemed to see beyond the dungeon walls, to hold some strange communion. Very dim was the

* Diarrhœa.

murky air, heavy the oppression of those close four walls, and the gloom of that living tomb. But, although late, the messenger of liberty was already speeding on his way, and a presage of the coming freedom already kindled in the sufferer's breast. Ardently Fernando longed and keenly watched, for what he now knew to be both near and certain; yet he lay still and patient, the links of his fetters slept noiseless in one another. Suddenly came a sinking, overwhelming sense, a horror of great darkness, and the cell shrunk round him; then, through the blackness burst the glorious light, the eternal dawn—the messenger had come to set him free. Fernando knew him well, and turning gently round upon his side, he said, “Now, let me end in peace.”

When Lazurac heard how his captive had at length escaped, brute as he was, he exclaimed, “Had he been a Moor, his virtues had rendered him worthy to be honoured as a Saint.”*

But he was not a Moor, and, therefore, even after death, Lazurac continued to vent his vindictive spite against the dead man, and against the dead man's friends, and this in a manner, perhaps

* How many of us, and those not the least pious, qualify our praises like Lazurac—“Did he go to church, he were then a fellow-creature.”

even more revolting than before. The Christians were called together before the body of the Prince, whom they honoured, the friend to whom they had clung with the trusting affection of children, the martyr as they now regarded him. They were commanded to take the chains off the corpse. Obediently they bent their heads together over the poor remains, and mingled with the clinking of the metal came the hoarse choking of their sobs. Lazurac knew well that though Fernando had eluded him, he might yet make money with the mortal vesture left behind—make money, or at least make sport. The Portuguese were ordered to embalm the body; to *embalm* their solicitous, loving, patient lord. They did so, but stole the strong heart, and buried it secretly, accounting holy the place where it lay, and marking it with a stone and a little carpet with a cross upon it*

* This little carpet with a cross may very probably have been Fernando's mantle, of the order of Aviz. In Calderon's play, "El Principi Constanti," are these lines—

"Eu la Mazmorra hallareis
De mi religion el manto,
Que le traxe tiempo tanto
Con este me enterrareis."

"The mantle of my order
Which I so long have worn,
All frayed it is and torn,
You'll find, and in it bury me."

As soon as the body was duly prepared, Lazurac caused it to be attached by the feet to a cord, and thus, naked and head downwards, to be hung from the town wall. But it was the wrath of impotence, the soul had escaped him, and so had the heart.

These things happened in 1443; in 1451 the heart reached Portugal, and was laid in the tomb before you. It was not, however, until twenty-two years later that the body was interred beside it, having been obtained from the Moors in exchange for two wives and a daughter of Muli Shah, who had been taken with the town of Arzilla.

Part II.

DOM JOAO.

The second tomb is that of Dom Joao, whose surname, "the brave," speaks for itself; perhaps, however, a yet finer trait in his character was his loyalty and devotion to his elder brother Pedro, especially during the troubles and dissensions of the Regency, of which hereafter. In vain were attempts made to corrupt him, the Dowager

Queen, Duarte's widow, on one occasion even offering to acknowledge him as Regent, in her desire to obtain his assistance in resisting Pedro; but Joao's honest breast was proof against all such temptations. "Heaven forbid!" said he, and he laughed aloud, "that among the sons of King Joao, brought up in such love and harmony as we were, the seeds of dissension should be sown, or that we should be alienated from one another." Thus, the band uniting these two noble fellows, and which their mother had woven so firm, remained unbroken, until and after the younger had been lowered into the grave; and Pedro saw, as many a true man must, one and another of his friends passing to his long rest, while for himself the battle of life was but begun, and the band of his enemies increasing daily.

Not only had Queen Leonor offered to make Joao Regent, in order to win him from his brother's cause, but she had coupled the offer with another still more seductive inducement. She offered to throw over her promise and her husband's wish, as to the marriage of the heir of the throne to the daughter of Pedro, and to betroth him to Joao's daughter, Isabella. Joao was proof against both temptations. Certainly

the splendour of his daughters' after position did not suffer by his uprightness: the eldest, Isabella, married Juan of Castile, and became the mother of Isabella the Catholic; another, married to her cousin Fernando, bore the famous Manoel, the monarch of Portugal's golden age.

The next tomb is that of

DOM HENRIQUE.

The motto is—

“Talent de bien faire,”

and it is well placed and well chosen.

In the days of Manoel the Fortunate, amid the wild vegetation of a sierra on the island of Corvo, in the Azores, men came upon a lofty statue—a man on horseback sat, pointing with outstretched arm and finger over the boundless waters of the west. There he had sat, bare-headed, wrapped in a cloak, through storm and sunshine, no one knew how long, pointing silently towards the new world to be. This equestrian figure is an emblem of the passive inclination, or desire to do good; the impractical longing, which sits willing, seeing, yet dumb and motionless, riveted to the spot, tranced in unconquerable lethargy. The place of the statue is a matted

jungle, the bookworm has undisturbed possession of its chronicle, while Henry's name flits on human lips as a familiar sound, and the circle of his influence as a wave broadens on into measureless space. It was not Henry's knowledge alone, nor his desire of good alone, but his inaptive *energeia*, which doubled Cape Bojador in its field of surge, and atonized Madeira.

This Prince, the initiator of modern discovery and navigation, took that huge stride from speculative theorizing to practical experiment, which is all in all to the attainment of solid results. He cultivated and applied his *talent* for *doing* good.

It was after his return, in 1419, from the work at Ceuta, of which we have already spoken, that the thought of Henry's mind began to solidify and assume substantial form. It was then that he took up his abode near Cape St. Vincent, a spot commanding the prospect of that shadowy field in which he had resolved to sow, and, with God's grace, to reap. Here afterwards arose the little town of Terça-habal, or Sagres, known also as Villa do Infante.*

* "It is at present, beyond all question, the most wretched and barren place in Portugal."—Murray's "Handbook." Barren! and mother of so much.

He must have kept strange vigils there under the rising stars, those silent eyes, fresh from all he wished to know, but cold, expressionless. There, down south, lay the great African continent, excepting Mauritania, almost all unknown; beyond, realms of blank chaos, which superstition peopled with monsters of its own creation, and shrunk from with religious awe. What the old-world heroes had done, if anything, was buried with them, and for nine hundred and ninety-nine hundredths of humanity, as though it had not been. The riddles which had puzzled Herodotus, Strabo, and Ptolemy remained unriddled still, and time had added others. Were the Indian Ocean with the adjacent seas but one vast lake? Was the world an island in an ocean without a farther shore? * Was the equator a realm of fire peopled with devils—hell in short? Was Atlantis really swallowed up in a day and a night? Where were the islands of the blessed and the gardens of the Hesperids? Where lay Autilla, St. Brandanaud, the islands of the Seven Cities?

Of all these riddles and traditions, those which

* As represented in the famous map of the chronicles of St. Denis, 1364—1372, and all others of that time. See account of this map in Gustav de Veer's "Prinz Heinrich der Seefahrer."

bore upon the possibility of reaching India by sailing south along the African coast, had the greatest charm for Prince Henrique. He had been able to gather much that affected this question in his visit to Ceuta: how much more he learnt and accepted from the old myths of such a cruise we cannot tell, but his chroniclers generally admit his acquaintance with a part at least of these half-forgotten tales. Among those that had been preserved from antiquity, was that of Pharaoh Neco's voyage by the Red Sea round Africa to the Mediterranean (about B.C. 600); the account of Menelaus' voyage given by Aristonicus, the Alexandrine contemporary of Strabo; that of Hanno, the Carthaginian colonist (about B.C. 510), author of the *Periplus*, who ventured as far as Sierra Leone; and the circumnavigation of Eudoxus of Cyzicus, likewise from the Red Sea to the Pillars of Hercules (about B.C. 130).

Other fitful and uncertain lights he doubtless obtained from Arabic science, modern travel, and the views of learned men whom he gathered round him. In the midst of a confusion of charts, instruments, and musty books, phantom indications from the dead, conflicting opinions from the living, Henry grasped conviction, and

conviction bred enthusiasm. Gazing from his post of observation on the sacred promontory, he saw many things which his countrymen were not destined to behold until he was in his grave; at times caught glimpses of future argosies, "dropping down with costly bales;" saw the golden path of commerce brightening to his country's ports, the cross of Christ on many an undiscovered hill.

No one was better situated than Henrique for the task which he had set himself, no one better able to coin the clumsy bars of thought into ringing practical results, to realize in action the labours of the mind, for besides leisure, experience, and prestige, he had money, since as Grand Master of the order of Christ he had considerable sums at his disposal. Had he, like how many thinkers, been content with barren contemplation, wandering listless in the visionary fields which study had revealed to him, the ærial substance of his vision, like other brave dreams, would have perished with the egotistic brain from which it was exhaled. Not so, however, Henrique; by energy he fixed the misty revelations, by action grasped them, and all the world succeeded to the harvest of his midnight toil; cloud-land would not satisfy the man

who had hewed down Mohammedans like osiers, the knight who had scaled hard Moorish walls, was not to be confined within a castle in the air.

So it came to pass that in the year of grace 1420, Henrique saw his first modest expedition drop below the southern horizon. The pregnant work was started; long as the consummation might linger, the first stage in the high road to the Spice Islands was opened; where the one small vessel laden with nothing but stout hearts, now sunk from view, the luxuries of India and the industry of Europe would hereafter pass in unending succession. Soon her hull was gone, then she lingered half-mast above the verge, then vanished; there was no longer any following or recalling of her possible, nothing to do but watch, wait, and count the adverse chances.

" He showed a way which he had never seen,
And led his men where he had never been."

He could not go with them in the flesh, but we may be sure that he was constantly in the spirit on board the venturesome little craft, as she wrestled with wind and wave in the fulfilment of her mission.

Cabo de Nao was the utmost limit of the known coast, opposing, as its name implied, a

rigid veto on all further enterprise: so that the meaning saying of the day ran to the effect that he who went beyond would come back, or he would not.* To attempt it would have been thought an act of criminal temerity, to talk of then finding a highway to the Indies a conclusive indication of disordered brains. The lunatic folly which appeared to characterize such a project, can only be estimated now-a-days by supposing, that certain distinguished members of the Royal Family and of the Royal Society, were to proceed to equip and dispatch an æronautic expedition to the moon, and, more infatuate still, believe in its return. We can conceive the mingled scorn and pity which would salute the departure of such a crew of Argonauts; but we can no more conceive the vigour with which like sentiments were vented upon Henrique's apparent folly, than our descendants of the next Millennium, will comprehend our stolid ignorance and scorn of lunar voyages.

The ship leapt up again, however, from the lower waters, and brought the welcome tidings

* "Quem passar o Cabo de Nao, on tornara ou nao." Proverb given in Schæfer's "History of Portugal," in the notes, and which may be translated thus:—

"He who once gets round Cape No
Will come back or will not do so."

that she had compelled Cape No to give an affirmative answer at last, and broken the spell of the unknown. The adventurers had doubled the headland and advanced beyond, until they sighted a more formidable promontory, stretching for many leagues, with a grand swing, out into the sea, as though to bar the passage all it could, and awe the seafarer with the thunders of its base. This they had not attempted to tackle, thinking they had done enough for once; so the little craft and her crew came back, having seen a great deal of sea and a great deal of sand, and having killed a few Moors on the way, for their souls' sake.

Henrique's interpretation of the rounding of Cabo de Nao was, that Cape Bojador, at which they had been stopped, was to be rounded likewise; accordingly another expedition passed by the Pillars of Hercules in 1420, this time under the command of Joao Goncalves Zarco, the first inventor of sea-guns, and of Tristao Vaz, a knight distinguished at Ceuta. Another individual whose presence in this expedition was of considerable after importance, was a female rabbit with well-grounded expectations of a family. They were not the first people who sailed for a rock and landed in a bay of roses—Cape Bojador

they never saw, getting such a breeze before sighting the African coast, as made them call on St. Nicolas and the Virgin, and rendered it extremely probable that they would shortly see the mariner's elysium, Fiddler's-Green, instead. After driving a good deal faster and farther than was pleasant, and heartily rueing they had whistled for the wind, they beheld a blue something with a frothy marge, and found an island and a harbour of refuge. They named the former Porto Santo out of gratitude to God, and the latter Porto das Cagarras, from the number of sea-fowl, and rested from the tossing and the scalding brine. The hopeful rabbit, too, was safely landed.

This was something real and new at last; though but a rock overgrown with dragon-trees, fifteen miles long by six miles in breadth, it became the stepping-stone to something far more valuable, for it was from Porto Santo that, in the following year, the magnificent island of Madeira was discovered. This discovery, too, was the work of the active energy of Zarco and Vaz, for after wondering for a considerable time what the great permanent cloud on the horizon betokened, they did what they ought to have done before—set out and examined it. Meanwhile the rabbit's

hopes had been realized and those of the first colonists who were brought over to Porto Santo, simultaneously blasted, for the multitudinous progeny of the rabbit soon found themselves in such force in the crannies of the hospitable rock, that agriculture became impossible.*

Henry's soul was now beginning to clutch satisfaction; little as had been as yet the solid gains which he had garnered, and martyr that he was, there was a venomous monster to be stilled, which was by this time well-nigh rampant. What right had a fond enthusiast to be using up Portuguese men and Portuguese money in this way, sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind, ploughing the ocean in a wild search, or at best infesting a few rocks with rabbits, while whole tracks of wooded hill and alluvial hollow cried out for human hands at home? His own men

* Madeira was discovered to all practical intents and purposes, on this occasion; it mattered as little up to that period, whether the Englishman Macham, or Machim, and his bride, Anna d'Arfet, ended their romantic existence there in the fourteenth century or not, as that the Carthaginians had visited the island, and looked to it as a place of refuge in a time of need. Macham's story is believed by some people, and there are spots sacred to it on the island to be seen to this day. As to the Carthaginians having known Madeira, see Weber's "Geschichte der Alexandrisch—Hellenischen Welt." The voyage of the rabbit is fixed by Veer in the second expedition under Perestrello.

admitted that the land near Cape Bojador, the terminus of his costly expedition was a sandy waste, and new territory was the last thing wanted, when the culture and defence of that already possessed gave the scanty population quite enough to do. They were yielding to the irritation of an unworthy curiosity, and at their peril would they exchange the wholesome limits of known, for the unhallowed spaces of the unknown. If they attempted it, they would drift into the current of the River Oceanus, and sweep round the world for ever, unhoucelled corpses rotting under the stars. It was a sacrilegious defiance of Providence, and they would fall into the power of the fiend, to whom the Lord had abandoned those outer spaces of the earth.

