

metropolis, despite its notorious inferiority in intellectual and moral qualities to Kennaquhair and Llanpumpsaint, must, on the same authority, sometimes be right. And then, too, the facts happen to be dreadfully unmanageable. It is not the metropolis alone by any means that entertains a mild objection to the butchering of the allies and virtual wards of England within a few cannon-shots of Admiral Hewett's long-range guns. The immaculate provinces, despite the fact that their newspapers are, as a rule, much more under the immediate command of party influences than those of the capital, have been by no means behind-hand with expressions of disgust at the sanguinary silliness of the Ministry. The calls for a firmer policy in Egypt come from the very quarters which four years ago furnished the forces wherewith to fight the wicked clubman and the luxurious Londoner. Our good friends of the party of scuttling and slaughter should have stuck to "great is Diana of the Ephesians." There is apparently some conjuring still to be done with that. The provinces might be conciliated by the suggestion that if Mr. Gladstone exactly reverses his policy he will still be the best man obtainable. But it is a bad way to conciliate them by calling names at those who express the very opinions which they express themselves.

But the attitude of the few partisans who have not feared to throw everything but party allegiance to the winds, and to defend the most cowardly blundering that any English statesmen have ever been guilty of, is less amusing than the behaviour of some of their leaders. The House of Commons at question time on Monday and Tuesday was for a cynic pure and simple the finest, happiest hunting-ground possible. The echo of Lord Hartington's celebrated announcement last week in two breaths that General Gordon is not in the service of the Khedive, and that General Gordon is Governor-General, by the Khedive's appointment, of the Soudan, dies away in the distance, and the fuller symphonies in prevarication and subterfuge which Mr. Gladstone and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice executed on these two days fill the enraptured ear. Now it was Lord Edmond requiring notice of a question about already-printed telegrams and disclaiming cognizance of notorious communications. Now it was Mr. Gladstone remarking that the distance from the English army in Egypt to Sinkat is "a matter for debate and discussion." Then the Prime Minister continued with the comparatively very limited extent of the garrisons of Sinkat and Tokkar—certainly the extent of the garrison of Sinkat is now very limited indeed. By the grace of Mr. Gladstone, it is limited to four sick men. These things led up by a gradual crescendo to the magnificent Bunsbyism in which Mr. Gladstone announced that "the instructions and the actions of Her Majesty's Government would be conformable to their views and intentions." After this, even the *coda* that "no part of the case [especially the throats of the garrison of Sinkat] will be found to have been neglected" might have seemed merely a dying fall. But Mr. Gladstone had not done. He said in reply to Mr. Forster (who apparently cannot forget out of office that he was a humanitarian in it, while Mr. Gladstone is a remarkable example of a successful forgetfulness in the opposite conditions) that "a comment [he was not asked for a comment, but an answer] might probably lead to expectations beyond what he contemplated." Next day Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice outdid even his chief in the execution of a difficult movement. He promised to make an inquiry "immediately," and then he defined immediately as "in whatever way I consider best." One ought perhaps to be rather grateful to Lord Edmond for this last striking word. The definition of "immediate" by "in whatever way I consider best" is characteristic of Mr. Gladstone, and his young friend showed his fitness for a position in the Government by using it. Only it would be a great mistake to limit the phrase to this particular use. The right time to do a thing is the time that Mr. Gladstone and those about him consider best, and the time that they have considered best must have been the right time. They considered it the best way to let the garrison of Sinkat be massacred, and there is no more to be said on that point. They consider it (not without considerable pressure from without) the best way not to let the garrison of Tokkar be massacred, and that will be right too. They could not insist in the case of Hicks Pasha's expedition, because that would be to assume responsibility; but they did insist in the case of Baker Pasha's expedition, and yet that did not impose any responsibility upon them. Their actions and instructions will be conformable to their views and intentions; and, as their views and intentions are *ex hypothesi* infallible and impeccable, their actions and instructions must be ditto, ditto. This kind of verbal wriggling is called by their henchmen "high argument" ("high old argument" would be a slight addition and a considerable improvement). The garrison of Sinkat was such a little one! The improvements introduced by Mr. Clifford Lloyd in the Egyptian administration were so remarkable! It would be such a pity to spoil the symmetry of General Gordon's plan by drawing swords and charging muskets! High arguments indeed!

