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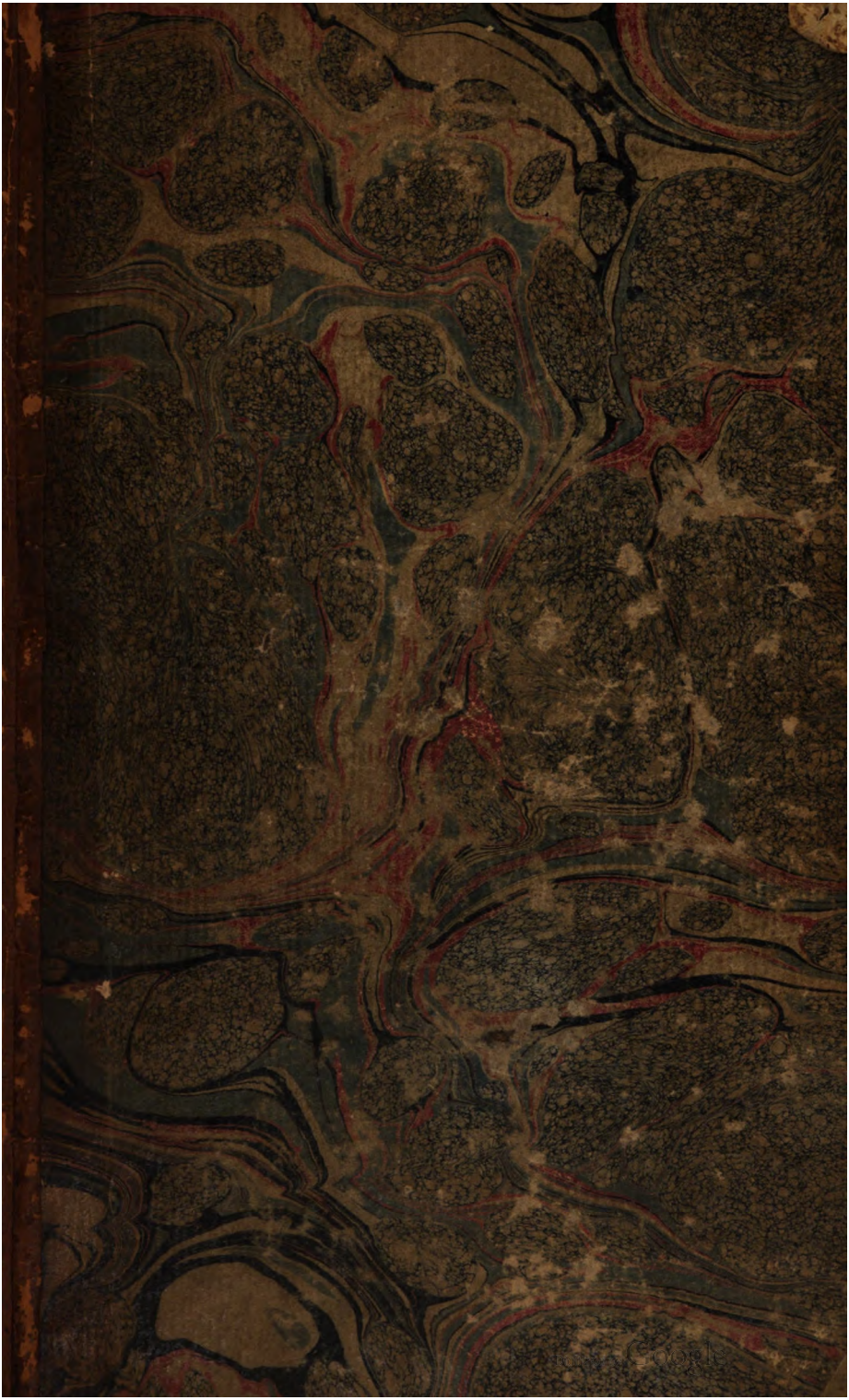

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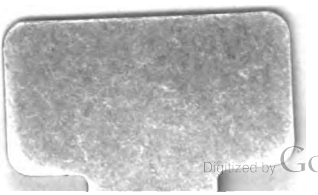

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S. Atkinson,
1854.

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Jn. Watson

LETTERS

WRITTEN DURING A SHORT RESIDENCE

IN

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL,

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

SPANISH AND PORTUGUEZE POETRY.



BRISTOL;

PRINTED BY BULGIN AND ROSSER,

FOR JOSEPH COTTLE, BRISTOL, AND G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, AND CADELL AND DAVIES, LONDON.

1797.

203. e. 366.

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PREFACE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Ravadi	2
Lugo	2
St. Juan de Corbo	2½
Marillas	3
Lugares	3
Caſtro	2
Herrerias	3½
Villa Franca	3½
Carcabalos	1
Ponferrada	3
St. Miguel de las Duenas	1½
Benveveria	2½
Manzanar	3
Aſtorga	4
Baneza	4
Puente de Biſana	3
Benevente	3½
Villalpando	5
Villar de Frades	4
Vega del Toro	2
Vega de Valdetroncos	1
Tordeſillas	2
Ruada	2
Medina del Campo	2
Artequines	3
Aribalo	3
Eſpinoſa	1½
Labajos	4
Villa Caſtin	2
Funda San Rafael	3
Guadarama	2
Eſcurial to the right	1
Las Roſas	4
Madrid	3

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		leagues.
From Madrid to	Moſtoles - -	3
	Naval Carnero -	2½
	Caſarubios - -	2
	Santa Cruz - -	3
	Chriſmunda - -	1
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	Bravo - -	2
	Puente del Alverche -	3
	Talaveyra de la Reyna -	1
	Venta de Peralbanegas -	4
	Torralva - -	1
	Calzada de Oropeſa -	2½
	Naval Moral - -	4
	Almaraz - -	3
	Venta Nueva - -	1
	Las Caſas del Puerto -	1½
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	Miajadas - -	3
	San Pedro - -	5
	Merida - -	2
	Lobon - -	3
	Talavera la Real -	2
	Badajos - -	3
	Elvas - -	3
	Venta de Ponte -	4½
	Eſtremos - -	2
	Venta del Duque -	3
	Arroyolos - -	3
	Montemor - -	3½
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	Atalaya - -	4½
	Aldea Gallega - -	½

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

** The league is four miles Engliſh.

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RETROSPECTIVE MUSINGS,

WRITTEN

JANUARY 15, 1797.

SPAIN! ſtill my mind delights to picture forth
Thy ſcenes that I ſhall ſee no more, for there
Moſt pleaſant were my wanderings. Memory's eye
Still loves to trace the gentle Minho's courſe,
And catch it's winding waters gleaming bright
Amid the broken diſtance. I review
Leon's wild waſtes and heights precipitous,
Seen with ſtrange feelings of delight and dread
As the ſlow mules along the perilous brink
Paſſed patient; and Galicia's giant rocks
And mountains cluſtered with the fruitful pines,
Whoſe heads, dark-foliaged when all elſe was dim,
Roſe o'er the diſtant eminence diſtinct
Creſting

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Creſting the evening ſky. The rain falls thick,
And damp and heavy is the unwholeſome air;
I by the cheerful hearth remember Spain,
And tread with Fancy once again the ways
Where, twelve months ſince, I travelled on, and thought
Of England, and of all my heart held dear,
And wiſh'd *this* day were come. The miſts of morn
(I well remember) hovered o'er the heath,
When with the earlieſt dawn of day we left
The ſolitary Venta. Soon the Sun
Roſe in his glory: ſcattered by the breeze
The thin miſts roll'd away, and now emerged
We ſaw where Oropeſa's caſtled hill
Towered in the dim light dark; and now we paſt
Torralva's quiet huts, and on our way
Paus'd frequent, and look'd back, and gazed around,
Then journeyed on, and pauſed, and gazed again.
It was a goodly ſcene. The ſtately pile
Of Oropeſa now with all its towers
Shone in the ſun-beam; half way up the hill,
Embowered in olives, like the abode of Peace,
Lay Lagartina; and the cool freſh gale
Bending the young corn on the gradual ſlope
Play'd

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

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

The

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

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

* The ſtork is held ſacred in Spain.