But a wayward man must have his way, especially if there be no one powerful enough to prevent him; so Henrique had his, and armed once more to grapple with the chimæra. Thus it came to pass that one Gilianes, or Gil Eannes, finally doubled the ominous Cape Bojador in 1432,* without being driven off the coast, and found, as often happens when expectation has been strung to the snapping point, nothing par-

* "Schæfer Veergives," 1434.

ticular on the other side. He then returned to Lisbon, bringing with him a few pretty plants as tokens of his victory.

A few pretty plants is not much ; they were, however, nettles and upas to those who had hitherto opposed an unqualified opposition to Henrique's designs ; the aroma thereof made public opinion turn pale ; and when, after two more expeditions round the promontory, a third under Antao Gonçalvez, returned in 1441, with ten stout niggers captured on the coast, public opinion reeled intoxicated, and fawned upon the Infant in a most clumsy and undignified manner. These wretched blacks, although the religious spectacles of the Portuguese surrounded them with a halo of rose-colour, were virtually slaves, and thus the pioneers of the modern scandal.

“ *Tantum Religio potest suadere malorum.* ”

Interest and Duty pulled so nicely together that it would have been a wonder if no one had been dragged along. Proselytes made such convenient slaves, and slaves such submissive proselytes.

Henrique became a hero : he had opened the floodgates, and the stream was now sure enough to flow, if no expedition reached the fable land of India in his lifetime, he might nevertheless die in

peace in firm assurance, that baited as it now was, the enterprise would not be left to flag. But the Prince had no intention of dying just yet, but continued to command the waters from his watch-tower on the rock. His leave was requested, by private individuals, to fit out expeditions at their own cost, and so in the interval before the year 1456, the private enterprises of Lançarote, of Diniz Fernandez, of Antonio de Nolle, and on Henrique's side, the voyages of Gonçalo de Cintra, Cada-mosto, Nuno Tristao, and Alvaro Fernandez had been accomplished, resulting in the discovery of the Cape de Verde with the adjacent islands, the ancient Hesperides, the River Gambia, the Rio d'Ouro, the Cabo Rojo, the Rio Grande, the islands of the Bissagoes, and the River Tabite.* This time theory was meeting with most honourable treatment at the rude hands of experiment.

The last mentioned river was the ultimate point reached during Henrique's lifetime. The motive-spring of so much enterprise and daring had now a solemn sea to sail himself, and leave

* Besides the names of discoverers mentioned in the text, may be added those of Anton Goncalves, Gomes Pires, and Diego Affonso to the Rio Douro, 1445; Dinis Diaz to Cape Verde; Alvara Fernandez beyond Sierra Leone, 1447; Fernando Affonso and Balarte, 1448; and the discovery of the Azores by Gonçalvo Velho Cabral in 1431, 1432.

the consummation of his thought to others. But when the thoughtful energetic head lay with death's mark upon it on the pillow, and the keen eyes grew cloudy, he must have felt full assurance that his work would be completed, his design accomplished. The ball that disinterested study and energetic faith had started, wild adventure, pious zeal and common greed, would keep rolling to the predestined goal. The Infant died in November, 1460, in Sagus, and Portugal rose rapidly to a pitch of wealth and splendour unrivalled in modern history.

This body likewise rested awhile elsewhere, before it was laid by in the tomb before you. From Sagus it was taken to Lagos, and placed in the Tepeja Matriz, or principal church, where it remained till the following year, when it was conveyed here in great pomp.

Part XXX.

DOM PEDRO.

There is a virtue which attacks, a virtue that resists, and a virtue that submits. Dom Pedro's

was of the second kind; it was not possible for him to submit to what his enemies prepared for him; it would have been equally wrong for him to attack; he therefore opposed an obdurate and dignified resistance unto the end. He was the victim of an unrelenting persecution.

King Duarte, who appears to have been somewhat uxorious, and who, as we have seen, is not buried with his more noble brothers, committed the blunder of naming his wife Leonor Regent during his son's minority, to the exclusion of men in every way so well fitted for the post as Joao, Pedro, and Henrique. This wife was, moreover, a Spaniard, and therefore no angel in the eyes of the Portuguese. It thus fell out that Dom Pedro, the eldest uncle of the child Affonso, found himself forced into a position somewhat resembling that of his own father in the days which immediately succeeded the death of Fernando. The people looked to him to deliver them from the dominion of the Spanish Queen and from the incapacity of her Government; while, on the other hand, many of the nobles, from interested motives, took the part of Duarte's widow. The matters of dispute were patched up from time to time, and a kind of mixed Government esta-

blished, in which both Dom Pedro and the Queen had part; but as this did not at all suit the views of those nobles who wished to see Dom Pedro's influence altogether annihilated, and their own obtaining in its stead, they persistently urged Leonor to reject all terms of compromise, and to maintain her own dignity and that independence of Government, which it was urged her husband had intended to be hers.

In the first days of her Regency the Queen informed Dom Pedro that her husband, in his last wishes, had expressed a desire that the young heir, Affonso, should marry Isabella, Dom Pedro's daughter, and an alvara, or royal letter, embodying this promise, was given to the Infant. But the Count of Barcellos,* one of the principal opponents of Dom Pedro, had quite other views with respect to the future wife of Affonso, which he considered far better calculated to further his own interests. He meant the young King to marry Isabella, the daughter of the Infant Dom Joao, the Prince who occupies the tomb we have just left. Dom Joao rejected, as we have seen, all overtures to this effect.

* This Count of Barcellos was an illegitimate son of King Joao, and the husband of Dines, Nuno Alvarez Pereira's only daughter. He became the first Duke of Braganza, and is the ancestor of the reigning house of Portugal. His mother's name was Inez Pires.

Affonso, in spite of underhand intrigues which caused the destruction of the alvara, was in due time betrothed to Pedro's daughter, and the Count of Barcellos became a bitterer enemy than ever.

At a later period, on the death of his nephew Diogo, Pedro procured from the King the post of Constable, which thus became vacant, for his son; but it so happened that the Count of Ourem, the eldest son of the Count of Barcellos, now Duke of Braganza, who was not easily satiated with good things, wanted this office for himself, and consequently this appointment still further envenomed the feud of the two families. The Count of Ourem asserted his right to the post of Constable on the grounds of inheritance, his mother, Dines, being the daughter of the Great Constable, Nuno Alvarez Pereira, surely in such a case, if anywhere, the Salic law might be admitted. Pedro had, besides other enemies, among whom may be reckoned the Archbishop of Lisbon; his rigid administration of justice and his jealous management of the public property added to the number, and thus in time a powerful and unscrupulous Cabal was formed, from whose dogged malice all his wisdom and virtue could not save him.

Little by little the chasm widened between Dom Pedro and the Queen, until the latter took the fatal step of appealing to the aid of Castile. The Infants of Arragon supported her cause, and embassies were sent to Joao. Meanwhile, she caused all her private treasure to be conveyed to Albuquerque, an Arragonese possession, while the danger of troubles with Spain kept the country in a constant state of anxiety. It was not long before Leonor took a still more decided step, and shut herself up with what followers she could muster in the castle of Crato, from whence she issued appeals to the country containing corresponding denunciations against the Regent. Pedro, who saw little in this conduct to distinguish it from a declaration of war, endeavoured to persuade the infatuated woman to return to her own possessions near Almeirim, while he at the same time took measures for the defence of the kingdom. All his propositions being rejected, and armed bands of mercenaries having, in the name of the Queen, committed considerable ravages in the country, he determined to lay siege to Crato, first, however, once more respectfully entreating Leonor to return to her possessions. The Queen, deserted or feebly supported by many

of those on whom she had counted, resolved, in an evil hour, upon another course; she quitted Crato one morning, accompanied by a number of followers; and fled into Castile. Here we must now leave her to sue in vain for any *efficient* aid, and to die in poverty and misery, not without dark suspicions as to the cause of her sudden death.* Very different from that other Leonor, of whom we have spoken a short while back, and whose fate her own so closely resembled, Duarte's widow was probably more sinned against than sinning, the victim of short-sighted and interested counsellors.

At fourteen years of age the Portuguese law pronounced the boy Affonso ripe for the government of a kingdom, and accordingly in the year 1446 the formal assumption of his regal dignities took place. But the child hardly felt the same confidence in himself as the constitution appeared to anticipate; he therefore begged his uncle to

* Both Pedro and Alvaro de Luna were accused. No honest man believed in the accusation against the former, which had no grounds in a moment when, weak and well-nigh abandoned, Leonor was a petitioner to the Regent for the means of an existence suitable to her rank. The suspicions against Alvaro de Luna were stronger, and derived some corroboration from the fact, that Queen Maria, Leonora's sister, died fourteen days later.—Geschichte v. P. Schæfer, 2 Bd. 424.

continue the Regency yet a little longer, to the no small exasperation of the latter's opponents. Things, thought they, could not be allowed to continue on this footing; the Regent's enemies therefore worked diligently on the plastic material of the Prince's inexperienced mind, until they had persuaded him that his own dignity required that he should personally assume the reins of government; they did not think it necessary to add how they meant to stand behind and hold his wrists, until they had compelled him to guide the royal chariot over the most faithful servant of the throne. No sooner was the Regent made aware of the intended change, than he expressed his cordial concurrence, and at once made over the entire government into the young King's hands. It was a light sacrifice indeed for one like Pedro, and cost him little, for himself, to come down the steps of the throne; at that first moment he could not see that the dark spot in which the descent terminated was an open grave. There are certain eminences in society which when ascended from one side, must, if at all, be descended on the *other*, from which the elevation is very different.

But it was not long before Dom Pedro per-

ceived that he was likely to lose more than the Regency, and what to him was far dearer. No sooner had he receded somewhat from the royal side, than his place was occupied. Mephitic whispers constantly breathed upon the ear will in time poison the soundest brain: at least until a respite and fresh air shall have been able to restore the healthy tone; by then, their end has usually been served. Accusation and inuendoes of all kinds kept up the venomous influence over Alfonso, until at last there came a talk of his uncle being forbidden the Court.*

Dom Pedro had served his nephew and his country loyally, and was ready to do so still, if less directly perhaps no less efficaciously; beyond this, the Court had no peculiar charms for him. Faithful however as he was, he was still a faithful man and not a faithful dog, and therefore not requiring to be ejected, but sensitive of the first shade, that indicated that the *heart* of his brother's son was altered. He possessed broad lands under a free heaven; he had a family to welcome him, a thoughtful mind, and a full store of experience;

* A certain Papal protonotarius, an intriguing, oily, vicious reptile, was in particular exceedingly useful to the Cabal, whose ready tool he was, while his position made his remarks and counsels less suspected. He played largely on the young King's vanity.

what were a Court to him? He obtained an audience of the King, told him that during ten years given to the public service, his possessions had been much neglected, and added, that should his nephew ever again need him, he had but to send for him, and would always find that he had no other vassal so faithful, loving, and obedient as Dom Pedro. Shortly after this interview, the Infant was on his way from Santarem to Coimbra. Pedro had descended the second flight—yet though wounded by the King's ingratitude, and saddened with the bitterness of spite, he was still far from perceiving what the dark patch really was, which still lay so far below him.

Let us take a glimpse of Dom Pedro in his home at Coimbra. Peep into those old-fashioned rooms, and you will see him pacing up and down, or stopping to gaze down the long reaches of the silvery Mondego, dropping into the quiet West. There, in the bosom of the ocean, the waters have nought in common with the rapids, the stoney course, is as though it had not been; nay, with the river, this is so even before it reaches the sea, each polished basin, each amber pool, comforts the troubled stream and lends already something of the majestic rest, awaiting it beyond. It is

not so with man, ripples and storms that once have been, go with him more or less completely to the bar of life, there are few, if any, deeps so still, that the dirt collected near the source falls utterly away, and only in the great western water, comes complete forgetfulness and peace. Hence, perhaps, these pacings up and down.

The man is long and thin, but well knit; his movements are calm and harmonious, his eyes still and pure, while his curling hair and long, light beard add a nobleness to his somewhat English type of face. Well did his mother choose him to be the protector of maidens and widows. Purity might gaze into his eyes as a swan into the wavy element that bathes its breast; gaze and gaze on, and startle not, lost in the congenial heaven. And this is the man who has been the persistent adversary of a woman for years, and that woman a widow and his brother's wife, and he will go down into the grave with such accusations against him, and others too, of which sombre rumours have reached him since he left the Court. He sees it all in the shades and glory of the dying day, all this and more: they will triumph for a time, but he for ever; but what besides in the evening sky should make a strong

man start? A dark patch. A coffin closed, across the spangled poplar tufts.

