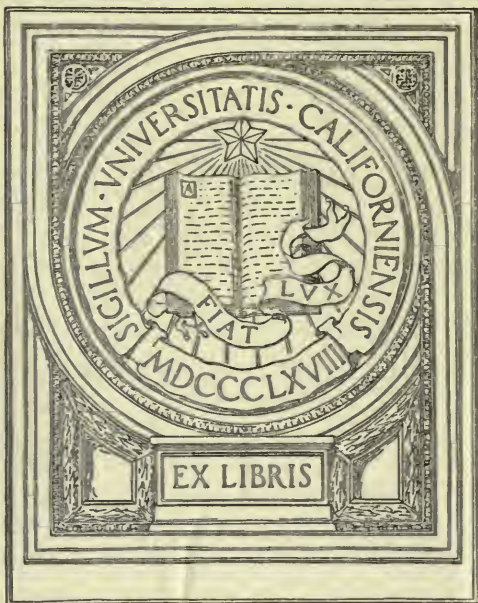




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**LETTERS**

*WRITTEN DURING A SHORT RESIDENCE*

IN

**SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.**

LETTERS

PRINTED AND SOLD BY

JOHN W. BROWN



# LETTERS

*WRITTEN DURING A SHORT RESIDENCE*

IN

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL,

BY

*ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

SPANISH AND PORTUGUEZE POETRY.

*BRISTOL;*

PRINTED BY BULGIN AND ROSSER,  
FOR JOSEPH COTTLE, BRISTOL, AND G. C. AND J.  
ROBINSON, AND CADELL AND  
DAVIES, LONDON.

1797.

LETTERS

PRINTED BY JAMES WOODS

IN

THE CITY OF BOSTON

BY

ROBERT SCOTT

NEW YORK

AND THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES

BRISTOL

PRINTED BY JAMES WOODS  
AT THE PRESS OF JAMES WOODS  
NO. 10 NASSAU ST. N.Y.  
1857

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P R E F A C E.



**I**N the following letters I have related what I have seen. Of the anecdotes with which they abound, there are none of which I myself doubt the authenticity. There are no disquisitions on commerce and politics ; I have given facts, and the Reader may comment for himself.

My poetical imitations are made with freedom, but I have always done justice to the originals by annexing them. The want of proper types obliged me to adopt in the Portugueze the improvement of the Spanish Academy, and change the c subscribed into z. Where I have copied from early writers, the early spelling is preserved.

The journal of my road is minute :— this minuteness will be useful to those who

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who may travel the same way, and pleasant to such as are already acquainted with it.

I have represented things as they appeared to me. If any one better informed than I am should find me erroneous, I shall beg him to apply this story :

A friend of mine landed at Falmouth with a Russian who had never before been in England. They travelled together to Exeter ; on the way the Russian saw a directing-post, of which the inscription was effaced. " I did not think till now (said he) that you erected Crucifixes in England." His companion rectified the error, and seeing close by it the waggon direction, " take off here," he added -- " had you returned home with this mistake, you would have said not only that the English erected Crosses by the way-side, but that stones were placed telling the passenger where to take off his hat, and where it was permitted him to put it on again."

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Lugo	-	-	2
St. Juan de Corbo	-	-	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Marillas	-	-	3
Lugares	-	-	3
Castro	-	-	2
Heñerrias	-	-	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Villa Franca	-	-	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Carcabalos	-	-	1
Ponferrada	-	-	3
St. Miguel de las Duenas	-	-	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Benveveria	-	-	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Manzanar	-	-	3
Astorga	-	-	4
Baneza	-	-	4
Puente de Bifana	-	-	3
Benevente	-	-	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Villalpando	-	-	5
Villar de Frades	-	-	4
Vega del Toro	-	-	2
Vega de Valdetrancos	-	-	1
Tordefillas	-	-	2
Ruada	-	-	2
Medina del Campo	-	-	2
Artequines	-	-	3
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Espinosa	-	-	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
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	leagues.
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Maqueda - - -	1
Santa Olalla - - -	1
Bravo - - -	2
Puente del Alverche - - -	3
Talaveyra de la Reyna - - -	1
Venta de Peralbanegas - - -	4
Torralva - - -	1
Calzada de Oropesa - - -	2½
Naval Moral - - -	4
Almaraz - - -	3
Venta Nueva - - -	1
Las Casas del Puerto - - -	1½
Jarayzejo - - -	2
Truxillo - - -	4
uerto de Santa Cruz - - -	3
Miajadas - - -	3
San Pedro - - -	5
Merida - - -	2
Lobon - - -	3
Talavera la Real - - -	2
Badajos - - -	3
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Elvas - - -	3
Venta de Ponte - - -	4½
Estremos - - -	2
Venta del Duque - - -	3
Arroyolos - - -	3
Montemor - - -	3½
Ventas Silveyras - - -	1½
Ventas Novas - - -	2
Ventas de Pagoens- - -	3
Atalaya - - -	4½
Aldea Gallega - - -	½

☞ Lisbon is separated from Aldea Gallega by the Tagus. The distance is about 12 miles.

\* \* The league is four miles English.

RETROSPECTIVE MUSINGS,

WRITTEN

JANUARY 15, 1797.

---

SPAIN! still my mind delights to picture  
forth

Thy scenes that I shall see no more, for there  
Most pleasant were my wanderings. Memory's  
eye

Still loves to trace the gentle Minho's course,  
And catch it's winding waters gleaming bright

Amid the broken distance. I review

Leon's wild wastes and heights precipitous,  
Seen with strange feelings of delight and dread

As the slow mules along the perilous brink

Passed patient; and Galicia's giant rocks

And mountains clustered with the fruitful pines,

Whose heads, dark-foliaged when all else was  
dim,

Rose o'er the distant eminence distinct

Cresting

Cresting the evening sky. The rain falls thick,  
 And damp and heavy is the unwholesome air ;  
 I by the cheerful hearth remember Spain,  
 And tread with Fancy once again the ways  
 Where, twelve months since, I travelled on, and  
 thought

Of England, and of all my heart held dear,  
 And wish'd *this* day were come. The mists of  
 morn

(I well remember) hovered o'er the heath,  
 When with the earliest dawn of day we left  
 The solitary Venta. Soon the Sun  
 Rose in his glory : scattered by the breeze  
 The thin mists roll'd away, and now emerged  
 We saw where Oropesa's castled hill  
 Towered in the dim light dark ; and now we past  
 Torralva's quiet huts, and on our way  
 Paus'd frequent, and look'd back, and gazed  
 around,

Then journeyed on, and paused, and gazed again.  
 It was a goodly scene. The stately pile  
 Of Oropesa now with all its towers  
 Shone in the sun-beam ; half way up the hill,  
 Embower'd in olives, like the abode of Peace,  
 Lay Lagartina ; and the cool fresh gale  
 Bending the young corn on the gradual slope

Play'd



Play'd o'er its varying verdure. I beheld  
 A Convent near, and my heart thought that they  
 Who did inhabit there were holy men,  
 For, as they look'd around them, all they saw  
 Was very good.

But, when the eve came on,  
 How did the lovely landscape fill my heart !  
 The near ascent arose with little rocks  
 Varied, and trees : the vale was wooded well  
 With oaks now cheerful in their wintry leaves,  
 And ancient cork-trees thro' their wrinkled barks  
 Bursting, and the rich olive \* underneath  
 Whose blessed shade the green herb greener grows  
 And fuller is the harvest : many a stream  
 That from the neighbouring hill descended clear  
 Wound vocal thro' the valley : the church tower  
 Marking the haven near of that day's toil,  
 Rose o'er the wood. But still the charmed eye  
 Dwelt lingering o'er Plasencia's fertile plain,  
 And loved to mark the bordering mountain's snow  
 Pale-purpled as the evening dim decayed.

The murmurs of the goat-herds scattered flock  
 Died on the quiet air, and failing flow

The

\* The olive has the remarkable property of fertilizing  
 the soil it grows on.

The heavy stork sought on the church-tower top  
 His \*fancy-hallowed nest. Oh pleasant scenes!  
 With deep delight I saw you, yet my heart  
 Sunk in me as the frequent thought would rise  
 That here was none to love me. Often still  
 I think of you, and Memory's mystic power  
 Bids me re-live the past; and I have traced  
 The fleeting visions ere her mystic power  
 Wax weak, and on the feeble eye of Age  
 The faint-form'd scenes decay. Befits me now  
 Fix on Futurity the steady ken,  
 And tread with steady step the onward road.

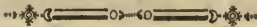
\* The stork is held sacred in Spain.

LETTERS

# LETTERS

FROM

## SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.



### LETTER I.

CORUNA, Sunday, Dec. 13, 1795.

**O**H the luxury of arriving at Tartarus, if the river Styx be as broad and as rough as the Bay of Biscay, and Charon's boat accommodated like the Spanish packet of Senor Don Raimundo Aruspini! When I first went on board, the mate was employed in cutting a cross upon the side of his birth, and the sailors were feasting upon a mess of biscuit, onions, liver, and horse beans, boiled into a brown pap, which they were all pawing out of a bucket. The same taste and cleanliness of cookery were displayed in the only dinner they afforded us on the passage; and the same spirit of devotion

B made

made them, when the wind blew hard, turn in to bed and to prayers. The weather was bad and I was terrified; but, though I had not a brass heart, the ship had a copper bottom;\* and on the fifth morning we arrived in sight of Cape Finisterre.

The coast of Galicia presented a wild and desolate prospect; a long track of stone mountains, one rising above another, not a tree or bush upon their barren sides; and the waves breaking at their base with such prodigious violence, as to be visible many leagues distant. The sun shone over the land, and half hiding it by the morning mists, gave a transitory beauty: If the eye cannot be filled by an object of vaster sublimity than the boundless ocean, when beheld from shore, neither can it ever dwell on a more delightful prospect than that of land, dimly discovered from the sea, and gradually growing distinct. We passed by the little island seven leagues from Coruna, and one of our fellow passengers who knew the country, observed

\* Illi robur et æs triplex

Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci  
Commisit pelago ratem

Primus.

HOR:

served, on pointing it out to us, that it was only inhabited by hares and rabbits. A Swede, (who had a little before obliged me with a lecture on the pronounciation of the English language) made a curious blunder in his reply: "As for de vimmin," said he, "dey may be very good—but de robbers I should not like at all."

We dropt anchor in the harbour at one o'clock; as hungry as Englishmen may be supposed to be, after five days imprisonment in a Spanish packet; and with that eagerness to be on shore, which no one can imagine who has never been at sea. We were not, however, permitted to land, till we had received a visit from the Custom-house Officers. To receive these men in office, it was necessary that Senor Don Raimundo Aruspini should pulchrify his person: after this metamorphosis took place, we were obliged to wait, while these unmerciful visitors drank the Captain's porter, bottle after bottle, as fast as he could supply them; and though their official business did not occupy five minutes, it was five o'clock in the evening before we were suffered to de-

part, and even then we were obliged to leave our baggage behind us.

Other places attract the eye of a traveller, but Coruna takes his attention by the nose. My head still giddy from the motion of the ship, is confus'd by the multiplicity of novel objects,—the dress of the people—the projecting roofs and balconies of the houses—the filth of the streets, so strange and so disgusting to an Englishman : but, what is most strange, is to hear a language which conveys to me only the melancholy reflection, that I am in a land of strangers.

We are at the Navio (the Ship) a POSADA kept by an Italian. Forgive me for using the Spanish name, that I may not commit blasphemy against all English pot-houses. Our dinner was a fowl fried in oil, and served up in an attitude not unlike that of a frog, taken suddenly with a fit of the cramp. With this we had an omelet of eggs and garlic, fried in the same execrable oil; and our only drink was a meagre wine, price about two-pence the bottle—value worse than nothing, which by comparison, exalts small beer

beer into nectar. In this land of olives, they poison you with the most villainous oil ; for the fruit is suffered to grow rancid before the juice is expressed.

You must perceive that I write at such opportunities as can be caught from my companions, for the room we sit in serves likewise for the bed-chamber. It is now Monday morning. Oh, the misery of the night ! I have been so *flead*, that a painter would find me an excellent subject for the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew. Jacob's pillow of stone was a down cushion, compared to that which bruised my head last night ; and my bed had all possible varieties of hill and vale, in whose recesses the fleas lay safe ; for otherwise I should inevitably have broken their bones by rolling over them. Our apartment is indeed furnished with windows ; and he who takes the trouble to examine, may convince himself that they have once been glazed. The night air is very cold, and I have only one solitary blanket ; but it is a very pretty one, with red and yellow stripes. Add to this catalogue of comforts, that the cats were saying soft things in most vile Spanish ;

and

and you may judge what refreshment I have received from sleep.

At breakfast they brought us our tea on a plate by way of cannister, and some butter of the country, positively not-go-down-able. This however was followed by some excellent chocolate, and I soon established a plenum in my system.

The monuments of Spanish jealousy still remain in the old houses; and the balconies of them are fronted with a lattice more thickly barred, than ever was hencoop in England. But jealousy is out of fashion at present; and they tell me, an almost universal depravity of manners has succeeded. The men are a Jew-looking race; the little boys wear the monkey appendage of a tail; and I see infants with more feathers than a fantastic fine lady would wear at a ball. The women soon appear old, and then every feature settles into symmetry of ugliness. If ever Opie paints another witch, he ought to visit Coruna. All ideas that you can form by the help of blear eyes, mahogany complexion,



complexion, and shrivelled parchment, must fall infinitely short of the life.

These custom-house vermin ! Carrion crows do not love the sight of an army better than these fellows the arrival of a packet. They kept one of our companions five hours—unrolled every shirt, and handed a new coat round the room, that every body might look at the buttons ! We brought with us a round of salted beef undressed, a cheese, and a pot of butter for our journey ; and they entered these in their books, and made us pay duty for them, as though we were merchants arrived with a cargo of provisions. I had been obliged to call on the Consul in my sea-dress. If we had either of us regarded forms, this would have been very unpleasant : but I, as you well know, care little for these extraneous things ; and Major Jardine is a man who attended more to the nature of my opinions, than the quality of my coat.

The carts here remind me of the ancient war-chariots, and the men stand in them as they drive. They are drawn by two oxen,  
and

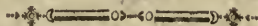
and the wheels make a most melancholy and detestable discord. The Governor of this town once ordered that they should be kept well oiled to prevent this; but the drivers presented a petition against it, stating, that the oxen liked the sound, and would not draw without it; and therefore the order was revoked.

A low wall is built all along the water-side, to prevent smuggling. This town is admirably paved; but its filth is astonishing, when, with so little trouble, it might be kept clean. In order to keep the balconies dry, the water-spouts project very far: there are no vents left in the wall, and the water and the filth lie in the middle of the streets, till the sun dries, and the winds sweep them. The market-place is very good; and its fountain ornamented with a fine squab-faced figure of Fame. The fountains are well contrived—the spouts are placed so high that no person can either dirt or deface them; and they therefore fill their vessel by the medium of a long tube, shaped like a tobacco-pipe.

I apply

I apply to the language; it is very easy, and with a little assistance I can understand their poetry. This, you will say, is beginning at the wrong end: but remember, that I am obliged to attend to prose in conversation; and that "the cat will always after kind." Or, if you like a more classical allusion, you know by what artifice Achilles was discovered at the court of Lycomedes.

*Tuesday Evening, Dec. 15.*



## LETTER II.

*Tuesday Night.*

I AM just returned from the Spanish Comedy. The Theatre is painted with a muddy light blue, and a dirty yellow, without gilding, or any kind of ornament. The boxes are engaged by the season: and subscribers only, with their friends

friends, admitted to them, paying a pefetta\* each. In the pit are the men, seated as in a great arm'd chair; the lower class stand behind these seats: above are the women; for the sexes are separated, and so strictly, that an officer was broke at Madrid, for intruding into the female places. The boxes, of course, hold family parties. The centre box, over the entrance of the pit, is appointed for the magistrates; covered in the front with red stuff, and ornamented with the royal arms. The motto is a curious one, "Silencio y no fumar." Silence and no smoking. The Comedy, of course, was very dull to one who could not understand it. I was told that it contained some wit, and more obscenity; but the only comprehensible joke to me, was "Ah!" said in a loud voice by one man, and "Oh!" replied equally

* 4 maravedis	make	1 quarto.
8½ quartos	—	1 real.
4 reales	—	1 pefetta.
5 pefettas	—	1 dollar, or pefso duro, value
4s. 6d.	—	

In small sums they reckon by reales, in large ones, by dollars or doubloons. The doubloon is an imaginary coin, value three dollars.

equally loud by another, to the great amusement of the audience. To this succeeded a Comic Opera; the characters were represented by the most ill-looking man and woman I ever saw. My Swedish friend's island of *hares and rabbits* could not have a fitter king and queen. The man's dress was a thread-bare brown coat lined with silk, that had once been white, and dirty corduroy waistcoat and breeches; his beard was black, and his neckcloth and shoes dirty:—but his face! Jack-ketch might sell the reversion of his fee for him, and be in no danger of defrauding the purchaser. A soldier was the other character, in old black velvet breeches; with a pair of garters reaching above the knee, that appeared to have been made out of some blacksmith's old leathern apron. A farce followed, and the hemp-stretch man again made his appearance; having blacked one of his eyes to look blind. M. observed that he looked better with one eye than with two; and we agreed, that the loss of his head would be an addition to his beauty. The prompter stands in the middle of the stage, about half way above it; before a little tin skreen, not unlike a man in a cheese-toaster. He read the whole play with

with the actors, in a tone of voice equally loud; and, when one of the performers added a little of his own wit, he was so provoked as to abuse him aloud, and shake the book at him. Another prompter made his appearance to the Opera, unshaved, and dirty beyond description: they both used as much action as the actors. The scene that falls between the acts would disgrace a puppet-show at an English fair; on one side is a hill, in size and shape like a sugar-loaf, with a temple on the summit, exactly like a watch-box; on the other Parnassus; with Pegasus striking the top in his flight, and so giving a source to the waters of Helicon: but, such is the proportion of the horse to the mountain, that you would imagine him to be only taking a flying leap over a large ant-hill; and think he would destroy the whole œconomy of the state, by kicking it to pieces. Between the hills lay a city; and in the air sits a duck-legged Minerva, surrounded by flabby Cupids. I could see the hair-dressing behind the scenes: a child was suffered to play on the stage, and amuse himself by sitting on the scene, and swinging backward and forward; so as to endanger setting it on fire. Five chandeliers were

lighted

lighted by only twenty candles. To represent night, they turned up two rough planks, about eight inches broad, before the stage lamps; and the musicians, whenever they retired, blew out their tallow candles. But the most singular thing, is their mode of drawing up the curtain. A man climbs up to the roof, catches hold of a rope, and then jumps down; the weight of his body raising the curtain, and that of the curtain breaking his fall. I did not see one actor with a clean pair of shoes. The women wore in their hair a tortoise-shell comb to part it; the back of which is concave, and so large as to resemble the front of a small bonnet. This would not have been inelegant, if their hair had been clean and without powder, or even appeared decent with it. I must now to supper. When a man must diet on what is disagreeable, it is some consolation to reflect that it is wholesome; and this is the case with the wine: but the bread here is half gravel, owing to the soft nature of their grind-stones. Instead of tea, a man ought to drink Adams's solvent with his breakfast.

*Wednesday.*

I met one of the actors this morning, equipped, as though he had just made his descent in full dress from the gibbet. The common apparel of the women is a black stuff cloak, that covers the head, and reaches about half way down the back : some wear it of white muslin ; but black is the most common colour, and to me a very disagreeable one, as connecting the idea of dirt. The men dress in different ways ; and, where there is this variety, no person is remarked as singular. I walked about in my sea-suit, without being taken notice of. There is, however, a very extraordinary race of men, distinguished by a leathern jacket, in its form not unlike the ancient cuirass—the Maragatos, or carriers. These people never intermarry with the other Spaniards, but form a separate race : they cut their hair close to the head, and sometimes leave it in tufts, like flowers. Their countenances express an openness which would be remarkable any where, and of course forms a striking contrast to the national physiognomy. Their character corresponds to this ; for a Ma-  
ragato



ragato was never known to defraud, or even to lose any thing committed to his care. The churches here exhibit some curious specimens of Moorish architecture: but, as this is a fortified town, it is not safe to be seen with a pencil! A poor emigrant priest: last year, walking just without the town gates, turned round to look at the prospect. He was observed, taken up on suspicion of a design to take plans of the fortifications, and actually sent away!

I had a delightful walk this morning with the Consul, among the rude scenery of Galicia:—little green lanes, between stony banks, and wild and rocky mountains; and, although I saw neither meadows, or hedges, or trees, I was too much occupied with the new and the sublime, to regret the beautiful. There were four stone crosses in one of the lanes. I had heard of these monuments of murder, and therefore suspected what they were. Yet I felt a sudden gloom, at reading upon one of them, “Here died Lorenzo, of Betanzos.”

About a mile from the town, I observed a stone building on an eminence, of a singular construction. "Do you not know what it is?" said Major J. I hesitated." If I were not in Spain, I should have thought it a wind-mill, on the plan of that at Battersea. "You are right," replied he: "this is the only one that has yet been attempted on the peninsula, and it does not succeed. Erijaldi, who owns it, is an ingenious, enterprising man; but, instead of improving by his failure, his countrymen will be deterred by it from attempting to succeed. Marco, another inhabitant of this town, has ventured on a bolder undertaking, and hitherto with better fortune; he has established a linen manufactory, unpatronised and unassisted."

Our walk extended to the highest point of the hills about a league from Coruna. The view from hence commands the town, now seen situated on a peninsula; the harbour, the water winding into the country, and the opposite shore of Ferrol, with the hills towards Cape Ortegal; to the right, the same barren and rocky ridge of hills continues; to the left, the Bay of Biscay, and the light house, or Tower of Hercules.

Hercules. The inscription near this building is roofed, to preserve it from the weather; but they take the opportunity of sheltering cattle under the same roof, and their filth renders the inscription illegible. The tradition\* is, that  
 Hercules

\*The whole tale is in the Troy Booke, Book II. Chap. 22. entitled "How Hercules founded the city of Corogne upon the tomb of Gerion."

—“When it was day, Hercules issued out of his galley, and beholding the Port, it seemed to him that a city would stand well there, and then he said, that forthwith he would make one there, and concluded to begin it. He sent to all places, where he knew any people were thereabouts, and gave to each man knowledge that he was minded to make a city there, and the first person that would come to put hand thereto, should have the government thereof. This thing was known in Galicia. Many came thither, but a woman named Corogne was the first that came; and therefore Hercules gave unto her the ruling thereof, and named it Corogne, in remembrance of the victory that he had there. Upon the body of Gerion he founded a tower, and by his art composed a lamp, burning continually day and night, without putting of any thing thereto, which burned afterwards the space of three hundred years. Moreover, upon the pinnacle or top of the tower, he made an image of copper, looking into the sea, and gave him in

Hercules built the tower; and placed in it a mirror, so constructed by his art magic, that all vessels

his hand a looking-glass having such virtue, that if it happened that any man of war on the sea came to harm the city suddenly, their army and their coming should appear in this said looking-glass; and that dured unto the time of Nebuchadonozar, who being advertised of the property of the glass, filled his galleys with white things and green boughs and leaves, that in the looking-glass they appeared no other but a wood; whereby the Corognians, not knowing of any other thing than their glass shewed to them, did not furnish them with men of arms, as they had been accustomed to when their enemies came, and thus Nebuchadonozar took the city in a morning, destroying the looking-glass and the lamp. When the tower was made, Hercules caused to come thither all the Maids of the country, and willed them to make a solemn feast in the remembrance of the death of Gerion.

They who are not versed in the black letter classics, will be surpris'd to find Hercules metamorphos'd into a Necromancer. I subjoin one more specimen of his art magic. "After this Hercules went to the city Salamanca; and forasmuch as it was well inhabited, he would make there a solemn study, and did make in the earth a great round hole in manner of a study, and he set therein the seven liberal sciences, with many other books.

vessels in that sea, at whatever distance, might be beheld in it.\*

books. Then he made them of the country to come thither to study; but they were so rude and dull, that their wits could not comprise any cunning of science. Then, forasmuch as Hercules would depart on his voyage, and would that his study were maintained, he made an image of gold unto his likeness, which he did set up on high in the midst of his study, upon a pillar; and made so by his art, that all they that came before this image, to have declaration of any science, to all purposes and all sciences the image answered, instructed and taught the scholars with students, as if it had been Hercules in his proper person. The renown of this study was great in all the country, and this study dured after the time that St. James converted Spain unto the Christian faith."

Query. Has there ever been so good a head of a College at Salamanca, since it became a "seminary for the promulgation of sound and orthodox learning?"

\*Don Joseph Cornide, a member of the Royal Academy of History, has published his investigations concerning the watch tower. He gives the inscription thus:

MARTI  
AVG. SACR.  
G. SEVIVS  
LVPVS  
AR\*\*\*TECTVS  
AF\*\*\*\*\*SIS  
LVSITANVS EX V°.

We waited on the General of Galicia, to produce our passports, and obtain permission to travel

He fills up the second blank by Afluvienfis, and inferring from thence that the tower could not have been built before Vespasian, because no towns were called after the Flavian name, before the Flavian family obtained the empire, conjectures it to have been the work of Trajan. In after ages it was used as a fortress; and thus the winding ascent on the outside, which was wide enough for a carriage, was destroyed. In this ruinous state it remained till towards the close of the last century, when the English and Dutch Consuls, resident in Coruna, presented a memorial to the Duque de Uceda, then Captain General of the kingdom, stating the benefit that would result to the port if this tower was converted into a light-house, and proposing to raise a fund for repaying the expences, by a duty on all their ships entering the harbour. In consequence of this a wooden stair-case was erected within the building, and two turrets for the fires added to the summit. Cornide supposes the following inscription, which is in his possession, to have been placed on this occasion :

LVPUS CONSTRVXIT EMV  
 LANS MIRACULA MEMPHIS  
 GRADIBVS STRAVIT YLAM  
 LVSTRANS CACVMINE NAVES

travel with arms; for, without permission, no man is in this country allowed to carry the means of self-defence. I expected dignity and *hauteur* in a Spanish Grandee, but found neither the

A more complete repair was begun in the reign of Carlos III. Under the present King it has been concluded, and these inscriptions placed one over each entrance:

CAROLI III. P. AVG. PP.  
 PROVIDENTIA  
 COLLEGIUM MERCATORVM  
 GALLAECIAE  
 NAVIGANTIVM INCOLVMITATI  
 REPARATIONEM  
 VETVSTISSIMAE AD BRIGANTIAM PHARI  
 D. S.  
 INCHOAVIT  
 CAROLI III. OPT. MAX.  
 ANNO II.  
 ABSOLVIT.

The other is in Spanish.

REINANDO CARLOS IV.  
 EL CONSULADO MARITIMO  
 DE GALICIA  
 PARA SEGURIDAD DE LOS NAVEGANTES  
 CONCLUYO A SUS EXPENSAS  
 EN EL AÑO DE 1791

the one nor the other. His palace is a paltry place ; and the portraits of the king and queen in his state-room, would be thought indifferent sign-posts in England.

I have been introduced to a poet and philosopher. The face of Akenfide was not distinguished by more genius, or the dress of Diogenes by more dirt, than characterised my new acquaintance. We met at the Consul's this evening, and conversed a little in Latin ; not without difficulty, so very different was our pronunciation. We talked of the literature of France and England, and their consequent intellectual progress. We too should have done something in literature, said he ; but, crossing his hands, we are so fettered " *ista terribili inquisitione !*" by that terrible inquisition. This man had been a friar ; but, little liking a monastic life, he went on foot to Rome ; and, by means  
of

LA REPARACION  
DEL MUY ANTIGUO FARO  
DE LA CORUNA  
COMENZADA EN EL REINADO  
Y  
DE ORDEN DE  
CARLOS III.

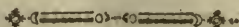


of money, procured a dispensation from the Pope. He spends his time now in philosophizing, and writing verses. I found him a physiognomist, and our agreement in more important points was as exact as in these.

One peculiarity of this country is, that in good houses no person inhabits the ground floor. A warehouse, a shop, or more generally a stable, is under every private dwelling-house. The Consul's apartments are on the attic story; and, when you ring the bell, the door is opened by a long string from above; like the "Open Sesame," in the Arabian Tales. We sat round a brazier, filled with wood embers; and occasionally revived the fire by a fan, made of thin chips; while one of the company played on the guitar; an instrument less disagreeable than most others to one who is no lover of music; because it is not loud enough to force his attention, when he is not disposed to give it.

There are German shops where almost any thing may be procured. I could not, however, buy a silver spoon without a silver fork! There is a curiosity in the yard of our posada, which,  
I am

I am told, is unique in Spain—the ruins of a temple of Cloacina; a goddess, whose offerings are thrown into the street by this barbarous people, to the great scandal of all who are accustomed to the sacred secrecy of her mysteries.



### LETTER III.

OF the following strange tale, the scene is not far from Coruna. I translate it from a Spanish book of the date 1608: entitled

La

SILVA CURIOSA

De Julian de Medrano.

Cavallero Navarro.

and dedicated by him to his Sovereign, the Queen of Navarre.

Being

Being in Redondella, they told me, that about sixty years ago, there dwelt in that place an Astrologer so famous, and believed to be so infallible, that not only in Redondella, but in Vigo likewise, Pontevedra, and indeed through all Galicia, he was held in such estimation, as if he had been another prophet Daniel. This astrologer was called Marcolpho; and, as he was consulted by all the country round, he realized an ample maintenance, and married the daughter of a principal mariner; so beautiful, that she was distinguished by the name of the lovely Almena. They lived together with content and comfort. The fame of his beautiful wife, and his great riches, spread every where; and unfortunately reached the ears of Sempronio, the most cruel corsair who infested those seas. Tempted by such a prey, he resolved to spare no effort to obtain it. A favorable opportunity presented itself. He learnt that the inhabitants of Redondella were about to celebrate the festival of a Saint, the patron of a church, that stood about as far from the town, as an arrow can go, discharged thrice from a cross-bow: here the men feasted alone, because they belonged to a brotherhood: the women kept the festival

festival in their houses. During the night, Sempronio arranged every thing. His spies informed him, that the men had dined in the church, and were now amusing themselves with different sports, and the Astrologer in the midst of them, telling fortunes. Hearing this, Sempronio and his companions entered the town, stript the house of Marcolpho, carried off the chest with the gold, and Almena; forced her into a boat, and made immediately for the vessel. The alarm was given; the men of Redondella hastened home for their arms; and Marcolpho found his home empty. He ran to the summit of a rock that overhangs the harbour; from whence he beheld the vessel carrying away his Almena. In vain did the wretched man cry out; and, tearing off his garments, fix them upon a pole, and make signals to them to return. The pirate heard not his prayers and regarded not his gestures. Frantic with despair, the miserable husband threw himself head-long from the rock; thus making a sacrifice of his body to the fishes, and of his soul to the infernal Devil. The people of Redondella grieved much for poor Marcolpho; and, as they could not bury him in holy ground, after they had found his body,

they

they made him a sepulchre under one of those rocks furrounded by the sea, which you cannot reach without a boat ; and placed this epitaph on the rock, in very old Spanish.

Debaxo deste cachopo  
 Yaze el cuerpo sepultado,  
 D'un adevino Astriloco,  
 Que fizo muerte de loco  
 Pues quiso fer affogado.

Para otros fue singular,  
 Mas para el non fue sesudo ;  
 Pues no supo adevinar  
 Que aqui se avia d' affogar,  
 Ni que avia de fer cornudo.

Su muger la linda Almena,  
 Fue robada por Sempronio  
 Con dineros y cadena :  
 Su cuerpo guarda la arena,  
 L'anima llevo el Demonio.

Viator no ay rogar a Deos por eu :  
 Quia ab inferno nulla est redemptio.  
 Mas roga a Deos que te de mellor ventura.

Traveller! beneath this unblest rock  
 The poor Marcolpho lies,  
 A wretched man! though skill'd to read  
 The wisdom of the skies.

To him the stars their secret ways  
 Of destiny made known;  
 Yet, though he knew his neighbour's fate,  
 He dreamt not of his own.

His wife was ravish'd from him by  
 Sempronio, pirate evil!  
 His body buried in the sand,  
 His soul is with the Devil!

Traveller! do not pray to God for him,  
 Because from hell there is no redemption;  
 But pray to God that he may grant thee a better fate.

*Thursday Night.*

About two o'clock this afternoon, we left  
 Coruna in *a coach and six*. As we sit in  
 the carriage, our eyes are *above* the windows;  
 which must, of course, be admirably adapted for  
 seeing the country. Our six mules are har-  
 nessed

neffed only with ropes: the leaders and the middle pair are without reins; and the nearest reined only with ropes. The two muleteers, or more properly, the Mayoral and Zagal, either ride on a low kind of box, or walk. The mules know their names, and obey the voice of their driver with astonishing docility: their heads are most gaily bedizened with tufts and hanging strings of blue, yellow, and purple worsted: each mule has sixteen bells; so that we travel more musically, and almost as fast, as a flying waggon. There are four reasons why these bells should be worn; two English reasons, and two Spanish ones: they may be necessary in a dark night; and, where the roads are narrow, they give timely warning to other travellers: these are the English reasons. The Spaniards' motives for using them are, that the mules like the music; and that, as all the bells are marked with a crucifix, the Devil cannot come within hearing of the consecrated peal.

I walked—for you know, I am what our friend T. calls a great *pedestal*. The road is excellent. It is one of those works in which Despotism applies its giant force to purposes  
of

of public utility. The villages we passed through were mean and dirty; and the houses are in that stile of building, with which the pencil of Gaspar Pouffin had taught me to associate more ideas of comfort than I found realized. I was delighted with the wild and novel prospect: hills beyond hills, far as the eye could extend, part involved in shadow, and the more distant illumined by the westering sun; but no object ever struck me as more picturesque, than where a few branchless pines on the distant eminences, crested the light with their dark foliaged heads. The water winds into the country, forming innumerable islets of sand, and as we advanced, of mud, sometimes covered with such vegetation as the tide would suffer. We saw fig-trees and chesnuts, and passed one little cop-pice of oaks, scanty trees, and evidently struggling with an ungrateful soil. By the wayside were many crucifixes for adoration, and I counted six monumental crosses; but it is probable that most of these monuments are over people, who have been murdered in some private quarrel, and not by robbers. About half a mile before we reached Betanzos (our abode for the night), the road lies by the side of the

river



river Mandeo. It is a terrace upon low arches, through which many small currents pass, wind under the hills, and intersect the pasture into little islands. On the other side, the river spreads into a fine expanse of water: we beheld the scene dimly by twilight; but perhaps this obscurity heightened the beauty of the landscape, by throwing a veil over its nakedness.

We are in a room with two beds, of which I have the choice, for both my companions carry their own. It was a custom among the ancients to commit themselves to the protection of some appropriate deity, when about to undertake any difficult enterprize, or undergo any danger. Were I but a Pagan now, I would implore the aid of ΖΕΥΣ ΜΥΙΟΚΟΡΟΣ, or Jupiter Muscarius, and sleep without fear of muskitoes. But as this is the eighteenth century, there are but two spiritual beings, whose peculiar patronage could be of service: Beelzebub, or the Lord of Flies, is one; whom I must renounce, with all his works, even that of fly-flapping: the other power I cannot escape, and must resign myself to SCRATCH for the night.

The walls exhibit saints in profusion, a sculptured crucifix, and a print perhaps worth describing. The Virgin Mary forms the mast of one ship, and Christ of another, standing upon the Chapel of Loretto, which probably serves for the cabin. The Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, flies behind filling the sails, while a gentleman in a bag-wig climbs up the side of one of the vessels.

We are going to sup on our English beef. They have brought us a vinegar vessel, about the size of a porter pot; excellently contrived for these two reasons, on account of the narrowness of its neck, it is impossible ever to clean it; and being of lead, it makes the vinegar sweet, and of course poisonous!

On entering the room, we desired the boy to remove a vessel that did not scent it agreeably. So little idea had he that it was offensive, that he removed it from under the bed, only to place it in the closet!

*Friday Evening.*

At midnight we heard the arrival of a post from Madrid, who awoke the people of the house,

house by cracking his whip. I cannot say he awoke me, for I, like Polonius, was at supper, not where I eat, but where I was eaten. The ingenious gentleman who communicated his discovery to the public, in the Encyclopædia, that nine millions of mites, eggs, amount exactly to the size of one pigeon's egg, may, if he please, calculate what quantity of blood was extracted from my body in the course of seven hours; the bed being six feet two and a half, by four feet five, and as populous as possible in that given space.

I have always associated very unpleasant ideas with that of breakfasting by candle light. We were up before five this morning. The two beds were to be packed up, and all our baggage to be replaced in the coach. Our allowance was a small and single cup of chocolate, swallowed standing and in haste. This meal is perhaps in England the most social of the day; and I could not help remembering the time, when I was sure to meet a cheerful face, a good fire, and the Courier at breakfast. At day-break I quitted the coach. The country was more wild and more beautiful than what we had passed

D

yesterday:

yesterday. In the dingle below us on the right, at the foot of a dark and barren hill, a church stood, on the banks of a winding rivulet. The furze, even at this season, is in blossom. Before us, a little to the left, was a bold and abrupt mountain; in parts, naked precipices of rock; in parts, richly varied with pines, leafless chestnut trees, and oaks that still retained their withered foliage. A stream, foaming along its rocky channel, wound at the base; intercepted from our view where the hill extended its gradual descent, and visible again beyond: a tuft of trees, green even from their roots, grew on the banks: on the summit of the mountain stands a church, through whose towers the light was visible: around us were mountains, their sides covered with dark heath, and their fantastic tops richly varied with light and shade. The country is rude and rocky; the houses all without chimnies; and the appearance of the smoke issuing through their roofs, very singular and very beautiful, as it rose slowly, tinged by the rising sun. In about three hours we began the winding ascent of Monte Saigueiro, whose summit had closed the morning prospect. By ascending directly I reached the top long before  
the

the mules. There I rested, and looked back on the watch-tower of Coruna, six leagues distant; and the Bay of Biscay. I was not, however, idle while I rested: as a proof, take these lines.

Fatigued and faint, with many a step and flow,  
 This lofty mountain's pathless side I climb,  
 Whose head, high towering o'er the waste sublime,  
 Bounded my distant vision; far below  
 Yon docile beasts plod patient on their way,  
 Circling the long ascent: I pause, and now  
 On this smooth rock my languid limbs I lay,  
 And taste the grateful breeze, and from my brow  
 Wipe the big dews of toil. Oh! what a sweep  
 Of landscape lies beneath me! hills on hills,  
 And rock-pil'd plains, and vallies bosom'd deep,  
 And Ocean's dim immensity, that fills  
 The ample gaze. Yonder is that huge height  
 Where stands the holy convent; and below  
 Lies the fair glen, whose broken waters flow  
 Making such pleasant murmurs as delight  
 The lingering traveller's ear. Thus on my road  
 Most sweet it is to rest me, and survey  
 The goodly prospect of the journey'd way;  
 And think of all the pleasures it bestowed,

Not that the pleasant scenes are past, distress,  
 But looking joyful on to that abode  
 Where PEACE and LOVE await me, Oh! most  
 Dear!

Even so when Age's wintry hour shall come  
 We shall look back on many a well-spent year,  
 Not grieving at the irrevocable doom  
 Of mortal man, or sad that the cold tomb  
 Must shrine our common relics; but most blest  
 In holy hope of our eternal home.

We proceeded two leagues further to Griteru,  
 over a country of rocks, mountains, and swamps.  
 The Venta\* there exceeded all my conceptions  
 of possible wretchedness. The kitchen had no  
 light but what came through the apertures of  
 the roof or the adjoining stable. A wood fire  
 was in the middle, and the smoke found its way  
 out how it could, of course the rafters and walls  
 were covered with soot. The furniture con-  
 sisted of two benches and a bed, I forbear to  
 say how clean. The inhabitants of the stable  
 were a mule and a cow; of the kitchen, a mis-  
 erable

\* At a Posada you find beds. A Venta only accom-  
 modates the traveller while he rests by day.

rable meagre cat, a woman, and two pigs, who were as familiar as a young lady's lap dog. I never saw a human being disfigured by such filth and squalidness as the woman; but she was anxious to accommodate us, and we were pleased by her attempt to please us. We had brought an undrest rump of beef from Coruna, and fried some stakes ourselves; and as you may suppose, after having travelled twenty miles, at the rate of three miles an hour, almost breakfastless, we found the dinner excellent. I even begin to like the wine, so soon does habit reconcile us to any thing. Florida Blanca has erected a very good house at this place, designed for a posada, but nobody will tenant it! The people here live in the same sty with their swine, and seem to have learnt their obstinacy as well as their filth.

After dinner we went to look at an arch that had struck us as we entered the village. The lane that leads to it, seems to have been paved with stones from the ruins. We were told that the place belonged to the Conde Amiranti, and that the arch had led into the court yard in the time of the Moors. Evidently, however, it was not

Moorish:

Moorish. The few fences they have are very unpleasant to the eye; they are made with slate stones about three feet high, placed upright.

The distance from Griteru to Bamonde is two leagues. Half the distance we went by a wretchedly rugged way, for the new road is not completed. It is a great undertaking; a raised terrace with innumerable bridges. We saw many birch trees, and a few hedges of broom. I was reminded of the old personification of *Œconomy*, by seeing two boys walk by the carriage barefooted, and carry their shoes. Near Bamonde is some of the most beautiful scenery I ever beheld. There is an old bridge, of four arches, almost covered with ivy, over a broad but shallow stream, that within a few yards makes a little fall, and circles a number of islets covered with heath and broom. Near it was a small coppice of birch, and a fine single birch-tree hung over the bridge, waving its light branches. The hill on the opposite shore rises abruptly, a mass of rock and heath. About two hundred yards behind, on a gentler ascent, stands a church. The churches are simple and striking; they have no tower, but the bells are  
hung



hung in a single wall, which ends in a point with a crucifix. The sheep on the hills were, as they generally are in this country, black, and therefore did not enliven the landscape, as in England ; but this was well supplied by a herd of goats. It was evening when we reached the posada.

I should think Griteru the worst place in Europe, if we were not now at Bamonde. Judge you how bad that place must be, where I do not wish you were with me ! At none of these houses have they any windows, and if you would exclude the air, you must likewise exclude the light. There are two beds in the room. Their high heads sanctified with a crucifix, which M. observed must certainly be a monumental cross to the memory of the last traveller devoured by the bugs.

The master of the posada here is a crazy old priest, very inquisitive, and equally communicative, who looked into all our books, and brought us his breviary, and showed us that he could still read it. The woman was very anxious to know if they were at war with England

land. She said how sorry she should be if such a war should take place, because so many good things came from England, and particularly such beautiful muslin. And this woman, so interested lest muslin should be scarce, had scarcely rags enough to cover her!

We have warmed ourselves by dressing our own supper. The kitchen, as usual, receives its light through the stable, and is without a chimney; so you may easily guess the complexion of the timbers and the bacon-faced inhabitants. We were assembled round one of the largest fires you ever saw, with some of the men of the village in wooden shoes,—three or four children—the Mayoral and Zagal—the mad Priest—the hostess, and the pigs, who are always admitted to the fire-side in this country. So totally regardless are they of danger, that there was a large heap of dry furze within six feet of the fire! and when one of the men wanted a little light without, he seized a handful of straw, and carried it blazing through the stable. We supped again on beef-steaks, and manufactured the remainder into soup, to carry on with us. They raise good potatoes and  
turnips

turnips here, and have even promised us milk in the morning. They boiled some wine for us in an iron ladle. Bread is almost as dear as in England.

#### LETTER IV.

*Saturday Evening, Dec. 19.*

**W**E were serenaded all night by the muskitoes and mules. The muskitoes always found their trumpets when they make an attack. The bells are never taken from the mules, and the stable is always under the bed room. These muleteers are a most unaccommodating race of beings, they made us unload the coach, and load it again at the distance of fifty yards from the posada, thro' the mire; and when we set off this morning, they drove up to the door! We left some beef intentionally behind us, at Bamonde. The people thought it had been forgotten, and followed us to restore it. We  
crossed

crossed the Minio at Ravade, by a bridge of ten arches, four of which are new. The river here is a clear, deep, tranquil stream, about sixty yards wide. The road is unfinished, and the scenery except at this spot uninteresting. We reached the city of Lugo at noon: here we are detained, for the old coach already wants repairing.

Lugo is surrounded by a wall, with circular towers projecting at equal distances. There is a walk on the top, without any fence on either side, in width ten feet, and where the towers project, twenty. Time has destroyed the cement. The ruins are in many parts covered with ivy, and the periwinkle is in blossom on all the wall. I see doors leading from the city *into* the walls, and many wretched hovels are built under them without, mere shells of habitations, made with stones from the ruins, and to which the wall itself serves as the back. One of the round towers projects into the passage of our *posada*, which winds round it: as for the city itself, St. Giles's would be libelled by a comparison with it.

M. went to visit a canon of the Cathedral, with whom he had once travelled to Madrid. He resides in the Bishop's palace—a place not unlike a college, with a quadrangle, round which the priests have their apartments. So little are the ecclesiastics acquainted with the nature of the foreign heresies they detest, that the canon seriously enquired, if we had such a thing as a church in England!

The cathedral presents nothing remarkable. The two towers in the front seem to have been intended to be carried higher; but they are now roofed with slates in that execrable taste which is so common in Spain, and which I have seen exhibited upon old pigeon-houses in England. The chapel of the Virgin displayed more elegance, than is usually suffered by the tinsel taste of Popery.

While we were in the cathedral, I observed a woman at confession. Much of the depravity of the people may be attributed to the nature of their religion: they confess their crimes, wipe off the old score by absolution, and set off with light hearts and clear consciences, to begin a  
new

new one. A Catholic had robbed his confessor. "Father," said he at confession, "I have stolen some money: will you have it?" "Certainly not," replied the priest: "you must return it to the owner." But," said he, "I have offered it to the owner; Father, and he will not receive it." "In that case," said the priest, "the money is lawfully yours;" and he gave him absolution. An Irishman confessed he had stolen some chocolate. "And what did you do with it?" asked the confessor. "Father," said he, "I made tea of it."

But a subject so serious, deserves a more serious consideration. It is urged, in favour of this practice, that weak minds may be saved by it, from that despair of salvation, which makes them abandon themselves to the prospect of an eternity of wretchedness. It is this idea which has deranged the Queen of Portugal; and under this madness one of our countrymen labours, whose works will ever be admired by the lovers of poetry and virtue. Yet, surely, it is a bad way, to remedy one superstitious opinion by establishing another; and if reason cannot eradicate this belief, neither can superstition; for

weak

weak minds always most easily believe what they fear. The evil introduced, too, is worse than that which it is intended to supplant. This belief of reprobation must necessarily be confined to those of gloomy tenets; and among those, to the few who are pre-disposed to it by an habitual gloom of character. But, the opinion of this forgiving power vested in the church, will, among the mob of mankind, destroy the motives to virtue, by eradicating all dread of the consequences of vice. It subjects every individual to that worst slavery of the mind, and establishes an inquisitorial power in the ecclesiastics; who, in proportion as they are esteemed for the supposed sanctity of their profession, will be found to be less anxious to obtain esteem by deserving it.

But absolution is always granted conditionally, on the performance of certain duties of atonement. And what are these duties of atonement? A zealous Spaniard, of whom I enquired, told me, "*many Ave Marias, many Fasts, and many Alms.*" Remember, that those alms usually go to the mendicant friars, or to purchase masses for the souls in purgatory; and you

will

will see of what service penance is in correcting vicious habits. You will hardly believe, that the absolving power of the church was maintained, not four years ago, from the pulpit of St. Mary's, at Oxford.

If a man had courage enough to make a confessor of his dearest friend, without concealing or extenuating one act of vice or indiscretion, he would probably become virtuous :

“ For if he shame to have his follies known,  
 “ First he would shame to act 'em.”

B. JOHNSON.

The resolution of recording in a journal every transaction, would operate as a powerful antidote against vice. From such a record, kept and examined with minute impartiality, we should learn that most important lesson, to respect ourselves. “ Nothing is to be despised, that tends to guard our purity ; such little precautions preserve the greatest virtues.” So he said, who, with all his faults and all his errors, deserves to be ranked among the best and wisest of mankind.

The



The mention of ROUSSEAU naturally now reminds me of his confessions. Biography has been justly esteemed the most useful of literary studies; and it is hitherto perhaps the most imperfect; for who can pry into the secret motives of another, and trace the progress of his opinions? Never was more unwearied industry displayed, than Boswell exerted in compiling the conversations of Johnson. We behold the man, we see his manners, and we hear his opinions; but we neither witness the growth of his mind; nor enter the recesses of his heart. The slow revolution of sentiment, and the number of little incidents which all operate on character, can only be traced by the watchful eye of a self-observer: and yet, it is only from such observations, that we can obtain an accurate knowledge of human nature. This work of Rousseau is therefore inestimable and unique; for the Journal of Lavater is what any honest Methodist preacher might have written; and, though displaying great goodness of heart, totally unworthy of the genius, fame, and physiognomy of the author. To such a work a man can have but few temptations: for obvious reasons it must be posthumous: motives of profit cannot exist;

exist ; and the empty desire of fame would be more than usually absurd ; for the many would dwell upon his faults with all the littleness of triumph, because they bring him down to a level with themselves ; and by those readers who know *a little*, and think *a little*, and those whose opinions are tainted by some leading prejudices, he would be despised as an imitator.

Our table here is a large stone, with Mosaic work, framed. We have had leisure to see the city ; and, by the assistance of some cakes, and some Malaga wine, which we procured in it, the evening has passed agreeably. You may perhaps like this fable of Yriarte ; he has written several comedies, a history of Spain, a didactic poem on music, and translated the *Aeneid* of Virgil.

### EL BURRO FLAUSTISTA

Esta fabulilla,

Salga bien, o mal,

Me ha ocurrida ahora

Por casualidad.

Cerca de unos prados  
 Que hai en mi lugar,  
 Pasaba un Borrico  
 Por casualidad.

Una flauta en ellos  
 Hallo, que un Zagal  
 Se dexo olvidada  
 Por casualidad.

Acercofe a olerla  
 El dicho animal ;  
 Y dio un resoplido  
 Por casualidad.

En la flauta el aire  
 Se hubo de colar,  
 Y fono la flauta  
 Por casualidad.

Oh ! dixo el Borrico.  
 Que bien se tocar !  
 Y diran que es mala  
 La mufical afnal.

Sin reglas del arte  
 Borriquitos hai,  
 Que unas vez aciertan  
 Por casualidad.



### THE MUSICAL ASS.

JUDGE, gentle Reader, as you will,  
 If this short tale be good or ill :  
 No hours in studying it were spent,  
 It just occurred by accident.

As strolling out, I faunter'd o'er  
 The fields that lie around my door,  
 An ass across the meadow bent,  
 His heedless way by accident.

A careless shepherd boy had trod,  
 But just before the very road,  
 And on other thoughts intent,  
 Dropt his flute by accident.

The afs as he beheld it, goes  
 To fearch it with enquiring nofe ;  
 And breathing hard, the ftrong breath went  
 Down the flute by accident.

The air in rufhing to get free,  
 Awoke the voice of harmony ;  
 And thro' the hollow channel fent  
 Sweet melodies by accident.

The fhrill notes vibrate foft and clear,  
 Along his longitude of ear.  
 “ Bravo !” exclaims the raptur'd brute,  
 “ How mafterly I play the flute !”

And haft thou, Reader, never known,  
 Some ftar-bleft blockhead, like friend John,  
 Who following upon Folly's fcent,  
 Stumbled on Truth by accident ?

## LETTER V.



*Monday, Dec. 21.*

WHATEVER may be the state of the human mind, the human body has certainly degenerated. We should sink under the weight of the armour our ancestors fought in, and out of one of their large and lofty rooms, I have seen a suite of apartments even spacious for their pigmy descendants. The "sons of little men," have taken possession of the world! I find no chair that has been made since the Restoration high enough for an evening nap; when I sit down to dinner, nine times out of ten I hurt my knees against the table; and I am obliged to contract myself, like one of the long victims of Procrustes, in almost every bed I sleep in! Such were the melancholy reflections of a tall man in a short bed.

The road from Lugo is very bad: in many places it is part of an old Spanish paved road  
with

with a stone ridge in the middle. The country is better peopled and better wooded than what we have past, and we frequently saw the Minho winding beautifully below us. At St. Juan de Corbo we stopped to eat. The church-yard wall is there covered with crosses, and there is the only house I have yet seen that reminded me of an English country seat. It belongs to Don Juan de Balcasas, a Hidalgo, or son of Somebody, for a man of obscure family is thought to be son of Nobody at all! I was sitting very comfortably at my meal, on a sunny bank, when two pigs came up to me, shaking their tails like spaniels, and licked up the crumbs, and getting between my legs, put up their snouts for more; such familiarity have they learned from education. In about two hours afterwards we reached the mountains, from whence we looked back on Lugo, four leagues distant, and the hills as far again beyond. It was noon, and the sun very hot; yet the beetles were flying about as in the evening in England. The country grew more beautiful, as we advanced; I have never seen scenes more lovely. We reached Marillas to dinner; a wretched venta, where they would light no fire to dress our fowls. The  
 room

room we were in was at once a hay loft, a carpenter's shop, a tailor's shop, and a saw-pit, besides serving to accommodate travellers. We had been warned in the morning to take two days bread from Lugo, so that with our English beef and our English cheese, and procuring good water and excellent wine, our fare was very good; but, like true Trojans, we were obliged to eat our tables.

Immediately after dinner we entered upon the new road which wound upon the side of the mountains. As our day's journey was longer than usual—eight leagues and a half—owing to our halt of yesterday, we went the greater part of this stage by moonlight. A mountainous track is well adapted for moonlight by the boundedness of its scenery. We past the Puente del Corcul, a bridge over a glen connecting two mountains. It was now a scene of tranquil sublimity; but in the wet season, or after the snows dissolve, the little stream of the glen must swell into a rough and rapid torrent. I do not know the height of the bridge, but it was very great. The road is continually on the edge of a precipitous descent, and yet no  
wall



wall is erected! We were five hours going the three leagues to Lugares. There is a monumental cross by the door of the posada, and the women begged us to take all the things out of the coach, lest they should be stolen.

Our room there was of a very ancient and buggy appearance, with true alehouse pictures of St. Michael and the Virgin. I like the familiarity of the people at these places. They address us with cheerfulness, and without any of that awkward silent submission which ought never to be paid by one human being to another. How often in England have I heard a tavern waiter cursed by some fellow who would never have dared to insult him, if his situation had permitted him to resent the insult. I have observed nothing of this in Spain. The people show civility, and expect to receive it. It has been said that no man was ever an *héro* to his Valet. Admitting for a moment that the word *héro* may convey a good meaning, I deny the assertion. Great minds are conspicuous in little actions, and these fall more under the inspection of domestics than of the world. Would you know the real character of a man observe him when

he

he speaks to a servant; mark his manners and the tone of his voice: watch the countenance of the servant, and you can hardly be erroneous in your judgment.

The Spanish women are certainly great admirers of muslin. They were very earnest here with M. to sell them his neckcloth. Buy, however, they could not, to beg they were ashamed, and so the next morning they stole my uncle's. Josepha took hold of my hair, asked me how I wore it in England, and advised me never to tie it or wear powder. I tell you this for two reasons, as an example that such whose tastes are not vitiated, dislike the absurd custom of plastering the head with grease, and then covering it with dust; and to shew you the familiar manners of the people. Before an English chambermaid could have done this, she must have attained a degree of boldness, which would probably have been the effect of depravity: but in that country the familiarity of ignorant innocence can hardly escape the insults of pride or of licentiousness.

There is an entrenchment near Lugo, and another by St. Juan de Corbo. The fences in that part are walls of granite, and the stones so large that immense labour must have been necessary to pile them. The granite rocks, in the fields, were frequently surrounded by trees, and ornamental to the landscape. I saw some shrubs growing on one, where the soil must probably have been placed by art, for I know not how it could have accumulated.

Manuel Ximenes, our Mayorál, awoke us at three this morning, to know what o'clock it was. We set off as usual, soon after five. Not far from Lugares, half way down the mountain, opposite the road, is a natural bridge of rock. The rocks here are of schist. We were three hours ascending from Lugares, and that place lies high. You know I never ride when I can walk. The clouds wetted me as they passed along. I was fatigued, and when the body is wearied the mind is seldom cheerful. In this mood I committed a sonnet :

ANOTHER mountain yet ! I thought this brow  
Had surely been the summit ; but they rise  
Hill above hill, amid the incumbent skies,

And

And mock my labour. What a giddy height !  
 The roar of yonder stream that foams below,  
 Meets but at fits mine ear : ah me—my sight  
 Shrinks from this upward toil, and fore oppress'd,  
 Sad I bethink me of my home of rest.

Such is the lot of man. Up Life's steep road  
 Painful he drags, beguiling the long way  
 With many a vain thought on the future day

With PEACE to sojourn in her calm abode.  
 Poor Fool of Hope ! that hour will never come  
 Till TIME and CARE have led thee to the  
 tomb.

The inhabitants of this peninsula are far advanced towards that period when all created beings shall fraternize. The muleteer sleeps by the side of his mule—the brotherly love of Sancho and Dapple may be seen in every hovel ; and the horses, and the cows, and the cats, and the dogs, and the poultry, and the people, and the pigs, all inhabit the same apartment, not to mention three certain tribes of insects, for preserving of whom all travellers in Spain are but little obliged to Noah. The houses here are exactly like the representations I have seen of the huts  
 in

in Kamfchatka. The thatch reaches to the ground, and there is a hole left in it which ferves for the inhabitants to go in and the fmoke to go out. The thatch is blackened with fmoke, and confequently no mofs can grow there. We flopt at the village of Caftro, our only halt for the day. There is only a venta there, while one of Florida Blanca's new pofadas ftands uninhabited the very next door. We were defcending from half paff nine to half paff five in the evening. We left a ruined Caftle to our right, fmall indeed, but from its fituation very ftriking; and foon after the iron works of Herrierias. The mountains are in parts culttvated, even to their fummits; at this feafon there is plenty of water, and there are trenches cut in the cultivated lands to preferve it. Oaks, alders, poplars, and chefnut trees, are numerous in the valleys; and we faw the firft vineyards. A lovely country, a paradife of nature: but the inhabitants are kept in ignorance and poverty, by the double defpotifm of their Church and State! I faw a woman carrying a heavy burthen of wood on her head, which fhe had cut herfelf, and fpinning as fhe walked along; a melancholy picture of induftrious wretchednefs.