LETTERS

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LETTERS
FROM
SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

LETTER I.

CORUNA, *Sunday, Dec.* 13, 1795.

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

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

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

* Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commiſit pelago ratem
Primus. Hor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I apply

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

Tuesday Evening, Dec. 15.

LETTER II.

Tuesday Night.

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

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

* 4 maravedis make 1 quarto.
8½ quartos — 1 real.
4 reales — 1 peſetta.
5 peſettas — 1 dollar, or peſſo duro, value 4s. 6d.

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

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

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

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

Wednesday.

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Wednesday.

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

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ragato was never known to defraud, or even to loſe any thing committed to his care.

The churches here exhibit ſome curious ſpecimens of Mooriſh architecture: but, as this is a fortified town, it is not ſafe to be ſeen with a pencil! A poor emigrant prieſt laſt year, walking juſt without the town gates, turned round to look at the proſpect. He was obſerved, taken up on ſuſpicion of a deſign to take plans of the fortifications, and actually ſent away!

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

About

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He

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

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

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

A more

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

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

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

The other is in Spaniſh.

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

LA

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

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

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

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

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

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

I am

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

LETTER III.

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

La

SILVA CURIOSA

De Julian de Medrano.

Cavallero Navarro.

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

Being

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

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

they

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

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

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

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

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

Traveller

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

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

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

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

Thursday Night.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The

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

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

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

Friday Evening.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Not that the pleaſant ſcenes are paſt, diſtreſt,
But looking joyful on to that abode
Where PEACE and LOVE await me, Oh! moſt
Dear!
Even ſo when Age's wintry hour ſhall come
We ſhall look back on many a well-ſpent year,
Not grieving at the irrevocable doom
Of mortal man, or ſad that the cold tomb
Muſt ſhrine our common relics; but moſt bleſt
In holy hope of our eternal home.

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

* At a Poſada you find beds. A Venta only accommodates the traveller while he reſts by day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

B. JOHNSON.

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

The

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

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

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

EL BURRO FLAUSTISTA.

Eſta fabulilla,
Salga bien, ó mal,
Me ha occurrido ahora
Por caſualidad.

Cerca

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

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

Acercóſe á olerla
El dicho animal;
Y dio un reſoplido
Por caſualidad.

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

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

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

THE MUSICAL ASS.

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

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

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

The

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The aſs as he beheld it, goes
To ſearch it with enquiring noſe;
And breathing hard, the ſtrong breath went
Down the flute by accident.

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

The ſhrill notes vibrate ſoft and clear,
Along his longitude of ear.
"Bravo!" exclaims the raptur'd brute,
"How maſterly I play the flute!"

And haſt thou, Reader, never known,
Some ſtar-bleſt blockhead, like friend John,
Who following upon Folly's ſcent,
Stumbled on Truth by accident?

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LETTER V.

Monday, Dec. 21.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And

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

Such is the lot of man. Up Life's ſteep road
Painful he drags, beguiling the long way
With many a vain thought on the future day
With PEACE to ſojourn in her calm abode.
Poor Fool of Hope! that hour will never come
Till TIME and CARE have led thee to the tomb.

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

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in Kamſchatka. The thatch reaches to the ground, and there is a hole left in it which ſerves for the inhabitants to go in and the ſmoke to go out. The thatch is blackened with ſmoke, and conſequently no moſs can grow there. We ſtopt at the village of Caſtro, our only halt for the day. There is only a venta there, while one of Florida Blanca's new poſadas ſtands uninhabited the very next door. We were deſcending from half paſt nine to half paſt five in the evening. We left a ruined Caſtle to our right, ſmall indeed, but from its ſituation very ſtriking; and ſoon after the iron works of Herrerias. The mountains are in parts cultivated, even to their ſummits; at this ſeaſon there is plenty of water, and there are trenches cut in the cultivated lands to preſerve it. Oaks, alders, poplars, and cheſnut trees, are numerous in the valleys; and we ſaw the firſt vineyards. A lovely country, a paradiſe of nature: but the inhabitants are kept in ignorance and poverty, by the double deſpotiſm of their Church and State! I ſaw a woman carrying a heavy burthen of wood on her head, which ſhe had cut herſelf, and ſpinning as ſhe walked along; a melancholy picture of induſtrious wretchedneſs.

The

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

Three people passed us with wens, and I puzzled myself in vainly attempting to account for the connection between wens and mountains. I saw a calf walk into one of the houses, pushing by a woman at the door with a coolness that marked him for one of the family. The bee-hives here are made of part of the trunk of a tree hollowed, about three feet high, and covered with a slate. All the Spanish houses are wthout that little appendage, which in England we think a necessary. An Englishman told me, that going behind a posada by moonlight, he saw one of these hollow pieces of wood covered with a slate, and congratulated himself that the people there were so far advanced as to have made such a convenience. Travellers of old, when they prepared for a journey, girded up their loins: he did the reverse,

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

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

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

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

Tuesday, before day-light.

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

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

Tuesday Evening.

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

And does there then, TERESA, live a man
Whoſe tongue unfaltering could to ſuch foul thoughts
Yield utterance? Tempt thee to the hireling bed!
Buy thee, TERESA, to another's arms!
Thee, ſufferer! thee, forlorn and wretched one!
Ere yet upon thy huſband's grave the graſs
Was green! oh! is there one whoſe monſtrous heart
Could

Could with inſulted modeſty's hot bluſh
Make crimſon the poor widow's woe-pale cheek!
Was this thing of my ſpecies? ſhaped in the mould
Of man? and faſhioned to the outward ſhow
All human? Did he move aloft and lift
On high his lordly face? and formed of fleſh
And blood like mine, meandering thro' his veins?
I bluſh for human nature! and would fain
Prove kindred with the brutes. She raiſed to Heaven
Her dark eyes with a meek upbraiding look,
And felt more keen her loſs, and dropt a tear
Of aggravated anguiſh. I almoſt
Could murmur at my lot aſſigned by fate,
And covet wealth, that from the bitter ills
Of want I might ſecure thee, and provide
Some ſafe aſylum for thy little ones,
And from the blaſting wind of Poverty
Shield their young opening reaſon. I would be
Even as a brother to thee:—ſit by thee,
And hear thee talk of days of happineſs,
How faſt they fled, and of the joys of Youth
And Hope—now buried in the grave of Love!
Oh I would liſten to thy tale, and weep,
And pour upon Affliction's bleeding wounds
The balm of Pity. Sufferer, fare thee well!

God

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

LETTER VI.

Wednesday, Dec. 23.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And ſounds and ſtinks come mingled from below."