It was well said of old,

"The just man Time alone will show,
The bad in one short day we know."*

Fantastic, indeed, are the tricks which the Fates often play with the good. Dom Pedro was upright and staunch as an oak, and yet, if ever a man had his road of life cut out by others, it was he.

Were it not, perhaps, for that restless stirring of the spirit, in those who once have worked with man, for man, the delicious repose of the country round Coimbra, must have been a pleasant change after the galling work of Regent, and the petty spites and factions of a Court. Dom Pedro, moreover, was just the man to appreciate such an interval. He was a good husband and father, and had now ample leisure for the enjoyment of the society of his wife and children. He was a true Christian and while strict in outward observances, had more time and quiet to imbibe the strength and peace of Christianity, and nerve himself against the evil hour. He was a thoughtful man, and pos-

* "χρίνος δίκαιον ἄνδρα δείκνοσιν μόνος
κακὸν δὲ κᾶν ἐν ἡμερᾷ γνοῖσσι μιᾷ."

essed a mine of raw material in the reminiscences of those travels, extending from Germany to Babylon, and from England to Turkey, which earned for him the name of the world-traveller.

Having been a knight of prowess in his earlier days, he still kept his hand in, as was the wont of his peers, by hunting the game, which, in the shape of boars, wolves, and more innocent quarry, was abundant in the pine woods and heatherlands of the Mondego. At meals some one read aloud for the delectation or edification of the others, an intellectual custom which must, in those days, have been rare indeed out of the cloisters. Thus, then, in this quietest of vales, where tall poplars whistle over a fleet, silver-sanded stream—where woods of gigantic pines, and summits dyed with myrtle and heather, shelter dells of flowers and fruit in wild profusion—in this full, free, vivifying home life, did Pedro fortify himself for the great crisis whose issue ripened beyond the hills.

And they, his enemies, were they not satisfied with the virtual banishment of their victim, or was the spite a deadlier one? Since Pedro's departure, the "patient search and vigil long" had changed to a more open, but not less deadly, prosecution of their ends; they sought to consum-

mate their triumph. Lie upon lie was pressed upon the youthful King's reluctant credulity, accusation after accusation, each harsher than the last, until the royal ear slowly lost its finer sense, and repetition served for confirmation. The Infant, it was whispered, meant to make himself a party in Castile, to obtain violent possession of the government, and to use it for the oppression of the people. But this double-edged sword, so successful with the King, could not be made to cut the tough, coarse threads of popular confidence in an upright prince ; the quick, national jealousy of Spain was utterly wanting, where no real cause for it existed ; while loyal to the King, the people nevertheless refused to be deceived by his evil counsellors. As a corollary of these accusations, the Regent's friends and adherents were on one pretext or another deprived of their offices, and finally his son was removed from the post of Constable. It might now be thought that so complete a victory would satisfy his enemies' most persistent hate ; but no, the same devils who at first had lured, now lashed them on—they must go down the steep place, right into the sea, the sulphurous sea. Wise in their generation, they acknowledged the earnest they had given to

hell, and did their work completely—they admitted the Macchiavellian wisdom of holding the dagger in as long as the blood still flows.* Darker inuendoes than ever gradually betrayed the grim end to which these double traitors looked; carefully was the small part of the wedge inserted, and then blow after blow completed the skilful work: it had now come to this—Dom Pedro was accused of having murdered his King and brother Duarte, his (favourite) brother Joao, and lastly, in concert with Alvaro de Luna, caused poison to be administered to Alfonso's mother, the late Queen Leonor. The game must have been skilfully managed before so much as this was ventured, it was now evident that it was meant to end in blood.

And how did Dom Pedro answer these secret machinations? Banished from the Court, confined by royal command to the limits of his own domain, cut off from communication with the nobles who were interdicted from holding intercourse with the dangerous vassal, he replied in the only way left to him; he went on with his home life and kept silent. He had doubtless made out, ere this,

* "Spendere il sangue," is one of the political receipts of the "Prince."

whither the intrigue was tending, and the dark patch before him revealed its hollow breast.

But if the man was of such a sterling type, surely there would have been some defender found for him, even within the fickle climate of a Court? Perhaps not necessarily so; but in the Regent's case there was, and of the best. The Count of Arrayolos came all the way from Ceuta to his support, but a fabricated rumour that the Moors of Africa were up in arms ridded the conspirators of this dangerous opponent. The Count was compelled to return to his command. A greater champion, however, remained behind, Alvaro Vaz de Almada, Count of Abranches, one of the most renowned knights of the time, bound to Dom Pedro by natural esteem, as well as by the fellowship of the Garter, which ennobled both of them, and which both ennobled; he was not one to sit idly by while others plotted the destruction of his friend.

Pedro's enemies found opportunity to whisper of danger, and to advise caution; the Count was warned of a plot to arrest him, but the adamant of his heart was proof against their knitting-needles—so they would arrest *him*, who ought rather to expect broad lands from his countrymen,

as some reward for his services, than a dungeon and a chain. Well, if they would try it, certainly they should have the opportunity; but he warned them that they would find it no easy matter to take him, and were more likely to get hold of him in the grave than in prison. Alvaro Vaz, accordingly, with the one precaution of wearing, under the flimsy finery of Court apparel, a suit of armour—marched at the appointed time into the council-chamber, an uninviting prey for a pack of wolves. But he had not only come to show himself, he was master of the position, as is, for the most part, every man that really knows how to die. As soon as the King and the Infant's enemies were assembled, in a clear, calm speech he sustained the innocence of his friend with regard to all the foul accusations brought against him, and at its close, no one being able to reply to his statements, Alvaro added that all those who asserted the contrary were no better than miserable traitors, of whom, with the King's permission, he was then and there ready to fight any three together in the cause he had at heart. But an engagement of this kind did not enter into the plan of operations which the conspirators had marked out. They, moreover, did not at all

like the looks of their opponent, and preferred, therefore, to adhere to old insidious ways.

Last, but not least, among Pedro's faithful champions, we must mention his daughter, Alfonso's Queen. Virtuous and beautiful, it is probable that this unhappy woman had no mean influence with the young monarch; but in this particular all her tears and prayers could obtain nothing, or only false concessions, equivalent to nothing; while dread of her advocacy led Pedro's enemies to the foulest accusations against one of the principal courtiers, that by sullyng her honour they might annihilate her authority.*

A strictly defensive attitude exhausts the aggressor, while it refuses him the stimulus of provocation; the whole attention being, moreover, concentrated on half the game, it is, likewise, exceedingly difficult to overcome, it requires, however, higher moral qualities than the attack. Pedro remained as firm, and apparently impassive as the white granite of his own Estrella mountains, over which the winds swept, and down whose flanks the young rivers swirled with less effect, than the quiet rain and the silent

* It is even asserted that her subsequent death was owing to the same conspirators.

frost and sunshine. Calm and prudent, he showed himself ready to yield up all saving his honour; he even signed certain cunningly-devised articles of reconciliation between himself and the Count of Barcellos (now Duke of Braganza), to some passages of which, he might justly have taken exception. They had been brought to him in the King's name, and he wished to disappoint the hopes of a disobedience, which they had been apparently drawn up to provoke.* But unless the Infant had presented the cabal with his own head in a charger, no minor concession would have satisfied them; and, indeed, if we are to judge by their after conduct, it is doubtful if even this would have done so. The dark sea mounted hourly round the bright island of his home. With the clear, cool vision of a fearless heart, he looked death in the face, and *knew* him. Like some huge monarch of the woods surrounded by the tide, when the waters, with all their crawling things, already dash its feet, steadfast and majestic he watched the inevitable climb, with each wave pulsation nearer; and we, who see the

* Simultaneously with the expediting of this document, orders were sent to the towns and nobles to arm; Pedro's prudent acquiescence removed the smallest pretext for their marching.

grand form still erect against the pale light of those distant days, we know it overwhelmed him ; but we know it was the great ocean only that prevailed, although the loathsome creeping things had a horrid interest in the event.

The energies of Pedro's enemies were devoted to contriving devices for tripping him up, for making him stumble, that they might then leap on him from behind. To close with him standing was not their way ; but traps and pitfalls they did not spare. The character of disloyalty and rebellion must be made to attach to him somehow. It was known at least that the Infant had in his possession a certain quantity of arms, the weapons of some past campaign ; and it was determined that he should be summoned to give them up. Did he comply, he would be left defenceless for the earliest pretext of attack ; did he refuse, his treason required no further proof. Pedro saw well what to expect from, and whom to thank for these repeated tests of his submission ; but although long-suffering in evil, to deliver himself tied and bound, was neither to be expected of the times nor of the man. The great vassals of those days could not expect much protection from the State, nor was Pedro in particular well situated

for obtaining it. A poisonous atmosphere surrounded the King, and through it nothing passed untainted, whether outwards or inwards; even letters exchanged between the uncle and the nephew were foully tampered with. If he were willing to risk the sacrifice of his own life, the inevitable stain upon his honour was not to be so calmly contemplated; the corruption would pass to his family, and like enough the persecution too, and who then would protect them? King, country, dependants and descendants would be abandoned to the unscrupulous cabal. The Infant, therefore, excused himself more than once as best he could, pleading that the King had at that moment no apparent need for the arms in question; and finally that he could not, dared not give them up at such a moment, that the weapons of his conscience having failed in defending him in the King's sight from the attacks of his enemies, "he must beseech his Majesty to leave him yet a little while these arms of steel for the protection of his honour and his life." *

This, then, was a triumph for the conspirators; but it was one that few will envy them; they played with loaded dice.

* His own words.

Thus the plot thickened, and the air grew dull with smothered storm. Owing to the ingratitude of some, the pusillanimity of others, the country looked on inactive, while one of its best friends was slowly pressed to undeserved destruction; but of all, the cruellest wound to Pedro, was the unnatural conduct of the King, to whom he had been as a father. It is well said, that it is those we serve, rather than those by whom we are served, that obtain the firmest hold on our affections; moreover, the feeling of loyalty possessed an almost passionate strength in those days which it is difficult to appreciate now. His spirit yearned for reconciliation, for a hearing, to convince his nephew, or justice, to satisfy himself; and in this temper he despatched the letters which it is suspected never reached the King, or reached him only distorted and transformed. No doubt Affonso all this while gave himself credit for his strength of character; but he had delegated to others that which essentially belonged to himself—his judgment in a personal matter; and, in consequence, from a monarch became a tool. A King should deliberate with many, but if he be a true King, he must—in all such matters—*act* alone.

There are some whom a blow in the face will satisfy and appease, when any amount of conciliating long-suffering had only rendered them more exacting and exasperated; to such it may perhaps be a double charity to give at once what alone can be expected to content them. Pedro steeled himself at each irritating message from the Court; but the metal still bent submissive and cut not. He knew well, moreover, how to distinguish between the actors and the instrument, and for the duty which he owed the one, he still forbore to break the other.

About this time, it was one day announced to Dom Pedro that the Duke of Braganza—the man who was working saints and devils for his destruction—having been summoned to Court from his possessions in the North, intended passing through the Infant's domains, although another route lay open to him. This decision, without your leave or by your leave, was according to the ideas of those days, an unqualified affront, and, this time at least, the shadow of the throne hardly concealed the person of the true aggressor. Dom Pedro determined accordingly to arrest force, by force, and for this purpose took up a position by the village of

Penella. He had now committed himself, and the ægis of the King was once more cast between him and his persecutor. All the channels of his revenue, that were in the royal control, were cut off, and he was commanded by his sovereign to allow the passage of the Duke of Braganza. At this juncture, several hidalgos, indignant at this treatment of Pedro, and no doubt sympathizing with the humiliating position in which he was placed, with regard to the Duke of Braganza, left the Court in order to come to his assistance. It was the beginning of the end, and this genial drop in the bitter cup must have been grateful to him. He now mildly but firmly asserted the impossibility of retiring before the Duke, coming as he did in hostile guise, with force of arms and in an atmosphere of scorn. The King, regardless of the just claims of one as highly born as he himself, called upon Pedro at once to withdraw from Penella to Coimbra, and allow the passage of the Duke. The Infant pleaded that as the Duke of Braganza commenced the feud, his Majesty was at least bound to give to him a similar command; and added, that if the latter came in peace he was ready to receive him as his brother; but that his royal lineage would not allow him to

endure so gross insult and contempt as that then put upon him. The kingly sense in him was roused to hold its rights, against the encroachments of an all-submissive loyalty. Affonso's father's brother and grandfather's son, could not be trampled upon, even by his own half brother, and at the suggestion of Affonso's self.

The Duke of Braganza advanced to force a passage, and try the issue of extremities; he found, however, a determined man on his own ground, and strong in his conviction of right, ready to bar the way. Such a passage of arms, in such a cause, found little acclamation among his followers; he, therefore, suddenly turned upon his heel, forgetful of its golden spur, and made off again by the way he had come, leaving his troops to follow as they might, or to perish, as might be expected. Dom Pedro's forces chafed to be let loose in pursuit, that the insult might not go unpunished. "Let them run," however, said he, "and thank God it has turned out as it has."

Unsuccessful in the field, the conspirators returned to the foul underground attack, in which their talents found a more congenial field, their valour a better prospect of success. The calumnies muttered before, now, by help of suborned

witnesses, assumed substantial form ; some servants of the late Queen, were induced to support the charge of her murder, and the voices of Affonso's young sisters were taught to cry to him for vengeance on their uncle ; to the popular ear it was whispered that Dom Pedro meditated calling in the aid of Castile and seizing the person of the King. Affonso, caught by the contagion of fictitious indignation, affected by the feigned horror of the Infant's persecutors, at crimes of their own fabrication, and irritated by the ignoble end of the Duke's campaign, with which the cunning vassal contrived to blotch the monarch's shield, as well as his own—determined to march against the rebel.