The

The churches here have little balconies on the outside with sculls in them. It is well that we should be familiarized to the idea of death ; but instead of being presented to us ghastly and terrible, it should be rendered pleasant ; instead of dwelling on the decay of the body, we should be taught to contemplate the progression of the spirit.

Three people passed us with wens, and I puzzled myself in vainly attempting to account for the connection between wens and mountains. I saw a calf walk into one of the houses, pushing by a woman at the door with a coolness that marked him for one of the family. The bee-hives here are made of part of the trunk of a tree hollowed, about three feet high, and covered with a slate. All the Spanish houses are without that little appendage, which in England we think a necessary. An Englishman told me, that going behind a posada by moonlight, he saw one of these hollow pieces of wood covered with a slate, and congratulated himself that the people there were so far advanced as to have made such a convenience. Travellers of old, when they prepared for a journey, girded up their loins : he did the reverse,

verse, and was in a situation very unfit for making a speedy retreat when he took off the cover, and out came the bees upon him.

We are now at Villa Franca. Never did I see a town so beautiful as we approached: but when we entered,—Oh the elegant cleanliness of Drury Lane! There is an old palace opposite the posada, of the Duke of Alva, old and ruinous, and mean and melancholy as a parish workhouse in England. I stood for some time at the balcony, gazing at this place, where the most celebrated and most detestable of its possessors may perhaps have listened to the songs of Lope de Vega, perhaps have meditated massacres in Holland. The mournful degradation of the Dutch, as well as of the Spanish character, forcibly occurred to me, and I looked on with—I trust the prophetic eye of Hope, to the promised Brotherhood of Mankind, when Oppression and Commerce shall no longer render them miserable by making them vicious.

I have just heard from one of my fellow travellers, who has passed the road frequently,  
a melan-

a melancholy tale of the daughter of the host here.—She married a young man above her own rank; he died—all that he possessed died with him, and the widow left destitute with two very young children; is returned again to the miserable poverty and labour of a posada! Very soon after her husband's death an Irishman offered to take this woman into keeping. Her only reply was—"You say you love me, Sir, and yet you can insult me by this wicked offer!"

*Tuesday, before day-light.*

I have seen this widow. She cannot possibly be two and twenty. Her two children were by her, the one an infant, the other about two years old, deaf and dumb; they are beautiful children, though disfigured by dirt, and in rags. Her dress was black, and bad enough for her present situation; but the manners of one accustomed to better scenes were evident. She had white stockings, and shoes whose make discovered that shaping of the foot and ankle which peculiarly distinguishes the higher class from those who work for them. There is a liquid lustre in the full black eye of the Spanish women,



women, of which you can have no idea; her face expressed a meek resignation to wretchedness. What must that man's heart have been made of, who could have insulted this woman? But man is a Beast, and an ugly Beast, and Monboddo libels the Ouran-outangs, by suspecting them of the same family.

*Tuesday Evening.*

We have advanced only four leagues to-day, for the old coach is laid up again. I have been thinking of the poor widow—perhaps I find it more easy to express my feelings in poetry than in prose. Is it because my ideas adapt themselves to the dress they have usually worn?

And does there then, TERESA, live a man  
Whose tongue unflinching could to such foul  
thoughts

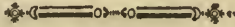
Yield utterance? Tempt thee to the hireling bed!  
Buy thee, TERESA, to another's arms!  
Thee, sufferer! thee, forlorn and wretched one!  
Ere yet upon thy husband's grave the grass  
Was green! oh! is there one whose monstrous  
heart

Could

Could with insulted modesty's hot blush  
 Make crimson the poor widow's woe-pale cheek!  
 Was this thing of my species? shaped in the mould  
 Of man? and fashioned to the outward show  
 All human? Did he move aloft and lift  
 On high his lordly face? and formed of flesh  
 And blood like mine, meandering thro' his veins?  
 I blush for human nature! and would fain  
 Prove kindred with the brutes. She raised to  
     Heaven

Her dark eyes with a meek upbraiding look,  
 And felt more keen her loss, and dropt a tear  
 Of aggravated anguish. I almost  
 Could murmur at my lot assigned by fate,  
 And covet wealth, that from the bitter ills  
 Of want I might secure thee, and provide  
 Some safe asylum for thy little ones,  
 And from the blasting wind of Poverty  
 Shield their young opening reason. I would be  
 Even as a brother to thee:—sit by thee,  
 And hear thee talk of days of happiness,  
 How fast they fled, and of the joys of Youth  
 And Hope—now buried in the grave of Love!  
 Oh I would listen to thy tale, and weep,  
 And pour upon Affliction's bleeding wounds  
 The balm of Pity. Sufferer, fare thee well!

GOD be thy comforter, and from a world  
 Of woe, release thee soon ! I on my way  
 Journeying remember thee, and think of *her*  
 In distant England, grateful to that Power  
 Who from the dark and tempest-roaring deep  
 Preserved a life she renders doubly dear.



## LETTER VI.

*Wednesday, Dec. 23.*

A YOUNG barber of Oviedo, travelling to Madrid to seek his fortune, has joined our party, and a very valuable acquisition he is. He waits on us, markets for us, assists us in cooking, shaves, bleeds, draws teeth, understands my Spanish, and has moreover one of the best physiognomies in Spain.

We found English plates every where till we reached Villa Franca. Our chocolate cups there were brought on a pewter plate, with a pewter

F

cup

cup fixed in the middle, to hold the earthen one. In this country we can get only white wine. The poor wear wooden shoes turned up at the toe like skaites, and with soles raised like the Devonshire clogs.

We left the new road at Carcabalos, a league from Villa Franca. Here, for the first time, I saw the mark of manorial boundaries, which would be no unmeaning emblem in France—it is a gibbet. We now entered upon a sandy, stoney plain; a little herbage grew on it, but M. tells me it is bare in summer, and swarming with immense grasshoppers. The plain is about three leagues in diameter, surrounded by high mountains, at the foot of which, over a grove of evergreen oaks, we saw the town of Ponferrada. Had I only seen Villa Franca and Ponferrada as we approached, without seeing or smelling either the streets or the inhabitants, I should have thought Spain a Paradise.

We found the posada pre-occupied by a Marquis and his retinue. A pleasant incident, for the axle-tree was damaged, and to proceed of course impossible. Luckily the Marquis departed,

departed, and here we are still detained.—Opposite to our balcony is the house of some Hidalgo, with whom five ladies are just arrived to dine in an open cart, drawn by oxen. They wear their hair combed straight, parted on the forehead, and tied loosely in the middle behind.

Day and night are we annoyed by the incessant noise of the mules; by night they are under us—we are only separated from the stable by planks laid across the beams,

“And sounds and stinks come mingled from below.”

By day the Mayoral is continually calling out to his mules: he gallops over the two first syllables of their name, and dwells upon the two last with a sound as slow and as wearying as the motion of his own carriage. “*Aquileia—Capitana—Gallega—malditas mulas!*” Then he consigns them to three hundred devils, the exact number they always swear by; calls them thieves, pickpockets, and concludes the climax of vituperation by “*alma de muerda,*” which is, be-

ing interpreted, the Soul of what the Laputan philosopher could never transmute again into bread and cheese. Sometimes he beats them furiously, and frequently flings a great stone at their heads.

They make the most beautiful counterpanes at Ponferrada that I ever saw, the threads are so disposed that the whole seems covered with fringe. The people appear very averse to a war with England. We had a good deal of conversation with a tradesman here, an intelligent man, who felt how the internal state of the country injured commerce

There are many specimens of Moorish architecture on the houses here. The Castle is a fine object: it is great and grotesque, and gives me a good idea of the Giant's Castles of Romance.

Beef is ten quartos (about three pence) the pound. Bread five quartos. Brown bread, made of Indian corn, three quartos. The price of labour from four to six reales.

*Thursday, Dec. 24.*

We left Ponferrada this morning, and our newly mended axle-tree—lasted us almost three miles. The descent was steep—the road bad—and the coach crazy. Luckily we were all walking when it broke down. The Mayoral invoked the Virgin Mary to help him, and three hundred devils to carry off the coach; he however soon found it more useful to go for human assistance, while we amused ourselves by walking backward and forward on a cold, bleak, desolate heath, with only one object in view, and that—a monumental cross. In about two hours we advanced a mile to the village of St. Miguel de las Duenas. Here there is no posada, and we are therefore at the house of the Barber.

A Village Barber is always a great man, particularly in Spain, where their regular surgeons probably are little less ignorant. I have been looking over our host's library, it contains a little about physic, and a great deal about the Virgin Mary. Of his medical books, I believe the only one ever heard of in England, is an old Spanish translation of Dioscorides. What  
an

an excellent country to break a leg in! However, if our friendly host be not a good surgeon, he is certainly a good Catholic. Over his books is a print called Our Lady of Seven Sorrows; it represents the Virgin Mary pierced through by seven swords, while Christ is lying dead in her lap. To such a print you will naturally think nothing could be affixed more suitable than the song of her Seven Good Joys. There is however under it a representation of the linen in which Joseph of Arimathea wrapped up our Saviour's body, and which retaining a miraculous likeness, is highly revered in these countries; not without cause, for through the merits of this Holy Napkin, or Santo Sudario, every time a certain prayer is repeated, a soul is released from Purgatory, by permission of Clement VIII. If the Pope should be in the right, you will do good by reading it—if not, you may at least gratify your curiosity.

Oracion del Santo Sudario, para levar una  
Alma del Purgatorio.

Senor havien donos dexado senales de su dolorosa passion sobre el Santo Sudario, en el  
qual



qual sacratissimo cuerpo fue sepultado por Joseph, concede nos por su misericordia y los merecimientos de su muerte y sepultura, podemos alcanzar la gloria de su triunphante Resurreccion. Pues vive y regna con el Padre en la unidad del Spirito santo por todos los siglos de los siglos. Amen.

The Prayer of the Holy Napkin to deliver a  
Soul from Purgatory.

Lord, of whose gracious sufferings we have received the marks upon the Holy Napkin, in which thy most sacred body was buried by Joseph, grant that through thy mercy and the merits of thy death and burial, we may partake of the glory of thy triumphant Resurrection.— Thou who livest with the Father in the unity of the Holy Spirit, for ever and ever. Ame

Of the nature of our Hosts theological library, you may judge by this chance specimen.—A holy Man, reading the Song of Solomon, came to the seventh verse of the fourth chapter. “My beloved is pure and without spot.” Musing on these words, he fell into a deep sleep, and  
beheld

beheld the Virgin Mary, in a vision, with all her retinue of Cherubim and Seraphim. They repeated the verse, " My beloved is pure and without spot," and a more divine voice immediately added, " etiam in conceptione," even in conception. This, says the Author, is an irrefragable proof of the immaculate conception of the Mother of God !

I ought to observe that this has nothing to do with the Orthodox and Arian tenet of the Immaculate Conception. It is only to prove the Franciscan dogma, that the Virgin Mary herself was born without the stain of Original Sin.

In England the red petticoat only peeps through a covering of lawn, but here the Babylonian walks the street in full dress scarlet. In England, where O'Leary is a Popish Priest, and Geddes chooses to call himself a Catholic, I have felt myself inclined to think that the absurdities of Popery may have been exaggerated : but here, in the words of Mary Wollstonecraft, " the serious folly of Superstition stares every man of sense in the face." At the entrance of this village stands a tree, two of whose branches  
had

had the misfortune to grow somewhat in the shape of a cross. The top and the limbs were therefore lopt off, and a face carved on it, similar to what I have seen boys cut upon a turnip; this done, it is an object of devotion. Our host has been just catechising my Uncle: do you believe in God? to be sure I do. And do you believe in Jesus Christ? Certainly, replied my Uncle. But ask him, said his son-in-law, in a whisper loud enough to be heard, ask him if he believes in the Virgin Mary?

An Irish Priest has the following passage in his Spanish sermon. "Many reasons have been assigned for the earthquake and darkness at the crucifixion, but to me this appears the only rational cause. The Blessed Virgin, who always in humility was accustomed to look upon the ground, lifted up her eyes to the cross. Deprived of the light of her eyes, the earth trembled, and the sun hid himself, ashamed to behold superior radiance."

There is a large Nunnery near us, where we have heard the Nuns sing. The chapel grating is by no means close, and when the service was  
over

over, they came close to it, probably to gratify their own curiosity as well as ours. Some of them were handsome, and I saw none who either by their size or their countenance indicated austerity. This is a beautiful spot. The room I am in commands a tranquil and pleasing view : A little stream flows near the house ; the convent lies to the right, and we look over a rich valley to the high mountains near us. Where we are to sleep I know not, for our host's daughter and her husband sleep in the kitchen, and in this, the only other room, the barber, his wife, and child !

The only face for which I have conceived any affection in Spain, is a dried pig's, in the kitchen below, and alas ! this is a hopeless passion !

*Christmas day, six o'clock in the evening.*

In the cold and comfortless room of a posada, having had no dinner but what we made in the coach, fatigued, and out of spirits, a pleasant situation ! I have been walking above three hours up this immense mountain ; very agreeable no doubt for the goats who browse in the vallies, and

and the lizards and wolves who inhabit the rest of it! We slept last night in the room with the Barber, his wife, and child. At midnight they all went to Cock-mass. At day-break I had the pleasure of wishing my fellow travellers a merry Christmas. Our prospect of a Christmas dinner made us laugh, for you must know that in the downfall of the coach, we sustained a grievous loss. Our travelling soup had come all the way from Bamonde, flung under the carriage in a pitcher, and at every stage we had a new edition, with additions and improvements. You may smile at our loss, but when

Faint and wearily

The way-worn traveller

Treads the mazes to the mountain's top,

a warm dish of soup in a cold day, was a serious thing to lose. Homer says, "a good dinner is no bad thing." Our road lay through a fertile valley till we had past the town of Benneveria, where, to my no small regret, we past by one of the best posadas on the road! We stopped at the village of Torre, a wild and delightful spot, where the wine was not unlike Burgundy. From thence we ascended the mountain to Manzanar. On the

the way the following lines occurred. You will like them, because they simply express natural feelings.

How many a heart is happy at this hour  
 In England ! brightly o'er the cheerful hall  
 Beams the heap'd hearth, and friends and kindred  
     meet,  
 And the glad Mother round her festive board  
 Beholds her children, separated long  
 Amid the world's wide way, assembled now,  
 And at the sight Affection lightens up  
 With smiles the eye that Age has long bedimm'd.  
 I do remember when I was a child,  
 How my young heart, a stranger then to Care,  
 With transport leapt upon this holy-day,  
 As o'er the house, all gay with evergreens,  
 From friend to friend with eager speed I ran,  
 Bidding a merry Christmas to them all.  
 Those years are past : their pleasures and their  
     pains  
 Are now like yonder convent-crested hill,  
 That bounds the distant prospect, dimly seen,  
 Yet pictur'd upon Memory's mystic glass,  
 In faint fair hues. A weary traveller now  
 I journey o'er the desert mountain track

Of Leon: wilds all drear and comfortless,  
 Where the grey lizards, in the noon-tide sun,  
 Sport on their rocks, and where the goatherd  
     starts,  
 Roused from his midnight sleep, and shakes to  
     hear.

The wolf's loud yell, and falters as he calls  
 On Saints to save. Hence of the friends I think  
 Who now perchance remember me, and pour  
 The glass of votive friendship. At the name  
 Will not thy cheek, Beloved! wear the hue  
 Of Love? and in mine EDITH'S eye the tear  
 Tremble? I will not wish thee not to weep;—  
 There is strange pleasure in Affection's tears—  
 And he who knows not what it is to wake  
 And weep at midnight, is an instrument  
 Of Nature's common work. Yes—think of me,  
 My EDITH! think—that travelling far away  
 I do beguile the long and lonely hours  
 With many a day-dream, picturing scenes as fair,  
 Of peace, and comfort, and domestic joys,  
 As ever to the youthful poet's eye  
 Creative Fancy fashion'd. Think of me,  
 My EDITH! absent from thee, in a land  
 Of strangers! and remember when thy heart  
 Heaves with the sigh of sorrow, what delight

Awaits

Awaits the moment when the eager voice  
Of welcome, shall that sorrow overpay.

Being a Bristolman, and of course not the worse for a little smoking, I have ventured into the kitchen to warm myself among the muleteers and Maragatos, and prepare our supper. By the by the Barber's wife sold us the old cock by way of a delicate chicken. We have found that the people will over-reach us if they can, and it is not to be wondered at. He who starves his dog makes a thief of him. Poverty is the mother of Crimes.—Yet we have experienced much attention and hospitality: my Uncle gave a few reales among the Carpenter's children, who was making our new axle-tree; and when we departed this morning, their mother brought us a pig's face and a lap full of pears.



## LETTER VII.

BANEZA, *Saturday, Dec. 26.*

WE have passed over a bleak and desolate track of barrenness this morning, near the Cavern of Gil Blas. Never was there a more convenient place to be murdered in, and eleven monumental crosses, which I counted within three leagues, justified my opinion of its physiognomy. We stopped two hours at Astorga, once the capital of the Asturias, but Oviedo holds that rank at present, and this is now a city of Leon.

Here I expected to live well. Gil Blas had fared luxuriously at Astorga; we heard of a cook's shop; Manuel was appointed commissioner to examine the state of provisions, and his report was, that we might have half a turkey and a leg of mutton just dressed, for a dollar. If the Queen's birth-day may be put off six months, why might not we keep Christmas-day on the twenty-sixth of December, and dine orthodoxly

on

on Turkey? When these dainties arrived—for the poor bird, Vitellius would have

“ Made the wicked master cook  
In boiling oil to stand ;”

and for the mutton, I vehemently suspect it to have been the leg of some little ugly bandy-legged tough-finewed turnspit.

The streets of Astorga are paved in ridges; the castle and the cathedral are well worthy the traveller's observation, the one for its antiquity, the other for its beauty. Over the castle gateway are the figures of a warrior and lion fighting, and escutcheons, supported each by a man and woman in the dress of the times: these should be preserved by the hand of the engraver before they share the same fate as the rest of the building.

The sight of a ruined castle in England, though calling up some melancholy reflections, still reminds us of the improvements of society. God be thanked that the pride of chivalry is extinguished for ever! it is sad to behold

The desart ivy clasp the joyless hearth,

but

but it is pleasant to remember that the Feudal Tyranny is mellowed down, and that though England incurs all the guilt of war, she feels very few of its horrors. In Spain Society is not improved, the halls of hospitality are desolate, but the haunts of Superstition are multiplying. They are building a new convent by the ruins of the Castle of Astorga.

I saw families actually living in holes dug in the Castle wall. *Almost* I regret the Moors: what has this country gained by their expulsion? A tolerant and cleanly superstition has been exchanged for the filth and ferocity of Monks, and the dogma of Mary's immaculate conception has taken place of the divine legation of Mohammed. To say that the Courts of Cordova and Granada exhibited more splendor than that of Madrid, were only to shew them superior in what is of little worth; but when were the arts so fostered? when were the people so industrious and so happy?

There is a curious Roman piece of bas-relievo in the Cloisters lately dug up. Our posada has glass windows! and we procured an excel-

lent wine called Peralta, in flavor not unlike Mountain, but superior.

We proceeded four leagues over a plain to Baneza. Here is the best house we have yet found. They have got us a rabbit, and five partridges. On entering this town, as likewise at Astorga, a man came to examine our baggage; a mode of taking a pesetta without the disgrace of begging, or the danger of robbing.

*Sunday, December 27.*

Baneza is an old and ugly town with piazzas under its houses. A cross was suspended from the front of the posada there, like an English sign, and near it a sun in the same manner, underwritten the house of the sun. They brought us a bill here, and it was very extravagant. Six reales for the rabbits and onions, twenty-four for the partridges, two for candles, and the rest in the same proportion. In Spain however no traveller can be imposed upon, if he chooses to prevent it, by calling for a board with the just price of every article, which, by order of the Government, is kept in every posada. Our  
road

road was very bad ; it lay over a fertile and populous plain for three leagues, till we reached the Puente de Bifana. On either side of us lay towns thickly scattered, all of which had once been fortified. Lapwings, storks, and wild ducks, are in abundance here : he who travels with a gun in this part of the country, need never want provisions. At the bridge of Bifana is a posada miserably furnished with two beds and one solitary chair ! Here I saw a man whose breeches were of white sheep skin, and his gaiters of black with the wool outwards. From hence to Benevente are three leagues and a half of good road, a thing of no small consequence here, for you cannot calculate your time by the length of the way, without taking the state of the road into consideration. To the right of the Puente de Bifana, we saw a range of caverns dug out of a hill : I fancied them to be the dens of the persecuted natives, Suevi or Goths, and my imagination peopled them with banditti : on enquiry we learnt they were wine vaults. The cellars near Benevente are hollowed in the earth, and the earth from the cavity forms a mound above them, in which the entrance appears like the chimney of a subterraneous dwelling. We

passed through a village completely in ruins, the houses and churches were of mud, the walls only remained, and there was not a single inhabitant.

We arrived at Benevente too late to see the inside of the Castle! M. however had formerly visited it, and I copy his account. "We entered by a gradual ascent which led to a cloister or colonnade of four sides, that looked down into a court where once had been a fountain. We were hence conducted through a Moorish gateway of three semicircular arches, to a large room decorated with bearings, &c. This opened into a gallery of about fifty paces long and twelve wide, ornamented in the most elegant Moorish taste. The front is supported by jasper pillars; the pavement consists of tiles coloured and painted with the escalop or scollop shell of St. Iago. In the recesses of the wall are Arabic decorations and inscriptions. From hence is an extensive prospect over the fertile vallies of Leon, watered by the Marez and the Ezla. From the wall of the stair-case an arm in armour supports a lamp. The roof of the chapel represents Stalactydes. In the armory are old muskets,

kets, where the trigger brought the match round to the pan." The castle belongs to the Duke of Offuna. Benevente must be a place of considerable trade, for when M. was last here he counted above fifty carts in the market place, chiefly laden with grain.

In the corner of this room are placed two trestles : four planks are laid across these, and support a straw-stuffed mattress of immense thickness : over this is another as disproportionately thin, and this is my bed. The seat of my chair is as high as the table I write upon. A lamp hangs upon the door. Above us are bare timbers ; for as yet I have seen no cielings in Spain. The floor is tiled. Such are the comfortable accommodations we meet with after travelling from the rising to the setting sun. We have however a brazier here, the first I have seen since our departure from Coruna. I am used to the vermin : to be *flead* is become the Order of the Night, and I submit to it with all due resignation. Of the people—extreme filth and deplorable ignorance are the most prominent characteristics ; yet there is a civility in the peasantry which Englishmen do not possess, and

I feel

I feel a pleasure when the passenger accosts me with the usual benediction, "God be with you."

There is a mud wall round the town. Here I first saw people dancing in the streets with castanets. Our landlady told us there was an English merchant in the house, his name Don Francisco, and this proved to be a German pedlar, with a ring on every finger. Some of the churches here are fine specimens of early Saxon architecture. In the church wall are two crosses, composed of human skulls with thigh bones for the pedestal, fixed on a black ground.

The river Ezla, where we pass it a little below Benavente, is a clear deep tranquil stream. I drank of its water, and found it excellent. A stream of little note, yet should it be dear to the Poet; for it is consecrated by the genius of George of Montemayor. I must give you a specimen of the poetry of his *Diana*. After a year's absence Sireno returns to his mistress on the banks of the Ezla, and finds her married. In this state he lays him down on the shore, and addresses these lines to a lock of her hair.



CABELLOS, quanta mudanza

He visto despues que os vi,

Y quam mal parefcey ay

Effa color de esperanza.

Bien pensava yo cabellos,

(Aunque con algun temor)

Que no fuera otro pastor

Digno de ver se cabe ellos.

Ay cabellos, quantos dias

La mi Diana mirava,

Si os trayo, o si os dexava,

Y otras cien mil ninerias ;

Y quantas vezes llorando

(Ay lagrimas enganofas)

Pedia celos de cofas

De que yo estava burlando.

Los ojos que me matavan,

Dezi dorados cabellos,

Que culpa tuve en creellos,

Pues ellos me affeguravan ?

No vistes vos que algun dia,

Mil lagrimas derramava,

Hasta que yo le jurava,

Que fus palabras creya ?

Quien vio tanta hermosura  
 En tan mudable sujeto?  
 Y en amador tan perfecto,  
 Quien vio tanta desventura?  
 O cabellos no os correys,  
 Por venir de ado venistes,  
 Viendo me como me vistes  
 En ver me como me veys.

Sobre el arena sentada  
 De aquel rio la vi yo  
 Do con el dedo escrivio,  
 Antes muerta que mudada.  
 Mira el Amor lo que ordena,  
 Que os viene hazer creer  
 Cosas dichas por muger,  
 Y escriptas en el arena.

\* AH me! thou Relic of that faithless fair!

Sad changes have I suffered since that day  
When, in this valley, from her long loose hair  
I bore thee, Relic of my Love! away.

Well did I then believe DIANA's truth,  
For soon true Love each jealous care represses;  
And fondly thought that never other youth  
Should wanton with the Maiden's unbound  
tresses.

Here

\* The first stanza of the original, alludes to a Spanish peculiarity. The hair of Diana was kept in green silk.

Sad changes have I suffered since that day,  
When here reclining on this grassy slope,  
I bore thee, Relic of my Love! away,  
And faded are thy tints, green hue of Hope!

The love-language of colours is given at large in the following extract from the "Historia de las Guerras civiles de Granada.

"Mudava trages y vestidos conforme la passion que sentia. Unas vezes vestia negro solo, otras vezes negro y pardo, otras de morado y blanco por mostrar su fe; lo pardo y negro por mostrar la traxabo. Otras vezes vestia azul mostrando divisa de rabiosos celos, otras de verde por significar su esperanza; otras vezes de amarillo por  
mos-

Here on the cold clear Ezla's breezy side

My hand amid her ringlets wont to rove,

She proffer'd now the lock, and now denied,

With all the baby playfulness of Love.

Here the false Maid, with many an artful tear,

Made me each rising thought of doubt discover,

And vow'd and wept—till Hope had ceas'd to fear,

Ah me! beguiling like a child her lover.

Witness thou how that fondest falsest fair

Has sigh'd and wept on Ezla's shelter'd shore,

And vow'd eternal truth, and made me swear,

My heart no jealousy should harbour more.

Ah!

mostrar desconfianza, y el dia que hablava con su Zayda se ponía de encarnado y blanco, señal de alegría y contento.”

“ Zayde altered his dress according to the emotions he felt. Sometimes he wore black alone, sometimes black and grey. At other times he was in purple and white to shew his constancy, or black and grey, to express his grief; sometimes in blue, denoting that he was tormented by jealousy; sometimes in green, to signify hope; sometimes he was in yellow, to show doubt; and on the day on which he spoke to Zayda, he clad himself in red and white, to express his joy and satisfaction.”

Ah! tell me! could I but believe those eyes?  
 Those lovely eyes with tears my cheek be-  
 dewing,

When the mute eloquence of tears and sighs  
 I felt, and trusted, and embraced my ruin.

So false and yet so fair! so fair a mien

Veiling so false a mind who ever knew?

So true and yet so wretched! who has seen

A man like me, so wretched and so true?

Fly from me on the wind, for you have seen

How kind she was, how lov'd by her you knew  
 me;

Fly, fly vain Witnesses what I once have been,

Nor dare, all wretched as I am, to view me!"

One evening on the river's pleasant strand,

The Maid too well beloved sat with me,

And with her finger traced upon the sand,

"Death for DIANA—not Inconstancy!"

And LOVE beheld us from his secret stand,

And mark'd his triumph, laughing to behold me,

To see me trust a writing traced in sand,

To see me credit what a Woman told me!

## LETTER VIII.

TORDESILLAS, *Tuesday, Dec. 29.*

THE course of the Ezla, on this side of Benevente, has altered much since the bridge was built. It now stands sideways to the current: the stream is strong, and the bridge in ruins. After an execrable stage of five leagues, we reached Vallalpando to dinner, whose mud walls magnified through a mist, appeared to us like the yet respectable remains of a large fortification. Here we bought two turkies for a dollar. It is a poor and miserable town, and the hostess of our posada was a complete personification of Famine. To Villar de Frades are four leagues farther, by as good a road as may be expected, when it lies over ploughed fields and swamps. Our room is gayly ornamented with German prints of all the Virtues, and the four quarters of the globe. Here is likewise a wax figure of St. Christopher, in a glass case.

case. Man is naturally delighted with the wonderful. A story of a giant or a ghost delights our infancy, and Valentine and Orson, and the Seven Champions of Christendom, are among the first books that engage the attention of our opening reason. Perhaps this disposition in the Spaniards may be discovered in their most popular legends. That of St. Christopher is of the old romantic kind. Saint Iago and Saint Michael are their favourite saints, because the one fought on horseback against the Moors, and the other defeated the Old Dragon in a single combat. Perhaps their singular attachment to the doctrine of the Virgin Mary's purity may be traced to the same source.

We left Villar de Frades at day-break, and have been till six in the evening travelling only five leagues. At Vega del Toro we passed a palace of the Duke of Lirias. We dined at Vega de Valdetroncos. Here the kitchen exhibited to us the novelty of a good chimney. The floor of our room was rubbed over, or rather brown-washed with clay. There was a print of the Virgin Mary in a tree, with the Sun upon her head and the Moon under her feet.

A printed paper was hung up stating that this thesis had been defended at Salamanca, and approved of by that University in 1794.—“No sins are so atrocious that the Church cannot forgive them!”

Here we ventured upon a sausage, and a precious mixture it was of garlic and aniseed; literally nothing else, and this fried in their rancid oil! We are now at Tordefillas, where we have found a good posada, good rooms, good wine, a brazier, and civility. Before it reaches this place, the road is paved, but this suddenly ends, and the carriage goes down a step, somewhat more than a foot deep.

It was here that Joanna, when her dotage had ripened into madness, for so many years watched by the corpse of her husband. It was here too Padilla triumphed, and we have perhaps this day trod over the ground where this Martyr of Freedom suffered. With Padilla expired the liberties of Spain: her despotism, terrible and destructive under Charles and Philip, is now become as despicable abroad for its imbecility, as it is detestable for its pernicious effects at home.

We



We may hope that in a more enlightened age some new Padilla may arise with better fortune and with more enlarged views; then, and not till then, will Spain assume her ancient rank in Europe; and perhaps some inscription like the following may mark the spot where JUAN DE PADILLA died the death of a traitor:

Traveller! if thou dost bow the supple knee  
 Before Oppression's footstool, hie thee hence!  
 This ground is holy: here PADILLA died,  
 MARTYR of FREEDOM. But if thou dost love  
 Her glorious cause, stand here, and thank thy God  
 That thou dost view the pestilent pomp of power  
 With indignation, that thine honest heart,  
 Feeling a brother's pity for mankind,  
 Rebels against oppression. Not unheard  
 Nor unavailing shall the prayer of praise  
 Ascend; for loftiest feelings in thy soul  
 Shall rise of thine own nature, such as prompt  
 To deeds of virtue. Relics silver-shrined  
 And chaunted mafs, will wake within thy breast,  
 Thoughts valueless and cold compared with these.

We crossed the Duero at Tordefillas by a noble bridge. One of the Latin historians says,  
 that

that the water of this river made the Roman soldiers, who drank of them, melancholy; and if they drank nothing else, we may believe him. I lost my hat at this place; 'twas little matter: it had been injured on the voyage, and sent to be pulchrified by a hatter at Coruna, who sent it home without binding, or lining, or dressing, having washed it, thickened it, altered its shape; and made it good for nothing, all which he did for one pafetta. We proceeded four leagues to Medina del Campo, passing through the half-way town of Ruada. In the streets there are several bridges over the mire for foot passengers, formed of large stones, about eighteen inches high and two feet asunder, which are left unconnected that carriages may pass. Here we bought some oranges. This is a great wine country, at present dreary and without verdure: the vineyards give a better appearance to it in other seasons, but a dry gooseberry-bush is a fine piece of timber compared to the vine in winter. The dress of the men is almost universally brown; the female peasantry love gaudier colours, blue and green are common among them, but they dress more generally in red and yellow. I saw an infant at Astorga, whose cap was shaped like a grenadier's,

grenadier's, and made of blue and red plush.

Medina del Campo is in every respect better supplied than any town we have yet entered. There are no less than eighteen convents here! The posada is a very good one: there is a board hung out with this inscription:

Pofada nu  
ebo porcav  
alleros.

which is, being spelled into Spanish, Pofada nuevo por cavalleros, so ingeniously do they confound words and letters. Every Spanish inscription and shopboard is an enigma: the letters b and v are continually used instead of each other: there is often no distinction of words, and the skill of the carver and painter is exerted in expressing as many letters by as few lines as possible; thus the three letters D E L are written by an E, with the semicircular half of the D applied to its perpendicular line; the letter M expresses MU, because two of its lines form a V; and if to its last perpendicular you add the half of an

H

R,

R, the cypher then denotes the first syllable of MURCIA.

This town\* is free from all imposts, and the inhabitants have a right of nominating to all offices

\* Colmenar says, “ this town should be celebrated among Philosophers, because it was here that a Spanish physician, called Gomesius Pereira, dared in the middle of the sixteenth century, to publish a book, on which he had employed the labour of thirty years, and in which he proved that beasts are nothing but machines.”

Of this early Materialist, Moreri gives the following account :—“ George Gomez Pereira, a Spanish physician, who lived in the sixteenth century, was born at Medina del Campo ; he was the first author who durst assert that beasts are only machines, and do not act from reflection.” *N'ont point de sentiment.*—This doctrine he advanced in 1554, in a book which had cost him the labour of thirty years, and which he entitled Antoniana Margarita, to do honour to the names of his father and mother. He was soon sharply attacked by Miguel de Palacio, a theologian of Salamanca, whom he as sharply answered ; but he formed no sect, and his opinion soon died away. It is pretended that Descartes adopted this opinion from the Spanish physician ; others deny the charge, and say that that philosopher, who read little, had never heard Pereira or his work mentioned : he likewise attacked the original matter

offices civil and ecclesiastic, neither the King or the Pope interfering.

We are now three leagues from Medina del Campo, at Artequines, a little village with a good posada, three days journey from Madrid.

*Thursday, Dec. 31.*

On the road this morning I saw a horse's tail tied up with red ribands. We passed through Arebalo,

matter of Aristotle, and the opinion of Galen concerning the nature of fevers, in his *Antoniana Margarita*. In 1558 he published another work in folio, entitled, *Nova veraque medicina Christiana ratione comprobata.*"

Bayle says that Arriaga, one of the most subtle scholastics in the seventh century, attacked Pereira. For, he argued, as his doctrine denied the Original Matter of Aristotle, it would not permit him to reverence (venerer) the ashes and reliques of Saints; for after their death, none of the matter that belonged to them would remain.

The *Antoniana Margarita* was twice printed in folio. At Medina del Campo 1554, and at Franckfort 1610. It was a very rare book in Bayle's time.

The Reader, I hope, will pardon me for throwing away so many lines upon a man who wasted thirty years on so ridiculous a subject.

Arebalo, a pleasantly situated town, where there are royal granaries, and proceeded to Espinosa, where we dined at one of the worst houses on the road. Here the Host abused his wife for only asking three and a half reales each for pigeons!

To acquire a barren knowledge and gratify a vain curiosity, should neither be the object of travellers, or of those who read their accounts; we should observe foreign customs that we may improve our own;\* so says Father Lafitau: and if my acquirements are to be the comment on this serious text, I must frankly own that the only possible practical knowledge I have yet learnt, is to confirm P.'s theory of the *eatability* of cats, by the custom of this country. In the kitchen at Espinosa, M. remarked to me in Spanish, that the cat was a very large one, and Mambrino immediately enquired if we eat cats in England. As you may suppose, an exclamation of

\* Ce n'est pas en effet une vaine curiosité et une connoissance sterile que doivent se proposer les Voyageurs qui donnent des relations au Public, & ceux qui aiment à lire. On ne doit étudier les mœurs que pour former les mœurs."

P. Lafitau sur Mœurs Sauvages.

of surprife was the answer; why, faid Mambrino, the night you were at Villa Franca we had one for fupper that weighed feven pounds.

We entered upon the new road before we reached the village of Labajos: Here we have received the pleafant intelligence that the Royal Family are going to Seville, and that the Portugueze Court are to meet them on the frontiers.

You will wonder what difference their movements can poffibly make to us; for in England, if his Majesty paffes you on the road, you fay—“ There goes the King,” and there’s an end of it; but here, when the Court think proper to move, all carriages, carts, mules, horfes and affes are immediately *embargoed*. Thank God, in an Englifhman’s Dictionary you can find no explanation of that word.

Know then, that during this *embargo*, all conveyances may be feized for the King’s ufe, at a fixed price, which price is below the common charge; and if any of the King’s Court, or the King’s cooks, or the King’s fcullions, want a carriage, and were to find us upon the road, they might

might take our's and leave us with our baggage in the high way ; at a time when we could procure no vehicle, no beasts, no house, room, and even no food ; for the multitudes that follow the King fill all the houses and devour all the provisions.

*Friday, Jan. 1, 1796.*

After travelling four leagues in a fog, we once more behold the Sun! the mists could not have hidden from us a more uninteresting country than the plains of Castille that we have past ; the prospect is now comparatively beautiful ; evergreen oaks thickly scattered over the rising ground, bounded by the Guadarama mountains. We proceeded through the little town of Villa Castin, five leagues to the Funda San Rafael, a royal hotel : I do not disgrace the word by applying it to this house ; it is situated where the road from Madrid divides on the right to San Ildefonso, Segovia and Valladolid, on the left to Coruna. As this house is so near the Escorial, and on the road to San Ildefonso, it is of course frequented by the first people, and I do not imagine that they can find their own palaces more comfortable. We even saw an English  
grate



grate in one of the rooms. Here we had an excellent bottle of Peralta, of which wine I shall always think it my duty to make honourable mention. The bottle cost twelve reales; we called for another, but were told that there was only one more bottle in the house, which the Landlord kept for his own drinking, as it was very good.

The hills were now well wooded with pines, and we beheld the clouds sweeping below us. On the summit is a monument: I got upon the pedestal to read the inscription, which was somewhat defaced, when two men on mules came up, the one of whom pulled me down, and turning round his mule attempted to seize me. I was talking to them in my Spanish, and making my meaning more intelligible by the posture of my walking stick, when the carriage appeared at the winding of the road, my Uncle and M. came up, and the fellows immediately rode off. All I could understand from them was, that the one called himself an Overseer of the Roads, and wanted to know what I got upon the pedestal for; but had this been true, he would not have  
attempted

attempted to seize me, nor would they have departed when my companions approached.

We now peaceably made out the inscription.

FERDINANDVS VI PATER PATRIÆ  
 SVPERATIS MONTIBVS  
 VIAM VTRIQVE CASTELLÆ FECIT  
 ANNO SAL. 1749.  
 REGNI SVI. IV.

The clouds which were passing over us hid the metropolis, which would otherwise have been visible at the distance of eight leagues. As we descended we saw two caravans, who had pitched their waggons for the night on the side of the mountain, and were like Scythians seated round their fire. From the Funda San Rafael to the village of Guadarama, is two leagues. Here we sent Mambrino to look for provisions, and he informed us that as it was a fast day he could not buy rabbits openly; but he would bring them home under his cloak! they are very dear, two reales the couple.

*Saturday.*

The landlord at Guadarama attempted to impose upon us, and charge five reales for each bed; but on my Uncle's insisting that he should put his name to the bill, he took the usual price. We departed very early. The country is well wooded with the prickly oak, and stoney like Galicia, though the stones are in general smaller and less grotesquely piled. The Escorial was on the right; we met several carriages of the ugliest shapes going there, and among them many sulkeys drawn by three mules abreast. As we advanced the country grew less beautiful; the Guadarama lost its inequalities in distance, and we saw the towers of Madrid. The posadas on the road were occupied, so we turned a little out of it, and dined at Aribaca: here they took us for Frenchmen from our trowsers; said they were common in Madrid, and added that the French made the whole world conform to them.

At Aribaca I saw the laws to which all innkeepers are subject. By one they are obliged to give a daily account to some magistrate of what persons have been in their posada, their names, their

their conduct, and their conversation. By another, if any man of suspicious appearance walks by the posada, they must inform a magistrate of it, on pain of being made answerable for any mischief he may do!

Here is a print of the crucifixion, as vilely executed as the common alehouse ornaments in England. But the subject is the nailing Christ to the cross, and I do not know that that moment has ever been chosen for a picture; surely it is a subject worthy of the most sublime abilities.

We were now only five miles from the great city. The approach to Madrid is very beautiful. The number of towers, the bridge of Segovia, and the palace, give it an appearance of grandeur, which there are no suburbs to destroy, and a fine poplar-planted walk by the river, adds an agreeable variety to the scene. A few scattered and miserable hovels, about a mile or mile and half from the walls, lie immediately in view of the palace, so wretched that some of them are only covered with old blankets and old mats. His Majesty might have more pleasant objects

objects in view, but I know of none that can convey to him such useful meditations.

The most singular and novel appearance to me was that of innumerable women kneeling side by side to wash in the Manzanares, the banks of which for about ten miles were covered with linen. It seemed as though all the inhabitants of Madrid had, like us, just concluded a long journey, and that there had been a general foul-clothes-bag delivery.

We are at the Cruz de Malta, a perfect Paradise, after travelling seventeen days in Spain. To be sure, four planks laid across two iron trussles, are not quite so elegant as an English four-post bedstead, but they are easily kept clean, and to that consideration every other should be sacrificed. At tea they brought us the milk boiling in a tea-pot.

My Uncle has offered to take Manuel on to Lisbon as a servant; but Manuel is ambitious of being a barber, and wishes to try his fortune in the shaving line at Madrid. His professional pride was not a little gratified when one of the  
fraternity

fraternity took us in at St. Miguel de las Duenas; and as he left the house he asked me with an air of triumph, if we had any such Barbers as that Senor in England!

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LETTER IX.

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MADRID, Jan. 6, 1796.

ON Monday we were at the Spanish Comedy. There is a stationary table fixed where the door is on the English stage, and (what is a stranger peculiarity) no money is paid going in, but a man comes round and collects it between the acts. Between every act is a kind of operatical farce, a piece of low and gross buffoonery, which constantly gives the lie to their motto—"representing a variety of actions we recommend virtue to the people:" it is a large and inelegant theatre, presenting to the eye only a mass of tarnished gilding. So badly was it lighted that to see the company was impossible.

One

One of the actresses, whose hair was long and curling, wore it combed naturally, without any kind of bandage, and I have seldom seen any head dress so becoming. The representation began at half past four, and was over at eight.

I have heard a curious specimen of wit from a Spanish comedy. During the absence of a physician, his servants prescribe. A patient has been eating too much *hare*; and they order him to take *greyhound broth*.

Concerning the City and its buildings, the manners of the people, their Tertullas and their Cortejo system, you will find enough in twenty different authors. What pleases me most is to see the city entirely without suburbs: it is surrounded by a wall, and the moment you get without the gates, the prospect before presents nothing that can possibly remind you of the vicinity of a metropolis. The walking is very unpleasant, as the streets are not paved: the general fault of the streets is their narrowness. In one of them it was with difficulty I kept myself so near the wall as to escape being crushed by a carriage; a friend of M. had a button on his

his breast torn off by a carriage in the same place: accidents must have been frequent here, for it is called, The narrow Street of Dangers. Le Calle angusta de los perigos.

This very unpleasant defect is observable in all the towns we have passed through. It is easily accounted for. All these towns were originally fortified, and houses were crowded together for security within the walls. As the houses are generally high, this likewise keeps them cool, by excluding the sun; and a Spaniard will not think this convenience counterbalanced by the preventing a free circulation of air. The senses of a foreigner are immediately offended by dirt and darkness; but the Spaniard does not dislike the one, and he connects the idea of coolness with the other. From the charge of dirt, however, Madrid must now be acquitted, and the grand street, the Calle de Alcalá, is one of the finest in Europe. The Prado (the public walk) crosses it at the bottom, and it is terminated by an avenue of trees, with one of the city gates at the end.



Of Spanish beauty I have heard much, and say little. There is indeed a liquid lustre in the full black eye, that most powerfully expresses languid tenderness. But it is in this expression only that very dark eyes are beautiful: you do not distinguish the pupil from the surrounding part, and of course lose all the beauty of its dilation and contraction. The dress both of men and women is altogether inelegant. The old Spanish dress was more convenient and very graceful. They wrap the great cloaks that are now in fashion in such a manner as to cover the lower half of the face; it was on this account that the law was enacted that interdicts round hats; for as their great hats would hide the other half, every person would walk the streets as in a mask.

We are now in private lodgings, for which we pay twenty-four reales a day. The rooms are painted in the theatrical taste of the country, and would be cheerful if we had but a fire place. You will hardly believe that, though this place is very cold in winter, the Spanish landlords will not suffer a chimney to be built in their houses! They have a proverb to express the calmness  
and

and keenness of the air.—“The wind will not blow out a candle, but it will kill a man.” I have heard that persons who incautiously exposed themselves to the wind before they were completely dressed, have been deprived of the use of their limbs.

This is an unpleasant town; the necessaries of life are extravagantly dear; and the comforts are not to be procured. I hear from one who must be well acquainted with the people, that “there is neither friendship, affection, or virtue among them!” A woman of rank, during the absence of her husband, has been living at the hotel with another man! and yet she is received into every company. I ought to add she is not a Spaniard, but in England adultery meets the infamy it deserves.

All our early impressions tend to prejudice us in favour of Spain. The first novels that we read fill us with high ideas of the grandeur and the dignity of the national character, and in perusing their actions in the new world, we almost fancy them a different race from the rest of mankind, as well from the splendor of their exploits,

plots, as from the cruelties that sullied them. A little observation soon destroys this favourable prepossession; a great and total alteration in their existing establishments must take place before the dignity of the Spanish character can be restored.

In the middle ages the superiority of the Nobles was not merely titular and external. Learning was known only in the cloister; but in all accomplishments, in all courtesies, and in all feats of arms, from habit and fashion the Aristocracy possessed a real advantage. The pride of ancestry was productive of good: want of opportunity might prevent the heir of an illustrious house from displaying the same heroism that his ancestors had displayed in the cause of their country, but it was disgraceful to degenerate in magnificent hospitality; and in the encouragement of whatever arts existed. I should think meanly of the man who could enumerate a long line of heroic patriots among his forefathers, if he did not feel in himself that pride which produces virtue. We must look through the spectacles of Prejudice before a genealogical tree can appear ridiculous.

The ancient Nobility of Spain were placed in circumstances peculiarly adapted to form an elevation and haughtiness of character; like the gallant Welsh, they had been driven among their mountains by the invaders, but their efforts were more fortunate, and they recovered their country. They who have struggled without success in the cause of independance deserve the applause of Posterity, and, to the honour of human nature, Posterity has always bestowed it; but the self applause of the successful is not very remote from arrogance; and this arrogance, uniting with the natural reserve of the Spaniards; produced the characteristic haughtiness of their grãndees.

This characteristic exists no longer, and you may form some idea of what the Grãndees now are by a circumstance which happened only this week. A Swiss officer in the English service has been for some time resident at Madrid. It was told him that the Marquis of S\*\*\*, at whose house he was a frequent visitor, had said of him in public, that he was a spy of the English ministry, and that no person ought to associate with with him. The officer in company with the friend who had informed him, called upon the  
 Marquis,

Marquis, who received him with his usual civility, and expressed his joy at seeing him. The Swiss charged him with what he had said. He denied it, and substituted other expressions.—It is true, said he, I may have said that, as you were in the English service, you must of course be in the English interest. “Were those the expressions the Marquis made use of,” said the officer to his informer. The informer repeated what he had heard the Marquis say; and the officer immediately called the Marquis a liar, a scoundrel, and a coward, and beat him. The house was immediately in an uproar; the doors were fastened, and the servants came up with their knives. The Swiss, however, placed his back to the wall, drew his sword, and compelled them to open the doors. The news soon got abroad, and the Marquis has been put under arrest, by order of the Court, to prevent any serious consequences.

We dined the same day at the Ambassador's, in company with the Swiss, and went to the opera afterwards. My Uncle, who is very well acquainted with the manners of these countries, observed three men dogging us from the house.

They followed us a long way, but left us at last after looking very earnestly at us. They might have made a disagreeable mistake on the occasion. The officer remained in Madrid three days, and appeared every where in public; he then very prudently decamped.

The King set off on Monday last; his retinue on this journey consists of seven thousand persons! and so vain is his Most Catholic Majesty of this parade, that he has actually had a list of his attendants printed on a paper larger than any map or chart you ever saw, and given to all the Grandees in favour. We were in hopes of securing a carriage through the Marquis Yrandas's interest. This nobleman during the war was in disgrace, but when pacific principles gained the ascendancy at Court, he was recalled from a kind of banishment at his country seat, and sent to negotiate the peace, which was afterwards concluded by Yriarte, a brother of the poet, since dead. The intelligence he gives us is very unfavourable to men who are in haste. The Court will not be less than fifteen days on the road with us; no interest can secure us a carriage; and if we can get one to set out, it will probably be taken  
from

from us on the way by some of their retinue; and there is no accommodation at the posadas, for, independant of the common attendants, six hundred people of rank were obliged to lie in the open air the first night; nor can we go a different road without doubling the distance; for were we to attempt to enter Portugal by Ciudad Rodrigo, and the province of Tras os Montes, if the rains which are daily expected should overtake us, the mountain torrents would be impassable.

His Majesty's title to the crown of Corfica has been virtually acknowledged here in a singular manner. A Corfican, in some trifling quarrel concerning a plate at dinner, stabbed a man on Sunday last, and took shelter in the house of the English Ambassador. These things are common here: I never passed through a village without seeing three or four monumental crosses in it; and as it can hardly be supposed that a banditti would attack in an inhabited place, it is fair to conclude that these monuments are for men who have been stabbed in some private quarrel. Their long knives are very convenient. Detection is easily avoided in this country and conscience

science soon quieted by the lullaby of absolution!

The old palace of Buen Retiro is converted into a royal porcelain manufactory; the prices are extravagantly high, but they have arrived to great excellence in the manufacture. The false taste of the people is displayed in all the vases I saw there, which, though made from Roman models, are all terminated by porcelain flowers! In the gardens of his Majesty, who is a great sportsman, occasionally shoots, and high scaffolds are erected in different parts for his markers to stand upon: here also he amuses himself with a royal recreation similar to what boys call Bandy in England; he is said to play very well, but as this August Personage is ambitious of fame, he is apt to be very angry if he is beaten. Did you ever see two boys try which could bring the other on his knees by bending his fingers back? The King of Spain is very fond of this amusement, for he is remarkably strong: a little time ago there was a Frenchman in great favour with him, because he had strength enough to equal his Majesty in all these sports, and sense enough to yield to him. One day when they were thus employing



employing themselves, the King fancied his antagonist did not exert all his force; and as his pride was hurt, insisted upon it in such a manner that the Frenchman was obliged to be in earnest, and brought him to the ground. The King immediately struck him in the face.

Mambrino's account of the cat-eating is confirmed: I was playing with one last night, and the lady told me she was obliged to confine her in the house lest the neighbours should steal and eat her.

I have made progress enough in the language to talk about it very learnedly. Long acquainted with the name of Lope de Vega, you may suppose I eagerly made acquaintance with him as soon as it was in my power. Of his industry and genius you have heard enough in England: I will give you some specimens of his merit and manner, from which you may judge whether or no the character I draw of him be just.

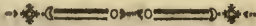
QUANDO por este margén solitario  
 Villano agricultor os transponia  
 Verdes olmos, apenas yó sabia  
 Que fuesse honesto bien, ni mal contrario.  
 Treyn ta vezes el Sol al Sagitario  
 Saliendo de la casa humida y fria  
 Del Escorpion, toco desde aquel dia  
 Cursu immortal de su camino vario.  
 Crecistes, y creci vuestra belleza,  
 Fue mi edad verde, como ya a mis danos  
 Espejo vuestra rigida corteza ;  
 Los dos sin fruto, vemos sus enganos,  
 Mais ay que no era en vos naturaleza  
 Perdi mi tiempo—llorare mis danos.

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YE shadowy elms ! when in this solitude  
 The rustic planted you, my infant mind  
 As yet unapt of reason, knew not good  
 From evil: Thirty winters has the wind  
 Stript from your trembling boughs the foliage fear,  
 And thirty times upon his radiant way  
 On you the Sun has pour'd his summer ray,  
 Gilding the foliage of the ripen'd year.

Your

Your beauty still has grown, and still it grows,—  
 Alas! my Youth *has been!* and now all dark  
 And sad of mind, a man of many woes,  
 I in the mirror of your wrinkled bark  
 Know mine own mournful image, and with tears  
 Reflect in anguish on my ill-spent years.



## ESSAY ON THE POETRY

OF

*SPAIN and PORTUGAL.*



IN the earliest ages of English poetry, the task of translation was thought as honourable as that of original composition. Whatever enmity might subsist between two countries, it extended not to their literature; and if the state of commerce confined the enterprising spirit of the merchant, the poet had no reason to complain. Chaucer frequently spared himself the trouble of invention, and adopted the allegories of the  
 Provencial

Provencal school; and the licentious humour or the dignified romance of Boccaccio, whose melancholy catalogue of the Great and Unhappy, furnished ample materials to the authors of the *Mirror of Magistrates*. Gower may be stiled a poetical compiler; the industrious Lydgate added foreign genius to his own; and Barclay even went to Holland for his specimen, whose merit is such as may be expected when the author was a Dutchman and the translator a Monk. The extravagant fancy of Marino and the prolix dulness of Du Bartas, were well rendered by the wild and pious imagination of Crashaw, and the industrious stupidity of Sylvester. Our ancestors were made acquainted with the tales of Ariosto by Harrington's vile rhymes; and Tasso was introduced to the English by Fairfax, in a dress which, though now a little out of fashion, is more graceful than any he has since appeared in. It is strange that the literature of Spain and Portugal should have been totally neglected at this period, when these countries were in the meridian of their glory. *Don Quixote*, the *Visions of Quevedo*, the *Spanish Rogue*, and the *Lazarillo de Tormes* of the great Mendoza, are almost the only Spanish books that

that we have naturalized; and from the Portuguese, excepting the Lusiad, I recollect only the old romance of Palmerin of England. The Lusiad, which in the hands of Mr. Mickle has exceeded the original, was indeed first translated by Fanshaw,\* who has likewise printed a few sonnets from the Spanish, selected with little taste, and rendered with little elegance.

In

\* The best of this Author's pieces that is printed as original, is only a free translation from Luis de Gongora.

AYER naciste; y moriras manana ;  
 Para tan breve ser quien te dio vida ?  
 Para vivir tam poco estas luzida ?  
 Y para nada ser estas lozana !  
 Si tu hermosura te engano mas vana,  
 Bien presto las veras devanecida,  
 Porque en ella hermosura esta escondida,  
 La ocasion de morir muerte temprana.  
 Quando te corte la robusta mano  
 Ley de la agricultura permitida  
 Groffero aliento acaba a tu suerte.  
 No falgas que te aguarda algun tyrano,  
 Dilata en nacer para tu vida  
 Que anticipas tu ser para tu muerte.

In all countries the æra of Genius has preceded that of taste. Neither of these faculties can be attained without a certain peculiar aptitude of mind, the existence of which, in defiance of systems and metaphysicians, experience sufficiently demonstrates. But Taste is a delicate plant that cannot be reared without the most careful cultivation, when the buds of Genius will burst forth, and its roots strike deep, however un-

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TO A ROSE.

BLOWN in the morning thou shalt fade ere noon,  
 What boots a life that in such haste forsakes thee?  
 Thou art wonderous frolic being to die so soon,  
 And passing proud a little colour makes thee.  
 If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,  
 Know then the thing that swells thee is thy bane;  
 For the same beauty doth in bloody leaves  
 The sentence of thy early death contain.  
 Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,  
 If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn,  
 And many Herod's lie in wait each hour  
 To murder thee as soon as thou art born:  
 Nay, force thy bud to blow, their tyrant breath  
 Anticipating life to hasten death.

Perhaps this may be printed among his translations in another edition. The one I have is of 1676.

unfavourably it be situated. The early poets have all of them been eager to express all their thoughts without rejecting the incongruous, or chusing the best adapted language. We had our Cowley and our Dryden before Pope taught us correctness, or Gray united judgment with imagination; and Dante Pulci and Boyardo preceded Tasso.

As nations decline so declines the genius of their individuals; they have risen together and together have they fallen, and this participation of national glory or national degradation is uniform. Athenian genius perished with the liberty of Athens, and Roman literature had become contemptible long before the Goths destroyed it.

Spain and Portugal never attained to the æra of Taste. Their rise was short and rapid; their decline has been slow and continued. The spirit of enterprize, which supported the Spanish character and elevated it so high, notwithstanding the double tyranny of their Kings and Priests, soon languished. The Spanish adventurers were diverted from their inhuman yet great and splendid enterprizes in America, to a contest

of equal injustice but different success in the Netherlands. When the detestable Philip the Second died, he left his enemies victorious and his people impoverished. The efforts of his feeble successor were fruitless; the name of Spanish glory survived, but the glory of Spain was extinguished.

The mad expedition of Sebastian betrayed Portugal into the hands of Philip the Second. Its fall as an independant state, united with the decline of the power that had absorbed it to sink the Portuguese character; and when the courage of his wife seated the contemptible Braganza on the throne of his ancestors, though the monarchy was restored to the "heir of a long line of Kings," the spirit of the people was gone for ever.

A variety of causes combined with the decline of the country to degrade the literature of Spain. During the seventeenth century a false taste infected Europe. Quaint metaphors and more quaint metaphysics took possession of poetry; and thus were the sublime powers of Quarles wasted; and the genius of Cowley, and the  
time



time, and the paper of the rabble of his imitators. Marino corrupted the Italian poets, and the Spaniards, always tottering on extravagance, soon caught the contagion.

The dangerous abilities of Lope de Vega assisted the progress of the evil. This prodigy of nature wrote for the multitude, and cared not for the critics; and strange indeed would it have been if the man who constantly wrote five sheets a day, did not in the rabble of his thoughts stumble upon some that were good. The wit and satire of Villegas and Cervantes were wasted against this careless yet lively versifier: the people flocked to his loose comedies, and bought his books: the money he rapidly acquired he liberally bestowed; the poet was admired and the man was beloved.

This evil however might have been as transient in Spain as it has been in the rest of Europe; but there the human mind has been fettered by their accursed government and their accursed hierarchy. Despotism imprisoned Quevedo, and Luis de Leon was seized by the Inquisition; tho'

no man could be more blameless than the one, or more orthodox than the other.

