



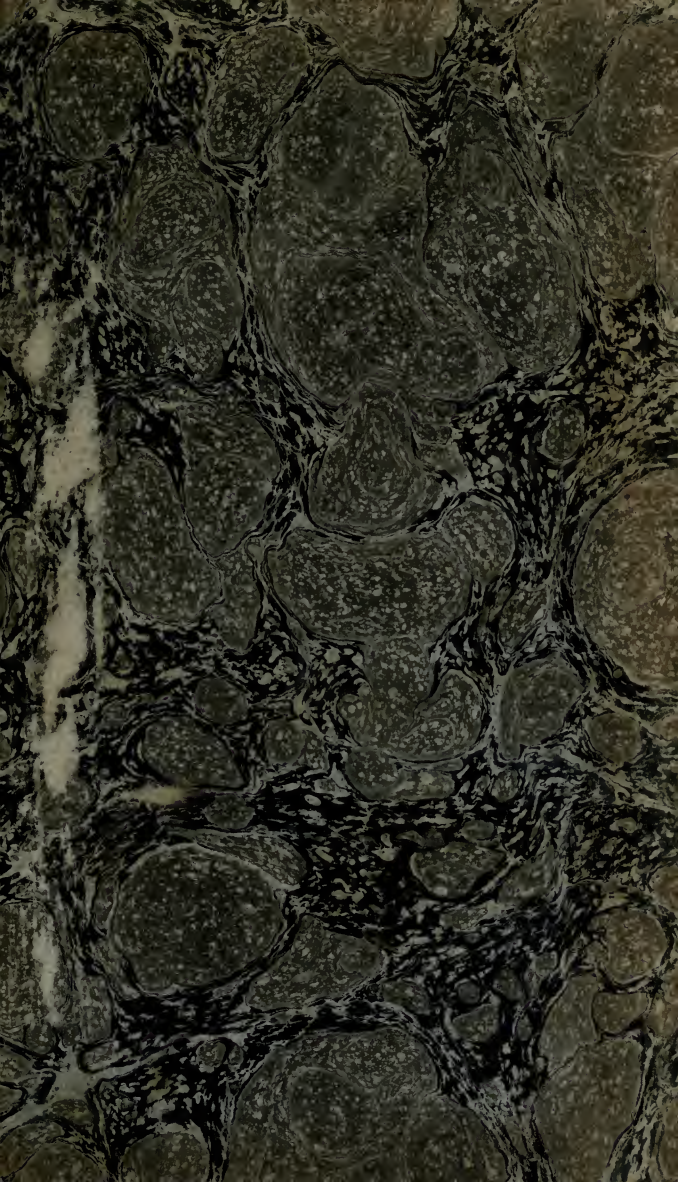
ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

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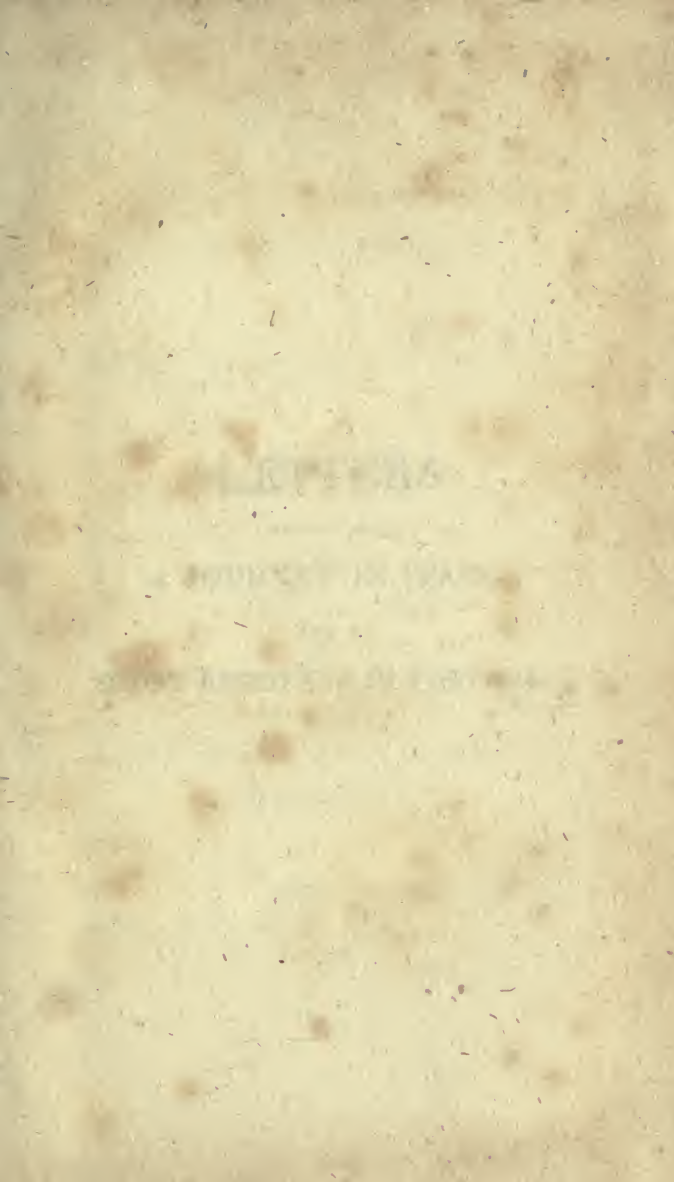
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LETTERS

written during

A JOURNEY IN SPAIN,

AND A

SHORT RESIDENCE IN PORTUGAL.

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# LETTERS

written during

A JOURNEY IN SPAIN,

AND A

SHORT RESIDENCE IN PORTUGAL.

BY

*ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED AND AMENDED.

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London :

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,  
PATERNOSTER-RROW.

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1808.

LITIGATION

A HISTORY OF THE

PROGRESS OF THE

LEGAL SYSTEM

IN THE

UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

BY

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY

Printed by J. D. Dewick,  
46, Barbican.

1881

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## SECOND VOLUME.

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LETTERS  
FROM  
SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

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LETTER XIV.

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*Santa Cruz.—Depopulation of the Province of Estremadura.—Miajadas.—Merida.—Talaveruela.—Badajos.—Royal Tent of Portugal.—Elvas.*

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 common earthen pitchers are better turned, and apparently of better materials than any I have seen in England. 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 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; thus prepared, it was sold for four reales the pound. 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 Syco-  
 rax lovely by comparison, is decorated  
 with ear-rings and a necklace.

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!

\* Saavedra has chosen this for his 25th emblem.  
 "The stork (he says) defends her nest by building it  
 upon the tower of a church, and her young are secured  
 by the holiness of the place. The prince who shall  
 build his monarchy upon the triangular stone of the  
 church, will establish it firm and secure." He exults  
 in the piety of the Kings of Spain, who have founded  
 more than seventy thousand churches in that kingdom;  
 for King James I. of Arragon alone built a thousand,  
 all dedicated to the immaculate Virgin Mary, for which  
 he was rewarded in his life with the conquests that he  
 made, and the victories that he gained, fighting thirty-  
 three battles, and being victorious in all. These edi-  
 fices were religious colonies not less powerful than  
 armies with their spiritual weapons, for artillery makes  
 not so great a breach as prayer.

*Idea de un Principe & Politico Christiano; repre-  
 sentada en cien empresas, por Don Diego de Saavedra  
 Faxardo*

If the King of Spain have one solitary spark of sense or humanity, 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 a 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 tracts of land were left uncultivated, and thus a slovenly and Tatar-like system of pasturage\* was intro-

\* “ By laying of lands used in tilth to pasture, six maine inconveniences do daily increase. 1. Idleness,

duced. This extravagant system is still pursued on account of its effect, real or supposed, in rendering the wool fine. Count Florida Blanca has in one of his publications ably shown the folly of producing wool at such expence for foreign

which is the ground and beginning of all mischiefs. 2. Depopulation and decay of townes; for where in some townes two hundred persons were occupied, and lived by their lawful labours, by converting of tillage into pasture, there have been maintained but two or three heardsmen; and where men have been accounted sheepe of God's pasture, now become sheepe men of these pastures. 3. Husbandry, which is one of the greatest commodities of the realme, is decayed. 4. Churches are destroyed, and the service of God neglected by diminution of church livings, as by decay of tythes, &c. 5. Injury and wrong is done to patrons and God's ministers. And 6. The defence of the land against forraine enemies is enfeebled and impaired, the bodies of husbandmen being more strong and able, and patient of cold, heat and hunger, than of any other.

The two consequents that follow of these inconveniencies, are, first the displeasure of Almighty God, and secondly, the subversion of the polity and good government of the realm. COKE.

manufactories, instead of the coarser kind fit for their own.

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 ene-

\* *Autant que le pouvoir du Clergé est dangereux dans une Republique, autant est-il convenable dans une Monarchie ; sur tout dans celles qui vont au Despotisme. Ou en seroient l'Espagne & le Portugal depuis la perte*



mies 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

*de leurs Loix, sans ce pouvoir que arrête seul la Puissance arbitraire ? barriere toujours bonne lorsqu'il n'y en a point d'autre : car comme le Despotisme cause a la nature humaine des maux effroyables, le mal même qui le limite est un bien.*

MONTESQUIEU.

This is not true. On the contrary, it is the power of the clergy that has occasioned the most atrocious cruelties, and the most impolitic measures in Spain and Portugal, and which still continues to keep them enslaved. The expulsion of the Moriscoes, and the proscription of the Jews originated in the influence of the priesthood. To the effects of the Inquisition the worst parts of their national character may be traced. " By this tribunal (says Robinson) a visible change was wrought in the temper of the people, and reserve, distrust, and jealousy became the distinguishing characteristics of a Spaniard. It perpetuated and confirmed the reign of ignorance and superstition. It inflamed the rage of religious bigotry, and by the cruel spectacles to which, in the execution of its decrees, it familiarized the people, it nourished in them that ferocious spirit, which, in the Netherlands and America

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 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

they manifested by deeds that have fixed an everlasting reproach on the Spanish character.”

*Ecclesiastical Researches.*

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 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. 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 that any vermin that had accidentally dropt there must have caught cold and died of an asthma. I was lamentably mistaken.

This place supplied us with another hare, so that our travelling-larder has never been so well provided; two hares, two rabbits, a brace of partridges, a woodcock, a ham, *e quicso de puerco*, and the garlicked-loin, a famous bill of fare. The master of the house wanted thirty-two reales, and when we asked for what, could only say, fire and oil, all that he had provided: twenty were paid him, and that was about ten too much.

We have been seven hours travelling twenty miles this morning, over a rich

but uncultivated country, resembling, in its general appearance, the wilks of Kent. 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 have suffered to-day for Manuel's ungovernable appetite; our hashed hare was swinging under the calessa, ready to be warmed for dinner, we could procure no cork to stop the pitcher it was in, and had therefore cut a small loaf of bread to answer the purpose. On the road Manuel eat the cork, and when the dinner-hour arrived, we found the splashing of the road had spoilt our stew, at least for English palates, for Manuel has no prejudices of this kind. 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.\*

\* 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, Arturians, and Lusitanians. A. U. C. 726. A. C. 28. St. Eulalia, a child of twelve years of age, the pupil of Donatus, a priest, was martyred 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. To a classical antiquary, this is one of the most interesting cities in Spain. A fair is held here Feb. 8, and July 25.