The political Democritus has quite the best of it on this occasion, and it is with very great regret that we acknowledge our own inability entirely to rise or sink to the level of his situation. It is very weak, no doubt, very childish, very un-nineteenth-century. We ought to do nothing but avail ourselves of the abundant pasture for the humourist which is presented by the spectacle of the honour of a great nation and the duties of common humanity dragged in the dirt to the accompaniment of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's definitions of "immediately," of Mr. Gladstone's emulations of Captain Cuttle's great oracle, and of the admiring

applause of Radical newspapers. But in order to do nothing but this a man must forget that he is an Englishman; and then Englishmen who forget that they are Englishmen do not perceive the joke. So here is the eternal incompatibility. *Si M. Schnadhorst savait*—what a figure his chiefs are cutting; *si nous pouvions*—laugh at the figure which they make Englishmen cut! But Mr. Schnadhorst will still be Mr. Schnadhorst and keep his Schnadhorstian mind; and we for our part do not greatly envy him. The tragedy somewhat spoils the enjoyment of the comedy, but it is a tragi-comedy still.

#### THE NEW MARTINI-ENFIELD RIFLE.

THERE seems to be some difference of opinion as to the merits of the new 40-inch bore rifle lately reissued from the Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield, for trial and report. The arm as it now stands differs in some minor details from that issued experimentally in 1882, but the differences are of the nature of improvements which occur during the making of any new machine, and need not be noticed here. It is of more importance to consider in what respect, if in any, the new rifle is likely to prove a better infantry arm than the present service Martini-Henry rifle. The breech-loading action—namely, that invented by Martini on the falling block system—is the same in both rifles. It will be convenient in this notice to speak of the present service rifle as the Martini-Henry, and of the new experimental rifle as the Martini-Enfield.

The improvements claimed for the Martini-Enfield consist mainly of a new pattern fore-end, of several additional appliances which could, if desired, be fitted to any rifle, and of a very considerable reduction in the diameter of the bore and in the weight of the bullet.

The fore-end, it should be explained, is that part of the stock which is in front of the breech. In the Martini-Henry rifle a groove runs along the upper part of the fore-end, and forms a bed for the barrel. Held together by steel bands, the barrel and fore-end form the shaft of a pike sufficiently light and strong, whose point is the fixed bayonet. It is stated at Enfield that water finds its way to, and lodges in, the barrel-groove of the fore-end; that in this way many barrels get injured through rust, and in time become unserviceable. In order to obviate this liability to damage, the barrel of the Martini-Enfield is made to rest upon the fore-end instead of lying in it—that is, the exterior of the barrel is exposed to view both above and below—so that there ought to be no difficulty in keeping every part of it perfectly clean and free from rust. Time and a certain amount of wear and tear will be required to show whether the change is a good one. The necessity for any change in this respect would have been more clear had it been stated by the authorities at Enfield what proportion of barrels become unserviceable through the setting up of rust between the barrel and the present fore-end.

The Martini-Enfield is fitted with an improved pattern back-sight. The leaf, instead of being graduated for every hundred yards only (as in the Martini-Henry), is marked for every half and quarter hundred between 500 and 1,500 yards. There is also a sliding wind-gauge—the device of the Armourer Sergeant at Lythe—attached to the back-sight. These additions will doubtless be of great use in enabling the soldier to correct his elevation and allowance for wind. As at distances over 1,500 yards a man cannot (if the butt is in his shoulder) raise his eye sufficiently above the breech to get the required elevation, the Martini-Enfield is provided with a long-range sight, consisting of a fixed back-sight (on the left side of the rifle) and a long-range front-sight graduated from 1,000 to 2,000 yards. When in use, the long-range front-sight hangs down from the left side of the upper band. Thus elevation is obtained, not by depressing the breech below the line of aim, but by raising the muzzle above, and of course slightly to one side of, that line. When not required for immediate use, the long-range front-sight can, as a sailor would say, be stowed along the barrel and fore-end; when not required at all, it can be unshipped and stowed away in the pouch. It may be noticed that, in aiming at extreme ranges with the long-range sight, few men will be able to rest the cheek or chin on the butt of their rifle; the difficulty of aiming and holding steadily will be thereby increased at least twofold. This drawback might be got rid of by placing a pad between the cheek and the butt. In the Martini action the very act of loading places the rifle, so to speak, at "full cock."