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

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

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

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

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

Thurſday,

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Thursday, Dec. 24.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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had the misfortune to grow somewhat in the shape of a crofs. The top and the limbs were therefore lopt off, and a face carved on it, similar to what I have seen boys cut upon a turnip; this done, it is an object of devotion. Our hoft has been juft catechifing my Uncle: do you believe in God? to be fure I do. And do you believe in Jefus Chrift? Certainly, replied my Uncle. But afk him, faid his fon-in-law, in a whifper loud enough to be heard, afk him if he believes in the Virgin Mary?

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

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

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

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

Christmas day, six o'clock in the evening.

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

and

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

Faint and wearily
The way-worn traveller
Treads the mazes to the mountain's top,

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

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

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

Of

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

Awaits

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

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

LETTER

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LETTER VII.

BANEZA, *Saturday, Dec.* 26.

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

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

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

"Made the wicked maſter cook
In boiling oil to ſtand;"

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

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

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

The deſart ivy claſp the joyleſs hearth,

but

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

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

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

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

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

Sunday, December 27.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I feel

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

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

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

CABELLOS,

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CABELLOS, quanta mudanza
He viſto deſpues que os vi,
Y quam mal pareſcey ay
Eſſa color de eſperanza.
Bien penſava yo cabellos,
(Aunque con algun temor)
Que no fuera otro paſtor
Digno de ver ſe cabe ellos.

Ay cabellos, quantos dias
La mi Diana mirava,
Si os trayo, o ſi os dexava,
Y otras cien mil ninerias;
Y quantas vezes llorando
(Ay lagrimas enganoſas)
Pedia celos de coſas
De que yo eſtava burlando.

Los ojos que me matavan,
Dezi dorados cabellos,
Que culpa tuve en creellos,
Pues ellos me aſſeguravan?
No viſtes vos que algun dia,
Mil lagrimas derramava,
Haſta que yo le jurava,
Que ſus palabras creya?

Quien

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

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

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*AH me! thou Relic of that faithleſs fair!
Sad changes have I ſuffered ſince that day
When, in this valley, from her long looſe hair
I bore thee, Relic of my Love! away.
Well did I then believe DIANA's truth,
For ſoon true Love each jealous care repreſſes;
And fondly thought that never other youth
Should wanton with the Maiden's unbound treſſes.

Here

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

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

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

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

moſ-

Here on the cold clear Ezla's breezy ſide
My hand amid her ringlets wont to rove,
She proffer'd now the lock, and now denied,
With all the baby playfulneſs of Love.
Here the falſe Maid, with many an artful tear,
Made me each riſing thought of doubt diſcover,
And vow'd and wept—till Hope had ceas'd to fear,
Ah me! beguiling like a child her lover.

Witneſs thou how that fondeſt falſeſt fair
Has ſigh'd and wept on Ezla's ſhelter'd ſhore,
And vow'd eternal truth, and made me ſwear,
My heart no jealouſy ſhould harbour more.
Ah!

moſtrar deſconfianza, y el dia que hablava con ſu Zayda ſe ponia de encarnado y blanco, ſenal de alegria y contento."

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

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Ah! tell me! could I but believe thoſe eyes?
Thoſe lovely eyes with tears my cheek bedewing,
When the mute eloquence of tears and ſighs
I felt, and truſted, and embraced my ruin.

So falſe and yet ſo fair! ſo fair a mien
Veiling ſo falſe a mind who ever knew?
So true and yet ſo wretched! who has ſeen
A man like me, ſo wretched and ſo true?
Fly from me on the wind, for you have ſeen
How kind ſhe was, how lov'd by her you knew me;
Fly, fly vain Witneſs what I once have been,
Nor dare, all wretched as I am, to view me!"

One evening on the river's pleaſant ſtrand,
The Maid too well beloved ſat with me,
And with her finger traced upon the ſand,
"Death for DIANA—not Inconſtancy!"
And LOVE beheld us from his ſecret ſtand,
And mark'd his triumph, laughing to behold me,
To ſee me truſt a writing traced in ſand,
To ſee me credit what a Woman told me!

LETTER

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LETTER VIII.

TORDESILLAS, *Tuesday, Dec.* 29.

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

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

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

A printed

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

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

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

We

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

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

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

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

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

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

Poſada nu
ebo porcav
alleros.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thurſday, Dec. 31.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

P. Lafitau ſur Mœure Sauvages.

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of ſurpriſe was the anſwer; why, ſaid Mambrino, the night you were at Villa Franca we had one for ſupper that weighed ſeven pounds.

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

You will wonder what difference their movements can poſſibly make to us; for in England, if his Majeſty paſſes you on the road, you ſay—"There goes the King," and there's an end of it; but here, when the Court think proper to move, all carriages, carts, mules, horſes and aſſes are immediately *embargoed*. Thank God, in an Engliſhman's Dictionary you can find no explanation of that word.

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

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

Friday, Jan. 1, 1796.

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

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

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

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

We now peaceably made out the inſcription.

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

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

Saturday,

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Saturday.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LETTER IX.

MADRID, *Jan.* 6, 1796.

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

One

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

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

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

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

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

Of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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ſcience ſoon quieted by the lullaby of abſolution!

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

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

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

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

QUANDO

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

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

Your

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

ESSAY ON THE POETRY OF *SPAIN and PORTUGAL.*

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

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

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

In

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

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

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

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TO A ROSE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

no

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANALYSIS

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ANALYSIS

OF

LA HERMOSURA DE ANGELICA,

AN HEROIC POEM,

BY

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO.

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

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

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

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

‡ ——Eſte Soto
Mejor que en el de Tenedos remoto,
Phaſelis y Tegira,
Apolo por la Lira
Del Medico excellente,
Que en laminas del oro
Eſcribio la ventura de Medoro.
LAUREL DE APOLO.

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

He begins the work by addreſſing a nameleſs Lady; then declaring his ſubject, he expreſſes his hope that Philip will be propitious, and enters into an unintereſting and unpoetical detail of Mooriſh ravages, which is concluded by a panegyric on Ferdinand and Iſabella.

Lido, King of Andaluſia, reigned at Seville, and falling in love with Clorinarda, Princeſs of Fez, from a ſight of her picture, demands and obtains her in marriage. Cardiloro, Prince of Tangiers, the ſon of Mandricardo and the fickle Doralice, loves Clorinarda, and is beloved by her. He follows her to Seville, and after diſtinguiſhing himſelf in the bull-feaſt at her marriage, goes in a ſtate of deſpair to the banks of the river Betis.

LLEVADO

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LLEVADO en fin de tanto desvario
Que assi suele de amor vencer tristezas
Mezclo su fuego en llanto al Betis frio
El humido cristal rompiendo en piezas:
Las blancas Ninfas del anciano rio
Por ver la causa alzaron las cabezas,
Mas luego por huir de vozes tales
Perdieron muchas perlas y corales.

El Oso, a quien afligen las Abejas
Quando abrazado a la colmena corre,
Hasta cubrir la frente y las orejas
Del mas vicino rio se socorre;
Y ansi de sus cuydades y sus quejas,
Cardiloro abrazado a la gran torre
Donde Lido su bien gozar queria,
Penso valerse por el agua fria.

Pero precipitarse quiso apenas
Quando de enmedio del profundo rio
Como suelen pintarse las Sirenas
Una sombra atajo su desvario:
Las ovas de coral y conchas llenas
Sacudiendo las perlas del rozio,
Aparto de la frente coronada
De verde ynojo y dixo en voz formada.