Queen Isabella, perhaps not without the King's consent, informed her father of this final decision against him, in a letter in which she mentions imprisonment, banishment, or even death, as the probable guerdon of his imputed sins.

The dark hollow was close now, and clearly enough an untenanted grave ; but Pedro's was not a heart to turn sick on the brink. After the receipt of the letter he dined as usual ; *ate his dinner*, and then, as was his wont in weighty matters, made known the burden of the epistle to

his friends, that his decision might be taken in as full a light as could be cast upon it. This time, however, he unhesitatingly made known his own mind, without waiting till his friends had made up theirs: proudly he set forth, that of the three dooms which his gentle daughter's letter foreshadowed; he would, as he needs must, choose the last. He would march to meet the King, and entreat a hearing and justice against his persecutors, and if this were refused, he would die *as beseemed a knight*. He, at the same time, declared that he had ever acted as a faithful servant and vassal of the King in all things, and besought those present to think the matter over, and give him their counsel on the morrow.*

With these various views which were, perhaps, the wisest in their generation, it is not necessary to meddle here; Pedro accepted that of the Count of Abranches, which coincided with his own; they would approach the King in peace, but in such a manner as to insure for themselves, in case

* Some may think that this decision, and what followed on it, are proofs that Dom Pedro did not restrict himself to the virtue of resisting evil. I cannot admit the objection; events had convinced him that the only resistance possible against the imputations on his honour, lay in some such step, which was, in truth, a purely defensive one. His conduct before the battle of Alfarrobeira, and its singular commencement, confirm this view.

of a hearing being refused, a chivalrous death on the open field, without the ignominious service of the headsman.

Nothing now remained but to prepare for this last step. One day during the delay which necessarily elapsed before the strange expedition could set out, Dom Pedro took Alvaro Vaz de Almada, Count of Abranches, aside, and spoke to him of his firm resolve, failing justice, to end the struggle in death. He told him that he had indeed "many friends who would gladly accompany him on this last journey;" but that of all he preferred the fellowship of Alvaro Vaz, his pupil and companion of the Garter, above all, for his great, noble soul's sake; and he asked if he would die with him. It was a demand for a chivalrous service in a chivalrous time, its spirit can scarcely be fully appreciated now; in these days we do not demand such devotion from our friends, and, maybe, it is as well for most of us that our expectations are more modest. What did Alvaro answer? He said, with enthusiastic thanks, "If God will that your spirit should quit this world, mine shall straightway follow, and if in the other world one soul can receive the attendance of another, my soul shall ever follow yours to serve it." After the friend-

ship of these two heroic natures had thus overstepped the grave, they sent for a priest, and took the holy sacrament together in sanctification of their bond.* It was not then thought so impious to die. It was something to have that in one, that could so bind a friend unto death.

The priest who celebrated this last supper was bound to secrecy; but considered himself, after the Infant's death, at liberty to relate the circumstances.

It often happens in mountain-lands that some time after the sun is gone, a second reflection of the sky relights the icy pallor of the peaks; but this soon fades likewise into the ghostly grey and

* I do not think it out of place, as showing the spirit of the times, and this explaining much, to give here a short account of the *Repto*, or *national combat* of the Portuguese, which constituted, as similar institutions in other countries, an appeal to the tribunal of God. It was generally had recourse to, in cases of accusation of robbery and affront.

The combatants first of all attended mass in the church, next chose two Alcaldes, who acted as their sponsors, and then armed themselves for the struggle. After this solemn preparation, each swore respectively—the one that he was in the right, the other that his adversary lied. The one who initiated the trial had then to give a surety in double the value of the disputed sum. From this moment the future combatants were shut up from communion with their fellows, and were not allowed to take any refreshments. The fight usually lasted several days, the sponsors taking home their men at night and being bound to produce them the next day before noon.—A HERCULANO, "Hist. de Portugal," Tom. iv.

the deepening night, and the day is dead for ever. So a final gleam of hope shoots now across the darkness which has well nigh overwhelmed Pedro, and half lures us to believe in returning sunshine. Alfonso could not touch the stalwart heart at Coimbra, without first wounding a tenderer one which lay beside him. Isabella was well nigh overcome at seeing her father proclaimed a rebel, and her King and husband up in arms to exact vengeance on his head. Her allegiance to him to whom she had given her life, was pitted against her allegiance to him who had given her life. In this terrible juncture she threw herself on her knees before Alfonso, and implored him to stay his hand. The monarch, who was a fearless knight, was also an affectionate husband; the appeal was not lost upon him; he declared that if his uncle would ask pardon, he should be treated in such a way as to content Isabella. The blank sky brightens, will the day return?

Pardon! and for what? If it had been mere brute life he wished for, he might have set some value upon it, even at this price; but as it was, such a request bade fair to give a death blow to that he valued more than life. Pedro could place little count on favour that came trammelled with

such an humiliating condition. Does the kite ask pardon of the weasel, or the lion of the hunter's dogs? Would words slack a thirst for blood, or submission stand in lieu of annihilation? Would his enemies respect him more when he seemed to himself less? The Infant spoke out his doubts of the sincerity of the overture, and at all events, of the efficacy of submission on such terms. His friends, however, saw the matter with other eyes, and the matured statesman, the world-travelled knight was no hot-headed enthusiast. The stronger yielded unto the counsels of the weaker. Cost what it might, he would drink the cup to the dregs; he wrote to the King, and asked for pardon. The letter was approved by his counsellors, and despatched. But it did not go alone; at the same time that the persecuted vassal wrote on this wise to his King, the father wrote to his daughter, and in the latter epistle, the pent-up sense of wrong, the wounded nature found for a moment vent. "I do this," wrote Pedro, "rather to please you, and for obedience' sake, than from any sense I have that it is right I should so act."

The King, whose would-be clemency, had most probably been in the interval represented to him,

by his crafty sycophants, as too great a homage to the distaff, caught at the generous words; found grounds therein for retracting the promise he had made his wife; declared the whole repentance feigned (as it was difficult to conceive it otherwise), and decided to set to at once, to reduce his proud vassal.

It was on the 5th of May, 1449, when every moor was blazing in cistus and heather, and the meadows below shone with blue and gold, that Dom Pedro's devoted band, some six thousand horse and foot together, wound up among the orange and olive groves, which clothe the hills south of the Mondego. In the van, two uplifted banners fluttered in the scented breeze. On them fair hands had wrought devices which tallied ill together, but suited well the discordant mind with which the little host was animated, for on one side ran in and out among the folds the letters of the words, "VINGANZA" and "JUSTICA," and on the other, those of "LEALDAD." They swerved languidly enough in the voluptuous air, but would describe other scrolls before long.

The die was now cast, and the appeal made to a judicial combat, for it was little else. If justice on his enemies were unattainable, the

course chosen by Pedro at least left to him to die red-handed, "dashed with drops of onset," without risk of withering mewed up in some cramped prison room.

Dom Pedro, instead of taking the direct route from Leiria towards Santarem, where the King was in force, marched over the hills to the quiet monastic valley, where a considerable portion of this splendid edifice of Batalha already reared its walls. He entered this chapel, and approached the tomb of his great father and mother; father, too, of that very Affonso of Braganza who was now moving heaven and earth to destroy him.* Whatever his state of mind, it was not such as to make him fear an hour's communion with the dead; he took his final resolutions in a solemn company. Of the four sepulchres along the outer wall, but one, that of his beloved and faithful brother Joao, was tenanted; that of Fernando gaped in vain for the remains that still continued the butt of Mussulman scorn. Pedro approached the tomb nearest the western end, which has for a motto the word "Désir," and is ornamented with

* Affonso, Count of Barcellos, afterwards first Duke of Braganza, and ancestor of the present dynasty in Portugal, was the illegitimate son of Dom Joao I., by Inez Pires.

the Garter, a balance of justice and foliage of the oak. He gazed steadily on it. It was beautiful enough to fix attention, but not more so than the others; still it had a peculiar interest for him—*it was his own*. He had come on to a level with the dark hollow at last, and it was indeed a grave. Standing thus alive upon the brink, he did not shrink from it, although he gave vent to a few pathetic words indicating his belief that he should soon be laid within it. Not so soon, however; he did not calculate upon animosity perpetuated towards a corpse.

Pedro's respect for the King combating his sense of wounded honour and his wish to cross swords with the traitors, who had so long played the sleuth-hound to him, gave an appearance of inconsistency and knight-errantry to his conduct at this time. As he told the troops, he marched simply as a faithful vassal to ask for justice, but a faithful vassal up in arms, indignant, however justly, and backed by six thousand devoted followers, was a visitor which a monarch might naturally have his own ideas about receiving.

Having reached Rio Mayor on his way south, only five leagues from Affonso's forces in San-

tarem, many of Dom Pedro's counsellors, considering he had sufficiently vindicated his honour in advancing thus far without meeting with resistance, recommended his return to Coimbra. He himself entertained the thought of applying to the King for a safe conduct and a personal audience. At length, in the hopes of thus avoiding a direct contest with an army in which the King would be present in person, he determined on advancing in the direction of Lisbon, anticipating that the monarch's party would then hold it sufficient, to detach a portion of their army for the annihilation of his comparatively insignificant force. He consoled those who were averse to this decision with the assurance that, if he were not attacked on this march, he would then return to Coimbra (with what benefit from the expedition except a quaint satisfaction of the *puntonoroso*, it is not easy to conceive).

On hearing of the Infant's movement on Lisbon, the King broke up from Santarem with thirty thousand men, and came up with Pedro's forces in a tolerably strong position, close to where the lines of Torres Vedras meet the Tagus, on the banks of the stream Alfarrobeira, near the village of Alverca. Pedro is said to have still

nursed a hope of a peaceful issue to these warlike demonstrations, still counting on the chance of some concession on Alfonso's part, and reckless of the rest. But when the match and powder are so near together, those are wisest who count upon an immediate explosion, those are safest who are farthest away.

Some royal archers, acting with or without orders, let fly their arrows at the Infant's camp; they had not to wait for an answer for long after the din of the battle of Alfarrobeira scared the wild fowl along the marshy shore. Desperate as was Pedro's cause, the only desertions that had taken place on the arrival of the Royal army had been *into* his camp. The Infant had indeed small chance of victory against such overwhelming odds as still remained, and, if attained, what but a bitter apple were the prize. Now, however, the knight was abroad, the vizor down, and considerations—to the wind. The King's troops pressed their antagonists from several sides at once, blows rattled lustily, smoke curdled, and the royal confusion of a battle reigned. Pedro amid the thickest of the *melée* threw himself from his horse to get nearer to his work, and after a horrible interval of activity, in which his nervous

arm sent many a poor soul howling into eternity, fell, shot through the heart.

As the story goes, this final triumph was obtained by means as base as the whole long skulking persecution. Although amid the clang of battle, and the cries of chivalry, the gallant knight was, it is said, assassinated, shot down by miscreants in ambush, expressly stationed for the purpose, by the Infant's enemies.

Pedro's soul was gone ; but fumes of sulphur and cries for blood still kept the wild fowl from their pools.

And the sacramental pact, had that been forgotten? The Infant was gone now, what could it profit to follow him into the unknown? Alvaro Vaz de Almada heard of Pedro's death : he thereupon rode to his tent, swallowed some bread and wine, and then strode out on foot into the camp now swarming with Royalists. He was soon recognized and surrounded by a herd of doughty champions, glad enough of a chance of engaging together, in a contest which the best of them would have been sore put to, to have sustained singly. Alvaro fought with his lance, until the blunted weapon would effect no more, then hurled it away, drew his sword, and fought on. Human

muscles could not hew for ever, even at human flesh. Would no blade cut the chain that still held his spirit back? At length, after committing fearful havoc in the pack, he sunk covered with blood, but still alive, exclaiming, "My body, I feel can no more, and thou, my soul, still tarriest;" and the soul admitting the body's plea, passed away in search of its kindred spirit. If logic be all in all, whence comes our admiring acquiescence in the reason of unreason?*

Thus ended these two friends. Another who had been a friend of the Count of Abranches during his lifetime—he must have been of another kind—hewed his head from his body and brought it to the King. A sad sight, after all, to such a valiant monarch as Affonso the African.†

Until night, Dom Pedro's body remained upon

* It is pretty to write—

"Ah te meæ si partem animæ rapit,
Maturior vis, quid moror altera.

.
. ille dies utramque
Ducet ruinam. Non ego perfidum
Dixi sacramentum; ibimus, ibimus,
Utcunque præcedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati."

But it must be grander still to do, for those who can.

† So called from his extensive conquests in that quarter of the world.

the battle-field. It was then carried on a shield by some peasant people into a neighbouring hut, where it remained exposed for three days, and was afterwards buried under a step in the little church of Alverca.

But there were relations of the Infant left who resented this treatment of the dead, which refused to his remains, the sepulchre intended for them by his father. Pedro's sister Isabel had married Philip le Bon, Duke of Burgundy,* and Philip made now a formal demand on the Portuguese Court, that the body might be buried in the Chapel at Batalha, or, if not, that he might be allowed to convey it to Burgundy. The immediate effect of this demand, was to cause the removal of the unhappy remains to the Castle of Abrantes, for fear lest they might be clandestinely removed, by those who set so high a value on them.