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

About two hundred yards before the town is an aqueduct; we passed under it, and immediately under another arch of an ancient and remarkable ruin. What we could see of the town by moonlight made us regret our so late arrival. The king is at Badajos, 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. We were called upon to have our trunks examined, and the ceremony was dispensed with for a pesetta.

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 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.

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. They roast birds here in a pipkin, and boil them in the fryingpan.

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

Wednesday 20.

We crossed the Guadianá by a very long bridge, once the scene of a great miracle. Fidel, who was bishop here in the latter part of the sixth century, had sent one of his domestics to a place called Caspiana, about sixteen miles distant, bidding him return speedily; but he, not

being able to return the same day, resolved to pass the night there. Soon after he had fallen asleep, the cocks awakened him; he rose, mounted his horse, and reached the bridge before midnight. The gate was closed; and receiving no answer when he knocked, he alighted, and let his horse graze while they were waiting for admittance. Presently he saw a ball of fire which came out of the Church of Fausti Rabort, a mile without the city, and went to that of Lucrecia, within the walls; a multitude of saints followed it, and passed over the bridge: Fidel, arrayed in robes of white ran at their head, and he opened the gate. The servant, who, half dead with fear, thought to enter when now the gate was open, but, alas! he was in the body, and to him it was as fast as ever. In the morning he got in, his master asked him at what time he had left Caspiana; and when he was told where he had been detained, asked him

if he had seen any thing, and then charged him to tell no man during his life.

The death of this Fidel differs from the usual machinery of these occasions. A holy man, hearing the matin bell one night, rose, and went to the cathedral. Astonished when he got there to find the quire full of saints, he crept into a corner, and saw them perform the matin service; after which, they proceeded to the basilica of St. John, which was under the same roof as the cathedral, and only separated from it by a partition wall: there they sung lauds; and when the whole was over, they exclaimed, "The hour is now arrived; let us perform that for which we are come here!" Immediately two Ethiops appeared, of gigantic stature, terrible and hideous figures, who seemed to be kindled with fire, and they had each a sharp sword in his hand. "Go to the palace," said the saints, "enter into St. Fidel's apartment, and wound him grievously in the body, that his soul may go

with us and enjoy its crown." Away they went, and soon returned, saying, "We cannot enter his cell; for he is not sleeping, but lies prostrate on the ground in prayer; and such is the fragrance of the incense which he has offered up to God, that it will not let us enter." "Go," replied the saints, "for it is necessary to fulfil what God has commanded." They went a second time, and were a second time repelled. But the third time, inasmuch as the execution of this command was indispensable, God suffered them to enter, and they smote him with such cruelty, that the holy man, who was all this while in the church, heard his cries and groans. And thus was St. Fidel stricken for death.\* There is a castle on

\* I transcribe the inscription on the bridge from Ponz.  
*"Tecum sum, et flumina non operient te. Isaia XLIII.  
 Deo mundi Architecto sapientis. et Christo Jesus restau-  
 ratori efficaciss. ac Pontifici æterno, tuæq. Eulalia Virgo,  
 & Martyr sanctissima tutelæ, Emerita Augus. Pontem a  
 vetustate et fluminis injuriis, labe, fæditate, diruptionibus*



the bank, and the ruins of some works in a little island. The road for three leagues lay over an uninteresting plain, though fertile and well-peopled. We then kept

*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 Huelmi præfecit, Emerita opus curavit, probavit. an MDCX e pecunia collata ab urbibus oppidisque intra lapidem C. C.*

On the left side of the tablet:

*Por mandado y comision de la Majestad 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 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.



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. 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 Camaressa 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 awake the whole night killing the muskitoes as they settled 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. Badajoz,\* 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 calessa 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

\* Badajoz has been asserted by some Spanish antiquarians to be the Pax Augusta of Strabo, corrupted by the Moors into Baxaugus, Badaxos, Badajoz. The process is easy enough, but it has been indubitably proved that Pax Augusta and Pax Julia are the same; and the incontestible evidence of Roman inscription places them at Beja. This question has been fully investigated by Resendé, and Florez assents to his decision.

A fair is held here April 20.

would not forget to make the adventurer pass through one of these agreeable establishments. 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; still there is an exorbitant tax upon what he may happen to have. 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.

\* Florez, after Bochart, derives Anas from the Phœnician, in which *hanas* is to conceal oneself, and then re-appear; to dive as *hanasa* is in Arabic. This may be, and probably is, the origin of the Latin word, but did not the Romans mean to call this river *the Duck*, just as we have our *Mole*, who

Digs herself a path, by working day and night,  
According to her name, to shew her nature right,  
And underneath the earth for three miles space doth  
creep.

About a league beyond runs a rivulet that separates the two kingdoms, its name is Caya. 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 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 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 Badajoz 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 Portugueze 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 Portugueze 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,

\* And in reality the first rains swept away both parts.



“ 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 blossomed 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 one of the Portuguese regiments, an Englishman.

## LETTER XV.

*Estremos.—Arrayolos.—Montemor.—  
Travelling Misfortunes.—Venda Sil-  
veyras.—Vendas Novas.—A Ro-  
meria.—Aldea Gallega.—Arrival at  
Lisbon.*

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 Portugueze 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 north. We passed under a very fine aqueduct of four rows of arches. The country is beautifully varied, but we were

\* Those antiquaries who delight in fable will have it that Elvas was founded by the Hebrews when they entered Spain, and named after the city of Helbah. (Judges i. 31.) Others suppose that it was built by Marcus Helvius during his government of Lusitania. Resende traces it to the Helvii. He gives an inscription which records the rare circumstance of a man erecting his own monument.

C. AXONIUS. Q. F. PAP.

LEG. XX. NAT. COL.

FIR PICENO. SE. VIVO.

MONIMENT. FEC. SIBI.

ET. FR. Q. AX. Q. F.

The arms of this frontier city are singularly appropriate: a man in armour, on horseback, bearing the banner of Portugal. Fairs are held here twice a year, Jan. 20, and Sept. 21.

obliged to let down the apron of the calessa, and could only walk between the storms. Villa Viçosa, the royal seat of Braganza, lay to the left. In five hours and a half we reached the Venda 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 Venda 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 companion. "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 guifar we know what instrument it is. You are eating meat," 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 of a kind unknown in England.\* The priest of the parish shot them, and sent them to the Venda to sell. There was a stone table in the kitchen, or rather on the kitchen floor, for it was not raised a foot above it,

\* The name by which they were called was *trumbador*. I can find nothing nearer this word than *tarambola*, a plover; but certainly these were birds which I had never seen before, and which bore no resemblance to our plovers. Whatever they were they proved dainty food.



yet this is the first table of any kind which we have seen in an inn kitchen.

If Anaximander had travelled the two leagues from this place to Estremos, 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, and is to serve me for a bedstead. 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 Sardinho, 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 its wizard power ;  
 For busy FANCY then let free,  
 Borne on the wings of HOPE, my EDITH flies to thee.

When the slant 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 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 lamp's melancholy gloom  
 I mark the miserable room,  
 And gazing with indignant eye  
 On the hard lot of honest Poverty.

I sicken at the monster brood  
 Who fill with wretchedness a world so good,  
 And wish, retired, in some secluded glen,  
 To dwell with PEACE and EDITH, far from men.

\* \* \* \* \*

If air-bathing be wholesome I have had it in perfection the whole night; lying on a chest, and in a current between the door and the window, which as usual is unglazed; when I arose I knew not whether the cold, or the posture to which the bed had contracted me, had stiffened me most.

The fortifications of Estremoz are out of repair, and the whole town bears the marks of decay.

Since Elvas has been made impregnable, it seems to have been neglected.— It has been a place of great importance. King Deniz had a palace here, and here it was that his wife Queen St. Isabel died. Fine marbles are found in the neighbourhood. The pottery is in great repute; the Portuguese have always been a nation of water drinkers, and there

is nothing to which they pay more attention than to the quality of their water-jugs. Those which are made here are of excellent workmanship, and have a peculiar fragrance. The town derives its name from a species of pulse called *Tremoços*, which grew in great abundance when the first settlers established themselves. This at least is said to be the etymology of the word; and one of these plants is the arms of the town. Its fairs are held July 25 and Nov. 30. The *termo* or district is very fertile, and is said to contain not fewer than eight hundred springs of good and wholesome water.

The day has been wet, and we travelled with our dead lights *down* the three leagues to Venda do Duque. In this part of the country there is very fine timber; and we were surprised 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 Portugueze 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.— There was a simple and useful piece of kitchen furniture here, suspended from the ceiling by a cane, through which a smaller cane was inserted in frequent curves, on which any thing might be hung.

On the road to Arrayolos we crossed two of those streams that so frequently delay or endanger the traveller in these countries : they 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 Viçosa. Arrayolos forms a fine picture at some little distance, seen from the plain ; it stands high, and has a ruined castle.

The Portuguese *estalagem*s are 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, a small pincers to prune it, and a bucket to deposit the snuff in, all of brass, are suspended by brazen chains between the branches.

Sunday 24.

We dined at the town of Montemor. The little river Canha flows below the town, and abounds with fish. This place is famous for a manufactory of water jars, made of a clay which emits a grateful odour. Small white stones are mixed

\* This is common throughout Portugal, the beds are sometimes placed on bedsteads, sometimes on these platforms.



in the clay, I know not for what purpose; unless it be to render the jugs porous; and when the vessel has been soiled and clogged by use, if it be rubbed with stones, it recovers its colour and fragrance. 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, might by her beauty and demeanour have afforded some excuse for one of Don Quixote's mistakes; and were she indeed a princess, she would be the admiration of Europe.

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 cracked the joints; then they laid it by till it cooled, then tore it piecemeal with their fingers, and fried it with onions, and garlic, and oil.

Sunday Evening.

I have received another proof this evening, that travelling in these countries is not like Mr. James Douglas's new method of cutting for the stone, *speedy, safe, and agreeable*.\*

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 calassero tied the spokes together; however we might certainly have safely reached the end of the stage with care. 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

\* The motto to this book is *Cito, tutè, jucundè*. I see a treatise upon Syphilis advertised with the still more unlucky application of *miseris succurrere disco*.

guilty of heresy, 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 calassero returned with two men and a cart-wheel, with which we contrived to go back two miles to Venda de 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; and here too for the first time I saw the prickly pear, or as it is called here the devil's fig. 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, Jan. 25.

At 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 sullen 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.” The man, however, notwithstanding these formidable items made a reasonable charge ; and this perhaps provoked her. She began to quarrel with him about an ass,

which she insisted had been sold by him for less than its value ; she raved about the room like a mad woman, and at last safe herself down upon the ground to weep.

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 go back—any movement but the right one : This man we found at 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*, is the shafts and wheels of a Portugueze chaise, when the body of the chaise is taken off and the shafts connected by a netting which supports the load. In this agreeable conveyance we set out for Vendas 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 gum cestus grew in abundance, and the myrtle also, yielding a delightful odour under our feet. We were three hours advancing two leagues, for the rains have broken up the roads.