AT

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

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

Surely

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

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

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

CANTO II.

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

CANTO III.

Lido is inconſolable for the death of Clorinarda.

LA

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

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

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

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

Breve

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

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

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

Thy

Thy miſts obſcure
The ſoul:—brief tyrant of our little life,
Thou haſt impriſon'd Reaſon. From afar
Thy magnet draws our veſſels to what ſeems
In diſtance fair, tho' the near victim ſtarts
And knows the Rock of Ruin! Crocodile,
With thy feigned tears! Siren of melody!
Falſe as the ſilver-ſurfac'd ocean calm,
Or like the ſleeping Viper! damning Vice
Of the whole ſex—of mortal miſeries
Thou, Vanity, art Mother!
May juſt Heaven
Curſe him whoſe evil wit invented firſt
Your favourite mirrors! yet what matter they?
Deprive a woman of her looking-glaſs,
And ſhe will ſit beſide the ſtream, and there
Gaze on her imaged idol.

THISBE, Queen of Epire, appears firſt.

TAL viejo dize que mirar importa
Si yguał el cuerpo con el roſtro ſea,
Qual ſuele el eſcultor que el leno corta
Y por medidas juſtas le tantea:
Que en la materia alarga, quita, acorta
Para que ſalga la que fue la ydea,
Que la beldad de Tiſbe ſin medida,
Con arte quieron que ſe juzgue y mida.

Otro

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

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

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

THISBE,

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THISBE, *Queen of Epire, appears first.*

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

Another one approved
The ſage advice; for Beauty, he obſerved,
Rightly defin'd, was ſymmetry of parts,
And where this ſymmetry of parts exiſts,
There is the figure perfect, and the whole,
Thus of its due proportion'd parts compoſed,
Becomes harmonious, wherefore Beauty bears
The names of Concord and of harmony.

For as in Muſic Concord is produced
By various different ſounds that ſymphonize,
And from their union Harmony is born;
So in the human frame harmonious parts
Compoſe one perfect whole, and touch the keys
That wake ſuch ſounds melodious as intrance
The hearer with delight.

O dotard

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

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

CANTO IV.

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

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

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

ADONDE vas fantaſma del Letheo,
Manca de eſcura tinta en blanco raſo?
Harpia entre les meſas de Fineo?
Aragne entre las Muſas del Parnaſo?
Penſas que el premio ſe concede al Feo?
Han te enganado o el eſpejo acaſo?
Sal del templo de Venus, y no acuerdes
Que ſe apaguen en ti ſus hachas verdes.

Mas

Mas bien ſera que vayas como niebla
Para que venga el Sol con dulce ſalva,
Por cuya ſombra y frigida tiniebla
Qual ſuele por la noche rompar el alva:
Que ya de reſplandores cerca y puebla
Y de tus nubes nos defiende y ſalva,
La eſtrella de la Reyna del Cathayo,
Que deſhara tu ſombre con ſu rayo.

Angelica la Bella deſcuydada,
De la bolver al amoroſo lloro,
En el Cathay donde nacio caſada
Con el ſin par belliſſimo Medoro:
Ya de las triſtes quexas olvidada
Del Eſpanol, Frances, Barvaro y Moro,
Gozava en paz ſu Reyno y ſu marido,
Quado eſta nueva le toco el oydo.

Viendo la que en el mundo nombre tuvo
De rica mueſtra del hermoſo cielo,
Cuyo divino reſplandor detuvo
A quien ofreze mirra Delpho y Delo;
Quel nombre altivo que en el cielo eſtuvo,
Y ſe olvidava del ingrato ſuelo;
No quiſo permitir que eſtando viva
Agena mano tal hazana eſcriva.

Y anſi

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Moſtro la boca y labios carmeſies
Mezclados a realces tranſparentes,
Como los encarnardos alhelies
Con ſus claros y eſcuros diferentes;
Y en ſus finos engaſtes de rubies
Los concertades y pequenos dientes
Del color del alxofar y encarnada
Barva redonda, a la mitad roſada.

Del ayre cuerpo brio y gentileza
Modeſtia mageſtad y manſedumbre,
Admirada quedo naturaleza
Los limites paſſo de ſu coſtumbre:
No puedo encarecer tanta belleza
Ciego del rayo de ſu hermoſa lumbre,
Y pues la Bella a todos diferencio
Huviera dicho mas con el ſilencio.

PHANTOM of Tartarus! whither art thou come?
A blot on this white tablet!—foul of form
And all unwelcome as the Harpy gueſts
At the ſad meal of Phineus! canſt thou think
Thoſe fiend-like features can obtain the meed

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

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

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

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

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

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

The

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

Medoro came with her, an effeminate boy,

Gran llorador y muſico eſtremado.

One of fine feelings, and moſt muſical,

yet

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

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

CANTO V.

'She has conquered—the Beautiful One—ſhe has conquer'd"—exclaimed the multitude when Angelica appeared.

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

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

BUT

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

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

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

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

Thiſbe

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

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

CANTO

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CANTO VI.

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

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

Ye fountains cold and clear! ye ſhadowing groves!
Tell not the holy ſecrets of their loves!

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

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

CANTO VII.

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

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

CANTO VIII.

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

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

CANTO IX.

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

CANTO

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CANTO X.

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

CANTO XI.

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

In this Canto the Poet thus expreſſes himſelf of marriage:

O lazo

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O lazo conjugal yugo ſuave
De los que eſtan en voluntad conformes!
Y mas que el monte a los Titanes grave
Para las almas en amor disformes.

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

CANTO XII.

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

O Sueno burlado, dizo y ſuſpira,
No veas como ſus rayos Febo eſtiende?
Y los divinos ojos por quien muero,
Pues como con tres Soles agua eſpero.

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

As

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

CANTO XIII.

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

CANTO XIV.

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

CANTO

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

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CANTO XV.

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

CANTO XVI.

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

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CANTO XVII.

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

CANTO

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CANTO XVIII.

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

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

CANTO XIX.

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

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

CANTO THE LAST.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LETTER X.

MADRID, *Jan.* 10.

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

The

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Monday 11th.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

If

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EPIGRAMA

AL proprio asunto.

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

Y fue

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

EPIGRAM.

On the Real Presence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

If

If God, how is it that we eat our Maker?
If bread, what good can ſuch a morſel do?
If God, how is it we divide it ſo?
If bread, ſuch ſaving virtue could it give?
If God, how can I ſee and touch it thus?
If bread, how could it come from Heaven to us?
If God, how can I look at it and live?

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

You

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

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

Aqui la embidia y mentira
Me tuvieron encerrado.
¡ Dichoſo el humilde eſtado
Del ſabio que ſe retira,

De

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

† Qy. ſecuris?

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

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

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

LETTER

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LETTER XI.

Wednesday, Jan. 13.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We

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

Thursday 14. *Venta de Peralbanegas.*

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

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

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

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

* There was a man of ſtature bigge, and bigge withall
in minde,
For ſerve he would, yet one than whom he greater none
might find.
He, hearing that the Emperor was in the world moſt
great,
Came to his Court, was entertaynd, and ſerving him at
meate,
It chanced the Divell was nam'd, whereat the Emperor
him bleſt;
Whereas until he knew the cauſe, the Pagan would not
reſt.