To the breech action of the Martini-Enfield a safety bolt has been added. When the bolt is pressed back, the trigger does not act, and the action is thus kept, as it were, at "half cock." In order to make the rifle ready for firing, the bolt must be pressed forward. When it is intended to fire the rifle immediately after loading, there is, of course, no occasion to use the safety bolt. Thus in the Martini-Enfield action there are two methods of bringing the rifle to "full cock." Men used to guns will most likely consider there is some danger attending the formation of a double habit in the matter of cocking a gun. But the safety bolt, like the new pattern back-sight and the long-range sight, is undergoing trial. It is not improbable that the general verdict will be adverse to the safety bolt, decidedly in favour of the new pattern back-sight and sliding wind-gauge, and pretty evenly divided about the long-range sight.

The Martini-Enfield is chiefly remarkable for the reduction in

the size of the bore and in the weight of the bullet. The bore of the Martini-Henry rifle is 0.45 inch in diameter, and is rifled on the Henry system. The bore of the Martini-Enfield is 0.40 inch in diameter, and is rifled with a ratchet rifling, the grooves being either seven or nine in number, and the twist one turn in 15 inches. The weight of the Martini-Henry bullet is 480 grains, that of the Martini-Enfield 384, the powder charge of 85 grains being the same for both. The effect of this reduction of about one-fifth of the bore-space and of exactly one-fifth in the weight of the bullet is to raise the starting or muzzle velocity, as it is called, from 1,315 to 1,570 feet per second.

The importance of the difference of these rates is apparent if we extend the comparison to the rifles of other countries. As regards muzzle velocity, the French, Austrian, Russian, and German rifles are all superior to the Martini-Henry, and all inferior to the Martini-Enfield. It is noticeable that the muzzle velocity of the French Gras, which is the lowest of the four alluded to, is higher by 100 feet per second than the muzzle velocity of the Martini-Henry; whereas the muzzle velocity of the German Mauser, which is the highest of the four, is lower—also by 100 feet a second—than the muzzle velocity of the Martini-Enfield. In all probability, the *raison d'être* of the experimental bore is due to the growing conviction that the English bullet ought to leave the muzzle at least as quickly as the bullet of any other infantry in Europe.

In order to take full advantage of superior muzzle velocity, it is absolutely essential that the bullet, when set in motion, should have in itself the greatest possible power of maintaining velocity throughout its flight. This power depends on the relation—conveniently termed sectional density—which exists between the weight of the bullet and its diameter. In this respect the Martini-Henry bullet is superior to those of all the Continental rifles, but inferior to the new .40-inch bullet used with the Martini-Enfield. The new bullet has, in fact, a greater driving power in proportion to the surface directly opposed to the resistance of the air. From the combination of a vastly superior muzzle velocity with a most favourable sectional density, it follows, as a matter of course, that the new bullet—provided it has a rotation sufficient to ensure perfect stability—has a greater velocity, and consequently a flatter trajectory, throughout its entire flight than any other known infantry rifle. Stability of the bullet is ensured, and air-boring power still further augmented, by the increased rotation due to the higher muzzle velocity and the quicker twist of rifling. The Martini-Henry and Martini-Enfield bullets leave the barrel making respectively 720 and 1,250 revolutions per second.

