

Provinces.	Extent in English Acres.	Population.	Principal Towns, with their Population.
Estremadura	5,450,820	826,860	Lisbon, 260,000; Setubal, 15,000; Santarem, 2,000.
Alentejo	5,248,326	380,480	Evora, 10,000; Evora, 9,000.
Algarve	1,336,000	127,613	Faro, 8,000; Tavira, 9,000.
Beira	4,964,600	1,121,865	Coimbra, 15,000; Lamego, 9,000; Viseu, 9,000.
Entre Douro e Minho 1,927,040	1,927,040	107,065	Oporto, 70,000; Braga, 14,000; Viana, 8,000.
Tras os Montes	3,007,708	318,665	Braganza, 4,000.

Estremadura occupies a great extent of coast, both to the north and south of the Tagus, without ever penetrating very deep into the interior. It presents a rocky, varied, and picturesque surface. It is chiefly important, however, as containing Lisbon, the capital.

Lisbon (*fig. 327.*) is situated near the mouth of

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Lisbon.

which crown this amphitheatre of buildings; the dazzling whiteness of the houses; the light appearance of the windows and balconies; the tasteful arrangement of plants, shrubs, and flowers on their roofs and terraces; the golden orange groves which adorn the suburbs, and the stately specimens of Indian or American botany which are scattered through the scene, produce an effect that cannot be described. The noble harbour, also, crowded with vessels; the numerous pilot and fishing-boats, with their large, handsome lateen sails, ascending or descending the river; and, nearer the shore, hundreds of small neat boats, with white or painted awnings, finely vary the scene. The moment, however, that the stranger lands, and enters the place, he finds that he has been imposed upon by a brilliant illusion; and the gay and glittering city is found to resemble a painted sepulchre. The streets are narrow and ill paved; the houses gloomy, with here and there a latticed window; filth and nuisances assault him at every turn. Lisbon does, indeed, appear to be the dirtiest and most noisome city on the face of the earth. In passing through the streets, a stranger encounters at every turn the most disgusting effluvia. Every species of vermin destined to punish indolence and slovenliness, the mosquito, the scolopendra, and a species of red ant, multiply to an extraordinary degree. Nor is Lisbon found, on inspection, to exhibit that architectural beauty which it promises on a distant view. It might have been expected, among sixty churches and seventy-five convents, built by a superstitious people, that there would have been some signal display of this kind; but this is not found even in the cathedral. The defect seems partly owing to the mean taste of the Marquis of Pombal, who ordered them to be all built on a line with the street, to preserve a dull uniformity. Two handsome squares, however, have been formed, the Commercial and the Roscio, which are connected by well-built streets; but the absence of trees, or even shrubs, and the blinding sand that drifts through them, combine to produce a disagreeable effect. Lisbon derives an awful interest from the ruins still left of the great earthquake of 1755, the most dreadful catastrophe which ever befell a modern European city. Six thousand houses were thrown down, 30,000 inhabitants killed; and a conflagration kindled which spread a still wider destruction. The ruins are the more dismal, as they portend similar disasters, which the earth, still heaving from time to time, perpetually threatens. Meantime, Lisbon displays one very grand feature; the aqueduct, to the construction of which, though it conveys the water only half a mile, peculiar obstacles were presented. It is carried in one place through a tunnel, and in another over a defile 230 feet deep, by arches, which are said to be the highest in the world. The width of the centre arch is 107 feet. It was built in 1738, by Manuel de Maya; and is of such solidity that it withstood the shock of the great earthquake, which only caused the keystone to sink a few inches.

The vicinity of Lisbon presents some beautiful sites and palaces. Cintra is the most striking, consisting of an immense mountain, partly covered with scanty herbage, partly with broken, huge, and varied piles of rock, elsewhere presenting thick groves of cork, elm, oak, hazel, and other trees. It includes many lovely and fantastic spots; but the view from it is naked and dreary. The town, at the bottom, with its old palace, has nothing remarkable; but the sides are covered with delightful villas, one of which is notorious for the signature of the unhappy convention of Cintra. Mafra is a royal convent built by John V., in emulation of the Escorial; but though a stupendous pile, 700 feet square, and containing numberless suites of ill-furnished apartments, it ranks far below its model. Only five miles below Lisbon, of which it is considered a suburb, is Belem, the site of a palace and a very