But

bank. This legend reminds me of what I heard of the preſent King of Spain at Madrid: whenever he hears the Devil mentioned, he is ſo terrified

But when he heard his Lord to fear the Divell his ghoſtly foe,
He left his ſervice, and to ſeek and ſerve the Divell did goe:
Of Heaven or Hell, God or the Divell, he earſt nor heard nor carde,
Alone he ſought to ſerve the ſame that would by none be darde.
He met (who ſoone is met) the Divell, was entertaynd, they walke,
Till coming to a Croſſe, the Divell did fearfully it balke:
The Servant, muſing, queſtioned his Maſter of his feare,
One Chriſt, quoth he, with dread I mind when does a Croſſe appeare.
Then ſerve thyſelf, the Gyant ſaid, that Chriſt to ſerve I'll ſeeke:
For him he askt a Hermit, who adviſed him to be meeke;
By which, by Faith, and Workes of Alms would fought-for Chriſt be found,
And how and where to practice theſe he gave directions ſound.

Then

rified that he croſſes himſelf and ſays his prayers.

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

In

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

WILLIAM WARNER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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AL ZEFIRO.

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

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

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

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

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

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TO ZEPHYRUS.

THOU who doſt love to wander in the woodlands,
Thou who with April loveſt to diſport thee,
Hear me, O thou the vital breath of Venus,
Hear me, O Zephyr!

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

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

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

So may no dark cloud pregnant with the tempeſt,
Pour its rude waters heavy on thy plumage;
So may the hard hail never bruiſe thy pinions;
Go, gentle Zephyr!

Gar-

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* Garcilaſſo de la Vega tells us:

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

I have

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

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

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

Firſt ſhall virtue be vice and beauty counted a blemiſh,
Ere that I leave with ſong of praiſe her praiſe to ſolemnize.
O no, no, worthy Shepherd, worth can never enter a title,
Where proofs juſtly do teach, thus matcht, ſuch worth to be nought worth:
Let not a Puppet abuſe thy ſprite, Kings crowns do not help them

From

———I have new milk
In ſummer and in winter, and my cot
Is well ſupplied with butter and with cheeſe.
I wiſh

From the cruel head-ache, nor ſhoes of gold do the gout heal:
And precious couches full oft are ſhakt with a fever.

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

As ſoon as ſun-beams could once peep out from the mountains,
And by the dawn of day had ſomewhat lighted Olympus,
Men, whoſe luſt was law, whoſe life was ſtill to be luſting,
Whoſe thriving thieving, convey'd themſelves to an Hill top
That ſtretched forward to the Heracleotica entry
And mouth of Nilus, looking thence down to the main ſea
For ſea-faring men; but ſeeing none to be ſailing,
They knew 'twas bootleſs to be looking there for a booty.

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

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

LETTER XII.

Saturday, Jan. 16.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The

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

One arch is 150½ wide, and 69 in height; the other 119. 66. The bridge is 580 feet long, and ſome little more than 25 wide. Like moſt of the Spaniſh bridges this is perfectly flat.

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

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

DIALOGO

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DIALOGO

Entre un Filosofo Ateniense

Y un Teologo Cristiano.

Filosofo.

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

Teologo.

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Teologo.

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

Filoſofo.

¿ Hay en la Univerſidad
Colegio de lenguas ?

Teologo.

Si,
Y en el mundo como aqui
Hablan con tal propriedad.

Filoſofo.

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

Teologo.

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Teologo.

Es ayre.

Filosofo.

¿ Y como ſe llama ?

Teologo.

El del Eſpiritu Santo.

Filosofo.

¿ Quantos ſon los Colegiales ?

Teologo.

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

Filosofo.

¿ En quanto tiempo aprendieron
A hablar aſi ?

Teologo.

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Teologo.

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

Filoſofo.

¿ Hay muy nobles Colegiales
Entre eſtos doce Varones ?

Teologo.

Entre ellos hay ſiete Dones,
Y todos muy principales.

Filoſofo.

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

Teologo.

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Teologo.

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

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Filosofo.

Antes comer ſe procura
Mucho mejor que no aca.

Teologo.

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

Filosofo.

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

Teologo.

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

Solo

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

Filosofo.

¿ Y qual es mas dignidad
El Maeſtreſcuela o Rector ?

Teologo.

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

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Filosofo.

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

Teologo.

Don Chriſtobal de la Cruz.

Filosofo.

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

Teologo.

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

Filosofo.

¿ Como ſe llama el Rector ?

Teologo.

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Teologo.

El Doctor San Pedro.

Filosofo.

¿ Es hombre
Que tiene en nobleza nombre ?

Teologo.

Era un pobre Pescador,
Sino que fue Dios servido
De darle capacidad
Para que a tal dignidad
Subiese, como ha subido.
Mas todo el honor y ser,
Preeminencia y opinion,
A su Amo de razon
Se lo debe agradecer.
Al Maestrescuela sirvio
Con tal amor y llaneza
Que vista su gran firmeza
Como veis lo acomodo.
Con el su Senor tenia
Honra y persona guardada

Tanto

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

Filoſofo.

El Maeſtreſcuela parece
En eſtremo agradecido.

Teologo.

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

Que

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

Filoſofo.

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

DIALOGUE

Between an Athenian Philoſopher,

And a Chriſtian Theologian.

Philosopher.

IN truth, good Sir! I am ſurpriſed
At what you ſay to me;
We never heard at Athens of
Your Univerſity.

I am

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I am a ſtudent as you know
Of the Athenian ſchools,
Attentive to their doctrines, and
Obedient to their rules.
Our ſtudies there are numerous,
Our knowledge is not ſmall,
And yet of your theology
We never heard at all.

Theologian.

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

Philosopher.

Some very great Profeſſor then
Of languages you boaſt?

Theologian.

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Theologian.

The greateſt teacher in the world,
By name The Holy Ghoſt.

Philosopher.

Pray has he many pupils there?

Theologian.

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

Philosopher.

And is the courſe of ſtudy long?

Theologian.

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

Philosopher.

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Philosopher.

Pray are your College Commons good?
How is it that you dine?

Theologian.

No fare on earth can equal it,
We have such bread and wine!
Could you but taste this wonderous fare
You'd credit all I told ye,
Your wine would taste like vinegar,
And all your bread seem mouldy.

Philosopher.

Our commons must be better then,
If I have not mistook.

Theologian.

Your viands may be costly, but
The Devil is your cook.

Philosopher.

Who governs your fraternity,
The Master or the Rector?

Theologian.

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Theologian.

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

Philosopher.

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

Theologian.

Don Chriſt of the Croſs is his name.

Philosopher.

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

Theologian.

God Almighty's only Son.

Philosopher.

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

Theologian.

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Theologian.

Doctor Saint Peter.

Philosopher.

Is he one
Of noble family?

Theologian.

He was a fiſherman whom God
Has called to this high ſtate;
But time it is on all theſe things
That you ſhould contemplate.
And when upon the matter well
You ſhall have contemplated,
Then to the College come with me
And be matriculated.

Sunday 17th.

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

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

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

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

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

We

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

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

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

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

IN-

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INSCRIPTION

FOR A COLUMN

AT

TRUXILLO.

PIZARRO here was born: a greater name
The liſt of Glory boaſts not. Toil and Want,
And Danger, never from his courſe deterred
This daring ſoldier: many a fight he won,
He ſlaughter'd thouſands, he ſubdued a rich
And ample realm; ſuch were PIZARRO's deeds,
And Wealth, and Power, and Fame were his rewards
Among mankind. There is another World.
Oh Reader! if you earn your daily bread
By daily labour, if your lot be low,
And Be hard and wretched, thank the gracious GOD
Who made you, that you are not ſuch as he!