What does not follow as a matter of course is that, when the bore is reduced, the accuracy of shooting should remain unimpaired. Hitherto experience has shown that the quicker the twist and the smaller the bore, the greater the risk of unmanageable fouling; and, if the fouling becomes excessive, the muzzle velocity will vary and the shooting will be uneven. But Enfield—if responsible for the cartridge as well as for the rifle—has been equal to the occasion. The modifications in the cartridge consequent upon the reduction of the bore appear to be perfectly successful. To begin with, a solid-drawn cartridge case is for several reasons a great improvement. The freedom from fouling—due probably to an improved wad—is most marked. The amount of recoil is very much the same as with the Martini-Henry—that is to say, if the rifle be held properly, it is insignificant. The accuracy of the Martini-Enfield at 1,000 yards is equal to the accuracy of the Martini-Henry at 500 yards. Beyond 1,000 yards no strict comparison appears to have been made. It would be interesting to the country at large, as well as to those more nearly concerned, if the accuracy figure of merit of both rifles could be taken at 1,500 and 2,000 yards with the same exactness as it has been taken at 500 and 1,000 yards. Perhaps the experimental range at Enfield does not admit of this; and in any case a horizontal area, say a tide-washed sand, would probably afford the most convenient target for determining how closely the shots will group at extreme ranges. The Martini-Henry, in spite of its comparatively low muzzle velocity, and in virtue of its good sectional density, more than holds its own when compared with any of the foreign rifles for long range and accuracy. It would, therefore, be most satisfactory if the comparison between the two Martins were made as complete as possible. The inference to be drawn would be direct and valuable. It is probable that the new bullet, which is comparatively light and long, would of the two be more affected by a side wind. This, as bearing on the possibility of any further reduction of bore, seems to be a most important point. At all events, the trials to be thoroughly instructive should be carried on in boisterous as well as in still weather.

When it has been shown what can be done in this climate with a limited number of specially-made rounds, it will still remain to be seen what results can be obtained with ammunition which, having been made in bulk and carried for a time in the men's pouches, is afterwards expended in continuous firing under an Indian sun. If under these conditions there is no appreciable diminution in the accuracy of shooting, the Martini-Enfield must in the fundamental matters of barrel and ammunition, and in the adaptation of each to the other, be pronounced a far more powerful rifle than the Martini-Henry.

On the other hand, the Martini-Enfield is heavier than the

Martini-Henry. The weight of the stock and the exterior form of the barrel are the same in both, but the greater thickness of barrel in the case of the smaller bore causes a difference of six ounces in weight between the two patterns. It is urged at Enfield that, since the Martini-Enfield ammunition is round for round lighter than the present Martini-Henry ammunition, the weight of the new rifle and seventy rounds is not greater than that of the Martini-Henry with a like number of rounds. It must be recollected, however, that, while a soldier can never part with his rifle, more or less of his ammunition can on occasion be carried for him. That the outside of the new barrel is of the same dimensions as that of the Martini-Henry is probably due to economical reasons. Alterations in the shape and dimensions of a machine-made barrel would entail a corresponding change in the factory plant. Perhaps, too, the extra thickness of metal is conducive to good shooting. But on this head it may be said that there ought to be no room for surmise. It should in fact be positively determined by sheer experiment whether the new Martini-Enfield barrel cannot without any serious loss of accuracy in shooting be made as light, or even lighter, than the barrel of the service Martini-Henry.

A contrivance called a "quick-loader" has been issued for simultaneous trial with the Martini-Enfield. It could be used, if desired, with any rifle; its efficiency does not affect the intrinsic merit of the rifle; still a short notice of it may not be out of place. The object of the "quick-loader," as the name implies, is to facilitate rapidity of loading. It is a case made of metal; and in shape and appearance is somewhat like a small pouch. When not required for use it can be slung from the waistbelt. When in use it is attached to the right side of the rifle, close to the breech-action. It contains six cartridges, which by means of a spring are forced up one after the other in a very ready manner to the loader's hand.