Nor is it merely by the dread of its power that Despotism checks the progress of genius. Instances for persecution for literary temerity are rare, not because the Governors would be slow to punish, but because circumstances and education have left few men enlightened or virtuous enough to deserve punishment. At seven years of age the absolute authority of the Confessor begins. Superstition is presented in all its splendor and in all its terrors, discussion is prohibited, and enquiry rendered almost impossible, by the wise precaution of submitting all books to the Inquisition before they may be printed or circulated in these kingdoms. The effect of these systems on the mind is like that of those poisons on the body that produce death by a slow but certain operation.

In most countries the mob of mankind neglect the spirit of religion, though they would soon become persecutors in support of its forms. This is however more the case in reformed countries than

than in those where Popery remains, because the spirit and the forms of Popery are more closely connected, as in the doctrine of the Real Presence, the reverence of Relics, and the practice of Confession. In England, though the progress of Infidelity be rapid and alarming, there are however those who after having given the subject that serious examination which it requires, are fully and firmly convinced of the truth, and qualified ably to defend the cause of Christianity; but in Roman Catholic countries the scepticism that precedes enquiry is looked upon as deeply sinful, and between bigotry and atheism no medium is known.

These circumstances are all of them unfavourable to Poetry. To form the real Poet enthusiasm is necessary, and a consciousness of the dignity of his own nature; the one cannot exist in the bigot, and neither of them in the Atheist or in the contented slave of Despotism.

Such then are the causes that have combined to prevent the progress of Poetry in Spain,—the licentious negligence of their most favourite authors, the decline of the state, the despotism

of the government, and an absurd and abominable superstition : yet let it not be supposed that the Spanish Poets are destitute of merit because they have not attained to perfection : labouring under so many disadvantages, it is rather to be wondered at that they have done so much, than that they have not accomplished more.

The subject is not unworthy the attention of the Philosopher. Books are the portrait of the public mind, and the characteristic traits of every age and of every people may be read in their poetry. Who is there that cannot physiognomize the French from Racine, Crebillon, and Voltaire? To say of our own countrymen that Shakespear is their favourite bard, is at once to give their character and pronounce their eulogium. It is the same terrible energy that produced the ballads of Burger and the dramas of Schiller that enables the brutalized German to butcher his kneeling enemy.

## ANALYSIS

OF

*LA HERMOSURA DE ANGELICA,*

AN HEROIC POEM,

BY

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO.

WHAT poetical mind has not been fascinated with the magic of Ariosto? This wild and wonderful Author, after leading the reader through forty-six cantos, leaves him to regret that the work is so soon concluded. Though his poem however be compleat, many Italian authors have carried their admiration of it so far as injudiciously to attempt a supplement. Others, with more judgment, have endeavoured to connect their fame with that of Ariosto, by prosecuting his hints and producing a poem that shall at once be whole in itself, and yet possess the advantage of relation with the Orlando Furioso. Of one of these, the *Angelica Innamorata* of

Vicenzo Brugiantino, I know only that it was printed in quarto at Venice in 1553. The Licentiate Luis Barahona de Soto produced another called the Tears of Angelica, *Las Logrimas de Angelica*, printed at Granada in 1586. Of this poem, the Curate says, in the memorable trial of Don Quixote's Library,\* "I should have been very sorry if this book had been condemned to be burnt, for the Author was not only one of the most famous poets of Spain, but likewise of the world;" and Lope de Vega calls him,† "that Soto who equalled Apollo in the arts of Poetry and Medicine, and who wrote the fortunes of Medoro in leaves of gold."

But of all those who have followed the path that led the Italian poet to immortality; Lope de Vega

\* Lloraralas yo, si tal libro hubiera mandado quemar, porque su Autor fue uno de los famosos Poetas del mundo, no solo de Espana.

† ——— Este Soto

Mejor que en el de Tenedos remoto,

Phafelis y Tegira,

Apolo por la Lira.

Del Medico excelente,

Que en laminas del oro

Escribio la ventura de Medoro.

Vega himself is the most celebrated. Confident of his own powers he has attempted to rival Taffo in his *Jerufalen Conquiftada*, and Ariofto in *The Beauty of Angelica*. An account of this poem will make the reader acquainted with the manner, the merits, and the faults of Lope de Vega.

He begins the work by addressing a namelefs Lady ; then declaring his fubject, he expreffes his hope that Philip will be propitious, and enters into an uninterefting and unpoetical detail of Moorifh ravages, which is concluded by a panegyric on Ferdinand and Ifabella.

Lido, King of Andalufia, reigned at Seville, and falling in love with Clorinarda, Princess of Fez, from a fight of her picture, demands and obtains her in marriage. Cardiloro, Prince of Tangiers, the fon of Mandricardo and the fickle Doralice, loves Clorinarda, and is beloved by her. He follows her to Seville, and after diftinguifhing himfelf in the bull-feaft at her marriage, goes in a ftate of defpair to the banks of the river Betis.

LLEVADO en fin de tanto desvario

Que assi suele de amor vencer tristezas  
Mezclo su fuego en llanto al Betis frio

El humido cristal rompiendo en piezas :  
Las blancas Ninfas del anciano rio

Por ver la causa alzaron las cabezas,  
Mas luego por huir de voces tales  
Perdieron muchas perlas y corales.

El Oso, a quien afligen las Abejas

Quando abrazado a la colmena corre,  
Hasta cubrir la frente y las orejas

Del mas vicino rio se socorre ;  
Y ansi de sus cuydades y sus quejas,  
Cardiloro abrazado a la gran torre  
Donde Lido su bien gozar queria,  
Penso valerse por el agua fria.

Pero precipitarse quiso apenas

Quando de enmedio del profundo rio  
Como suelen pintarse las Sirenas

Una sombra atajo su desvario :  
Las ovas de coral y conchas llenas  
Sacudiendo las perlas del rozio,  
Aparto de la frente coronada  
De verde ynojo y dixo en voz formada.



AT length such frenzy seized him as o'erpowered  
 Love's deep desponding anguish. His hot tears  
 He with the cold stream mingled, breaking thus  
 The humid crystal. From their ancient haunts  
 The wondering Naiads rose, then terrified  
 By his loud cries fled fast, and in their flight  
 Their pearls and corals lost.\*

As when a Bear  
 Unwise, unblest, attacks the honey'd hive,  
 Forth fly the vengeful tribe; they swarm around  
 Their foe, and madden with their venom'd stings  
 The invading brute; he pawè his front and ears  
 With fruitless fury, to the river's brink  
 Speeds on all frantic in his agony,  
 And plunges desperate in. Thus on the towers  
 Of Seville Cardiloro fix'd his eyes  
 Where she, the idol of his heart, that night  
 Was Lido's bride! Wildly he gaz'd awhile,  
 Then furious rush'd along beneath the wave  
 To whelm his sorrows. As he rush'd, arose  
 A Spectre from the stream, his long lank hair  
 With coral intermix'd and many a shell,  
 Shaped like the fabled Merman. All amaz'd  
 The Youth beheld his Father's troubled face,  
 And heard his hollow voice.

Surely

\* He does not add whether they were advertised in the newspapers the next day.

Surely the man who attempted to rival Ariosto ought not to have imitated him.

After upbraiding his son with degeneracy, the spirit of Mandricardo commands him to seek a large cavern in the Sierra which divides Andalusia from Castille, where his uncle, the sage Ardano, shall relieve him.



## CANTO II.

Cardiloro reaches the cave, which is painted with the histories of Boyardo and Ariosto. After he has contemplated these, Ardano touches him with his wand, and lays him in a deep slumber; in the mean time the wretched bride dies of grief.



## CANTO III.

Lido is inconsolable for the death of Clorinda.

LA vida acaba, el animo anihila  
Y el corazon en lagrimas distila.

His spirit perished in him, and his heart  
Distill'd away in tears.

He dies and leaves his kingdom to that man who has the most beautiful wife, appointing seven Kings as judges. The news spread abroad, and Seville is filled with women, Gentiles, Turks, Moors and Saracens ; they swarm from the South Sea, from the Levant, and from Brazil ; even the Ethiop comes to rival with her black perfection the pure snow of Germany.

O VANIDAD! que despena del Cielo  
De las estrellas la tercera parte,  
Pintura natural en futil-velo,  
Favorecida de colores y arte,  
Nieve al sol, pluma al viento, flor al yelo,  
Atambor engañoso y estandarte,  
Que llamas y conduzes a la muerte  
Al moco, al viejo, al sabio, al fuerte.

Breve tyrano de la vida agena  
 Niebla del alma, carcel del sentido,  
 Gloria de lexos, y de cerca pena,  
 Del guſto yman, de la memoria olvido :  
 En llanto Crocodilo; en voz Sirena,  
 Sol fuerte, mar ſereno, aſpid dormido,  
 Blanco te toda embidia, error del ſeſſo,  
 Y madre enſin de todo mal ſucceſſo.

O quanto mal han hecho Espejos vanos !  
 Maldigo el Cielo el inventor primero !  
 Mas que importaran vidros Venecianos  
 Se el agua fupo hazer caſo tan fiero ?



O VANITY ! by whom the Angels fell  
 From Heaven ! thou ſubtle painter who doth mix  
 So artfully and well thy flattering hues ;  
 Snow to the Sun ! a feather to the Wind !  
 A flower to the ſharp winter's froſt ! thy hand  
 Beats the loud larum, and the young, the old,  
 The wiſe, the weak, the mighty, flock beneath  
 Thy banners to their death.

Thy mists obscure  
 The foul:—brief tyrant of our little life,  
 Thou hast imprison'd Reason. From afar  
 Thy magnet draws our vessels to what seems  
 In distance fair, tho' the near victim starts  
 And knows the Rock of Ruin! Crocodile,  
 With thy feigned tears! Siren of melody!  
 False as the silver-surfac'd ocean calm,  
 Or like the sleeping Viper! damning Vice  
 Of the whole sex—of mortal miseries  
 Thou, Vanity, art Mother!

May just Heaven  
 Curse him whose evil wit invented first  
 Your favourite mirrors! yet what matter they?  
 Deprive a woman of her looking-glass,  
 And she will sit beside the stream, and there  
 Gaze on her imaged idol.



THISBE, Queen of Epire, appears first.

TAL viejo dize que mirar importa

Si yguar el cuerpo con el rostro sea,  
 Qual fuele el escultor que el leno corta

Y por medidas justas le tantea:  
 Que en la materia alarga, quita, acorta

Para que falga la que fue la ydea,  
 Que la beldad de Tisbe sin medida,

Con arte quieron que se juzgue y mida:

Otro le aprueba, y dize que consiste  
 En una union de miembros la hermosura,  
 Y que si ygal aqueste al otro assiste,  
 Entonces es perfeta la figura,  
 Y que de esta unidad se adorne y viste  
 Del cuerpo la acabada compostura,  
 Y que por esso le beldad renia  
 El nombre de concordia y armonia.

Que coma con la musica se haze,  
 Concorde son con el agudo y grave,  
 Y de diversa voz se engendra y naze  
 Por la ygualdad el armonia suave ;  
 Assi la union del cuerpo fatisfaze,  
 Que de la perfeccion tiene la llave,  
 Pues diferentes cuerdas mano y lira  
 Hazen concordés suavidad que admira.

O caducos juezes con antojos  
 Quereis medir un rostro, un tierno pecho ?  
 Medid el ayre de unos bellos ojos—  
 Y medereis del cielo al suelo el trecho !

THISBE,

THISBE, *Queen of Epire, appears first.*

ONE grave old judge observed, that it was right  
Well to remark the symmetry of form  
And face, if these their just proportions hold;  
And as the Sculptor traces with a line  
His statue to correct the length and breadth  
Of what his toil had fashion'd: so he deem'd  
That it were fit to measure Thisbe's form  
By accurate rule.

Another one approved  
The sage advice; for Beauty, he observed,  
Rightly defin'd, was symmetry of parts,  
And where this symmetry of parts exists,  
There is the figure perfect, and the whole,  
Thus of its due proportion'd parts composed,  
Becomes harmonious, wherefore Beauty bears  
The names of Concord and of harmony.  
For as in Music Concord is produced  
By various different sounds that symphonize,  
And from their union Harmony is born,  
So in the human frame harmonious parts  
Compose one perfect whole, and touch the keys  
That wake such sounds melodious as intrance  
The hearer with delight.

O dotard

O dotard Ones

That look at beauty thro' your spectacles,  
 Ask the dimensions of a lovely face,  
 And calculate a bosom by square inches!  
 Measure the magic of a Woman's eye,  
 And ye may take the altitude of Heaven,  
 And tell how long the road there!

Vanity brought the Egyptian Nicandra, whose hair was straw-colour, her complexion brown, an emerald-eyed Princess! Celia too was there, the Queen of Cordova; her dress discovered a bosom that, though of snow, would have burnt the Salamander who should attempt to live amid its flames.

---

#### CANTO IV.

By what magic the charms of Angelica have been preserved is not recorded; yet her beauty is the subject of this poem, in which the Sons of Ariosto's characters are introduced. Rolando comes to this extraordinary trial, Prince of Hungary, the son \* of Zerbino and Isabella. Glorioso, the Duke of Ariado,

\* How came Lope de Vega to forget that Isabella died a Virgin, when so very singular a part of the Orlando Furioso particularly treats of her death? and admitting the descent of Rolando, how came he Prince of Hungary?



riardo, the offspring of Rogero and Bradamant, a man as perfect as human nature can allow. Liriodoro, heir of Brandimart and the affectionate Flordelis. The Scythian Turcathéo, Gradasso's fierce and barbarous son. The mild Roselida, graceful in her Persian garments. Cloris, the finely formed Queen of Cyprus. Rostubaldo, son of Ferragut, of stately stature, but his dark eyes were haughty. Leuridemo, whom the Sicilians called their Adonis. Carpanto, the huge and furious offspring of Agrican. The Bohemian Claridan, a virtuous philosopher. Celauro, a proud Ethiopian; and the Ethiop Queen Nereyda, so foul a woman that it was said a Crocodile had engendered her on the putrefaction of the Nile, and her appearance made the fiction credible.

ADONDE vas fantasma del Letheo,

Manca de escura tinta en blanco raso?

Harpia entre les mesas de Fineo?

Aragne entre las Musas del Parnaso?

Penfas que el premio se concede al Feo?

Han te enganado o el espejo acafo?

Sal del templo de Venus, y no acuerdes

Que se apaguen en ti sus hachas verdes.

Mas

Mas bién fera que vayas como niebla:

Para que venga el Sol con dulce falva,  
Por cuya sombra y frigida tiniebla

Qual fuele por la noche romper el alva:

Que ya de resplandores cerca y puebla

Y de tus nubes nos defiende y falva,

La estrella de la Reyna del Cathayo,

Que deshara tu sombra con su rayo.

Angelica la Bella descuydada,

De la bolvér al amoroso lloro,

En el Cathay, donde nació casada

Con el fin par: bellissimo Medoro:

Ya de las tristes queixas olvidada

Del Espanol, Frances, Barvaro y Moro,

Gozava en paz su Reyno y su marido,

Quando esta nueva le toco el oydo.

Viendo la que en el mundo nombre tuvo

De rica muestra del hermoso cielo,

Cuyo divino resplándor detuvo

A quien ofreze mirra Delpho y Delo;

Quel nombre altivo que en el cielo estuvo,

Y se olvidava del ingrato fuelo;

No quiso permitir que estando viva

Agena mano tal hazana escriva.

Y anfi

Y así con su Medoro en esta empresa  
 Mostro la perfeccion divina estrana,  
 Que a tantos heroes la cerviz opresa  
 Tuvo de Francia Berberia y Espana:  
 Tendio a la espalda la madexa espesa  
 Adon Amor se pierde y enmaraña,  
 De los cabellos rubios y lustrosos  
 Sutiles crespos largos y copiosos.

Mostro la frente candida y serena,  
 Y la arqueada ceja que procura,  
 Do pelos cortos y sutiles llena  
 Ser evano en color, feda en blandura;  
 Que a la bella nariz (de falta agena)  
 Con una ygual y densa compostura  
 El un extremo em punta se resuelve  
 Y el otro hazia el oydo en arco buelve.

Mostro los ojos, y la nina bella  
 Negra, y el globo o circulo visivo,  
 Fuera de aquel pequeño cerco della  
 De blanco y flordelino puro y vivo;  
 Alegre visto que salia por ella  
 Un fuego dulce honesto y atractivo  
 Ojos negros al fin, y ojos rasgados  
 De una grandeza ygual y relevados.

Las pequeñas orejas con un roxo  
 Color que los dos círculos relleva  
 El estremo menor languido y floxo,  
 Sin la concavidad que se reprueva :  
 Que a tanta quexa y amoroso antoxo  
 A tanta hazana y bellicosa prueva,  
 Fueron de fardos Aspides y alzavo,  
 Humanas a la voz d'un muerto esclavo.

Menos lustrosas que la blanca frente  
 Con rosa y nacar en jazmin y nieve,  
 Las mexillas encarna dulcemente  
 Hasta el bello purissimo relieve :  
 Que alli la grana y purpura consiente,  
 El primero lugar que se le deve.  
 Y la bella nariz que los divide,  
 Y la contienda de los dos impide.

Que de las cejas ygualmente pende  
 Ygual hasta su estremo, y dividida  
 De una linea tan leve que no ofende  
 Por las concavidades estendida :  
 Alta el principio, y quando al fin deciende  
 Por un dulce compás desminuyda,  
 Y aquel estremo que mostro partido  
 De un rosado color poco encendido.

Mostro la boca y labios carmesies

Mezclados a realces transparentes,

Como los encarnados alhelies

Con sus claros y escuros diferentes;

Y en sus finos engastes de rubies

Los concertades y pequenos dientes

Del color del alxofar y encarnada

Barva redonda, a la mitad rosada.

Del ayre cuerpo brio y gentileza

Modestia magestad y mansedumbre,

Admirada quedo naturaleza

Los limites passo de su costumbre :

No puedo encarecer tanta belleza

Ciego del rayo de su hermosa lumbre;

Y pues la Bella a todos diferencio

Huviera dicho mas con el silencio.

---

PHANTOM of Tartarus! whither art thou come?

A blot on this white tablet!—foul of form

And all unwelcome as the Harpy guests

At the sad meal of Phineus! canst thou think

Those fiend-like features can obtain the meed

Of Beauty ? has thy mirror so deceived  
 Thine idiot vanity ? away, away—  
 Depart Neyrada, and pollute no more  
 The fane of Venus !

But thou hast come well !

Thou art as welcome as the passing cloud  
 When rising in his radiance the bright sun  
 Scatters the morning vapors ; the weak eye  
 Beholds him breaking thro' the shadowy veil,  
 Else dazzled by his rays : thou art come well,  
 For that Cathaian day-star rises now !  
 Angelica—Angelica appears  
 In all her charms mature !

Yes she is here,  
 Angelica, the theme of many a song.  
 Who has not heard of her whose fatal charms  
 Led forth such hosts to war, Christians and Moors,  
 Franks, Spaniards, and Barbarians ? She had dwelt  
 Long time secure, Albracca's peaceful Queen,  
 Medoro's wife beloved ; when tidings came  
 Of the rich crown of Seville, left the prize  
 Of Beauty ; then of past calamities  
 Forgetful, or in vain rememb'ring, soon  
 Her former pride return'd : nor could she brook  
 That whilst she lived another fair should gain .

The

The flattering meed. She left her peaceful home,  
 And with Medoro fought again the land  
 Of many a former sorrow.

Now was seen  
 That more than human symmetry of charms,  
 That strange perfection, whose prodigious power  
 Had with such magic might enslaved the hearts  
 Of Heroes. O'er her shoulders clust'ring hung  
 Her glossy ringlets, in whose wanton waves  
 LOVE sported with delight, and hid him now  
 Beneath the mazy tresses, and now bound  
 The golden fetters round his prison'd plumes.

They saw her clear white front, and her arch'd  
 brow

Whose ebon hair in softness, not the silk  
 Drawn by the industrious insect round her cell  
 Exceeds. Of equal size the brows approach'd,  
 Then bending o'er its eye each lessening arch  
 Gently declin'd. They saw her full dark eyes  
 Beaming majestic awe!—Ah! who could meet  
 Her full-dark eyes that with their lightning glance  
 Thrill'd every heart?

The loose locks gave to view  
 Her rosy-circled ears, of many a tale  
 Of Love, and many a passion-pleading strain,  
 Like the deaf adder, reckless. The pure pearl,  
 The unspotted snow, the milk white jessamine,  
 Bore with her purer cheek no rivalry ;  
 Nor could the colour of the opening rose,  
 Tho' gleaming with the dews of morn, compare  
 With her more lively hue. Her well-form'd nose,  
 Rising between the arches of her brow,  
 Drew a right line. Her roseate lips disclosed  
 The symmetry of teeth that seem'd to grow  
 Ivory in rubies rooted : but her form  
 Was such, and such her majesty of mien,  
 That Nature in admiring wonder gazed  
 At her own work. Dazzled with this excess  
 Of Beauty, let me cease with feeble hand  
 To paint perfection ;\* on a theme like this  
 Silence alone is eloquent.

Medoro came with her, an effeminate boy,

Gran llorador y musico estremado.

One of fine feelings, and most musical,

yet

\* Lope de Vega should have said this five stanzas back.



yet so beautiful that the Poet imitates Timanthes, and throws a veil over his perfections.

## CANTO V.

‘ She has conquered—the Beautiful One—  
she has conquer’d”—exclaimed the multitude  
when Angelica appeared.

SI mostraras effos ojos bellos  
Azules como el cielo, y los saphiros  
De donde Amor, aunque se abrafe en ellos  
Haze a las almas amórosos tiros :  
Si mostraras la red de tus cabellos  
Dulcissima prision de mis suspiros  
Que los excedo, si en amar me calmas  
Y oxala que suspiros fuerán almas.

Si mostraras la boca embuelta en rifa  
La blanca mano y el nevado pecho  
Bafas de la coluna terfa y lifa,  
En que se afirma aquel divino techo  
Sospecho que baxaran tan aprifa  
Almas como laureles a despecho  
De tantos pretendientes—pero ignoro  
Quien fuera de tus meritos Medoro.

BUT

BUT my Luzinda! hadst thou then display'd  
 Those sapphire eyes bright as the summer heaven!  
 Whence LOVE (tho' kindled by their fire himself)  
 Inflames all hearts; if thou hadst given to view  
 The proud profusion of those wanton locks,  
 The prison of my sighs—(ah! would to God  
 That I could sigh my soul into their toils!)  
 If thou, Luzinda, hadst display'd thy lips  
 Array'd with smiles—if they had seen thy neck,  
 The polish'd pillar of that roof divine,  
 All loves, all laurels, thou hadst rightly gain'd,  
 And rivalry were vain; but who had been,  
 Medoro-like, the counterpart of thee?

The power of Love in the assembly is thus  
 curiously expressed:

Estiende Amor sus rayos encendidas  
 La tierra elada su vapor exala,  
 Ya fuerza del calor el frio yelo  
 Buelto en suspiros va subiendo el cielo.

From their Heart's foil exhal'd  
 By Love's hot beaming sun, the vapors rose,  
 And steam'd in sighs to Heaven.

Thisbe is enamoured of Liriodoro ; Rolando of Roselida ; but the Poet justly abuses Cupid for making Nereyda love Medoro, and inflaming the foul Zerdano for Angelica.

One of the judges addressses Angelica in a long complimentary speech, and she receives the Crown, the prize of Beauty. The dotage of the Queen prompts her to harangue the multitude upon the merits of Medoro, and claim the Crown for him. The old judge easily consents ; but the son of Ferragut sternly demands if the old dotard will place that effeminate animal upon the throne, and exclaims, “ Ye all know me to be the King of Toledo ; but ye do not know that if ye defend your kingdom by handsome faces, Rostubaldo, the Castilian, shall place his foot upon your necks.”

CANTO

## CANTO VI.

TURCATHEO, enamoured of Angelica, answers Rostubaldo, and defies him. A general battle ensues, and Angelica, saving Medoro by means of her enchanted ring, retires with him to a garden; he is angry at the disgrace of thus quitting the contest, but the tears and endearments of his wife appease him.

Arboles verdes, fuente clara y fria  
No descubrais lo que passo con ella.

e fountains cold and clear! ye shadowing  
groves!

Tell not the holy secrets of their loves!

Lope now observes that the history of Angelica and Medoro has been remarkable. Argiba, who ruled in Cathay during the absence of Argalia and his sister wished to marry Angelica to her nephew Mirtilo. In revenge she stole Angeloro, the only child of Angelica and Medoro (whose adventures he says are to form another history), shut him in a chest and threw  
him

him into the sea. Angelica was as much induced to visit Seville by her apprehensions lest Argiba should destroy Medoro, as by her vanity. But he returns to his subject. Rostubaldo, after making a great slaughter, retreats from the city. Angelica at a feast gives Turcatheo a ring for defending her, and he and Leuridemo swear to be her protectors. Zerdano, another Therfités, grows more violently enamoured of Angelica, and the passion of the foul Nereyda for Medoro becomes so powerful that she resolves to consult her mother who is skilled in magic, and accordingly sets sail for Media.

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## CANTO VII.

AFTER feasting forty days the assembly separate. Carpanto follows Belcorayda, the Queen of Granada, his sweet basilisk—*su dulce basilisco*. Thisbe and Liriodoro, Rolando and Roselida, embark together, and their vessel, attracted by a mountain of loadstone, is wrecked upon the coast of Brazil, where the inhabitants were hairy, swift of foot, and tolerably civilized, *only* they were addicted

addicted to drinking human blood and eating human flesh. This he escapes into the woods, but Liriodoro, Rolando, and Roselida are taken. The crowd follow them; as muskitoes swarm round their prey, when they are conducted to Gosforostro the King. He sat on a throne of rudely-piled trees, in the valley of the Magnet Mountain, where ran a rivulet that they were wont to swell with human blood. Grifelino, Captain of the band, presents the prisoners, and asks him if it is not fit that these people who had without permission entered his territories, should bathe his altars with their gore.



## CANTO VIII.

GOSFOROSTRO chooses to keep Roselida and eat her companions. He commands them to save Liriodoro till the morrow, but immediately to prepare the nuptial bed for him and Roselida, and to dress Rolando for their wedding supper. An old man observes that the Sun would be offended if this were done before he was honoured with a sacrifice. Gosforostro and the  
 people

people assent, and the ceremony is fixed for the morning. During the night Thisbe in her wandering comes to the temple, and conceals herself there. Liriodoro is led to be sacrificed, and Thisbe, seeing him, clads herself in the dress of the idol, and terrifies the crowd by her appearance, so that they fly and leave him.

---

CANTO IX.

THISBE sets fire to the temple, and departs with Liriodoro; in the mean time Nereyda goes to her mother Mithilene, who dwelt in the subterraneous caverns of a jasper mountain. She tells her love, and implores her assistance. Her mother bathes her in a magical bath, of which Turpin will tell the ingredients to those who desire to know such vanities. They mount a cloud. The birds, when they beheld such harpies flying along, forsook the air, and abode upon the earth many days.

## CANTO X.

A long and tiresome account of Spain as the two women fly over it. Another account equally long and equally tiresome, of the presents they make to Angelica and Medoro. The old Witch assumes the form of Arcadio, and bewitches Medoro into love for her daughter.



## CANTO XI.

AFTER passing the day on an island of the river Betis, they pitch their tents for the night. The neglect which Medoro shows to Angelica is now very indelicately expatiated upon, and she, by placing the enchanted diamond on his forehead, learns his new love. Metheline appears to Zerdano in a dream, and tells him to carry off Angelica the next day, when she promises to cause a preternatural darkness and prepare a bark for him.

In this Canto the Poet thus expresses himself of marriage :

O lazo



O lazo conjugal yugo suave

De los que estan en voluntad conformes!

Y mas que el monte a los Titanes grave

Para las almas en amor disformes.

Dear is the marriage bond when Love unites  
Two kindred souls: but when discordant hearts  
Are link'd by that indissoluble chain,  
Heavier the yoke than Etna's mountain weight  
Bruising the Titan's breast.

## CANTO XII.

THEY embark for Seville: the music plays:  
the day is clear, and Zerdano exclaims in dis-  
appointment:

O Sueño burlado, dize y suspira,

No veas como sus rayos Febo estiende?

Y los divinos ojos por quien muero,

Pues como con tres Soles agua espero.

Deceitful Vision! see'st thou not how bright  
The sun-beams smile? and her diviner eyes  
Shoot forth such fire, that the gay waves reflect  
Three suns.

As he speaks a sudden darkness overspreads the day, and he carries off Angelica in the bark prepared by the Enchantress, whilst her form is immediately given to Nereyda. Medoro courts this horrible Ethiopian in the dark; but when the light returns, he is disgusted to see his wife, as he believes. Rostubaldo makes great preparations, and sets out to attack Seville.

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### CANTO XIII.

BELCORAYDA, with her attendants, is bathing in a wood-surrounded lake, when they hear a Knight apostrophizing a picture, who proves afterwards to be Lisardo King of Biscay. Carpanto's mare,\* Alfana, finds out Lisardo's horse. The two Kings fight, and Lisardo is left wounded in the wood, where a man in Moorish garments, but whose heart is Christian, finds him.

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### CANTO XIV.

LISARDO is healed by Belcorayda, and finds in her the original of his picture. Rostubaldo enters the enchanted cave.

### CANTO

\* How came the son of Agrican by Gradasso's mare?

## CANTO XV.

ARDANO entertains Rostubaldo with a long prophetic history of the Spanish victories: Cardiloro (who would otherwise have slept twenty years) is awakened: he hears of Clorinarda's death, and departs with the King of Toledo.

## CANTO XVI.

ROSTUBALDO and Cardiloro join the army. Zerdano carries Angelica to a castle. Medoro still hates Nereyda, because he is under the influence of magic, and thinks she is his wife. The false Angelica has given some token to Turcatheo, Gloriardo, and Celauro, who all fight for her favour. Lifardo, believing Belcorayda to be the wife of LICASTO, the Christian slave, leaves her and comes a volunteer to Seville, where Medoro makes him General in Chief.

## CANTO XVII.

BELCORAYDA departs in a tempestuous night from Granada with Licaſto. They take ſhelter in a houſe where they hear Carpanto's voice, and therefore eſcape before the morning. Carpanto learns that ſhe has been there, and throws his hoſts three pikes high for not informing him ſooner. The village riſe upon him; he kills half of them, tears up trees by the roots, and goes to Granada in purſuit of Belcoyrada, while ſhe reaches Seville, and is there by the centinel conducted to Liſardo: the ſtory now returns to Rolando and Roſelida. The ſavages impute the wrath of the Sun to his abhorrence of their intended ſacrifice; and an old ſavage, obſerving the Perſian dreſs of Roſelida, tells a ſtrange ſtory of a Perſian Princeſs who lived with a Monſter, and had nine children by him. With two of them ſhe made her eſcape, and the other ſeven became the founders of their nation. Now he argues that Roſelida muſt be a deſcendant from that very Princeſs, and that therefore they ought to be governed by Roſelida.

## CANTO XVIII.

The Savages kill Gosforostro, and elect Rolando and Roselida for their King and Queen, who civilize their subjects. Rolando following the chase, discovers Thisbe and Liriodoro in a cavern, where they have lived ten months.

Nereyda now falls in love with Rostubaldo, and appoints a time when the city gates shall be opened to him. Her love for Medoro is converted into hatred, and she resolves to murder him. Methilene has recourse to magic to discover her daughter's success.

## CANTO XIX.

METHILENE, discovering that Nereyda fails because Medoro loves her in her own shape, restores it to her, and thus the murder of Medoro is prevented by the change taking place at the moment when Nereyda lifts the knife to strike him. Lisardo recognises Belcorayda, who

is christened and married. The gates are opened to Rostubaldo, and Seville sacked. Cardiloro revenges his father's death by killing Gloriardo, and is himself killed by Celauro. Rostubaldo meets a Moor with the damsel Alima, whom he falls in love with, takes her from him, and places her in a house: here Turcatheo finds her, falls in love with her, and carries her off. Medoro escapes from the carnage to an island, where he is hospitably received by a fisherman, and finds his son Angeloro.

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### CANTO THE LAST.

At the noise of war Lifardo and Belcorayda start from the marriage bed. Belcorayda puts on a man's habit to make her escape; they meet Carpanto in the flight; he kills her, and recognises her after he himself has received his death wound. Rostubaldo finds Nereyda, who is now transformed by her mother into a serpent: he fights with her in this shape, and throws her, bruised and wounded to the lions. Intelligence is brought him that Turcatheo has carried off

Alima :

Alima : he pursues and overtakes him just as he has fastened the damsel to a tree with intent to violate her : they fight, but the event of the combat is not related. Argalia now appears to Medoro, explains to him the illusions of Nereyda, and tells him where Angelica is confined. By means of the magic ring he releases her, and they resolve to return together to Cathay.



Such is the Poem which Lope de Vega produced to emulate Ariosto !

It may be well perhaps to allow a distinction between Epic and Heroic Poems, giving the first title to such as preserve the unity of action, and the other to such as are either metrical histories or romances. The Poems of Lucan, Boyardo, Ariosto, and our Spenser, may be classed under this last species, and here too must The Beauty of Angelica be included, lamentably inferior as it is in design and execution.

The Orlando Furioso is a regular poem compared with this its rival. The Spaniard appears to have begun his poem without knowing how he should conclude it : his characters are equally pro-

prominent and equally uninteresting, except indeed Cardiloro, who is asleep during twelve Cantos of the poem, and Rolando and Liriodoro, who have nothing to do with it: the thoughts are more odd than apt, more extravagant than fanciful; the incidents such as any of the romances of the day might have suggested: there is no discrimination of character, no knowledge of human feelings; the praise of easy versification is all that it deserves.

Throughout the whole Poem I do not recollect one solitary touch of Nature. It is the knowledge of human nature and its feelings that forms the Poet; without this, he may indeed mould the Promethean statue of Clay, but where is the spirit that shall animate it?

I have looked into his Dragontea, but found no inducement to see Sir Francis Drake butchered with such clumsy barbarity. I began his Arcadia, but though my perseverance has subdued the folios of Parthenissa, Cassandra, and Cleopatra, and even toiled through the prolix stupidity of Clelia, I was not able to persevere through



through the little volume of Lope de Vega's pastoral prose.

In his smaller pieces, however, he is generally tolerable and sometimes excellent. When he had found a good thought for a sonnet, the nature of that composition prevented him from spoiling it. Though his Pegasus could not accomplish a long journey, he carried his master easily enough on an evening ride.



## LETTER X.



MADRID, *Jan.* 10.

A DUKE of Medina Celi formerly murdered a man, and as the Court would not or could not execute so powerful a noble, they obliged the family to dress their pages in black stockings, and always to have a gallows standing before their palace door. The late King permitted them to remove the gallows, but the black stockings still remain, a singular badge of ignominy.

The

The noble collection of pictures at the palace here, gave me high delight. Poetry and Painting are closely allied, but I am heterodox as to the Trinity of the arts, and reject the coequality of Music. Miss J. tells me that if the Spanish guitar does not rouse my soul, I have none!— Music appears so unconnected with all other sciences, that I can hardly believe it a link of the great chain. All other studies run into each other, and we need only begin one to be convinced of the necessity of connecting all. But these musical amateurs, who languish away at the squealing of an Italian, what benefit reap they from their acquirement? Their understandings are not elevated: their hearts are not purified. Where is the fidler or the fiddling connoisseur, who will listen to a thrush or a blackbird with half the delight that I do? Simple melodies they despise, and consider difficulty of execution as the perfection of music: but simplicity is in all things the One and the Good.

While we were at the palace, the King sent home a cart load of horns to ornament it. A singular ornament, when the shameless conduct  
of

of his wife is the topic of general censure. Malespini, the Circumnavigator (whose honourable boast is that he has done no evil on his voyage) has been imprisoned about six weeks on suspicion of being concerned in a French book exposing the private life of the Queen. What must that Woman be who is detested for her depravity in a metropolis where the Cortejo system is so universal? About two years ago the washerwomen of Madrid were possessed with a spirit of sedition, and they insulted her Majesty in the streets.—“ You are wasting your money upon your finery and your gallants—while we are in want of bread !”

“ Bold is the task when subjects grown too wise,  
 “ Instruct a Monarch where his error lies !”

The ringleaders were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. The Queen however has never entered Madrid since, and the inhabitants are very apprehensive that upon this journey they may fix their Court elsewhere. When it is said that this metropolis is in the centre of the peninsula, all its advantages are enumerated: except when swollen by the mountain snows  
 the

the Manzanares is so shallow that if a cockle should attempt to navigate it, he must inevitably run aground. In summer the heat is intolerable, in winter the cold is very severe; for the soil round the city produces nitre in great abundance, and the Guadarama mountains are covered with snow; so that you have the agreeable alternative of being starved for want of a fire, or suffocated by the fumes of charcoal.

The floors here are all covered with matting, and the matting is prodigiously populous in fleas.

We had but a bad specimen of the Spanish Academicians. On our visit to one we found him in bed about twelve o'clock, and he told us he always lay in bed to transact business! I contented myself with listening to the conversation, and attempted not to join in it: he observed that I could not speak Spanish, and, that I might understand him, *attempted* to repeat it in Latin—non possit—*parlare*. In the evening he accompanied us to the Museum, and displayed as much knowledge in sculpture and mineralogy as he had exhibited in Latin, he even pointed  
out

out a large mass of gold as being in its native state, that had the King's stamp upon it.

The Museum is wretchedly managed. Collections of natural history ought certainly to be open to all, who can make any use of them; but here, on certain days every week, the doors are thrown open, and it becomes a raree-show for all the mob of Madrid! This renders it very unpleasant to the decent part of the company; for we were fearful of leaving something behind us, and still more fearful of taking something away.

In this Museum is the skeleton of a nondescript animal, which appears larger than the elephant.\* The bones are of an extraordinary thickness, even disproportionate to its size; it was dug up a few years back at Buenos Ayres.

*Monday 11th.*

Last night I was at a Fiesta de Novillos, a Bullock fight, at which about fifteen thousand persons were assembled, many of them women, and indeed more women of apparent rank than

\* I find that a description of this skeleton, with an annexed plate, is in the Monthly Magazine for September 1796.

than I had seen either at the theatre or the opera. In this very rational recreation, the bullocks are only teased, and as their horns are tipped the men only get bruised. A bullock was led into the area, and the Heroes amused themselves by provoking him, then running away and leaping over the boundary. But the two principal Heroes were each of them in a basket which came up to his shoulders, this he could lift up from the ground, and move along in it towards the bull, then he sticks a dart in the bull, and pops down in the basket, which the beasts knock down, to the infinite delight of fifteen thousand spectators! Once he tossed the man in the basket, and once put his horns in at one end and drove him out at the other. When one bull was done with, some tame cattle were driven in, and he followed them out. Four were thus successively teased, but a more barbarous sport followed. A wild boar was turned in to be baited. Most of the dogs were afraid to attack so formidable an enemy, and the few who had courage or folly enough were dreadfully mangled by his tusks. His boarship remained unhurt, and after maiming every dog who attacked him, was suffered to go to his den. The remainder

remainder of the entertainment consisted in turning in bullocks one at a time among the mob. They provoked the beast, and the beast bruised them; and I was glad to see that the advantage lay on the side of the most respectable brute.

What hope is there of a nation where such are the fashionable and popular amusements?

The national theatres are always crowded, but the Italian opera is very thinly attended. It is a disgrace to Europe that this absurd and abominable amusement should so generally be encouraged; the existence of it depends upon a horrible mutilation of the human species; and whoever frequents an opera-house encourages the crime.

All the children here have their hair tied. The children are men in their dress, and the men children in their understanding. The waistcoats are generally laced before instead of being fastened with buttons. In many parts of the country the sleeves of the coat lace on, and there are two openings left, one at the elbow and one at the bend of the arm within. We have frequently

quently seen undressed skins used as sandals. In Leon the soles of the shoes are wood, and the *upper leathers* made of *hemp*.

Literature is reviving in Spain; the translation of Sallust, [by the King's brother, made it fashionable. New editions have been published of their best poets, and the false taste that succeeded to that æra is now generally decried. I saw at Coruna a translation of Adam Smith on the Wealth of Nations. What mutilations it may have undergone I know not, but surely no mutilation can prevent such a work from producing good in Spain. A translation of Miss Lee's *Recess* is advertised. Works of this nature generate a taste for reading, and till this taste becomes general; it is in vain to expect any beneficial effects from literature.

The Spaniards are most obstinately attached to their old customs. I heard of two men who left a manufactory at Guadalaxara because the Proprietor of it chose to introduce wheel-barrows. "No, they said, "they were Spaniards, and it was only fit for beasts to draw carriages!" Nor can the most evident improvements



ments prevail upon them to deviate from their usual method. In most of the rooms here the lower half of the wall is paved with tiles like the English fire places. An Englishman had some of these which formed a picture, but required to be ground at the edges; this the Spanish workmen would not do, "No"—they said, it was "*muy impertinente*," very impertinent!

I met with an Englishman yesterday who has been travelling in the mercantile line through Navarre and Biscay. He told me that he had found it prudent to pass as a Frenchman in those provinces: under that character he received every kindness of hospitality, whereas in his own he would have been insulted, and perhaps personally injured. The case is widely different in Galicia and Leon; but as my informer appeared to know nothing more of French principles than the common topics of abuse, I could not suspect him of having hastily adopted an opinion which he might wish to be true.\*

If

\* On my return to England I had an American for a fellow passenger, who was in Bilbao, when the French took possession of it. Before that event happened, the shops were shut, and provisions very scarce; within six hours

If Carlos III. and his successor have neither of them possessed much of the wisdom of Solomon, they have shown something like his magnificence in their public buildings. The greatest parts of the gates and fountains of this city, which are numerous and very handsome, bear their names. Why is not the elemental costume attended to in fountains? River-Gods and Tritons are in character, and even a Dolphin, ugly as it is, appropriate: but when you see a stream running out of a bear's mouth, what idea can it possibly convey but that the poor beast is labouring under the perpetual operation of Ipecacuanha? A very superb Museum is building in the Prado, and the King has sent an Englishman to South America to gather fossils for it, and

hours after the tricolor flag was hoisted, the shops were all opened, and the markets overflowing. The French soldiers were in general very young: they were completely angry with the Spaniards for continually running away—"Curse the fellows," they cried, "we have been hunting them these six weeks, and can never get fight of them." They behaved with great regularity. The gentleman who gave me this information lost some spoons in the first confusion; this was casually mentioned, and in a few hours the spoons were brought back.

and specimens of mineralogy. If his Majesty can teach his people to *think deeply* upon any subject, he will ultimately do them more good than he is himself aware of.

In the cloisters of the new Franciscan Convent is a very fine series of pictures, that represent the whole history of St. Francis, from his cradle to his tomb. A draftsman was employed in copying them while we were there; they deserve to be engraved, both for the real merit of the pieces, and the nature of their subjects. It was somewhat curious to see human genius employed in perpetuating human absurdity!

To-morrow morning we leave Madrid; the Court has now preceded us ten days; they have eat every thing before them, and we ought to wait for a new generation of fowls and turkies. A journey in Spain is never an agreeable undertaking to look on to; but however we begin to know the value of bad beds and bad provisions, when we are in danger of getting none. His Majesty travels fast: three of his guards have been killed, and four seriously hurt, by

N

galloping

galloping before his coach. They suffered less during the war.

I must not forget to give you a curious proof of Spanish ingenuity. There is a fire-place in one of the apartments of the English Ambassador: he had ordered the chimney to be swept, and coming into the room found three masons, with pick-axes, &c. preparing to make a hole in the wall!

I have been much amused with one of the volumes of the Parnaso Espanol, which is devoted to religious poems. Some of the most curious I have attempted in the familiar style of the original.

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### EPIGRAMA

*AL proprio asunto.*

A la Fe pregunto un Villano rustico,  
Criado en el Aldea, en trato barbaro,  
Una dificultad casi insolubile  
Aca a nuestro entender comun y parvulo :

Y fue

Y fue, que como el Cuerpo real y físico  
 Del Sacrosanto Dios, divino farmacó,  
 Está en el todo, y en la parte integro  
 Después que se divide aquel Pan candido?  
 Al qual la Fe responde en breve termino,  
 Que como en un espejo sin obstaculo,  
 Hecho trozos, en todas las particulas  
 Ve uno su rostro entero en qualquier atomo;  
 Del propio modo Dios en qualquier minima  
 Parte del sacro Pan, tan grande, y máximo,  
 Esta como antes de que algun Presbitero  
 Le parta, o le reparta, como es arbitro.

---

*EPIGRAM*

*On the Real Presence.*

A Rustic not conceiving in his mind  
 Things plain and manifest to all mankind,  
 Enquir'd of Faith one day, why it was said  
 The Almighty God was in the holy bread;  
 How the uncreate, eternal, infinite God,  
 Lay in a wafer, seem'd exceeding odd;  
 And if he is there, then it must be said,  
 That God is broken with the broken bread.

"Haft thou a broken mirror e'er espied?"  
 Thus bringing brief conviction, Faith replied,  
 "When it is whole thine Image meets thine eyes;  
 "In every fragment will that image rise.  
 "Thus when the holy Priest, as need demands,  
 "Divides the blessed Host with hallow'd hands,  
 "In every atom still contain'd will be  
 "The Omnipresent, Infinite Deity."

There is some ingenuity in the Epigram; but what think you of the following Sonnet, by the same Author, on the same subject?

I have now, for the first time, an opportunity of shewing a mode of punctuation peculiar to the Spaniards, and among them only of late invention. To every sentence that requires either a note of interrogation or admiration, this mark is prefixed as well as placed at the end, but at the beginning of the sentence it is reversed. On the advantage of this it were needless to expatiate, and the specimen will shew you what I mean.

SI pan es lo que vemos, ¿ como dura  
 Sin que comiendo del se nos acabe ?  
 Si Dios, ¿ como en el gusto a pan nos sabe ?  
 ¿ Como de solo pan tiene figura ?  
 Si pan, ¿ como le adora la criatura ?  
 Si Dios, ¿ como en tan chico espacio cabe ?  
 Si pan, ¿ como por ciencia no se sabe ?  
 Si Dios, ¿ como le come su hechura ?  
 Si pan, ¿ como nos harta siendo poco ?  
 Si Dios es, ¿ como puede ser partido ?  
 Si pan, ¿ como en el alma hace tanto ?  
 Si Dios, ¿ como le miro yo y le toco ?  
 Si pan, ¿ como del Cielo ha descendido ?  
 Si Dios, ¿ como no muero yo de espanto ?



IF this we see be bread, how can it last,  
 So constantly consum'd yet always here ?  
 If this be God, then how can it appear  
 Like bread to the eye and seem bread to the taste?  
 If bread, why is it worshipp'd by the baker ?  
 If God, can such a space a God comprise ?  
 If bread, how is it it confounds the wise ?

If God, how is it that we eat our Maker?

If bread, what good can such a morsel do?

If God, how is it we divide it so?

If bread, such saving virtue could it give?

If God, how can I see and touch it thus?

If bread, how could it come from Heaven  
to us?

If God, how can I look at it and live?

Father Luis Ponce de Leon, the author of these pieces, is classed among the nine \* Castilian Muses. His family is illustrious, not only for rank, but for the great men it has produced. The Augustine Monk ranks high among the Spanish poets, and one of the most accomplished heroes in the days of Spanish Chivalry bore the same name. Don Manuel Ponce de Leon, was one of the three Knights who undertook the cause of the injured Queen of Granada.

You

\* They consist of Garcilasso de la Vega, Don Esteban de Villegas, Don Francisco de Quevedo, the Conde Don Bernardino de Rebolledo, the brothers Lupercio and Bartolome Leonardo de Argensola, Father Luis de Leon, Lope de Vega, and Don Francisco de Borja y Aragon, Prince of Esquilache.



You will hardly believe that the man who wrote epigrams and sonnets on Transubstantiation was persecuted by the Inquisition ! yet such was the fate of Luis de Leon : he had translated the Song of Solomon for the use of an intimate friend who could not understand the vulgate : several copies were circulated without his knowledge, and for this offence he was imprisoned five years in the dungeons of that execrable tribunal at Valladolid. His interest at last made his innocence appear, and he is said to have composed the following beautiful lines as he quitted his prison.\*

Aqui la embidia y mentira

Me tuvieron encerrado.

¡ Dichoso el humilde estado

Del labio que se retira,

De

\* On the first day that Luis de Leon resumed his ecclesiastical functions in the Cathedral at Salamanca, a vast crowd flocked to hear him. He began with a composed and serene countenance, " Dicebamus hesternæ die : Pro suis insignibus habet salicem, ad cujus pedem secuta † & hæc verba ; " Per damna per cædes." Virtuosum enim nobile ac generosum germen oritur ex passionibus, & summis cruciatibus : Salix enim quo magis ceditur & magis germinans, ramos extollitur, & ideo dicitur Salix a saliendo, & celeritate crescendi."

† Qy. securis ?

De aqueſte mundo malvado !  
 Y con pobre meſa y caſa,  
 En el campo deleytoſo  
 A ſolas ſu vida paſa,  
 Con ſolo Dios ſe compaſa  
 Ni embidiado, ni embidioſo.



ADIEU! dark dungeons! many a weary year  
 Envy and Falsehood have confined me here.  
 Ah happy he, who truly wiſe as good,  
 From a bad world retires to ſolitude!  
 For ſure Content ſhall bleſs his humble fare,  
 Tho' poor his cottage, PEACE ſhall ſojourn there,  
 Unenvying and unenvied paſs his days,  
 "Prayer all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe."

Manuel goes on with us to Liſbon. He was taken upon trial by a barber, and kept for three days to hard ſhaving; at the end of which the man told him he might do very well for Oviedo, but he did not ſhave in the Madrid faſhion! and ſent him away without giving him a ſingle maravedi for his labour!

LETTER

## LETTER XI.



*Wednesday, Jan. 13.*

AT eight o'clock yesterday morning we made our escape from Madrid, and repassed the bridge of Segovia. We travel in a calessa with two mules; a carriage of the same kind, though more elegant in name and less so in appearance than an English Buggy. Our larder consists of a large undressed loin of pork, two hams, and a queso de puerco, or pork cheese, which is tolerable brawn. As we follow the Royal Family so close, we were in expectation of excellent roads, but tho' the roads were smoothed for them, the multitudes of their retinue have made them infinitely worse than they were before. Two leagues and a half from Madrid is Mostoles. Here we took a cold dinner, and I visited the church, which Dutens speaks of as remarkably elegant. It well repaid my visit; but the most remarkable things there were four  
mirrors

mirrors, each with a figure of some heathen deity ground on it. I thought Diana and Mercury odd personages to be pictured in a Catholic chapel.

We crossed a little stream called the Guadarama, by a wooden bridge which had no *Gardefou* till they erected one when his Majesty was expected to pass that way. We past through the town of Naval-carnero, and then turning out of the main road to avoid the returning retinue, concluded our day's journey of seven leagues and a half at the little village of Valmojado. The country is very uninteresting, and though well cultivated, thinly peopled. By Naval-carnero is the first olive-yard I have yet seen. The fruit is still on the trees. My nose, though of considerable valour, and now disciplined by a month's residence in Spain, is yet unable to endure the approximation of Joze Serrano, our calaffero, who exhales essence of garlic hot from every pore.

The house at Valmojado is very miserable; they had neither a cloth to wipe our hands, or a blanket to cover us. The woman appeared at  
least

least seventy. She told us she was but eight and forty, but added that she had much trouble in her time, "*mucho trabajo!*"

We travelled two leagues this morning over a well cultivated country, without seeing either tree or house; we then past thro' a grove of the prickly oaks so universal in this country, and soon afterwards left the two little towns of Santa Cruz and Chismunda close on the left. The olive plantations at Santa Cruz and the houses among them, made a lively contrast to the dreary track we left behind us: here was a stone cistern for the inhabitants to wash their linen in supplied from the fountain. On our right lay a noble range of lofty mountains white with snow, the country below them was well wooded and extremely beautiful. We reached Maqueda at one o'clock, five leagues distant from Valmojado, which we did not leave before seven. We travel perhaps somewhat faster now than in our coach and six. Here are the remains of a large castle, and from the eminence on which it stands is a wide prospect over an extensive plain well planted with olives and evergreen oaks. A

little

little brook runs below the castle hill, and there is a very fine Convent about a mile distant.

Leaving this town we saw a pillar on a little hill to the right. I went up to it, and found only a round pillar of brick without any inscription. The mountains to the right and the olive trees all over the plain, made the road very pleasing, and it was more lively than usual, for they are now gathering in the olives. We passed through Santa Olalla, and made our halt for the night at the village of Bravo, after a journey of eight leagues.

We are now going to sit down to pork chops and fried onions, a pretty cool supper! but supper is our grand meal. A cup of chocolate by lamp-light is but a comfortless breakfast, and in the middle of the day we make our halt as short as possible, in order to get in early in the evening. The want of vegetables is a serious evil. Our food is very heating, and this with the fatigue of travelling occasions a feverish thirst at night.

We

We are obliged to superintend the cooking ourselves, or these people would scorch the meat to a cinder. Some person asked Mambriño at Madrid, how we lived upon the road? He replied, "Very well, but the Cavaliers eat their meat almost raw."

*Thursday 14. Venta de Peralbanegas.*

We had gone nearly a mile from Bravo this morning, when the man of the house overtook us with my coat, which had been left behind. There is something very pleasant in meeting such a proof of honesty, for when we have been much accustomed to the ways of mankind, we are surprized at it as at a novelty! The road is bad and over a barren heath, from whence we descended into a large plain, and beheld the towers of Talaveyra de la Reyna, two leagues distant. On the way we crossed the Puente del Alverca, a very long bridge, once of stone, though the greater part is now of wood.

This city was the birth-place of Mariana the historians; and it was here that Maria of Portugal disgraced a character otherwise excellent  
by

by the murder of Leonora de Guzman, the mistress of her dead husband Alfonso XI. To me it is remarkable on another account: it is the only provincial town, except Coruna, where I have seen a bookseller's shop!

I was curious enough to measure at what height from the ground they had hung their looking glasses here: it was nine feet, and as all that I have yet seen are hung equally high, we may acquit the Spanish women of vanity. In a church porch here is a large picture of St. Christopher,\* carrying Christ over the water, and a Bishop is waiting to receive him on the bank.

\* There was a man of stature bigge, and bigge withall  
in minde,

For serve he would, yet one than whom he greater none  
might find.

He, hearing that the Emperor was in the world most  
great,

Came to his Court, was entertaynd, and serving him at  
meate,

It chanced the Divell was nam'd, whereat the Emperor  
him blest;

Whereas until he knew the cause, the Pagan would not  
rest.

But



bank. This legend reminds me of what I heard  
of the present King of Spain at Madrid : when-  
ever he hears the Devil mentioned, he is so ter-  
rified

But when he heard his Lord to fear the Divell his ghostly  
foc,

He left his service, and to seek and serve the Divell  
did goe :

Of Heaven or Hell, God or the Divell, he carst nor  
heard nor carde,

Alone he fought to serve the same that would by none  
be darde.

He met (who soone is met) the Divell, was entertaynd,  
they walke,

Till coming to a Crosse, the Divell did fearfully it  
balke :

The Servant, musing, questioned his Master of his  
feare,

One Christ, quoth he, with dread I mind when does a  
Crosse appeare.

Then serve thyself, the Gyant said, that Christ to serve  
I'll seeke :

For him he askt a Hermit, who advised him to be  
meeke ;

By which, by Faith, and Workes of Alms would sought-  
for Christ be found,

And how and where to practice these he gave directions  
found.

Then

rified that he crosses himself and says his prayers .

There are many ruins about Talaveyra ; we past one arch so high that a house of the common size, which was built in it, reached only three parts up. The country is highly cultivated about this town. We saw chestnuts and poplars, the first since we left the metropolis. They had cork stools at the posada, and told us the cork grew very near.

In

Then he that skorned his service late to greatest Potentates,  
 Even at a common ferry now to carry all awaites ;  
 Thus doing long, as with a Child he over once did waide,  
 Under his loade midway he faints, from sinking hardly staide,  
 Admiring how, and asking who, was answered of the Childe,  
 As on his shoulders Christ he bore, by being humbly milde,  
 So through humilitie his soul to Christ was reconcilde.  
 And of his Carriage Christo-fer should thenceforth be his name.

WILLIAM WARNER.

They who did not know this curious legend of St. Christopher may be amused with it ; they who knew it before were not perhaps acquainted with the manner of an old Poet highly celebrated in his time.

In five hours we reached this Venta de Peralbanegas, an execrable place, where our room serves as a passage to an inner one, unluckily occupied by a large party, who will certainly "murder sleep" to night. They are now at supper, and actually all eating out of the frying-pan!

We set off early, and passing through a wood of ever-green oaks, beheld the town and Castle of Oropeza, on an eminence to the left. A league before us lay the little town of Torralva, half hid by olive plantations, and the snowy mountains bounded a vast and fertile plain on our right. Oropeza, with its castle, came full in view as we left Torralva; the castle belongs to the Duke of Alva. A little beyond, half-way up the continued hill is Lagartina; and at some distance another small town, both surrounded with olive trees. There are stone enclosures here, the country is well cultivated, and the luxuriant appearance of the corn indicates a strong soil. From the road which now ran in a strait direction we beheld the church of La Calzada de Oropeza, the only building of the town then visible, and apparently situated in a grove of  
 O olives;

olives; as we approached three churches appeared, and the few houses among the trees. To-day has been as hot as fine June weather in England, to my great alarm, lest the Enemy whom I most dread, should come out of their winter quarters and begin the campaign.

We dined at La Calzada de Oropesa. Of the two women at the posada; the one has the most deformed feet I ever saw, and goes barefoot; the other appears to have lost the ball of one eye by an accident, and the socket is half empty and raw-red; yet has this horrible figure a large beauty spot. The women and children are generally barefoot, which we have not observed before.

Naval Moral is four leagues distant. The first part over a barren heath, as wearying to the eye as the roads in Cornwall; the latter through a country well wooded with ever-green oaks, and as we drew near this place, well-watered with small streams; on the left are stony hills with trees and stone enclosures. They have erected as gay an arch here as the taste of the inhabitants could devise, and their purses afford, with "*Viva Carlos*"

*Carlos IV. y su real familia,*” on the one side, and on the other “*Naval Moral 1796.*” This is the first symptom of loyalty we have yet seen. We have heard murmurs enough, for the King’s journey has impoverished the country. The measure of barley, which sold for seventeen quartos before he set out, is now at twenty-four!

There are no candles in this country. A piece of cane cut with holes through it, is suspended from the roof, and from one of these holes the lamp is hung by a hook. We have seen no bolster since we left England, and alas! we have now bade adieu to the land of blankets!