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

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

Hic jacet intus
Carolus Quintus;
Vos qui tranſitis per ibi
Orate pro ſibi,
Et ſi eſtis mille
Orate pro ille,
Et dicite bis aut ter
Ave Maria & Pater-noſter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LETTER

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LETTER XIII.

Monday, Jan. 18.

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

As

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

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

De

De boſque inculto, o barbara arboleda.
Si lo blanco, y purpureo, que reparte
Dios con ſus roſas, puſo en tus mexillas
Con no imitable natural mixtura,
Porque con dedo ingrato las mancillas ?
O Lais no mas que en perfeccion tan pura
Arte ha de ſer el deſpreciar el arte.

Nay cleanſe this filthy mixture from thy hair,
And give the untrick'd treſſes to the gale !
The ſun, as lightly on the breeze they ſail,
Shall gild thy bright brown locks ! thy cheek is fair,
Away then with this artificial hue,
This bluſh eternal ! To the human face
Nature has given no imitable grace.
Why theſe black ſpots obtruding on the view
The lilly cheek ? and theſe ear-jewels too
That ape the barbarous Indian's vanity ?
Nor Lady ! need that necklace there invite
The prying eye—we know thy neck is white :
Go to thy dreſſing-room again, and be
Artful enough to learn ſimplicity.

The

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

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

We

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

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

of

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

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

Tuesday 19.

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

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

We

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

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

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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.

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

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

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

During

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

Wednesday 20.

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

* I tranſcribe the inſcriptions on the bridge from Ponz. "Tecum ſum, et flumina non operient te. Iſaiæ XLIII. Deo mundi Architecto ſapientiss. et Chriſto Jeſus reſtauratori efficaciss. ac Pontifici æterno, tuæq. Eulalia Virgo, & Martyr ſanctiſſima tutelæ, Emerita Augus. Pontem a vetuſtate et fluminis injuriis, labe, fæditate, diruptionibus vindicatum, et in priſtinum ſplendorem ampliatis operibus reſtitutum, dicat commendat.' Ex autoritate et providentia Philippi III. Hiſpaniar. Regis Catholici, piiſſimi atque inviſtiss. D. N. Clementiss. Joann. Thomas Fabarius Vc. e militia ſacra S. Jacobi. Commendatarius Huelami 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 Mageſtad Catolica de D. Phelipe III. Rey de Eſpana y de las Indias, N. S. D. Juan Thomas Fabaro Comendador de Huelamo de la orden de Santiago y Gobernador de Merida reparo con acrecentamiento

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

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

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

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

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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 dreſſ-d ourſelves to paſs the Courts and Cuſtom-houſes to morrow, and a moſt curious ſcene did our dreſſing-room exhibit; it was not poſſible to procure a looking-glaſs to ſhave by! They ſpread beds for us on mats upon the floor. The roof was of cane, and the rats running over it in the night ſhook down the dirt on our heads.

I lay

I lay awake the whole night killing the muſkitoes as they 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 graſhoppers that the King is obliged to ſend a body of men to burn them. Badajos, the frontier town, then appeared at the diſtance of a league, with its fort; and three leagues beyond, the Portugueſe town of Elvas, and fort La Lippe. A regiment of cavalry is encamped under the walls: the men indeed are in tents, but the horſes have no ſhelter; and the rains are daily expected. At every gate of the fortifications we were examined, and delay to us was not only unpleaſant but dangerous, leſt the 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 would not forget to make the adventurer paſs through one of theſe agreeable eſtabliſhments.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The day darkened as we approached Elvas, and evidently betokened a wet night. We knew how crowded the town muſt be, and thought with no comfortable anticipation on the difficulty of obtaining a lodging for the night. The approach to Elvas is by an aſcent between plantations of olives, almond trees in bloſſom, and orange trees laden with fruit. The Iris 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 the Portugueſe regiment, an Engliſhman.

LETTER

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LETTER XIV.

Friday, Jan. 22.

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

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

duct

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

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

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

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

If Anaxagoras had travelled the two leagues from this place to 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. 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,

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Saturday 23.

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

When the 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

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

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

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

The day has been wet, and we travelled with our dead lights *down* the three leagues to Venta del Duque. In this part of the country there is very fine timber; and we were 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 Portugueſe ſpits are very ſmall, with four legs at the handle, the other end reſts upon ſome piece of fuel while the meat roaſts; the ſpit is of courſe ſtationary, and when one ſide of the meat is done, the other is turned to the fire.

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

are

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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 Vizoſa.

The Portugueſe Eſtalagems 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, and a ſmall pincers to prune it, all of braſs, are ſuſpended by brazen chains between the branches.

Sunday 24.

WE dined at the town of Montemor. Here I ſaw a funeral; the body was carried on a bier without a coffin, under a canopy. There are three ſiſters at the Eſtalagem here, whoſe appearance and manners are very different from any we have ſeen before. Iſidora indeed would have juſtified Don Quixote's miſtake. I am no

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

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

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

Sunday Evening.

Neſcia mens hominum fati ſortiſque futuræ!
The old Mantuan Poet tells truth, I aſſure ye.

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

reſy,

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reſy, 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 the Ventas Silveyras, the moſt filthy and miſerable hovel to which our ill-fortune has yet conducted us.

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

Monday,

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Monday, Jan. 25.

At Ventas Silveyras as uſual we met no blanket; and as they were likewiſe without ſheets, we of courſe lay down in our cloaths. Never did I behold ſo horrible a woman as the hoſteſs there; her face in its happieſt moments expreſſed 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."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wednesday 27.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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LETTER XV.

Saturday, Jan. 30.

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

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

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

Pliny

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

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

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

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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 vait for dat excellent pote loock," ſaid he. You are in great danger of meeting with pot-luck if you waſk 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,

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

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

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

ſuch

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

Monday, Feb. 1.

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

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

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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 Vicioſa. The Prince of Brazil was about to paſs the ſame water a few hours before the accident happened, but his coachman refuſed to venture. Had he 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.

Nothing however of the Court politics tranſpires, theſe are carefully concealed, and it is only Court folly that is viſible. The King of Spain wiſhed to hear his daughter play on the viola, and an expreſs was immediately ſent to Liſbon for her inſtrument!

Tuesday,

Tuesday, Feb. 2.

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

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

ANGELICA, Can. X.

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

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

A man

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IN-

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

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INSCRIPTION

FOR A BUST

OF

DANTON.

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

LETTER

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LETTER XVI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

as

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

to

to be expected from Government, and leſs from individuals.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LETTER

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

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LETTER XVII.

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

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

WAS it for this, the breath of Heaven was blown
Into the noſtrils of this heavenly creature?
Was it for this that ſacred Three in One
Conſpir'd to make this quintellence of Nature?
Did Heavenly Providence intend
So rare a fabric for ſo poor an end?

Was Man, the higheſt maſter-piece of nature,
The curious abſtract of the whole creation,
Whoſe ſoul was copied from his great Creator,
Made to give light, and ſet for obſervation,
Ordain'd for this? to ſpend his light
In a dark lantorn cloiſtered up in night?

Tell

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

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

Tell me, recluſe Monaſtic, can it be
A diſadvantage to thy beams to ſhine?
A thouſand tapers may gain light from thee;
Is thy light leſs or worſe for lighting mine?
If, wanting light, I ſtumble, ſhall
Thy darkneſs not be guilty of my fall?