There is a royal palace at Vendas Novas, or hunting seat, in bad repair, and going to decay. Joam V. had occasion to sleep at this place one night, and ordered this palace to be built for his reception; and accordingly built it was, half by torch light, the men working at it day and night. "*Sem duvida,*" says D'Aucourt, "*he huma das acçoens em que Sua Magestade mostrou a sua magnanimidade, e o seu poder.*" Without doubt it is one of those actions in which his ma-

jesty manifested his magnanimity and his power. 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 calassero chuses to pass the night on account of the weather; for it rains heavily, and the old woman of the estalagem has promised him a fine day tomorrow because the cat's skin looks bright. Rabbit skins are sold here at a *cruzado novo* (2s. 9d.) the dozen.

As we sat by the kitchen fire this evening, a Portugueze 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 Vendas 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 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 Venda de Pegoens, a place, says D'Aucourt, "*commuitos mosquitos e nada que comer,*" with plenty of mosquetor and nothing to eat, and proceeded five leagues farther to Aldea Galega, 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 might have procured a traveller lodgings at the county jail.

A little before we reached Aldea Galega 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

\* The etymology of this word is obvious; it must have been formed when no pilgrimage was so fashionable as that to Rome. We have the word in English, *roomery*. Sir Thomas Herbert the traveller uses it.

hundred men, women, and children, on horseback, on mule-back, on ass-back, and on foot. Whenever they approached a town or village, they announced their arrival by letting off rockets. Bag-pipes and drums preceded 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.

In former times a woman of Galicia, whose name was Alda, kept a *venda* here, and from her name *Alda a Galega*, the place was called, and the town which has grown there. This is the origin assigned it by the great Portugueze corographer,



and he adds that it was called Aldea Galega de Rebatejo, to distinguish it from Aldea Galega de Merciana; but both places were named from the same obvious causes, that they were chiefly people by Galegos. It is a considerable town. Fourscore years ago there were nine *estalagens* here, the largest, cleanest, and best supplied in Portugal. How many, or of what description they now are, I do not know, but the town has not declined. Its extent, however, bears no proportion to this number of inns. The *concelho*, or corporation, has the exclusive privilege of selling straw for the beasts of travellers. Nay, there is none in the country, and the privilege was rented at nearly six hundred mil reis. The *camera*, or chamber, pay seventy mil reis a year to a physician, fifteen to an apothecary, and twelve to a surgeon, who is of course a *barbero*. The inhabitants have the singular privilege of passing free in the ferry boats to Lisbon.

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 XVI.

*Earthquake.—Observations on the City.  
—Meeting of the two Courts.*

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, though of

\* I transcribe the following note from the divine legation of Moses, because it affords some ground for supposing that it is possible to predict these convul-

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

sions of the earth, and if so 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 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 surprized 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 color.” It is mentioned by Agathias that all the wells in the Island of Cos became salt after an earthquake.

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 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 unction, 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, for these animals live together on the most friendly terms. Many of these dogs have their ears erect, and some are without hair, perhaps of the Turkish breed.

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 Portu

guezze 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 Galegos or Galicians, who are the porters of the place, stand to carry people across; but sometimes this is impossible, the tide rushes with such force that no person can stem it. Carriages have been overturned by it in the Rua de San Bento, which col-

lects 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

\* A similar accident happened at the "downgoing of the way from St. John's Church upon Walbrook, unto the river of Thames. Whereby the water in the channel there hath such a swift course, that in the year 1554, on the fourth of September, after a very strong shower of rain, a lad of the age of eighteen years, minding to have leapt over the channel, was taken by the feet, and born down by the violence of that narrow stream, and carried towards the Thames with such a violent swiftness, as no man could rescue or stay him, till he came against a cart-wheel that stood in the water gate, before which time he was drowned and stark dead.

*Stow.*

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 Vendas 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 mules, and the ambassador on this grand occasion was without cloaths. He wrote to Lisbon to complain of the carrier, and the poor fellow is now in prison.

A courier was drowned last week in one of the streams that cross the road by Villa Vizosa. The Prince of Brazil was about to pass the same water a few hours before the accident happened, but his coachman

\* The civil Magistrate of the place. The Justice of Peace.

refused to venture. Had he, or any Fidalgo of his suite been drowned, a bridge would have been built. As it is only a courier, they will content themselves with placing a wooden cross as a monument of the past, instead of preventing the danger of the future.



## LETTER XVII.

*Portuguese Account of the Antiquity, Climate, Population, and People of Portugal.—The nine Excellences<sup>1</sup> of the Portuguese Language.—National Enmity and characteristic Differences.*

EUROPE, says Antonio de Sousade Macedo, is the best of the four quarters of the globe: Spain is the best part of Europe: Portugal\* is the best part of Spain. Europe is the prime part of the world, Spain is the head of Europe. Portugal is the crown of Spain. The tales of the Fortunate Islands and the Elysian Fields are not the mere fables of

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

the poets; they described places which 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 *Ulysssea* of Gabriel Pereira de Castro; and the *Ulyssipa* of Antonio de Souza de Macedo, 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 Java, says Luis Marinho de Azevedo; he called it *Eliseon*, 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 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. You object to this as too remote a fact. It contained five million 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! It is true Dacianus Asirius speaks of two women, each of whom had thirty children at a birth; but that, as he confesses, was an abomination; whereas Calgia, a Portuguese, had nine, and they all became saints; and Inez del Casal de Gueday was married seven times, and had an hundred and seven children, and descendants.

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 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 its 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 of this is that without some such miraculous interposition the Portuguese women could not possibly be so beautiful as they are."

Such then, according to those who must be the best acquainted with them, are the excellences of the country, the metropolis, and the inhabitants. There are likewise Nine Excellences 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.

**Excellence the second.**—It has every quality which a language ought to have to be perfect.

**Excellence the third.**—Harmonious pronunciation of the Portuguese language.

**Excellence the fourth.**—Brevity of the Portuguese language.

**Excellence the fifth.**—Perfect orthography of the Portuguese language.

**Excellence the sixth.**—Aptitude of the Portuguese language to any kind of style.

**Excellence the\*seventh.**—Great similarity of the Portuguese language to the Latin.

\* Some of the Portuguese writers have amused themselves by composing the two languages at once :  
 “ O quam gloriosas memorias publico, considerando quanto vales nobilissima lingoa 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.  
 Subjectas sacra nymphea feros animosa tyrannos.  
 Tu Phoenix vivendo ardes, ardendo triumphas.  
 Illustres generosa choras das Ursula, bellas  
 Das rosa bella rosas, fortes das sancta columnas.  
 Æternos vivas annos o regia planta !  
 Devotos cantando hymnos, vos invoco sanctas,  
 Tam puras nympheas amo, adoro, canto, celebro.

Excellence the eighth.—The wide extent  
of country where  
the Portuguese language is spoken.

Per vos felices annos o candida turba ;  
Per vos innumeros de Christo spero favores.

The Author says,  
Lidos em Latim serão Latinos,  
Lidos em Portuguez são Portuguezes.

GEORGE of MONTEMAYOR has composed a Sonnet  
which is at once Spanish and Portuguese.

Amor con desamor se esta pagando,  
Dura paga pegada estranamente,  
Duro mal de sentir estando ausente  
De mihi que vivo em pena lamentando.  
O mal, porque te vas manifestando?  
Bastavate matarme occultamente,  
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, desamor, pena, cuidado.

**Excellence the ninth.**—The commendation which so many authors have bestowed upon the Portuguese language.

A long proof is annexed to each of these propositions, and the whole fills three folio pages.

This is enough to remind one of the Esquimaux, who distinguished 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. I have heard it said more truly, “add hypocrisy to a Spaniard’s vices, and you have the Portuguese 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 will 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 Galegos, an industrious and honest race, despised by both nations for the very qualities that render them respectable. An Englishman at Porto 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 Galego 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 Roussillon. 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, 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 Portugueze vessel was taken by the French and carried into the isle of Bourbon. The Portugueze 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 Portugueze fleet had arrived at Portsmouth. The next French vessel that arrived brought a French newspaper, with a list of the two and twenty nations with whom the Republic was at war.

## LETTER XVIII.

*Affidavit of a Stone falling from the Air.  
Remarkable Phenomenon of this kind  
in Spanish History.*

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 do Termo de Evora-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 dous éstallos, semelhantes aos da expulsam das*

minas, depois que sentira hum grande estrondo ou rugido, que durava perto de dous minutos, e que observando o horizonte nam vira escuridam, nuvem, ou vestigio por donde inferisse a causa daquelle acontecimento. Porem tinha reconhecido que o dito rugido corrio do Norte para o Nascente, estando o dia claro e sereno.

Gregorio Calado, lavrador na Herdade do Pazo, Termo do Redondo, dice, sentia o estrondo referido, e que passado hum pequeno espaço de tempo, hum criado seu, chamado Joze Fialho, lhe apresentara huma pedra de cor de chumbo, que pesava, 10 arrateis, sendo a sua figura irregular. Cuja pedra foi conduzida pelo dito Joze Fialho, que se achava em huma folha da dita herdade denominado Tasquinha no Termo de Evora-Monte, para ter observado que depois dos estallos e estrondo, tinha cahido perto delle hum corpo grave, e indo procurar achava a dita pedra, cravada na terra ainda morna, e a terra movida de fresco. O mesmo affirmaram



*mais quarto moços que estavam naquelles contornos.*

Elias Antonio,\* Ordinary Judge of the Term of Evora Monte, and Inhabitant of the Parish of Freixo, in the Herdade dos Gayos, 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 do Pazo, and Term of Redondo,

\* 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.

says, that he heard the above-mentioned sound, and that a little while after, one of his servants, 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. Four boys who were in the same part affirmed the same.

\* \* \* \* \*

The most remarkable fact, and perhaps the most important one which has yet been produced upon this curious subject, is to be found in the *Centon Epistolario* of Fernan Gomez de Cibdareal, physician to Juan II. Epist. 74.

*Al dato varon Juan de Mena, cronista del Ray Don Juan neustro Señor.*

*Estando el Rey é todos los de la Corte cazando al pie de la cuesta desta Villa de Roa, desde el sol se metió en unas nubes blancas, se veian baxar unos cuerpos á manera de peñas pardas, é mas oscuras, é tanto espesas é grandes, que todos ovieron gran maravilla. E despues de colar una hora paró todo, é el sol se tornó a descubrir é fueron unos buitreros en sus rocines á dó cayera aquella cosa, que á media legua, escasa seria; é volvieron á decir, que todo el campo cubierto era de peñas grandes é chicas, que la dehesa no se veia. El Rey tobo voluntad de ir á lo ver; é lo dixeron, que lugar que el cielo escogiera para sus operaciones, non era seguro andar Su Senoria fasta que otro lo oviese especulado. E mandó el Rey ir á saber lo cierto al Bachiller Gomez Bravo su Adalid; é fué, é tornó estando el Rey vuelto á Roa, é traxo quatro de aquellas peñas, é yo era presente á ello, que al verlas caer non fui presente, ca en Roa quedára. E son de los prodigios mayores*

*que leemos en ninguno Filosofo, ó Físico que escrito haya; que son algunas como morteros redondos, é otras como medias almoadas de lecho, é otras como medidas de medias fanegas, tanto leves é sotiles de levantar, que las mas grandes media libra no pesan, é tan moles é blandas, que á las espumas del mar espesadas semejan, ca si dan á uno en la mano no le facen ferida, ni dolor, ni señal. El Rey os manda levar destas espumas ó piedras. E muchos facen ya agujeros; ca no hay cosa de la natura que no la quieran semejar á la gobernacion los que della son mal acomodados.*

“ To the learned personage Juan de Mena, Chronicler to King Don Juan our Lord.

