

TRAVELS IN PORTUGAL

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Travels in Portugal by Oswald Crawford (John Latouche) & T. Sotheron Estcourt

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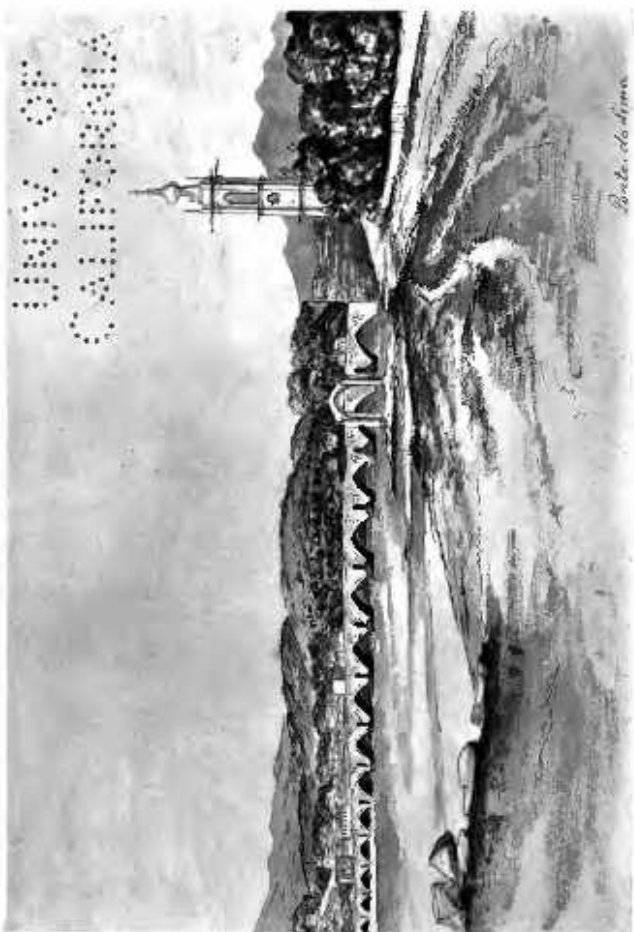
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OSWALD CRAWFURD (JOHN LATOUCHE) & T. SOTHERON ESTCOURT

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PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

THESE Travels were published in consecutive Numbers of "THE NEW QUARTERLY MAGAZINE," under the title of NOTES OF TRAVEL IN PORTUGAL. The favourable reception they met with from the public press has induced me to revise them, to enlarge them considerably, and to republish them in book form. Although, at my publisher's suggestion, I have altered the title to the more convenient one of TRAVELS IN PORTUGAL, I desire to say that they are nevertheless nothing more than notes—mental notes, for I travelled without any design of future publication, and kept no single written memorandum of what I did or saw. This I say in apology for the somewhat discursive style of my work, and in mitigation of critical judgment. Furthermore, I did not

travel continuously. My travels were interrupted by periods of residence; both of which extenuating circumstances may, I pray, when I come to be reviewed, be taken into consideration.