The pepper of all this country is red. Apollon could not find a better kind of nutmeg for a cool-tankard of aqua-fortis.

Don Esteban Manuel de Villegas has used the Latin metres with great success in Spanish. The propriety of introducing them into English versification turns upon the question of *batoning* poetry; this is always done here as well as in Italy; and I rather incline to think it should be done in England.

## AL ZEFIRO.

DULCE vecino de la verde felva,  
 Huesped eterno del Abril florido,  
 Vital aliento de la madre Venus,  
 Zéfiro blando!

Si de mis ansias el amor supiste ;  
 Tu, que las quejas de mi voz llevaste,  
 Oye : no temas, y a mi Ninfa dile,  
 Dile, que muero.

Filis ún tiempo mi dolor sabia,  
 Filis un tiempo mi dolor lloraba,  
 Quisome un tiempo ; mas agora temo  
 Temo fus iras.

Afi los Dioses con amor paterno,  
 Afi los Cielos con amor benigno,  
 Nieguen al tiempo, que feliz volares,  
 Nieve a la tierra.

Jamas el peso de la nube parda,  
 Quando amanece la elevada cumbre,  
 Toque tus hombros, ni su mal granizo  
 Hiera tus alas.

## TO ZEPHYRUS.

THOU who dost love to wander in the wood-  
lands,

Thou who with April lovest to disport thee,  
Hear me, O thou the vital breath of Venus,  
Hear me, O Zephyr!

If thou hast ever heard my sighs of anguish,  
If thou hast ever heard my plaint of passion,  
Hear now and fly to that beloved damsel,  
Tell her I perish.

There was a time when Phillis knew I lov'd her;  
There was a time when Phillis too could pity;  
Past is that time, and now alas I tremble,  
Dreading her anger.

So may the Heavens with their love benignant;  
So may the high Gods, with their love paternal  
Suffer no snow to chill thee as at evening,  
Gaily thou sportest.

So may no dark cloud pregnant with the tem-  
pest,

Pour its rude waters heavy on thy plumage;  
So may the hard hail never bruise thy pinions;  
Go, gentle Zephyr!

Gar-

\* Garcilaffo de la Vega tells us :

Siempre de nueva leche en el verano,  
Y en el invierno abundo ! en mi majada  
La manteca y el queso esta sobrado.

I have

\* The following specimen will show the power of Spanish hexameters ; it is likewise by Villegas :

Febo la cumbre seca, que su luz a la sombra recoge,  
Progne lamenta grave, Venus arde, la fuente susurra,  
El fresco arroyuelo rie ; y el ayre se crespa.  
Licidas entonces, Coridon discreto, le dice,  
En tanto que el viento fresco se mueve ligero,  
Bullendo las blancas aguas regalando las hojas,  
Suena zagalejo, y al son de tu cithara canta.

It were wasting time to translate any thing pastoral. An extract from Sir Philip Sidney in this metre will show why the attempt to naturalize it in England fail'd.

First shall virtue be vice and beauty counted a blemish,  
Ere that I leave with song of praise her praise to solemnize.

O no, no, worthy Shépherd, 'worth can never enter a title,

Where proofs justly do teach, thus matcht, such worth to be nought worth :

Lét not a Puppet abuse thy sprite, Kings crowns do not help them

From



——— I have new milk

In summer and in winter, and my cot  
Is well supplied with butter and with cheese.

I wish

From the cruel head-ache, nor shoes of gold do the gout  
heal :

And precious couches full oft are shakt with a fever.

Awkward transpositions and an attempt to regulate English pronunciation by the rules of Latin Prosody, disfigured all the hexameters, &c. of Sidney and his coadjutors. Winstanley, in his account of Abraham Fraunce, gives a better specimen from a translation of the Ethiopics.

As soon as sun-beams could once peep out from the moun-  
tains,

And by the dawn of day had somewhat lighted Olympus,  
Men, whose lust was law, whose life was still to be  
lusting,

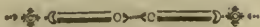
Whose thriving thieving, convey'd themselves to an hill  
top

That stretched forward to the Heracleotica entry  
And mouth of Nilus, looking thence down to the main  
sea

For sea-faring men ; but seeing none to be sailing,  
They knew 'twas bootless to be looking there for a booty.

The best specimen is however in the Monthly Magazine for June 1796. Dr. Sayers has shown us what excellence the ode may attain in blank verse. Rhyme will always  
ornament

I wish we had been fortunate enough to meet this gentleman on our journey!



## LETTER XII.

*Saturday, Jan. 16.*

WE entered into conversation with a countryman this morning, in a forest of ever-green oaks and cork-trees. He told us it belonged to the Friars of the Escorial; "but (said he) the people here have not ground enough for their cattle; it would be much better to give the Friars land near their own convent, and divide this among the poor in the neighbourhood." These Monks suffer the countrymen to feed their swine here, paying forty-two reales for each pig's

ornament the lighter species of composition, but it never can rival the various modulations of which blank verse is capable, for strength and dignity. The English Alcaics, now so common, are in Milton uncouth and unintelligible. Are not the metres of Sir Philip Sidney capable of a similar improvement?

pig's run of two months. This is to eat what acorns fall, for they are not allowed to beat down any, however the pigs get fat by the bargain as well as the friars. The income of this estate is 200,000 reales, 2250 pounds sterling. They strip the cork-trees every third year: the trees are in general very old; we measured one that was supported by props and found the girth thirty feet.

The wild boars who inhabit this forest, and the tame swine who are admitted there to board and lodging, have not injured it: even the Monks appear to respect its age and beauty, and satisfied with regularly stripping the bark, suffer the old trees to remain venerably picturesque. But we are now following the Court closely, and never did I witness a more melancholy scene of devastation! His Most Catholic Majesty travels like the King of the Gypsies: his retinue strip the country, without paying for any thing, sleep in the woods, and burn down the trees. We found many of them yet burning: the hollow of a fine old cork-tree served as a fire place. The neighbouring trees were destroyed for fuel, and were a brisk wind even now to spring up, the  
forest

forest might be in flames. Mules, and horses, and asses lie dead along the road, and though they do not cry aloud in our ears against the barbarity of thus destroying them by excessive fatigue, yet they address themselves strongly to another sense. The King is fond of inscriptions. Not a ditch along the road has been bridged without an inscription beginning, "*Reinando Carlos IV.*" I feel very much inclined to indulge in a placard upon one of the mutilated old trees. His Majesty's travelling exploits would have furnished an excellent inscription for such a monument of his journey.

Every house which the King has ever honoured by his august presence, is distinguished by a chain hung over the door.

Leaving the forest we entered upon a swampy plain, where, as Dutens says, the road became truly detestable. It is a stage of three hours and a half to Almaraz, a singular little town, where the houses seem built for pigmies and the church for Patagonians. Less than a league distant runs the Tagus, crossed by a noble bridge of two arches. On the bridge are the remains of  
a house ;

a house; all we can read of the inscription told us it was made by the city of Plasencia,\* under Charles V. We are now at the Venta Nueva, within a quarter of a mile of the bridge, one of our mules is ill, and here we are detained.

This is a very large house with very vile accommodations. The covered space thro' which we enter, where the Caleffa stands, and where the Carriers sleep among their baggage, is seventy feet by twenty-five. My bedstead is supported by sticks from which the bark has never been stripped. The beds are bad, and the Court have dirted all the linen. Here is a print of St. Iago on horseback, most apostolically cleaving down a Turk.

The

\* Ponz gives the inscription and dimensions of the bridge. "Esta puente hizo la ciudad de Plasencia ano de 1552. Reynando en Espana la Magestad Cesarea de Carlos V. Emperador. Fue maestro Pedro de Uria."

One arch is  $150\frac{1}{2}$  wide, and 69 in height; the other 119. 66. The bridge is 580 feet long, and some little more than 25 wide. Like most of the Spanish bridges this is perfectly flat.

The King is at Merida to-day, within three days journey. Our Calaffero says, he had rather return to Madrid than be embargoed, and wishes to take us two days journey round. The only bye-way however must be by the paths among the mountains that the smugglers use, where the carriage would probably be broken. Of the two evils embargoing is the least, and we must take our chance.

We have some curious specimens of religious poetry in England, but I think none to equal this piece by Alonso de Ledesma.

DIALOGO

## DIALOGO

*Entre un Filosofo Ateniense*

*Y un Teologo Cristiano.*

*Filosofo.*

Por cierto, Señor, yo voy  
 En extremo aficionado  
 A lo que me habeis contado,  
 Puesto que Ateniense soy :  
 Que aunque es verdad que profeso  
 Ser estudiante de Atenas,  
 Y sus Escuelas son buenas,  
 No he de negaros por eso  
 Que en Teologia llevais  
 La prima, segun se ve,  
 Y que en parte no se lee  
 Como aqui donde estudiais.

*Teologo.*

*Teologo.*

En Atenas gentil gente  
De Filósofos se cria,  
Y así a la Filosofía,  
Se estudia y lee gentilmente ;  
Mas aquí, como veis vos,  
En todo se tiende velas,  
Que quanto se lee en Escuelas  
Es para alabar a Dios.

*Filosofo.*

¿ Hay en la Universidad  
Colegio de lenguas ?

*Teólogo.*

Si,  
Y en el mundo como aquí  
Hablan con tal propiedad.

*Filosofo.*

Mucho de aquesto me espanto,  
Que el nuestro tiene gran fama.

*Teologo.*



*Teologo.*

Es ayre.

*Filosofo.*

¿ Y como se llama ?

*Teologo.*

El del Espiritu Santo.

*Filosofo.*

¿ Quantos son los Colégiales ?

*Teologo.*

Doce son, y asi florecen  
Que en todas lenguas parecen  
Ser propios y naturales.

*Filosofo.*

¿ En quanto tiempo aprendieron  
A hablar asi ?

*Teologo.*

*Teologo.*

Muy en breve ;  
Pero todo se le debe  
Al Maestro que tuvieron.  
Estudian con gran calor,  
Y qualquier su licion toma ;  
Mas el es una Paloma,  
Que les lee con mucho amor.

*Filosofo.*

¿ Hay muy nobles Colegiales  
Entre estos doce Varones ?

*Teologo.*

Entre ellos hay siete Dones,  
Y todos muy principales.

*Filosofo.*

¿ Que porcion es la que tienen  
Los del Colegio mayor ?

*Teologo.*

*Teologo.*

¿ Porcion ? Dios es mi Señor,  
 Que como el Rey los mantienen.  
 Todos le pueden tener  
 Embidia a su buena fuerte,  
 Porque aqui, si bien se advierte,  
 Tienen muy bien que comer.  
 Y si va a decir verdad,  
 Lo que comen de contino  
 Es el mejor Pan y vino  
 Que come Universidad.  
 Muchas a estudiar se acogen  
 Por el Pan que aqui se encierra,  
 Que no es como en vuestra tierra,  
 Que ni pan ni vino cogen.  
 Y asi vosotros pasais  
 Con miserable porcion,  
 Tanto que os he compasion  
 De ver con que os sustentais.  
 Y tras ser tan limitado  
 Lo que os ponen, es de modo  
 Que el vino es vinagre todo  
 Y el pan esta mareado.

*P.* *Filosofo.*

*Filosofo.*

Antes comer se procura  
Mucho mejor que no aca.

*Teologo.*

Al Diablo comen alla :  
Comen mucha desventura ;  
Y mas, tengo para mi  
Que alla come la mas gente  
Desproporcionadamente.

*Filosofo.*

Yo confieso que es asi :  
Que en nuestro Colegio son  
Las porciones desiguales,  
Que no a todos Colegiales  
Se les debe igual porcion.

*Teologo.*

Pues aca sin duda alguna  
En esta Universidad  
Se come con igualdad,  
Porque la porcion es una.

Solo el Fundador previno  
 Que el Colegio mayor fuese  
 El que a los demas les diese  
 La porcion de Pan y Vino.  
 Asi que estos Colegiales  
 No tienen mas diferencia  
 De solo en la preeminencia,  
 Que en la porcion son iguales.

*Filosofo.*

¿ Y qual es mas dignidad  
 El Maestrescuela o Rector ?

*Teologo.*

El Maestrescuela es mayor  
 En esta Univerfidad ;  
 Que si el Rector manda asi,  
 Y todo a sus manos viene,  
 Es por las veces que tiene  
 Del Maestrescuela de aqui.

*Filosofo.*

Ya que me habeis dado luz  
Del Maestrescuela y su fama;  
Decid me como se llama.

*Teologo.*

Don Christobal de la Cruz.

*Filosofo.*

No me ha parecido mal.  
¿ Quien es el ? ¿ es Caballero ?

*Teologo.*

Hijo de Dios verdadero :  
¡ Y como que es principal !  
Es tan noble, que os prometo  
Que al Padre por su poder,  
Y al Hijo por su saber,  
Se les debe igual respeto.

*Filosofo.*

¿ Como se llama el Rector ?

*Teologo.*

*Teologo.*

El Doctor San Pedro.

*Filosofo.*

¿ Es hombre

Que tiene en nobleza nombre ?

*Teologo.*

Era un pobre Pescador,  
Sino que fue Dios servido

De darle capacidad

Para que a tal dignidad

Subiese, como ha subido.

Mas todo el honor y fer,

Preeminencia y opinion,

A su Amo de razon

Se lo debe agradecer.

Al Maestrefcuela sirvior

Con tal amor y llaneza

Que vista su gran firmeza

Como veis, lo acomodo.

Con el su Señor tenia

Honra y persona guardada

Tanto que a capa y espada  
 A su Amo defendia.  
 Mucho merece os confieso,  
 Que nadie con el estuvo  
 De los criados que tuvo  
 Que amase con tal exceso.  
 Mas tal Amor y lealtad  
 Bien se lo pago el Señor,  
 Pues que le hizo Rector  
 De aquesta Univerfidad.

*Filosofo.*

El Maestrescuela parece  
 En extremo agradecido.

*Teologo.*

Pues no le habeis conocido,  
 Ni fabeis lo que merece:  
 Tratadle, que se de vós  
 Os movera su buen zelo,  
 Le adoreis por Dios del Cielo,  
 Por fer un alma de Dios.  
 Matriculaos aca,



Que yo os doy palabra y mano,  
 Que no tengo por Christiano  
 Al que estudia por alla.

*Filosofo.*

Yo Señor, os agradezco  
 Esa voluntad y amor;  
 Yo lo pensare mejor,  
 Y a responderos me ofrezco.

DIALOGUE

Between an Athenian Philosopher,  
 And a Christian Theologian,

*Philosopher.*

IN truth, good Sir ! I am surpris'd  
 At what you say to me ;  
 We never heard at Athens of  
 Your Univerfity.

I am

I am a student as you know  
 Of the Athenian schools,  
 Attentive to their doctrines, and  
 -Obedient to their rules.

Our studies there are numerous,  
 Our knowledge is not small,  
 And yet of your theology  
 We never heard at all.

*Theologian.*

Your Athens is a place renown'd  
 For philosophic knowledge,  
 But no such heathen lore as that  
 Is studied in our College.  
 Your Colleges are all profane,  
 Our College is divine,  
 To speak to men is taught in yours,  
 To speak to God in mine.

*Philosopher.*

Some very great Professor then  
 Of languages you boast ?

*Theologian.*

*Theologian.*

The greatest teacher in the world,<sup>1</sup>  
By name The Holy Ghost.

*Philosopher.*

Pray has he many pupils there?

*Theologian.*

Twelve scholars apt and good;  
So learned—that by all the world  
Each one is understood.

*Philosopher.*

And is the course of study long?

*Theologian.*

So little is there in it,  
That tho' they every language speak  
They learnt them in a minute.

*Philosopher.*

*Philosopher.*

Pray are your College Commons good?

How is it that you dine?

*Theologian.*

No fare on earth can equal it,

We have such bread and wine!

Could you but taste this wonderous fare

You'd credit all I told ye,

Your wine would taste like vinegar,

And all your bread seem mouldy.

*Philosopher.*

Our commons must be better then,

If I have not mistook.

*Theologian.*

Your viands may be costly, but

The Devil is your cook.

*Philosopher.*

Who governs your fraternity,

The Master or the Rector?

*Theologian.*

*Theologian.*

The one is chief, the other is  
Our head and our inspector :  
The Master is omnipotent.

*Philosopher.*

Since he is of such fame,  
I pray you now his title tell.

*Theologian.*

Don Christ of the Cross is his name.

*Philosopher.*

Don Christ of the Cross! the name to me  
Was hitherto unknown.  
Pray was Don Christ a Gentleman?

*Theologian.*

God Almighty's only Son.

*Philosopher.*

You say the Rector is your head,  
Pray what may his name be ?

*Theologian.*

*Theologian.*

Doctör Saint Peter.

*Philosopher.*

Is he one

Of noble family ?

*Theologian.*

He was a fisherman whom God

Has called to this high state ;

But time it is on all these things

That you should contemplate.

And when upon the matter well

You shall have contemplated,

Then to the College come with me

And be matriculated.

Sunday 17th.

SOON after quitting Venta Nueva, we ascended the mountain of Miraveti, an ascent as Clerk says, long, and winding, and difficult, but now no longer dangerous. On the other side lay

lay a wooded wild, and we then entered upon a new kind of road: it lay through a wilderness of broom and heath, and gum cistus, that gave a rich balsamic scent in the heat of the sun. The stage to Jarayzejo is three leagues, something more than four hours journey. The hostess here told us that the expences of the King's retinue at her house, amounted to above a thousand reales, of which she had not received one. The poor woman cried as she told us! His Majesty and his retinue have burnt the trees, cut up the roads, dirted the linen, and devoured the provision. If there had been any game laws in Spain we must have been starved; but luckily game is plenty, and as his Majesty could not destroy this at an hour's notice, we are in no want. They sold us at this place two rabbits, a hare, and four partridges for a dollar. The violets are in blossom now, and the sun so hot that we met a man riding without coat or waistcoat, his shirt open, and his sleeves tucked up, a cool undress for January.

The Altar of the Sacrament (Ara de Santissimo Sacramento) valued at sixty reales, is to be let by auction here. Jarayzejo is a very small town

town, and its appearance very singular. You enter the main street which will barely permit a carriage to pass. There are the ruins of a large mansion-house, from which the capital of a pillar varying from Ionic is used as a seat in the posada kitchen. Truxillo is visible on an eminence five leagues distant, from the hill behind the town.

We set off before two, and soon reached what in Clarke's time was a very dangerous pass of a mountain: now the descent is made less and perfectly safe. Hence we beheld the opposite hill very well wooded, and a river running between. The bridge we crossed is a very singular one of nine arches: three first and then a buttress sloping so gradually as to be left open to the bridge, and form a road to a little island in the stream. In the forest is a palace belonging to the Marquis de Conquista, and we saw a species of bird very numerous which we had never seen before: it is about the size of a black-bird, the head black, the breast buff, and the other parts grey, with a long tail.

We



“ We see the things we aim at as travellers do towns in hilly countries ; we judge them near, at the eye’s end, because we see not the valleys and the brook that interpose.” The circuitous approach to Truxillo reminded me of Owen Feltham’s family. We reached the town about seven, it must have been once a place of considerable strength : Julius Cæsar is said to have built the castle ; and Francisco Pizarro was born here. Few towns have been polluted by the presence of two such eminent and execrable villains.

Our fathers have left us a rich inheritance, they have left us their experience ; it has been accumulating from the creation of the world, and every day adds to the mass of knowledge. The voice of Reason speaks to us from the sepulchre of Ages, and bids us make their errors our wisdom. But the book of history is placed on the shelf of the student, and he is left to make those inferences in his study which should be forced upon the eyes of the public. Every spot that has been consecrated by a good action, or rendered notorious by being the scene of villainy should be marked out, that the traveller reflecting on the past, might learn a lesson for the

the

the future. Not a church in England has been whitewashed, in which the Churchwarden of the year has not inscribed his name; not an old woman has left twenty shillings for a sermon and half a crown for the clerk, without being registered among the parish benefactors: yet there is no column in Smithfield where so many good men endured martyrdom for their religion, and where the King and the Subject might alike be instructed by the life and the murder of Wat Tyler.

The birth-place of Pizarro suggested these thoughts, and though the Spaniards have erected no monument to render the memory of this villain useful, you who follow me there shall see what I would wish to have engraved on marble.

INSCRIPTION  
FOR A COLUMN

AT

*TRUXILLO.*



PIZARRO heré was born : a greater name  
The list of Glory boasts not. Toil and Want,  
And Danger, never from his course deterred  
This daring soldier : many a fight he won,  
He slaughter'd thofousands, he subdued a rich  
And ample realm ; fuch were PIZARRO'S deeds,  
And Wealth, and Power, and Fame were his  
rewards

Among mankind. There is another World.  
Oh Reader ! if you earn your daily bread  
By daily labour, if your lot be low,  
Be hard and wretched, thank the gracious GOD  
Who made you, that you are not fuch as he !

This part of the country is very much infested by Banditti. A friend of Ponz counted twenty-eight monumental crosses within a sling's throw, on the Puerto de Serrana, between Plasencia and Truxillo. It was on this road that they carried off some treasure of the King last year, some of this party, however, were taken, and now the soldiery keep the roads clear.

Plasencia, which lies not far to our right, was the memorable retreat where Charles V. after living like a rogue, retired to die like a fool. Cesar Oudin has preserved a curious epitaph on him.

Hic jacet intus

Carolus Quintus ;

Vos qui transitis per ibi

Orate pro sibi,

Et si estis mille

Orate pro ille,

Et dicite bis aut ter

Ave Maria & Pater-noster.

The inhabitants say that the fertility of the country round Plasencia has been greatly diminished since the great earthquake in 1755. Ponz relates a curious tale of one of the inhabitants,

bitants, which I will give you with his own introduction.

“ Father Luis de la Cerda, in the sixth book of his commentaries on Virgil, adds the following account to his note upon “ *Ausus se credere Cælo.*” “ A certain Spaniard had fled to the church asylum at Plasencia, as usual, for fear of the secular power. When he wished to depart, he fitted wings to his shoulders, and from the topmost tower trusting himself to the air, fled over the whole city, and fell far from the walls, wearied with the agitation of his frame. The place of his fall is now shown, and the eyes of all the Plasencians who beheld the man are witnesses of the fact.”

“ This account was printed and published in 1610, and it is related as a well known fact, which could not have happened long ago, for the author appeals to ocular testimony. It is not probable that the penetrating judgment of Father Luis de la Cerda could have been deceived by a fable, and the tradition is still common in Plasencia, although with some little difference in the mode of relating it.

“ An old man of sufficient authority, who had collected many ancient papers, told me that this Plasencian Dedalus, in order to make his escape, determined on two things. To eat little that he might grow light, and that all his food should be birds, which he had brought to him with their feathers on : he then weighed the body of the bird without its plumes, and afterwards the feathers, and comparing the weight of the hen, the partridge, &c. with that of their feathers, he calculated that four ounces of feathers were necessary to support two pounds of flesh : from this calculation he discovered what weight of feathers were sufficient to support him in the air, and fixing them with a certain cement to his feet, his head, his arms, and all the extremities of his body, he took two wings in his hands as it were to row with ; thus fledged he committed himself to the air, and after passing over the city, fell headlong and was dashed to pieces.

“ They who recorded the tale do not relate in what year it happened, what this new bird was called, or in what nest he was hatched.”

## LETTER XIII.



*Monday, Jan. 18.*

AT Truxillo we once more saw English plates; but we could procure no kind of provision there, not even an egg—the Court had demolished all. The town formed a fine object as we looked back upon it; the ruins of many outworks are visible; the ground is rocky, and broom grows among the stones luxuriantly in blossom. It soon became swampy, and presented to the eye as drear a prospect as the roads in Cornwall. We passed by the mountain of Santa Cruz, which we had seen yesterday ten leagues distant from the Puerto de Mireveti. It is the boldest mass I ever saw of abrupt rocks interspersed with cultivated spots and olive yards; at the bottom is a village with a convent.

As

As we entered the village Puerto de Santa Cruz, where we dined, the people came round us to know if we were the Cavaliers come to pay the King's debts. Here we bought a very favourite and indeed a very excellent dish of the Spaniards; it is lean pork highly seasoned with garlic, and steeped in red wine. The entrance to the inclosures here is by a door-way in the wall covered with a large stone and half filled up with stones. So fond are these people of ornaments that an old woman here who would make Syccorax lovely by comparison, is decorated with earrings and a necklace. This love of ornament is as visible in their religion and their poetry as it is in individuals. Any part of dress that is merely ornamental, disgusts, because it necessarily associates the idea of vanity with the wearer. I must give you a very favourite sonnet by Bartolome Leonardo de Argensola on this subject.

Quita esse afeyte, O Lais, que se azeda,  
 Y el mismo en el olor su fraude acusa,  
 Dexa nos ver tu rostro, y si rehusa  
 El despegarse, quitalo con greda.  
 Que tyranno la ley natural veda,  
 O que muertas el diestro azero atusa,  
 Que alegren mas que la beldad confusa

De



De bosque inculto, o barbara arboleda.

Si lo blanco, y purpúreo, que reparte

Dios con sus rosas, puso en tus méxillas

Con no imitable natural mixtura,

Porque con dedo ingrato las mancillas ?

O Lais no mas que en perfeccion tan pura  
Arte ha de ser el despreciar el arte.



Nay cleanse this filthy mixture from thy hair,

And give the untrick'd tresses to the gale !

The sun, as lightly on the breeze they sail,  
Shall gild thy bright brown locks ! thy cheek is  
fair,

Away then with this artificial hue,

This blush eternal ! To the human face

Nature has given no imitable grace.

Why these black spots obtruding on the view

The lilly cheek ? and these ear-jewels too

That ape the barbarous Indian's vanity ?

Nor Lady ! need that necklace there invite

The prying eye—we know thy neck is white :

Go to thy dressing-room again, and be

Artful enough to learn simplicity.

The storks build their nests on almost all the churches. This bird is held sacred here, and no Spaniard will molest it. It is pleasant to find one prejudice on the side of humanity!

If the King of Spain have one solitary spark of sense glimmering in the dark lantern of his head, he must be seriously grieved to behold the wretched state of his dominions. Fancy cannot conceive a more delightful climate. Here is wine to gladden the heart of man, corn to support him, and oil to make him of a cheerful countenance. When the Moors possessed Estremadura this whole province was like a well-cultivated garden; at present the population, as given by Ponz, is only one hundred thousand inhabitants, though the province is two hundred miles in length, and an hundred and sixty wide. As a cause for this melancholy depopulation he says, that the pestilence of 1348 destroyed two-thirds of the people of Spain, in consequence vast tracks of land were left uncultivated, and thus a slovenly and Tartar-like system of pasturage was introduced.

We travel leagues without seeing a village, and when we find one, it consists of such sties as are fit only for the pig part of the family. As for the towns it is not possible to give an Englishman ideas of their extreme poverty and wretchedness. You may conceive the state of the kingdom by this circumstance, we have now travelled six hundred miles without ever seeing one new house or one single one.

It is the policy of the Court here and in Portugal, to lead the nobility into expences, and thus, by making them needy, to render them dependant on the Crown for places and pensions. Thus is this order of men, an order seldom too zealous in the cause of reformation, completely secured. The clergy are the sworn enemies of all innovation: they among them who believe what they profess must be narrow-minded bigots, and they who profess what they do not believe must be bad men; the one cannot instruct, and the other will not. They must be vicious because they are condemned to celibacy, for it is criminal in them to indulge human affections, and if they do not indulge them, all the milk  
of

of human kindness in their hearts will turn sour. Where is Reformation to begin? All ranks are abandoned here, because all ranks are ignorant. But before every man can be virtuous and happy, the Tree of Knowledge must grow in every man's garden.

“ I laugh at systems (says our friend P. H.) when I consider how long the pulpit has existed to teach duty, and the gallows to enforce it, and then see the enormous mass of wickedness which the one never glances at and the other cannot punish ;” and the wisest way is to laugh at them : it is folly to grieve for what we cannot amend, and as for amending the world, Society is an Ass that will kick the man who attempts to ease it of its burthen.

*Tuesday 19.*

WE slept at Miajadas last night ; the King has a palace there, and we visited the ruins of a castle and of a noble church. The town is three leagues from the Puerto de Santa Cruz. The first part over a barren and stony country, then

then thinly planted with prickly oaks, and corn growing between the trees, now of the most grateful verdure. About half way is a bridge over a little rivulet ; at the one end is an ascent of above an hundred yards by a raised road ; at the other so abrupt a turn as literally to form a right angle ; so excellently are things contrived in Spain : had the bridge been built about a quarter of a mile higher up, the ascent and turn might have been avoided, and the road shortened. The country about Miajadas is uncultivated, and from the hill above the town we looked over a large and swampy plain bounded by mountains. Here as usual we were entertained with complaints of the Court. The girl told us that the King's train had broken five glasses there in one evening. " And did they pay for them ? " " Pay for them ! the cursed gang ! not a maravedi. " — The room we were in was arched like a cellar, and we descended two steps to enter it : it was so damp that I concluded any vermin that had accidentally dropt there must have caught cold and died of an asthma. I was lamentably mistaken.

We

We have been seven hours travelling twenty miles this morning, over a rich but uncultivated country. We past only a solitary post-house, by which we saw the first orange trees, and in the wood adjoining saw for the first time myrtle. We dined at San Pedro, a poor and miserable village: the room was roofed with canes, and the glasses hung on a cane slit at proper distances, and suspended in the room. The hostess there had just made some puffs, and begged me to eat one with so much real civility, that had they been the vilest composition of Spanish filth, I could not have refused; it was only paste seasoned with anis. She has a daughter about twelve years of age, a beautiful girl with a placid and melancholy countenance that seems to deserve a better fate.

We went one league over a thinly wooded track, and then leaving the village of Truxillano on the right, proceeded one league farther over an open and cultivated country to Merida. About two hundred yards before the town is an aqueduct; we passed under it, and immediately under another arch of an ancient ruin. What we could see of the town by moonlight made us  
 . regret

regret our so late arrival. The King is at Badajoz, only nine leagues distant. His retinue have not yet left Merida, and we were very fortunate in getting a room here, wretched as it is.

I wish some sudden business would recall the King immediately to Madrid, that he might find what kind of roads his subjects were obliged to travel, every august bone in his body would ache before he got half way. They were levelled for his journey, and every person obliged to whitewash the front of his house, that his Majesty might witness the cleanliness of his subjects!

The cultivation of this country is very slovenly. They leave the broom standing, and sow corn round it.

We had a woodcock for supper, which we trussed ourselves. This did not satisfy the old woman of the house; to our utter disappointment she brought up the poor bird sprawling—told us we had forgot to cut off the rump and draw it, and then poked her finger in to shew us how clean the inside was.

During

During his Majesty's stay at Merida he killed innumerable partridges, six wolves, and a wild cat.

*Wednesday 20.*

WE crossed the Guadiana by a very long bridge;\* there is a castle on the bank, and the ruins of some works in a little island. The road  
for

\* I transcribe the inscriptions on the bridge from Ponz.  
“ Tecum sum, et flumina non operient te. Isaiaë XLIII.  
Deo mundi Architecto sapientiss. et Christo Jesus restauratori efficaciss. ac Pontifici æterno, tuæq. Eulalia Virgo, & Martyr sanctissima tutelæ, Emerita Augus. Pontem a vetustate et fluminis injuriis, labe, fæditate, diruptionibus vindicatum, et in pristinum splendorem ampliatis operibus restitutum, dicat commendat. Ex autoritate et providentia Philippi III. Hispaniar. Regis Catholici, piissimi atque invictiss. D. N. Clementiss. Joann. Thomas Fabarius Vc. e militia sacra S. Jacobi. Commendatarius Huelami præfecit, Emerita opus curavit, præbavit. an MDCX ꝛ pecunia collata ab urbibus oppidisque intra lapidem C C.

On the left side of the tablet :

Por mandado y comision de la Magestad Catolica de D. Phelipe III. Rey de Espana y de las Indias, N. S. D. Juan Thomas Fabaro Comendador de Huelamo de la orden de Santiago y Gobernador de Merida reparo con acrecentamiento



for three leagues lay over an uninteresting plain, though fertile and well-peopled. We then kept under a range of hills for another league, and beheld the river watering the plain till we ascended to this miserable village Lobon: a small ruin, on a broken and rocky hill, and the church situate among olive trees, were the only buildings visible as we approached. Here I was curious enough to measure the chairs and the tables, which have for some days been equally low.

ento de firmeza y hermosura esta puente, que estaba en la mayor parte arruinada, y rota por su antigüedad y por les crecientes del rio, ano de MDCX. Hizose esta obra a costa de la ciudad de Merida, y contribucion de las demas ciudades y lugares que estan dentro de cincuenta leguas.

Ponz says the marble cannot be believed, for it is easily seen that not a sixth part of the bridge was repaired.

Merida, Emerita Augusta, was once the capital of Lusitania, and a Metropolitan city. It was built by Augustus as a colony for the soldiers who had served him well against the Cantabrians, Asturians, and Lusitanians. A. U. C. 726. AC. 28. St. Eulalia, a child of twelve years of age, the pupil of Donatus, a Priest, was martyr'd here in company with St. Julian and six men, by Calpurnian, Lieutenant of Dacien. Prudentius has celebrated her, and given a long and lively picture of her torments in a hymn.

low. The back of the chair is two feet eight, the height of the table two feet one.

The Marquis de Conquista passed us on the road, escorting the Camareffa of the Queen to the Court, a beautiful woman who had been detained by indisposition at his seat near Truxillo. Two men rode by the coach singing to her as she went along. This made the road cheerful and agreeable, but alas! we suffered for it at night!

Descended from Lobon we skirted the plain for two leagues to Talaveruela, a large and miserable place. Here the Marquis had pre-occupied the house, and we could only procure a most deplorable room, with a hole above the roof to admit light as if up a chimney. It was long before we could procure chairs or table. Here we dressed ourselves to pass the Courts and Custom-houses to morrow, and a most curious scene did our dressing-room exhibit; it was not possible to procure a looking-glass to shave by! They spread beds for us on mats upon the floor. The roof was of cane, and the rats running over it in the night shook down the dirt on our heads.

I lay

I lay awake the whole night killing the muskitoes as they fettled on my face, while the inhabitants of the bed entertained themselves so merrily at my expence, that Sangrado himself would have been satisfied with the bleeding I underwent.

We travelled two leagues over a flat and unpleasant country, which, Colmenar says, is sometimes so infested by grasshoppers that the King is obliged to send a body of men to burn them. Badajos, the frontier town, then appeared at the distance of a league, with its fort; and three leagues beyond, the Portuguese town of Elvas, and fort La Lippe. A regiment of cavalry is encamped under the walls: the men indeed are in tents, but the horses have no shelter; and the rains are daily expected. At every gate of the fortifications we were examined, and delay to us was not only unpleasant but dangerous, lest the caleffa should be embargoed. We drove to the Custom-house, and if ever I were to write a mock heroic descent to the infernal regions, I would not forget to make the adventurer pass through one of these agreeable establishments.

R

There

There is a heavy and oppressive duty laid on money here ; a traveller will of course carry as little Spanish gold into Portugal as possible, for it is of no use to him on the road, and he will lose thirty per cent. by the exchange. We had little more than enough for our journey : even the necessary expences are not allowed, and we paid 147 reales. The town is full of horses and carriages, for which there is no shelter. We drove through the town immediately, and left the place by a very fine bridge over the Guadiana.

About a league beyond runs a rivulet that separates the two kingdoms. The royal tent of Portugal is pitched on the bank, and a wooden bridge built for the meeting exactly where carriages used to ford the stream. But vulgar wheels must not profane the bridge which shall be trod by the august hoofs of their sacred Majesties horses ! and we were obliged to pass the water where it was so deep as to wet our baggage.

Here all was gaiety, and glad to have escaped from Spain, we partook of the gaiety of the scene. Booths were erected : the courtiers passing from one town to the other, and crowds  
from

from both thronging to see the royal tent. Yet even here when the two Courts are about to meet on such very uncommon terms of friendship, the national prejudices are evident. Manuel bought some oranges for us ; he was within ten yards of Spain, and you may conceive his astonishment when they abused him for being a Spaniard.

Our hurry at Badajos allowed us no time to dine : here we fell to our brawn and bread and cheese, with the comfortable feeling of being near home. My uncle entered into conversation with a Portuguese officer who wished himself a general that he might have the pleasure of giving no quarter to the French : " Cruel dogs, said he, to make war upon the Church ! Look at this bridge, he cried, each nation built half, but I need not tell you which half the Portuguese built : they do every thing well ! so strong—so durable ! it will last for ever ! As for the Spanish part (and he lifted up his eyebrows as he spoke) the first rain will sweep it away !" The Spaniards are not inferior in rhodomontade and national prejudices ; one of them after passing through the tent, which contains a suite of eight

handsome rooms, beside the bed-chambers, turned round with a sneer, " We have better apartments for the pigs in Spain !" No passion makes a man a liar so easily as Vanity.

The day darkened as we approached Elvas, and evidently betokened a wet night. We knew how crowded the town must be, and thought with no comfortable anticipation on the difficulty of obtaining a lodging for the night. The approach to Elvas is by an ascent between plantations of olives, almond trees in blossom, and orange trees laden with fruit. The Iris bloomed on the banks. We were examined at the gates, and passed a second time through the Purgatory of the Custom-house. Here my uncle left me to open the baggage, and in a short time returned with the Colonel of the Portuguese regiment, an Englishman.

LETTER

## LETTER XIV.



*Friday, Jan. 22.*

COLONEL M. procured us a room in the house where he himself lodged, and we enjoyed the novelty of tea and toast and butter. Some of the Portuguese nobility dropped in in the evening. The conversation turned upon the Spanish Court, and it was remarked that the Queen of Spain had her Cortejo with her. Yes, it was replied, and a certain noble family accompanies the Court, because you know the King cannot do without a wife.

The night was very tempestuous; the doors and windows were like Mr. Shandy's, and clattered with the wind. We breakfasted early, and left Elvas in a wet morning. Fort La Lippe, which is deemed impregnable, lies on a high hill, to the right. We passed under a very fine aqueduct

duct of four rows of arches. The country is beautifully varied, but we were obliged to let down the apron of the caleffa, and could only walk between the stoms. Villa Vizosa, the royal seat of Braganza, lay to the left. In five hours and a half we reached the Venta de Ponte; on the way I saw a hedge, and a curious one, for it was made of the gum cestus placed with the roots upwards! The different state of the two countries was soon visible. We frequently saw single farm houses, and past a Quinta, or gentleman's house, the garden of which was planted in clumps in the English style.

At the Venta de Ponte was a friar about eighteen years of age, one of the finest young men I ever saw. He enquired if we were Frenchmen, and on our answer said, "Ah! I like the English." "Would you not have said the same if we had been French?" said my uncle. "Yes," he replied, "I like the French very well, but I hate the Spaniards;" and turning round to Manuel, he asked him what countryman he was: Manuel began to answer, but the friar stopt him "Enough! by the sound of the guitar we know what instrument it is." "You are eating meat,"  
said



said he : “ I must fast to-day—not because the Scripture tells me to, but because the Church commands me. “ You live very well in your convent ?” He shook his head. “ I am much more comfortable at home.” He was on a visit to his friends, and had stopt here after a morning walk.

We got a wood-pigeon, a rabbit, and a hare at this place, with some birds unknown in England. The priest of the parish shot them, and sent them to the Venta to sell ; and if his fraternity were never worse employed, I should have little objection to the establishment.

If Anaxagoras had travelled the two leagues from this place to Estremoz, he would have thought pounding in a mortar comfortable by comparison. The best apartment here is occupied, and we are in a lumber room, where an old chest serves us as a table. There is a picture here of a sick man in bed, and the Virgin in the air praying for him. The inscription says that our Lady saved the life of Antonio Sardino, in 1761.

Saturday 23.

WHEN at morn, the muleteer,  
 With early call, announces day,  
 Sorrowing that early call I hear  
 That scares the visions of delight away.  
 For dear to me the silent hour  
 When SLEEP exerts his wizard power ;  
 For busy FANCY then let free,  
 Borne on the wings of HOPE, my EDITH flies  
 to thee.

When the flant sun-beams crest  
 The mountains shadowy breast ;  
 When on the upland slope  
 Shines the green myrtle wet with morning dew,  
 And lovely as the youthful dreams of HOPE,  
 The dim-seen landscape opens on the view ;  
 I gaze around with raptur'd eyes  
 On Nature's charms where no illusion lies,  
 And drop the joy and memory-mingled tear,  
 And sigh to think that EDITH is not here !

At

At the cool hour of Even,  
 When all is calm and still,  
 And o'er the Western Hill  
 A richer radiance robes the mellowed heaven ;  
 Absorb'd in darkness thence,  
 When slowly fades in night,  
 The dim-decaying light,  
 Like the bright day-dreams of BENEVOLENCE !  
 Fatigued, and sad, and slow,  
 Along my lonely way I go,  
 And muse upon the distant day,  
 And sigh, remembering EDITH far away.

When late arriving at our inn of rest,  
 Whose roof exposed to many a winter's sky,  
 Half shelters from the wind the shiv'ring guest ;  
 By the pale lamp's dreary gloom  
 I mark the miserable room,  
 And gaze with angry eye  
 On the hard lot of honest Poverty.  
 And sickening at the monster brood  
 Who fill with wretchedness a world so good,  
 With, sepulchred in some secluded glen,  
 To dwell with PEACE and EDITH, far from  
 men.

The fortifications of Estremos are out of repair, and the whole town bears the marks of decay. The contemplation of a fallen country is very melancholy : it is seldom that either individuals or nations become wiser from misfortune. The head ache of the morning does not prevent the drunkard from intoxicating himself at night : the experience of ages has not yet prevented the governors of mankind from pursuing their usual career of folly and guilt.

The day has been wet, and we travelled with our dead lights *down* the three leagues to Venta del Duque. In this part of the country there is very fine timber ; and we were surpris'd to find a chimney in the sitting room here. The people make use of a hollow cane instead of a bellows. The stools and the cradle are of cork. The Portuguese spits are very small, with four legs at the handle ; the other end rests upon some piece of fuel while the meat roasts ; the spit is of course stationary, and when one side of the meat is done, the other is turned to the fire.

On the road to Arroyolos we crossed two of those streams that so frequently delay or endanger the traveller in these countries : they  
are

are fordable the greater part of the year, but after a heavy rain collecting the water from the hills they become impassable. The Prince of Brazil has stationed ferry boats here for his messengers, during his stay at Villa Vizofa.

The Portuguese Estalagem is perhaps better than the Spanish Posadas. The beds here, instead of being made on bedsteads, are placed on a kind of stair or platform raised about eight inches from the floor. We have seen no candles since we left Madrid, but the lamps improve as we approach Lisbon. Here it has three branches as usual; an eye-screen projects before two of them, and a little extinguisher, a pointed instrument to raise the wick, and a small pincers to prune it, all of brass, are suspended by brazen chains between the branches.

*Sunday 24.*

WE dined at the town of Montemor. Here I saw a funeral; the body was carried on a bier without a coffin, under a canopy. There are three sisters at the Estalagem here, whose appearance and manners are very different from any we have seen before. Isidora indeed would have justified Don Quixote's mistake. I am

no believer in the system of Helvetius, that all persons are born with equal mental capabilities. The man who sits down in his study and never turns his eyes from his book to look upon mankind, may theorize very subtly upon the subject; but whoever has lived with children, and paid any attention to the developement of their dispositions, will form a conclusion widely different. The brain is the organ of thought: we have nothing to do with metaphysical jargon, or the absurd question, what is it that thinks, which never can be solved: it is from actual experiment we conclude that the brain is the organ of thought; now it is as ridiculous to say, that every brain is organized precisely the same, as it would be to assert that the ear of every person can ascertain sounds with equal precision, or to deny the existence of blind men, and short-sighted ones, and people who squint.

Here we witnessed the whole process of dressing Joze's rabbit. The spit was placed either above, below, by the side of, or in the fire: to know when it was done they crack'd the joints; they then laid it by till it cooled, then tore it  
 piece-

piecemeal with their fingers, and fried it with onions, and garlic, and oil.

*Sunday Evening.*

Nescia mens hominum fati fortisque futuræ !

The old Mantuan Poet tells truth, I assure ye.

They say turnspits run away whenever they hear the word *wheel* ; and I believe I shall soon have the same antipathy. We left Montemor after dinner merrily, in expectation of reaching Aldea Gallega to-morrow night. It was a bad sign to stop half an hour while the Calaffero tied the spokes together ; however we might certainly have safely reached the end of the stage with care. I have long been in doubt which is the more obstinate beast, the old mule or the old muleteer—the four legged one is the more rational. Joze, as usual, left the beasts to their own guidance, and the grey mule, as usual, chose a dry path for himself ; this path unluckily lay down the bank, and the crazy wheel gave way. The old gentleman who had very quietly suffered the mule to do this mischief, now threw his hat upon the ground, and was guilty of hé-  
refy,

refy, in asserting the mule had a soul; that he might commit blasphemy by assigning it over to the everlasting care of three hundred devils. Alas! we were upon a wide heath, and not one solitary imp appeared to help us. Here my uncle and I passed no very agreeable tete-a-tete from five till seven, in a dark cloudy evening, till the Calaffero returned with two men and a cart-wheel, with which we contrived to go back two miles to the Ventas Silveyras, the most filthy and miserable hovel to which our ill-fortune has yet conducted us.

The country near Montemor is beautiful, with all variety of hill, and dale, and water. Here we saw enclosures and hedges, where the laurestina grew and blossomed luxuriantly. We crossed a stream on the road, so deep and so rapid that Joze desired us to pass by the stones at the fall.

*Monday,*



*Monday, Jan. 25.*

At Ventas Silveyras as usual we met no blanket; and as they were likewise without sheets, we of course lay down in our cloaths. Never did I behold so horrible a woman as the hostess there; her face in its happiest moments expressed fullen and brutal ferocity; when roused into anger, which happened upon every slight occasion (for evil tempers take fire like rotten wood) it was that of a fury or a fiend. When we asked what was to pay, this woman enumerated the articles to her husband, "they had pepper," she began—"they had salt—they had onions." Here we began our protest—"no onions." "They had pepper," said she again,— "they had salt—they had the room—they had beds:" "Without sheets or blankets," we added, "and they had oil."

For the two last days we have been amused by seeing a countryman driving an obstinate horse in a carro mato; if the horse chose to stand still, all the driver's efforts could not make him advance; he would rear, and plunge, and kick, and

and go back—any movement but the right one : This man we found at Ventas Silveyras, and leaving his horse with our carriage, we laid our baggage on the carro mato, and proceeded with the mules on this new conveyance.

A carro mato, or baggage cart, goes upon two wheels, and resembles the body of a Portuguese chaise, when the chain itself is taken off and the shafts connected by a netting which supports the load. In this agreeable conveyance we set out for Ventas Novas : we enquired the distance, and the man told us it was a *mouthful*, but as this mouthful was in the English phrase a good bit, we found the motion too hard to endure, and proceeded on foot through the wet. The way was through a wilderness of ever-green shrubs and aromatic herbs ; the myrtle grew in abundance. We were three hours advancing two leagues, for the rains have broken up the roads.

There is a royal palace at Ventas Novas, now going to decay ; and here, for the first time, I saw fences of aloes which grow to ten or twelve feet in height, and would be impregnable to the boldest

fox-hunter. Here the Calaffero chuses to pass the night on account of the weather ; for it rains heavily now, and the old woman of the estalagem has promised him a fine day to-morrow because the cat's skin looks bright.

As we sat by the kitchen fire this evening, a Portuguese chose to entertain us by relating his history. " I was on board a ship when I was young," said he, " but I quarrelled with another boy ; he struck me with a stick, and I stabbed him with a penknife, and ran away." The man related this with the most perfect coolness. A great black-bearded fellow made our beds here—the ugliest hound I ever saw by way of a chamber-maid.

*Wednesday 27.*

WE started very early yesterday. The country is flat and sandy, and well-wooded with pines. About a mile from Ventas Novas is a stone cross on a stone pedestal, with a long inscription ; but as all inscriptions in these countries are perfect enigmas, I could only make out that several

S

persons

persons travelling from Lisbon had been murdered there, and the usual conclusion; " Passenger, for the love of God, pray for their souls." We dined at Ventas de Pagoens, and proceeded five leagues farther to Aldea Gallega, which we entered in triumph on the carro mato, at five in the evening, with a hare hanging at the shafts, an appendage that in your land of liberty would have procured us lodgings at the county jail.

A little before we reached Aldea Gallega is the church of Nossa Senhora da Atalaya, where we passed a Romeria. When a foolish man or woman, or any one of their children is sick, the sick person, or the parent makes a vow, in case of recovery, to return thanks to the Virgin, or whatever Saint has been *called in* upon the occasion, at some church, and the more distant the church, the more meritorious is the pilgrimage, or Romeria. All their neighbours who are bigotted or idle enough to accompany them join the procession, and they collect the rabble from every village that they pass; for the expences of the whole train are paid by the person who makes the vow. The one we passed consisted of eight covered carts full, and above an  
hundred

hundred men, women, and children, on horse-back, on mule-back, on afs-back, and on foot. Whenever they approached a town or village, they announced their arrival by letting off rockets. Bag-pipes and drums preceeded them, and men and women, half undressed, danced before them along the road. Most of the men were drunk, and many of the women had brought little infants upon this absurd and licentious expedition.

The image of our Lady of Atalaya was found on the top of a tree, which said tree from that time has distilled a balsam of miraculous medicinal powers. In September the negroes have a fete at this place which is continued for several days.

We were fortunate enough to procure a boat immediately; and after a rough and unpleasant passage of two hours landed at Lisbon. I rejoiced at finding myself upon Terra Firma, and at five o'clock in the morning I was awakened by an earthquake!

## LETTER XV.

*Saturday, Jan. 30.*

ON my passage I was tossed about by the winds and waves, on the road I suffered much for want of fire, and I arrived at Lisbon just in time to hear the house crack over my head in an earthquake. This is the seventh shock that has been felt since the first of November. They had a smart shock on the 17th of this month, but the Connoisseurs in earthquakes \* say, that this  
last,

\* I transcribe the following note from the Divine Legation of Moses, because if the fact be true, (and it does not appear improbable,) it is possible to predict these convulsions of the earth, and of course their most fatal effects may be prevented.

“Pythagoras’s popular account of earthquakes was, that they were occasioned by a synod of Ghosts assembled under ground; but Jamblichus informs us that he sometimes predicted earthquakes by the taste of well-water.”

Pliny

last, though of shorter duration, was the most dangerous, for this was the perpendicular shake, whereas the other was the undulatory motion. One person whom I heard of leapt out of bed, and ran immediately to the stable to ride off. Another, more considerately, put out a light that was burning in his room, because (said he) the fire does more mischief than the earthquake.

As this shock happened ten days after the last, and precisely at the same hour, there is a man who has gone about prophesying a severer one at the same hour ten days hence. The fellow has been very properly imprisoned. Several families

Pliny the Elder says, L. 2. C. 83. "Futuro terræmotu est in puteis turbidior aqua." And Paul Dudley, Esq. in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 437. P. 72, speaking of an earthquake in New England, says, "A neighbour of mine that has a well thirty-six feet deep, about three days before the earthquake, was surpris'd to find his water, that used to be very sweet and limpid, stink to that degree that they could make no use of it, nor scarce bear the house when it was brought in; and thinking some carrion was got into the well, he searched the bottom, but found it clear and good, though the colour of the water was turned wheyish, or pale. In about seven days after the earthquake, the water began to mend, and in three days more returned to its former sweetness and colour.

families have left Lisbon, without considering the greater the number of slight shocks the less reason is there to apprehend a violent one.

A German was invited by an English family here to take *pot luck* for dinner. He would eat no roast beef, no turkey, all the dishes passed him untouched. "I do wait for dat excellent pote loock," said he. You are in great danger of meeting with pot-luck if you walk these streets by night. Danae was less alarmed than I am at the golden shower, when I

"Hear nightly dashed into the perilous street,  
"The frequent urn."

This sound, even if you escape *extreme unctiōn*, announces another danger; there are an astonishing number of dogs here who belong to nobody, and annoy every body: these animals fortunately devour great part of what is discharged from the windows, and no sooner do they hear the fall than they run towards it from all quarters, and will nearly throw down the person who is unluckily in their way. The rats, who live among the old ruins, come to partake the banquet,



quet, for these animals live together on the most friendly terms. Many of these dogs have their ears erect.

The filth of this city is indeed astonishing; every thing is thrown into the street; and all the refuse of the kitchen, and dead animals are exposed to these scorching suns. I believe these Portuguese would throw one another out, and "leave the dead to bury the dead," if it were not the interest of the priests to prevent them.

In wet weather the streets of Lisbon are very agreeable: if you walk under the houses you are drenched by the water-spouts; if you attempt the middle, there is a torrent; would you go between the two, there is the dunghill. When it rains hard some of the streets are like rivers: I have seen the water rushing down the Rua San Bento more than three feet deep. While the stream does not yet fill up the way, some of the more considerate people make a kind of bridge over it, by placing a plank on two blocks or barrels; and at the most frequented crossings the Gallegos stand to carry people across; but sometimes this is impossible, the tide rushes with such

such force that no person can stem it. Carriages have been overturned by it in the Rua San Bento, which collects the rain from several hills, and it is not long since a woman was drowned there.

*Monday, Feb. 1.*

THE meeting of the two Courts on the frontiers gives rise to a thousand conjectures. No one attributes it to any private wish the King of Spain might have to see his daughter, or the Prince of Brazil, her husband; for it is very rarely that friendship or affection will lead a Monarch so far from home. The general opinion suspects a design on the part of Spain, to engage this country in a league with France, and this is the most probable reason that can be assigned. The French Minister is at Badajos.

At Ventas Novas we heard of a singular case of injustice occasioned by the embargo. A Carrier was employed to convey the cloaths of the Spanish Ambassador to Elvas, and paid beforehand. On the road a Juiz de Fora embargoed his

his mules, and the Ambaffador on this grand occasion was without cloaths. He wrote to Lifbon to complain of the Carrier, and the poor fellow is now in prifon.

A courier was drowned laft week in one of the freams that cros the road by Villa Viciofa. The Prince of Brazil was about to pafs the fame water a few hours before the accident happened, but his coachman refufed to venture. Had he been drowned, a bridge would have been built. As it is only a courier they will content themfelves with placing a wooden cros as a monument of the paff, inftead of preventing the danger of the future.

Nothing however of the Court politics tranfpires, thefe are carefully concealed, and it is only Court folly that is vifible. The King of Spain wifhed to hear his daughter play on the viola, and an exprefs was immediately fent to Lifbon for her inftrument !

*Tuesday,*

*Tuesday, Feb. 2.*

Lope de Vega must have strange ideas of local beauty, to call Coruna

Puerto alegre y playa  
 Que al hijo peregrino de Laerte,  
 Pudiera de tener mejor quel Lotos  
 En otros campos fertiles y fotos.

ANGELICA, Can. X.

A pleasant harbour, where the wandering Son  
 Of old Laertes from his way had ceas'd,  
 By some more powerful Lotos here detain'd  
 In fields more fair and fertile.

Not however if he had been at the Navio ! yet, if I found no Lotos there, it is the only place on this peninsula where I have seen the seeds of improvement and the fruit of knowledge. The English here are the most indefatigable dancers and the most inveterate Casino players in Europe. I have now almost run the gauntlet thro' all my introductions, and passed thro' the purgatory of my first visits.

A man

A man of well cultivated mind will feldom find a woman equal to him while the present execrable system of female education prevails; however if he does not find equality he can make it: Woman is a more teachable animal than man: but when the man is inferior to his wife, Ignorance, Conceit, and Obstinacy, form an indivisible Trinity in Unity, which will for ever prevent his improvement.

The one sex must be improved by the other, before either can be good. The women are anxious to acquire frivolous accomplishments, because the men admire frivolity, and the men are complaisant enough to admire what their mistresses possess. Thus, as in all cases, two evils become mutually cause and effect, and perpetuate each other.

Every person here is musical; but it is the mere mechanism of music that they cultivate, which the Spartans so wisely condemned in Timotheus. Your musical amateurs of the present day are accurate with their ears and nimble with their fingers, but there is no harmony in their hearts. They are in raptures at the unmeaning  
and

and unmanly quavers of the Italian, but they feel not the sad and simple ballad strains where sense and sound are united. “Music,” said Owen Feltham, “being but a sound, only works on the mind for the present, and leaves it not reclaimed but rapt for a while, and then it returns, forgetting the only ear-deep warbles.”

As Society is at present, however, music generally affords a very seasonable relief to the whole company. Young ladies love to display themselves at the harpsichord, and young gentlemen love to stand by, and turn over the leaves and compliment them, and they who have little to say, and they who have much to think of, are glad of an excuse to sit silent.

There is no solitude more profitable than that which a Philosopher never fails to find in a crowd. The time is not wholly lost in sitting by a card-table, or looking on at a dance; the mind might indeed be employed to more visible advantage in the study; but the husbandman injures not himself by letting his field lie fallow: the rains and dews of heaven produce no immediate

diate benefit, yet they fertilize the soil and prepare it for the future harvest.

What think you of the application of the leading ideas in this sonnet of Luis de Gongora?

==

ESTE, que en la fortuna mas subida,  
 No cupo en si, ni cupo en el su fuerte,  
 Viviendo parecia digno de muerte,  
 Muriendo parecia digno de vida.  
 O Providencia no comprehendida!  
 Auxilio superior, aviso fuerte!  
 El humo en que el aplauso se convierte  
 Haze la misma afrenta mas esclarecida.  
 Purifico un cuchillo los perfectos  
 Medios que Religion zelante ordena,  
 Para ascender a la mayor victoria;  
 Y trocanda las causas sus efectos,  
 Si glorias le conducen a la pena  
 Penas le restituyen a la gloria.

IN-

\* This sonnet is attributed by Gracian to Gongora, and said to have been written upon a *Monster of Fortune*. I have since found it in the works of the Conde de Villamediana, Juan de Tarsis, where it is entitled upon the death of Don Rodrigo Calderon.

## INSCRIPTION

## FOR A BUST

OF

DANTON.



LO this was he, with firm and even step,  
 Who trod the maze of Fortune. Dost thou  
 mark  
 Each strong-drawn feature? To the voice of  
 woe  
 His ear was deaf; when Danger thundered  
 round,  
 He heard and smil'd. This is the rigid eye  
 Where Pity never gleam'd, and this the front  
 That wore no frown in death. Worthy to die  
 His life condemn'd him, but his dying hour  
 Approv'd him fit to live: such DANTON was:  
 Then only mean when powerful, to his Fate  
 He sunk superior, and amid the course  
 Of FAME, by DEATH arrested, he from DEATH  
 Received the meed of Glory that he sought.