“ As the King and all those of his Court were hunting at the foot of the hill, below this town of Roa, the sun went behind some white clouds, and certain bodies were seen falling like grey stones, so dark and thick, and large, that all were greatly

astonished. In about an hour this ceased, and the sun came out again, and some horsemen rode up to the place, which was a short half league off; and they came back to say that the whole field was covered with stones big and little, so that the ground could not be seen. Then the king would fain go to see it; and they said to him, that a place which Heaven had chosen for its operations was not safe for his highness to venture in till some other had spied it out. And then the king ordered his adalid the Batchelor Gomez Bravo to go and learn what it was: and he went and came back to the king, who was by that time returned to Roa, and he brought with him four of the stones, and I was then present, which I was not when they fell, having remained in Roa. And this is one of the greatest prodigies that we read of in any philosopher or naturalist, for some are like round mortars, and others like the pillow of a bed, and others like a measure of



half a bushel; and so light that the biggest does not weigh half a pound, and so soft and white that they seem like the thickened foam of the sea, for if you were struck with them they would neither occasion a wound, nor give pain, nor leave a mark. The king has ordered some of this froth or stone to be sent you. Many persons are drawing auguries from this, for there is nothing in nature which will not be likened to government by those who are ill at ease under it."

The fact is related in the *Chronica del R. D. Juan II.* cap. 275, with difference of circumstance enough to show that this part was not written by Juan de Mena.

*Estando el Rey alli en Roa en el dicho año, le fue dicho como en Maderuelo villa del Condestable, avia acaecido una cosa tan maravillosa, que jamas fue vista ni oyda en el mundo: la qual fue, que veian por el ayre venir piedras muy grandes, como de toda livianas, que no pesaran mas que pluma, y aunque davan a algunos en la*

*cabeza no hazian daño ninguno ; y destas cayeron muy gran muchedumbre en la dicha villa, y cerca della ; y como en esto el Rey dudasse, y todos los que lo oyan, mando al Bachiller Juan Ruyz de Agreda, adalid en su corte ; que fuesse a saber, si esto era verdad ; el qual fue, y no solamente fue certificado ser assi, mas traxo algunas de aquellas piedras, tan grandes como una pequeña almohada, y tan livianas, como pluma, y todas huecas y floxas, de que el Rey y todos los que lo vieron se maravillaron mucho.*

“ While the king was at Roa, in the said year (1438), it was told him that in Maderuelo, a town of the constables, there had happened a thing so marvellous as had never before been seen or heard of in the world, which was, that great stones had been seen to come through the air, light as if they were pumice-stones, and even not weighing heavier than feathers, so that though they struck some persons upon the head it did them no hurt ; and

a very great number of these fell in the town and round about it. Now inasmuch as the king, and all they who heard this, doubted it, he sent the Batchelor Juan Ruyz de Agreda, an adalid of his court, to go and learn whether it were true: the which adalid went, and not only was certified that it had verily been so, but moreover brought with him some of those stones as big as a small pillow, and as light as feather, and all hollow and brittle: whereat the king and all who beheld them marvelled greatly.

This second account is that of a writer at a distance, unacquainted with circumstances, and supplying motives. The fact is very remarkable, for let the heavier sky-stones come whence they may, these must have been formed in the atmosphere. Are there not some showers of ashes recorded, which fell in places so remote from any volcano, that they are more probably akin to these substances than volcanic?

## LETTER XIX.

*Want of Lamps.—Beggars.—Provisions.*  
*—Vermin.—Superstition.—Anecdotes.*  
*—Snow.*

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, 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 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 indignant feelings, not against them, but against that mistaken system of society which disinherits of happiness so large a proportion of the civilized world.

This city is supplied only from hand to mouth ; in bad weather, when the boats cannot pass from Alentejo, 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 usual present from England, and the person who received it made a feast ; it is now one of the best productions of the Portugueze garden. The potatoe 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, and produce the accused, whose appearance secures a sentence of condemnation.

Every kind of vermin that exists to punish the nastiness and indolence of man, multiplies in the heat and dirt of

Lisbon. From the worst and most offensive of these, cleanliness may preserve the English resident. 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 Portugueze remedy is to send for a priest and exorcise\* them.

\* A similar remedy was made use of by the Spanish navigator Maurelli, whose journal is printed with the voyage of the unfortunate Perouse. " We found millions of cock-roaches in the bread-room," says the Spaniard. " It is necessary a man should have seen them with his own eyes to have an idea of the number of these insects. These pests had so much infested the ship, that the holy father, who

The superstition of this people is astonishing. About sixteen years ago one of the royal musicians here died in the odour of sanctity; though, if the body of this 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!"

We have just at this time a plurality of goddesses in the world; the Virgin Mary is the Roman-Catholic goddess, Nature the Atheist's goddess, Liberty a

officiated as chaplin, was obliged to have recourse to exorcisms more than once." This was in 1781.

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 adventurers ever get beyond Doubting Castle.

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 down 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 watch-maker. 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 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.

You may estimate the medical progress of the country by this circumstance:—The Dutch-minister here hurt his leg; a Portugueze surgeon was called in: he pronounced it a fracture, performed the operation of setting it, bandaged 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 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 seige 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. Curtis goes to assist them.—The prisoners are brought into the fortress.—The English express 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 them; but how the diseased man shrinks when you touch his sores!



## LETTER XX.

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*Adventure of Rodrigo in the Enchanted  
Tower.*

ON the introduction of the Moors into this peninsula, the following ode has been written by father Luis de Leon, one of the best poets which Spain has produced.

Folgaba el Rey Rodrigo  
con \* la hermosa Caba en la ribera  
de Tajo sin testigo :  
el pecho sacó fuera  
el rio, y le habló de esta manera :

\* In printing this ode, two peculiarities of Spanish printing are preserved. One is the beginning a verse with a small letter, though the stanza begins with a capital one. The other is a mode of punctuation, confined I believe to the Spaniards, and among them only of late invention. To every sentence that requires

En mal punto te goces  
 injusto forzador, que ya el sonido,  
 óyo ya y las voces,  
 las armas y el bramido  
 de Marte de furor y ardor ceñido.

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. The construction of our language renders such punctuation unnecessary; but in the Spanish it is very useful. The following curious sonnet exemplifies this custom, though the constant use of the interrogatory word *como*, renders it here of less obvious utility.

SONETO,

DEL FR. LUIS DE LEON

AL PROPIO ASUNTO.

---

Si pan es lo que vemos, ¿ cómo dura  
 Sin que comiendo del se nos acabe?  
 Si Dios, ¿ cómo en el gusto á pan nos sabe?  
 ¿ Como de solo pan tiene figura?  
 Si pan ¿ cómo le adora la criatura?  
 Si dios, ¿ cómo en tan chico espacio cabe?  
 Si pan, ¿ cómo por ciencia no se sabe?

¡ Ay esa tu alegría  
 qué llantos acarrea ! y esa hermosa,  
 que vio el Sol en mal día,  
 a España ay cuán llorosa,  
 y al ceptro de los Godos cuán costosa !

Si Dios, ¿ cómo le come su hechura ?  
 Si pan, ¿ cómo nos harta siendo poco ?  
 Si Dios es, ¿ cómo puede ser partido ?  
 Si pan, ¿ cómo en el alma hace tanto ?  
 Si Dios, ¿ cómo le miro yo y le toco ?  
 Si pan, ¿ cómo del Cielo ha descendido ?  
 Si Dios, ¿ cómo no muero yo de espanto ?

#### ON THE REAL PRESENCE.

---

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  
 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 ?

Llamas, dolores, guerras,  
 muertes, asolamientos, fieros males,  
 entre tus brazos cierras,  
 trabajos immortales  
 a ti y a tus vasallos naturales.

A los que en Constantina  
 rompen en fertil suelo, a los que baña  
 el Ebro, a la vecina  
 sansueña, 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 daño no hay tardanza.

Oye qué al cielo toca  
 con temeroso son la trompa fiera,  
 que en Africa convoça  
 el moro a la vandera  
 que al ayre desplegada va ligera

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 heav'n to us?  
 If God, how can I look at it and live?

La lanza ya blande  
 el Árabe 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 día, y le obscurece

¡ Ay que ya presurosos  
 suben las largas naves ! ¡ ay que tienden  
 los brazos vigorosos  
 a los remos, y encienden  
 las mares espumosas por dó hienden !

El Eolo derecho  
 hinche la vela en popa, y larga entrada  
 por el Herculco 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,  
 traspasa el alta sierra, ocupa el llano,  
 no perdones la espuela,  
 no des paz a la mano,  
 meneas fulminando el hierro insano.

¡Ay cuánto de fatiga!  
 ¡ay cuánto de dolor esta presente  
 al que biste loriga,  
 al Infante valiente  
 a hombres y a cabellos juntamente!

Y tú Betis divino,  
 de sangre ageno y tuya amancillado,  
 darás al mar vecino  
 ¡cuánto yelmo quebrado!  
 ¡cuánto cuerpo de nobles destrozado!

El furibundo Marte  
 cinco luces las haces desordena  
 igual a cada parte:  
 la sexta,—¡Ay! te condena.  
 ¡o cara patria, o barbara cadena!

Rodrigo, from the world apart,  
 Retir'd where Tágus 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 impending woes.

In evil hour, tyrannic king,  
 Thou dalliest here ! he cried ;  
 Even now I hear the 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 lay 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 embrace,  
 War, desolation, death, the ruin of thy race.

Woe to the sons of Leon ! 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 will 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 cres-  
 cents 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 the wat'ry road,  
 And with strong arm the sinewy 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 sight,  
 And nearer now they view Calpe's majestic height

Still wilt thou clasp her in thine arms?

Rise, rise, Rodrigo rise!

The affrighted shore now echoes with alarms,

They reach the port, hark to their eager cries!

Triumphant there aloft 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 horsemen's  
power,

For horse and horseman fall beneath the victor Moor.

Woe tyrant, to Iberia woe!

Her best blood gluts the plain!

And Betis black with blood thy waves shall flow,

And clogg'd with many a Moor and Christian 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 will rage here yet the war has ceas'd;

Then, then, Rodrigo, shall thy head lie low.

Woe, tyrant! woe to thee! to poor Iberia woe!

\* \* \* \* \*

This ode is certainly one of the most spirited imitations that has ever been produced; it has however the heinous fault of injuring an historical character by misrepresenting it. Florinda (the Caba of this poet) is there pourtrayed as the partner of Rodrigo's crime, not the victim of it. Let me be permitted to introduce a monodrama here, in which I have related the real history of her feelings, and the traditional one of her fate.

Florinda speaks from the top of a tower.

Father! Count Julian! here—what here I say,—  
 Aloft.. look up!. . . aye, father, here I stand,  
 Safe of my purpose now! the way is barr'd;—  
 Thou need'st not hasten hither!—ho! Count Julian!  
 I tell thee I have barr'd the battlements!  
 I tell thee that no human power can curb  
 A desperate mind. 'The poison and the knife..  
 These thou couldst wrest away; but here I stand  
 Beyond thy thrall; free mistress of myself.  
 Tho' thou hadst wings thou could'st not overtake  
 My will. I now command my destiny.  
 Would I stand dallying on Death's threshold here,



If it were possible that hand of man  
 Could pluck me back ?