Why doſt thou lurk ſo cloſe? is it for fear
Some buſy eye ſhould pry into thy flame,
And ſpy a thief, or elſe ſome blemiſh there?
Or being ſpy'd, ſhrink'ſt thou thy head for ſhame?
Come, come, fond taper! ſhine but clear,
Thou need'ſt not ſhrink for ſhame, nor ſhroud for fear.

Remember, O remember, thou wert ſet
For men to ſee the great Creator by;
Thy flame is not thine own: it is a debt
Thou ow'ſt thy Maker. And wilt thou deny
To pay the intereſt of thy light?
And ſkulk in corners, and play leaſt in ſight?

Art thou afraid to truſt thy eaſy flame
To the injurious waſte of Fortune's puff?
Ah! Coward, rouſe, and quit thyſelf for ſhame:
Who dies in ſervice, hath liv'd long enough!
Who ſhines, and makes no eye partaker,
Uſurps himſelf, and cloſely robs his Maker.

Make not thyſelf a Pris'ner, that art free:
Why doſt thou turn thy Palace to a Jail?
Thou art an Eagle; and befits it thee
To live immured like a cloiſter'd ſnail?
Let toys ſeek corners; things of coſt
Gain worth by view; hid jewels are but loſt.

My

fables of the poets; they deſcribed places that really exiſt; and only indeed gave a faint deſcription of Liſbon and the adjacent country. So much for the beauty and optimiſm of Portugal. Its great antiquity is as boldly aſſerted, and as clearly proved. The foundation of Liſbon by Ulyſſes was deſigned by Pope for an epiſode in his projected epic poem, and forms the ſubject of the Ulyſſea of Gabriel Pereira de Caſtro; but this belongs to the Poets, and tempting as is the etymology of Liſbon from Ulyſſes the antiquarian rejects it. It was founded by Eliſa the eldeſt ſon of Javan (ſays Luis Marinho de Azevedo); he called it 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

My God! my light is dark enough at lighteſt:
Increaſe her flame, and give her ſtrength to ſhine:
'Tis frail at beſt; 'tis dim enough at brighteſt;
But 'tis her glory to be foil'd by thine.
Let others lurk: my light ſhall be
Propos'd to all men, and by them to thee.

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One of the many excellencies of Portugal is its great population. Do you queſtion this? Macedo tells you that Tubal at his death left ſixty-five thouſand deſcendants. Do you object to this as too remote a fact? It contained five hundred and ſixty-eight thouſand inhabitants in the time of Auguſtus. But you want to know if it be populous at preſent. His proof is deciſive. Blanca de Rocha, the wife of Rodrigo Monteiro, had fourteen children at a birth, who were all baptized. Maria Marcella had ſeven at a birth, who all entered the church, greatly to the benefit of population no doubt! and Inez del Caſal de Gueday was married ſeven times, and had an hundred and nine children.

Ariſtotle obſerves that the inhabitants of cold countries and the Europeans poſſeſs great courage but little genius, and that the Aſiatics have great genius but little courage, the effect of climate; but as the Greeks are ſituate between both, they partake the qualities of both and are conſequently more perfect than either. Experience proves this more clearly than any reaſoning can do. It is manifeſt to every perſon that the Europeans are ſuperior to the reſt of the world, and that of them, they who inhabit the more temperate

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perate regions are the more perfect by nature, as we see the Spaniards and Italians; and it is evident that as Lisbon is situate in the most temperate aspect, the influence of the Heavens must necessarily make the inhabitants most perfect of all, both in corporeal beauty and mental excellence. So says Luis Mendes de Vasconcellos.

There was once a Lady in Lisbon, of such superior ugliness, that she was the jest of the whole city. Mortified by the unfortunate singularity of being ugly where all besides were beautiful, she prayed with unceasing fervor to her patron Saint, St. Vincent. Her prayers were heard, and she beheld herself one morning in her looking glass the most beautiful woman in Portugal. "I say," exclaims Macedo, "that the Saint works many such miracles, for he is much and devoutly worshipped, his benevolence is great, and power cannot be wanting in him, for he dwells in the presence of God! But what convinces me is that without some such miraculous interposition the Portuguese women could not possibly be so beautiful."

Such then, according to those who must be best acquainted with them, are the excellence is of the country,

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country, the metropolis, and the inhabitants. There are likewiſe Nine Excellencies in the Portugueſe language; and theſe, as quoted from Macedo, are prefixed to the new Dictionary of the Academy.

Excellence the firſt. — Its great antiquity. One of the ſeventy-two languages given by God to the builders of Babel, being brought into Portugal by Tubal.

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

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

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

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

Excellence

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Excellence the ſixth.—Aptitude of the Portugueze language to any kind of ſtile.

——————*ſeventh.—Great ſimilarity of the Portugueze language to the Latin.

Excellence

* Some of the Portugueze 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. Urſala and Eleven Thouſand Virgins is a better ſpecimen.

CANTO tuas palmas, famoſos canto triumphos,
Urſula divinos martyr concede favores.
Subjectas ſacra nympha feros animoſa tyrannos.
Tu Phœnix vivendo ardes, ardendo triumphas.
Illuſtres generoſa choros das Urſula, bellas
Das roſa bella roſas, fortes das ſancta columnas.

Æternos

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Excellence the eight.—The wide extent of country where the Portugueze language is ſpoken.

———————ninth. — The commendation which ſo many authors have beſtowed upon the Portugueze language.

A long

Æternos vivas annos o regia planta!
Devotos cantando hymnos, vos invoco ſanctas,
Tam puras nymphas amo, adoro, canto, celebro.
Per vos felices annos o candida turba;
Per vos innumeros de Chriſto ſpero favores.

The Author ſays,

Lidos em Latim ſeraon Latinos,
Lidos em Portuguez ſaon 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

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

All this reminds me of the Eſquimaux, who diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt of mankind by the title of MEN. *One of theſe MEN ſaw a dried monkey in England, and declared in the utmoſt agitation that it was a little old Eſquimaux!

Strip a Spaniard of all his virtues and you make a good Portugueſe of him, ſays the Spaniſh proverb. One who is well acquainted with both countries, and has no prejudices in favour

De mihi que vivo en pena lamentando.
O mal, porque te vas manifeſtando?
Baſtavate matarme ocultamente,
Que en fe de tal amor, como prudente,
Podiais, eſta alma atormentando.
Conſiderar podia Amor de mi,
Eſtando en tanto mal que deſeſpero,
Que en firme fundamento eſte fundado.
Ora ſe eſpante Amor en verme aſſi,
Ora digo que paſſo, ora que eſpero
Soſpiros, deſamor, pena, cuidado.

* See Major Cartwright's Journal.

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favour of either, denies its truth; he ſays, "add hypocriſy to a Spaniard's vices, and you have the Portugueze character." Theſe nations blaſpheme God, by calling each other natural enemies. Their feelings are mutually hoſtile, but the Spaniards deſpiſe the Portugueze, and the Portugueze hate the Spaniards.

Almoſt every man in Spain ſmokes; the Portugueze never ſmoke, but moſt of them take ſnuff. None of the Spaniards will uſe a wheel-barrow, none of the Portugueze carry a burthen: the one ſays it is only fit for beaſts to draw carriages, the other that it is only fit for beaſts to carry burthens. All the porters in Liſbon are Gallegos, an induſtrious and honeſt race, deſpiſed by both nations for the very qualities that render them reſpectable. When my Uncle lived at Porto, he wanted his ſervant to carry a ſmall box to the next houſe; the man ſaid he was a Portugueze, not a beaſt; and actually walked a mile for a Gallego to carry the box.