The most that can be said for it is that, after it has been filled and fixed to the rifle, a nimble man may fire the six rounds about four or five seconds quicker than he could when loading in the ordinary manner from the pouch. It is possible that some pattern of "quick-loader" may be introduced into the service, but no contrivance which involves the handling of the cartridge between each round can be compared for rapidity with a self-loading, or, as it is called, a magazine rifle.

By a magazine rifle is meant a rifle that contains within itself—presumably in the butt—a magazine or reservoir (holding a limited number of cartridges), combined with a mechanical action which, by trigger pressure only—or at all events with the aid of one other motion—performs all the functions of loading; so that, the magazine being filled beforehand, the firer can repeat his shots almost as quickly as he can aim and fire. In the hands of well-trained troops the odds in favour of a magazine rifle as against the ordinary breech-loader would, *ceteris paribus*, be very like the odds in favour of an ordinary breech-loader as against the old muzzle-loader. At present there does not appear to be any satisfactory pattern of a magazine rifle; but it is notorious that, so soon as some ingenious inventor can design a thoroughly efficient magazine action, one, at least, of the great European Powers is ready to adopt the system. This means, of course, that every other Power who can afford to follow the example set, or who cannot afford not to do so, will sooner or later re-arm their infantry in a similar manner.

Whether after further experiment, including trial of the wear and tear sort, it would be worth while to substitute the Martini-Enfield for the Martini-Henry as a general infantry arm, is a question which probably depends on the condition of the service rifles now in use, on the number of these not yet issued, and on some other considerations. It might be good economy to reserve the present stock of Martini-Henry rifles for issue to the Volunteers in exchange for the Snider. It may be imperative—no one can say how soon—for us to adopt a rifle of the magazine type; but in any case, if we have to re-arm the infantry of the line, the arm should surely in every respect be the very best we can make.

Opinions may vary as to the exact requirements of an infantry rifle. With regard to rapidity of fire it can of course be argued, as it was on the introduction of breech-loaders, that a magazine system will lead to much reckless expenditure of ammunition; but ammunition is meant to be expended, of course under proper control. Again, with regard to accuracy, in a letter to the *Times* (27th December last) an authority no less than General Boxer contended in so many words that because our soldiers have not sufficient skill to do full justice to the rifle they have, it would be unwise to give them one that shoots better. It may be true that in any infantry battalion there are not half a dozen men who can get the most out of the Martini-Henry; but the bulk of our soldiers can use their rifle with more or less effect; and the question is not, in fact, whether the skill of our men is up to the power of the rifle, but whether, on the whole, a better-shooting rifle will increase the chances of hitting. On this point all arguments must give way before the practical reason that we are obliged, as before hinted, to keep pace with our neighbours. If we are a little in front of them, so much the better.

In the hands of young troops—however well trained, but unused to war—it must be expected that the worth of a superior weapon must now and then be cancelled in the flurry and excitement of the first onset. But for English infantry, staided down to their

work, the best rifle must—weight and other things being equal—always be that which combines, when wanted, the greatest rapidity of fire with the greatest hitting power at all ranges. At the same time, it is well to be reminded that the best rifle in the world is of little use unless it be backed up, not only by sufficient skill in rifle-shooting, but also by sound training in the proper application of rifle-fire. In this latter respect we are perhaps somewhat behind our nearer neighbours.

## LISBON

TO write with any enthusiasm about a place which Fielding described as "the nastiest city in the world," and where Childe Harold found that

Hut and palace show like filthily,  
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt,

might seem, at first sight, to require considerable courage or even audacity. But it must be remembered that "the father of the English novel" composed his *Voyage to Lisbon* some hundred and thirty years ago, and, which is more important, before the occurrence of the terrible earthquake which, destroying a great part of Lisbon, shook the hearts of all Europe. Fielding's death at Lisbon on the eve of that catastrophe saved him from the coming horror, but it also prevented him from seeing the rapid regeneration of the city which followed. As for "the Childe," he was in that unwholesome state of mind which leads the unreformed but *blasé* debauchee to flee from his fellow-creatures and all their works to recruit himself by the contact with silent nature. Had he visited Lisbon somewhat later in his course of travel he might very well have dealt more gently with its defects, or even have discovered beauty in the city, as he could not help doing in its surroundings.