Why didst thou bring me here

To set my foot, reluctant as I was,  
 On this most injured and unhappy land ?  
 Yonder in Afric . . . on a foreign shore,  
 I might have linger'd out my wretched life : . . .  
 I might have found some distant lurking place,  
 Where my accursed tale was never known ;  
 Where Gothic speech would never reach my ear, —  
 Where among savages I might have fled  
 This leprous curse of infamy ! but here —  
 In Spain, — in my own country ; — night and morn  
 Where all good people curse me in their prayers ; —  
 Where every Moorish accent that I hear  
 Doth tell me of my country's overthrow ;  
 Doth stab me like a dagger to the soul.  
 Here — here — in desolated Spain, whose fields  
 Yet reek to Heaven with blood, — whose slaughter'd sons  
 Lie rotting in the open light of day,  
 My victims — mine ? nay — nay — Count Julian,  
 They are thy victims ! at the throne of God  
 Their spirits call for vengeance on thy head ; —  
 Their blood is on thy soul, — even I, myself,  
 I am thy victim too ! and this death more  
 Must yet be placed in Hell to thy account.

O my dear country ! O my mother, Spain !  
 My cradle and my grave ! — for thou art dear,  
 And nurst to thy undoing as I was,

Still, still I am thy child—and love thee still,  
 I shall be written in thy chronicles  
 The veryest wretch that ever yet betrayed  
 Her native land! From sire to son my name  
 Will be transmitted down for infamy!—  
 Never again will mother call her child  
 Florinda,—an Iscariot curse will lie  
 Upon the name, and children in their songs  
 Will teach the rocks and hills to echo with it  
 Strumpet and trait'ress!

This is thy work, father!

Nay tell me not my shame is washed away—  
 That all this ruin and this misery  
 Is vengeance for my wrongs. I asked not this,—  
 I call'd for open, manly, Gothic vengeance.  
 Thou wert a vassal, and thy villain lord  
 Most falsely and most foully broke his faith;  
 Thou wert a father, and the lustful king  
 By force abused thy child;—thou hadst a sword—  
 Shame on thee to invite the scymetar  
 To do thy work! thou wert a Goth—a Christian—  
 Son of an old and honourable house—  
 It was my pride, my happiness, my boast  
 To be the daughter of Count Julian.  
 Fool that I am to call this African  
 By that good name! Oh do not spread thy hands  
 To me!—and put not on that father's look!  
 Moor! turbaned misbeliever! renegade!  
 Circumcised traitor! thou Count Julian!

Thou my dear father?—cover me, O earth!  
 Hell hide me from the knowledge!

*She throws herself from the Tower.*

The adventure of Rodrigo, in the Enchanted Tower is alluded to by all the historians who have touched upon his reign. It is a fine specimen of Arabian fiction, and they who invented it scrupled not to say that the relation came from the renegade Archbishop Oppas, who accompanied 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 had 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! 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.”\*

\* A different account, and of inferior sublimity, is given by the Abbé de Bellegarde, in his history of Spain. “ Il sembloit que la prudence, le bon conseil et la raison abandonnoient le Roy que ses crimes rendoient odieux au Ciel et à la terre ; s’ etant imaginé qu’il y avoit des tresors immenses dans le fort Château de Toledé, qui auroit pû servir de rempart contre les ennemis de l’etat, il en fit démolir les fortifications pour y fouiller, contre l’avis & les remontrances de tous les ordres du Royaume, qui respectoient ce Palais, comme un azile sacré ; mais le Roy sans avoir aucun égard à leurs raisons ni à leurs prieres, en fit rompre les serrures et enfoncer les portes, croyant que les Roys ses prédecesseurs y avoient caché de grandes richesses ; tant il est vray que les desirs et les volontes des Rois sont violentes, et qu’il est bien difficile de les faire démordre de ce qu’ils ont resolu de faire, quelque injustes que soient leurs resolutions & quelque dangereuses suites qu’elles puissent avoir. Après toutes les

recherches que fit le Roy, il ne trouva point les tresors qu'il s'étoit flatté de trouver. On apperçut seulement un coffre où il y avoit un linceul, lequel ayant été développé, on y remarqua plusieurs figures extraordinaires avec des habits barbares, et des paroles latines qui pronostiquoient la ruine entiere d' Espagne, qui devoit bien-tôt être renversée de fond en comble par une nation que cette peinture designoit. Ces habits parurent semblables à ceux que les Maures portent vulgairement : voilà pourquoy le peuple et les grands Seigneurs de la cour, qui se trouverent presens à l'ouverture de ce coffre fatal, demeurant entièrement persuadez que les malheurs dont l'Espagne étoit menacée, viendroient du côté de l' Afrique, on se repentit, mais trop tard, d'avoir voulu penetrer dans des mysteres, qui avoient été tenus cachez si long temps, et que l'on avoit reverez jusqu' alors avec tant de religion.

## LETTER XXI.

*Jews.—List of Penitents at the last Auto da Fe.*

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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 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 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 pasquinade of some humour on this occasion is preserved in the *Silva Curiosa*, 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 tradesmen, 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 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

† I have in my possession a sermon preached at an Auto-da-fe in Lisbon, 1705, by the Archbishop of Cranganor. It is a curious mixture of criticism, argument, and abuse. Thus it commences. “ Disgraceful

highest delight of the Portugueze: they thronged to behold this triumph of the faith, and the very women shouted

relics of Judaism! unhappy fragments of the synagogue! last spoil of Judæa! Scandal of the Catholics, and the detestable ridicule even of the Jews themselves, I speak with you, o ill-advised race! I declaim against you, o ill-advised people!" he proceeds by contrasting the past and present state of the Jews, and this part furnishes a curious instance of the *argumentum ad hominem*. "Formerly you were respected by the water and more respected by the fire, to-day the fire has you for its food, and your ashes thrown into the sea will find their tomb in the waters!"

The most curious passage occurs at the close of the sermon. "If you are resolved to die in your present state, I here cite you for the Day of Judgment, when we shall both appear in the presence of the true God, you risen again a Jew and a Heretic, being the state in which you die, and I, according to my hope in the divine mercy, risen again a Catholic, as I trust by divine goodness to die in the law of Jesus Christ, the only one in which salvation can be had. We shall both rise again before the Supreme Judge, and then you shall see that God may upbraid me with the greatness of my sins, but he will not have to upbraid me with being false in my belief. The little observance I have paid to it may be urged against me, but its truth, that cannot, if

with transport as they saw the agonizing martyr writhe at the stake. Neither sex nor age could save this persecuted race,

God be not unjust, which he is not. And you! he will not only have to judge you for your crimes, but he will have to condemn you for the observance of the law in which you die. I will place you in the presence of God without any other crime than that of keeping the law of Moses, and I will place a Christian in the same presence, without any other sin than the observance of the law of Christ. If God should condemn the Christian on account of his law and save the Jew on the same account, he cannot be a just God, he cannot answer the reasons with which the Catholic would argue against his justice. For in this case the Catholic would argue with God thus, O Just Judge, I believed in Christ, because he had all the signs which you revealed by the prophets your son should have. I did that which you commanded me, and therefore you now condemn me. How then can you condemn me for obedience? Certainly this reasoning could not be answered, and it is clearly impossible that God could condemn the Catholic for being a Christian. Let us now place the Jew, whom God condemns for observing the law of Moses, attempting to argue with God for condemning him because he is a Jew. He will say; Lord! I believed in the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; I observed the law which thou gavest



and Antonio Joseph da Silva, the best of their dramatic writers, was burnt alive because he was a Jew.

to Moses, why then dost thou condemn me? God can reply. Thou liest, because Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob believed and hoped a future Messiah, who should be my son, and should have all the signs by which I promised that he should be known. This my son has been in the world, and in him were all the signs seen that were revealed in the scriptures;—these therefore being accomplished I am just in condemning thee, and thou hast been a rebel in being a Jew. Thus wretchedly, my brother, will you experience it in that day.”

In the same volume I have a Spanish answer to this sermon, said in the title page to be the posthumous work of the author *de las Noticias Reconditas de la Inquisicion*. I know not his name, but he was evidently a man of learning and moderation, sincere in his belief. I translate his answer to that part of the archbishop's discourse above translated, because it has probably suggested a singular passage to the author of the *Systeme de la Nature*.

“The archbishop speaks with confidence as though he were secretary to the Divine Majesty, and all that passed in Heaven were notorious. I have not the audacity to limit the reasons with which God could confute the Catholic, for his Divine Majesty can alledge ether incomparably more efficacious than what my



This infernal tyranny of the priesthood, though it produces outward conformity, can extend no farther. The Jews still

weakness can attain to. I only say therefore, that, not in the presence of his divine majesty, but in that of any human judge what I have alledged is sufficient to confute the presumption of the archbishop; and if the Jew were to speak before his God as the preacher says—in this manner would I do it.

“O God! my Lord! prostrate before thy divine presence I come humbly to give an account of the religion I professed in the other life, and wherefore I professed it.

“Lord! I was born of Jewish parents, I was instructed in the law of Moses, and professed it from education till my arrival at years of discretion, when from reading books of controversy my duty obliged me to examine the reasons on one side and on the other, with all the accuracy of which my understanding was capable; and having balanced them, without admitting any prejudice of my bringing up, Lord! I found that the divine prophecies which treat of the true Messiah had never been accomplished in any man before the day of my death. I found, O Lord, that in thy divine law thou hast assured us, that though our dispersion were from one extremity of the world to the other, thou wouldest collect us together again, and bring us to the promised land, and even there charge us with the observance of

preserve their faith, and the true Israelite phisiognomy is evident in half the people you meet. A great crowd were assembled

thy divine precepts. How then could I go over to another religion, which destroys and annihilates thy most holy word, and which opposes itself to thy divine decrees which thou hast thyself pronounced on Mount Sinai, because there are men who interpret some prophecies allegorically and apply them to a certain person whom they call thy son! and when they see themselves confuted by the force of thy divine, clear, and manifest word, which literally contradicts what they pretend to prove, betake themselves to the allegorical meaning! what proof is there that this is the true meaning and no other?

“How could we forsake that divine word which we have heard from thy most holy lips, for the explications and allegories of men who do not agree among themselves, who contradict and oppose the truth received from thy faithful servant Moses, from thy most holy prophets, and from such a series of wise and learned men, who during so many ages have written conformably to this the same revealed truth; who in all their writings confirm and exhort us to the strict observance of thy divine word! these then have I followed, and believing these have I served and worshipped thee in the best form and manner which was possible in the world, have I leagued myself strictly with that religion which I be-

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!" One of his laws forbade 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, or at least to the Jewish ceremonies, for a reason which may be found in the twenty-third chapter of Deuteronomy, at the thirteenth verse.

believed to be the one and the only, and which I acknowledged for thy true and eternal word. I lived a Jew and I died a Jew, in which I believe that I have served thee as thou hast commanded, and here I am before thy divine mercy, that thou mayest ordain it to be done with me, accordingly as I have served thee.