LETTER



## LETTER XVI.

THE sight of a Monastery or a Monk always fills me with mingled emotions of pity and disgust : foul and filthy men without accomplishments, or virtues, or affections, it is yet the system they are subject to that has made them what they are, and the more they are adapted to their situation, the more are they to be pitied, for the deeper is their degradation.

The monastic life is not however wholly without its allurements. The indolent who is content to vegetate through existence without experiencing more pleasure or more pain than vegetables probably feel, the bigot whose mind is rendered dark and sullen by the dread of a gloomy and severe God, and the man who is wearied and disgusted with mankind because he

knows

knows them, will alike love the tranquillity of the Convent ; for tranquillity is all they ask, and this the Convent can bestow. If there is nothing to rouse to rapture, there is nothing to excite anguish, and as man has made this world, they will probably be rendered happier by the negation of both.

I abhor the order, the vices they practise, and the evils they produce ; yet if we coolly examine the history of the greater part of them, we should find them objects of compassion. Are they debauched ? Alas ! God wisely gave us passions, and it is Society that has made the indulgence of them vicious. Are their opinions different from what they so solemnly profess ? are they heretics—infidels—frequently Atheists ?—Between perjury and martyrdom there is no medium here, and surely in this case it is wiser and better to live like a rogue than to die like a fool.

Our professions are usually chosen for us, and our educations regulated accordingly, at an age when it is not possible that we can decide wisely for ourselves : when that arrives, if our  
 principles

principles militate against the choice, what course must we pursue? It is dangerous when we set out on the voyage of life in an ill-provisioned vessel; to reject the aid of the pilot and seize the helm ourselves.

It is in vain to talk of what is right and just; the calls of Hunger are more importunate than the remonstrances of Conscience: there is no fortress that Famine cannot overcome. It is in vain to talk of the evil produced by Hypocrisy; of its effects on the head and the heart of him who professes what he does not believe. The head and the heart! Alas! there is another part of civilized man to which he must attend, of which the respectable Savage, and the more respectable Oran-Outang, are happily ignorant,—his pocket. Man must live, and that “not by bread alone.”

It is the interest only of their children that parents consult, by the fatal error that confiders interest and happiness as the same. To this every thing is sacrificed, and the Roman Catholic destines his child to the Monastery as the

Italian qualifies him for the opera, without compunction. At the age of fifteen the child is allowed to take those vows that seclude him for ever from human duties and human virtues, not from the passions and frailties of humanity. In this situation all the energy of the mind is destroyed, or “like a tree whose upward growth is obstructed, branches into deformity.” The vow once taken, the interest of the order becomes that of the individual, and though he finds neither the virtue or the happiness in the Cloister that he was taught to expect, with unceasing diligence he imposes on others by the same deceitful allurements, as one soldier is made the decoy-bird to entrap another. The drowning man will drag down whatever he can grasp by a convulsive instinct; but how shall we account for that horrible desire in the miserable and the wicked to associate others in wretchedness and depravity?

The studious man however may become as useful to society in his cell as in the world; and if, as is not unfrequently the case, he sacrifices domestic comfort to his literary pursuits, he may

as well be buried in the Monastery as sepulchre himself in his chamber : but what pretext on the side of reason can be assigned for condemning a female to this seclusion ? There is not a part of the civilized world where the female mind is not murdered by the customs of society, and thus to immure them is to render them wretched as well as contemptible. Of the two animals woman is the best ; her affections are more pure and more constant than the affections of man ; and if the improvements of a rational education be added to this natural disposition, the character becomes little less than perfect. But when a woman possessed of these affections is sacrificed to family pride, without these improvements to console her, what life can be imagined more cheerless than that of the Nunnery ?

I cannot express to you the anger I felt at hearing a circumstance which many of the English here remember. About twenty-five years ago a Nun made her escape from a convent of Carthusians at Grillus, the most austere of all the Franciscan order. The convent is by the river into which the common shore discharges

itself. This miserable woman crawled through the common shore, and proceeded through the mud at low water, till by a boat moored near she got on board an English vessel, where she begged to be concealed. The English Captain voluntarily gave her up! though her place of retreat could not have been suspected, for the tide had obliterated all traces of her path. Her fate was never known, but it was reported that she was put to death!

But the dominion of Superstition is tottering. The Babylonian is now grown old and ugly; and though she throw aside her scarlet garments and affect the mien of modesty, and though she paint inch-deep to hide her wrinkles, she can now no longer allure mankind.

Richardson has written on the propriety of establishing Protestant nunneries, and some such institutions are much wanted. I know no situation more melancholy than that of a well educated young woman left fortuneless in England, there is no occasion to add friendless, for the words are nearly synonymous. To become dependant is either to be dissatisfied and unhappy,

or contented and contemptible; and those branches of trade in which they might acquire independance have been seized by the other sex. I look upon a Man Milliner not only as one of the most despicable members of society, but as one of the most injurious. When I see one of these fellows, his neck pilloried in his neckcloth, moving his eyes instead of his head, lest he should derange the feathery friz of his hair, (on which flour enough has been wasted for the poor man's meal) and hear him haranguing upon the merits of mullin, for the becoming colour of a ribbon, anger will mingle itself with the feeling of contempt, for the employment that degrades this animal might have preserved a woman from prostitution.

If Government consulted the real welfare and morality of the people, it should prevent men from intruding into any business of this nature. If individuals would, as far as they can, supply the deficiencies of Government, they should never enter a shop where a man exercises the office which a woman might hold. But the example of the Slave Trade has shewn that little is

to be expected from Government, and less from individuals.

Still it is the duty of an honest man to enter his solitary protest against the evil which he cannot prevent; the Physician should prescribe tho' the patient be too mad or too foolish to follow the prescription. Large buildings ought to be erected where women might at all times be employed in tasks fitting their sex, and thus earn a comfortable support, and the interpretation of that word *comfortable* must not be left to a Churchwarden. Such asylums should, like the nunneries of Roman Catholic countries, be held honourable, and sanctified by the public opinion.

If you will reflect upon some such plan by yourself, you will find nothing more easy: if you reflect upon the world we live in, you will find no event more improbable. Man will amuse himself with remedying the effects of evil, not in removing the causes. What! erect an institution to prevent guilt, when there is the prison and the gallows to punish it? An institution to prevent wretchedness and diseases when there are workhouses enough for the poor, and hospitals  
 enough



enough for the diseased, where the one is condemned to the care of a Parish Overseer, and the other to the knife of a hospital Surgeon.

When I reprobate monasteries, let me except La Trappe—the asylum of the wretched. What wisdom might not be collected from the histories of those men who have retired to dig their own graves, and labour in a silence not enforced by vows, yet rendered eternal by inclination; who can read the inscription over the portal, and enter :

C'est ici que la mort et que la verité  
 Elevent leur flambeau terrible ;  
 C'est de cette demeure au monde inaccessible  
 Que l'on passe a l'Eternité.

“ It is here that Death and Truth lift up their dreadful torches ; through this abode, inaccessible to the world, is the passage to Eternity.”\*

#### LETTER

\* I make no apology to the reader for enriching my volume with the following beautiful poem on monastic life. It is by Francis Quarles, in his Hieroglyphicks of the Life of Man. The Emblem is a dark-lantern. The Motto,

## LETTER XVII.

EUROPE (says Antonio de Macedo) is the best of the four quarters of the globe: Spain is the best part of Europe; Portugal \* is the best part

Motto, "Nec Virtus obscura petit." The text of Scripture, "Let your light so shine that men seeing your good works may glorify your father who is in heaven."

WAS it for this, the breath of Heaven was blown

Into the nostrils of this heavenly creature?

Was it for this that sacred Three in One

Conspir'd to make this quintessence of Nature?

Did Heavenly Providence intend

So rare a fabric for so poor an end?

Was Man, the highest master-piece of nature,

The curious abstract of the whole creation,

Whose soul was copied from his great Creator,

Made to give light, and set for observation,

Ordain'd for this? to spend his light

In a dark-lantern cloistered up in night?

Tell

\* He wrote when Portugal was annexed to Spain. His book is in Spanish, and entitled, "Flores de España—Excelencias de Portugal."

part of Spain. The tales of the Fortunate  
Islands and the Elyfian Fields are not the mere  
fables

Tell me, recluse Monastic, can it be

A disadvantage to thy beams to shine?

A thousand tapers may gain light from thee;

Is thy light less or worse for lighting mine?

If, wanting light, I stumble, shall

Thy darkness not be guilty of my fall?

Why dost thou lurk so close? is it for fear

Some busy eye should pry into thy flame,

And spy a thief, or else some blemish there?

O! being spy'd, shrink'st thou thy head for shame?

Come, come, fond taper! shine but clear,

Thou need'st not shrink for shame, nor shroud for fear.

Remember, O remember, thou wert set

For men to see the great Creator by;

Thy flame is not thine own: it is a debt

Thou ow'st thy Maker. And wilt thou deny

To pay the interest of thy light?

And skulk in corners, and play least in fight?

Art thou afraid to trust thy easy flame

To the injurious waste of Fortune's puff?

Ah! Coward, rouse, and quit thyself for shame:

Who dies in service, hath liv'd long enough!

Who shines, and makes no eye partaker,

Usurps himself, and closely robs his Maker.

Make not thyself a Pris'ner, that art free;

Why dost thou turn thy Palace to a Jail?

Thou art an Eagle; and befits it thee

To live immured like a cloister'd snail?

Let toys seek corners; things of cost

Gain worth by view; hid jewels are but lost.

fables of the poets; they described places that really exist; and only indeed gave a faint description of Lisbon and the adjacent country. So much for the beauty and optimism of Portugal. Its great antiquity is as boldly asserted, and as clearly proved. The foundation of Lisbon by Ulysses was designed by Pope for an episode in his projected epic poem; and forms the subject of the *Ulysses* of Gabriel Pereira de Castro; but this belongs to the Poets, and tempting as is the etymology of Lisbon from Ulysses the antiquarian rejects it. It was founded by Elisa the eldest son of Javan (says Luis Marinho de Azevedo); he called it Elifeon—thence Elisbon—Lisbon. Nothing can be plainer!

If however the honour of founding the metropolis of Portugal be contested between Elisa and Ulysses, there is no controversy concerning the establishment of Setuval by Tubal.

One

My God! my light is dark enough at lightest:

Increase her flame, and give her strength to shine;

'Tis frail at best; 'tis dim enough at brightest;

But 'tis her glory to be foil'd by thine.

Let others lurk: my light shall be

Propos'd to all men, and by them to thee.

One of the many excellencies of Portugal is its great population. Do you question this? Macedo tells you that Tubal at his death left sixty-five thousand descendants. Do you object to this as too remote a fact? It contained five hundred and sixty-eight thousand inhabitants in the time of Augustus. But you want to know if it be populous at present. His proof is decisive. Blanca de Rocha, the wife of Rodrigo Monteiro, had fourteen children at a birth, who were all baptized. Maria Marcella had seven at a birth, who all entered the church, greatly to the benefit of population no doubt! and Inez del Casal de Gueday was married seven times, and had an hundred and nine children.

Aristotle observes that the inhabitants of cold countries and the Europeans possess great courage but little genius, and that the Asiatics have great genius but little courage, the effect of climate; but as the Greeks are situate between both, they partake the qualities of both and are consequently more perfect than either. Experience proves this more clearly than any reasoning can do. It is manifest to every person that the Europeans are superior to the rest of the world, and that of them, they who inhabit the more temperate

perate regions are the more perfect by nature, as we see the Spaniards and Italians; and it is evident that as Lisbon is situate in the most temperate aspect, the influence of the Heavens must necessarily make the inhabitants most perfect of all, both in corporeal beauty and mental excellence. So says Luis Mendes de Vasconcellos.

There was once a Lady in Lisbon, of such superior ugliness, that she was the jest of the whole city. Mortified by the unfortunate singularity of being ugly where all besides were beautiful, she prayed with unceasing fervor to her patron Saint, St. Vincent. Her prayers were heard, and she beheld herself one morning in her looking glass the most beautiful woman in Portugal. “I say,” exclaims Macedo, “that the Saint works many such miracles, for he is much and devoutly worshipped, his benevolence is great, and power cannot be wanting in him, for he dwells in the presence of God: but what convinces me is that without some such miraculous interposition the Portuguese women could not possibly be so beautiful.”

Such then, according to those who must be best acquainted with them, are the excellence is of the  
country,

country, the metropolis, and the inhabitants. There are likewise Nine Excellencies in the Portuguese language; and these, as quoted from Macedo, are prefixed to the new Dictionary of the Academy.

Excellence the first.— Its great antiquity. One of the seventy-two languages given by God to the builders of Babel, being brought into Portugal by Tubal.

second.—It has every quality which a language ought to have to be perfect.

third.— Harmonious pronunciation of the Portuguese language.

fourth.— Brevity of the Portuguese language.

fifth.— Perfect orthography of the Portuguese language.

Excellence

Excellence the sixth.—Aptitude of the Portuguese language to any kind of stile.

—————\*seventh.—Great similarity of the Portuguese language to the Latin.

### Excellence

\* Some of the Portuguese writers have amused themselves by composing the two languages at once: “O quam gloriosas memorias publico, considerando quanto vales nobilissima lingua Lusitana, cum tua facundia excessivamente nos provocas, excitas, inflammas; quam altas victorias procuras, quam celebres triumphos speras, quam excellentes fabricas fundas, quam perversas furias castigas, quam feroces insolencias rigorosamente domas, manifestando de prosa de metro tantas elegancias Latinas.

*Manoel Severim de Faria.*

This hymn to St. Ursula and Eleven Thousand Virgins is a better specimen.

CANTO tuas palmas, famosos canto triumphos,  
Ursula divinos martyr concede favores.

Subiectas sacra nymphea feros animosa tyrannos.

Tu Phœnix vivendo ardes, ardendo triumphas.

Illustres generosa choras das Ursula, bellas

Das rosa bella rosas, fortes das sancta columnas.

*Æternos*



Excellence the eight.—The wide extent of country where the Portuguese language is spoken.

—————ninth.—The commendation which so many authors have bestowed upon the Portuguese language.

A long

Æternos vivas annos o regia planta!

Devotos cantando hymnos, vos invoco sanctas,

Tam puras nymphas amo, adoro, canto, celebro.

Per vos felices annos o candida turba;

Per vos innumeros de Christo spero favores.

The Author says,

Lidos em Latim feraon Latinos,

Lidos em Portuguez faon Portuguezes.

GEORGE of MONTEMAYOR has composed a Sonnet which is at once Spanish and Portuguese.

AMOR con delamor se esta pagando,

Dura paga pegada estranamente,

Duro mal de sentir estando ausente

De

A long proof is annexed to each of these propositions, and the whole fills three folio pages.

All this reminds me of the Esquimaux, who distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind by the title of MEN. \*One of these MEN saw a dried monkey in England, and declared in the utmost agitation that it was a little old Esquimaux!

Strip a Spaniard of all his virtues and you make a good Portuguese of him, says the Spanish proverb. One who is well acquainted with both countries, and has no prejudices in favour

De mihi que vivo en pena lamentando.

O mal, porque te vas manifestando?

Bastavate matarme ocultamente,

Que en fe de tal amor, como prudente,

Podiais, esta alma atormentando.

Considerar podia Amor de mi,

Estando en tanto mal que desespero,

Que en firme fundamento este fundado.

Ora se espante Amor en verme assi,

Ora digo que passo, ora que espero

Sospiros, defamor, pena, cuidado.

\* See Major Cartwright's Journal.

favour of either, denies its truth ; he says, “ add hypocrisy to a Spaniard’s vices, and you have the Portugueze character.” These nations blaspheme God, by calling each other natural enemies. Their feelings are mutually hostile, but the Spaniards despise the Portugueze, and the Portugueze hate the Spaniards.

Almost every man in Spain smokes ; the Portugueze never smoke, but most of them take snuff. None of the Spaniards will use a wheel-barrow, none of the Portugueze carry a burthen : the one says it is only fit for beasts to draw carriages, the other that it is only fit for beasts to carry burthens. All the porters in Lisbon are Gallegos, an industrious and honest race, despised by both nations for the very qualities that render them respectable. When my Uncle lived at Porto, he wanted his servant to carry a small box to the next house ; the man said he was a Portugueze, not a beast ; and actually walked a mile for a Gallego to carry the box.

The history of the present war will show with what wisdom public affairs are conducted in this kingdom. The Portugueze were engaged by

treaty to furnish the English with a certain number of ships, or a certain sum of money, and the Spaniards with troops, or money. The money was expected, but Martinho de Mello, the Minister and Secretary of State, argued, that as the money was to be expended, it was wiser to expend it among their own countrymen, and discipline soldiers and sailors: the ships were therefore sent to Portsmouth, and troops to Rouffillon. Mello's measures were vigorous; he resolved to place every part of the Portugueze dominions in a state of defence, recalled the General of one of the provinces, appointed him Commander in Chief in Brazil, and ordered him to be ready to depart at an hour's notice; but Mello was old and infirm, he was taken ill, and during his illness the party who disapproved his measures had the management, and every thing was at a stand. After remaining three months at Lisbon, the General saw no probability of departing, and he therefore sent for his furniture and wife and family to Lisbon. Soon after they arrived the Secretary recovered. Every thing was hurried for the expedition, and the General sent his wife, family and furniture home again. Again Mello was taken ill, again the preparations were

suspended,

suspended, and again the General called his family to Lisbon. The old man recovered, sent them all into the country, forwarded the preparations, fell ill a third time and died. The measures of the Government have since been uniformly languid, and, with a stupidity that almost exceeds belief, though they had sent ships to England and troops to Spain, they never believed themselves at war with France, till the French took their ships at the mouth of the river.

A Portuguese vessel was taken by the French and carried into the isle of Bourbon. The Portuguese insisted that they were not at war with France, and as the French were not quite certain they were about to restore the ship, when another prize was brought in; in searching this they found an English newspaper, with an account that the Portuguese fleet had arrived at Portsmouth. The next French vessel that arrived brought the French newspaper, with a list of the Two and twenty nations with whom the Republic was at war.

## LETTER XVIII.



THE Spanish writers have not excelled in lyric poetry, the most difficult kind of composition. Father Luis de Leon is one of their best lyric authors, and the following is esteemed the best of his Odes.

FOLGABA el Rey Rodrigo  
 Con la hermosa Caba en la ribera  
 De Tejo sin testigo :  
 El pecho sacó fuera  
 El Rio, y le hablo de esta manera :

En mal punto te goces  
 Injusto forzador, que ya el sonido  
 Oyo ya y las voces,  
 Las armas y el bramido  
 De Marte, de furor y ardor cenido.

¡ Ay esa tu alegría  
 Que llantos acarrea ! y esa hermosa,  
 Que vio el Sol en mal día,  
 A España ay quan lloroso,  
 Y al ceptro de los Godos quan costosa !

Llamas, dolores, guerras,  
 Muertes, afolamientos, fieros males  
 Entre tus brazos cierras,  
 Trabajos inmortales  
 A ti y a tus vasallos naturales.

A los que en Constantina  
 Rompen el fertil suelo, a los que bana  
 El Ebro, a la vecina  
 Sanfuenta, o Lusitana  
 A toda la especiosa y triste España.

Ya dende Cadiz llama  
 El injuriado Conde, a la venganza.  
 Atento, y no a la fama,  
 La barbara pujanza  
 En quien para tu dano no hay tardanza.

Oye que al cielo tóca  
 Con teméroso fon la trompa fiera  
 Que en Africa convoca  
 El Moro a la vándera  
 Que al ayre desplegada va ligera.

La lanza ya blandéa  
 El Arabe cruel, y hiere al viento,  
 Llamando a la pelea:  
 Innumerable quento  
 De esquadras juntas vide en un momento.

Cubre la gente el suelo:  
 Debajo de las velas desaparece  
 La mar, la voz al cielo.  
 Confusa y varia crece,  
 El polvo roba el dia, y le obscurece.

¡ Ay que ya presurofos  
 Subén las largas naves! ¡ ay que tienden  
 Los brazos vigorosos  
 A los remos, y encienden  
 Las mares espumosas por do hienden!



El Eolo derecho  
 Hinche la vela en popa, y larga entrada  
 Por el Herculeo estrecho  
 Con la punta acerada,  
 El gran padre Neptuno da a la Armada.

¡ Ay triste y aun te tiene  
 El mal dulce regazo, ni llamado  
 Al mal que sobreviene  
 No acorres ! ¡ ocupado  
 No ves ya el puerto a Hercules sagrado ?

Acude, acorre, vuela,  
 Trafspasa el alta sierra, ocupa el llano,  
 No perdones la espuela,  
 No des paz a la mano,  
 Menca fulminando el hierro infano.

¡ Ay quanto de fatiga !  
 ¡ Ay quanto de dolor ésta presente  
 Al que biste loriga,  
 Al Infante valiente  
 A hombres y a cabellos juntamente !

Y tu Betis divino,  
 De fangre aĝeno y tuya amancillado,  
 Daras al mar vecino  
 ¡ Quanto yelmo quebrado !  
 ¡ Quanto cuerpo de nobles destrozado !

El furibundo Marte  
 Cinco luces las haces defordena.

Igual a cada parte :  
 La sexta,—¡ Ay—te condena !  
 ¡ O cara patria, o barbara cadena !

**RODRIGO**, from the world apart,  
 Retir'd where Tagus flows,  
 Clasp'd the fair CABA closely to his heart,  
 When lo ! the Spirit of the Stream arose,  
 And pour'd the prophet song of Spain's impend-  
 ing woes,

In evil hour, tyrannic King,  
 Thou dalliest here ! he cried ;  
 Even now I hear the shout of battle ring !  
 Vengeance even now stalks on with frantic  
 stride,  
 And from his giant arm he scatters ruin wide.

Ah me ! what anguish, what dismay,  
 Rise tyrant from thy lust !  
 And cursed CABA be thy natal day,  
 Whose violated charms provoke the All-just  
 To tread the Gothic powers and Gothic crown  
 in dust.

Ah me ! thou claspest in thine arms  
 Dread danger and disgrace !  
 What shrieks—what ills—what horrors—  
 what alarms—  
 Proud King ! thou foldest in thy hot em-  
 brace,  
 War—Desolation—Death—the ruin of thy  
 Race !

Woe to the sons of León! woe  
 To fair Castilia's plain!  
 And where the pleasant waves of Ebro flow,  
 The conquering infidel shall fix his reign,  
 And Lusitania yields.—Woe, woe to wretched  
 Spain!

The vengeful Count, in evil hour,  
 The impious aid shall call;  
 Swift o'er the ocean swarms the swarthy  
 power,  
 Vain the strong bulwark, vain the massy wall,  
 The bulwark soon shall shake, the fortress soon  
 shall fall.

Hark! hark! even now on Afric's coast  
 I hear the trumpet's blair!  
 From every quarter rush the robber host,  
 They rush the battle and the prey to share;  
 And high their banners wave, and bright their  
 crescents glare.

The Arab, eager for the fight,  
 Leaves his waste sands behind ;  
 Swift is his steed, and swift his arrows flight ;  
 The burning thirst of battle fires his mind,  
 He lifts his quivering lance ; he wounds the  
 passing wind.

Their warrior myriads hide the ground,  
 And now they spread the sail !  
 Hark to the multitudes impatient sound !  
 And now their louder shouts mine ear assail,  
 For now they mount the bark, and catch the  
 favouring gale.

On moves the death-denouncing load,  
 The dark deep foams below ;  
 And swift they sweep along their wat'ry  
 road,  
 And with strong arm the finewy captives  
 row,  
 And fairly blows the wind, ah me ! the wind  
 of woe !

Still onward moves the hostile host ;

Still blows the breeze aright ;

Now rises on their view the distant coast :

The mountain rocks now brighten to the  
fight,

And nearer now they view yon beacon's ancient  
height.

Still wilt thou clasp her in thine arms ?

Rise, rise, Rodrigo rise !

For now Galicia echoes to alarms ;

For now they reach the port where Geryon  
lies ;

For now triumphant there—the impious banner  
flies.

They pass the mountain's craggy bound,

They rush upon the plain :

Far o'er the realm their swift steeds scour  
around ;

Rise, rise Rodrigo, yet thy right retain,

Rodrigo, rise ! revenge thy desolated Spain.

Ah me! ah me! what toils, what woes,  
 What ills are still in store;  
 Wide o'er the country sweep the furious  
 foes;  
 Vain the strong horse, and vain the warrior's  
 power,  
 For horse and warrior fall beneath the victor  
 Moor.

Woe Tyrant! to Iberia woe!  
 Her best blood gluts the plain;  
 Then Betis black with blood thy waves  
 shall flow,  
 And clogg'd with many a Moor and Chris-  
 tian slain,  
 Thy tainted tide shall roll pollution to the main.

And now at Death's triumphant feast,  
 The bowl of blood shall flow!  
 Five fights shall rage ere yet the war has  
 ceast;  
 Then, then, Rodrigo, shall thy head lie low.  
 Woe Tyrant! woe to thee! to poor Iberia  
 woe!

The adventure of Rodrigo, in the Enchanted Tower, is alluded to by all the historians who have touched upon his reign, yet none of them have thought the wild Arabian fiction deserving a place even in their notes. I have met with it in an old account of Spain, translated from the French, of the date 1693, which gives it from Abulcacim Tariff Abentarique, who declares he had the relation from the Archbishop Oppas, who was with Rodrigo when he entered the tower, in search of a treasure supposed to be hidden there.

“This tower was built between two steep rocks, half a league to the East of Toledo; and above the story next the ground was to be seen a very deep cave, parted into four different vaults, to which a very narrow mouth or opening led cut out of the rock, and was closed with an iron door, which, as the report went, had a thousand locks and as many bolts. Over the door were certain Greek characters which admitted several significations, but the most prevalent opinion was that it was a prediction of the misfortune of him that should open it.



“ Rodrigo caused certain flambeaux to be made, which the air and wind of the cave could not put out ; and having forced open the door, he entered first of all himself, being attended by a great many persons. He had not gone many steps before he found himself in a very fair hall, adorned with sculptures, and in the middle stood a statue of brass, representing Time upon a pedestal, three cubits high, who held in his hand a battle-axe, with which the Image ever and anon struck upon the ground, and every blow resounding through the cave, made a most dreadful noise. Rodrigo was so far from being terrified, that he assured the Phantom that he came not to commit any disorder in the place of his abode, and promised to be gone so soon as he viewed all the wonders in the place ; and then the Statue ceased to strike upon the earth.

“ Thus the example of the King encouraging his followers. He took an exact view of the Hall, at the entrance into which stood a round Vatt, whence issued a water-spout that made a dreadful thundering noise. Upon the breast of the Statue was written in Arabic, I DO MY DUTY, and upon the back of it, TO MY SUCCESSOR !

cour! On the right hand, upon the wall, were to be read these words: " UNFORTUNATE PRINCE, THINE EVIL DESTINY HAS BROUGHT THEE HITHER! and on the left hand, THOU SHALT BE DISPOSSESSED BY FOREIGN NATIONS, AND THY SUBJECTS SHALL BE PUNISHED, AS WELL AS THOU THYSELF, FOR ALL THEIR CRIMES!

" Rodrigo having thus gratified his curiosity, returned; but he had no sooner turned his back, before the Statue began to strike upon the ground again: however the King caused the door to be shut fast again, and ordered the narrow passage to be stopped up with earth, to the end that nobody should ever enter for the future: but in the night there were heard on that side several loud shrieks and shrill cries, which preceded a most dreadful noise, not unlike a great thunder clap, and the next day there was no more of a tower to be seen, nor almost any footsteps of what had rendered that place so remarkable."

The introduction of the Moors furnished Luis de Leon with the subject of his best ode, and the expulsion of their descendants occasioned  
a very

a very curious sermon, preached by Juan de Ribera, Archbishop of Valencia: it is translated by Geddes; but as the valuable tracts of this author are now rare, I shall transcribe a few extracts:

His text is from Galatians v, 12. "I would they were even cut off that trouble you;" and he dwells much upon the emphatic earnestness implied in the word "utinam."

"Who among us (said this Arch-Priest) has had the zeal of Matthias, of whom the Holy Scripture saith, that when he beheld one of the people of Israel offering sacrifice to idols, at the commandment of the perverse King Antiochus, he was so set on fire by the zeal of the Lord that his bones trembled; and flying upon him that sacrificed, and him that commanded him to do it, he killed them both. This is the zeal of a servant of God, and which is so acceptable to the divine Majesty, that Phineas for the doing the same was commended of God; and Moses saith, that though he was determined to have inflicted a severe punishment upon the people, he was appeased and did remit his wrath, for the

zeal of Phineas, who killed the transgressor of the law of God.

So much in favour of perfecution from the Old Testament ; but his precedent for it from the New Testament is still more curious. “ Our Lord Christ went into the temple, and seeing that what was done there was contrary to God’s honour, the zealous God took the cords wherewith the sheep and oxen were bound, and having made a whip of them, he went about shaking it at all those cattle and men, driving them all out of the temple ; and as to those that sold pigeons he commanded them to be gone with them ; and going up to the tables of the money changers he threw them down upon the ground, scattering about the money that was upon them. Now let us consider this fact, and we shall see that besides its being *the greatest miracle that ever Christ wrought*, for so St. Hierom. saith it was, who affirms it to be greater than the raising Lazarus from the dead ! The repressing of so many, and in the sight of so great a concourse of people, after such a manner, none of them offering to lay hold of him, or denying to obey him, notwithstanding they were at that time con-  
triving

triving his death, being a thing that nothing but the Almighty God could have done!"

One extract more.—Recollect that he is preaching on one of the most absurd and barbarous acts of oppression that the history of man, so full of absurdity and barbarity, records; and that to this expulsion of the Moriscoes is the decline of Spain in a great measure to be attributed, and you will find that as this precious Archbishop is a good Christian, he is no less excellent a prophet.

“ Through the mercy of God and the paternal care of his Majesty, every thing will thrive with us, and the earth itself will grow more fertile, and will yield the fruit of blessing. It is a thing ye all know, that we have not had one fertile year since the Moriscoes were baptized, whereas now they will be all fertile, the land having been impoverished, made barren, and poisoned by their blasphemies and heresies; do not think that this is nothing but a fancy, since the divine Scriptures do every where affirm, that for sin God deprives people of temporal blessings. Let us but live in the service of our

Lord, and observe his holy law, *without wronging our neighbour*, and we shall abound with all good things. Hear what the Lord himself has said, “Obey my commandments, and keep my laws, and I do promise that you shall live in the land without fear; and the land which you possess shall bring forth fruit in such abundance that ye shall eat and be full:” and that without any fear, but with an entire rest and security, and your harvests shall be so great that “the Reapers shall work unto seed time, and the makers of wine shall meet the sowers, and ye shall build in places which were deserts, and plant vines, and drink of the wine thereof, and sow gardens, and eat of the fruit of the trees you have planted, and ye shall never be turned out of your houses, saith the Lord.”

A Monarch depopulating his country, a Minister of Christ preaching in praise of persecution, and a whole people witnessing with transport the banishment, the ruin, or the martyrdom of their neighbours, such were the effects of intolerance in Spain; and in every country its effects, if not equally ruinous have been equally horrible. The rage of persecution is of all

all vices the most maddening and the most dangerous, for it deludes us under the appearance of virtue. All other vices spring from the selfishness of our nature, this alone, the most widely ruinous of all, arises from our regard to our neighbour. The beast Man grows lazy and will not work, unless he is goaded by the whip of Want and the spur of Necessity, and he would apply motives equally forcible to drive his fellows to their happiness hereafter. Under this pretext the most atrocious passions are indulged, and the fury of the tyger becomes but a faint image of the ferocity of that worse monster Man. To promote the general happiness is a great and dazzling idea, and with this view did Philip the Second condemn his child as a heretic, with this view Mary lit the fires in Smithfield, and the Terrorists of France spread desolation over the Republic.

I am sick of intolerance! Every man I meet is a Procrustes, who measures the worth of all besides by the standard of his own opinions. From the Atheist to the Franciscan Friar, thro' the links of the Deist, the Humanist, the Socinian

cinian, the low Arian, the high Arian, the orthodox-Differter, and the high Churchman—all is intolerance! and I can persuade no one that these opposite opinions may exist without affecting the moral character. The leader of one pack will cry out against the bigotted and gloomy Christian, and the leader of the other will cry out against the profligate and sensual Atheist, and a pack of curs will yelp in chorus after the one and the other, and both the packs will set upon him who will not join in the chase of persecution.

It is not by his principles that I will judge of Man; it were as rational to describe the camelion by his colour, or the mock-bird by his note. An honest man indeed can have but one character, but Diogenes sought in vain for one two thousand years ago, and the breed is not grown more common. As for the multitude, like a looking-glass they reflect the features of those in the room with them, and unlike the honest mirror, they will flatter you to your face.



EXPERIENCE is said to be the mother of WISDOM. I have been married to EXPERIENCE so long, that if little WISDOM be not come yet the connection will be a barren one.

### LETTER XIX.

THE treatment of the Jews on this peninsula, though it forms a less prominent feature than the expulsion of the Moriscoes, may perhaps be productive of more lasting effects. The history may be given in a few lines.

Soon after the capture of Granada, Ferdinand commanded all Jews who would not be baptized, to depart from his dominions within four months on pain of death. Some went to Italy, some to Barbary and Turkey; but the main body thus expelled from Spain were literally *taken in* in Portugal. They obtained permission of John  
the

the Second, for a large sum of money, to remain in that country during some months till they could be provided with ships to carry them away. The King took their money, and admitted them into his dominions, allowed no ship to carry them out, and as soon as the term was expired he seized their effects, and sold them to his subjects for slaves.

Emanuel, who succeeded, set the Jews at liberty, but commanded them on pain of perpetual servitude, either to be baptized within a certain time, or to quit Portugal, adding that ships should be provided for their emigration at the three principal ports. The Jews accordingly repaired to these ports, and there met with a proclamation forbidding them upon pain of death to embark any where but at Lisbon: they went to Lisbon: the King then ordered that all their children under fourteen years of age should be taken from them and forcibly baptized. Many of the wretched parents to prevent this threw their children into the river or the wells, and precipitated themselves after them. The tyranny of Emanuel did not stop here; after having liberated them from a slavery which he

himself

himself acknowledged to be unjust, with a strange inconsistency he suffered no ships to receive them, and offered the alternative of slavery again or baptism. The poor victims of bigotry preferred Christianity to servitude, and three hundred thousand persons were thus baptized.

A squib of some humour on this occasion is preserved in the *Silva Curiõsa*, and said to have been found among the archives of Toledo.

*Letter from the Jews of Spain to those of Constantinople.*

Honoured Israelites, health and greeting! Know that the King of Spain by force obliges us to turn Christians, and deprives us of our effects, and destroys our synagogues, and works us many other vexations, so that we are altogether confused and uncertain how to act. We therefore intreat you by the law of Moses to give us some assistance, and send us, with all speed, the result of your deliberations to regulate our conduct.

CHAMORRA, Chief of the Jews in Spain.

*The Answer.*

Beloved Brethren in Moses,

We have received the letter, in which you have acquainted us with the troubles and misfortunes that oppress you; and we sympathize with you in your sufferings. This is the opinion of the Chiefs and Rabbis.

You say that the King of Spain by force obliges you to turn Christians. Do so, therefore, because you can do nothing else. You say that he deprives you of your effects; make your sons trademen that so by little and little you may deprive them of theirs. You say that he takes away the lives of many of your brethren; make your sons physicians and apothecaries that they may take away theirs also. As they have destroyed your synagogues, make your sons divines and priests that you may destroy theirs; and as they work you many other vexations, make your sons notaries, and lawyers, and counsellors; if you follow the advice that we give, you shall well revenge yourselves, and by this submission you  
will

will gain wealth and possessions, and we shall see that from being abject and despised you will become respected.

Ussus, Chief of the Jews in Constantinople.

The aversion of the Jews to a religion which they were thus compelled to profess, naturally became more implacable. The law of Moses was still in secret transmitted from father to son, and the vigilance of the Inquisition, and the martyrdom of so many of their brethren rendering them more circumspect, must at the same time have rendered them more bigotted. Till within the last fifty years, the burning of a Jew formed the highest delight of the Portuguese: they thronged to behold this triumph of the Faith, and the very women shouted with transport as they saw the agonizing Martyr writhe at the stake. Neither sex nor age could save this persecuted race, and Antonio Joseph da Silva, the best of their dramatic writers, was burnt alive because he was a Jew.

This infernal tyranny of the Priesthood, tho' it produces outward conformity, can extend no farther.

farther. The Jews still preserve their faith, and the true Israelite physiognomy is evident in half the people you meet. A great crowd were assembled to behold the Marquis of Pombal open a fountain which he had erected. "See, my Lord (said one of his flatterers) like Moses you make water flow from the rock!" "Yes," replied the Marquis, "and here are the Jews looking at me!"

Pombal, though a great villain, was a great Minister; perhaps calculated by the one character to excel in the other. One of his laws forbids any person to call another a Jew, and trifling as this may appear, its effects have been very beneficial.

For my own part I am unchristian enough to wish that all this nation were converted to the Jewish faith, for a reason which may be found in the twenty-third chapter of Deuteronomy, at the thirteenth verse.

I have sometimes amused myself by fancying what effects might have been produced had the book of Richard Brothers been circulated in this country.

country. Whenever Revolutionary principles shall find their way here, the Jews will probably be the first to receive them.

Geddes saw a prisoner at the Autoda Fe gagged, because immediately on coming out of the gate, and looking up to the sun, which for many years he had not seen, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "How is it possible for men who behold that glorious orb to worship any Being but him who created it!" The power of this infernal tribunal is now however seldom exerted. You will be surprised at the mildness of the sentences in the following paper, but you will be more surprised at the charges against the prisoners: the rank of the criminals, and the manner of expressing their opinions render it a curious paper, and it is most probably the last of its kind.

LIST

## LIST of the PENITENTS

AT THE

AUTO DA FE, *October 15th, 1779.*

1. JOZE DE SOUSA, a soldier of the regiment of artillery of Porto, quartered at Valenza on the Minho, who from reading impious prohibited books became a profest Atheist. He denied the mysteries of the most Holy Trinity, and the Incarnation of our Saviour. He held that all religions were good, and that every country ought to profess some on a political account. He looked upon our Lord Jesus Christ, as an Impostor, the Virgin Mary as a strumpet, the Apostles and Prophets as deceivers and fanatics, St. Dominic, St. Francis, and St. Theresa, as executioners, alluding to their being the Inventors and Patrons of the Holy Office which he blasphemously despised. He denied the immortality of the soul, and of consequence the existence of Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory. In  
short



short he was the greatest libertine, and approved of every the most impious licentiousness.

He was condemned to be shut up for three years in the Convent of Rilhafoles, and deprived of the benefits of Communion and Confession.

2. JOAON MANOEL DE ABUCI, of the same regiment, from reading the like books, denied the existence of a God: He was an Infidel, impious, blasphemous, and a Materialist; hence he took upon him to deny the utility of prayers and masses for the dead, and to hold as unlawful the alms and donations which the Clergy receive for those offices. He affirmed that the law of Nature was sufficient to keep men honest, that simple fornication was not criminal, and that the Americans were not the descendants of Adam, expressly denying the authority of the sacred writings.

He was condemned to three years confinement at Rilhafoles; and on being asked whether he did not think the fire of Purgatory more intense than that of Hell, he said he believed that it must be, on account of its boiling the  
cauldrons

cauldrons of such a number of Ecclesiastics and Friars: however he imagined they would not experience any of its heat after they were dead, because they consumed so great a share of it while they were living.

3. MANOEL DE ESPIRITO SANTO LIMPO, native of Olivenza, and serjeant in the same regiment. An impious Atheist and a Blasphemer of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom he gave the appellation not of God but of a Good Philosopher. He affirmed that Religion was a mere chimera, and a political invention to keep men in obedience and subordination to those who govern. That if our Saviour had been really God, he would never have left the stupendous firmament of the Heavens to come upon earth for the love of such a vile creature as man. He despised the sacraments and ordinances of the Church, eat meat on fast days, did not hear mass on holy days, and denies the free will of man.

He was condemned to three years imprisonment at Rilhafoles.

4. HEN-

4. HENRIQUE LEITÃO DE SOUZA, native of Penamajor, and a Cadet, from reading the same heretical and prohibited books became an Atheist, and of consequence denied the sacred writings, the mysteries of the most Holy Trinity, and the Incarnation. He was an impious blasphemer of Jesus and the Virgin Mary, the Apostles and Prophets: he held the sufficiency of the Law of Nature, and that simple fornication was lawful.

7. ALEXO VAGNER, a Lieutenant Major, was  
 Condemned to Rilhafoles for three years.

5. JOZE BANETO, native of Valenza, a Cadet, from the same cause, the reading of prohibited books, became an impious and incredulous Atheist and Blasphemer, calling Ladies of his acquaintance Nossa Senhora da Carma, and Santa Benta, and by other names which the Church holds as the most venerable.

Condemned to three years confinement at Rilhafoles.

8. MICHAEL KINGSTON, Major, and Lieutenant in the same regiment, was  
 6. JOZE LEANDRO MILLANI, native of Lisbon, and Lieutenant of the same regiment, from reading

reading impious prohibited books was an Atheist, Materialist, a despiser of the Sacraments and Ordinances of the Church, and a strenuous defender of simple fornication, and of the indifference or equal goodness of all religions.

Condemned to Rilhafoles for three years, and deprived of the benefits of Communion and Confession.

7. ALEXO VACHE, a Frenchman, native of Hieres in Provence, and Surgeon of the same regiment, an Atheist, Materialist, and a defender of suicide, which whilst in prison he likewise endeavoured to put in practice, but did not succeed in the attempt; he held simple fornication to be no sin.

Condemned to the Convent of French Capuchins for three years, and banished for three years more to Viseo.

8. MIGUEL KINCESLAGH, native of Brussels, and Major in the same regiment, who at the age of eighteen enlisted himself in Hungary, in the troops and service of the Emperor Charles

the Sixth, where he served a considerable time, and contracted some doubts in religion from being acquainted with persons of different persuasions, and from reading prohibited books, by which he was led to neglect hearing mass, for which he was fined three months pay. Going with his regiment into Sclavonia, he there followed the Greek Church, and on his return he entered into the Society of Free Masons, notwithstanding that Society was condemned as heretical by Benedict XIII. He afterwards held that all religions were indifferent, denied Purgatory, which he looked upon as invented for the interest of the Church, profest religion solely from formality and political motives, and defended the sufficiency of the Law of Nature. He preferred the Confession which the Lutherans make before God, to the Auricular Confession practised by the Catholic Church, and disapproved of the custom of giving absolution to the soldiers before they went to battle.

Three years confinement at Rilhafoles, and three years banishment to Lamego.

9. JOZE ANASTASIO DA CUNHA, Lieutenant of the same regiment, and Professor of Geometry in the University of Coimbra. Reading prohibited books, and an intimacy with people of various persuasions, made him first of all embrace a liberty of conscience, and afterwards an apostate, a favourer of toleration, indifferent to religion, a Libertine, and an Atheist. He held that God could not punish such as through ignorance embraced a false religion, denied Predestination and the mysteries of the most Holy Trinity; approved of simple fornication, disapproved of celibacy as prejudicial to the state, in a sacrilegious irreverent manner partook of the Holy Sacrament, and said it was a natural violence to attempt to enslave the minds of men by religion.

Three years to the Convent of Necessidades, banished four years to Evora, and ordered never more to return to Coimbra or Valenza.

10. JOZE MARIA TEICERA, native of Valenza on the Minho, five years a student of the Canon Law. An Atheist, and such an impious blasphemous of Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary

as is too horrid to relate. He believed none of the mysteries of Religion, held that God could not create men to offend him, that the law of Nature was the only law necessary, denied Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory, called the Apostles and Prophets impostors, was a Materialist, denied the authority of Scripture, said that Confession was invented by a Pope, and attempted to make converts to his erroneous persuasions, to which he was so bigotted as to make the most horrid imprecations whilst in prison, and to tempt God to convert water into blood, as a proof of the truth of the Christian Religion, which he said he would then believe.

Condemned to walk at the Auto da Fe with a Carocha,\* and a label of a Dogmatist, and after being publicly whipped through the streets, to be confined three years at Rilhañoles, five in the galleys, and to have his sentence read in Valenza and to the University of Coimbra.

\* A Cap ornamented with Devils and hell-fire-flames.

LETTER

## LETTER XX.

## MADRIGAL

BY

FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO VILLEGAS.

UN famoso Escultor, Lisi esquivá!

En una piedra te ha imitado viva,

Y ha puesto mas cuydado en retatarte

Que la Naturaleza en figurarte :

Pues si te dio blancura, y pecho elado,

El lo mismo te ha dado.

Bellissima en el mundo te hizo ella,

Y el no te ha repetido menos bella;

Mas ella, que te quiso hacer piadosa,

De materia tan blanda, y tan suave

Te labro, que no sabe

De el jazmin distinguirte, y de la rosa;

Y el, que buelta de advierte en piedra ingrata

De loque tu te hiciste te retrata.

SEE



SEE Lifs where the Sculptor's art  
 Has form'd thine image of this polished stone,  
 All perfect he perform'd his part;  
 Which Nature has not done.

Has Nature form'd thy bosom white?  
 Lo how the marble mocks the mountain snow!  
 Thy charms unriyall'd meet the fight,  
 And this is matchless too.

O'er thy fair cheek that hue she spread,  
 That hue that flies and flushes there so oft;  
 She made thy lips so roseate red,  
 Thy lips that seem so soft.

Ah Lifs, maid of marble heart,  
 Here justly art thou form'd by him alone  
 For here thou seemest what thou art,  
 So cold—so hard—in stone!

If you are pleas'd with this Madrigal of the  
 excellent Quevedo, the following Portugueze  
 one equally deserves to be read.

## MADRIGAL

JERONYMO BAHIA,

SANTO ESTEVAM PROTO-MARTYR,

*Esculpido en huma pedra.*

MAIS do que as mãos o peito

De pedras teve armado :

E naon menos indigno, que indignado

Povo ja reprovado, hum tempo aleito

Que vos deb n' huma, e n' outra pedra dura

Proto-Martyr sagrado!

Primeiro de que morte, e sepultura. —

Mas se entaon mal ferido

Hoje bem esculpido

Se encontraon vossas pedras de tal forte,

Que vos daon vida, se vos deraon morte.

and if Jeremy Cowley, this piece presents a very singular similarity of ideas.

## MADRIGAL

TO

ST. STEPHEN,

Upon this being carved in Stone.

national spirit, poem,—that Charles II. of England is the hero,—this is written in neither upon his mistreatment,—his religion, but upon his

**HARD** were, O Stephen! blessed Saint;

The stones that martyr'd you;

But surely harder were the hearts

Of that ungodly crew.

It was this I mean, to whom Swift immortalized

The impious Jews with ruthless force

Huge stones against you sent ;

Ah me ! before they gave you death

They made your monument !

Of the Royal House of Sion.

But retribution comes at last,

As you by stone were slain ;

So by the Sculptor's matchless art

In stone you live again.

If Cowley did not understand Portugueze, and if Jeronymo Bahia never read Cowley, this piece presents a very singular similarity of idea.

OT

But I will give you a complete account of a comple Portugueze Poem. You will be surpris'd to hear that you must consider it as a national Epic Poem,—that Charles II. of England is the hero,—that it is written neither upon his misfortunes, or his restoration, but upon his marriage with Catherine Princess of Portugal, and consequent conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. Catherine has been the theme of song in England, as well as in her own country; for it was this Princess whom Swift immortalized in the memorable stanza:

Here's a health to Kate,  
Our Master's mate,  
Of the Royal House of Lisbon,  
And the Devil take Hyde  
And the Bishop beside  
Who made her bone of his bone.

ACCOUNT

OF

CARLOS REDUZIDO,

INGLATERRA ILLUSTRADA.

CHARLES REDEEMED.

ENGLAND ILLUSTRIFIED,

AN HEROIC POEM,

BY

PEDRO DE AZEVEDO TOJAL.

—

PROTESTATION of the AUTHOR.

I PROTEST that the dreams and celestial visions of which I have made use in this poem, are nothing more than fictions, such as usually enter into the ingenious workmanship of the laborious fabric of an Heroic Poem. And as for the endearing expressions of the Divinities, their amorous discourses and their amorous acts, which.

which are in some places treated of, they are not meant to offend the purity of good morals, but only to give spirit and nature to the picture of poetry, life to the affections, and strength to the expressions of imitative art; which would otherwise be feeble, and unfaithfully represent human feelings. Notwithstanding if any thing shall be found in this poem contrary to morality, or the doctrines of our most holy Faith, I submit it to the correction of the Religious, and the vigilant Ministers of our Holy Mother Church, whom I reverence as my Mother, and to whom as a Son I vow all my actions, love, and obedience.

LEDO DE AVREDO TOI AI

## CANTO I.

SE na doce manhana da terra idade

Adulando as verduras dos meus annos

Dey amorosos cultos a vaidade,

Erros seguindo, idolotrando enganos,

Meu plectro consagrando a eternidade

Aquelles templos que erigi profanos

Agora prostrarei, cantando agora

Aquella, que foy de Anglia illustre Aurora.

Aquella

Aquella fem igual Heroína Augusta

Que inflammada de hum zelo peregrino

Com soberano ardor, cou fe robusta,

O Efpofo ao culto-reduzio divino:

Aquella emfim de quem Plutaon fe affulta,

Cujo exemplo o Emispherio diamentino

De Astros encheo, que tanto se illustraram

Que de Anglicos a Angelicos passaram.



IF in the pleasant morning of my life

Wasting the hours of youth, I gave my mind

To many an amorous care, and idolized

The vanities of Love—an erring man—

I now destroy the airy piles I built;

Strung for the immortal song, I hallow now

My harp to holier strains, and sing of her

The bright Aurora of the British day.

Yes, that unequall'd heroine august

I sing, who with strong faith and fervent zeal

By

By Heaven inspired, to Heaven's own rites re-  
 stor'd  
 Her husband : her whom Pluto knew and fear'd :  
 Her, to behold whose deeds the host of stars  
 Shouted their high thanksgiving, when she made  
*Angels of Angles.*

This wretched old pun has now appeared in three languages, and is equally lamentable in all.

The Poet now invokes his Muse to inspire him with such ardour that Apollo may admire his song, and hear it from East to West : he then addresses Christ, then the Virgin Mary, and last of all the King John V. whom, as his spirit is heavenly and his body mortal, he knows not whether to call human or divine.

England has been thirty-two lustra alienated from the successor of Peter, and devoted to the worship of Lucifer. Saint Ursula, moved by pity and patriotisim, prays to God to enlighten her countrymen ; the Deity yields to her prayers, tells her he will alter his decree of everlasting  
 damnation,



damnation, and sends the Archangel Michael to reveal to King John, in a dream, that Catherine must celebrate the sacrament of marriage with Charles of England:

MIGUEL cruzando os pelagos do vento,

Voa a terra do Olimpo luminoso,

De luzes matizando a espera pura,

Qual astro, que illumina a treva escura.

Em apparencia humana revestido

Visivel forma ostenta o Genio alado,

Soltando ao vento hum manto entretecido

De esplendor e de neve fabricado;

D'alvas plumas o elmo guarnecido,

De solido metal o peito armado,

Rayos vibrava a via, qual diamante

Que ao Sol defata alento scintillante.

As azas bate pelo campo etherio,

Cortando o ar com brando movimento,

As azas, que illustrando esse Emisferio,

Mostraon serem dous Soes no luzimento;

O cabello inundando o claro imperio,

Dava rayos ao Sol, ondas ao vento,

E o rosto cheyo de esplendor divino

Alento respirava perigrino.

Pelo

Pelo sereno golfo da aura estiva  
 As refulgentes azas estendendo,  
 A treva penetrava successiva;  
 Con sonoro rumor o ar rompendo:  
 Bem como quando voa a Aguia altiva  
 Que hum suave murmureo vay fazendo,  
 Tal o sagrado voo parecia  
 No som, com que as esperas suspendia.

Vence a summa distancia ao mesmo instante;  
 O Rey acha no sono sepultado,  
 Poem-se o divino Embayxador diante  
 Nas azas esteliferas librado;  
 Em quanto na potencia vacillante  
 Lhe forma o sonho o Espirito abrazado,  
 Dando ao silencio voz, alma ao conceito,  
 Estas razoens produz do fabio peito.

From the heavenly height  
 Of old Olympus, earthward Michael wing'd  
 His way, and like some orbit-starting star  
 Irradiate, leaving a long line of light,  
 Sail'd o'er the waves of wind.

In human form

Made

Made visible he past, loose on the breeze  
 Sported his mantle, in the loom of Heaven  
 Of snow and splendour woven ; his white-  
     plum'd helm,  
 His adamantine breast-plate, shot such rays  
 As from the diamond tremble to the sun.  
 His wings, two fonts of glory, on their way  
 Moved with light motion o'er the ethereal plain.  
 Wide waved his streaming hair, and to the sun  
 Pour'd radiance ; from his countenance there  
     beam'd  
 Divinest light ; celestial odours flow'd  
 Along his path, and with the noise of wings  
 In the most brief particular point of Time  
 Past he all space.

                            He found the Lusian King  
 Buried in sleep : the Ambassador of God,  
 On starry-studded pinions, o'er his couch  
 Hung pois'd, and shap'd the dream, and bodied  
     Thought,  
 And gave a voice to Silence.

Michael performs his errand. The King tells  
 the Queen ; she approves of the marriage ; he  
 communicates his intention to his Counsellors,

they approve likewise, and they send instructions to Mello.

AO grande Mello a lege author de empreza,  
 Aquelle Conde em quem resplendicia  
 D'arte o primor, os dons da natureza,  
 Que Embayxador em Londres residia.

GREAT Mello ! him their Minister they chose.  
 That Count in whom the excellence of art  
 Resplendent shone with Nature's noblest gifts,  
*Then resident Ambassador in London !*

Mello accordingly proposes the match to Charles.

A luz d'Aurora o Ceo naon cora tanto  
 Non taon purpureo ao Sol se ostenda o dia,  
 Como o Rey fez da graan que esmalta o rosto,  
 Indices d'Alma, rubricas do gosto.

No such hue

Aurora scatters o'er the blushing sky,  
 Nor at the birth of day such roseate tints  
 Adorn the Heaven, as o'er the cheek of Charles,  
 (Red-letter'd book of all that passed within)  
 Suffusing spake his soul.

Charles

Charles retires to enjoy his own reflections, and falls asleep. He is favoured with a vision, and beholds Catherine in tears, praying for the conversion of England. After her prayer is ended,

O REY vey bayxar lego  
 Huma luz, penetrando a etherea via,  
 A qual com linguas tremulas de fogo  
 Toucandoa de esplendores lhe dizia,  
 Descanca, Catherine, que o teu rogo  
 Rompendo o Alcazar, donde nasce a dia,  
 Tem alcanzado ja no Emypyreo templo  
 Seres de Lycia gloria, de Anglia exemplo.

Ao jubilo das vozes eloquentes  
 Novo ardor pareceo se lhe acendia  
 Nos olhos, que altrahiaon por elementos  
 O Ceo, que namorallos parecia :  
 Aonde em dous effeytos differentes  
 Hum Ethna, e hum diluvio confundia,  
 Exhalando naquella anciosa fragua  
 Fogo do corazaon, des olhos agua,

Qual verde tronco, que na ardente pyra  
 Sendo alimento ao fogo, que o devora,  
 Quando por hum extremo incendios gyra,  
 Lagrymas mil a mil por outro chora:  
 Ou qual urna, que fervida respira,  
 O fogo entranha, e inunda o licor fora,  
 Assim ella produz na intensa calma  
 Agua dos olhos, tendo o fogo n'alma.

---

He saw from Heaven

A glory flash along the etherial way  
 Sparkling with splendour, that with tremulous  
 tongue  
 Of fire, address'd the Maid, " Catherine, thy  
 prayer  
 Has pierced that palace whence the day-star  
 springs,  
 Yes, in the halls of Heaven thy prayer is  
 heard,  
 Exempling England thou art doom'd to prove  
 Thy country's honour."

At the eloquent sounds

New

New ardor flash'd in Catherine's uprais'd eyes,  
 Her eyes, that softened the enamour'd Heaven,  
 And from this cause two opposite effects  
 Arose within her, with confusing force  
 An Etna and a Deluge rag'd at once.  
 Her bosom with Volcano fires flamed,  
 A flood o'erflow'd her eyes.

As some green trunk,  
 Fresh from the wood with all its vital sap,  
 When on the blazing hearth it feeds the fire  
 Whose force destroys it, while the circling  
 flames  
 Wreath round distills its juice, or like an Urn  
 Whose waters swelling with imprison'd heat  
 O'er their hot banks impetuous overflow,  
 Thus did the fervid soul of that blest Maid,  
 Religion-raptur'd, from her swimming eyes  
 Force the full tide of tears.

The King, still buried in the sepulchre of this  
 delightful vision, tries to embrace Catherine,  
 and awakes as disconsolate as the bird who has  
 lost her young. He goes to his brother JACOB,  
 and tells him in twenty-eight stanzas what he has  
 seen—rhapsodizes upon the beauty of Cathe-  
 rine, whose person he well remembered, and de-  
 clares

clares his love. JACOB encourages him, for never two harps harmonized more perfectly than the two brothers.

## CANTO II.

HIS most diabolical Majesty is alarmed at this approaching union, and bellows to convoke the Parliament of hell.

O BRAVO alento ao rouco bronze aplica,

O som discorre o globo sempiterno,

Onde em eccos o Horror se multiplica

Pelos profundos concavos do Averno :

O clamor, que penhascos damnifica

Largas bocas abriu no muro eterno

Fauces cruéis por onde o escuro Abismo

Vomito em fogo o negro barbarismo.



HE seized the brazen trump, and thro' its tube  
 Roar'd strong with thundering voice ; the thun-  
 dering voice

Roll'd rapid o'er the wide extent of Hell.

Thro' many a cavern dark and dungeon deep

The multiplying horrors echoed round ;

Hell shook with all its adamantine rocks,

The eternal bulwark trembled, yawning wide

With many a breach, whence thickest smoke

pour'd forth

Voluminous, and red with struggling flames.

They assemble, and never was a more cu-  
 rious collection of monsters grouped together !