Anyhow, the traveller of the present day who visits Lisbon with Byron's description in his thoughts will be agreeably disappointed. It is a city with much to recommend it to the tourist, who will often like it better after a fortnight's sojourn than in the first glow of novelty. It is a city of contrasts, and therefore pleasing to various tastes. Old and new, crooked and regular, hill and level, garden and street, are in close juxtaposition. For those who love uniformity and geometrical plan there is the new and handsome central quarter on the ground where the earthquake played its fiercest havoc; for the antiquarian there is the rambling and tortuous Alfama district in the east, with the castle and cathedral, and Belem in the west; while he who would find the country in the town has only to mount a little way, to roam along the streets of upper Lisbon, over the seven hills which look down on Tagus flowing seaward. There is dirt in the more squalid parts of the city as there is in every capital; but certainly in these days, whatever may have been the case in the past, it does not soil the fair town promiscuously or make the tourist eager to flee from its highways and its quays to the open country. The extreme beauty of the surroundings of Lisbon affords a more than sufficient explanation of any neglect of the city itself. Lisbon is almost crushed by its proximity to scenery such as Cintra can show. Those who care not for a capital that does not possess celebrated pictures, museums, and art treasures generally, must go elsewhere than to Lisbon, for Lisbon belongs to that class of cities which are in themselves pictures, and so situated that they can be seen in panorama; and it so happens that few of such cities have any wealth of art collections to show. To this class belong, among European capitals, besides Lisbon, Constantinople—with which city Lisbon has often been compared as regards situation—and to some extent the gem of the Baltic, Stockholm. Were the comparison with the former to hold good in other respects nowadays, the abusive utterances of Fielding and Byron would not seem obsolete, but might stand unchallenged.

Of the English travellers who visit Lisbon almost all approach it by water, and there is no doubt that this is the most impressive introduction to the beauty of the city and its neighbourhood. Nor does it involve any sacrifice, for the time taken in the sea passage is practically no more than that occupied by the overland journey from England; and, as a set-off to the possible miseries of "the Bay" and the worry of the quarantine inspection off Belem in the Tagus, the railway traveller will have to endure long and dusty drives in the slow trains of the Peninsula. Most of those, however, who do thus come to Lisbon only spend a few hours there on their way to South America or some island of the Atlantic, and have no time to explore the city thoroughly during their flying visit.

Still, a day of ten hours or so in Lisbon is a day well spent, and introduces the stranger to much that is novel to his eyes. He finds himself in a city which only misses being on the margin of the vast Atlantic by some seven miles of river, while the river itself in front of Lisbon widens to six or seven miles, forming a deep and spacious lake, in which all the monster vessels of the world can lie at anchor. From the quays he may often behold many an English man-of-war, along with vessels that wear the flags of all the countries of the world. He will have the Tagus with him wherever he roams, whether along the river frontage or on the higher ground of upper and suburban Lisbon, with Almada across the water on the south standing high against the sky. He will see the waggon, with their yoked pairs of patient bullocks and their solid wooden wheels, creaking and

groaning in all their primitive springlessness, as though fresh come from some old Mantuan farm where Virgil had stepped aside to let them pass. Many a foot-passenger will brush by him in the graceful short jacket and turban hat common also in Spain; while the ladies of fashion will pass him dressed in Parisian style, but often carrying the large fan as parasol, and he will very likely wish that they still wore the mantilla, which would make a far more suitable setting for their dark brunette features. The negro and the mulatto he will often see, the African stock which has crossed back from Brazil, descendants of the Moor, Madeirans, and generally a great mixture of facial types everywhere. Carriages drawn by pairs of mules will dash past him in apparently reckless fashion down the steep streets, for Lisbon is all hill except near the river; and from time to time he will come upon some one of the *chafarizes*, or public fountains, fed from the splendid aqueduct of Os Arcos across the Alcantara valley, with its crowd of Gallegos, or Gallician porters from the North of Spain, filling their water-kegs from its spouts, which done they bear them off upon their backs to sell their contents to any householder along their route who may be attracted by the plaintive, prolonged, and nasal cry of "Agua-a-a."