Pedro being dead, Affonso ordered a solemn inquiry into the accusations against him, comprising an examination of many of his adherents taken prisoners, and a scrutiny of his papers, an

* To whom she bore a son, Charles the Bold. It was at the marriage of this pair at Bruges, that the so-much-coveted order of the Golden Fleece was established.

inquest which resulted in corroborating nothing but his innocence. Not, however, until 1455 did the prayers of Isabella avail, to obtain the removal of her father's body, to the costly tomb before you, in which it now reposes ; but when at length so much of justice was done to the poor dust, the bier moved to its last interment in sacred pomp, attended by knights and nobles, prelates, peeresses, and rows of clergy, to the great though tardy consolation of the Infant's true and loving daughter Isabella.*

So now, my friend, you have been brought in contact with your *aliquid humanum*, your valiant army, your mother and her sons, and I trust you found them such as to satisfy even your conception of the grand. Were the age not so stoney I should almost own to a touch of awe in standing here before those hollow crypts, whose recesses defy the moonlight which bathes however in silvery green, the effigies of Father and Spouse above. Such a sleep they sleep ! tread gently ; it is night, and we must go.

* Queen Isabella did not long survive this ceremony ; and dark rumours floated about, that her death had been caused by men of that very party, which had driven her father into the grave.

FITT IV.

HORROR.—DONA MARIA TELLES DE MENEZES.—
INEZ DE CASTRO.

“ Estú la noche serena,
De luceros coronada,
Terso el azul de los cielos
Como transparente gasa.

“ Melancólica la luna
Va transmontando la espalda,
Del otero ; su alba frente
Tímida apenas levanta.”

WHAT a night! The monastery is encrusted with silver; the pine-trees, but a little while so black against the sunset, are pale as ghosts. Nothing moves in the air save perfumed atoms and glancing lights. Yes, Diana still goes hunting, there up above, hunting infinite variety through fields that have no bounds, chasing mystery down never-ending vistas, uncoverting the past in its lurking dells of the present. Hawking wild and winged manifestations of beauty, truth, or good-

ness. Breathing the æther of a love we brook not of, and in which Eros has no part, bathing in a purity that here scarce lingers on our tallest mountain-tops; up from the valley and away!

But see! that phalanx of clouds to the south (the mortals never know what is behind the hill). How its masses roll over on themselves, rear and fall back, like bloodhounds in a leash. Slowly it steals on the sky cupola, extinguishing star by star. In vain they shine so bright, no sooner do the feathery grapples touch them, than they wane and vanish, and the mass floats on. Its skirts, like a pall, hide all beneath it; sky and earth vanish simultaneously in its lap of doom. It is a monster impelled by a force over which it has no control; it does not feel and it cannot yield. Vain, indeed, were prayers addressed to such a thing. What is, then, the law that governs it, the end it accomplishes, or the being to whom it owes allegiance? What called it forth, and what will satisfy it?

It is broadening over the zenith, the moon is turned to blood. By that gleam you could see within the veil, shades of the vineyards and oliveyards, forests and villages it has swallowed.

It moves slowly, but in constant progress, and

will be here, too, after a few more pulsations of our hearts, and will find us waiting for it or advancing towards it—we shall not attempt flight, no one dreams of thus escaping. It may overwhelm, but will never notice us: we shall bow our heads and it will pass by.

We must hurry on while we are still dry, for drenched scapulars will not prosper us, and we have much to see before the sun is here to set things to rights. There is yet one more element of our Ice to seek, and that nebulous pack leaps and strains as though it smelt its prey. That dilapidated city in a hollow, whose castle gleamed out on a neighbouring height, is Leiria. One of the early barriers against the Moors, it nearly succumbed to the hosts of the sea; the sand molecules would long ago have entombed its verdure and its pride, had not Dom Diniz showed them that he meant himself, and not Neptune, to rule in Portugal, and by planting the hills with pines, arrested the conquests of the atom hordes. The gutted ruins and the squalid streets take a lordly grandeur from the fitful light and the foul stream rolls diamonds.

Another castle! that is Pombal—an eyrie of Qualdim Paes, the templar master, of that order

which lorded it over all the land between Coimbra and Leiria, built Thomar on the heights above the debris of Nabantium, founded Ega, Redinha, Almourol, and many another haughty burg, nuclei round which the advancing conquests of the cross might settle and consolidate.

We are within the veil now, and no mistake, the water comes in sheets. Ugh! something cold and clammy slid across my cheek, surely it does at times rain frogs, and such must be the present times. We must push gallantly on or our wings will be saturated. It seems to rain from earth to heaven as well as from heaven to earth, while the air is so sodden that it will require many another cleansing flash to burn the mugginess out of it. Keep your heart and your wings beating and we must attain to something; not too near the earth, or the fumes of those steaming myrtles will addle your brain.

There it is at last, struggling with the scud. What? . . . why the old castle of learning on its crag, look straight before you at the next flash . . . there, that is the University of Coimbra. We have come a gallant pace, spite the rain; heavens! how the river roars in the gorge above the town, we must steer by the noise of the bridge, without

heeding those fixed lights. All St. Isabel's protection avails little to keep the gardens of her ancient convent of Santa Clara from the sandy torrent; the river is over the arches of the bridge, and seething through the loop-holes in the parapet. Fortunately, we have no need of the bridge; six muscular beats and here we are in Coimbra. I could not have stood it much longer, every quill shaft burns like a hot skewer, and my wings are soaked to the down.

There it gleams, the ancient capital of Portugal, rood upon rood of church and convent wall, and the rush of water, roars through the narrow Moorish streets as in a mountain gorge, while such a peal bursts over us, as might well shatter the cunning masonry into a shapeless mass. Come, if you are not afraid to be the only human being moving through that dark dædalian labyrinth of habitations, come and see what we can.

Keep in the middle of the streets, there is no one there, which is more than I can guarantee of the dark archways; and, besides, you will thus escape the cataracts from the eaves. Hark! did you not hear a distant sound of horses borne upon that gust? No! well I believe you are right,

and that to-night I have an agitated fancy. Halloo! what, down! sprawling in the mud and darkness!—a corpse in your road, think you? No, friend, it is the refuse of yesterday's feeding in the house opposite, and that was not a wolf but a dog which skulked off from it. It appears I have not the monopoly of heated imagination to-night.

The storm is lulling now, and comes but fitfully, as the sobbing of a child that sobs itself to sleep, while between whiles nothing breaks the silence of the slumbering city, save the dripping of the roofs, and the gurgling of the water on the stones. This is the Rua de Sobrissas. See! a faint gleam shines from a window there; let us raise ourselves a little and look in. The touch of the mellow light among the hollows of the antique room might charm a Rembrandt; but it is no chiaroscuro that holds you fettered there, my friend! There is carven wood, and rich brocade, and forms of days gone by; but neither rime of eld nor virtuoso sense has riveted you so fast, my friend! There stand upon the farther floor a tiny pair of shoes, and near them stands a bed, the tumbled drapery has graceful folds, the tiny shoes suggest the tiny feet; but neither work

that spell upon your eyes, my friend. Clothed, but not hidden by the coverlet, a full, fair form lies on the bed; the delicate, womanly head is partly turned towards you, one arm supports it, tangled in a vigorous coil of tresses, the other lightly lies extended in white splendour, from shoulder band to shadowy finger tips; the tiny feet are shoeless, and invisible. It were not strange did such a sight of loveliness transfix you, and yet it is not that alone which petrifies your gaze, and holds your mutable form like ice, my friend. It is the *expression* of that face; a transfiguration of the soul projected beyond the immutable lines; the lines themselves ingenuous, unstrained, betokening a guilelessness which could sleep through such a storm in infantine reliance. But, from time to time, a tremour passes across the face, as when the sedges of the lake fitfully whistle to the rising moon. Is it the long vibration of the storm gone by, or the pulsation of some other storm climbing the dim horizon? Does the soul quiver with a sweet foretaste of coming liberty, or with horror at the shock by which it must be bought. It is at least no evolution from within, the wind upon the harp strings and no more, and now again intense, delicious rest ensues.

It is Dona Maria Telles de Menezes whose sleep is so exquisite, and it is so because she has a form of surpassing loveliness; but it is so still more because that form is the apparel of a beautiful soul, devoted, constant, true.

Dona Maria was once the wife of Alvaro Diaz de Sousa; but appears to have seen little or nothing of her husband* before his death left her a widow in the meridian bloom of womanhood. She was then in a position likely to test the metal of her virtue, and it was not long before the trial came. No less a person than the son of Inez de Castro, the Infant Dom Joao, became inspired with a fierce passion for the beautiful woman, and to prove the worth of his devotion, sought to ruin and debase the object of it. Finding all his pains wasted, he assumed the character of an honourable suitor, and thus won Dona Maria's consent to a marriage which—from reasons connected with his position, tinged already with who knows how much dark ambition—it was stipulated should be kept secret. In due time after the celebration of the marriage, Dona Maria bore Joao a son.

Dona Maria was the sister of Dona Leonor the

* She had, however, a son by him.

adulterous Queen of Fernando. The latter did not contrast favourably with his half brother Dom Joao, nor did she with her virtuous sister; the people did not love them, as we have already seen, and, in short, the temptation to a transfer of allegiance was too great, for such a contingency, to be neglected by a politician of the school of Leonor.

Wife of a knight so reputed as Joao, mother of his child, the object of the esteem and affection of a whole people, Maria might well sleep softly; whence, then, the passing tremour?

The report of Dom Joao's marriage soon reached the ears of the corrupt Queen, and she hit upon a plan by which to make assurance of the fact doubly sure, while, if possible, killing another bird with the same stone. Joao's ambitious nature must have been well known to her, and she contrived to work upon it to remove all danger from her sister's superior merits and popularity. Her brother, Joao Affonso Tello, was commissioned to try the ground; and accordingly on one occasion while in conversation with the Prince, alluded to the desire of the Queen to see him some day married to her daughter Beatrice (the heiress to the

throne). This desirable union would, however, of course be hopeless, if, as was whispered abroad, Prince Joao had indeed allied himself with Dona Maria. In whatever manner Joao may have received the crafty insinuation, there can be little doubt but what he revealed enough to the subtle messenger to show him the whole truth of the situation. But more was gained than this—a seed was sown upon a congenial soil which, if the devil would but work the ground, must grow to monster proportions before long.

Dom Joao's ungovernable ambition now gnawed into his very soul, gnawed and smouldered and fevered all his blood. His wife might be beautiful, might be good; but she, and especially her indiscretion, for was it not she who had bruited their union abroad, was none the less a clog upon his high designs. But a clog that is riveted on is hard to get rid of, and unless it catches, or can be caught in something, the task is well nigh hopeless. The mind of the prudent Leonor comprehended and cared for all this.

The intimate counsellors of the Infant were induced to insinuate accusations of adultery against Maria. The clog was now hard and fast,

one good wrench and the limbs were free and the road open to the crown. How it glittered and beamed, and to think that the coils of a viper were holding him back. Poor Joao! you were in a bad way then.

Friends and relatives alarmed at certain symptoms and indications of the brewing storm, sent warning to the true wife at Coimbra; and though with defiant trust in her innocence and in the noble qualities of her lord, she refused to heed the words of omen, we *can* understand the fitful tremour passing over the rapture of her rest.

Last night Dona Maria went to bed as usual, bidding good night to her attendants, who occupy that inner room, and now as the first shudder of the dawn passes across the land she still sleeps soundly, so near the portals of the land of sleep. Ah, God! there comes again the metal sound of footsteps on the wind; we must be gone. Dona Maria wake, canst thou not hear the tramp; nor yet the hovering wings? No, she sleeps on, the even slumber of a child. There! the street door creaks. It is only a servant going early into the town, and all is still again. Softly breathing Dona Maria's bosom gently swells and sinks. The quiet is terrible, and she will not wake!

Hark, a hustling, shuffling movement, and a clang of steel; armed men are thronging up the stairs, as though, forsooth, it were a Moorish den. We must away!

Away, and in such a juncture, are you mad? We must wake her, we must help her, we must die with her!

Ha! ha! ha! excellent my friend, and you have forgotten that Maria's fate came upon her in the reign of the vile King Fernando, and if you wished to terminate your existence with her, you are five hundred years behind your time!

Come away! I will tell you what happens; but you shall not see the prowess of these valiant knights. No one could look upon it and ever purge away the sight again; even the green glory of the spring would wear a scarlet veil; sleep would whisper treachery, manhood cruelty, purity calumny, love self, and beauty carrion, for ever afterwards. Courage, my friend! you cannot stop it for it *was*; do you think you could have stopped it, if it *was to be*? Away! in a few seconds it will be over; they are almost at the door and she still sleeps; look your last, come!

There, thank God we are moving again, and the blood moving within us! Aye! holy heaven,

the shriek that passed upon that frantic gust!
. . . . another! and another!

It is over now, just as the first light strikes the convent cross, and pales the sickly star above it. Peace has come again on the wings of the morning, and Dona Maria once more sleeps the deep untroubled slumber of a child.

Yes, those mailed caitiffs have performed a deed, which streams of chivalrous blood poured forth in centuries of renown, will never wash from their escutcheons. Blind as the Grecian King among the sheep, the maddened Lusitanian has led his myrmidons to a butchery here, as free from peril and of richer blood. A cold assassin's alien hand hacked the great wounds which freed his mother's soul, Dom Joao will hew his wife himself.