I have sometimes amused myself by fancying what effects might have been produced had the books of Richard Brothers been circulated in this 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 Auto da 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 surprized at the mildness of the sentences in the following paper, but you will be more surprized 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 OF THE PENITENTS

AT THE

AUTO DA FE, October 15th, 1779.

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1. JOZE DE SOUSA, a soldier of the regiment of artillery of Porto, quartered at Valencia on the Minho, who from reading impious prohibited books became a profest atheist. He denied the mysteries of the 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 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. JOAM MANOEL DE ABREU, 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 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 Olivença, 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, 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 denied the free will of man.

He was condemned to three years imprisonment at Rilhafoles.

4. HENRIQUE LEITAM DE SOUZA, native of Penamacor, 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.

Condemned to Rilhafoles for three years.

5. JOZE BARRETO, native of Valença, 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.

6. JOZE LEANDRO MILLANI, native of Lisbon, and lieutenant of the same regiment, from 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 WINCESLAW LATE, 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 re-

ligion; 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 Évora, and ordered never more to return to Coimbra or Valença.

10. JOZE MARIA TEIXERA, native of Valença do Minho, five years a student of canon law. An atheist, and such an impious blasphemer 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 Rilhafoles, five in the galleys, and to have his sentence read in Valença and to the university of Coimbra.

\* A cap ornamented with devils and hell-fire-flames.

## LETTER XXII.

*Mode of Butchering Cattle.—Anecdote from Berchtold.—Leopold Berchtold.—Radji.*

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 independance 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 vertebræ 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!

Such things makes one's blood boil, and almost provoke a wish for despotic justice, such for instance as was exerted at Abo in



Finland, upon the following occasion. 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 barbarity deserved to be publicly noticed. He therefore informed the other magistrates, who unanimously agreed in condemning the wretch 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 youth, because you did not assist an animal who implored your assistance by its cries, and who derived 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 cruel youth!" and after inflicting upon him twenty-five stripes, he proceeded, "Inhuman youth! 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 who live, learn humanity for the future." He then executed the remainder of the sentence.

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. 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, intituled, Advice to Travellers, the worst of his publications, of which the second volume is a mere and imperfect 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, An Essay on the Means of preserving the lives of Men from various dangers to which they are daily exposed; the other is, An Essay upon extending the limits of beneficence 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

fortunes; 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.

\* Since this was written, Count Leopold has been again in England. I was not fortunate enough to see him, but he did me the honour of sending me a little tract which he had published in Italian, upon the use of olive-oil in the plague. He had distributed many thousands of these in that language, and in Arabic, through those countries which are most exposed to 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, 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 en-

tered 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 Portugueze 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 faith) 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 Portuguese countess. He is now being educated for a Catholic priest; the life of Radji will be useless 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, Portuguese, 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, 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!”

## LETTER XXIII.

*Barbary Corn.—Almada Hill.—Moorish  
Part of Lisbon.—Lent Processions.*

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 be-



fore 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 spread itself into a vast bay, twelve miles from shore to shore : leftward, 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 on any particular holy-day, 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 is 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 the Graça, 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; and alledged, that it was evident Nosso 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 compromised it.—The convent of the Graça 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 the ceremony. Surely it would have been a

more equitable mode of decision, to have placed the image between the two churches, and so 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.

\* A friend of mine who was at Lisbon in 1797, particularly noticed the bearers at these processions. By their linen, the colour of their feet and hands, and the soreness with which they trod, some of them bleeding as they went, he judged many to be actually penitents.



## LETTER XXIV.

*Robberies.—New Convent—St. Anthony.  
—Pombal.—Duke of Aviero.—Ajuda.  
—Palace.—Patriarchal Church.—  
Watermen.—Museum.—Menagerie.*

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 hand 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 alcaide took up all the in-

habitants 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 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 conveyed to the nearest 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 devotion. Her late confessor, Ignacio de San Caetano, is said to have been the promoter of this noble, but useless 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 abused his influence to the injury of any one. He enjoyed the good things of his situation; regularly after dinner drank a bottle of mareschini, and lived in peace 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 him-

self. 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 by the queen's sister, in which Michael and the Old Dragon are represented, with about as much taste as you must often have seen displayed upon St. George and the young one. 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 splendour; where likewise are the Pope and the cardinal virtues. Below are 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. Antonio was born. St. Antonio is generalissimo of the Portuguese forces; and you may see his commission in Costigan's Sketches. 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 assassin; 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, Mr. Allen, observed of the group 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. 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 honors: 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 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;

\* A column is erected upon the spot, with this inscription:

*Aqui forão as cazas arazadas e salgadas de Joze Mascarenhas, exauthorado das honras de Duque de Aveiro e outras; e condemnado por sentença proferida na suprema junta da inconfidencia, em 12 de Janerio de 1759: justigado como hum dos chefes do barbaro e execrando desacato, que nu noite de 3 de Setembro de 1758, se havia commullado contra a real e sagrada pessoa de el Rey nosso Senhor D. Joze I. Neste terreno infame se não podera edificar em tempo algum.*



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 designed for the altarpiece of the church erected in commemoration of his escape, preserved in the Marquis of Angeja's country house at Lumiar, and drawn by Vieyra. It represents the conspirators firing at the king, who is surrounded by angels, some of whom are leading the mules of his carriage, and others pouring water on the locks of the conspirators' guns. This last idea is taken from the celebrated Dutch painting of Abraham offering up his son Isaac, in which, however, the angels are seen extinguishing the fire in a much more natural way.



The royal palace stood then about the distance of a mile and a 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 the king'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.

About twenty years ago an architect was sent to Rome to take plans of the inside of St. Peter's, that he might fill 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.”

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.

When the church was completed, and the ceremonies all arranged, it was discovered that one important particular had been forgotten, and the service of the church was therefore suspended whilst a courier was sent to Rome to know whether the pope fastened his breeches with a buckle or a string. His holiness returned for answer, sometimes with the one, sometimes with the other, and that the patriarch might use either at his own discretion.

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 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 near Montalegre, in 1785, 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, yet they are 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 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 Don Joze de Menezes, son of the Marquis of Marialva, actually drove them in an open carriage, they broke two or three carriages for him, and some of them had killed themselves by struggling. This was the gentleman who was in the box with the king, and saw his brother, the Conde de Arcos, 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 the 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, and recovered of his wounds, but the priest escaped.

Of late Lisbon has rapidly increased in size; but the growth of the 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 said to be declining, and very material changes must take place before it can improve.

## LETTER XXV.

*Road to Setubal.—Arrabida Convent ; its Origin and Situation.—Cavern of St. Catharine.—Convent of Brancanaz.*

Thursday, March 24.

ON Monday last I went to Setubal. 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 Portugueze manner, with open hands; the battle was soon over, and one of the combatants was going away, when the other seized a large stake, 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 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 sometime amused at seeing S. P. Q. P. by the idea of the senate and people of Palmella.

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 Setubal, and its harbour: beyond, a low and feeble boundary to the scene, stretched the shore of Estremadura.

We turned our mules loose in the market-place of Setubal, 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 expect-



ed 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.

Setubal, 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 stones in the sand, and a Corinthian pillar which was dug up there now stands in the square of Setubal, 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 were removed thirty feet farther from the river, by the tide,

\* Hena, through the corruption Cetobra, its present name, which has led forgers of history and credulous antiquarians to Noah's ark.

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. There is a sonnet in the works of D. 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 DEVOTISSIMO  
DE LA ARRABIDA.*

---

No baxes temeroso, o peregrino,  
Fia tus passos de la senda oscura;  
Que esta que te parece aspera y dura  
Esta es del cielo el aspero camino.  
Si baxas, subiras a ser vecino  
De la Jerusalem santa y segura;  
Porque la santidad de essa espessura  
Falda es del monte de Sion divino.

Ves quantas fuentes sus cristales mueven  
 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 glittering stream,  
 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 Setubal. The custom-house boat

had been procured for us, and we departed early on Tuesday morning. We passed by Atun Castle, which commands the mouth of the river Sadao,\* 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 overspread the 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 venda, the only habitation in sight: we had brought some cold fowls from Setubal, and the spring by which we sat supplied us with excellent water.

\* The Calipos of Ptolomy.



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 gumcistus was the most common plant; it was luxuriantly 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 hill around it. On the summit are a number of little chapels, or saint-boxes; a Dutchman could not have placed any ornament there more detestable to the picturesque eye. Rude crosses are erected on almost every crag; below is the Atlantic ocean. We were conducted to a cavern consecrated to St. Catharine: 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 know nothing of either the one or the other, described this very spot in his unequalled lines :

The dull liveness, 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. Catharine; my own mind was full of feelings "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 Nascians and the Hermit of the Poor Rock, 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, petitioned the court for a testoon a day to enable him to turn Catholic hermit, and thus screen himself from those whom he had defrauded.

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 greater 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, called in Portuguese Barbadinhos ; 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 Brancanas as we left Setubal 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 the same reason for being ugly as a candlestick. A Madonna, variously attributed to Raphael, Titian, and Guido, attracted us to Brancanas : 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 on our return, 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 Portugueze 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 passengers, amused us with their music, and the men stunk so abominably that even Manuel complained. We preferred being wet to this pestilential atmosphere, and went aloft. The oranges of Setubal are some of the finest in Portugal: we had laid in a stock of them for this river-voyage, and delivered them into Manuel's care, who was provided with a capacious bag. Into this bag he had stowed the remains of all our provisions, bread, potatoes, meat, poultry, and fish. Provender enough he said for three days, he being, as is the custom here, upon board wages. Now as it happened to rain upon our return, he had galloped good part of the way, and Manuel, all unused to gallopping, had

ridden upon his bag; so that when we asked for our oranges, and he put his hand in for them, out came such a compost as may better be imagined than described. There was something infinitely ludicrous in his countenance at this discovery; in the woeful astonishment which it expressed at first, and the joy with which he joined in in our laugh, and replaced the precious mixture, rejoicing in the addition to it which he had thus unintentionally obtained.

Wet, weary, and hungry, we had a dolorous 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 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 groans 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 herd of human-kind.

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 with slow step, and gaze upon the deep:  
 And, whilst the evening breezes bath'd 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,  
 Though 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.

*Good Friday.—Easter Sunday.—Em-  
peror of the Holy Ghost.—English  
Nuns.—Monastic Anecdotes.*

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 mummery 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



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 caról 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 completely illuminated.

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 some of 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 Trinity, 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.

There is an emperor in every parish where any family chuse privileges so dearly purchased for their son, for the expense is considerable. Good Catholics give ducks, fowls, pies, rabbits, &c. dressed out with ribbon, as offerings to his imperial holiness. These are sold, and eagerly purchased at a high price, as being consecrated. The money goes to the emperor's treasury; each emperor dines without his parish church, in public, under an awning, with music playing, and abundance of rockets flying in the face of the sun.

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 wretched 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 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 con-

versation, I went away fully convinced that a nun is as miserable in herself as she is useless to society.

The 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 tædium 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 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 not the evils of superstition so grievous, its absurdities might amuse us. One of the Galego 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.\*

\* 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, excommunicated, and damned to the pit of Hell: the Dominicans, therefore, attempted to prove that they were not genuine, for these among other reasons:

There are many churches here in an unfinished state, though the building has been begun twenty or thirty years: because estates have been left to the church till it is completed.