Scyllas and Furies, Harpies, Centaurs, Hydras,

Gorgons, Chimeras, Briareuses, Geryons, Syr-

tes, Sphynxes, Polyphemuses, Pythons, Pro-

teuses, Dragons, Dites, Megeras, &c. &c. hor-

rible forms shaped like the abortive progeny of

mountains. They place themselves on seats of

fire. Pluto harangues them upon the fatal ef-

fects of the proposed marriage, and excites them

to such fury that they rush from the hall, which

looks when vacated like a building destroyed by

fire, yet retaining the pale vestiges of the scarce

extinguished flames. Rhadamanthus, the Prime

Minister

Minister (*Ministro Principal*) to the Infernal King, restrains their impetuosity, transforms himself into a dragon, and flies to a subterranean sepulchre in a solitary valley, where, amid poisonous herbs, carcases, lacerated limbs, and all the *Materia Medica Magica*, dwells Lusbaon the Necromancer, then taking a nap. Sleepest thou, Lusbaon? cries Rhadamanthus—sleepest thou when the Sovereigns of England and Portugal are about to tie the knot of alliance at Hymen's altar? Lusbaon takes the alarm, assumes the form of an old soldier, and goes with the same intelligence to the King of Spain, who, in consequence, sends dispatches to his Minister at London!

CANTO III.

FAME, with her hundred tongues, and thousand voices, proclaimed the approaching union. Butavilla, the Spanish Minister in London, opposes it, but Charles, steady as a wall, or a rock, obeyed the internal light. Not more firmly the

old oak resists the winter storm, not more unmoved the rock opposes the dashing billows, than Charles, with sublime vigor, resisted all arguments against the match. The tumult of acclaiming joy inundates the streets of Lisbon, that now appeared a promontory of stars, or a firmament of suns in brilliancy, a rock of light, a grove of splendour. The sound of trumpets mingled with the shouts of the multitude, whose discord mingling with the harmony made an agreeable confusion of echoes. Bull feasts were exhibited on this occasion, in which the Conde de Sarzedas particularly distinguished himself. That grand hero attacked the bulls as if he were revenging the injuries of Europa. In the mean time the English fleet enters the Tagus.

De Monte-Gui Duarte, Conde illustre

De Sanduhic era o inclyto legato.

Edward Montague, Earl of Sandwich, addresses the King in an elegant method. They shew him the pictures of the Portugueze Kings, among others of Pedro, the lover of that lovely Ignés.

Em cuja sorte  
Formon duro anagrama. O Amor e A Morte!

And now Catherine came forth in her august  
Majesty, giving light to the day and lustre to  
the sun. They went to church in sublime pomp.  
Catherine was sad, and she wept. A cloud of  
grief now shadowed her eyes—her eyes—two  
suns of Beauty now eclipsed by tears! The Am-  
bassador is struck with another picture, and asks  
Mello whom it represents. Mello answers him.  
But O, audacious Muse, suspend awhile thy  
melody!

#### CANTO IV.

MELLO shows him the chief actors in the  
revolution of Braganza. The Princess embarks.  
The Devil again convokes his peers, and bids  
them rush forth in winds and storms, and min-  
gle sea and sky. They burst away, multiplying  
the horrors of horrible Chãos, and making Hell  
infernal. A storm ensues, but St. Ursula again  
intercedes

intercedes with God, and the Deity tells us that Catherine shall safely reach England, and by her virtue and example convert Charles, so that he shall profess the Catholic religion, and all England again obey the holy Tiara. Ursula, my daughter! you have given me eleven thousand virgins, but Catherine will give me a whole nation. The Deity then addresses the five fiery spirits, of whom Michael is the chief, and sends them to still the tempest. The clouds dissolve in the lustre of their flight; they drive the dark demons to their infernal home: less was the uproar when the Titans warred against Heaven, and the hundred handed Briareus hurled mountains against Jove. The night became still, the moon shone forth, and the gently heaving billows murmured their peaceful harmony.



### CANTO V.

THE morning dawned, and the light wind murmured over the calmy Tagus. The ships and forts salute the departing fleet, and the smoke

smoke from their guns hid the sun. As they  
 sailed down the river the Princess grew sad, re-  
 clined her cheek upon her hand, and gazing up-  
 on the water as she enriched it with her pearly  
 tears, made a long speech. The fleet sails lightly  
 over the transparent plain. Proteus, instigated  
 by Pluto, seeks Neptune in his central cave,  
 whence the tides swell, and whither they retire.  
 He tells them how often the English have crim-  
 soned his waves with blood, and puts Neptune  
 into such a rage that he sends Triton to call  
 Eolus from his cave, the sepulchre of darkness.  
 The Poet now attempts to rival Camoens. Eolus  
 meets the fleet like an immense dragon, darting  
 fire from his eyes, nose, and mouth. He de-  
 mands how they dare to ride upon the waters,  
 and telling them that their audacity shall be  
 punished, he sunk down, and with a horrible  
 crash burst the water.

Rompeo o mar com horrido zonido.

The sea rose to the heavens in foam, the  
 heavens hung upon the sea in clouds.

Em

Em nevoa ao mar o Ceo se despenhava,  
Em vapores ao Ceo o mar fobia.

But before all this happens, Mello requests  
Sandwich to give him the history of the English  
heresy, by way of passing the evening hours.

## CANTO VI.

SENHOR! says the English. Sorrow will  
frequently suspend the lamentable narration that  
I am about to begin, a narration of the most  
foul and scandalous perversion. Henry VIII.  
ascended the throne of England.

HENRIQUE, aquelle sabro, cujo estudo

Do vaon Lutheros os dogmas refutando,

Foy columna da Fe, da Igreja escudo,

Sen culto defendendo e acreditando;

Aquelle, que, qual Lince, donto e agudo

Os divinos mysterios penetrando,

O pezo sustenton, mais raro Atlante

Da Catolica Igreja militante!

HENRY

HENRY, the sage, whose studious toil exposed  
 Luther's vain fallacies, and baffled all  
 His subtle sophisms, bulwark of the Church,  
 Defender of the Faith, that erudite Prince  
 Whose lynx-eyed wisdom pierced the sacred  
                   depths  
 Of Truth's mysterious darkness, and upheld  
 The universal fabric of Religion  
 With more than Atlas strength.

Yet this Henry, perverting the gift of Nature,  
 has made England the centre of all vice, and  
 the fountain of all heresy. On the propriety of  
 his marrying Arthur's widow the wise men met,  
 the Theologians consulted, the Doctors debated,  
 and the Pope ratified their decree. They had  
 one daughter, Mary, unique in beauty! but now  
 the little God Cupid, who destroyed Troy,  
 wounded the King, and Cardinal *Bolseo* sweet-  
 ened with honey the poison which intoxicated  
 the King: the false Sphinx who fascinated him  
 was called Anna Bolena. The Queen was di-  
 vorced and imprisoned in a tower. As a breach  
 was already made with the Pope, Henry seized  
 the Ecclesiastical Revenues, and the little blind  
 Cupid was the origin of all this evil!

But



But Heaven punishes the guilty. Bolseo fell from the high mountain of Fortune into the valley of his obscure origin, and the adulteries of the new Queen were detected. The Hyrcanian viper swells not with more venomous anger when trod upon than Henry at this discovery. Her prayers were in vain, the Executioner levelled to earth that Heaven of Beauty and Babel of Pride.

Whilst he was thus speaking, the Tempest tore up the mountains of the sea, and laid open their humid entrails. The winds and waters encountered with a terrible *earthquake*. Ocean dashed up its waves against Heaven, Heaven vollied its lightnings against Ocean. But now the Nymphs of Tagus went to the palace of Neptune, and besought him to spare the Lusitanian Princess. "Save her! O thou to whom by lot the watery trident was given! Save her, and the sails shall be hung up in thy temple. Moved by the beauty of the Nymphs Neptune consents, and Thetus prepares an island for the weather-beaten mariners, where Cupids and Nereids sing epithalamiums.

## CANTO VII.

THE island was lovely to the eye. Mountains were there and fruitful vales, clear springs, meandering streams, and many a sweetly singing bird and sweetly smelling flower. The light shone upon the streams that the water appeared to burn, and the light to flow. Here the Nymphs receive the Sailors with all kindness, in a fabric whose pillars exceeded Corinthian beauty; and the servile copier of Camoens makes the weary pursuer call to the flying Nymph to stay her flight, "and not run away from a body of which she is the soul!" a poetical phrase, which interpreted into the appropriate language of the speaker, is "my dear soul, don't run away from a body!"

While the Sailors are thus amusing themselves with the Sea-nymphs, Mello entertains the Chief of them with an account of the present match, and she entertains him with an excellent meal,  
for

for the Water-nymph had plenty of wine. She now begs to hear from Mello the famous exploits of the Portugueze.

THE three following Cantos relate the annals of Portugal in the true style of Portugueze vanity. . In the eleventh, the Chief of the Nymphs shows Mello all the Portugueze worthies in the temple of Memory. They depart from the island, which sinks into the sea as soon as they have left it. The fleet arrives at *Prosmouth*, where the people receive them with all joy, and they "meet the Great Duke of Yorth, called Jacob."

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## CANTO XII.

THEY reach London, and the marriage takes place. Rapidly past the years as Time paid his tribute to Eternity, but every brief hour ap-

peared a thousand eternities to Catherine, while her husband was a heretic. She prays in 'fervent agony; the Heavens open, and an Angel descends and tells her that her prayers are heard. The King enters and asks her why she is so sad. She tells her cause of sorrow:—"What imports it that Hymen has joined our hands and combined our lives in love, when Religion thus divides our souls?" Year after year Charles delayed, but the grace of God visited him on his death-bed, bathing his soul with a flood of intellectual light: he makes profession of the Roman Catholic faith, and a super-natural splendour irradiates him.

Fayoured Spirit, thou enjoyest thy reward in Heaven! and thou, Catherine, dwellest now in the immensity of glory!

Such is the Heroic Poem at which Pedro de Azevedo Tojal "laboured twelve years in the manufactory of Parnassus," and on which he has wasted powers of language and imagination that if properly directed would have ranked him among the first poets in Europe. The book is  
 very

very rare, as are all Portuguese books that have not been reprinted since the earthquake; and the genius and name of Tojal, which are now neglected, will soon be forgotten in his own country, beyond which they have probably till now never extended.

LETTER XXI.

A PHENOMENON has occurred here within these few days, which we sometimes find mentioned in history, and always disbelieve. I shall make no comment on the account, but give you an authentic copy of the deposition of the witnesses before a Magistrate.

Elias Antonio, Juiz Ordinario de Termo de Évora Monte, e Morador na Freguezia de Freixo, na Herdade dos Gayos,—dice,

QUE no dia 19 de Fevereiro, entre huma para as duas horas de tarde, ouvira doas estallos, semelhantes aos da expulsaon das minas, depoisdo que sentira hum grande estrondo ou rugido, que durava perto de dous minutos, e que observando o horizonte naon vira escuridao, nuvem. ou vestigio por donde inferisse a causa da quelle aconticimiento. Porem tinha reconhecido que o dito rugido corria do Norte pava o Nascente, estando o dia clavo e sereno.

Gregorio Calado, lavrador na Herdade do Pazo, Termo de Redondo, dice, sentria o estrondo referido, e que passado hum pequeno espazo de tempo, hum criado seu, chamado Joze Fialho, lhe apresentara huma pedra de corde chumbo, que pesava, io arrateis, scudo a sua figura irregular. Cuja pedra foi conduzida pelo dito Joze Fialho, que se achava em huma folha da dita herdade denomina Tasquinha no Termo de Evora Monte, para ter observado que depois dos Estallos e estrondo, tinha cahido perto delle, hum corpo grave, e inda procurar achava a dita pedra, crayada na terra, ainda morna, e a terra, movido de fresco. o mesmo affirmeraon mais quatro moços que estavaon na quelles contornos.

ELIAS ANTONIO,\* Ordinary Judge of the Term of Evora Monte, and Inhabitant of the Parish of Freixo, in the Herdage of Gayes, says,

THAT on the 19th day of February, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, he heard two reports, similar to those of the explosion of mines; after which he perceived a great rumbling noise which lasted about two minutes. Looking up to the horizon it was not obscured, neither was there any cloud or appearance from which he could conjecture the sound to have proceeded. He recollects likewise that the rumbling ran from North to East, the day being clear and serene.

Gregorio Calado, Labourer in the Herdade of Pazo, and Term of Redondo, says, that he heard the above-mentioned sound, and that a little while after, one of his servants,

called

\* Justices of the Peace were perhaps a proper translation, but I have thought it better to Anglicize the Portuguese words, than substitute English ones whose meaning may not be precisely the same.

called Joze Fialho, brought him a stone of the colour of lead, weighing\* ten pounds, and irregular in its figure, which stone the said Joze Fialho had found in a meer of the Herdade called Tasquinha, in the Term of Evora Monte; for after the two reports and the rumbling sound, he heard some heavy body fall near him, and found this stone sunk into the ground, still warm, and the ground freshly moved. For boys who were in the same part affirmed the same.

If you walk the streets of Lisbon by night, it is not only necessary to know the way, but to be well acquainted with all the windings of the little channel that runs between the shoals and mud banks. There are no public lamps lighted except before the image of a Saint; and if you have a flambeau carried before you, you are sometimes pelted by persons who do not wish to be seen. I know an Englishman who has been thus obliged to extinguish his light.

There are lamps however, but they are never lighted; and I mention them to remark two peculiarities,

\* The Arratel weighs sixteen ounces.



cularities, which it would be well to adopt in England. They are made square, or with six sides, so that the expence of mending them is comparatively little; and instead of the dangerous and inconvenient method of lighting them by means of a ladder, the lamp is let down. One of the English residents found the lamp at his door so frequently broken, that at last he placed a Saint behind it; the remedy was efficacious, and it has remained safely from that time under the same protection. It is pleasant to meet with one of these *enlightened* personages, for they are indeed lights shining in darkness.

But the streets of Lisbon are infested by another nuisance more intolerable than the nightly darkness, or their eternal dirt, the beggars. I never saw so horrible a number of wretches made monstrous by Nature, or still more monstrous by the dreadful diseases that their own vices have contracted. You cannot pass a street without being sickened by some huge tumour, some mishapen member, or uncovered wound, carefully exposed to the public eye. These people should not be suffered to mangle the feelings and insult the decency of the passenger: if they

will

will not accept the relief of the hospital, they should be compelled to endure the restraint of the prison. Perhaps you may think I express myself too harshly against these miserable beings : if I were to describe some of the disgusting objects that they force upon observation, you would agree with me in the censure. I do not extend it to the multitude of beggars who weary you at every corner with supplications for the love of God and the Virgin ; these wretches, so many and so miserable, do indeed occasion harsh and ungentle feelings, not against them, but against that depraved Society that disinherits of happiness half the civilized world.

This city is supplied only from hand to mouth ; in bad weather when the boats cannot pass from Alentego, the markets are destitute : a few days ago there was no fuel to be procured. The provisions here are in general good, and of late years they have introduced the culture of several English vegetables. It is not twenty years since a cauliflower was a pretty present from England, and the person who received it made a feast ; it is now one of the best productions of the Portuguese garden. The potato  
does

does not succeed here. Mutton is the worst meat they have ; a leg of mutton is a very agreeable present from Falmouth, but the other passengers generally conspire against it, summon a court martial on false suspicions, produce the accused, whose appearance produces a sentence of condemnation.

Every kind of vermin that exists to punish the nastiness and indolence of men, multiplies in the heat and dirt of Lisbon. From the worst and most offensive of these, cleanliness may preserve the English resident ; but Apollo might have saved himself the trouble of fleaing Marfyas if he had condemned him to walk these streets! The muskitoe is a more formidable enemy ; if you read at night in summer, it is necessary to wear boots. The scolopendra is not uncommonly found here, and snakes are frequently seen in the bed-chamber. I know a lady who after searching a long time for one that had been discovered in her apartment, found the reptile wreathed round the serpentine fluting of the bed-post.

Lisbon is likewise infested by a very small species of red ant that swarm over every thing sweet; the Portuguese remedy is to send for a Priest and exorcise them. The superstition of this people in an age of credulity is astonishing: about sixteen years ago, one of the royal musicians here died in the odour of sanctity; though, if the body of the dead gentleman did emit a delightful fragrance, it is more than any of his living countrymen do. There was some idea of canonizing this man, but the age of canonization is over; however a regiment of soldiers about to embark for Brazil, visited the corpse, and stroked the feet of it with their swords to hallow them! When the image of the Virgin Mary is carried through the streets, some of the devout think they catch her eyes, and exclaim in rapture, "Oh! she looked at me—the Blessed Virgin looked at me!"

There are now a plurality of Goddesses; the Virgin Mary is the Roman Catholic Goddess, Nature, the Atheist's Goddess—Liberty, a French Goddess; and Truth the Metaphysician's Goddess, in pursuit of whom they would fain send every body on another Pilgrim's Progress, but the misfortune is that none of these adven-

adventurers ever get beyond Doubling Castle. Now, my Goddess shall be Common Sense; she has no mysteries, and her creed is comprehensible.

It is however one sign of improvement, that Superstition predominates less in the metropolis than in the provinces. Ten years ago the English Clergyman at Porto never officiated at a funeral, such were the prejudices of the natives. The body was carried about a mile up the Douro, and buried in a common on its banks without any monument. The funeral service was read by the Consul, till at length he thought it beneath his dignity, and appointed the Vice Consul; this office was frequently held by a foreigner, and he deputed it again, so that at last it devolved upon a watchmaker. This poor fellow drank very hard, and one evening at the grave he mumbled at the service; and turned his book first one way and then the other; till a bystander had the curiosity to look over him, and found that instead of a prayer book he had brought the History of the late War! The prejudices of the populace are wearing away; within ten years the English have

enclosed

enclosed a burial ground at Porto, and the funeral service is now performed by the Chaplain.

We had a little snow on the 29th of February. A Portugueze Clerk, who was going out on business when it began, refused to leave the counting-house, because he did not understand that kind of weather. It is fourteen years since the last snow fell at Lisbon. Dr. H. was in his chaise when it began, the Driver leapt off: you may get home how you can, said he, as for my part I must make the best use I can of the little time this world will last, and away he ran into the next church.

One of the Irish Priests here preached a sermon in English a few days ago: it was extempore, and like most extempore sermons, consisted of a little meaning expressed in every possible variety of indifferent language. In the middle of his discourse the Orator knelt down, the Congregation knelt with him, and he besought St. Patrick to inspire him; but alas! either he was talking or sleeping, or peradventure St. Patrick was in Ireland," for the sermon went on as stupidly as before.

LETTER

## LETTER XXII.

WHEN I first found myself in a land of strangers whose conversation presented nothing to me but a confusion of unintelligible sounds, I was frequently tempted to execrate the builders of Babel. The very dogs could not understand English: if I said "*poor fellow*," the four-legged Spaniard growled at me; if I whistled, even that was a foreign language, and I was obliged to address the cat in Spanish, for *Miz* knew not the meaning of Puss. I can now read the two languages with ease, and call for the common necessaries; all beyond this is of little consequence to me: but I have learnt to converse with the cats and dogs, always my favourite companions, for I love the honesty of the one and the independence of the other.

Among the many vices of civilized society, there is none that tends more to generate misanthropical feelings than that of cruelty to animals: in general they are as badly treated here as in England, but the mode of butchering them is less barbarous. The spinal marrow is pierced with a small knife between two of the vertebrae of the neck, and of course the beast falls immediately. I have often wondered that some such mode is not generally adopted: cattle in England are slaughtered with the most savage barbarity; it is not uncommon there to begin skinning a sheep before it is dead, because the butcher has not time to wait!

I will relate to you a circumstance which occurred at Abo in Finland. You will admire the despotic justice of the Magistrates. A dog who had been run over by a carriage crawled to the door of a tanner in that town; the man's son, a boy of fifteen years of age, first stoned and then poured a vessel of boiling water upon the miserable animal. This act of diabolical cruelty was witnessed by one of the magistrates, who thought such atrocious barbarity deserved to be publicly noticed. He therefore informed  
the



the other magistrates, who unanimously agreed in condemning the boy to this punishment.—He was imprisoned till the following market day; then, in the presence of all the people, he was conducted to the place of execution by an officer of justice, who read to him his sentence. “Inhuman young man, because you did not assist an animal who implored your assistance by its cries, and who derives being from the same God who gave you life, because you added to the tortures of the agonizing beast, and murdered it, the Council of this city have sentenced you to wear on your breast the name you deserve, and to receive fifty stripes.” He then hung a black board round his neck with this inscription, “A savage and inhuman young man!” and after inflicting upon him twenty-five stripes, he proceeded, “Inhuman young man!” you have now felt a very small degree of the pain with which you tortured a helpless animal in its hour of death! As you wish for mercy from that God who created all that live, learn humanity for the future.” He then executed the remainder of the sentence.

I have

I have translated this story from a work written in the Portuguese language, by a very extraordinary man, Count Leopold Berchtold, the foster brother of the late Emperor Joseph. He was at Lisbon in the year 1792, but so completely did he shun society, that I have scarcely found any one who recollected even his name: my uncle was acquainted with him, for he frequently consulted his library; his person was very fine, his manners elegant, and his mind enlarged. From the dinner hour of one day he remained alone in his apartment till the dinner hour of the next, and the people who lived in the same house were so astonished at his singularities that they believed him to be the Wandering Jew. These hours were employed in study, for the Count used to publish a book upon some subject of practical utility, in the language of every country he visited. In England he printed two octavo volumes, intitled, Advice to Travellers, the worst of his publications, of which the second volume is a mere catalogue of voyages and travels. The works which he has published in Portugal, are upon more valuable subjects, and distributed gratis for the good of humanity; the one is a translation from his own  
German,

German, An Essay on the means of preserving the lives of Men to which they are daily exposed; the other is, An Essay upon extending the limits of Charity to Animals, as well as to Men. For the first of these essays the Royal Academy of Lisbon presented him a silver medal; perhaps he himself was not sanguine enough to suppose that his books could be productive of much immediate benefit: it is pleasant to read these charitable theories, and easy to applaud them; but the majority of the affluent entrench themselves in the centre of their own comforts, and Poverty and Wretchedness dare not intrude upon the magic circle; yet it is not impossible that the suppressed or dormant feelings of some individual may be awakened by the perusal; and Berchtold will not have laboured in vain if he shall only have stimulated one mind to active benevolence.

From Lisbon he went to Cadiz, and thence crossed over to Barbary on his road to Persia. For this dangerous expedition he was possessed of every advantage that personal intrepidity and a complete knowledge of the Arabic could afford. I could learn nothing of his after for-

tunes ; perhaps he may have perished in a journey of great and certain peril, from the accomplishment of which little utility could possibly have resulted.

I am sad when I contemplate the eccentricities of genius. Like meteors, some flash upon our view and are extinguished; some shake their torches in our eyes and delight to dazzle instead of directing us. Surely that man is the wisest as well as the happiest, who considers there are luminaries enough to enlighten the world, and lets his taper shine from the windows of the lonely farm-house; a little taper will lighten a room, but place it to illuminate the street, it will do no good, and the wind will speedily extinguish it.

Do not imagine that I am disparaging the character of Leopold Berchtold. Enthusiasm is always amiable, and I love and honour the Quixotism of benevolence, while I lament the reward it will meet with from mankind. I am grieved that a man so excellent should start from the sphere of domestic life; that he who would so well have filled the stations of friend, and husband

band, and father, should be a wanderer over the world, attempting the amendment of all, and making the happiness of none.

I have another history to relate to you, as singular, and perhaps more interesting.

RADJI is the son of an Arabian woman and an Italian Physician, settled at Bagdad: he was sent to his Father's brother, a merchant at Bombay; but Radji had received a religious education, and his moral feelings were wounded by the licentiousness of his uncle, who indulged himself in all the brutality of oriental voluptuousness. The lad ran away, and entered himself on board an European vessel: the morality of a ship was as little agreeable to him, and on reaching Lisbon (about two years ago) he took his cloaths, and without inquiring for his pay, came to the Irish College and asked protection. Struck by this strange story from a boy of eighteen, they received him there, and recommended him to some Portuguese nobles, who undertook to defray the expences of his education for the priesthood: but like most other patrons, satisfying their own pride with the promise, they

forgot poor Radji. Mr. B. an English student at the College (a man of cultivated mind and manners, who has exhibited a singular proof of integrity by becoming a convert to the Romish doctrine) resolved now to take care of the boy till he could find a more able patron, and he accordingly supported and instructed Radji till he had procured for him the patronage of the Grand Inquisitor, and a regular establishment from a Portugueze Countess. He is now being educated for a Catholic priest; the life of Radji will be useles and obscure, but it will be harmless and happy.

The young Arab possesses no splendour of intellect, but he has that which is infinitely more valuable, simplicity of heart. He speaks Arabic, Persian, Italian, Portugueze, and English; you will be more pleased to hear that he was never known to utter an immoral word, or neglect the performance of what he believes an act of religious duty. "When did you see those chaps?" said he to Mr. B. speaking of some young Englishmen here. "They are fine looking fellows, but I believe, like all you  
English,

English, they think more about eating and drinking than of saving their souls. Why don't you talk to them about their souls, and try to convert them? If I saw them as much as you do I should talk to them of nothing else."—"Do you pray for them Radji?" said his friend.—"That I do," replied the boy—"I have never neglected that, and I never will!"

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LETTER XXIII.

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**T**HE Spanish poets please me better than the Portugueze; they possess more dignity, and they are not infected by that national vanity which characterises their neighbours, and which, though it may be very patriotic, is very ridiculous. Camoens, indeed, is as much superiour to his countrymen as he is below his Italian competitors;

petitors ; but after his name is mentioned, we may seek in vain to equal the wit of Quevedo, the genius of Luis de Leon, and the sententious strength of the Leonardos. I have already sent you one specimen from Villegas, perhaps the most elegant of the Spanish writers : I now give you another of his pieces.

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### A UN ARROYUELO.

PARA, blanco arroyuelo,  
 Hecho cinta de yelo,  
 El curso que aprovechas  
 Por margenes estrechas ;  
 Cuijas aguas divinas  
 Cristal son, si continas,  
 Y aljofar, si desechas :  
 O torcida la frente  
 A tu nativa fuente,  
 Discursivo, y no acafo,  
 Alarga, alarga el paso,  
 Y vuelve la corriente:

Vuelvete



Vuelvete atras amigo,  
 Pues eras fiel testigo,  
 Que aquella ingrata Lidia  
 Dijo; muera de invidia,  
 Si firme no te adoro;  
 Por que no solo el brio  
 Do este que vuela, rio;  
 Sino el triste, que lloro,  
 Que parara no ignoro,  
 Que atras volvera fio:  
 Primero que qual Luna,  
 Ya que Sol me deseas,  
 En mi mudanza veas,  
 Y en ti no haya ninguna.  
 Mas figue tu fortuna,  
 Arroyuelo de perlas;  
 No dejes de verterlas  
 Por esta antiqua roca,  
 Pues te ofrece su boca:  
 Ni al Ebro de pagarle  
 Cristal, con que aumentarle:  
 Que si Lidia dio al viento  
 La fe y el juramento,  
 Disculpas hay en ella  
 Por muger, y por bella.

## TO A STREAM.

STAY thy waters cold and clear!  
 Gentle streamlet! stay and hear!  
 Thou, upon whose wintry stream  
 Sheds the sun an icy gleam,  
 Thou, who to the summer sky  
 Murmurest pleasant melody;  
 Gentle streamlet! stay and hear,  
 Stay thy waters cold and clear!  
 Or upward to thy native cave  
 Roll again thy refluent wave!  
 Roll thy waters back, for thou  
 Hast heard my Lydia's broken vow,  
 Hast heard her bid each power above  
 Avenge the perjuries of Love.  
 Gentle stream! still clear and cold!  
 Me all changed thou dost behold!  
 Why shouldst thou thy course delay?  
 Pass upon thy winding way;

Beneath

Beneath that rock's dark shadow glide  
 Thy tribute to old Ebro's tide;  
 For if Lydia's faithless mind  
 Scatter vows upon the wind,  
 Strange her crime thou wilt not deem,  
 She's a woman, Gentle Stream!

From the polished trifles of Villegas to the rough strains of the ballad is a wide but agreeable transition, for the man of undebauched taste will prefer rude strength to elegant imbecility. You are well acquainted with the ballad of Rio verde, rio verde, in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, and with that of Alcanzor and Zaydo, which follows it, of which last the original simplicity is lost. The following ballad is taken from the same work,\* and attempted in the metre of the original, the lines ending in a troche, but occasionally relieved by a monosyllable termination.

OCHO

\* Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada. Paris 1660.

OCHO a ocho, diez a diez,  
 Sarrazinos y Aliatares  
 Juegan canas en Toledo  
 Contra Alarifes y Azarques ;  
 Publico fiestas el Rey  
 Por las ya juradas pazes,  
 De Zayde Rey de Belchite  
 Y del Granadino Atarfe.  
 Otros dizen que estas fiestas  
 Sirvieron al Rey de achaques  
 Y que Zelindaxa ordena  
 Sus fiestas y sus pesares.  
 Entraron los Sarrazinos  
 En cavallos alazanes.  
 De maranjado y de verde  
 Marlotas y capellares,  
 En las adargas trayan  
 Por empresas sus alfanges  
 Hechos arcos de Cupido  
 Y por letra. FUEGO Y SANGRE.  
 Ygüales en las paréjas  
 Los fignen los Aliatares,  
 Con encarnadas libreas  
 Llenas de blancos follages,  
 Llevan por divisa un cielo

Sobre los hombros de Atlante  
 Y un mote que assi dezia,  
**TENDRELO HASTA QUE CANSE.**  
 Los Alarifes figuiéron,  
 Muy costosos y galanes,  
 De encarnado y amarillo  
 Y por mangas Almayzales ;  
 Era su divisa un nudo  
 Que le deshaze un salvage,  
 Y un mote sobre el baston  
 En que dize **FUERZAS VALEN.**  
 Los ocho Azarques figuieron  
 Mas que todos arrogantes,  
 De azul morado y pagizo  
 Y unas hojas por plumages ;  
 Sacaron adargas verdes,  
 Y un cielo azul que se asen  
 Dos manos, y el mote dize  
**EN LO VERDE TODO CABE.**  
 No pudo sufrir el Rey  
 Que a los ojos le mostrassen,  
 Burladas sus diligencias,  
 Y su pensamiento en balde :  
 Y mirando a la quadrilla  
 Le dixo a Selin su Alcayde,

Aquel

Aquel sol yo lo pondré  
 Pues contra mis ojos sale.  
 Azarque tira bohardos  
 Que se pierden por el ayre,  
 Sin que conozca la vista  
 A do suben ni a do caen.  
 Como en ven'anas communes  
 Las Damas particulares  
 Sacan el cuerpo por verle  
 Las de los andamios reales,  
 Si se adarga o se retira ;  
 Del mitad del vulgo sale  
 Un gritar, Alha te guie  
 Y del Rey un muera daldé.  
 Zelindaxa sin respectò  
 Al pesar por rocialle  
 Un pomo de agua vertia ;  
 Y el Rey grito, paren-paren ;  
 Creyeron todos que el juego  
 Parava por ser ya tarde :  
 Y repite el Rey celofo  
 Prendan al traydir de Azargue.  
 Las dos primeras quádrillas  
 Dexando canas a parte  
 Piden lanzas y ligeras

A prender al Moro, salen,  
 Que no ay quien baste  
 Contra la voluntad de un Rey amante.  
 Las otras dos resistian,  
 Sino les dixera Azarque  
 Aunque Amor no guarda leyes  
 Oy es justo que las guarde.  
 Riendan lanzas mis amigos,  
 Mis contrarios lanzas alcen  
 Y con lastima y victoria  
 Lloren unos y otros callen,  
 Que no ay quien baste  
 Contra la voluntad de un Rey amante.  
 Prendieron al fin al Moro,  
 Y el vulgo para libralle  
 En acuerdos diferentes  
 Se divide y se reparte :  
 Mas como falta candillo  
 Que los incite y los llame  
 Se deshazen los corrillos  
 Y su motin se deshaze :  
 Que no ay quien baste  
 Contra la voluntad de un Rey amante.  
 Sola Zelindaxa grita  
 Libralde ! Moros libralde !

Y de su balcon queria  
 Arrojarfe por librarle :  
 Su madre se abraza della  
 Diciendo, loca que hazes ?  
 Muere sin darlo a entender,  
 Pues por tu desdicha sabes,  
 Que no ay quien baste  
 Contra la voluntad de un Rey amante.  
 Llego un recaudo del Rey,  
 En que manda que senale  
 Una casa de sus deudos  
 Y que la tenga por careel :  
 Dixo Zelindaxa, digan  
 Al Rey que por no trocarne  
 Escojo para prision  
 La memoria de mi Azarque,  
 Y aura quien baste  
 Contra la voluntad de un Rey amante.



EIGHT to eight and ten to ten,  
 Will the gallant Moorish chieftains,  
 Sarrazinos, Aliatares,  
 At the turney in Toledo,  
 Run the ring against their rivals  
 Alarites and Azarques.  
 For the King will hold a turney  
 For the peace of late concluded  
 'Twixt Atarfe of Granada,  
 And King Zayde of Belchite.  
 There are those who say the Monarch  
 Holds with joy the splendid turney,  
 Tho' the peace he little heeds,  
 There are those who say the Monarch  
 Gives the feast for Zelindaxa.  
 Mounted on their sorrel courfers  
 First the Sarrazinos enter ;  
 Green and orange are their mantles,  
 And their impress is a fabre  
 Bent into the bow of Cupid,  
 And their motto FIRE AND BLOOD.  
 Equal in their gallant semblance  
 Follow them the Aliatares ;  
 White and scarlet are their mantles.  
 They have on their targes Atlas

Bearing

Bearing up the weight of Heaven ;  
 They have chosen for their motto,  
 TILL HE SINKS HE WILL SUPPORT IT.

Follow them the Alarifes,

Gay and glittering in apparel,

Red and yellow are their mantles,

They have on their shields a savage

Bearing on his club their motto,

COURAGE SHALL PREVAIL ALONE.

Follow them the eight Azarques,

More superb than all their rivals ;

Straw and mulberry hued their mantles,

And they bear on their green targes

A blue sky with this proud motto,

IN THE GREEN COMPRIZED ARE ALL

THINGS.

Then the jealous King no longer

Could endure that in his presence

They should prove his caution vain.

On the splendid troop dark frowning

Thus to Selin his Alcayde,

“ I will cloud that sun,” exclaim’d he,

“ Since against my eyes it flashes !”

High in air the bold Azarque

Hurl’d with force his reedy javelin ;

There was none whose eye could follow,

There

There was none could mark its fall.  
 O'er the balconies the damsels  
 Stretch'd them to behold the pastime,  
 When a voice exclaiming loudly,  
 From the thronging crowd was heard ;  
 " ALLA guard thee, bold Azarque !  
 " ALLA curse the tyrant King !"  
 Heedless in delirious transport,  
 Eagerly did Zelindaxa  
 Shower her perfumes on his head.  
 " Stay your pastime ! stay your pastime !"  
 Cried the Monarch, hoarse with fury,  
 " Stay your pastime ! stay your pastime !  
 " Seize the traitorous Azarque !"  
 At his word the adverse Chieftains  
 Laid aside their spears of sport,  
 Swift they grasp'd their arms of battle,  
 Swift they rush'd to seize the warrior,  
 For that none can make resistance  
 To a royal Lover's will.  
 Then their rivals had opposed them  
 Had not then the bold Azarque  
 Cried, " tho' Love no laws acknowledge,  
 " Love to-day shall yield obedience ;  
 " Hold your hands, my gallant comrades !

" Leave me to the Monarch's fury ;  
 " Some must grieve and some must triumph,  
 " There is none can make resistance  
 " To a royal Lover's will."

Soon they took the bo'd Azarque,

Tho' the people to release him

Rose and raged in fruitless fury :

There was never able chieftain

Who should well direct their efforts ;

There was never steady leader

Who should marshal their confusion ;

Vainly rose they, vainly raged they,

There is none can make resistance

To a royal Lover's will.

Constant only Zelindaxa

Cried, " Release him ! Moors ! 'release  
 him !"

From the window did the damsel

Strive to leap to her Azarque :

Her mother held, exclaiming,

" Frantic woman, why this madness !

" Frantic woman, hide thy folly !

" Perish undisgraced in silence !

" Late thou learnest, wretched woman !

" There is none can make resistance

" To

To a royal Lover's will.

From the Monarch came an order

Bidding her, amid her kindred,

Where she would, to chuse her prison.

"Tell the King," cried Zelindaxa,

"The memory of my Azarque

"Aye shall serve me for my prison!

"Tell the King," cried Zelindaxa,

"There is one can make resistance

"To a royal Lover's will."

This country is supplied with corn from Barbary; and that at so low a rate, that the farmers do not find it worth their while to bring their grain to market. I am informed that the harvest of last year is not yet begun upon. They cannot grind the Barbary corn in England: it is extremely hard, and the force and velocity of English mills reduce the husk as well as the grain to powder. They apprehended that the fault lay in the grindstones, and accordingly sent for some from Lisbon; but the advice which they received at the same time was

of more importance:—it was to damp the corn before they ground it, and thus the bran would be prevented from pulverizing.

A Moor of distinction, who is now in Lisbon, was lately struck with the beauty of an English lady, and made a formal proposal to *buy* her of her mother! How do we revolt from appearances, instead of from realities! A proposal to *buy* her daughter, would shock any European parent: but, if a man of superior rank, or superior fortune, offered himself, though his intellect were of idiot imbecility, and his body rendered decrepid by debauchery, would there be the same horror entertained at *selling* her!

We crossed the river yesterday to Almada hill, and, sitting amid the ruins of the castle, enjoyed the rich prospect. Behind us were the pine-wooded plains of Alentejo, and the olive yards and orange groves towards Cezimbra. The Tagus rolled below us; and, on its opposite shore, about a mile and a half distant, the city of Lisbon extended. To our right, the  
river

river spread itself into an immense bay, twelve miles from shore to shore : to the left, we looked down upon the castles of Belem and St. Julian, the rough bar glittering with white breakers, and the Atlantic ocean. Below the city, about eighteen miles in the country, rose the rock of Lisbon. The water was covered with vessels of all nations and all sizes ; the day was clear, the sun not too powerful to be pleasant : altogether I never beheld a more cheerful scene.

Pombal ordered all the churches here to be built like houses, that they might not spoil the uniformity of the streets. This villainous taste has necessarily injured the appearance of the city. I passed one morning in walking over the old Moorish part of the town, and, though accustomed to the filth and narrowness of Spanish and Portugueze streets, I was astonished at the dirt and darkness. Yet, the contrast was very delightful, after winding up these close and gloomy ascents, to arrive on some open eminence that commanded the city and the harbour. The river assumes a very gay appearance

pearance on any particular holyday, when the vessels are ornamented with the colours of all the nations in alliance with Portugal : the guns are then fired ; but so irregularly, that the first time I was awakened by them, they gave me the idea of an engagement. These people delight in gunpowder : the last Brazil fleet was detained for six weeks, that they might fire upon the Queen's birth-day.

I have seen one of the Lent processions. There were about ten saints carried, as large as life, preceded by an imaged crucifix. Some little boys, dressed with silver wings, led the procession ; and the Host concluded it, borne as usual under a purple pall. You will be amused with the history of Nosso Senhor dos Passos, the principal personage of the day's solemnity. This image one night knocked at the door of St. Roque's church, and they would not let him in. He then went to the convent of Graza, at the other end of the town, and obtained admittance. As you may well imagine, the brethren of St. Roque were in no small degree chagrined, when they discovered whom they had rejected : they claimed him as their guest ;



guest; and alledged, that it was evident Noffo Senhor preferred dwelling with them, as he had chosen their church first. To this their antagonists assented; but pleaded they had forfeited this claim, by refusing to admit the miraculous visitor, who of course ought to abide with those who first received him. The matter would have occasioned a law suit, if they had not thus comprised it. The convent of Graze is his home; but the brethren of St. Roque are allowed to carry him in their procession; and he sleeps with them the night preceding ceremony. Surely it would have been a more equitable mode of decision, to have placed the image between the two churches, and to have allowed him to take his choice.

These images are all carried by men, their faces veiled, and their feet bare. This was formerly the office of penitents, and on this account their faces were concealed; but the present generation are less bigotted, and the monks are obliged to hire carriers.

LETTER

## LETTER XXIV.

A Man was robbed and stripped naked last night within a hundred yards of this house. They usually strip their prey in this country. I have heard of an Englishman who was thus undressed, and laid under a wall with his hands and feet tied; where he remained, in company with two other persons in the same situation, till they were able to disengage themselves. Another of our countrymen, who had fallen into the hands of some ruffians at Almada, complained to the magistrates at Lisbon. The Alcayde took up all the inhabitants of the village where it happened, above sixty persons; and, after confining them all for six months, turned them all loose again: so excellently is justice administered in Portugal.

It is not many years since a man, called from his diminutive size Don Pedro Pequeno, kept the whole city in awe. He would murder a person for the most trifling affront, and pick a quarrel with any one who passed him in the street, for the sake of stabbing him. The fellow had killed so many officers who attempted to apprehend him, that at last they shot him, like a wild beast, from a distance.

When the present Queen began her reign, she made the wise and humane resolution of never inflicting the punishment of death. This resolution she observed till Almada church was robbed, and the host scattered about, and trampled under foot. On this occasion the Court went into mourning for nine days; and the thieves, when taken, were executed for their sacrilege.

A more memorable circumstance occurred upon the robbing of a church at Lisbon: the wafers were missing; of course the city was in an uproar, and the Court in mourning. During this period of public calamity, a priest, passing by a drove of oxen in one of the public streets, saw

law the foremost beast fall upon his knees. He leaped forward, and, stooping to the ground, produced a wafer!—clean and immaculate; though the streets were dirty. A miracle was immediately shouted—the miraculous host was immediately conveyed to the church—the driver and his oxen stopt—and high mass celebrated upon the occasion. The priest and the driver were pensioned for this fortunate miracle; and even the oxen purchased, and turned out to be pastured for life at the public expence.

The new convent of Franciscan nuns is the most splendid monument of the Queen's bigotry. Her late confessor, Ignacio de San Caetano, is said to have been the promoter of this noble, but useles fabric. This man had been a common soldier; he held the offices of Archbishop of Thessalonica, Confessor to the Queen, and Grand Inquisitor; and be it remembered to his honour in this world, as it now is to his happiness in the next, that he was never known, either directly or indirectly, to have injured any one. He enjoyed the good things of his situation; regularly after dinner drank a bottle of mareschini, and lived in peace  
with

with all men. Such a man, whose religious sentiments must have assimilated with his habits of life, was well qualified to direct the mind of the wretched Maria I. in her incipient madness. She sometimes told him, that she felt herself excluded from all hopes of possible salvation. He used to soothe her, and tell her to be easy concerning her soul, for he would take that upon himself. By such assurances her mind, from time to time, was quieted: but, upon his death, a less able man succeeded him, and this most horrible madness is confirmed for ever.

The pictures in the new Convent were painted by Pompeo Battoni; excepting one diabolical piece by the Queen's sister; in which Michael and the old Dragon are represented, with about as much taste as you may have seen displayed upon St. George and the young one, on an English sign-post. They sent him the dimensions of the altar-piece, and the subject, Christ's heart!—to which the convent is dedicated; and of which promising subject he was to make what he could. The heart is in the heavens, emitting splendor; where likewise are the Pope and the cardinal virtues. Below are  
Europe,

Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, adoring the Heart. The figure of Europe is that of a female loosely dressed, on a horse, whose hinder parts are foremost on the canvass. A Portugueze remarked, that it was very wrong to place such an altar-piece there, and make people kneel to an half-naked woman, and the rump of a horse. "How much better would it have been," said he, "to have placed the performance of the "Princess there!" You will scarcely believe, that the drain from the New Convent opens into the middle of one of the public streets!

I have been visiting all those objects which are usually shewn to strangers here!—the aqueduct, whose stupendous height, much as I had heard of it, filled me with astonishment—the Mosaic pictures at St. Roque's, more excellent than I could possibly have believed—and the cathedral, containing little worthy of notice, but remarkable for having a little chapel built immediately before its front, on the spot where St. Anthony was born. St. Anthony is generalissimo of the Portugueze forces; and you may see his commission in Costigan's

Sketches—a book, so romantic, apparently—really so true! I have now lying before me an epic canto, of which this is the subject. St. Antonio, whilst preaching at Padua, suddenly discovers that his father, Bulhoens, is at that moment going to be condemned to death at Lisbon, for a murder of which he is innocent. St. Antonio flies to Lisbon—makes the dead man speak, to acquit Bulhoens, and name the affassin; then flies back again to Padua, and tells the story to conclude his sermon.

The equestrian statue of the late King is the noblest I ever saw. The late Chaplain, Dr. Allen, observed of the groupe below it, that they should draw the elephant's tusks; since, as he is less than the horse, he must needs be a young one: the hint was taken. The mean resentment of his victorious enemies removed the bust of Pombal from this statue; and they have defaced it by placing the city arms in bronze in its place. Horrible must have been the latter days of Pombal! He had always employed the power he possessed for the good of his country: but, to preserve that power, he had scrupled at no means, however atrocious.

cious. He retired at last in disgrace, to behold all his plans for the public good counteracted, and to feel, that the individual guilt he had contracted was indelible. After the death of the King, and the disgrace of Pombal, who had most faithfully served him, his enemies were continually urging the reigning Queen to restore the family of Aveiro to their honours: but, whenever she appeared to lend a favourable ear, the Queen Mother produced the coat of the King, pierced by the bullets of the assassins, and stained with his blood. One of the hired assassins, who escaped the diabolical cruelties inflicted upon his accomplices and abettors, lived for many years afterwards in Lisbon. He had preserved himself by mangling his countenance so that it was impossible to recognize him. Aveiro himself might have escaped, had he possessed either common prudence or common courage. A vessel was prepared to carry him off; but he heard that a party of horse had lost themselves in the woods by his house, without taking the alarm; and even when they appeared at the gate, he might have preserved himself by leaping out of a window, one story high. His palace at Belem was razed to the ground, and the



the ground sown with salt.\* There is a church erected on the spot where the King was shot at, dedicated to Nossa Senhora da Livramento—Our Lady of the Deliverance. Three parties were stationed to destroy him. The plot was, that the first should let him pass; the second fire, so that whether he proceeded or retreated, there might be a second chance of destroying him. This scheme, which, if properly executed, could scarcely have failed of success, was frustrated by the impatience of the first party, who fired as the coach passed them. The coachman immediately turned round and drove back, and thus the king was preserved. There is a curious sketch remaining, designed for the altar-piece

\* A column is erected upon the spot, with this inscription :

Aqui foraon as cazas arazadas e salgadas de Joze Mascarenhas, exauthorado das honres de Duque de Aveiro e outras; e condemnado por sentenxa proferida na suprema junta da inconfidencia, em 12 de Janiero de 1759: justificado como hum dos chefes do barbaro e execrando desecato, que na noite de 3 de Setembro de 1758, se havia commullado contra a real e sagrada pessoa de el Rey nosso Senhor D. Joze Iº. neste terreno infame se naon podera edificar em tempo algum.

piece of the church erected in commemoration of his escape : it represents the King wounded in his carriage, and an Angel turning the horses round.

The royal palace stood then about the distance of a mile and half from Lisbon, at a place called the Ajuda. From a hasty and slight fabric erected for the King after the great earthquake, it had gradually increased to a large and inelegant building, which was burnt down last year ; it was with the greatest difficulty that the Queen's sister could be saved from the flames ; she likewise is mad, and when they removed her by force, bit and scratched the persons who preserved her.

The Patriarchal church is situated at the Ajuda. John V. established this on the model of that of Rome. The dress of the Patriarch is similar to that of the Pope, and like the Pope when he makes his appearance in public, he rides upon a white mule. The Principals answer to the Cardinals, and the resemblance is carried downwards in the same manner.

About twenty years ago an Architect was sent to Rome to take plans of the inside of St. Peter's, that he might fit up the Patriarchal church upon their model. This man embezzled whatever he could; he substituted imitations for the most expensive lace, tinsel for gold, and false stones instead of jewels, with so greedy and blind an avarice, that at last he set fire to the church to prevent a discovery; he was detected and executed. I told this story to Mambrino: Ah! said he, he must have been either a heretic or a Jew!

They have a good regulation here with regard to fires. The watermen, who sell the water in barrels that they carry on their shoulders, are divided into wards, of each of which the individuals take the command in rotation. Every man is obliged at night to carry home his barrel full, and, in case of fire, it is the business of the head of the ward to collect all who may belong to it. An English sailor happened to see a fire here; assistance came late, and the house burnt slowly.—“Curse it,” cried he, squirting out his tobacco, “there’s no spirit in this country—why we should have had

a dozen houses burnt down in London by this time !”

The Museum and the Botanic Garden are likewise at the Ajuda. Brazil has supplied the Museum with the richest collection of birds I ever saw. The collection, if well disposed, would make a much more respectable appearance; but when the gloom of insanity and bigotry prevails at Court, little can be expected of royal encouragement. Many of the most valuable articles have lately been presented to the Prince of Parma by the Prince of Brazil. In the Botanic Garden my attention was principally engaged by two statues dug up in this kingdom a few years back, and now stuck up on each side the door of the garden, and exposed to the weather ! The one is somewhat larger than the other, but both are in the same attitude, and represent a man, his hands hanging down, and holding with both a small round shield ; evidently too rude for an age far advanced in civilization, they are yet much superior to the efforts of a barbarous one. These statues give ample room for conjecture ; they led me to reflect on many stupendous works of art, which

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were wondered at in the earliest ages of history, and of which the authors were even then forgotten.

Like every other useful establishment of royal munificence in this kingdom, the menagerie is ill-managed and ill-supplied. I was almost sickened at the pestilential filth in which the beasts are confined! The fine old elephant of John V. was put upon a short allowance of cabbages; but as they who diminished his food could not lessen his appetite, the poor animal died. There are only three zebras remaining and those are males; they bred in this country, and some attempts were made to break them in. The late Conde de Arcos actually drove them in an open carriage; till they broke two or three carriages for him, and some of them had killed themselves by struggling. This was the nobleman who was in the box with the King, and saw his brother killed at a bull-fight: he immediately descended, and attacked and killed the bull.

St. Joze's, which lies two miles lower down on the bank of the river, was about two years ago the scene of a remarkable piece of

villainy.—A Priest called upon a German Jeweller in Lisbon, and desired him to bring a set of good jewels to St. Joze's, for a lady about to be married: and he told him as the lady wished to keep the marriage a secret, he would meet him near the house, and transact the business. The man accordingly went and found the Priest where he had appointed, who told him there was the lady walking in the garden, and took the jewels from him to carry to her; but as he said it was not yet time they continued to stroll about the house. The Priest now produced some provisions, and urged his companion to eat, which however he declined: soon afterwards they came to a deep pit; the Priest desired the jeweller to look down, immediately he pushed him in, and threw large stones upon him. The poor fellow, though he had broken an arm and a leg in the fall, contrived to creep into the passage that led to another pit; he frequently heard the Priest address him in a feigned voice, and ask who was there, that he might fling stones upon him if he appeared. In this situation he remained till next morning, when some workmen who came to dig clay in the pits discovered him; he was taken to the house of an Englishman adjoining.

joining, and recovered of his wounds, but the Priest escaped.

Of late Lisbon has rapidly increased in size; but the growth of a metropolis no more implies the prosperity of the state, than that of an unwholesome tumour proves the health of the body. The population\* of this country is declining

\* The following extract from an essay entitled, *Discurso juridico œconomico-politico, &c. por Domingo Nunes de Oliveira. 1788.*—is given to prove the decrease of population in Portugal. I give it at length, for some places have increased.

A TABLE, shewing the different population of the District of Castello Branco (Comarca de Castella Branco, in 1706, 1755, and 1786.)

	1706	1755	1786
Alpedrinha	450	365	329
Atalaia	100	78	96
Belo Monte	450	449	543
Bemposta	90	96	76
Castello Branco	1230	1114	795
Castello Novo	180	150	144
Idanha Velha	40	41	23
Idanha Nova	630	542	411
Monfanto	400	325	358
	<u>3570</u>	<u>3160</u>	<u>2785</u>

clining, and very material changes must take place before it can improve.

	1706	1755	I have 1780
Brought forward	3570	3160	2785
Pena gracia	- 90 - -	80 - -	***
Pena maior	- - 1050 - -	686 - -	639
Proenza	- - 180 - -	176 - -	130
Rosmaninhal	- 200 - -	132 - -	200
Sabrigal	- - 350 - -	270 - -	252
Salvaterra	- 110 - -	103 - -	104
Sarzedas	- - 512 - -	556 - -	**
Segura	- - 100 - -	78 - -	70
Sortelha	- - 230 - -	244 - -	218
Touro	- - 270 - -	242 - -	267
St. Vicente	- - 300 - -	263 - -	278
Villa Velha	- - 160 - -	147 - -	**
Gibreira	- - 136 - -	109 - -	195
	<hr/> 7258	<hr/> 6114	<hr/> 4922

Deduct the number of which there was no account in 1796.

Pena Gracia	- - - 90
Sarzedas	- - 512
Villa Vella	- - 160
	<hr/> 762

From 7258 - total in 1706,

Deduct 762

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6496 - - - 4922

So that in 80 years there has been almost one-fourth decrease in population.



I have lately employed myself in abridging a very curious paper, written about 1740, by a Portugueze Secretary of State, and containing his plans for the improvement of Portugal. You will be astonished at the boldness and liberality of his sentiments, and sometimes amused by his mode of softening them: I abridged it from a manuscript in the original, and you will easily imagine that such a paper could never have been printed in this country.



ON THE  
STATE OF PORTUGAL.



THE advantages which Spain possesses over Portugal, consist in,

- 1st. The Bourbon connection.
- 2d. Extent of territory.
- 3d. Consequent superiority of population.
- 4th. By sea and land.
- 5th. And wealth foreign and domestic ; for the Spanish settlements are most productive : and as one province in Spain produces what another wants, there is always an internal market ; the Spaniards likewise wear the manufactures

tures of their own country ; whereas the Portuguese follow all foreign fashions, and prefer any foreign manufactures to their own.

In their government, language, courage, honesty, love of their country, loyalty and laziness, they are alike.

On the first of these advantages (now no longer existing) he observes, that if the Prince of Asturias should leave no issue, and the Infant Don Carlos, King of the two Sicilies, should attempt to reign in Spain, without surrendering those two crowns to his brother, the Infant Don Philip, a civil war might be the consequence, from whence Portugal could derive great advantages ; or if Philip V. should have no descendants, and his Majesty succeed : neither of which possible cases must we wish to happen, because such wishes are contrary to Religion.

As to the extent of territory, we must not complain against Omniscience for so unequally dividing the peninsula. Where Man fancies deformity, God beholds the beauty of aptitude. The Creator might have made the world one level

level surface without the inequalities of vales and mountains that apparently deform it : but the vallies are fertile when the sun scorches the mountains, and the mountains afford refuge and food when the vallies are inundated. To remedy this inferiority, the Kings of Portugal have extended their dominions in other parts of the world.

Pedro, at the end of the last century, found it prudent to treat with Louis XIV. and Philip V. but as his object was to increase his dominions, he broke the treaty, and leagued with their enemies the two maritime powers, on condition that he should have Badajox, Albuquerque, Valenza, and Alcantra in Estramadura, and Guarda Tuy Bayona and Vigo, with their dependencies, in Gallicia. The Rio de Prata and Viente were to be the American boundaries. “ My son, I will not enter into the question whether this manifest breach of a former treaty can be justified on the principles of good faith, which Princes ought to esteem as the main spring of all their actions.” This was the answer I made when the King did me the favour to ask me if he could in conscience and honour depart from the treaty he had made with France and Spain.

I took

I took the liberty to reply, that his Majesty had *an anterior and natural alliance with his own subjects*, which obliged him to maintain them in peace and security: his treaty with the two Courts was *posterior and civil*; therefore as his Majesty had conceived in his own deep consideration, he could not keep the first contract without violating the second. It followed, therefore, that his Majesty, from greater motives, could and ought to break his engagement, in consequence of those circumstances which authors mention in treating upon this delicate matter; but as his Majesty did not question me concerning the consequence, that of confederating himself with the enemies of his former allies to make war against them, I did not touch upon it; and to say the truth on this subject, I should have felt myself very much embarrassed.

Indeed Princes ought to have a greater portion of Christianity than individuals, that they may mutually pardon the injuries they mutually commit, for they are mutually reproaching each other with breach of faith, attended with the most aggravating and odious circumstances; but the evil is, they never possess this spirit of  
 charity,

charity, except when it serves their own interests.

The third disadvantage of Portugal (inferiority of population), can never be so remedied as to equalize the powers of the two countries. Great part of Portugal is mountainous, consequently barren and thinly peopled: it is therefore necessary to search for some expedient, that this superiority which Spain enjoys may not be so excessive. I know that what I am about to say might appear violent, if I were not addressing myself to persons who have conquered the prejudices to which they were born, and those superstitious principles which our Ecclesiastics so zealously inculcate; but as it is not easy to subdue these, I know my antidote will be thought poison, and the evil will remain without a remedy. This however shall not prevent me from considering what means ought to be taken against the abuses which disgrace religion and ruin the kingdom. Do me however the justice to believe that my sentiments are orthodox, and that were it not on this account Spain would not possess so vast a superiority in population.

The blood of our country is drained at every vein. Men are the real mines of a state, that continually produce, yet never are exhausted: but what men, my son? Men who cultivate the earth, that but for them would be barren: men who labour that they may live and multiply: men who serve the Prince and the Republic by land and by sea, in the offices of commerce.

The principal, most excessive, and constant bleeding that Portugal suffers, is by the great number of Convents, of all orders, of Monks and Nuns established over all the provinces, and in all the towns of this kingdom, multiplying the mouths that eat, but not the hands that labour, and living at the cost of those, who, that they may support themselves, and pay the tributes imposed upon them, must plough, and sow, and reap what God has given them, with the sweat of their brows. The natural indolence of the Portugueze increases the abuse; they can procure food by their profession, without the trouble of labouring for it, and without performing the duties of citizens. I shall never forget what I once heard from a Dominican.—  
A fadler threatened to make his son a Domini-  
can,

can, if he did not make better saddles, “and this,” said he, “will be worse for you.” Thus it is that we have so many friars, who instead of edifying, scandalize.

This whole fraternity is divided into two classes; the one with lands, the other without; the one living on its property, the other preying on the public: but both are prejudicial to the kingdom. For the first class,—of what use to the state are so many fat Benedictines, and so many proud Augustines, who live in their convents eating and drinking, except when they disturb the peace with their peculiarities, and send large sums of money to Rome?

The Corregidor do Crime complained to John IV. that the Austin friars of St. Vincent's were so inflamed by party rage in electing a president, that they would probably murder one another unless the King interfered. The King led him to the apartment where his hunting spears were kept: “Take these to the friars,” said he, “and let them do what they please with them.”