Accompanied by a number of followers, Dom Joao ascended the stairs and insisted on entrance to his wife's apartment. Not being immediately admitted, maybe not even recognized, the intruders burst open the door. The startled woman, just awakened, sprung tremulous and panic-stricken from the bed, the little shoes forgotten. A confused crowd of excited men met her eyes, backed by the faces of her menials, fear-benumbed. She

seized a coverlet from the bed and wound it round her beauty and her purity, when lo, at the head of the outrageous mob, she recognized her husband. Gathering, by a desperate effort, breath to speak, she demanded the meaning of so strange a visit. The Infant answered, lashing himself to action with his words, as a lion rouses his passion with his tail, "You shall know at once. You went about saying that you were my wife, blurting my name abroad, so that the King came to hear of it, and my life was brought in jeopardy. If you *are* my wife, all the more do you deserve to die, for you have made a cuckold of me."

Dona Maria answered, assuring him that evil counsellors, whom she prayed God might pardon, had brought him there on such an errand, and she besought him to go with her into another room, or send away his company, and that she would then lead him to a better mind than he had brought with him.

"I am not come," exclaimed the Prince, "to bandy arguments with you;" and seizing the helpless woman by the coverlet, hurled her in such a violent manner on the floor as to leave her almost naked before the huddled bystanders. Touched with shame and pity, many of them turned away

their faces, and more than one shed tears; no more manly sentiment, however, nerved them to prevent a deed which haunted their lives for ever afterwards.

Hell once loose within a man, hell alone can fix a limit to his madness. “*Stultitiane erret nihil distabit an ira.*”

This time the infernal spirits were merciful, and suffered the work to be completed. Dona Maria was no sooner down than the Infant stabbed her in the breast;* once he repeated the blow, and then, with a wild cry to God and our Lady for mercy, the outraged soul escaped, and the corpse subsided in its blood.

And Dom Joao will now marry a Princess, and, free from all hindrances, stride untrammelled to the throne. That would be bad enough; but a coarse nature needs ruder chastisement. There will be question of making him King some day, and then this deed will be remembered in the critical moment, to warn men from so rash a choice.† No,

* E depois em una verilha.

† This murder was urged against Joao's claims to the throne in the famous Cortes of 1385—while the imprisonment by the King of Spain to which it indirectly gave occasion, prevented what, perhaps, notwithstanding this atrocious blot on his character, might have been a successful appeal to the Portuguese people.

he shall go forth into exile driven by the enemies which family hate lash on in its pursuit. Then, he shall again find an enemy from other and political grounds, and in the close custody of the King of Spain may sit and brood on thwarted ambition and on yawning hell, on the cinders of an old passion, on the stains of worse than blood upon his soul. And then will a more dire jailor than the Spanish monarch seize and hold him bound, while the prison walls assume the likeness of an antique room, and a white something writhes in the livid torchlight at his feet.

One person alone will find her reckoning to her heart's content. Having destroyed her sister, and sullied the character of her husband's rival, Leonor can desire no more. She may, and will now make other plans for her daughter, and Dom Joao in his Castilian prison will hear of Beatrice's doings as Queen of Spain, and Pretender to the throne of Portugal.*

"Alles Rächt sich noch auf Erden."

And now, lest your sense of horror should

* Duarte Nunez do Leao, summing up his opinion of the Infant, says: "Finalmente nao houve no Infante Dom Joao cousa que se lhe pudiesse reprimir senao matar mal e sem causa Dona Maria sua molher instigado da cobica de reinar." "Finally there was nothing which could be reprehended in the Infant Dom Joao, saving

not yet be fully satisfied, and that we may get yet another contribution from Coimbra to the ideal of our Ice, follow me once more across the river.

It is the year 1355, a sad year for Portugal, a year of war and rapine, fire and blood, for where there is sin in samite, there shall then be sorrow in fustian.

Turn by past the low convent of Santa Clara, where the undertone of the river sweeps through the chanting of the nuns—out of the white glare into the cool alleys of this garden.

Divided rectangularly by intersecting walks, the Quinta revenges itself upon the rigid ground plan by as much arabesque confusion as possible within the squares: there are herbs of all kinds, flowers and fruit, patches of golden maize and tangle of melon and gourd. Here, an orange grove distils its languid essence through the air; there, a great fig-tree sweeps the ground with broad-leaved fringe, harbouring a restless band of wasps and birds, one moment still one moment all astir. Along the walks the purple lavender

the malicious and ungrounded killing of Dona Maria, his wife, instigated by the desire to reign." If this was all, it certainly was enough.

and rosemary recall the red-brick houses of England. Above, the dense myrtle, arches out the sky, with knotty, twisted boughs and stems—dark as the grave, but lit with star-like bloom to emblem that which gives the lie to death. Sometimes a lighter roof, of vine or jessamine, lets through the chequered sunshine on the path; then comes again the long, dark vista of the myrtle shade through which a speck of light gleams white beyond. Myriads of cunning cups and jewel crucibles intoxicate the brain with dreamy incense. The eye, save where a single blossom in half-light burns like a glowing coal, sees little else but black and white. The mellow stillness of suspended life, of pent-up sound, is only broken by the blabbing drip and plash of the unsteady fountain, the buzzing course of some preposterous bee, or by a short and sudden uproar within the fig-leaf screen.

And there are human lives to whom the place is sacred; but as the flower in its cup, the tottering fountain over its basin, the bird under the fig-leaf, so fitful, fretful humanity dreams retired in the inner courts until the evening breeze shall brush the potent sloth from nerve and twig, and wake the motley world to its fantastic agitation.

Come down the long vista to its end. See! there beyond, a shady quiet court, with walls against the sun from which a fountain springs, and with one sharp expostulation at the sudden light, slips slumbrous away. Within a tank of pulpy leaves and breezy flags, the lazy fish suck in their sleep, while here and there a dragon-fly flits through the shade as though a beam of light had lost its way. The court is paved with broad, flat stones, and overhead dark cedars canopy the space and wave mesmeric hands.*

Is that the phantom queen of some fair dream abroad by daylight, or is the court by human beings tenanted.†

It is a woman in the southern noon of loveliness, carelessly robed by art, but dight with all that Nature's treasure-house contained of choicest at her birth. At her feet a tiny dog, of all his race the daintiest, sleeps in the chequered shade. She herself, unlike the world around her, sleeps not. A troubled expectation hangs upon her face, an April course of light and sunshine flits across it, waxing in unrest as the lazy shadows wax.

* On one is written, "Eu dei sombra a Igenez famosa." I gave shade to the renowned Inez.—Bellezao de Coimbra Corte Real.

† *Μαρ ἡμαιοφαντον ωλεινει.*

What is she waiting for? Alas, like many of us, not that which comes with muffled tramp upon her. She recks not what beside the dew will bathe the dusty earth before the night.

You think that you have seen that face, and you are sure that you have seen that little dainty dog before. True, friend, for it is none other than Inez de Castro whom you left with that set marble brow sleeping in the church shade of Alcobaça. Such a still sleep is sweet indeed, what if the lullaby be rough?

Beautiful Inez comes of a noble stock. Her family is descended from Fernando, son of Garcia de Navarra. Her father, Don Fernandez de Castro, is the first of the name settled in Portugal; and a first cousin of Dom Pedro, the heir to the Portuguese throne.* Her mother, Dona Beringuella Lourenzo, is likewise of good lineage.

* Pedro was related to Inez by his mother's side. Dona Brites, Pedro's mother, had an illegitimate brother; this brother (or half-brother) had a child, who was Pedro's first cousin and Inez's father. Inez was thus a second cousin of Dom Pedro's, a degree of consanguinity, which, together with the spiritual tie of relationship contracted by her having been godmother to one of his children, formed the principal argument of those who were afterwards desirous to prove the illegitimacy of her children. They argued that even if a marriage had actually taken place—a fact in itself much questioned—it was impossible that it could have been legal under the circumstances. At the time of the elevation of Joao I. to the throne of

Her brother, Don Alvaro Pirez de Castro, was made Constable of Portugal, and it is to such gleams of royal sunshine that we must in great measure attribute the generation of the envious vermin, which ultimately destroyed the fairest blossom of this exotic shoot. Inez herself is illegitimate, and in after days her children will be pronounced to be the same.

Inez waits and waits, while the shadows wax and wax, the little dog's scant life-breath comes and goes, and through the silence the fountain prattles of the feverish days gone by—how it used to hurry off to the convent below where Inez then resided, bearing secret scrolls from her royal lover, jaunty skiffs on the limpid water, heedless of the tide of blood that would follow in their wake.

But the days of conflict, the days of choice, the days of delirium, are all alike over now. At length he is hers only, and hers wholly, her wedded spouse. Although the world must not know it yet awhile, what of the world? Is he not her world? All that once stood between them is

Portugal, Joao das Regras, a celebrated legist, espoused this view before the assembled Cortes, and contributed not a little by his eloquence to nullify the claims of Inez' children, the infants Joao and Diniz.

locked in the grave at Santarem, or Ah! bah! poor sterile Blanca, it is long since anyone thought of her.

But look, there in the blue shadow! Had you not thought Inez was alone? Who is then that, with such beseeching anguish on the face, and long pale fingers pointing to the sky? A slender female form, wrapped in long garments, mournful, motionless. Surely it is Pedro's Queen—Queen and true wife, Constanza! Is then that mason's work in the Franciscan church so weak, the grave's cement so friable? Ah! it is gone again—the cedars wave their shadowy hands, the runnel prattles on about that fierce, forbidden love; Inez alone again in the cool court sits still and waits!

What makes the dog leap to his feet? Inez starts, the colour mantles to her cheek, her heart knocks hard within her bodice, the veins swell in the tight small hand, the darkness of her eyes is lit with fire, the sinews of the high-arched foot are strung to spring. He comes, and ere he comes she feels his strong arms round her, and his breath about her head. But no! the cedars wave again their mournful hands, and the deluding sound goes by upon the wind. The fountain

babbles on, the small dog's nose once more reposes on the silky paws, Inez again is still and waits!

She knows full well he cannot be there now, and yet he ever seems to come, as from her heart of hearts in truth he never goes. It is, however, now the hunting-season, and Pedro dearly loves it. All day the deep glens of the Mondego ring to the cries of men, and wolves, and dogs; the purple heather yields its flights of game; and for as long as game abounds like this, fair Inez and her streamlet must be each other's company and consolation. The sun may come and go again, ay, more than once, before her sun returns.

And the Prince hunting so heartily, does nothing hint to him of the horror creeping hourly nearer? Has he any inkling of the grim decision which his royal father has adopted in secret council at Montemoro, and now rides apace to execute?

That hoary she-wolf which you speared, Dom Pedro, so dexterously an hour ago, and which now lies hard by the pile of other game, across the ruddy pine roots, has four small cubs. Her duggs are full and the cubs are empty. They

cannot see the milky film across the mother's eyes, and yelp around the cave in blind uncomprehended hunger. No wonder that the old one died so hard, the five lives hung together.

But this is not the only hunting party on foot this day. In the old palace of Coimbra there is unwonted movement; King Affonso and his most trusted counsellors have arrived from a distance. There is Alvaro Gonçalves, Murinho Môr; Pedro Cœlho, whose name of "rabbit" ("Cœlho," meaning "rabbit,") will one day be horribly suggestive to the hunting Prince, Diogo Lopez Pacheco, with other gallant knights and discreet Ministers of State.

Dark whispers have of late been breathed into Dom Pedro's ear of hatred, jealousy, and danger to his bird; but he knows the strict, cold humour of his father too well to give them credence. Had not some fool muttered of reasons of State, his soul was quite at ease. His marriage with Inez was a secret, known only to Steven Lobato and the officiating priest, and the people were clamorous for his marriage; his union with some Princess worthy of him, was advocated on all sides for the good of the country, and defended with weighty arguments of State. "The State," it was his

father's god! . . . but still, it was not possible, . . . it could not be. Meanwhile, the game is roused again. This time it is a deer; the hounds are close upon her haunches as she clears the wood: by St. Hubert it is a pretty sight! away with fond presentiments to the winds!

As fair Inez sits waiting, and the tiny dog winks, his shiny nose between his silky paws, a distant noise of voices from the bridge comes down upon the ear; the long hands of the cedars wave, and all is still again—all save the lapping of the fountain in the pool, the sucking of the lazy fish. At length Inez rises restless, touched perchance with a sense of the dark something creeping nearer, fretted by some unked sense of loneliness; she glides across the pavement and vanishes in the direction of the flower-embedded house:—graceful as a morning cloud, it is easy to understand what made the people call her “heron's neck” in rapturous admiration.

Hark to that rattle at the gate! Let us follow the way she went. Inez waits trembling, but no longer alone. She has gathered to her solitary self her three small children—Pedro's children: and see! it is none other than Pedro's father, than the King that comes. With him,

merciful heaven ! are Gonçalves, Pacheco, and the "Rabbit." The woman's sharp instinct whetted by danger spells each face and reads the common meaning of the group aright. Intuition beholds the horrid purport, which reason counted yet impossible.

As a sprig of roses torn by the drenching storm from off the castle wall, falls in the court before some trooper's iron foot, so beautiful Inez and her babes crouch, wet with tears, before the King.

A Queen to be, the world hold her a weak, misguided subject; a wife and mother, the world call her a paramour; and must it end so? But what of the world, Inez? Courage! Is he not your world?

"If not for me, a woman, still for these, sons of thy son," she says, "and children of thy blood, Sire, have mercy! Yet, what have *I* done? Is then to love thy son so great a crime, when he, my prince, loved me, and I but gave my heart to him who knew so well the way to win it."*

The words, the spell of beauty, or the thought of Pedro have prevailed, and have awakened in

* . . . "So por ter sujeito
O coração a quem soube vencê-la."

the King the ancient man, wound up so long in parchment cerements and interred beneath the musty dust of State considerations.