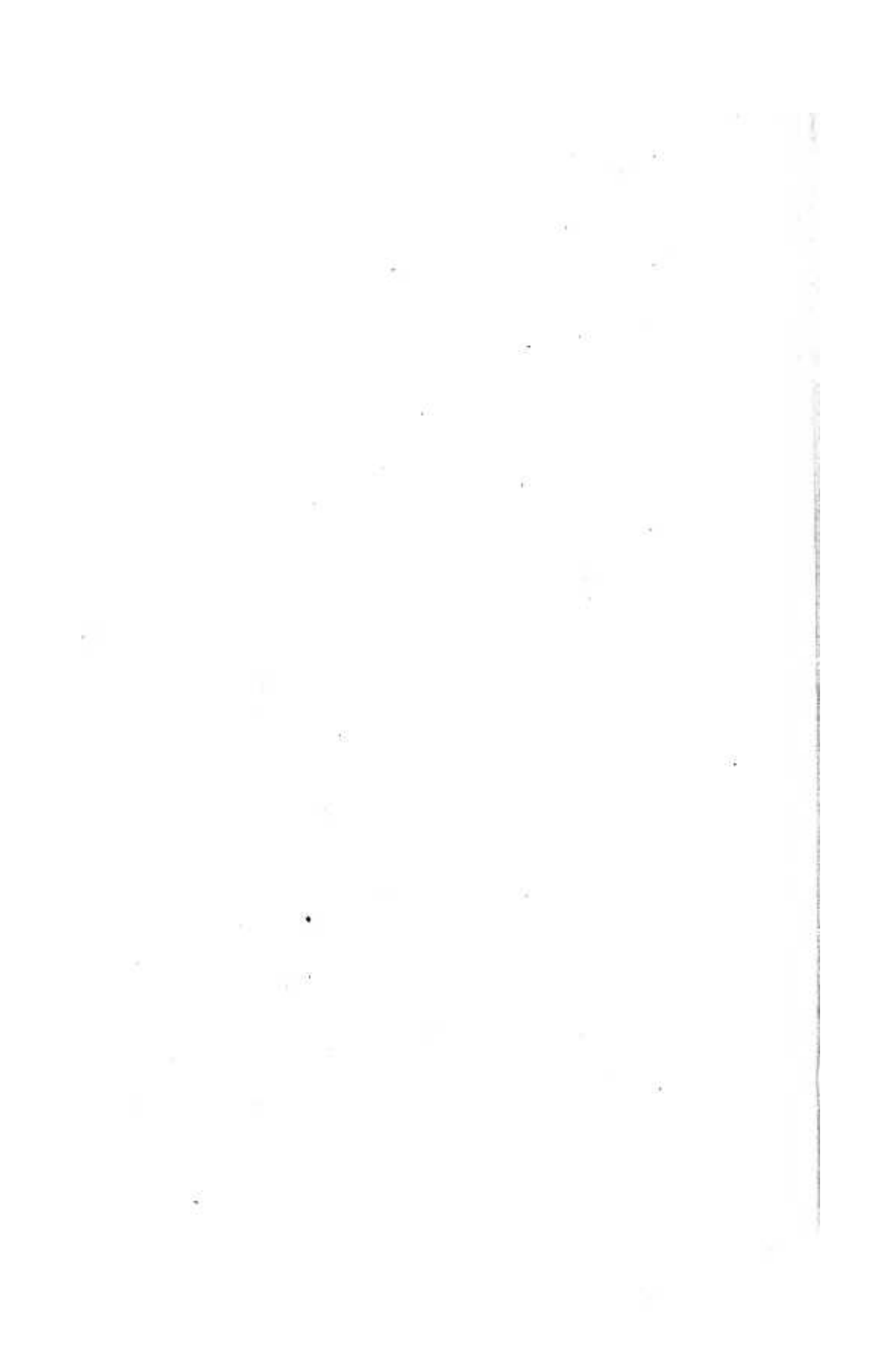
In looking over the proof sheets, it has struck me that I may have unconsciously magnified the difficulties in the way of pleasure travelling in Portugal. I have, therefore, somewhat modified my original statements, and in one place I have added a long explanatory note.

I would wish my dissuasion from Portuguese travel to be accepted only by the mere tourist—the ignorant, conceited, incurious, moneyed tramp, for whom so much deserved contempt has been expressed in current literature. Those who go to Portugal to enjoy a pleasant winter climate will, as a rule, I think, do well to go. Those who go to see a strange people with a famous name in European history, to watch the successful working of a representative Constitution, to study archæology, ecclesiology, or natural history; or, again, those who simply desire to take a month's holiday and a month's relaxation in spring, summer, or winter, in a quite new country (with no intention to “do” the country in ordinary

tourist fashion) will, I think, not regret a visit to Portugal.

For the illustrations to this volume I am indebted to the kindness of the Right Honourable Thomas Sotherton Estcourt, who has allowed me to choose from among a valuable series of finished sketches in pen and ink and in sepia, made by him in the course of a visit to the Peninsula. These sketches were in every case made upon the spot, and to their perfect fidelity I can myself testify. After attempting in vain to get the delicacy and finish of the drawings reproduced by the engraver, I had to fall back on photography, and they appear in the shape of reduced facsimiles by means of the Woodbury Type process.

JOHN LATOUCHE.



PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

AFTER recording the pleasing circumstance that a very large First Edition has been exhausted in rather more than two months, I have little to say in this Preface to a Second Edition beyond expressing my gratitude for the friendly and—what is as important to an author—the early reviews of my book in the leading journals. By no other means can a comparatively unknown and quite unrecommended writer bring his literary wares to market; for the very fastidious reading public of Great Britain follows the great social law observed by our countrymen everywhere, and will make no acquaintance with a strange author till he be first formally introduced to their notice by the critics, the indispensable fuglemen of the press, and masters of the ceremonies in the society of letters.

Exception has been taken by the "Times," in the course of a full and favourable notice of the "Travels," to my apparently "implacable" feelings against the

Tourist class. It is perhaps true that I have expressed my objection to one section of this class rather freely; but be it understood that I, no other than a tourist myself on many occasions of my life, should be, and am the very last person to speak ill of tourists generally. I did, indeed, draw a distinction between the idle and luxurious tourist and the traveller who is in pursuit of something beyond the mere killing of his time. The first, I urged, after a considerable knowledge of Portugal, would find that country quite unsuited to him; the true traveller, on the other hand, prepared for rough travelling, and willing to pay the price of much discomfort for an increase of his knowledge of a curious country and a little-known people, would find Portugal very well worth travelling in. Again, I have recommended the two chief towns of Portugal as health resorts, under some circumstances and with some limitations.

As evidence that I have no desire whatever to dissuade the more intelligent class of travellers from visiting Portugal, I will even do my utmost to induce them to go thither. I hereby confirm the opinion expressed in the "Times" review as to the ease with which the country can be reached from England. "Imagination," says my critic in the "Times," "invests the little western kingdom with all the vague terrors inspired by the long-continued disturbances of the rest of the Peninsula." All of which terrors the