These



These orders are too rich. It was the riches of the church that tempted Henry VIII. of England to make his detestable attack upon it, and he bribed his assistants with the spoils. The church ought seriously to consider that its wealth may one day be its destruction.

The nunneries are equally prejudicial to the state. Women are forced there when their parents cannot afford to dower them suitably to their rank, lest they should marry according to their own inclinations.

I well know that the monastic life is the most perfect, but the King ought not on this account to have his dominions depopulated, nor to wink at abuses. These friars avail themselves of the ignorance of the people, to impose a thousand impositions upon them. I remember a religious society was established at Lisbon, calling themselves the Order of Divine Providence : † I called them

† The order of Divine Providence are so called because they have no revenues, and never go out to beg, but remain in their convent to receive such donations as may be voluntarily proffered, trusting thus to the Divine Providence

them, the Order of Human Industry: for these Religious made the women believe that St. Caetano would assist them in every illness, if they would cut off their hair as an offering to him. Soon afterwards they kept a barber in the chapel, and got many a good testoon \* by the business.

In the colonies where men are more wanted, the evil is, if possible, still more numerous. I remember King Pedro sent to consult the Procurador

dence for their support. If they are in danger of starving, they toll the bell for assistance, and supplies pour in. But they hold out to the last extremity, and have seldom been reduced to this expedient. At present the order consists of a very few monks, for the Divine Providence is failing.

\* The Portugueze money is computed by Reis, an imaginary coin.

The Vintem	-	-	is	20	Reis.
The Testoon, or Testaon	-			100	
The Cruzado	-	-	-	400	
The Cruzado Novo	-	-	-	480	
The Moidore, or Moeda de oura	-	-	-	4800	
The Six and thirty, or Meia Dobra de ouro	-	-	-	6400	

curador do Coroa, Manoel Lopes de Oliveira, on the propriety of licensing a convent in Bahia, for which application had been made. He replied, that instead of founding new convents it was proper to destroy those already established: but the Procurador remonstrated in vain, and instead of one convent leave was given to found five.

Thus it is in Brazil; but it is worse in Goa. When my grandfather, who was very rich, died there, his widow made her two daughters take the veil, spent their portions in rebuilding the convent, and at last entered it herself. Now if these women, dowered as they were, had married two Fidalgos, their children might have done honour to Goa, and served their country as their grandfather did, who was twice Governor of India. At present the King is annually necessitated to send supplies of men to the colonies, whom the friars lay hold of, and tell them that it is their duty to quit the service of their King for that of their God.

Yet what matters it whether or no convents are multiplied in Brazil, if they send their children to be professed at Lisbon? I knew a very rich Brazilian of Bahia, who sent six daughters, each portioned with six thousand cruzados, to the Convent of Esperanza, because none but persons of the first rank were admitted there. Such is the pride they mingle with their superstition, and such the injury they do to the republic.

So much for the first class. Of the Mendicants the most numerous is the Serafic, or Franciscan order, divided into as many species as pleased the fancies of the founders. These men lay the people under contribution in the name of alms; they tell them it is more a duty to give alms to them, than to pay the taxes of the Sovereign; and they absolve those who defraud the revenue without enjoining restitution. The principle of these Religious is truly admirable; they say that because they have renounced all possessions they are become part of the kingdom of Christ; therefore they are Lords of the whole earth, and therefore the whole World ought to pay tribute to them. "Nihil habentes

tes et omnia possidentes.”—Having nothing, yet possessing all things. But the vow of poverty is as little understood as the giving of alms, which ought to be distributed only among those who are incapable of supporting themselves. In the French Monastery of La Trappe, the Religious work with their bodies lest indolence should debauch their mind, and thus they labour manually while employing their spirits in prayer, instead of wandering about the country to take that bread from the labourer which his children want. I should be reconciled to this order if they did not mingle their practice with so much superstitious devotion.

And now that I am speaking of the superstitions these men inculcate for their own interests, I will tell you an anecdote worthy of remembrance of which I believe myself to be the only living testimony.—John IV. had, as you know, a natural daughter, whom at four years old he placed in a Convent of Carmelites at Carnide, from whence she took her name of Senora Donna Maria de Carnide. She was so well dowered that the Duke of Cadaval wished to marry her; but this did not take place.

King Pedro allowed her four thousand cruza-  
dos ; half she distributed among the Religious,  
and with the other half supported servants of  
both sexes who attended her without, for the  
friars would not suffer any professed assistant to  
enter the Convent.

It happened that Donna Maria fell ill, and  
her Physicians prescribed the \* Caldeiro. King  
Pedro did my father and mother the honour to  
give them the management of her household ;  
she was now treated as a Princess, and no sooner  
saw the world than she began to love its plea-  
sures. She was, however, always obedient to her  
Confessor, a good Carmelite, who suffered her  
to go no where without first obtaining his per-  
mission. Her health improved at the Calders,  
yet so gradually that it was necessary to repeat  
the visit the two succeeding years. She now  
mingled more with the world, and lived with a  
different race of beings from monks and nuns ;  
but

\* Dr. Withering has written a treatise on the waters of  
the Calders, which has been published at Lisbon, with a  
Portugueze translation. The place is about forty miles  
from Lisbon.

but the King began to be scrupulous of thus departing from the will of his father, and he proposed her to become Comendadeira of the Royal Convent dos Santos, where she would be treated by the Sisters with the respect due to her rank, and where my father should continue to govern her household. Donna Maria consulted her then Confessor, for the former one was dead; and he finding that her inclination led her to change her residence, and that their Convent would lose, not only what she annually gave them, but likewise all the benefits they expected from her professing there, told her, that to indulge such an intention would make the damnation of her soul certain. The poor lady, desirous on the one hand to live as a Princess, and on the other terrified at the gates of hell which her Confessor had opened on her, fell into a deep melancholy, and began to say that she was already condemned, and that she despaired of salvation. The friars said she was possessed of an evil spirit, and exorcised her according to the rites of the church; the King, however, sent Dr. Andre Bernardez to her. I do not remember how long she lived in this state

state, but she died before it was decided whether she was melancholy or possessed. This I can say with all truth, that I have frequently accompanied my mother when the Senora sent for her to dine; there was then no appearance of this disorder, her melancholy left her whenever my mother had the honour of being with her, but it returned the moment she saw her Confessor, and therefore she used to cry out that she did not want to confess. Such are the horrible effects of interested superstition.

The Religious of the present day differ from the early Monks in uniting the monastic and sacerdotal characters, which at once destroys the order of the hierachy and the tranquillity of the cloister: they are thus neither monks or priests, and this equivocal state presents different motives for making the same vows. The ancient monks dwelt in deserts, and courted solitude; now they live in cities, and even make the vow of seclusion as an opportunity of entering the world. True it is that we have some convents in deserts, but these are frequented by Rome-rias, and the same relaxation of discipline takes place. The ancient monks were under the ju-  
risdiction



jurisdiction of a bishop, and received from him the sacrament, and a distribution of alms when they were in want. Now, not content with administering the sacrament to each other, they even communicate it to the people, which is the office of the Cure: it is true the Pope has approved of this union of the clerical and monastic characters; when the priest cannot perform all the necessary duties himself, he may then with propriety call in the assistance of the friars.

From the third difference, a fourth arises. They no longer obey the jurisdiction of the bishops, in whose mouth Jesus Christ has placed the Gospel. If they wish to elude an ecclesiastic law, they apply to the King, and call themselves his subjects, and demand his protection. If the arm of secular justice be extended against them, they then appeal to the Pope, as ecclesiastics. The Procurador Manoel Lopes de Oliveira once said, that, as their inclinations or interests required, they sometimes made a Pope of the King, and sometimes a King of the Pope. These are but a few of the circumstances which make the monks of the present day so different from

from the ancient monks; and which fill the convents with men who ought to labour and cultivate the earth, instead of impoverishing the people by exacting alms. It was not thus that Christ and his apostles preached and practised.

As you can easily know the exact number of monks and nuns, I will say, that if only a third part of them were married, they might, in two ages, people a country as large as Portugal and her colonies. One way of checking the progress of this evil would be, by forbidding the convents to admit more than their statutes express; for at present they receive as many as they can support. A convent, founded for twenty religious, that has thirty now, should not be permitted to replace ten when they died. This regulation is wanted more particularly with regard to nunneries, where the sisters bring portions with them. No person should profess before the age of twenty-five, that they may well consider the nature of the vows they take. The council of Trent permits profession at the age of fifteen: but, as the sacred scriptures say nothing of either monks or nuns, his Majesty will

will be justified in representing to his Holiness, the abuses occasioned by allowing them to make their vows at so early an age.

These two remedies are only palliatives of the evil; yet, if they were adopted, the evil would not increase so rapidly, nor would the church be disgraced by so many who are unable to keep their vows.

The priests are as prejudicial to the state by their celibacy, as the monks. If the single life be the most perfect, surely there is sanctity enough in the evangelical character alone to render it sufficiently respectable. Many of our clergy know only enough to repeat the mass which they cannot understand, and this they do instead of marrying and working at the plough to support their wives and children. To check this evil a strict examination, both as to their learning and lives should be instituted; no man ordained whose patrimony is not sufficient to support him; and the number of priests limited to a due proportion of the population.

I do

I do not think the Pope would interfere in this proposed reform, nor ought he, for ecclesiastical establishments being intended to do good, must not be perverted to the injury of the state, and be made a cover for vice and enormities.

Talking with Cardinal Alberoni in the Escorial one day, he said to me in strong terms, that he did not know why Kings should wish to have any of their subjects made Cardinals, "for my part," added he, "I care little whether or no his Catholic Majesty be disgusted with my services; in that case, I should depart for Rome, and he could do me no injury. This event really happened but a few days afterwards, and as he departed he said to me with phlegm enough, "Exemplum enim dedi vobis. Vous etes dans la carriere tachez en de la finir sans attendre une semblable catastrophe." I have given you an example, you are in the same career, take heed how you finish it without meeting a similar catastrophe.

The closing of this vein, more dangerous because it is kept open by physicians, would remedy

medy the second evil, the succours necessary for the colonies, for it would remove the cause.

The third cause of depopulation is still more dangerous. This bleeding is more dreadful because the Holy Office is the bleeder, for fear of which men are daily emigrating with all their property from Portugal, to enrich other countries.

The breach between the Emperors and the Popes opened a door to heresy, and the Albigenses of Languedoc started up, who denied the sacred mysteries, and rebelled against the authority of the church. Innocent III. sent St. Dominic to preach to them, but so far was he from converting them, that they increased still more rapidly, and the Pope ordered his Missionaries to proclaim a crusade against them, and granted indulgencies to all who should engage in the extirpation of this heresy, a species of Manicheism condemned in the Lateran Council in the year 1180. Raimond Count of Thoulouse however took up arms in their defence, and this war, which because it was religious, was more bloody and ferocious than any other,

other, lasted till 1229. The Albigenfes, who escaped, took refuge among the Vaudois, and their posterity became the disciples of Quinglius and Calvin.

But the Pope, finding that notwithstanding all he had done, there were multitudes who still persisted in this error, thought he could pursue no better plan than to chuse out a society of persons devoted to the interests of the church, separated from all their relatives and friends,\* inexorable, cruel, and inflexible without pity or compassion, who should be called Inquisidores da Fe, Inquisitors of Faith. These qualities were found in the newly-instituted orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis, who cheerfully undertook the business, and even exceeded the expectations of the Pope. Who knows not the effects that followed—the thousands of Moriscoes burnt in Spain—the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, and the horrors of the revocation of the edict of Nantz.

- *Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum.*

- John

\* Literally from the original. "Enexoraveis crueis e inflexeveis sem predade nem comiseracaon."

John III. established the Inquisition in Portugal. The members persuaded the Nobility that it was an honourable thing to become Familiars: that they would acquire honour by separating sons and daughters from their parents, by tearing away wives from the arms of their husbands, and by conducting the condemned prisoners to the flames! The better to secure respect, they punished as suspected persons all who injured any of their members, all who resisted their orders, all who disturbed the exercise of them, all who divulged their secrets, and even all who murmured against their proceedings. They condemn upon such pretexts, that every man lives in a state of continual apprehension; they have under their cognizance all persons accused of witchcraft, blasphemy, polygamy, &c. and they have the inspection of all books.

Tribunals for particular crimes must always be prejudicial to the state, because they seek for crimes that they may neither want employment or profit. God forbid that you should find in me a single thought against the Holy Office

as to what regards heretics and dogmatists. There is nothing that could so well defend us from Innovators of opinion and Founders of new sects, for the genius of the Portugueze is neither less strong, less acute, less ardent, or less addicted to speculation than that of other nations, with respect to corrupting the sacred scriptures, and perverting the doctrines of the Fathers. Above all, any sect that should authorize sensuality would make a rapid progress amongst us, for to this vice the climate contributes, and it is ordinarily carried on under the cloak of hypocrisy, to which we are infinitely inclined.

When studying at Coimbra, you must have heard of Padre Manoel de Carvalho, who had a seminary in the province of Beira for educating the daughters of the Nobility, and who was spoken of as a person of singular virtue, and a man of God. Dón Joaõ de Mello, the bishop of Coimbra, sent to inquire concerning him to the Ministers and Religious in the neighbourhood, and they all attested that he was really \* a holy man, and such as the world believed

\* "Hum hominem sancto."



believed him: but when we least expected it we heard he was in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and at the Auto da Fe his crimes were made public. They were of the most refined and abominable \* quietism. He had debauched all his pupils, and even the Prioress, whose infant he had murdered and buried, and what is worse, he had communicated his principles chiefly among the Confessors and Religious.

This and many other similar cases prove that Bishops are not good Overseers, and that the Inquisition is necessary to preserve Portugal from the variety of sects so numerous in those other countries, that are afflicted with men *who take the liberty to read and write, and debate, and print whatever their rash or vitiated judgments may inspire.*

Judaism however should be subject only to the secular laws, and the invidious title of New Christians ought to be abolished. If this cannot be done, let the witnesses be obliged to give their own names, and to name the hour and

\* Quietista.

the place where the act of Judaizing was committed, then let the accused exculpate himself if he can.

They who defend the secrecy of examination observed by the Holy Office, appear to me to have seen only that part of the institutes that commands testimony to be given in secret, on account of the danger of assassination to which the witnesses would otherwise be exposed: but the same statutes say, "the Inquisitors shall proceed with great caution and care to discover if the accusation be true or false, and so that they do not deprive the accused of those means of defence which natural right demands,\* which right no Power, either human or divine, can take away, because it is divine itself." But what danger does the Cobler run who accuses the Blacksmith? and it is rarely that persons of higher rank are indicted, unless sometimes a Physician or an Advocate.

But the Inquisitors hold another principle from which and their consequent practice many innocent

\* Que nem o humano nem o Divino podem derogar, porque elle mesmo he Divino.

innocent must necessarily suffer. They say it is better that many Catholics and good Christians should perish, than that one heretic or Jew escape; for the death of a good Catholic is nothing more than the securing his salvation, whereas great numbers may be perverted by the life of one heretic or Jew.

The consolation which the Inquisition gives to those who have suffered innocently is admirable. It ordains that no person shall say he was condemned without reason, or complain of the Judges, or of the holy institution; but instead of complaining of being unjustly punished, he must rejoice that he has suffered for righteousness sake.

The great argument which the Inquisitors use to justify their practice, is, that as secrecy is observed in human crimes of leze-majesty, how much more reason is there for observing it in leze-majesty against God! but the security of the state is interested in the life of the Prince. Now, the greatest crime that ever could be committed against God is that of Adam; yet, notwithstanding God was the Judge as well as the

offended party, and therefore needed no proof on which to condemn him, he heard what the culprit could say in his own defence, who, as if accusing his Judge pleaded, "the Woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree; and I did eat." Upon this the Woman was confronted with the serpent, and the Supreme Judge having made this notable process in all due forms, pronounced sentence, and condemned Adam and all his posterity: but God did not deprive him of temporal life, because he had from all eternity resolved to people the world; whereas the Inquisition, by its proceedings, assist in depopulating Portugal, for they condemn *those who are called Jews* to the punishment of death, as relapsed; and if any remain in the kingdom and profess the true faith, they go on multiplying the name of New Christians.

I say *those who are called Jews*, for in reality they are not so, because they want the distinguishing mark. None of those who have appeared at the Autos da Fe are acquainted with the written law, but have followed a few traditions and a few of their own inventions. They are  
not

not therefore to be accounted Jews; but the Inquisition makes Hebrew extraction a great proof of the crime. I have heard that Paulo Affonzo de Albuquerque (my school-fellow and friend,\* but as ignorant as it is possible to be) used to say after he became Promoter of the Holy Office, that if Old Christians were accused of Judaism, there might be some doubt entertained, but of the guilt of New Christians there could be no doubt at all; and I say, it is by no means conformable to the principles of Christianity that the Promoter and Judges should sit down to pass sentence on the accused when possessed with so rash an idea.

Frey Domingos de S. Thomas, Deputy of the Holy Office, used to say of the Mint and the Inquisition, that there was one house in the Calzateria where they made money; and another in the Rocio, where they made Jews. Fit indeed is the inscription over the gate of this memorable and dreadful tribunal at Bologna: *Hæc est Inquisitionis tremenda Domus*. This is the tremendous House of the Inquisition.

F f 2

From

\* Mais ignorante tanto quanto se pode ser.

From all this it follows that the Inquisition multiplies Jews instead of extirpating them, and that it drives from Portugal the people best adapted to sustain its commerce.

One remedy would be, to put in execution the law of banishment without indulgence. When Don Luis de Souza was at Rome, his Holiness said to him, "What do you wish to do with this poor and disgraced people? If your King does not chuse to have them in his dominions, let him banish all who prevaricate, and by little and little they will be thus extinguished."

Another is, that the property of the accused should descend to his legal heirs, for of those who fly the kingdom more are driven by the fear of leaving their children beggars, than by the danger of their own deaths. John IV. intended to remedy this, and told the Inquisition who opposed him, that he wished to punish the guilty, not to destroy those houses of business which were the nerves of the State; but this useful resolution was repaid by the excommunication which the Holy Office rashly demanded  
of

of the Pope against the King, and which he as rashly granted.

Another evil resulting from this, is, that no foreign merchants will connect themselves with people whose property is every day liable to be seized by a Juiz de Fisco, from whom they can never expect to recover it.

But the first remedy should be to allow Liberty of conscience to the Jews. A contract should be made as in Rome, allowing the Jews to practise their own ritual, but obliging them to hear a sermon every Sunday. If any one after being converted by these sermons should relapse, let him then be burnt; thus would there be only Jews and Christians in Portugal, the invidious distinction of New Christians would be abolished, and the disgrace removed which all Portugueze suffer on their travels, of being looked upon as Jews.

There should be a law that all who could prove their ancestors for four generations not to have apostatized, should be deemed Old Christians, and be made eligible to all offices; but  
these

these remedies would meet with unsurmountable opposition from the Inquisitors, Familiars, Friars and Priests, and indeed from the whole body of the people, who are equally ignorant and superstitious.

Liberty of Conscience should be granted to all foreign Jews. From this however the German Jews should be excepted, for they are descended from the execrable rabble who escaped from the destruction of Jerusalem, and are moreover great usurers. Many enterprising merchants would settle in this country if they could enjoy the free exercise of their religion, exempt from the power of the Holy Office: thus would Portugal receive an increase of useful citizens whose speculative industry might restore her commerce.

Whatever has been said of the destructive effects produced by the Inquisition in Portugal, will equally apply to the colonies. The harmless Indians, a poor peaceable persecuted race, are hunted there with the same merciless severity, and the same depopulation follows.

But



But to all these projected plans of reform the education of our King presents the greatest obstacle. From his preceptor, the present Inquisitor General, he has learnt the savage spirit of bigotry, and there is no festival which the King frequents with such delight as the execution of a miserable Jew. Such were the sentiments that ruined Sebastian, and with him ruined Portugal. He too had been taught that it was his duty to propagate Christianity by fire and sword; inflamed with this belief he invaded Africa, and perished with the flower of his kingdom in the mad crusade; for the blood wasted on that day his Jesuit tutor must be answerable at the throne of God.

I well know that for saying these things I shall be deemed irreligious, *porque* "stultorum numerus est infinitus," because the number of fools is infinite. Be that as it may, in saying these things I am discharging my duty, and you know that my opinions are orthodox.

Our inferiority of forces would be remedied by forming alliances with such powers as are able and willing to assist us, and by the embodying

bodying a militia. Our deficiency in money requires more consideration.

Is it better that the State be poor or the people? The alternative is not inevitable. The high orders should not be exempt from the payment of taxes: is it not at once absurd and oppressive that those ranks who can best afford to pay, are privileged to pay nothing, and that those people who with difficulty can support themselves should likewise be obliged to support the State? It were well too that luxury should be restrained, and to restrain luxury Example will be of more avail than positive laws. When Peter the Great was in France, the Marquis Nele appeared before him every day in a new dress; "surely," said the Czar to him, "your tailor must be a very bad one that he can never fit you!"

John IV. uniformly aimed at making luxury unfashionable. Seeing the Ambassador to London in an English hat one day, he inquired how much it cost; and hearing two pounds English money, he replied, "Take care of it, for I can purchase four hats in Portugal for that money."

money." He never suffered his hair to grow, to avoid the expence of having it dressed ; this of course became the fashion. My Uncle, the Conde Villa Flor, did not cut off his, and this singularity was remarked to his Majesty, and construed into a symptom of disaffection.—  
 "Nay, nay," answered John, "his hair ought to be privileged, for it grew amid battles; he was a soldier before I was a King."

One day when my Father was walking with his Majesty, a Negro asked charity of them: the King gave him two testoons, and inquired how many pounds of meat that money would purchase. The Negro told him he did not know, for the butcher cut it by the eye; and the King had the butcher punished for not selling legally by weight. A Juiz de Fora presented him a memorial one day, which he put in his breeches pocket without reading it; the Minister observed, that his Majesty would probably forget the memorial when he changed his breeches. "Never fear that," said the King, "for the Devil take me if I have another pair in the world!"

A law\* is very much wanted to restrict the number of mules in a carriage to a pair; for envy or emulation tempt people to vie with each other in the number they drive; their mode of living in other respects must be answerable to the appearance of their equipage, thus do they live beyond their means of support, and continually involve themselves in debt.

Religious luxury too is an evil which requires to be checked by sumptuary laws. Vast sums are annually expended, by the emulation of different Brotherhoods, in ornamenting their churches. Processions too, and bull-fights, and Romerias, customs that can be productive of no good, and which afford opportunities for infinite evil, ought to be suppressed.

Such is the number of Saints-day, and other holidays, that our peasantry and people are allowed to labour only a third part of the year. Indeed, in their mode of worship the Protestant countries have considerably the advantage. Their church service is celebrated twice on

\* This law has since been enacted, and except the Royal Family and foreign Ministers, no person is allowed to drive more than two beasts.

the sabbath-day, and the Minister expounds the scriptures to his congregation in a sermon, with running into violent hyperboles, or wresting the texts to support some favourite dogma. This service, which lasts nearly two hours, is heard with reverent attention, whereas we think one half-hour's mass very tedious! On their holy festivals they examine their own hearts and take the sacrament devoutly, after their heretical manner, which we submit to only to satisfy the forms of the church, and for fear of excommunication. God sanctified the Sabbath, and made it a day of rest, because on that seventh day he rested from his labour, after having made this admirable universe with one "fiat." He made it for rest, not for indolence, as we abuse it; but that we should praise his works, and by our unfeigned love and devotion deserve, as far as it is possible to deserve, his infinite mercy.

Pictures of miracles should not be hung up in churches till the fact has been very well examined. The frequency of these, and their unimportance, tend to render the very foundation of our religion suspected, and they lead the ignorant into heavy and superstitious expences.

People

People now make offerings to Mary\* the most pure, and to the Saints, and they believe that these mediators will intercede for them with an earnestness proportioned to the value of the offering. But the sacrifice which God requires of man is an humble and contrite heart, and he who gives alms to the poor, and relieves the necessities of his neighbour, he offers the best offering to procure the favour of the Saints, and of Mary the most pure.

Our silk manufactories ought to be restored. When I was in London, I saw a Portugueze Jew there, who had carried on one of these manufactories in the country, till driven away by the Inquisition : the King offered him a safe conduct and protection if he would return and re-establish it, but he was too wise. “*Credat Judæus Apella.*” Perhaps our want of materials may be alleged against this measure ; but this

\* So generally has the Franciscan jargon infected the people, that the Mother of Christ is as constantly called *Maria purissima*, Mary the most pure, in Catholic countries, as she is *The Virgin Mary* in England. The reader will observe that this alludes to *her own immaculate conception*, and not that of *her Son*.

this want must be imputed to our own indolence. Our climate is as good, as that of Piedmont or Valencia; the wines we produce prove this, and of course therefore the mulberry-tree would flourish here. But look at England and Holland, they manufacture silk as well as is done at Lyons, and even fetch the raw materials from China. For their woollen cloths too they are obliged to import Spanish wool to mix with their own: such is the laborious industry of some, and such the ruinous indolence of others.

On this account I was always of opinion that his Majesty ought not to have revoked the prohibition upon foreign cloths in favour of England: but the principal merchant in the woollen line was brother to Don Joaon Methuem, the then Ambassador in Lisbon: and he wrote to his brother, desiring him to state to the Minister, that the wines of Portugal, particularly those produced on the Quintas\* of the Nobles and Fidalgos, would have a great and secure sale in England, if his Majesty would revoke the prohibition upon foreign cloth, so that English  
cloth

\* Country estates.

cloth might be admitted; for the Portugueze wines pay a third less duty than the French.

But it was necessary to keep me silent, for I had always opposed such a measure; and as the English are accustomed to negotiate with money, a mode which saves a great many arguments, he offered me a considerable sum, through Manoel Marquez, to remain silent. I rejected this offer as I ought. I wrote him word, however, that as his Majesty seemed inclined to take off the prohibition, he had chosen me to negotiate, for at this time French wines could not enter England, and the great desire the English had to export their cloth, made me hope for more advantageous terms when the Parliament met. The treaty, however, was made soon afterwards, peace was established between England and France, and I had no doubt that the English would observe their agreement with them instead of with us; for the French wines now paid one half less duty than the Portugueze, instead of one third more, and of course if the English preferred drinking French wines, they might now they were cheapest, without affording us cause of complaint, as the pretext for the

treaty



treaty with us was that our wines were one third cheaper: considering this, the vicinity of France, and the goodness, delicacy, and variety of the French wines, it seemed evident to me that our market was spoiled.

I do not say that his Majesty ought to have opposed this treaty; but it appears to me that he had only stipulated to allow the free entry of English cloth, not that he should give up his own manufactories, and still less that his subjects should be obliged to wear English cloth. The English would have no cause to complain if his Majesty should order his troops to wear the cloth of the country, particularly if that cloth should be found better on trial than the manufacture of England. I myself once appeared at Paris and London, dressed in Portuguese cloth, and it was every where thought very good; but this treaty prevented the improvement of our manufactures, and the ruin of the most enterprising directors of them by the Inquisition, destroyed them. Even now, however, if his Majesty would wear the produce of the country, his example would produce a great and beneficial effect. In the year

1701, a cheap cloth manufactured in London, of which the complete suit cost only forty shillings, was made fashionable by William III.

I must confess when the Dutch desired that the prohibition upon foreign cloth might be revoked in their favour as well as in that of the English, I supported their request, though the plea of opening a market for our wines existed not in their case. I supported them because the free importation of cloths from Holland would lower the English price, and only the same quantity of money go out of Portugal; for though the market would be better stocked, the consumption would still be the same.

You may perhaps say that if we diminish the sale of English goods, they will on their part diminish that of Portugueze wines. Be it so: weigh well the advantage and the loss; the establishment of manufactures would benefit all Portugal and her colonies; the loss of the wine trade would hurt only the wine lands, and these may be converted into arable land, of which the country is in want: besides the English  
are

are so accustomed to our wines, which are cheaper than the French, that they would probably still purchase them; and if they did not, the men who now work in the vineyards are equally able to labour at the plough: but manufactures give bread to those who can work nowhere else.

But it is observed that all attempts at establishing manufactures must fail, because foreigners can afford to supply us with goods at a cheaper rate: this evil would be daily remedying: besides, by purchasing our own commodities we keep the money in the kingdom, and thus another disadvantage under which Portugal labours may be counteracted; the want of troops, for the Prince who has money can hire foreign troops.

Our deficiency as a naval power cannot so easily be supplied. We have only our navy, the Brazil ships, and a few that go to, and return, or do not return, from India: it is sailors that Portugal is in want of, and for these she possesses no nursery. It is more with regard to their commerce than to their situation that Eng-

land and Holland are called maritime powers; this is assisted by their Companies, and trains up seamen for their navy. It is an object of the first importance to restore the state of Brazil, the most effectual means of accomplishing this would be to establish a company, and for such an undertaking the Jews are of all persons the most fit. Father Antonio Vieira, who is known and admired by all who have read his books (except indeed his last but one, which is full of such fanaticism as cannot be suffered) proposed the forming of an India Company; as a previous step to which it was necessary to repeal the law for confiscating Jewish property; this proposal cost him dear: the Inquisition deeply remembered it, and afterwards seized and condemned him, more for this than for his heretical opinions.

Such likewise was the opinion of the Conde Ribeira, whom God has; a man experienced in business, and who had given thought to the subject. The King recalled him from Paris, and appointed me in his place: we met at Orleans, and he communicated to me his project. I told him that it was very good, very useful,  
and

and very necessary, but at the same time vast and liberal; and that that was enough to secure it the opposition either of envy or of ignorance, according to the laudable custom of our country, from those whom his Majesty would consult.

The advantages which the Dutch derive from possessing the Cape of Good Hope are well known. We have the ports of Brazil and of Mozambique, for vessels going and returning, that might produce us equal advantages, but these are neglected!

Such a Company ought to pay for their monopoly, and this they might well afford to do. Andre Alvarez Nogueira, a Jew associated with some English merchants, proposed to me once to arm a ship for the India trade: and he offered, if his Portuguese Majesty would suffer him to use his flag, that he might not be treated as an interloper, to sail with a supercargo from Lisbon, call there on his return, and allow the King ten per cent. and if the goods were contraband, sell them elsewhere. I thought his proposal a good one, but it was rejected.

It may be reckoned among the other good effects of such a company, that foreigners would place their money in it; and though it may be said that they will fear to trust their property to a despotic government, and, what is worse, can allege the suppression of the Brazil Company, in spite of all their services; yet where the hope of gain is powerful, the fear of contingent danger is weak. I must, however, again observe, that to establish such Companies it will be absolutely necessary to tolerate the Jews.

The encouragement of our fisheries is another object of national concern. Two frigates, however, would be wanted to protect them from the Barbary Corsairs, and as the people are too poor, too lazy, and too pusillanimous to undertake this, the Court ought to begin it. The importance of a nursery for seamen can never be insisted on too strongly. There are coal mines in the neighbourhood of London, and yet, on this account, all the coals consumed in that city are brought from Newcastle.

But

But the greatest benefit which Portugal could possibly receive would result from declaring Lisbon a free port; not in the strict and literal meaning of the word, for it is not my wish that his Majesty should lose the revenues of the Custom-house; yet it is true that this loss might be repaired, and to the advantage of the public. It is the purchaser who pays the duty, and it is possible to collect the same revenue in a less oppressive manner. They who buy must barter or sell: these duties make the goods dearer, less therefore is bought, and consequently less is sold: it follows that the cessation of all duties would be beneficial.

Such a measure would render Lisbon the first port in the world; it is sufficient for a moment to contemplate its effects where it has taken place. Lyons is not absolutely a free port, yet as a very trifling duty is laid upon every cargo, without regard to size, the facility of entering goods has rendered it a flourishing city. The duties at Venice have been reduced from fourteen to one per cent. since the year 1736: and on exports it is less than this: on this account it takes the Lombardy trade from Lyons.

The

The flourishing port of Genoa is altogether free. Bayona is free only for natives, or those who marry a native; foreigners, therefore, who engage in that trade, generally reside there. I remember the Member for Bristol, in the English Parliament, spoke in praise of the English for enriching themselves abroad, and then returning and buying estates, and enjoying in their own country what they had brought from ours. Dunkirk is free, and to this it owes its opulence. Consider what the examples of these ports must prove, and think of the advantages which Lisbon possesses over all of them.

It will therefore be right for his Majesty to erect a large warehouse to receive foreign goods, in a dry situation near Belem, so constructed as at any time to admit of such enlargement as may be necessary. Another must be built with more divisions for cargoes that are liable to spoil, such as all kinds of grain, as is the case at Amsterdam. The advantage which foreigners would derive from having Lisbon a free-port, would excite the emulation or the avarice of the Portuguese, and thus produce a mercantile spirit.



M. Tugere, of St. Maloes (whom the King rewarded with the Order of Christ, for carrying the Conde Ereceyra to France, after he had been robbed by pirates, near the isle of Bourbon), offered to make a voyage of discovery if his Majesty would employ him. I, however, gave no encouragement to his project. Brazil is the scene for discoveries; by means of the many rivers that communicate with the Maragnon, we ought to penetrate that immense country, a country probably as rich in cochineal and silver mines as the Spanish possessions.

But I have before said that Portugal must not be depopulated to people Brazil; make the inhabitants, then, labour in the cultivation of sugar and tobacco, instead of burying them in the mines. One ship will bring away all the gold and jewels they can dig, but many vessels are necessary for the exportation of these articles of commerce.

There could no ill consequence arise from suffering strangers to enter Brazil. I remember, when I held that station at London, which you so worthily occupy at present, that four thousand

land persons came at once from the Palatinate to emigrate to the English settlements in America. You know the French got permission to go to the Cape of Good Hope, that they might enjoy religious liberty; there they planted vineyards, and made that wine superior to Tokay, which is sold at so high a price. The Dutch colony of Surinam would have fallen to ruin had it not been for the Jews. None of these various emigrants wish to return to their own country; and thus would it be in Brazil: The climate is more agreeable, the soil more fertile; neither could they depart by any vessels but ours. There they would settle and marry, and their children become good Portugueze and good Catholics, just as their fathers were Protestants,

I do not say that we ought to give strangers the privilege of having commercial houses in Brazil, which we refuse to the English and Dutch, notwithstanding it is stipulated for in their treaties. The privilege I speak of is very different in its object; and, indeed, it is absurd to say that the English have no commercial houses in Brazil; for if they have them not  
openly,

openly, they have them under the names of Portugueze who are merely their agents. When I was in London I endeavoured to make the English relinquish this privilege, of which they made no use, lest the French should allege their example to demand the same. The Council of Commerce would have consented, if one Mr. Miliner, a man who had enriched himself at Lisbon, had not observed, that though no use was made of it now, there might hereafter; therefore I think we had better not push the matter, lest the English should immediately exert a privilege which we could not deny. This will apply likewise to the Dutch, who first made the stipulation in their treaty: the English followed their example, more particularly in the marriage settlement of the Princess Catharina. On every account we ought to attend to Brazil.

With respect to the internal commerce of Portugal, the want of navigable rivers and consequently of canals, renders good roads more necessary: these should be immediately made; and a revenue may well be raised for these by means of lotteries and tontines.

My Son, I have said these things to you, confiding in your great and virtuous integrity. The plans which I have suggested to you appear necessary to me to render us more equal with our neighbours, and, I trust, if they accord with your sentiments, that you will attempt to execute them. You should on the first opportunity remind his Majesty, that Kings to support their regal character ought to imitate God: that they are the Fathers of their people, a title which God himself, the King of Kings, delights in, for we say to him, "Our Father," not "Our King:" and that as that universal Father provides for the preservation, continuance, and subsistence of the species, so ought his Majesty to be careful of his subjects welfare: he should particularly take heed that the Nobles be not disgraced by improper alliances, or extinct for want of good ones. A good parent endeavours to marry his children well; so ought the King. It is thus that the King of France has formed such a corps of officers, who are stimulated by every motive of honour or emulation, and who would be invincible, did not God when he pleases order otherwise.

It is not right that the Nobles should wed with foreigners : we never hear of the French, or the Germans, or the Spaniards, marrying a Portuguezé woman, and yet we are continually seeking wives among them. Some families indeed keep themselves so pure as on that account to assume the name of Puritans. It is somewhat strange that they should adopt the name which the Usurper Oliver Cromwell gave to his infamous sect ; God knows whether they were as pure as they pretended to be ! Sects of religion are often seen, but a sect of families is a novelty.

If any nation ought to be proud of its Nobility, it is Portugal, when we remember the expulsion of the Moors, their exploits against the Infidels abroad, and against the Spaniards at home. The decline of the country is owing to the decline of the Nobility.

Large pensions are annexed to our three orders, but these pensions should decrease in proportion to the estimation and utility of the order. That of Christ was founded when the Knights Templar were so barbarously destroyed ; King  
Pedro

Pedro prostituted it to such a degree that Lord Oxford once observed, he had never met with a Portuguese who was not of the order of Christ. Diogo de Mendoza offered the order to my Secretary Manoel de Sequeira; but he answered that such a badge would not be consistent with one who walked through the dirty streets of Lisbon. I have blamed Count Taronca for making his page put on his shoes for him, who wore the order as well as himself. To render it respectable it should be like the Danish order of the Elephant, and the English Garter, limited, and reserved as the reward of great services.

Consider now the import of all that I have said: reflect on the force of Spain, and you will find that our King holds his crown by a very precarious tenure. The conquest of Portugal is but the work of one campaign for Spain. But the best possible plan would be that the King should remove to Brazil, and fix his Court at the city of Rio de Janeiro. The soil is rich, the climate delightful, and the city would soon become more flourishing than Lisbon. There he might extend his commerce, make discoveries

ries

ries in the interior, and take the title of Emperor of the West.

But you ask me what is to become of Portugal. What is Portugal? It is a corner of land divided into three parts; the one barren, one belonging to the church, and the remaining part not even producing grain enough for the inhabitants. Look now at Brazil, and see what is wanting. Salt may be found at Pernambuco, the country will produce wine, and oil may be made from the whale fishery; true, indeed, we should have no snow to cool our drink, but there are ways enough beside of cooling water.

If America is in want of some things which Europe produces, Europe wants more of the productions of America: whatever America is in need of, industry can there supply; but it is not thus in Europe. The Divine Providence permits these mutual wants,\* that all nations may

\* The original words are, "A divina providencia permittio esta mesma reciproca falta de certos generos en hum e outro hemisferio, para que as nazoens se communicassem e se formassem a sociedade da Republica universal."

may communicate with each other, and form themselves into an universal Republic.

In contemplating the plan we should remember how widely the gospel might be extended when there would be so many more labourers in the Lord's vineyard. I say the Lord's, for the Tapuyes of Brazil are as much his creatures as the Europeans, though they have for so many ages dwelt in the darkness of idolatry, groaning under the dominion of the Devil.

Thus should Brazil become the port of the world: the Europeans would come there for gold and silver, and jewels, and whatever productions might be raised, nor when the ports were open to them, would they ever think of conquering the country. You say that Portugal must then be governed by a Viceroy; that he would be less careful of the state; that the Nobility would be less willing to serve under him, and that Portugal would thus be added to Spain. To this I reply, let the Powers of Europe guarantee Portugal to his Majesty; this they will do for their own interests; and if Spain attacks Portugal, let her expect reprisals



fals on the side of Paraguay and the Rio de Prata.

You will think me an old dotard : but which is best, to live in security or in constant fear ? Portugal wants Brazil, but Brazil does not want Portugal.

Thus have I given you my sentiments. They may be deemed by some impracticable, romantic, and little orthodox ; but all things appear impracticable to those who will not put them in practice ; romantic to those who will not reason, and heretical to the ignorant and the interested.



## LETTER XXV.



*Thursday, March 24.*

**O**N Monday last I went to Setúval. We crossed the river to Moita, and found mules on the strand ready for the journey. Two of the owners quarrelled in settling which we should take, and fought, in the Portuguese manner, with open hands; the battle was soon over, and one of the combatants was going away, when the other seized a large flake, and flung it with all his force at his head. The distance from Moita is twelve miles, and we paid a cruzado novo for each mule.

We soon entered a forest of pines, over which the hill of Palmella appeared with its castle. The country abounds with flowers that,  
 scattered

scattered on every side amid the heath and sand, attracted our attention by their beauty and novelty; and in every little watry bottom the frogs croaked out a concert pleasant to the ears of one who loves the sounds of happiness. Ascending the hill we looked back over the forest to the Tagus, and the city on its opposite shore. On our right was a wild tract of high hills, partly covered with green corn, and in parts shewing their red soil; a few grey-green poplars grew at their feet, amid cottages thinly scattered, and orange gardens.

At the entrance of Palmella is a handsome fountain, with the arms of the town and an inscription, in which I was somewhat amused at seeing S. P. Q. P.

The prospect as we descended is the most beautiful I ever beheld. The same wild, bold scenery on our right; the country before us, and to the left, in the highest state of cultivation, abundantly wooded with almond trees, now covered with their faint pink blossoms, and orange groves, whose rich verdure is diversified with flowers and fruit. Every where around

were single cottages, and convents, venerable piles and picturesque to the eye, however we may detest the purposes to which they are applied. About three miles distant lay Setuval, and its harbour: beyond, a low and feeble boundary to the scene, stretched the shore of Estremadura.

We turned our mules loose in the marketplace of Setuval, a curious way of getting rid of the beasts, which the general testimony could hardly make me believe to be the custom, till our own practice confirmed it. There is an hotel here kept by an Irishman; I had expected a good house, and was completely disappointed. We procured a *ground floor* apartment there, *two stories above the street*, in which two little bed closets stood, and a third bed was placed for us in the room: we were three in number, and Manuel attended us.

Setuval, as seen from the water, very much resembles Coruna: the principal street extending in the same manner along the strand. Cetobriga is supposed to have stood on the opposite shore: the fishermen frequently find coins in the sand,

sand, and a Corinthian pillar, which was dug up there, now stands in the square of Setuval, scraped and ornamented with a crucifix. The great earthquake was attended with singular effects here: part of a wall is still remaining, of which about twenty yards was removed thirty-feet farther from the river, by the tide, and left still standing. I was informed that the water threw a vessel of an hundred tons burthen on the roof of a house, which was of course destroyed.

The chief object of our excursion was to visit the celebrated Convent of Nossa Senhora da Arrabida, on the Arrabida mountain. This convent owes its origin to a miraculous image of Nossa Senhora, which attracts more visitors to the Arrabida than all its wild and glorious scenery. This image belonged to the chaplain of an English ship whose name was Haldebrant: during the darkness of a tempestuous night, when the vessel was near the shore, it was preserved from shipwreck by a wonderful splendour that from the height of the mountain illuminated the stormy sea. The tempest abated, and the sailors, in exploring the spot from whence

the light proceeded, discovered the image of the Virgin, which had fled thither from the ship. Believing it to be a spot chosen by the blessed Mary for her worship, they erected a chapel there with the alms they obtained, and Father Haldebrant was appointed chaplain.

Such, according to *grave and respectable* historians, is the origin of this convent. I have met with a sonnet in the works of Francisco Manuel, upon “this most holy Convent of the Arrabida.” Francisco Manuel is but an indifferent poet: he has seldom succeeded better than on this subject.

AL COMBENTO DEVOTÍSSIMO

DE LA ARRABIDA.

---

NO baxes temeroso, o peregrino,  
 Fia tus passos de la fenda escura ;  
 Que esta que te parece aspera y dura  
 Esta es del cielo el aspero camino.

Si

Si baxas, subiras a ser vecino

De la Jerusalem santa y segura ;

Porque la fantidad de essa espeffura ;

Falda es del monte de Sion divino.

Ves quantas fuentes sus cristales mueyen

Para buscarte, el ayre te combida,

El Sol te guia, y tu no te persuades ?

Entra, y veras lo que tus ojos deven :

Aqui todas las horas son de vida,

Todas las esperanzas son verdades.

---

## INSCRIPTION

### FOR A TABLET

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PATH LEADING TO

THE ARRABIDA CONVENT.

FALTER not Pilgrim here ! with steady steps

Upward along this dark-o'ershadowed path

Tread cheerily : this is the rugged path

That leads to Heaven. Hark ! how the glit-

tering stream,

That

That sparkles down the mountain, to thine ear  
Sends its mild murmurs: round thy throbbing  
brow,

Pleasant the cool air breathes, and on thy way  
The glorious sun shines radiant: canst thou  
pause?

Oh Pilgrim, hie thee on with holy haste  
And enter there, where all the hours are hours  
Of Life, and every hope, reality.



The promontory of Arrabida projects into the Atlantic ocean, about six miles from Setuval. The custom-house boat had been procured for us, and we departed early on Tuesday morning. We passed by Atun Castle, which commanded the mouth of the river Sado, three miles from the town. The mountain now opened on our view; it was covered with trees till within a few years, when they were destroyed by fire; the quick vegetation of the climate has supplied the loss to the eye, and covered the ground



ground with tall shrubs, among which a few trees still remain. We went between the shore and two insulated rocks, in one was a dark cavern: many shrubs grew on the summit, and there was a monumental cross in memory of a man who had fallen from the precipice where he was catching birds. Near this we landed: wine and oranges were procured from a venta, the only habitation in sight; we had brought some cold fowls from Setuval, and the spring by which we sat supplied us with excellent water.

Never did I behold scenery so wild and so sublime as the mountain of Arrabida presented, and which continually varying as we advanced, always displayed some new beauty. The gumcestus was the most common plant; it was luxuriously in blossom, and the sun drew forth its rich balsamic fragrance. About three parts up stands the convent; a few cypresses, an orange garden and olive yard diversified the fall around it: on the summit are a number of little chapels, or faint-boxes. A Dutchman could not have placed any ornaments there more detestable to the picturesque eye: rude crosses are erected on almost every crag; below is the  
Atlantic

Atlantic ocean. We were conducted to a cavern consecrated to St. Catherine: the entrance is down a long flight of steps, and admits but little light: the sea enters below, dashing the rocks with that loud and continual roar, which accords as well with the feelings of the Poet as of the Devotee. Through this aperture the light ascends, and nothing is visible but rock and sea. I could believe that old George Wither (who has been abused for his politics and his poetry by blockheads who knew nothing of either the one or the other) described this very spot in his unequalled lines.

THE dull loneless, the black shade  
 That these hanging vaults have made,  
 The strange music of the waves  
 Beating on these hollow caves,  
 This black den which rocks emboss  
 Overgrown with eldest moss,  
 The rude portals that give light  
 More to terror than delight.

I did not wonder to see Manuel and our conductor on their knees before the image of St. Catherine; my own mind was full of feelings

ings "half ready to become devotion," and you will forgive me if for a moment I almost wished to be a hermit.

But such beings as old Nascian and the Hermit of La Roche-pauvre, exist only in Romance, and we must look in Gil Blas for a faithful picture of these vermin. There is an English Hermit who now resides on the Arrabida; he was an Agent at Lisbon, and after spending the property he was entrusted with, chose this way of life.

The day was hot and the mountain steep. We ascended to the convent; it is a strange irregular building, its cells connected by steps and paths cut in the rock. They led us from one chapel to another, to our great fatigue, and the still great delight of Manuel, who by the merits of this day's pilgrimage will escape a few thousand years of purgatory. In one place is the latter part of our Saviour's history, represented in little earthen figures. The convent belongs to the bearded Franciscans; and over the image of their patron Saint is written,

Ante obitum

Mortuus,

Post obitum

Vivus,

Cernitur Franciscus.

In the great chapel are waxen legs, arms, &c. as usual, and numberless pictures of miracles wrought by our Lady of the Arrabida; such as ships in a storm, persons falling down precipices, and sick in bed, with the Virgin appearing above to save them; the most extraordinary is that of a man who fell from an ass, and as through the blessed Virgin's assistance he did not hurt himself, he hung up a representation of the miraculous escape.

We went to the Convent of Brancanaz as we left Setuval on the Wednesday: it is about a mile distant, and almost every object on the road different from the English landscape; a ruined aqueduct crosses the way; the ground is laid out in vine-yards, olive-yards, and orange-gardens, and the fences composed of long canes, aloes, and the devil's fig, which, Hogarth says,  
has

has the same reason for being ugly as a candlestick. A Madonna, variously attributed to Raphael, Titian, and Guido, attracted us to Brancanaz: it is in high preservation, and would do honour to either; travellers have taught these Franciscans its value. This convent, like most others, stands on a fine and commanding situation. At the commencement of the present war, the Prince of Brazil complained to General M. of the want of Engineers. Your Royal Highness is mistaken, replied the old General, you have the best Engineers in the world—your Monks, look at their convents; you will always find them in the best and most commanding situations of the country.

When we reached Moita, a man proffered us a boat, with a covering from the rain, for sixteen testoons: We agreed with him and embarked; but it was only by lying along that we could be sheltered, and when the owner of the boat had secured us, he took in as many Portuguese as could be crowded in with us, for a vintem each. The boat had been used for carrying dung, and the moisture oozed through upon us; half a dozen ducks, who made part of  
the

the passengers, amused us with their music, and the men stunk so abominably that even Manuel complained. We preferred being wet to the pestilential atmosphere, and reached Lisbon after a passage of five hours.

## MUSINGS

AFTER VISITING THE

### CONVENT OF ARRABIDA.

HAPPY the dwellers in this holy house!  
 For surely never worldly Cares intrude  
 On this retreat, this solitary shade,  
 Where QUIET with RELIGION makes her  
 home.  
 And ye who tenant such a goodly scene  
 Must needs be good! here all is calm and fair,  
 And here the mirror of the mind reflects  
 Serenest beauty. O'er these woodland haunts

The

The insatiate eye, with ever new delight  
 Roams raptur'd, marking now where to the wind  
 The tall tree shakes its many-colour'd boughs,  
 Making wild melody; and now the sport  
 Of many a sea bird o'er the tranquil deep,  
 And now the long-reflected line of light  
 Where the broad orb of day refulgent sinks  
 Beneath old Ocean's bound.—To have no Cares,  
 To have no kindred with the reptile race  
 Of Man—no Wants to fetter down the soul  
 Amid the knaves and ideots of the world,  
 Almost, ye dwellers in this holy house!  
 Almost I envy you! you never hear  
 The groan of Wretchedness; you never see  
 Pale Hunger's asking eye, nor roam around  
 Those huge and hateful sepulchres of Men,  
 Where WEALTH and POWER have rear'd their  
     palaces,  
 And VICE with horrible contagion taints  
 The human herd. That strange EGYPTIAN\*  
     Youth,

Who

\* In the Lower Thebais (during the persecution of Decius) there was a young man named Paul, to whom at fifteen years of age, his parents left a great estate. He was a person

Who first amid the pathless desert dwelt  
 Self-exiled from the world, knew well the world  
 He left: the accursed Tyrant of Mankind  
 Had sent his Ministers of vengeance:  
 The mob with blind and blood-hound fury join'd  
 The chase of Murder. Danger was abroad,  
 Danger and Death, and Treason lurk'd at home  
 Beneath a brother's smile: far in the wilds,  
 When many a year had thinn'd his hoary locks,  
 Old PAUL remembered all the ills he fled  
 And blest his lonely lot. I too could love,  
 Ye tenants of this holy solitude!  
 To sojourn here, and when the sun rides high  
 Seek some sequestered dingle's deepest shade,  
 And at the cooler hour along the beach

Stray

person of much learning, of a mild temper, and full of the love of God. He had a married sister, with whom he lived. Her husband was base enough to design an information against him in order to obtain his estate. Paul, having notice of this, retired to the desert mountains, where he waited till the persecution ceased. Habit at length made solitude agreeable to him; he found a pleasant retreat, and lived there fourscore and ten years. He was at the time of his retirement 23, and lived to be 113 years old. This is the first distinct account of an hermit in the Christian Church."

*Milner's History of the Church of Christ.*



Stray with slow step, and gaze upon the deep :  
 And, whilst the evening breezes bathed my brow,  
 And on mine ear the rude and restless roar  
 Re-echoed, muse on many a lesson taught  
 By hard Experience. Yet may yonder deep  
 Suggest some not unprofitable thought,  
 Monastic brethren ! Would the mariner,  
 Tho' many a tempest swell its maddened waves,  
 And many a whirlwind o'er the reeling mast  
 Impel the mountain surge, quit yonder deep  
 And rather float upon some tranquil sea,  
 Whose moveless waters never feel the gale,  
 In safe stagnation ? I must yet fulfil  
 Some tasks, some duties ; and those well fulfill'd  
 BELOVED ! then will we together seek  
 The cot of INDEPENDANCE. Pleasant then  
 To think that we have walk'd amid mankind  
 " More sinn'd against than sinning." Pleasant  
 then  
 To muse on many a sorrow overpast,  
 And think the labour of the day is done,  
 And as the evening of our lives shall close,  
 The peaceful evening, hail with firmest hope  
 The approaching dawn of everlasting day !

## LETTER XXVI.

I SAT up late last night reading the Estelle of Florian. I love the shepherds and shepherdesses of Romance; not the detestable eclogue rhymers, but those whom the Author has made after his own heart, and whom he leads through all the vicissitudes of love to happiness, either in church or in the church-yard. The pleasure we feel in thus contemplating human nature, such as it should be, does not perhaps make amends for the mortification of seeing it such as it is. After interesting myself in rural loves, I feel totally unfit to associate with husbands who have purchased wives, and wives who have purchased husbands; the tittle-tattle of polite conversation appears more than usually dull when the mind has been delighted with the language of poetry and of the heart; the rattle of carriages makes but a melancholy discord to supply

ply the murmurings of the brook and the songs of the grove; the convent bells sound villainously, instead of "the drowsy tinklings of the distant fold;" and after regaling my fancy with a bank of violets, I turn up my nose at the streets of Lisbon.

This species of composition owes its origin to George of Montemayor, whose *Diana* becomes additionally valuable, like the French *Astræa*, by shadowing the history of its author. It soon became popular, and the presses of Spain and Portugal swarmed with pastoral Romances, of which some were honoured by the names of Gil Polo, Lope de Vega, and Cervantes. The sublime extravagance of the books of chivalry yielded to this tamer nonsense, which gave way in its turn to the French Romances; ponderous volumes, of which the *Cassandra* and *Cleopatra* are deeply interesting, in defiance of history, costume, and common sense. Miss Lee has followed these works in blending history and fiction, and the herd of imitators sufficiently witness her merit and success. The pastoral Romance has been revived by Florian with equal judgment: his *Galatea*, though a pleasing tale,

possesses not the excellence we might expect in a work corrected by Florian, from the original of Cervantes. There is more unity in his *Estelle*; here he has availed himself of the genius of George of Montemayor, and borne to it ample and honourable testimony.

You would be astonished at the enormity of the Spanish and Portugueze pastorals; they frequently extend to five hundred, and Garcilaso de la Vega has left one above seventeen hundred lines in length: it is easy to dilate these compositions, of which rhyme appears to be the only requisite; nor is it indeed difficult to attain the reputation of a poet in these countries, where whatever is rhyme passes for poetry. I will venture to assert that there is more genius in one of our old metrical Romances than can be found in all the Epic Poems of Portugal, not excepting Camoens. The *Malaca Conquistada* of Francisco de Sa de Menezes, and the *Ulysses* of Gabriel Pereira de Castro, are esteemed the best after the *Lusiad*: the best part of the first poem is stolen from Tasso, and when Ulysses, in the other, descends to hell, the description of the towers and the gate of hell are translated without  
acknow-

knowledgment from Dante. They steal as freely from each other as from their neighbours: Tojal has followed Camoens with the most servile imitation in his *Carlos Reduzido*, though he possessed himself a prodigality of genius unequalled by any of his countrymen.

The *Affonso Africano* of Vasco Maufinho de Quebedo, has by some Portuguese critics been esteemed inferior only to Camoens. His Preface reminded me of old John Bunyan, a brief extract will suffice.—“ One of the most difficult enterprizes is that which a man of fortitude undertakes against himself, labouring to subdue the city of his own Nature, of which the Enemy of Mankind has possessed himself. This is figured in *Arzilla*, a town in Africa beyond the seas, surrounded with walls, through which five gates give ingress, which are the five senses. In the highest part a Castle is erected with three towers, these are the powers of the soul; and in the midst of the fortress stands the Mosque, which is the human heart. *Affonso V.* surnamed *Africano*, seeks this with an armed fleet from Lisbon, he is Man, and has to cross the tempestuous ocean of the Appetites.”

The present reign has produced two Epic Poems, the re-building of Lisbon after the Earthquake, and the marriage of the reigning Queen Maria with her Uncle, by permission of Jupiter, through the intercession of Venus, is the subject of one,—*Lisboa Reedificada*, by Miguel Mauricio Ramalho: of this it is enough to say that the subject and the execution are worthy of each other. The other is the *Caramura* of Father Jose de Santa Rita Duraon; the four last books form a complete specimen of the national dullness and vanity, but the former part of the Poem excites more interest than any poetry in the Portuguese language. The story is briefly this: Diogo Alvares was shipwrecked near Bahia, among a nation of Cannibals, who devoured his companions, and only spared him till he should recover his health; in the mean time he procured fire arms from the wreck, and killing a bird was called by the intimidated Savages *The Son of Thunder*, and *Caramuru*, or, *The Dragon of the Sea*. Thus obtaining the command, he conquered their enemies and married *Paraguazu*, heiress to the Chief of the *Tupinambas*. The story is historically true. *Paraguazu* was baptized in  
France,

France, and received the name of Catherine from Catherine of Medicis, her godmother. She afterwards transferred her rights to King Joaon III. and thus the Portugueze obtained the richest province of Brazil.

I give you one extract, horribly sublime. The Author declares that the circumstance happened in Para, during the reign of the late King Jose I. on the authority of a man in high office, then employed in that country in a public capacity. My translation is compressed, not altered.

Estava o desditoso encadeado,

E exposto a mil insectos que o mordiaon,  
Nem se lhe via o corpo ensanguentado,

Que todo os marimbondos\* lhe cubriaon :  
Corria o negro sangue derramado

Das crueis picaduras, que lhe abriaon  
E elle immovel em tanta em tofco affento  
Parecia infenfivel no tormento.

Vendo

\* A very venomous species of wasp.

Vendo Diogo o infeliz, quanto padece

No modo de penar mais deshumano,

Maior a tolerancia lhe parece,

Do que possa caber n' hum peito humano :

E como author do crime reconhece

Do cruel Sogro o corazaon tyranno,

Offerece a Bambu, que a morte ameaça;

Socorro amigo na cruel desgraça.

Perdês comigo o tempo, disse o Fero,

Ao que ves, e ainda a mais vivo disposto :

A liberdade que me das naõ quero ;

E da dor, que tolero, fazo gosto :

Affim vingar-me do inimigo espero.