Affonso turns on his heel and goes, and with him his vile agents, Gonçaves, Pacheco, and Cœlho, or the Rabbit. Inez lives, but the hand of brutality has pressed upon her, the trooper's foot has trodden on the rose.

What are reasons of State? They have brought a man and a King here to murder a woman—a father to hack to death the mother of his own son's children—a knight of renown to do the foulest headsman's work. Judging by their fruits they must be bad things these reasons of State. Potent, however, as has been the influence of the hell-drops trickled into Affonso's ear, they have not quite sufficed to quench the man. The strong nerves refused allegiance: the victim has triumphed and the murderers are gone.

Inez sweeps into the court beneath the waving cedars—ruffled, tremulous, affronted, but even lovelier through the storm than in the sultry quiet of an hour ago. Once more, but now with agitated mien, she waits beside the stream for Pedro.

There let us leave her until Pedro come to

seek her, and beneath the broad ægis of his strength his dove may smooth once more its ruffled plumes, while the torn fragments of the storm-cloud drop far away into the setting sun.

“You wish to stop! You would like to see her safe in the strong man’s keeping! you do not trust the lull?” “Nonsense! Come away!”
. . . “*Come away, I say!*”

Yes! Pedro will come back, sound and safe, all too sound; back to Coimbra, back to his garden, back to the court, back to his Inez. The hunting has gone well, but could not last for ever. The last deer is killed, and at length the merry party splash through the silver ford, and spur into the wooded path for home. The little wolves remain, it is true, to hunger in the cave across whose light the mother’s shadow never falls again; but what of that! noxious brutes, let them be male or female, what they may, must be despatched! So Pedro leaves at length the hunt and all its noisy echoes, and turns aside to find his garden bird, within its myrtle shade, to fondle it, and make a full amends for absence. Pedro will come and find three children motherless, blood beneath the waving hands of shadowy cedars by the well-known stream, a white corpse

gashed with purple wounds, and every feature of the exquisite face wrenched with the latest anguish of despair.*

You will go back—ha, ha! back five hundred years? No, friend, not without me—stay still—collect yourself! It is the year 1865, you are in the Quinta das Lagrimas—the garden of tears, so called from the terrible fate of fair Inez, murdered here in the year 1385. That streamlet is the Fonte dos Amores,† taking its name from the

* The impression left on me by what I heard and saw of the scene of this classic tragedy while at Coimbra, is that Inez was murdered in the court mentioned in the text: the translator of Joao Baptista Gomes' "Inez de Castro," Alexander Wittich, who has likewise visited the spot, appears to consider that the murder took place in the Convent of Santa Clara Vellia.

† The streamlet has been the object of special care on the part of the municipal authorities for many hundred years, and the whole place is held sacred by the youth of Coimbra. Their veneration is not, however, of that kind which keeps at a distance, for the proprietors of the garden have not as yet been able to erect a barrier capable of preventing the visits of the students of the neighbouring University. Over the fountain is a stone placed there by an English General during the occupation of Portugal, on which are engraved the lines of Camoens, which alone have immortalized the spring:—

“As filhus do Mondego a morte escura
 Longo tempo chorando inemorarao
 E por memoria eterna im fonte pura,
 As lagrimas choradas transformarao
 O nome lhe puzerao que inda dura
 Dos Amores de Ignez que alle passarao
 Vede que fresca fonte rega as flores,
 Que lagrimas sao a agua e o nome amores.”

circumstances with which you are now acquainted, running down, as of old, from the shadowy court to the now ruined Convent of Santa Clara. On the bark of that tree is cut the proud boast that it gave shade to this poor child of Eve; this immense creeper under which we are passing, passing we know not whither, dropped its blossoms, if report speaks true, on her head, as it does now on ours, as it bids fair to do on other heads when spring-time and harvest, past and present, have ceased to be for us.

But how came that terrible fate upon Inez after all? When we last saw King Affonso, he had not the heart to put his purpose into execution, or rather the sudden waking of the heart prevented him.

True! but what he dared not do himself he dared let others do, forgetful that, if *qui facit per alium facit per se—qui peccat per alium ter peccat per se*. And the *others* were Alvaro Gonçalves, Pacheco, and Cœlho, creatures well aware that if it be dangerous to sign indentures with the devil, it is still more, immediately so to play fast and loose with him. Reasons of State were again urged upon the politic monarch as soon as he had re-

tired from Inez' presence: the kindlier human element shrank from his blood before the chilling poison—Affonso yielded, and the monsters lost no time in butchering their victim.

Could he have seen the civil war impending with his son, the blazing villages, and rotting battle-fields, it had been a valid antidote even for reasons of State. Could the wretched assassins have loosed themselves but a little from the narrow circle of the moment, a savour of roasting flesh would have gone up from the scene of their bloody work sufficient to sicken their senses and unnerve their arms. But a little while, five short years, and Pedro, then King of Portugal, had two of the murderers in his power. They were condemned to death; and Pedro, whose whole moral being they themselves had been the prime agents in distorting, came to look upon them. Seeing Coelho, against whom—probably from the part taken by him in the murder—Pedro seems to have had an especial hate, Pedro's passion lost all control; he struck the assassin across the face with his whip, and informing him that he was about to be tortured and burnt, called out *for onions and vinegar as dressing for the roast rabbit*. The two culprits were thereupon handed over to

the executioner, who commenced by tearing their hearts out through a gash made for the purpose ; the bodies were then burnt on the Plaza before the palace, Dom Pedro dining meanwhile at the window above.

All this happened long ago, but its horror and sin, and their line of influences are working somewhere still. Under the physical heaven poisons circle for a time and then are bound again in wholesome forms : the mephitic vapours which rise from such deeds as these into the moral atmosphere, likewise work on their deadly course, until some spiritual agency binds them once more in kind, innoxious forms, or by a miracle consumes them.

Have you had horror enough? . . . then let us press forward to our goal!

FITT V.

ICE.

BUT where is our ice all this time? Patience! we have found its elements, we may now hope to find the thing itself. Stillness, purity sullied and regained, grandeur, horror have met us in regular succession; ice cannot be far off. Find it we will, cold, blue, and brittle, in fissured stream, and hanging terrace-flights, real, hard, relentless; we will inhale its frozen breath, and hearken to the crashes of its slow, persistent course, though we have to fly forwards for scores of leagues, and back beyond the age of man. It has not always been so rare a thing.

We are off now, along the course of the Mondogo, the first lights of the morning melts amber on our wings, while the hollow gorge and the river below are just shivering out of night. The slopes are drenched in dew. Fantastic skeins of mist twirl through the upland trees before the

morning breeze, or drag their fleecy tangle through grey olive and dark orange groves below. See those bright insects moving in the neutral shade, from an equal level we should find honest human hearts and many a handsome female face among them. Swoop down! troops of peasants laden with produce for the early market, trudging along the sandy path, chattering as though half a hundred-weight of fruit were but a pleasant covering for the head. The women bear, of course, the heaviest loads; but then the men wear shoes!

Away we sweep, past by the silver ford, over the craggy left bank of the stream, into a rounded world of purple heather. Six beats of the wing to one of the heart, are nothing with such fuel as this morning air. Away! away! it is surely ichor and not viscid human blood that dances through my veins. Ah, what a tonic breath rose from that pine wood! To move like this is life indeed, age does not count by time—who would not rather be an ephemera than a polyp?

The orange sunlight struggles with the purple waste far as the eye can see, save here and there where clumps of blue-green pines with stems of fire—blood over blots of night. At

long intervals, a group of hovels, rusty-red, round a white church, denote an indigent hamlet, or some feathery trees conceal a farm amidst its petty acreage of culture reclaimed from the broad virgin wilderness around. I have brought you too close to that hamlet. Alas! they are but refuse heaps, and festering blot upon the face of nature—and the Almighty alone can say how long they will continue so, while men splutter on in the big parliament house by the sea, jabbering of statesmanship, and economy-political; but letting such things be.

See there, that filmy shadow on the far-off under-sky! That is the chain of the Estrella, culminating in the massive rounded Canariz. "Mountains of the Star"—of what star! Of Mercury it would appear, for the ancient name was Mons Herminius. Tradition says, however, that another starry god, Lucifer, possessed of old a temple in that rocky wilderness. His worship under other names is so common everywhere that the old shrine may well have fallen from neglect. But another and a purer worship, one that loves the hills, once found a shelter in those granite dells. Liberty found here a last retreat when the old Lusitanians, pressed by Roman legions

under such generals as Cæsar and Cassius, refused to sell their freedom for their lives.*

The land over which we advance is often broken into deep dells, in whose depths gnarled chestnut trees and tumbled fragments of red rock lie cramped pell-mell together. The beautiful stream yonder, sparkling in shallow and slumbering in deeps, is the Rio Alva ; and there is the old bridge abutting by the Casa de Pasto, or wayside inn : of the former we have no need, and by the latter I cannot allow you to profit, since eating is incompatible with such flights as ours.

You are already sighing for humanity—well—the last limestone hill is behind us now, and there below lies the village of Vendas Galliças, and the odour which arises from the hostel door where men and pigs, children and chickens, women and fowls are all jumbled together will satisfy, I trust, your utmost cravings.

To the east the land is open, far as the range of sight ; to the south-east lie the grand lines of the Estrella ; to the north the mountains of Viseu, where Roderic the Goth found a last retreat ; behind us the west is shut off by the amphitheatre

* Hist. de Bello Alexandrino and Hermano Historia de Portugal.

of hills over whose summits we have just passed, and among whose lower buttresses the Mondego and Rio Alva wind by Coimbra to the sea. The valley is no plain; along it runs an elevated ridge, and on the ridge the road; the soil is chiefly composed of detritus, irregularly splintered as to size and form of the fragments, and before long, the last sign of solid rock will lie behind us to the west. There are many miles of this rubble back, but here we are at the end of it, and see how singularly it terminates in a succession of rounded knolls of different size, tilted up one behind another, forming together a sort of promontory above the lower levels. To our left the "stream of the wilderness" (Rio do Desterro) dashes along a gorge beneath the granitic ramparts of the Estrella. But how you stare at those buttresses; what do they reveal? Have I ever seen central and terminal moraines in Alpine districts? Certainly I have, and in truth there is something strangely like them there. It is getting cold, let us go on! To the right—towards the gorge. I can give you no reasons, for I have none.

You have now a fine view of the pale, rounded masses of the Estrella. Look there! What are

those huge blocks out lying by themselves where the land slopes towards the mountains? You are inclined to well what? out with it! call them boulders of a certain kind; so would I —foundlings, as they are called in Switzerland, and ponderous specimens enough. You think they must have been brought here by that will do, you think a great deal too quick: things are not always what they seem, and nature works in many ways. Jumping will only break your neck, be calm and trudge on unto the end. We must find more than partial indications.

Now it seems to me that if these boulders have really been brought from the neighbouring mountains, which rise bastion on bastion and shoulder behind shoulder, to the height of seven thousand or eight thousand feet, and that, by the agency of glaciers, we ought to find more such with other traces of their action in the recesses of the Estrella itself, we may expect too, as we rise towards the highest summit, to find the detached blocks less and less frequent, until at last, on the bald mountain scalp, they cease altogether to occur. For it is clear that, unless in the ice age, the Canariz was not as now the loftiest peak in the neighbourhood, there can be no boulders near

the highest levels, unless they came from a distance. The passengers for the valley were picked up along the route, and would only get the characteristic marks of travel after making a fair portion of the journey. In all this, moreover, we must pay particular attention to the composition of the granite, for where, as at Cintra, the felspar is rich in potash, very queer stones are produced, and rolled headlong together, by the mere help of chemical decomposition and the force of gravity. In these cases, however, the peaks and topmost ridges, being most exposed to the action of the weather, are most jagged and shattered.

This, then, is the Estrella, oozy shallows and leafless heights of grey and white stone, with here and there scant herbage in the crevices and hollows. Vast, lonely, monotonous, for leagues and leagues its dreary eminences rise one behind the other in unvarying, dull obstruction; for leagues and leagues one quaggy hollow follows on its counterpart, while at long intervals solitary tufts of tall white heather whistle and beckon, or some juniper clings like a gnome to the lea of a sheltering stone. Despite the silence, a great fight is going on the while, the small is conquering the great, rigid hardness is crumbling

beneath persistent gentleness, the granite melts beneath the lichen.

Mother of streams—from the womb of the barren Estrella leap half the fertile powers of the land below. Those green, boggy patches are the sources of the Mondego, Rio Alva, and Rio do Desterro—wantons, which have no sooner drawn some strength of being from the close precincts of the little hollow, which, though monotonous, is after all the cradle of their lives—than away they tear, right and left, any way, every way, down to the laughing plain, the roaring sea—hold them who may!

Here and there grows a small patch of rye; but in vain do the scant, etiolated plants struggle, in spite of soil and weather, to produce an ear, it is too often only to furnish a dainty for rabbits or red-legged partridges. See, there is a covey at this moment scurrying among the stalks. Such a thin pasture ground is just the place, however, for goats and mountain-sheep, flocks of which, attended by sinewy long-haired dogs, enliven the desert and supply the raw material to a garland of cloth-making villages at its base. Of the inhabitants of the latter there is not much to say. Poverty keeps down their numbers, ignorance and

isolation check their moral growth; fold upon fold the blue cloth falls from the looms, but the roads that should hurry it off to market are still but lines upon some philanthropic chart, while meanwhile the women bear it leagues and tens of leagues upon their heads; the roar of the human sea wakes no echo on these granite flanks, no shout from the great arena comes down upon the breeze. The movement of their lives is typified by their own moaning bullock-carts, of pre-historic pattern, as they toss their lumbering bulk along the rugged village way—one difference mars the metaphor; however slowly—the tormented carts advance, while these neglected hamlets lie in the furrow motionless.