These gallegos do most of the rough and menial work of the capital. It is said, indeed, that the Portuguese are too proud to undertake it themselves; however that may be, their imported servants bear in their figures and in their faces clear evidence of the dignity of toil, for they are the handsomest and best set-up men in the place, and then one sees among their number a very Hercules, brown-faced and brawny, with dark curling hair, especially in the numerous boats that keep up communication between the vessels in the river and the shore.

Modernized Lisbon lies in the centre of the city and is terminated towards the river by the Praça do Commercio, called by the English Black Horse Square, a handsome open space flanked on the east by the Custom House and on the west by the Marine Arsenal, both fine buildings. A triumphal arch on the north side introduces the vista of the Rua Augusta, one of the parallel handsome streets, crossed by smaller streets at right angles, which terminate northwards in the square which holds the chief theatre of Lisbon. Hard by this spacious quadrangle another smaller square is enlivened by a market, where in summer huge white standard umbrellas protect the market-women and their wares from the heat of the sun, and where the thirsty traveller can buy his melon and eat it on the spot. On the other side lies the Passeio Publico, a small but beautiful park, aromatic on a hot day in summer with the scent from the pepper-trees, which render a snuff-box superfluous and often induce a sneeze, while the ear is struck by the industrious strident note of some great green tree-cicala, rubbing his ugly body with his legs. Here, in the evening, a regimental band often plays while the Lisbonese sit drinking their black coffee with Brazilian sugar, of which a whole saltcellarfull scarce seems to sweeten it.

In the older part of the city, to the east, are the Cathedral, partially destroyed by the great earthquake, but since then restored, and the Church of St. Vincent, where are buried the sovereigns of the House of Braganza. The tombs of these great ones of the earth afford a strange spectacle, as they are in the form of studded hair trunks, such as our grandmothers used in travelling when they were young. As one gazes at these unusual coffins, the droll idea will arise that their late Majesties have been packed up ready for conveyance ere long to the Stygian shore as personal luggage of the shrivelled sacristan who haunts their resting-place. This is the district of narrow, winding streets, where lean ownerless dogs lie about on the roadway, useful as scavengers of offal, but attractive neither by breed nor condition; here, too, the long brown cloak worn by the older women among the poor predominates, and the tall, pointed, blue woollen cap of the men, fishermen and others, its upper part drooping over and lying flat in front.

At the other end of the river-frontage the picturesque tower of Belem, a more euphonious contraction of Bethlehem than our word Bedlam, juts out into the Tagus, while near it is the monastery of Belem, or Church of the Hieronymites, a splendid specimen of highly ornate, though perhaps overloaded, late Gothic; the old Necessidades, and the newer Ajuda Palace, are also in this direction. Some fourteen miles to the west lies Cintra, whose beauties have been too often described to need further mention, and Collares, a place of vineyards overhanging the Atlantic seaboard by Cintra, while Torres Vedras is northwards from the other two.

No memory of Lisbon can be called complete which does not embrace the approach by water and the view of the city from the river. Only the brush of Turner could adequately describe the effect of a midsummer sunrise upon the lofty crags which look down on Cintra and the Tagus' mouth, lighting them up with golden, purple, and violet hues; while Cascaes, the favourite bathing-place of the Lisbonese, nestles on the shore under the protection of the mountain shadow. Beautiful, also, is the short stretch of river which lies between the city and the ocean, adorned as it is with the olive, the orange, the cork tree, and the vine; while along the heights are innumerable windmills, each with many arms. Belem is soon passed by, and then, on the right, Lisbon itself lies before us, looking out on the broad expanse of the river, with four miles of frontage, quays, and houses, behind which are its hills, crowned with churches and dazzling white villas, which are the prettier in that they have no chimneys,