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 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.

But it is the spirit that would compass sea and earth to make one proselyte 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 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 mis-

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.

tress 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 XXVII.

*Cintra.—Inscriptions on the Rock.—Palace.—Penha Verde.—Cork Convent.*

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 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 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 volcanoes must fail to satisfy the enquiry 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 Portuguese 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 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 saxa valetæ,  
Et gelidi fontes flexibilésque 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 he had intended to profess, came down to Cintra, and was protected by the Fidalgo, then Juiz de Fora. Their destinies were widely different. The Juiz de Fora 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 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 shewn 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.\*

\* Near the palace is a fountain, with the following inscription, curious for its pompous inanity :

Antiga fonte  
da pipa ;  
reedificada  
e melhorada  
pelo Doutor  
Franco Joze  
De Miranda  
Duarte praezi-

The gardens of Penha Verde, once the superb seat of Don Joam de Castro, contain the heart of one of his relations, with

dente do senado  
da camera e Juis  
de Fora desta villa,  
em execuzam das  
ordens de sua Mage  
expedidas em avizo  
da Secrataria de estado  
dos negocios do reyno, de  
vinte e seis de Outubro de  
mil sete centos e outenta  
e sete, pelas quais foi  
a mesma Senhora servida  
determinar a restituizam desta  
fonte, socegando o povo e livrando  
da oppressam, que lhe cauzava a fal-  
ta de agoa no bayrro do Castello  
e poriso em memoria de tam augusta  
soberana, se gravarum  
os versos seguintes.

Qualis apud veteres  
Divus regnabat Ulysses,  
Qui nulli civi dicto  
Factove nocebat.

17. 8.

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 sublime, capax, et Olympi montis ad instar,  
 Amplius orbe ipso cor brevis urna tegit.  
 Cor consanguineo 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 sublime, and than the earth's wide bourne  
 More ample lies within this little urn.

On one side is Cynthia in blue tiles, and underneath,  
 Tertia jam gravida  
 pluvialis Cynthia cornu.

*Lucan.*

On the other Justice.

Non consideris  
 personam pauperis nec honoris  
 vultum potentis, juste judica  
 proximo tuo.

*Levitic.*

A heart in worth and birth to him allied,  
 Whom vanquish'd India hails his country's pride.  
 A heart to holy Mary's love subdned,  
 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 :

\* This reminds me of

Hugo, whom Duke Gondibert  
 For stout and steady kindness did approve,  
 Of stature small, but was all over heart,  
 And tho' unhappy, all that heart was love.

*Sir William Davennent.*

The conceit is to be found in an epitaph on Francis I.  
 by St. Gelais.

Que tient enclos ce marbre qui je voy ?  
 Le Grand François incomparable Roy.  
 Comme eut tel Prince un si court monument ?  
 De luy n'y a que le Cœur seulement.  
 Done icy n' est pas tout, ce Grand Vainqueur  
 Il y est tout, car tout il estoit Cœur.

Oculis  
 Quam  
 Naribus  
 Melior.

There is an old statue of a sleeping Venus in the garden ; 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, 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.

An inscription like the following would not, perhaps, be improper in a Protestant country.

Here, cavernd like a beast, Honorius dwelt  
In self-denial, solitude, and prayer,  
Long years of penance. He had rooted out  
All human feelings from his heart, and fled  
With fear and loathing from all human joys  
As from perdition. But the law of Christ  
Enjoins not this. To aid the fatherless,  
To heal the sick, to be the poor man's friend,  
And in the wounded heart pour gospel balm,  
These are the active duties of that law  
Which whoso keeps receives a joy on earth,  
Calm, constant, still increasing, preluding  
The eternal bliss of heaven. Yet mock not thou,  
Stranger, the anchorite's mistaken zeal!  
He painfully his painful duties kept,  
Sincere tho' erring. Stranger, dost thou keep  
Thy better, easier law but half as well?

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 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.

*“ C'est un bien pour un voyageur d'avoir acquis un fonds d'émotions douces et vives, dont le souvenir se renouvelle pendant toute sa vie ; mais il ne sauroit les partager avec ceux qui, ne les ayant pas éprouvées, s'intéressent toujours plus au récit de ses peines, qu'à celui de ses plaisirs.”\**

\* Voyage du Jeune Anarchais.

## LETTER XXVIII.

*Poem on Cintra.—Sebastianists.—Fishing Boats.—Police.—Executions.—Funerals.—Purgatory.—English Burying-Ground.—Sepulchral Inscriptions.*

WE returned to Lisbon on *Burros*: the ass 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 ass, and the animal fell dead under her. They go a quiet, constant pace, and as I jogged patiently on I was reminded of the way of life: imagination is a mettled horse that will break

the rider's neck, 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.

The kingdom of Portugal, by a solemn decree, has been made tributary to, and placed under the patronage of the Virgin Mary. The following is a copy of the inscription fixed up upon this occasion in most of the Portugueze towns:

Æternit. Sacr.  
 Immaculatissimæ  
 Conceptioni Mariæ  
 Una cum general. Comitibus  
 Se, et Regna sua  
 Sub annuo censu tributaria  
 publice vovit,  
 Atque Deiparam in Imperii tutelarem  
 electam

A labe originali præservatam perpetuo

Defensurum

Juramento firmavit

viveret ut pietas Lusitan.

Hoc vivo lapide memoriale

perenne

exarari jussit

Ann. Christi M. DC. XC. VI.

Imperii sui VI.

There is a strange sect of enthusiasts in this country, called\* Sebastianists, from

\* These people are alluded to in the reply to the Portugueze sermon mentioned in a former note. "Se cansa ne relatar diferentes Pseudo-Messias, que uvo en la nacion, en el espacio de mas de 1500 años. Y pudi- era el mismo responderse con ellos, pues aunque es verdad que la Nacion corriò a abrasar a algunos, por engañarse creyendo, podia ser el verdadero, y esperado Messias; luego que vido que no se cumplieron en ellos las profecias literalmente, que del Verdadero tratan, los rejecto, y abandono, y fueron, y son tenidos en la nacion por espureos y falsos. Y que hay que admirar, que una Nacion abatida y conculcada, abrasase qual- quiera ocacion de restaurarse, dejandose llevar de aquella confianza, que siempre tuvo y tiene en Dios, y de aquella esperanza que conserva en su divina y santa palabra que no puede faltas? Por ventura no huvo y hay en



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 subdued his vices and strengthened his virtues, he was punished as an impostor by those who knew the

Portugal hasta el dia de oy, quien espera al Rey Don Sebastian? no uvo en los passados siglos uno que fingio serlo? y no se escribieron libros en su abono? Pues si esto sucede en una nacion libre solo por la ancia de rever un Rey que estimava, que mucho padeciese semejante engaño, una Nacion oprimida, con la esperanza de ver un Rey que Dios le tiene prometido?

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 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 Portuguese was executed in one of the provincial towns some years ago for a singular trade of wickedness : he used to call all the pedlars he saw passing 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 decapita-

tion is the privilege of the Fidalgos, and Plebeians are hanged. 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, 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 hanged; 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 Portugueze nobles still wear a medal nine days in the year as a memorial of this fatal error.

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 the Grillo, 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.



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. 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.

The fires of Purgatory (which, as Manoel de Abreu 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 soul surrounded with flames, pictured on tiles upon the walls and houses, and the men who beg for masses for souls carry with them boards whercon the same spectacle is exhibited in glowing colours. The

souls\* in Purgatory are farmed out like the tythes and turnpikes in England; nor must you imagine that the harvest is contemptible, the appeal to religious be-

\* 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 inhumanitatis partes, numeros, rationes.

Nobis difficile est omnem exuere humanitatem; Deo difficilius omnem misericordiam: et si naturam nostram

lief and the feelings of humanity is powerful, and the alms given in penance are usually thus appropriated. One convent in Lisbon that enjoys a consider-

*corrumpere aut destruere possumus, divinam non possumus. Pulsarunt olim tympana in valle Hinnon, ne exaudiretur a populo et a parentibus infantium clamor, qui immolabantur Idolo igneo et vagiebant acerbe inter flammam; sed totum licet æthera resonare feceris continuis tonitribus, nunquam efficies ut in hoc Tophet, de quo loquitur, 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 æstantem inter flammam per æterna sæcula. O digna Deo et Angelis spectatoribus scena! dein ad demulcendum aures, dum plangoribus et ululatu cœlum 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,*

able revenue in behalf of the dead, entrusts the performance of the masses to ecclesiastical agents in the country, who do the business by commission at a cheaper rate.

sed etiam æternæ miseræ. Nec tam bonitatis divinæ opus esset, quam crudelitatis cujusdam, aut periculosæ lusus aleæ, hanc rerum naturam construxisse. Pœnituit olim Deum se condidisse homines, ob eorum nimirum nequitiam; pœnitebit vicissim homines miseròs se conditos esse a Deo, quandoquidem satius 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* punish-

The burying-ground of the English and Lutherans is planted with Judah trees and cypresses, that form a most melancholy contrast. The bodies soon after

ment 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 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 screamed 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 should 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



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 hand-

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 savour, utterly abandoned, and without hope.

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 HENDER-

some 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.

son, nor can I bestow on it a higher commendation 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 doeth 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 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

The burial ground contains one curious specimen of English poetry, said to be the production of a school master, and perhaps bad enough to entertain you.

death, or destruction irrecoverable. And if it occur it is a part of his œconomy of grace, a ministration 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 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.

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,

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.

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."

Such was his fate, when least expecting death  
 A fatal shot deprived him of his breath.  
 Thus mortal man though strict a watch may keep,  
 Is often hurried into eternal sleep.

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 Zarmonochegas the Indian, who, after the manner of his country, made himself immortal.”

But I have met with a most remarkable

There is a passage in St. Bernard's works upon this subject which deserves attention. *Hæretici non credunt ignem purgatorium restare post mortem, sed statim animam solutam a corpore, vel ad requiem transire, vel ad damnationem. Quærant ergo ab eo qui dixit quoddam peccatum esse, quod neque in hoc sæculo neque in futuro remittetur, cur hoc dixerit, si nulla manet in futuro remissio purgatione peccati?*



epitaph, in the Chronicle of Sebastian, which bears the name of 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 John 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 have written such a history of himself with truth.

\* “ What I could accomplish by good means I never did by evil.

\* I give the Portugueze, because in my translation I have omitted what is weak, and compressed what is superfluous.

“ 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.

*O que pude fazer por bem, nunca o fiz por mal.*

*O que pude alancar por paz, nunca o tomei com guerra.*

*O que pude vencer com rogos, nunca o afugentei com ameaças.*

*O que pude remediar em sigredo, nunca o castiguei em publico.*

*O que pude emendar com avisos, nunca o castiguei com azoules.*

*Nunca castiguei em publico que primeiro não avisasse.*

*Nunca consenti a minha lingua que dissesse mentira, nem permitti a meus ouvidos que ouvissem lisonjas.*

*Refreey meu coração, para que não desejasse com o seu pouco.*

*Veley por conservar meus amigos, e desveleime por não ter inimigos.*

*Não foy prodigo em gastar, nem cobiçoso em receber.*

*Do que castigue 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 descançara 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 XXIX.