Labour in the dark, amid a scene of fœtid squalor, such is their monotonous existence—broken ever and anon by the startling tramp of pestilence, or the periodic levy of their taxes and their tithes. Their brightest sunshine is the religion of a foggy creed; a Sunday's glimpse of their divinity—that is his priest—through fumes of murky drugs; then home again to rank sardines, coarse olives, pig's-grease, and ill-paid labour till the feast-day fall once more. God and man abandoned! Not so, friend, quick wits,

high-minded generosity, taste, and tact—hospitality conferred with grace and dignity. All this is theirs, and all this came to them from God.*

But where is our persistence all this while? We are forgetting our goal in a bye-way. Swoop down and lay hold of a bit of that granite; but, steady! mind your head! Your pace is greater than you think, and a juniper stem would suffice to dash your brains out. It is of the right sort, no speckly, freckly gingerbread compound, but worthy material for so grand a work: broad, creamy pieces of felspar, quartz like best Chinese sugar-candy, and mica flakes that shine like stars. If blocks we meet with, we will credit the atmosphere with little work in their production.

And now observe the ground over which we are ascending, like a last retreat of Druids upon earth—fallen cromlechs, neglected rocking-stones, pyramids standing, it would seem, upon their points propped by some hidden block; strange Celtic ruins everywhere. But the mountain coney burrows under the bloodless monoliths, and the

* Far from the great towns, you will scarce meet a man in Portugal, however indigent, that will accept payment for a glass of water or a bunch of grapes from the roadside vineyard.

only harper is the wind. You may pass on without a snake's-egg talisman, for nature is sole priestess here; boulders are these and nought else, one in origin, varied in form and plentiful enough. Their character seems clearly indicated, and the smooth, rounded surface of the mountain is the clean page on which the letters of the priestess' story stand out, like sharp black-letter type. These are surely true "foundlings," and no work of chemical disintegration. One doubt remains; if we find them likewise on the topmost heights, our flight will still have been in vain, for whence then did they come, and how were they thus rubbed and rolled and tumbled?

Onwards, the scene is getting wilder and the air colder—like a herd of walrus turned to stone, the blocks still lie around us—the ridge gets narrower and the sky has the greater share of the picture. To your left, where that rent in the mountain forms a dark gorge over a thousand feet in depth, look at those crag masses watching like giant citadels—they are the fat and lean Pitchers—the "Cantaro gordo" and the "Cantaro magro." A little water has trickled from these Brobdignagian crocks and formed a black, uncanny pool which gleams metallic, like some huge reptile eye. The

lean Pitcher beetles over the gorge like a tower whose drawbridge is formed by the narrow arête which alone connects it to the main mass of the mountain.*

To your right, where the flanks of the mountain likewise fall away in—for the Estrella—sudden slopes, another, but less horrid gorge is formed—at the bottom of which is a tarn of kindlier aspect, although strange legends cast upon it too an ominous shade. And now, straight to your front, like unto the huge broad shoulder of him who bears aloft the universe, that is the Canariz, rising in ponderous curves against the cloudless blue, the highest level of the range.

And the boulders! See before the final rotund bulk of the mountain rises from the level ridge, they cease altogether. It is as bald as any Alpine pass head. The rocks of the dome-like summit have a compressed appearance, like soft, rolled cakes laid one upon the other in concentric layers,† and with protruding margins. Do you

* The lean Pitcher is described as inaccessible. It is by no means so. Some traditions of goatherds having been up—is all I could learn in the neighbourhood. I settled the question, however, by a short and amusing scramble, and was rewarded by an imposing view from the summit.

† I do not the least mean to infer anything so foolish as that the

perceive those markings on the slopes to your left? Let us alight and look at them nearer! I am weary of my wings and would fain believe that our journey nears its end. *Sharp cuttings on the slabs*, as though the owner of the Pitchers over the way had a diamond of corresponding proportions, and like a naughty boy had been using it to spoil the smooth surface of the rocks. Huge stones ground onward under pressure, have made such marks as these in regions we can both recall. Surely we shall not be disappointed.

As we ascend on foot the last slope, let us collect our data and thoughts, to which alone we look for that we seek. We must be near the end, and shall thus arrive in a fit frame of mind to see what we may see. What was that snapped under your foot?—a crystal pane upon the surface of a pool. Nothing strange on an October morning seven thousand feet above the sea. A trifle truly in itself; but now an earnest of the thing we seek—a last remaining token, as it were, of a grandeur which passed from here æons and æons ago—and which we may now hope to see again.

granite has been compressed since it first cooled down in its place ; but speak merely of appearances which I believe to be due to quite other causes.

There is a chill Alpine inebriation in the air, let us stand still a moment and sum up our facts.

First, we noticed the moraine-like structure and material of the long elevation in the plain, with its head towards the east—then, the outlying boulders between it and the Estrella proper; and, as we ascended, more numerous and multi-form boulders in the heart of the mountain; then the smooth, rolled-out appearance of the upper levels of the range, from a little below where we are to the summit, and their freedom from *debris* of any kind, and finally we saw the long scratchings on the northern slabs. Look out now over the wide country extended beneath you, and you will perceive that the plain along which we swooped this morning, is bounded by lofty ridges on all sides but the eastern. On the southern boundaries we are standing, over against us stretches the Sierra of Viseu, while just below the evening sun, between us and Coimbra, intervene the less important, but still lofty mountains, over whose heathery tops we skimmed a little while ago. Is not the low ridge, along which the road is carried much where, in glacial times, a vast central stream of ice might have advanced, streaked with tributary moraines from glaciers on its flanks,

and rolling a huge terminal moraine before it to the east? Let us go on!

Sit down, at length, by the scant golden grass blades of this topmost Canariz, and, while the sun of all ages drops down into the saffron west, using one other power of your wing, fly back to where man was not of this visible universe, and the old tormented world had not yet struggled through, to this her pleasant bridal face, but slept in vestal white.

Alone with Heaven and Earth—the mother and father of creation, as the Chinese call them.

An impulse impels the pliant matter, steadily accomplishing successive ends—some Master's will. As yet no lawless third, both slave and lord, is here. No anomaly in nature requires miracles to set it right. Wheresoever and whatsoever in the great infinite he be, he has not yet been stranded, clothed with nakedness, upon the shores of earth—a puny tyrant to count himself the pivot of creation, and dream that even the iris in an icicle had never been, but for his own especial delectation—the first of apes, to strut and style himself the aim and end of all the laws of cosmos, and in his blatant imbecility esteem his God chiefly as his own necessary cause. Let

him look back, when he shall come, and see how well the world went on without him.

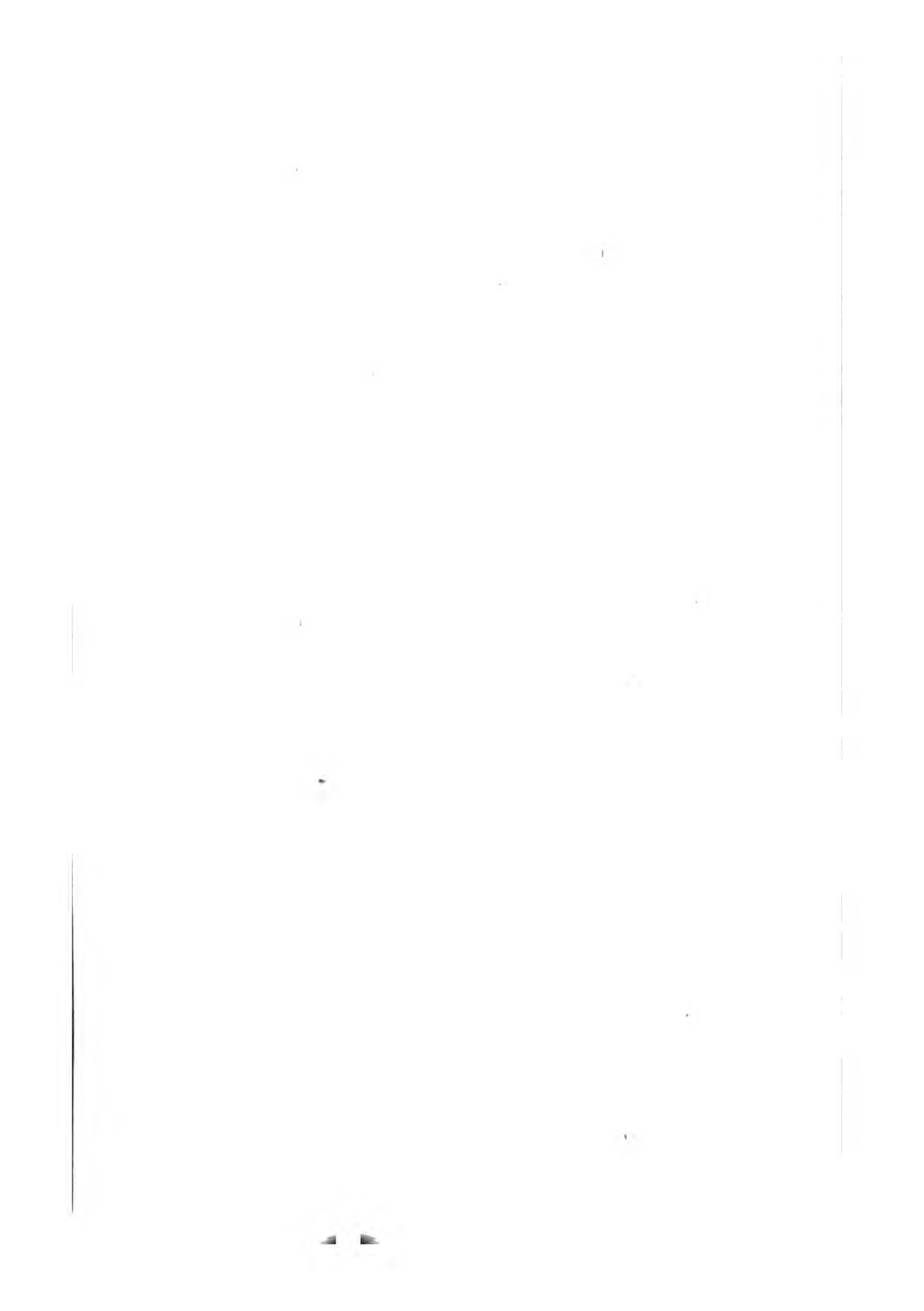
You shudder at a Simian parentage. Oh, for discerning simpleness of faith!—that nature “still remembered what was so fugitive”—that mind would seek title and patent there, from whence it truly came, could rive its shackles for an instant, and return to that first free communion, before imprisoned in red-earth, it entered on the long involved self-contradiction, before an ape or human monkey walked the earth. Then, as we feel now in this chilly glacial time, with the long genealogy before us, we should not try our royal pedigree by such mean issues, not confound the printer’s letters with the poet’s thought, not analyse the vessel’s clay to find the lineage of the wine. No flattering adulation of the potter’s work will either mend or mar the vintage, nor does it need such petty patronage. Sometimes, it is given in dreams to catch a glimpse within the sunny vineyard where it grew, and then we *know*, beyond all force of logic, whence it came. No scornful declamation, no cunning disquisition, will break the common tie, if such as like enough there be, between your body and the ape’s; keep free your soul and rend the unequal union as you

may ; look up ! and fret no more that dust is duly classed, and mingled with the dust.

But leave philosophy and look out now upon the hills again ; here they have risen, there sunk down without convulsion, gently as a mountain mist, the amphitheatre-like boundary of the western plain is still retained, the east still open ; but the whole how changed ! There is one arena now of glittering ice and snow, with dome and cupola and sheets of frost, and here and there a rocky minaret with wave of crystal, like a carcanet in the sun. From the bosom of each mountain mass, slow winding round or dropped in jagged terraces, descends a glacier sheet on whose white face run vein-like roads on which no living thing does ever go. The ice below sends up a phantom glimmer through the shadowy blue which now has filled the valley as a pool. The waters of the night rise slowly upwards, engulfing everything ; at length they touch, and inch by inch creep up the flaming heights, from which the gloating light retreats in one defiant burst of splendour. A paler loveliness lingers till the passionate rays leap up once more aloft, kiss the cold summits and expire, leaving the peaks all ghastly white beneath the peeping evening star.

Is then all beauty made for man alone, and this a stage rehearsal for the scene on which the mighty puppet will one day play his sad fantastic tricks? But what is that, a snail? Well, you are nice people going out all the evening, then talking yourselves to sleep here in the garden, as if there were no such thing as a lady in the house to be civil to! History—stuff and nonsense! You have been asleep and jabbering the greatest rubbish in it, too, these two hours, while the snails, and serve you right too, have been crawling all over your faces in the dew.

Ach ! zu des Geistes Flügel wird so leicht
Kein Körperlicher Flügel sich gesellen.
Doch ist es jedem angeboren,
Das sein Gefühl hinauf und vorwärts drängt,
Wenn über uns in blauen Raum verloren
Ihr schmetternd Lied die Lerche singt,
Wenn über schroffen Fichtenhöhen.
Der Adler ausgebreitet schwebt,
Und über Fiächen über Seen
Der Kranich nach der Heimath strebt.



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