Disse. e sem se mudar do antigo posto,

As picadas crueis taõ firme atura,

Como se penha fora, ou rocha dura.

Se o motivo, diz Diogo, porque temes,

He porque escravo padecer receias,

E tens por menor mal este, em que gemes,

Do que huma vida em miserã cadeiaas :

Depoen o susto, que sem causa tremes,

Penhor te posso dar, por onde creias,

Depondo a obstinazaon do torpe medo,

Que a vida a liberdade te concedo.



Aqui da frente o barbaro desvia

Dos insectos co a maon a espessa banda ;

E a Diogo que assim se condoia,

Hum sorrifo em resposta alegre manda.

De que te admiras tu ? que serviria

Dar ao vil corpo condizaon mais branda ?

Corpo meu naon he ja, se anda comigo,

Elle he corpo em verdade do inimigo.

O espirito, a razao, o pensamento

Sou EU, e nada mais : a carne immunda

Forma se cada dia do alimento,

E faz a nutrizao, que se confunda :

Ves tu a carne aqui, que mal sustento ?

Naon a reputes minha : fo se funda

Na que tenho cormido aos adversarios,

Donde minha naon he, mas dos contrarios.

Da carne me pastei continuamente

De seus filhos, e pai : della he composto

Este corpo, que animo de presante ;

Por isso dos tormentos fazo gosto :

E quando maior pena a carne sente,

Entaon mais me consolo, no supposto

De me ver do inimigo bem vingado,

Neste corpo, que he seu, taon mal tratado.

FIRM at the stake he stood, his mangled limbs  
 Bristled with darts, and black with blood that  
 roll'd

From many a wound, on whose bare fibres fix'd  
 The venomous swarm fed. He the while was  
 calm,

Nor did his countenance change, nor did he  
 move,

Tho' each torn nerve was quivering. All en-  
 rag'd

Diogo saw the victim, and he ran  
 And forced them cease their skilful cruelty,  
 And bade the warrior live. "Thou lovest time,  
 " Bidding me live;" the indignant Savage  
 cried:

"Pale Man! I mock their empty rage, I love  
 " This extasy of feeling." "Thou shalt live!"  
 Exclaim'd the Chief of Portugal, amazed  
 At more than mortal sufferance: "Gallant Man,  
 " Spurn not the life I proffer: undisgraced  
 " Seek thou thine home, and live in liberty."  
 Then from his bloody brow the Savage swept  
 The swarm, and smil'd and answer'd, "Pale-  
 fac'd Mân,

"Why

“ Why dost thou wonder at my sufferance ?  
 “ This body is not mine. Spirit, and Thought,  
 “ And Reason, these are ME ! and this poor  
 flesh  
 “ That I inhabit in, it is the flesh  
 “ Of foes whom I have fed on, of your friends,  
 “ Your sons, your parents, feeble Enemies !  
 “ I do rejoice that you should torture thus  
 “ Their body !”

---

Sir William Jones's Poems from the Persian, have been lately translated by Francisco Manoel de Oliveira, a native of Madeira, whose original pieces display some genius. They have translations of Thomson's Seasons, the Paradise Lost, and the Night Thoughts of Young, a favourite poet of the Portuguese, on account of his forced thoughts that so often totter on the brink of nonsense : Harvey's Meditations are on the same account highly esteemed. I see the Death of Abel is rendered from the German, and the Arminius of Baron Schoniach : Vol-  
 taire

taire praised it highly, but I found it difficult to proceed through our prose translation.

The Busy Body and the School for Scandal have been successfully brought upon the Portuguese stage by Correo. He had also translated the Suspicious Husband, but the Inquisitors refused to license this, because they deemed Ranger a dangerous character to be publicly represented. Correo is said to translate with spirit: he is now employed on an original comedy called the Genealogist, and a tragedy on the Conquest of Peru.

Buchan's Domestic Physician has been translated and adapted to the climates of Portugal and Brazil. They have Cullen's works likewise. You may estimate the medical progress of this country by this circumstance.—The Dutch Minister here hurt his leg; a Portuguese Surgeon was called in: he pronounced it a fracture, performed the operation of setting it, banded it, and laid his patient in bed. After two days Dr. H. was called in; he examined the limb, and bade the Dutchman rise and walk about the room. This occurred but a few

few years back. In the beginning of the last year a surgeon of the country was called in to an infant whose arm was broken in three places, and he never discovered the fracture.

In a country where the art of healing is so little understood, you may perhaps be curious to know how they estimate medical merit, and what are its rewards. A servant belonging to the Royal Family was stabbed in the abdomen so that his entrails came out. Mr. T. an English surgeon, cured the wound, and the reward he received was to have his picture hung up in the Lapa Church, standing by the patient's bed, with the Virgin Mary above, who had enabled him to perform the cure.

Of the Portugueze music I can give you no account. I heard the Siege of Gibraltar lately, and amused myself by reading what the harpsichord expressed. "The French and Spaniards prepare for the attack.—The English prepare. Now the batteries begin,—Now Elliot fires his red hot balls.—Now the batteries blow up.—Cries of the wounded and dying.—Now the Spaniards try to save themselves by swimming.

Mr.

Mr. Curtis goes to assist them.—The prisoners are brought into the fortrefs.—The English exprefs their joy by the following country dance.—They invite the prisoners to join in the dance.—Prisoners and English embrace and dance together.—Every one departs to his home."

The Italian Opera, whose absurdity requires such wickedness to support it, is in general but thinly attended here. The present Queen suffers no woman to appear on the stage, and this measure, in reality the effect of her jealousy, was said to proceed from her regard to the morals of the public. Permission has been granted since I arrived here for a female dancer to exhibit herself, and the theatre has been crowded in consequence. Where was her Majesty's regard to the public morals when she permitted this? No amusement should be tolerated which cannot benefit the spectator, and must vitiate the performer. Such Spartan-like prohibitions would be deemed despotic in our modern free states, where sumptuary laws are thought encroachments upon freedom: the hale constitution can endure

endure them ; but how the diseased man shrinks when you touch his sores !

Many of the Portugueze have wasted their abilities in writing in Latin,\* instead of enrich-  
ing

\* Resendus is perhaps the best of their Latin writers. The following extract is long, but the story is a curious one :

“ Animi causa, narrabo tibi Ebroensium meorum fabellam non inlepidam. Octavo ab urbe lapide, Salacienſi via, (lapidibus enim viarum trium, Emeritenſis, Pacenſis ac Salacienſis, millia paſſuum diſtinguuntur) fanum eſt Virgini Chriſti matri ſacrum, inter diruta a Romanis uſque temporibus ædificia, locum Turegiã vocant. Manent adhuc aquæductus veſtigia et aquarum diverſa conceptacula. Unum cæteris capacius Agonem, ſeu martyrum Caveam, adpellant, aiunt illic obciſos ſine certo nomine martyres non paucos, una cum epiſcopo. Duas epiſcopo fuiſſe ſores, virgines, alteram Columbam, quæ ibi juxta interfecta ſit, ubi etiam nunc ſacellum extat illius nomine : alteram metu fugiſſe, inſequutumque epiſcopum, puellam de perfidiã increpaſſe ; illam reſpondiſſe, non mortis ſe metu, ſed ne barbaris ludibrio haberetur auſuguiſſe : orare tamen fratrem ut virginali imbecillitati id condonaret, ipſeque ſororem ſua manu martyrem faceret, quando fugæ nulla ſpes eſſet reliqua. Epiſcopum ſororicidium averſatum, verum, ſatellibus venientibus innoiſſe, qui puellæ caput amputarint. Ubi corruit, promanaviſſe fontem aquæ dulciſſimæ, qui nunc vulgo Fons Sanctus nominatur, lippientibus

ing their native tongue. A collection of their poetry was attempted some years ago; it extended

entibus salutaris. Puellam tamen, in fugæ pœnam, mansisse innominatam. Hoc peracto, episcopum rediisse ad Agonem, & martyrium consummasse. Sepulchrum ejus lapideum, si tamen ejus est, visitur in ipso Dei matris fano, vacuum atque apertum: supra quod mensa extat lapidea inscripta, columellis suffulta quatuor, ita ut pateat sepulchrum a dextro in sinistrum cornu ingredi, & transire volentibus. Mensa tamen minor est, quam ut monumenti operculum existimari debet; arbitrorque inventam inter ruinas in aræ usum accommodatam. Solebant illic meare quibus lumbi dolerent, martyris episcopi auxilio implorato, & absque dubio juvabantur. Super aram etiam eandem, celebrabantur mysteria, in: martyris episcopi honorem. Extat et pictura, et Viarii nomen Episcopo adscriptum: unde id mox aperiam. Hæc vetus fama; quæ si historia est, ea nimirum obsolevit, omnia confundente et obliterante barbaria. Mihi, quum Divorum historias ad Eboracensis Ecclesiæ Breviarum concinnarem, contigit illic ire; indagandæ antiquitatis causa. Fani ejus paræcus, reverendus admodum sacerdos, ac loquutuleius non invenuste ad vocem gestum accommodans, ut qui Romæ plures annos fuisset, quum me perhumane excepisset, & cognita itineris causa; martyrum sive historiam hanc, sive fabulam, denarrasset, oro te, inquam, vir egregie, extat ne scriptura quæpiam quæ id attestatur? Eccam! inquit ille, et quidem luculentam. Duxitque me ad aram, et ablatis mappis quibus tegebatur, inscriptionem ostendit istiusmodi.



tenden to eight or ten quarto volumes, but for want of encouragement the work was discontinued.

D. M. S

Q. IVL. MAXIMO. C. V. QUÆS  
TORI. PROV. SICILIAE. TRIB.  
PLEB. LEG. PROV. NARBONENS.  
GALLIAE. PRAEF. DESIG. ANN.  
XLVIII. CALPURNIA. SABINA.  
MARITO. OPTIMO.

Q. IVL. CLARO. C. V. III. VIRO.  
VIARVM. CVRANDARVM. ANN.  
XXI. Q. IVL. NEPOTIANO. C. I.  
III. VIRO. VIARVM. CVRANDA.  
RVM. ANN. XX. CALP. SABINA.  
FILIIS.

Protenso itaque digito ad verba illa, Viarum curandarum, ecce, ait, nomen proprium Viarii; illud autem curandarum, perinde est, quasi diceret curam curarum; cura vero curarum Episcopus est. Cætera, inquit, nomina, opinor aliorum Martyrum esse peculiaris. Continui erumpentem risum, atque ut vero dicam, stomachum pudore motum cohibui, ne hospiti viderer parum civilis. Rem tamen ad Alphonsum S. R. E. Cardinalem Principem meum, tunc Eborensem pontificem, detuli, et interpretis bellissimi narrationem, ac unde Viarii nomen effectum esset. Mihi vero, qui auctor fuerim, non semel vulgus non tam adfectos lumbos, quam lumbifragium est imprecatus. Quod si Divi aut Divæ quujuspiam sepulchrum illud est, mihi utrumlibet propitium esse, velim, qui non fecerim, ut sanctitate,

tinued. The few copies that remained on hand were sold as waste paper, and so scattered that

sanctitate detraherem, sed ut fabulam sacro dimoverem, et ut ne homines ethnici, viarum curatores, pro Martyribus colerentur. . . . Juebantur tamen, uti prius dixi, Viario supplicantes.

The Reader will thank me for annexing the epitaph of his Mother :

Memoriæ et Pie -  
-tati dicatum.

Salve mea Mater, fœmina in -  
-nocentiss. cui me inter cunas  
relictum, pius Pater fidei tuæ  
non ignarus, extrema voce com -  
-misi: moriens, quujusq. perpe -  
-tuo castissimoq. viduio edu -  
-catus liberaliter annos, 33.

quidquid id ætatis sum, quid -  
quid futurus postea, adceptum  
fero. Audita morte tua adsum  
ab ultimis Germanis parenta -  
-tum, conlacrymans mœstiter.  
justa solvi, et quoniam te una  
mea mater adempta miserabi -  
-lem et orbem tædet patriæ  
olim dulcissimæ, iterum pere -  
-gre revertor.

L. Andr. Resendius Angelæ Leo -  
-noræ Vasiæ Matri pientiss. et  
B. M. D. S. P.

it is now difficult to collect a set complete, as far as they extended.

The vernacular poets have been more fortunate. The oldest and the best have been re-edited, and one of them, Pedro de Andrade Caminha, published for the first time from the manuscript by the Royal Academy.

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LETTER XXVII.

---

AS Good-Friday happened on the 25th of March this year, they have put off Lady-Day till the 6th of April. I have now witnessed all the mummerly of a Roman Catholic Lent. Of the processions I have already spoken: on the Sunday and Monday preceding Lent, as on the first of April in England, people are privileged here to play the fool: it is thought

very jocose to pour water on any person who passes, or throw powder in his face, but to do both is the perfection of wit.

On the evening of Good-Friday I went to the New Convent, to witness the rending of the veil of the Temple, and hear a Portuguese sermon. The earthquake was represented by a noise like scuffling of feet: the sermon was extempore, and its subject the sorrows of the Virgin Mary; the Preacher addressed himself to her image, the words *magoas* (sorrows) and *esta tristissima noite* (this most mournful night) were continually whined out; it was the very reverse of the celebrated Carol of her seven good joys.

The following day I attended to see the Church stripped; it was under the management of a man of high rank, remarkable for his attachment to priests and prostitutes. One of the officiating priests wore a wig with a hole cut in it by way of the mystic tonsure. After I had waited some hours, exposed to all the effluvia of a Portuguese crowd, the black curtains were in an instant drawn, and the altars discovered compleatly illuminated.

Apicius,

Apicius himself might envy the feelings of a Catholic on Easter Eve. After doing penance for forty days on fish and soup meagre, they make amends for it by falling to when the clock strikes twelve, and this midnight feast is said to do them more injury than all the previous fasting.

Easter Sunday is the accession day of the Emperor of the Holy Ghost. This great personage, of whom you have probably never heard, is a little boy; his reign lasts only till Whitsuntide, but his privileges are for life, and singular ones they are; for he is allowed to commit any crime without incurring the punishment of death, except high-treason: for which he may be beheaded.

On most eminences his standard is erected; a high pole with a flag bearing a dove; his retinue parade the streets with similar flags, proffering them to all good Catholics to kiss, and receiving money in return, which is expended in a feast on Whitsunday, at which the Emperor presides in person.

I drank tea lately at the grate of the English Nuns. They are of the order of St. Bridget. When their possessions were seized by Henry the Eighth, they wandered through France and Flanders for thirty-seven years, till the pious liberality of Isabel de Azevedo gave them a settlement at Lisbon. A miraculous crucifix is venerated there, which the English heretics tore away from Sister Isabel Arte, whilst she was embracing it, and cast it into the fire; the nun burst from them, and bore the image from the fire, which had lost all power of injuring either that or the holy Maid. The Convent has been constantly supplied from England with victims to this diabolical superstition; but it is now several years since a novice has arrived, and I hope our country will not long be disgraced by the institution. They gave us the history of each day's employment, a melancholy round of prayer and silence, undiversified by one solitary pleasure. Every nun, on the anniversary of her profession, is treated with a breakfast as gay as her convent friends can furnish: they crown her with flowers, and call her the Lady Bride!

They

They talked much at the grate of the happiness they enjoyed ; yet from the account they gave of their manner of life, and the eagerness with which they appeared to seize the opportunity of conversation, I went away fully convinced that a nun is as miserable in herself as she is usefess to society.

This subject reminds me of a French Sonnet which I have lately met with ; it was written about the year 1640, by a sister of the Abbe Montreul, and addressed to her lover before she entered a Convent of Ursuline Nuns.



En vous disant adieu, malgré moi je soupire,  
 On voit tomber mes pleurs en ce facheux  
 moment,  
 Je sens deux passions, quoiqu' inégalement,  
 Regner sur mon esprit avec beaucoup d'empire.  
 Je ne saurois penser au bonheur ou j'aspire  
 Sans temoigner l'exces de mon contentement ;  
 Mais, d'un autre cote, ce triste éloignement,  
 Lorsque je songe a vous, fait aussi que j'expire.  
 Pour

Pour vaincre mon amour, j'ai long-temps  
 combattu,  
 Et j'aurols vainement employe ma vertu,  
 Si Dieu, par ses bontes, n'eut aide mes foibles,  
 C'est qui dans mon cœur vient combattre au-  
 jourd'hui  
 Votre humeur, vos discours, vos soins, et vos  
 tendresses,  
 Vous ne voudriez pas l'emporter dessus lui.



NOT yet mine own, two passions rend my heart,  
 Yet with unequal force : to say farewell—  
 Farewell to you ! ah me—the sigh will swell  
 My breast ;—I cannot chuse but weep to part.  
 When to that vestal life I turn my view,  
 And with collected reason contemplate,  
 My soul exultant hails her blisful state ;  
 Yet it sinks in me when I think of you.



Feeble and frail long time in vain I strove  
 This fond and guilty passion to subdue,  
 Your looks, your words, your tenderness, your  
 love,  
 They conquer'd me—but GOD has conquer'd  
 you!  
 Yes, GOD himself has given me strength to  
 part,  
 You would not claim from him his victim's  
 heart.



This delirium of devotion may supply comfort to a few monastics, whose warmth of disposition has been thus perverted: these, however, must necessarily be few, and there is too much reason to believe that the greater number, precluded from the exertions of active benevolence, seek to relieve the dreadful tedium of such an existence, by the stimulations of vice. An English wine-merchant in this country, whose cellars were under the chapel of a nunnery, discovered that some person was in the  
 habit

habit of entering them by night, and accordingly changed the lock. On the next day he received a note to this purport, "If you sustain any loss in your cellar, you shall be amply recompensed; but replace the old lock, or be assured you will repent it." He understood the note, and followed the advice. The roof of the cellar was formed only of planks laid over the beams, and one of these was loose.

Of the ignorance of the friars a laughable instance lately occurred. A pair of globes, just arrived from England, were shown to one of them: "Ah!" said he, "I know what this is very well; it is a camera obscura, and a very dangerous thing it is! a friend of mine was very nearly killed in making some experiments with one." So ingeniously did he confound the globes, the camera obscura, and the electrical machine. It may be doubted whether it was ignorance prompted the answer of another friar, who, on being asked the use of some vessels in the church which he was not able to explain, replied, "Oh! these are mysteries of the church."

Were

Were not the evils of Superstition fo grievous its absurdities might amuse us. One of the Gallego servants here related the following story of his country Saint, St. Iago of Compostella. He asserted and believed that the nails, and hair, and beard of his image constantly grew, and that a priest of high ecclesiastical rank was always appointed to pare his nails and shave him. Once a meaner priest was nominated to this important office; he approached the image, placed the bason under his chin, began to lather the Saint, and was immediately struck dead for his presumption.\*

There

\* I extract the following most impudent instance of Monkish fraud from the valuable tracts of Dr. Geddes. He was Chaplain at the English Factory at Lisbon, and entertained a most religious aversion for the Catholic superstition; an aversion not unreasonable in a man who had been once examined by the Inquisition.

Some Reliques and Manuscripts, purporting to have been written during the persecution of Nero, were found in the ruins of the uninhabitable Turpian Tower at Granada in 1588, and in the mountain Valparayso, near that city, in 1595.

These writings declared all such as disbelieved the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary to be accursed,

excom-

There are many Churches here in an unfinished state, though the building has been begun  
 twenty

excommunicated, and damned to the Pit of Hell: the Dominicans; therefore, attempted to prove that they were not genuine, for these among other reasons :

That some of them were in modern Spanish, which was not spoken in the time of Nero.

That St. Cæcilius is called in them Bishop of Granada, whereas Granada was not built and known by that name, till seven hundred years after the time of Nero.

That they express apprehensions lest the Moors should seize the writings, whereas there could be no danger from the Moors in the time of Nero.

That some of them were in Arabic, a language which at that period was not known in Spain.

These objections were answered by Dr. Madera, who affirmed,

That the Spanish language was the very same as it now is, before any Roman ever entered Spain.

That Granada was built and known by that name, and a bishopric in the days of the Apostles.

And

twenty or thirty years: because estates have been left to the church till it is compleated.

But it is the spirit that would compass sea and earth to make one profelyte that renders the Romish religion so dangerous and so detestable. It is the duty of every man who believes his opinions necessary to the happiness of mankind, to disseminate those opinions by all fair means; if the friars, therefore, would attempt to convert me, I should respect their zeal though they pestered me with their absurdity: but they tempt in the day of poverty, they terrify on the bed of sickness, they persecute in the hour of death; and if they find a man senseless in his  
last

And that Arabic was spoken in Spain and Barbary long before those countries were conquered by the Arabs.

But this was his decisive argument.

If these writings are forged they must be forged, either by a Mohammedan, a Heretic, or a Catholic. Now neither Mohammedan or Heretic would forge writings that so explicitly condemn their own opinions; and as for the Catholics—it is utterly impossible that any Catholic could be capable of so wicked an action as that of forging writings and affixing Saints names to them.

last agonies, they place a candle in his hand, and smuggle him under false colours into the kingdom of heaven. An Englishman who kept a Portugueze mistress was so tormented by these friars in his last illness, that he died with a loaded pistol in each hand, ready to shoot the first monk that approached him.

This spirit of proselyting is equally powerful whether the monk acts from worldly or conscientious motives; in the one case he acquires considerable reputation for his convent and for himself, in the other he escapes all the pains of purgatory. From this double interest of the priest, and the dreadful despotism they exercise over the laity, marriages between Roman Catholics and persons of a different religion are productive of great misery.

A Lutheran resident in Lisbon, who had married a Roman Catholic, called her to his bed-side when he was dying, and made her, in the presence of the German Clergyman, solemnly vow that she would not compel her sons to abjure their religion. She made the oath to her dying husband, and perjured herself before the end of the week.

## LETTER XXVIII.

April 9.

WE went to Cintra on Sunday last, and saw nothing remarkable on the road except some of the retinue of the Emperor of the Holy Ghost, and two rams drawing a little cart.

Never was a house more completely secluded than my Uncle's: it is so completely surrounded with lemon-trees and laurels as nowhere to be visible at the distance of ten yards—a place

Where the tired mind

Might rest beyond the murmurs of mankind!

A little stream of water runs down the hill before the door, another door opens into a lemon garden; and from the sitting-room we have just such a prospect over lemon trees and laurels to an opposite hill, as, by promising a better, invites us to walk.

I know

I know not how to describe to you the strange beauties of Cintra; it is, perhaps, more beautiful than sublime, more grotesque than beautiful, yet I never beheld scenery more calculated to fill the beholder with admiration and delight. This immense rock or mountain is in part covered with scanty herbage, in parts it rises into conical hills, formed of such immense stones, and piled so strangely, that all the machinery of deluges and volcanos must fail to satisfy the inquiry for their origin. Nearly at the base stands the town of Cintra and its palace; an old and irregular pile with two chimnies each shaped like a glass-house. But the abundance of wood forms the most striking feature in this retreat from the Portugueze summer. The houses of the English are seen scattered on the ascent half hid among cork trees, elms, oaks, hazels, walnuts, the tall canes, and the rich green of the lemon gardens.

On one of the mountain eminences stands the Penha Convent, visible from the hills near Lisbon. On another are the ruins of a Moorish Castle, and a cistern, within its boundaries, kept  
always



always full by a spring of purest water that rises in it. From this elevation the eye stretches over a bare and melancholy country to Lisbon on the one side, and on the other to the distant Convent of Mafra, the Atlantic bounding the greater part of the prospect. I never beheld a view that so effectually checked the wish of wandering. Had I been born at Cintra, methinks no inducement could have tempted me to leave its delightful springs and shades, and cross the dreary wilderness that insulates them.

By the side of the road that passes above the town, is a broad smooth piece of rock; the trunk of an old elm burst out immediately over it, and these lines are carved on the stone.

Pendientes ulmi muscosaque faxa valete,  
Et gelidi fontes flexibilesque hederæ.

Indifferent as the lines are, some person has attempted to defraud the author by signing and dating them 1795. They are of the date 1772, the joint composition of a Portugueze Fidalgo and an Ex-Jesuit, who on the dissolution of that order, by which he had been educated, and in  
which

which he had intended to profess, came down to Cintra and was protected by the Fidalgo, then Juiz de Foro. Their destinies were widely different. The Juiz de Foro gradually rose from place to place till he attained a high post in Brazil, here he began to intrigue and foment disturbances, was apprehended, sentenced to Angola, and died on the way. A curious monument of the true Jesuitical suppleness of his friend remains in his own phrase, "on the eternal rocks of Cintra;" where he has carved two inscriptions in honour of Pombal, and of the late King. They are little known; I ascended to them with half an hour's hard labour; and give you the *kakography* of the original.

On one rock,

DIV

JOS

IMP

ÆTER

NIT.S.

On

On the other,

Mag Pomb Nomen  
 Extinctis Conj. urb er.  
 Delet Jes. inst academ.  
 Eternis Cinthiæ rup  
 Poster mand traddid  
 Non ingr hospes.

His flattery was rewarded with a good post.

In the palace we were shown the chair where Sebastian sat when he announced his intended African expedition to his Counsellors. Here too, is the apartment where Affonso VI. was confined, after the wife and the crown of which he was unworthy had been seized by his brother. The brick flooring of the room is worn deep in one part by the steps of the captive King. The sides and ceiling of another room are painted with the escutcheons of the noble families of Portugal; I observed that those were erased whose bearers had been engaged in the conspiracy against the late King.\*

The

\* Near the palace is a fountain, with the following inscription, curious for its pompous inanity :

The gardens of Penha Verde, once the superb seat of Don Joaon de Castro, contain his heart at present, with the following epitaph. I believe you will find my translation as bad as the original, and this is the best praise it can deserve.

Cor

Antiga fonte  
 da pipa:  
 reedificada  
 e melhorada  
 pelo Doutor  
 Franco Joze  
 De Miranda  
 Duarte praezi-  
 dente do Senado  
 da camera e Juis  
 de Fora desta villa,  
 em execuçam das  
 ordens de sua Mage  
 expedidas em avizo  
 da Secretaria de estado  
 dos negocios do reyno, de  
 vinte e seis de Outubro de  
 mil sete centos e outenta  
 e sete, pelas quaes foi  
 a mesma Senhora servida  
 determinar a restituizã de  
 fonte, socegando o povo e livrando  
 da oppressã, que lhe cauzava a fal-  
 ta de agoa no bayrro do Castello,  
 e poriso em memoria de tam augusta  
 soberana, se gravaram  
 os versos seguintes.

Qualis

Cor sublime, capax, et Olympi montis ad instar  
Amplius orbe ipso cor brevis urna tegit.

Cor confanguineo concors comparque Joanni  
India cui palmas subdita mille dedit.

Cor virtutis amans, cor victima virginis almæ,  
Corque ex corde pium, nobile, forte, valens.

Non pars, sed totus, latet hoc Saldanha sepulchro,  
In corde est totus, cor quia totus erat.

A heart

---

Qualis apud veteres  
Divus regnabat Ulyssès,  
Qui nulli civi dicto  
Factove nocbat.

1788.

On one side is Cynthia in blue tiles, and underneath,  
Tertia jam gravida  
pluvialis Cynthia cornu.

*Lucan.*

On the other Justice.

Non confideris  
personam pauperis nec honoris  
vultum potentis, juste judica  
proximo tuo.

*Levitico.*

A heart sublime, and than the earth's wide bourne  
More ample, lies within this little urn.

A heart in worth and birth to him allied,  
Whom vanquish'd India hail his country's pride.

A heart to holy Māry's love subdued,

A heart most heartily pious, brave, and good.

Here all Saldanha lies inurn'd, not part,

For here his heart lies, and he was all heart.

---

On the wall near the monument is a stone  
with this inscription; which I own myself unable  
to comprehend:

Oculis

Quam

Naribus

Melior.

There is an old statue of a sleeping Venus in  
the garden; I mention it because a Catholic lady  
mistook it for a venerable image of the Virgin  
Mary, and used to address her daily prayers  
to it.

Near the Penha Verde an old cork tree over-  
hangs the road; the fern is rooted in its mossy  
bark,

bark, and forms with its verdure a most picturesque contrast to the old tree's dark evergreen foliage. Cintra is remarkably damp, yet I am told the damps are not unwholesome.

We visited the Cork Convent: here I was shown a den in which a Hermit lived twelve years; a small hole for so large a vermin, but the virtue of burrowing there has procured him a place in Heaven, if we believe the inscription:

Hic Honorius,

vitam finivit,

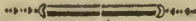
Et ideo cum Deo

vitam revivit.

obit 1596.

I have now mentioned to you all that strangers usually visit at Cintra: but I cannot without a tedious minuteness describe the ever-varying prospects that the many eminences of this wild rock present, or the little green lanes over whose bordering lemon gardens the evening wind blows so cool, so rich! You would not  
be.

be interested by the domestic management of three men ; yet these trifling circumstances so dull to others, are those that render the remembrance of Cintra pleasant to me : I shall always love to think of the lonely house, and the stream that runs beside it, whose murmurs were the last sounds I heard at night, and the first that awoke my attention in the morning.



LETTER XXIX.

I AM informed that Cintra has been celebrated in song, by Captain Jeremiah Thompson, of the Polly Schooner. A specimen of the poem was *repeated* to me, and I quote it from memory, so that the lines may not be exact, yet the genuine beauty of the thoughts must remain :

Oh



Oh tell me what Goddess, what Muse, or what  
Grace,

Could ever have form'd such a beautiful place ?

Here are Flora's best flowers in full blossom,  
and here is

The work of Vertumnus, Pomona, and Ceres.

He then says, that Nature had collected all  
her materials, and was about to group her rocks  
and trees, when

“ Something did intrude,

And therefore she left it wild, beautiful, rude.

We returned to Lisbon on *Burros*: the Afs  
in this country is as respectable an animal as it  
is useful: you will probably be as incredulous  
as I was, till undeniable testimony convinced  
me, when I tell you that a Portugueze lady  
here is so enormously fat that she actually broke  
the back of a strong afs, and the animal fell  
dead under her. They go a quiet, constant  
pace, and as I jogged patiently on I was re-  
minded of the way of life: imagination is a  
mettled horse that will break the rider's neck,  
when

when a donkey would have carried him to the end of his journey slow but sure.

They have no idea of the exertions of our English horses. A young Englishman, who draws very well, drew one in the act of leaping a gate ; Sir, said the Portugueze, to whom he shewed the sketch, no horse can do that, it is impossible.

There is a strange sect of enthusiasts in this country called Sebastianists, from the name of the unfortunate King who is the object of their superstition. What tradition fables of the Welsh is true of these people ; they hope and expect the re-appearance of Sebastian, and they have nightly meetings on the hills, near the aqueduct, to watch in the heavens for the tokens of his approach. Dryden has not chosen the most interesting part of this monarch's history for his drama ; the interest of intrigue and incest may be excited by any dabbler, but to describe the return of Sebastian after his country was annexed to Spain, to delineate the workings of his mind, when after a long course of adversity

had

had subdued his vices and strengthened his virtues, he was punished as an impostor by those who knew the justice of his claims, this would have been worthy of the powers of Dryden, even if he had possessed sufficient independence and integrity to have pleased his own better judgment, and treated the public taste with the contempt it merited.

It was very fortunate for Nebuchadnezzar that he was not King of Portugal, for I know not where he could have grazed for seven years. I have never seen either wolf or wild boar in the open country, but they are numerous. An officer whose regiment was stationed in one of the provinces, heard frequent complaints of the mischief which the wild boars did, and ordered his men to encompass their haunts and drive them into a circle; this was done, but when the boars found themselves surrounded they charged their enemies, burst through them, and escaped victorious.

I had a very narrow escape lately from one of the large fishing boats in the river that very frequently run down smaller boats; it is but a  
few

few years since eleven Russian midshipmen were destroyed thus, a fishing boat purposely run them down, and when some of them leapt on board of it to save themselves, the fishermen knocked them over. I have already mentioned the remissness of the police; on this account executions are very rare, not because crimes are uncommon. A Portugueze was executed in one of the provincial towns some years ago, for a singular trade of wickedness: he used to call all the pedlars into his house and murder them, till at length the neighbours wondered that no pedlar was ever seen after he had entered there, and he was detected.

The mode of execution is horrible. In almost every town is a pillar generally of grotesque and striking architecture. To this the criminal is fastened: a surgeon draws a chalk line across his throat, and the executioner follows it with a long sharp knife; but this mode of decapitation is the privilege of the Fidalgos, and plebeians are hung. A singular point of law and etiquette occurred at the execution of the last man who suffered at Lisbon. He had murdered his father and brother to come at the estate

estate, and when condemned to death claimed the honour of being beheaded as a Fidalgo : but as only one of his parents enjoyed that title, the Fidalgos objected to this, and insisted that he should be hung ; the matter was compromised, for the poor fellow had not interest enough to make a law suit of it, and his head was only cut half off to satisfy both parties.

Though the laws are in general so remiss, on one remarkable occasion they were fatally precipitate. A Nunnery had been set on fire, and a gentleman was apprehended near it whose horse was shod with felt, and who would give no account of himself. The certainty of death could not make him break his mysterious silence, he was condemned and suffered : but the real criminals were afterwards discovered, and his innocence known too late. The Portuguese Nobles still wear a medal nine days in the year as a memorial of this fatal error.

I was lately at the funeral of a Catholic of distinction, it was in the evening ; the coffin was placed in the middle of the church, it was then opened, and the corpse exposed holding a cross.

cross. The body was surrounded by priests each holding a wax taper as tall as himself, and for an hour and a half did they labour in singing the dirge. The coffin was afterwards filled with quick lime, a necessary means of accelerating decay where they bury always in the churches.

There is a large folio volume entitled the last actions of a Duke of Cadaval; it consists of an account of his illness, what his physicians did for him, and the religious offices he performed. The funeral sermon is annexed, and contains a burst of extraordinary eloquence; the preacher apostrophizes the grave, "O Grave! art thou not ashamed! dost thou not blush, O Grave! to devour so noble a personage!"

The fires of Purgatory (which, as Manoel de Abuzi said, boil the caldrons of so many friars) are displayed with sufficient care to the imagination of this people. The Catholic can scarcely lift up his eyes without beholding a foul, surrounded with flames, pictured on tiles upon the walls and houses, and the men who beg for masses for souls carry with them boards  
whereon

whereon the same spectacle is exhibited in glowing colours. The souls\* in Purgatory are farmed  
out

\* These abuses of the Scripture doctrine have occasioned the diabolical belief of eternal punishment. I transcribe the following passage from the "De Statu Mortuorum" of Burnet, an author whose genius was perhaps never excelled. He quotes from one of those Theologians whom he calls the Doctores Immisericordes.

"Si omnes homines nati ab Adam usque ad hodiernum diem, et amplius nascituri, viverent usque ad novissimum diem; et omnia gramina, quæ exorta unquam fuerunt, essent homines; ac si unam pœnam quam patitur Anima pro uno peccato mortali, in inferno, ex æquo partirentur, ita ut daretur unicuique pars illius pœnæ æqua; tunc particula quævis illius pœnæ hominis unius major esset, quam omnia tormenta quæ omnes Sancti Martyres, & omnes raptores, & omnes malefici unquam passi fuerunt."

Hæc ille. His pœnis truculentissimis si æternitatem addas, omnes explebis inhumanitis partes, numeros, rationes.

Nobis difficile est omnem exuere humanitatem; Deo difficilius omnem misericordiam: et si naturam nostram corrumpere aut destruere possumus, divinam non possumus. Pulsarunt olim tympana in valle Hinnon, ne exaudiretur a populo et a parentibus infantum clamor, qui immolabantur Idolo igneo et vagiebant acerbe inter flammæ:  
sed

out like the tythes and turnpikes in England; nor must you imagine that the harvest is contemptible,

sed totum licet æthera resonare feceris continuis tonitribus, nunquam efficies ut in hoc Tophet, de quo loquimur, excruciatorum planctus et ejulatus non ascendat in aures Jehovæ, Patris misericordiarum.

Respice paulisper, si placet, Doctor immisericors! quale nobis exhibes spectaculum; quale theatrum Providentiæ, multo majorem partem humani generis æstuantem inter flammæ per æterna sæcula. O digna Deo et Angelis spectatoribus scena! dein ad demulcendum aures, dum plangoribus et ululatu cælum terramque replet hæc infelix turba, harmoniam habes plane divinam! illud præterea mihi dolet non parum, quod videam, hoc modo, tantam partem naturæ rationalis inutilem factam, funditus perditum et rejectaneum, instar salis insalsi, aut instar vappæ, projectam foris, sine usu, aut spe futura.

Omnis creatura, quantum nobis constat, est sua natura labilis, perinde ac improba et damnata. Quod si eodem modo lapsi sint penitus irrecuperabiles, tota creatio intellectualis exposita est, non vanitati tantum, sed etiam æternæ miseræ. Nec tam bonitatis divinæ opus esset, quam crudelitatis cujusdam, aut periculosæ lusus alexæ, hanc rerum naturam construxisse. Pœnituit olim Deum se condidisse homines, ob eorum nimirum nequitiam; pœnitebit vicissim homines miseros se conditos esse a Deo,



tible, the appeal to religious belief and the feelings of humanity is powerful, and the alms given

Deo, quandoquidem fatius illius fuisset nunquam extitisse.

Burnet adds in a note, “Hæc, quæ doctioribus inscripta sunt, si quis in linguam vulgarem transtulerit, id malo animo atque consilio sinistro factum arbitrabor.” If any person should translate this, which is written only for the learned, into the vulgar tongue, I shall think it is done with a wicked intention.

It is strange that Burnet should have feared openly to attack a superstition which represents Deity as devoid of justice and benevolence. The passage which he wrote only for the learned is the finest in the volume: it begins with a quotation from one of the “Unmerciful Theologians.”

“If all the men who have been born since Adam till the present time, and all who shall be born hereafter, even till the last day, were living, and if all the herbs which have ever grown were men, and if *one* punishment which a soul suffers in Hell for *one* deadly sin should be divided equally among them, so that every one should suffer an equal proportion, then each particular share of that punishment which would fall to one man, would be greater than all the holy Martyrs, and all robbers, and all malefactors have ever endured.”

Thus

given in penance are usually thus appropriated—  
 One convent in Lisbon that enjoys a considerable

Thus the Theologian. If you add eternity to these most savage punishments, you will fill up the measure of barbarity.

It is difficult for us to throw aside all humanity; it is more difficult for God to throw aside all mercy, and though we may be able to corrupt or to destroy our own nature, the divine nature cannot be changed. They beat drums of yore in the valley of Hinnon, that the cries of infants who were sacrificed to the Idol, and scream'd bitterly amid the flames, might not be heard by the people and by their parents; but though you could make the whole heavens echo with unceasing thunders, you could not prevent the screams and howlings of the tortured in this Tophet from ascending to the ears of God, the Father of mercy.

Contemplate a little, stern and unrelenting believer! what a spectacle dost thou exhibit to us! what a theatre of providence! the far greater part of the human race liquifying in fire through everlasting ages! Oh scene worthy to be beheld by God and his Angels! and you will have a harmony truly divine to soothe their ears, whilst this miserable multitude fill earth and heaven with their groans and howlings! It would afflict me with no light grief to behold so great a part of rational nature made in vain and rejected, cast out like salt that has lost its favour, utterly abandoned, and without hope.

able revenue in behalf of the dead, entrusts the performance of the masses to ecclesiastical agents

Every one is by nature prone to sin, therefore wicked and condemned; but if, according to this belief, they that have fallen are irrecoverably lost, the whole intellectual creation is exposed, not so much to vanity as to unending wretchedness: nor would it be the work of divine goodness, but rather of malevolent cruelty, or of some unhappy chance to have framed this order of things. God once repented him that he had made man, because of their exceeding wickedness; the miserable human race might in their turn sorrow that they were created, since it had been better for them never to have been."

As a contrast to the eloquent declamation of Burnet, I annex this extract from "The miscellaneous Companion, by W. Matthews;" it is the production of JOHN HENDERSON, nor can I bestow on it a higher comment than by saying that it does not disgrace his memory. It is subjoined to a dialogue in which the doctrine of purgatory is defended.

1st.—I lay it down as a maxim to be doubted by few, and denied by none, that whosoever doth any thing, foreseeing the certain event thereof, willeth that event. If a parent send children into a wood wherein grow poisonous berries, and *certainly know* that they *will* eat of them, it is of no importance in the considerations of common sense, that he cautions, forbids, forewarns, or that they, having free will, *may* avoid the poison. Who will not accuse him

agents in the country, who do the business by commission at a cheaper rate.

The

of their death in sending them into circumstances where he foreknew it would happen? God foreknows every thing; to his knowledge every thing is certain. Let us suppose him about to create twenty men: he knows ten of them (or any number) will become vicious, therefore damned, thence inherit the unceasing penalty. Who doubts in such a case that he *wills* the *end*, who being all-mighty and all knowing, does that without which it could not come to pass? But HE hath sworn by HIMSELF, for HE could swear by no greater, that HE willeth not the death of him that dieth: that is, HE willeth it not finally or simply as death, or destruction irrecoverable. And if it occur it is a part of his œconomy of grace, a ministrations unto life; for HE hath declared, that his will is, that all should be saved; therefore the doctrine which forges any contrary will, falsifies supreme unchangeable truth. And were not reason on my side, I say to all objecting reasoners, “let God be true, and every man a liar!” I need not add what a very different view is presented from the doctrine I defend.

2dly.—I lay it down as another indubitable maxim, that whatsoever is done by a Being of the divine attributes, is intended; (by his goodness) conducted, (by his wisdom) and accomplished, (by his power) to a good end. Now all possible good ends may be enumerated under three words—Honour, Pleasure, Benefit; and every one to whom

The burying-ground of the English and Lutherans is planted with Judah trees and cypresses, that

whom good can accrue from endless punishment must be either *punisher*, *punished*, or *fellow-creature* to the *punished*. Let us try every one of the former three to each of the latter.

1st.—*The Punisher*. Would it be a greater *honour* to the *punisher* to have his creatures miserable than happy? I will venture to say by proxy for every Heart, No. Would it be greater *pleasure*? No. And *benefit* to Him can be none.

2d.—*Punished*. Endless punishment can be neither *honour*, *pleasure*, nor *benefit* to them, though punishment on my scheme will be of endless benefit.

3d.—*The Fellow-creatures*. It will be as *honourable* to them as to have one of their family hanged. If they have *pleasure* in it, they must have a diabolical heart, and must by the just searcher of hearts be committed to the place prepared for the Devil and his Angels. *Benefit* they can have none, except safety, and that is fully answered by the great gulph, by confinement till reformation.

As then unceasing torments can answer no possible good end to any one in the universe, I conclude them to be neither the will nor work of God. Could I suppose them, I must believe them to be inflicted by a wantonness or cruelty, which words cannot express, nor heart conceive.

that form a most melancholy contrast. The bodies soon after death are placed in a deposit-house, a custom necessary in this hot climate, and which it would be well to adopt every where. In the deposit-house is a handsome monument erected by the Governors of Christ's Hospital to Mr. Parr, who had been educated there, and at his death endowed it with the bulk of his fortune. The burial-ground contains one curious specimen of English poetry, said to be the production of a schoolmaster, and perhaps bad enough to entertain you.

Industry made him shine with splendid store,  
 Yet could not defend him from death's certain  
 door,  
 Where hastily he entered with great alarum,  
 Without intending mortal any harm.  
 Such was his fate, when least expecting death  
 A fatal shot deprived him of his breath.

Thus

But let this be the comfort of every humble soul, Known unto God are all his works; the Judge of all shall do right; and HE ordereth all things well. It hath pleased HIM to reconcile *all things* to HIMSELF. Therefore to HIM shall bow *every knee*; and *every tongue* shall say, "In the Lord *I have strength*, and *I have righteousness*."

Thus mortal man tho' strict a watch may keep,  
Is often hurried into eternal sleep.

The *Silva Curiosa* has preserved a singular epitaph placed at Coimbra on the grave of one who had left all that he was worth to some distant friends, without bequeathing any thing to the good of his own soul, or to the person who had always attended him, and who therefore wrote his epitaph :

Hic jacet Durandus

Sub lapide duro,

Ipse non curavit de se

Neque ego curo.

The moderns are in no species of composition so inferior to the antients as in monumental inscriptions. They should be brief, and simple, and characteristic; our most popular are deficient in these three qualities, which are so admirably preserved in the Greek. There is not a more striking instance than in that on the tomb of the Indian Suicide,—“Here lies Zarmonocheegas the Indian, who, after the manner of his country, made himself immortal.”

But

But I have met with a most remarkable epitaph, in the Chronicle of Sebastian, by Manoel de Menezes. He says that it was discovered in the isle of Cyprus, in the sepulchre of a King of that island, written in Greek verse, and sent to the Portugueze Monarch Joaon III. after his death, on the day before Sebastian assumed the government, the Dowager Queen sent him the epitaph, and advised him so to labour in his station as to deserve such an inscription upon his grave, a happiness which she had often heard his grandfather most earnestly desire. The truth of its origin I cannot affirm, and I have in vain sought for the Greek. My translation from the Portugueze will make you approve the advice of the Queen, but you may perhaps doubt whether any King could write such a history of himself with truth.

\* “ What I could accomplish by good means I never did by evil.

“ What

\* I give the Portugueze, because in my translation I have omitted what is weak, and compressed what is superfluous.

O que pude fazer por bem, nunca o fiz por mal.

O que



“ What I could obtain by peace I never forced by war.

“ I never chastised in public him whom I could privately amend, or whose amendment I had not previously attempted.

“ I

O que pude alcançar por paz, nunca o tomei com guerra.

O que pude vencer com rogos, nunca o afugentei com ameaças.

O que pude remediar em segredo, nunca o castiguei em publico.

O que pude emendar com avifos, nunca o castiguei com azoutes.

Nunca castiguei em publico que primeiro naon avifasse.

Nunca consenti a minha lingua que dissesse mentira, nem permitti a meus ouvidos que ouvissem lisonjas.

Refreey meu corazaon, para que naon desejasse com o feu pouco.

Veley por conserver meus amigos, e desveleime por naon ter inimigos.

Naon fuy prodigo em gastar, nem cobizoso em receber.

Do que castiguei tenho pezar, e do que perdoey alegria.

Nasci homem entre os homens, por tanto comem os bichos minhas carnes.

Ouvi virtuoso, e vivi virtuoso com os virtuosos, por tanto descanzara a minha alma com Dios.

“ I never allowed my tongue to utter an untruth, nor did I ever permit mine ears to listen to the flatterer.

“ I was not prodigal in expending, nor avaricious in accumulating.

“ I have grieved for those whom I punished, but when I have pardoned I have been joyful.

“ I was born a man among men, therefore do the worms devour me ; but I lived virtuously among the virtuous, and therefore my soul has found repose with God.”

LETTER

## LETTER XXX.



THE *ci-devant* husband of Madame Tallien is in Lisbon. I mention it because the business that brought him here is curious. Two years ago he had taken his place from France in a Danish vessel bound for Philadelphia. Part of his baggage, which contained some very valuable jewels, was conveyed on board, and when he returned to shore for the rest, he left the keys in care of an American, unwilling to trust them to the Emigrant passengers. The ship failed without him, and put in at Lisbon; where the Emigrants informed the Court of the value of his jewels, and added that in all probability the owner had been guillotined. It was in vain that the American, who was entrusted with the keys, remonstrated, or that the Captain declared he must be responsible for the effects  
when

when the owner should demand them at Philadelphia; the Portugueze Government seized them, and placed them in a deposit house. The husband of Madame Tallien (I only know him by the name of his ex-wife), however arrived at last to claim his jewels, and the property has been restored to him.

I met a Tooth-drawer yesterday who wore a small brass chain across his shoulders, ornamented with rotten teeth at equal distances: perhaps his professional full dress.

I have seen much of Angelo Talaffi, the celebrated Improvisatore, who receives a pension of an hundred moidores in that capacity from the French Court. When first I saw him my Uncle was out; he came up stairs talking to the servant in a voice that Stentor might have envied. The odd genius displayed in his face engaged my attention to him, and when he showed me his name in a volume of his own poems, which he brought with him, I knew who was my visitor. We began our conversation in Latin, continued it in Portugueze, and ended in French. The subject of Italian poetry was easily

easily introduced. At the name of Ariosto, “ Ah (he cried) he was my countryman, and (holding out his arms) I have embraced his tomb !” He then told me of his early love for poetry, gave the standing history of all poets since poor Ovid; the dislike of his parents to his favourite study, who locked up his Petrarch and burnt his Ariosto. When I mentioned Dante he rose from his seat, and with the utmost delight repeated the tale of Ugolino. I should think higher of his genius if I had not seen that most of his printed poems are complimentary pieces addressed to Kings, Queens, and Princes. There are among them two or three flaming panegyrics on the late Duke of Orleans, of sad and seditious memory.

Talaffi invited me to sup with him, and promised me poetry and Parmazan. He read us part of an unpublished work, in imitation of Taffo's Rinaldo, in which he had introduced Lord Bute and Lord Fitzwilliam. After supper we had a specimen of his art. I had long wished to hear an Improvisatore. He sung or toned his verses, so that the deficiency or redundancy of three or four feet was of no consequence ;

quence : his hand went up and down keeping time, and occasionally he continued for ten or twelve lines with his eyes shut. It was a strange loofely-connected rhapsody of rhymes : he complimented us all, talked of a Poet's poor house and poor supper, lamented the King of France, laughed at my Uncle for not bringing a wife from England, and told me that I should return there and marry one. This lasted about ten minutes, and, in a language so abundant in rhymes as the Italian, might have been continued as long as the Poet's breath could endure. The defects of metre are disguised by toning, and they who admire the poetry of the South of Europe cannot complain if the effusions of the Improvisatore rise not above prose in dignity of sentiment.

The extempore poet and the extempore preacher practice necessarily the same professional trick : the same subject will call forth the same thoughts, and old ideas are closely connected with the words in which they have been usually conveyed. This I have known to be the case with public speakers; and one who had often heard Talaffi with more than common attention, assured me

me that his best passages were such as were easily introduced on any subject. A few days after we had supped with him. I again saw this enthusiastic Italian; he found me reading the life of Tasso, and catching up the volume, he kissed the portrait of his favourite author. I spoke of the entertainment he had given me, he talked of his verses, and repeated the lines he had addressed to me on that occasion; either his powers of memory, therefore, are prodigious, or these lines were not the effusion of the moment when I first heard them: they were equally applicable to every young foreigner Talaffi has been in company with, and it would be strange if so trite an idea had not often occurred to him before.

The encouragement of Talaffi may, perhaps, prepossess you in favour of the Court of Lisbon. That Court is, as you may suppose, made gloomy by the dreadful malady of the Queen. Of her son, the Prince of Brazil, it were needless to detail the character. About three years ago as he was on the road from Quelus to Lisbon, to appear in the most solemn of their processions, he heard that on the preceding night

lights

lights had been discovered in the common sewers of the city. The Prince, whose imagination was full of jacobinism and plots, immediately turned back; the sewers were searched: they no longer served as water-passages, and some of the wretched victims of inequality who had not elsewhere wherein to hide their heads, were accustomed to pass the night in these miserable vaults.

I mentioned Mafra, the Escorial of Portugal, in my letter from Cintra: this superb edifice was built in consequence of a vow made by Maria Anna of Austria, wife of Joaon V. She was in danger of shipwreck on her passage, and vowed to build a convent to our Lady and St. Anthony, if she escaped, on the first land she saw. Accordingly Mafra was built, and given to the Arrabidan Franciscans. When Pombal was in administration he endeavoured to root out the monastic vermin who depopulated the country; he suffered no person to take the vows, and when the Members of two religious societies were, in consequence of this edict, sufficiently diminished, he incorporated the two  
into



into one, and sold the possessions of the other. The mendicant orders he regarded as the most mischievous, expelled the Franciscans from Mafra, and gave it to the regular canons of St. Austin, who, as they lived upon their own revenues, would not impoverish all around them. When the Prince of Brazil married, his Confessor, who is a Franciscan himself, informed him that he never would have a child unless the Franciscans were reinstated in possession of Mafra. The Prince had faith, the mendicants had Mafra, St. Francisco had pity, and the Princess had a child.

The four first names of this child were avowedly chosen by the Prince for some particular reason. The reasons for three of them were obvious: Antonio is the tutelary Saint of Portugal, and it was by permission of St. Francisco that the child was born; it was likewise right to give the child the name of the Confessor, without whose advice concerning Mafra, the kingdom of Portugal must have wanted an heir. But for the fourth name no motive could be assigned, and the sagacity of the Prince was amused by the inquisitive ignorance of his

Courtiers:

Courtiers: the question at length was asked by one of them; he professed his admiration of the wisdom that had given him the three names; and requested an explanation of the mystical meaning of the fourth. "Ah!" replied the Prince, "you could not find out that! why I gave the child that name, because it was upon that Saint's day that I first thought of having a child."

The nursing of this child, so remarkable for his birth and christening, furnishes yet another anecdote. According to Court etiquette the Nurse was to pay all due respect to the royal baby; she was not allowed even to hold it to her breast herself, but the infant was to be held there by a noble lady. To the honour of the Portugueze women I should mention that they make most affectionate nurses; one day the Nurse was detected in the act of kissing the child; the Courtiers pronounced it high treason, and were going to send her to the Castle, but the Princess wisely reprimanded them, pleased at the affection of the woman, and knowing that affection is the best security for attentive care.

A circumstance which happened here in March will show you the dread they entertain of French principles. Four prints arrived here for an English gentleman, representing the royal family of France in their most distressful situations. These prints that appeal to the feelings, are more powerful advocates for aristocracy than all the volumes of its pensioners; the Custom-house Officer, however, took them out of the frames, and tore them in pieces, declaring that nothing about the French should enter Portugal. He then repacked the frames and glasses, and sent them to the owner.

All improvements here are classed under the hateful term of innovations. A Portugueze, who, after making some fortune in England, settled in his own country, had learnt the value of English comforts, and built a chimney in his sitting-room. But none of his countrymen would sit in the room. "No," they said, "they did not like those metaphysical things." *Essas cousas metaficas.* I met with as curious an application of a word in the fragment of a Portugueze theological work; after enumerating some of the opinions of an heretic, the

author adds, "he was guilty of these and many other such bestialities."

Yet, however averse they may be to French principles, many of the Portuguese dislike the English influence, and reprobate the Methuen treaty as the ruin of their commerce. The following extract is a striking instance, I translate it from a paper published in the memorials of the Royal Academy: "We have beheld in our times the Aurora of a brighter day, and just posterity will learn with admiration the actions of a Sovereign who has made the city rise more flourishing from its ashes, created public credit, and destroyed the prejudice which had subjected us to a nation well acquainted with its own interests, which, under the specious semblance of protection, has reduced us to be, as it were, the colonists of a foreign metropolis."

A dignified churchman; the Conego da Cruz, founded a silk manufactory at Sobral, an ill-chosen situation, being a day's journey from any water conveyance. His great difficulty was to keep the workmen there, who regretted the amusements and vices of a metropolis: with this

this view he provided plays for them, and, so fully possessed by the spirit of commerce was the patriotic ecclesiastic that he even established a colony of prostitutes from Lisbon at Sobral : the attempt failed, and the expensive buildings that he erected are now in ruins.

These premature attempts cannot be expected to succeed. A measure has been adopted since my residence here which will render the most essential service to Portugal ; the edict is now printing which declares Lisbon a free port ; and when peace shall be restored to Europe, the beneficial effects must follow which were pointed out by the most enlightened of her statesmen.

I am now preparing for my return : I am eager to be again in England, but my heart will be very heavy when I look back upon Lisbon for the last time.

EL OSO LA MONA Y EL CERDO.



UN Oso con que la vida  
 Ganaba un Piamontes,  
 La no mui bien aprendida  
 Danza enfayaba en dos pies.

Queriendo hacer de persona,  
 Dixo a una Mona: ¿ que tal ?  
 Era perita la Mona,  
 Y respondiolo, mui mal.

Yo creo, replico el Oso,  
 Que me haces poco favor,  
 ¿ Pues que ? mi aire no es garboso ?  
 ¿ No hago el pafio con primor ?

Estaba el Cerdo presente,  
 Y dixo, bravo ¡ bien va !  
 Bailarin mas excelente  
 No se ha visto, ni vera.

Echo el Oso, al oír esto  
 Sus cuentas alla entre sí,  
 Y con ademán modelto  
 Hubo de exclamar así :

Quando me desaprobaba  
 La Mona, llegue a dudar ;  
 Mas ya que el Cerdo me alaba  
 Mui mal debo de bailar.

Guarde para su regalo  
 Esta sentencia un Autor ;  
 St el fabio no aprueba, malo !  
 Si el necio aplaude, peor !

YRIARTE.

---

The DANCING BEAR.

---

SOME greater brute had caught a bear,  
 And made him dance from fair to fair,  
 To please the gaping crowd :  
 The rabble mob, who liked the fight,  
 Express'd by clamours their delight,  
 And so the Bear grew proud.

Conceited

Conceited now as praise he sought,  
He ask'd a monkey what he thought,  
And if he danced with taste.

“ Most vilely,” honest pug replied,  
“ Nay, nay, friend Monkey!” Bruin cried,  
“ I’m sure you only jest.

“ Come come! all prejudice is wrong,  
“ See with what ease I move along!”

A Hog was by the place,  
And cried, “ According to my notions,  
“ There’s elegance in all your motions.  
“ I never saw such grace!

Bruin, tho’ out in his pretence,  
Was yet a bear of common sense,  
“ Enough!” he cries, grown sad.  
“ The Monkey’s blaming I might doubt,  
“ But approbation from that snout!  
“ I must dance very bad.”

Thus



Thus he who gives his idle song  
 To all the motley-minded throng,  
 Meets many a heavy curse;  
 Vexations on vexations rise,  
 Bad is the censure of the wife,  
 The Blockhead's praise is worse.

*THE END.*

### ERRORS.

Page 33, line 6, for nine read ninety.—p. 104, l. last, two r. ten.—p. 107, l. 6, ten r. two.—p. 118, l. 10, omit the word "of."—p. 128, l. 5, for r. of.—p. 154, in the couplet, The, r. Ye.—p. 225, last l. but one, Be, r. And.—p. 358, l. 9, for, r. four.—p. 362, l. 5, credulity, r. incredulity.—p. 391, l. 9, comprised, r. compromised.—p. 411, last l. but three, mutually, r. continually.—p. 416, last l. but one, numerous, r. enormous.—p. 443, l. 2, with, r. without.—p. 471, last l. but five, fall, r. bill.—p. 473, last l. but six, great, r. greater.—p. 478, at the end of the 4th l. add *forth*.







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