*Husband of Madame Tallien.—Talassi.  
—Prince of Brazil.—Dislike of  
French Principles ; of English In-  
fluence.*

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 sailed without him, and put in at Lisbon, where the emi-

grants 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 intrusted with the keys remonstrated, or that the captain declared he must be responsible for the effects 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.

\* One of our old romances shows that it was formerly the badge of this fraternity.

Otuel, for wrath, anon

Areight him on the cheek-bone;



I have seen much of Angelo Talassī,  
the celebrated improvisatore, who receives  
a pension of an hundred moidores in that

All tho' fell off that was there,  
And made his teeth all bare ;  
Tho' Otuel saw his cheek-bone,  
He gave Clarel a scorn anon,  
And said " Clarel ! so mote thou the,  
Why shewest thou thy teeth to me ?  
I n'am no tooth-drawere !

*Thou ne seest me no chain bear.*

Clarel feeled him wounded sore,  
And was maimed for evermore ;  
And smote to Otuel with all his might :  
And Otuel, that douhty knight,  
With his sword kept the dent  
That Clarel him had y-meant,  
And yet the dint slode adown,  
And smote Otuel upon the crown.

Quoth Otuel, " By God is ore,  
Saracen, thou smitest full sore !  
Sith then thy beard was y-shave,  
Thou art woxen a strong knave !  
Otuel smote Clarel tho',

O stroke and no mo,  
That never eft word he ne spake.

*Ellis's Specimens of English Metrical Romances.*

capacity from the Portugueze court. When I first 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 it in French. The subject of Italian poetry was 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.

Talassi invited me to sup with him, and promised me poetry and Parmesan. He read us part of an unpublished work, in imitation of Tasso's Rinaldo, he said, 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 redundance, of three or four feet was of no consequence: 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 loosely-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 one of our party 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 Talassi with more than common attention, assured me that his best passages were such as were easily in-

roduced 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 Talassi has been in company with, and it would be strange if so trite an idea had not often occurred to him \* before.

\* In 1800 Talassi was in England: he called upon a gentleman, the author of a poem which had just been very highly praised in the reviews, and sent up his name, with the information that he was an Italian poet. Mr. ———, not knowing the name, nor liking the title, returned for answer that he was engaged: upon which, the angry improvisatore asked for pen and ink, and thus gave vent to his indignation:



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 no-

*Confrere en Apollon, je me fais un devoir*

*De paroître chez vous, pour desir de vous voir.*

*Vous êtes engagé; j'aurai donc patience,*

*Je ne jouirai point d'une aimable presence.*

*L'Auteur d' — se cache, et pourquor, s'il lui plait ?*

*Je m'en vais desolé, mais-enfin . . . e'en est fait.*

*Signor — riverito,*

*Me n'andro come son ito.*

*E se voi sublime Vate*

*Un Poeta non curata,*

*Io del pari vi lo giuro*

*Non vi cerco, e non vi curo.*

*Angelo Talassi di Ferrara, Poeta all' attuale servizio della Regina di Portogallo.*

thing 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 Portuguese, 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 Portuguese 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 Portu-

\* This word, however, is only ridiculous to an English eye. *Bestialidades* in Portuguese bears the same meaning as the French *bêtises*.

gueze 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 the metropolis: with 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.

## APPENDIX.

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 ON THE  
 STATE OF PORTUGAL.

*Abridged from a MS. Paper written by D. Luiz da Cunha, formerly Ambassador from the Court of Lisbon, at London and at the Hague, and one of the Plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Utrecht.*

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**T**HE advantages which Spain possesses over Portugal consist in,

- 1st. The Bourbon connection.
- 2d. Extent of territory.
- 3d. Consequent superiority of population.
- 4th. Of forces by sea and land.



5th. And of 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 of their own country ; whereas the Portugueze 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 these 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 pos-

sible 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 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, Albuquer-

que, Valença, and Alcantra in Estremadura, 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 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 mo-

tives, 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 ever 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, 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 Portu-

gal 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 saddler threatened to make his son a Dominican, 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 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 palm 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 Human Industry: for these religious made the women believe that St. Caetano would assist them in every illness, if they could 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.

\* 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 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.

† The Portugueze money is computed by Reis, an imaginary coin.

The Vintem - - is 20 Reis.

The Testoon, or Tostaon - 100

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 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 re-building the convent, and at last entered it herself. Now if these

The Cruzado	-	-	-	400	Reis
The Cruzado Novo	-	-	-	480	
The Moidore, or Moeda de					
ouro	-	-	-	4800	
The Six and thirty, or Meia					
Dobra de ouro	-	-	-	6400	



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 enjoying 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 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 en-

ploying 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 Señora Donna Maria de Carnide. She was so well dowerèd that the Duke of Cadaval wished to marry her; but this did not take place.

King Pedro allowed her annually four thousand cruzados; 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 \* Caldas, the Baths. 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 pleasures. She was, however, always obedient to her confessor, a good Carmelite, who suffered her to go nowhere without first obtaining his permission.— Her health improved at the Caldas, 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 the king began to be scrupulous of thus departing from the will of

\* Caldas da Rainha, or the Queen's Baths, are about sixty miles from Lisbon. Dr. Withering has written a treatise on the waters, which has been published at Lisbon, with a Portugeuze translation.

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 Bernadez to her. I do not remember how long she lived in this 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 Señora 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 hierarchy and the tranquillity of the cloister: they are thus neither monks nor 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 for entering the world. True it is that we have some convents in deserts, but these are frequented by Romerias, and the same relaxation of discipline takes place. The ancient monks were under the 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 ecclesiastical 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 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 pro-

gress 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 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 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 the physicians, would remedy 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 emperor 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,

lasted till 1229. The Albigenses, who escaped, took refuge among the Vaudois, and their posterity became the disciples of Zuinglius 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 *Inquisadores 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 hor-

\* Literally from the original. “*Enexoravies crucise inflexevies sem piedade nem comiseracaon.*”

rors of the revocation of the edict of Nantz.

*Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum.*

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 or suspected all persons 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 withcraft,

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

\* Sensuality is certainly the vice of the Portugueze. The debauched imagery of Camoens, his island of love, and Venus the protector of Gama, prove that they pique themselves on their debaucheries of this kind. When



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. Don John 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

the ships which conducted to Portugal the wife of John 5th, Donna Maria Anna, the daughter of the emperor Leopold, put into and were detained at Portsmouth by stress of weather, the bills contracted by her suite, in order to be discharged were first to be endorsed by the ministers of the two courts of Vienna and Lisbon, then in London. Among these bills one was presented to Don Luis da Cunha for liquors, which he referred to his colleague the German, Had it been for women, says he, I should have taken it upon myself, and placed it exclusively to the account of the Portuguese.

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 suggest.*

Judaism however should be subject only to the secular laws, and the invidious title of New Christians ought to be abolished.

\* Quietista.

If this cannot be done, let the witnesses be obliged to give their own names, and to name the hour and 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 cobbler run who accuses the blacksmith? And it is rarely

\* Que nem o humano nem o Divino podem derogar, porque elle mesmo he Divino.

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 persons 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 was 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 their 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 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 a man as it is possible to be) used to say after he became promotor of the holy office, that if old Christians were accused of Judaism, there might be some doubt entertained, but of the 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 promotor 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.

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 unfortunate 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 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 do 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 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 to all these projected plans of re-



form 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 re-

medied by forming alliances with such powers as are able and willing to assist us, and by the embodying 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 de 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 sum." 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,

\* This law has since been enacted, and except the royal family and foreign ministers, no person is allowed to drive more than two beasts.

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 the sabbath-day, and the minister expounds the scriptures to his congregation in a sermon, with running into violent hyperboles, or wrestling 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 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 a 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 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 John 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 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 ne-

\* Country estates.

gotiate 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 Portuguese, 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

wth 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 Portugueze 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 Portu-

gueze 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 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 no where 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 England 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 very necessary, but at the same time vast and liberal, and 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 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. Leghorn 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 Leghorn. 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 example 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 grains, 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 Portugueze, and thus produce a mercantile spirit.

M. Tugere, of St Maloes (whom the king rewarded with the order of Christ, for carrying the Conde de Erecyra 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 neces-

sary 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 persons came at once from the Palatinate to migrate 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, 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 Lisbbon, 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 their 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 Portugueze 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 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 the *Comde de 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 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 communicate with each other, and form themselves into an universal republic.

In contemplating this 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

\* The original words are, "A divina providencia permittio esta mesma reciproca falta de certos generos en hum e outro hemisferio, para que as nazões se communicassem e se formassem a sociedade da Republica universal.

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 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.

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On this paper it may be observed, that these plans which the government and ministry of that time had not inclination, or power, or courage to adopt, the Marquis of Pombal afterwards did, and by doing it acquired that character for a consummate statesman which he possesses. He expelled the Jesuites, planned the suppression of all the monastic orders, and reduced the power of the inquisition. He published the law respecting the New Christians, and the Pragmatica, or Sump-  
tuary Law of Portugal. He encouraged manufactories, and the silk manufactory in particular, rooted out the vines from the lands capable of bearing corn, and established trading companies. In short, he executed all the plans laid down in

this paper, except making the military orders respectable, and Lisbon a free port; both of which were reserved for the present reign and present ministry.

FINIS.

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## TABLE OF DISTANCES.

	Leagues		Leagues
From Coruña to		From Madrid to	
Betanzos.....	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	Mostoles.....	3
Griteru .....	5	Naval Carnero .....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Bamonde .....	2	Casarrubios .....	2
Ravadi .....	2	Santa Cruz .....	3
Lugo .....	2	Chrismunda .....	1
St. Juan de Corbo....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Maqueda.....	1
Marillas .....	3	Santa Olalla .....	1
Lugares .....	3	Bravo .....	2
Castro .....	2	Puente del Averche ..	3
Herrerias.....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	Talaveyra de la Reyna	1
Villa Franca .....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	Venta de Peralbanegas	4
Carcabalos .....	1	Torralva .....	1
Ponferrada.....	8	Calzada de Oropesa ..	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
St. Miguel de las Due-		Naval Moral .....	4
nas .....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Almaraz .....	3
Benvibre.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Venta Nueva.....	1
Manzanar .....	3	Las Casas del Puerto..	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Astorga .....	4	Xarayzejo .....	2
Baneza .....	4	Truxillo .....	4
Puente de Bisana....	3	Puerto de Santa Cruz..	3
Benevente .....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	Minjadas .....	3
Villalpando.....	5	San Pedro .....	5
Villar de Frades .....	4	Merida.....	2
Vega del Toro .....	2	Lobon .....	3
Vega de Valdetrancos	1	Talaveya la Real.....	2
Tordesillas .....	2	Badajos .....	3
Ruada .....	2	Elvas .....	3
Medina del Campo....	2	Venta de Ponte .....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Artequines.....	3	Estremos.....	2
Aribalo .....	3	Venda do Duque .....	3
Espinosa .....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Arroyolos .....	3
Labajos.....	4	Montemor .....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Villa Castin: .....	2	Venda de Silveyras...	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Funda San Rafael....	3	Vendas Novas .....	2
Guadarama.....	2	Venda de Pegoens .....	3
Escorial to the right..	1	Atalaya .....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Las Rosas .....	4	Aldea Galega.....	$\frac{1}{2}$
Madrid .....	3		

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