The hiſtory of the preſent war will ſhow with what wiſdom public affairs are conducted in this kingdom. The Portugueze were engaged by

treaty to furniſh the Engliſh with a certain number of ſhips, or a certain ſum of money, and the Spaniards with troops, or money. The money was expected, but Martinho de Mello, the Miniſter and Secretary of State, argued, that as the money was to be expended, it was wiſer to expend it among their own countrymen, and diſciplined 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,

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 the French newſpaper, with a liſt of the Two and twenty nations with whom the Republic was at war.

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LETTER XVIII.

THE Spaniſh writers have not excelled in lyric poetry, the moſt difficult kind of compoſition. Father Luis de Leon is one of their beſt lyric authors, and the following is eſteemed the beſt of his Odes.

FOLGABA el Rey Rodrigo
Con la hermoſa Caba en la ribera
De Tejo ſin teſtigo:
El pecho ſaco fuera
El Rio, y le habló de eſta manera:
En mal punto te goces
Injuſto forzador, que ya el ſonido
Oyo ya y las voces,
Las armas y el bramido
De Marte, de furor y ardor cenido.

¡ Ay

¡ Ay eſa tu alegria
Que llantos acarrea ! y eſa hermoſa,
Que vio el Sol en mal dia,
A Eſpana ay quan lloroſo,
Y al ceptro de los Godos quan coſtoſa !

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 el fertil ſuelo, a los que bana
El Ebro, a la vecina
Sanſuena, o Luſitana
A toda la eſpecioſa y triſte Eſpana.

Ya dende Cadiz llama
El injuriado Conde, a la venganza
Atento, y no a la fama,
La barbara pujanza
En quien para tu dano no hay tardanza.

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Oye que al cielo toca
Con temeroſo ſon la trompa fiera
Que en Africa convoca
El Moro a la vandera
Que al ayre deſplegada va ligera.

La lanza ya blandea
El Arabe cruel, y hiere al viento,
Llamando a la pelea:
Innumerable quento
De eſquadras juntas vide en un momento.

Cubre la gente el ſuelo:
Debajo de las velas deſparece
La mar, la voz al cielo
Confuſa y varia crece,
El polvo roba el dia, 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 do hienden!

El

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El Eolo derecho
Hinche la vela en popa, y larga entrada
Por el Herculeo eſtrecho
Con la punta acerada
El gran padre Neptuno da a la Armada.

¡ Ay triſte y aun te tiene
El mal dulce regazo, ni llamado
Al mal que ſobreviene
No acorres ! ¿ ocupado
No ves ya el puerto a Hercules ſagrado ?

Acude, acorre, vuela,
Traſpaſa el alta ſierra, ocupa el llano,
No perdones la eſpuela,
No des paz a la mano,
Menea fulminando el hierro inſano.

¡ Ay quanto de fatiga !
¡ Ay quanto de dolor eſta preſente
Al que biſte loriga,
Al Infante valiente
A hombres y a cabellos juntamente !

Y tu

Y tu Betis divino,
De ſangre ageno y tuya amancillado,
Daras al mar vecino
¡ Quanto yelmo quebrado !
¡ Quanto 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 Tagus flows,
Claſp'd the fair CAVA cloſely to his heart,
When lo ! the Spirit of the Stream aroſe,
And pour'd the prophet ſong of Spain's impending woes.

In

In evil hour, tyrannic King,
Thou dallieſt here! he cried;
Even now I hear the ſhout of battle ring!
Vengeance even now ſtalks on with frantic ſtride,
And from his giant arm he ſcatters ruin wide.

Ah me! what anguiſh, what diſmay,
Riſe tyrant from thy luſt!
And curſed CABA be thy natal day,
Whoſe violated charms provoke the All-juſt
To tread the Gothic powers and Gothic crown in duſt.

Ah me! thou claſpeſt in thine arms
Dread danger and diſgrace:
What ſhrieks—what ills—what horrors—what alarms—
Proud King! thou foldeſt in thy hot embrace,
War—Deſolation—Death—the ruin of thy Race!

Woe

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 ſhall call:
Swift o'er the ocean ſwarms the ſwarthy
power,
Vain the ſtrong bulwark, vain the maſſy wall,
The bulwark ſoon ſhall ſhake, the fortreſs ſoon
ſhall fall.

Hark! hark! even now on Afric's coaſt
I hear the trumpet's blair!
From every quarter ruſh the robber hoſt,
They ruſh the battle and the prey to ſhare,
And high their banners wave, and bright their
creſcents glare.

The

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The Arab, eager for the fight,
Leaves his waſte ſands behind;
Swift is his ſteed, and ſwift his arrows flight;
The burning thirſt of battle fires his mind,
He lifts his quivering lance; he wounds the
paſſing wind.

Their warrior myriads hide the ground,
And now they ſpread the ſail:
Hark to the multitudes impatient ſound!
And now their louder ſhouts mine ear aſſail,
For now they mount the bark, and catch the
favouring gale.

On moves the death-denouncing load,
The dark deep foams below;
And ſwift they ſweep along their wat'ry
road,
And with ſtrong arm the ſinewy captives
row,
And fairly blows the wind, ah me! the wind
of woe!

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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 yon beacon's ancient height.

Still wilt thou claſp her in thine arms?
Riſe, riſe, Rodrigo riſe!
For now Galicia echoes to alarms;
For now they reach the port where Geryon lies;
For now triumphant there—the impious banner flies.

They paſs the mountain's craggy bound,
They ruſh upon the plain:
Far o'er the realm their ſwift ſteeds ſcour around;
Riſe, riſe Rodrigo, yet thy right retain,
Rodrigo, riſe! revenge thy deſolated Spain.

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Ah me! ah me! what toils, what woes,
What ills are ſtill in ſtore;
Wide o'er the country ſweep the furious foes;
Vain the ſtrong horſe, and vain the warrior's power,
For horſe and warrior fall beneath the victor Moor.

Woe Tyrant! to Iberia woe!
Her beſt blood gluts the plain;
Then Betis black with blood thy waves ſhall flow,
And clogg'd with many a Moor and 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 ſhall rage ere yet the war has ceaſt;
Then, then, Rodrigo, ſhall thy head lie low.
Woe Tyrant! woe to thee! to poor Iberia woe!

The adventure of Rodrigo, in the Enchanted Tower, is alluded to by all the hiſtorians who have touched upon his reign, yet none of them have thought the wild Arabian fiction deſerving a place even in their notes. I have met with it in an old account of Spain, tranſlated from the French, of the date 1693, which gives it from Abulcacim Tariff Abentarique, who declares he had the relation from the Archbiſhop Oppas, who was with Rodrigo when he entered the tower, in ſearch of a treaſure ſuppoſed to be hidden there.

"This tower was built between two ſteep rocks, half a league to the Eaſt of Toledo; and above the ſtory next the ground was to be ſeen a very deep cave, parted into four different vaults, to which a very narrow mouth or opening led cut out of the rock, and was cloſed with an iron door, which, as the report went, had a thouſand locks and as many bolts. Over the door were certain Greek characters which admitted ſeveral ſignifications, but the moſt prevalent opinion was that it was a prediction of the misfortune of him that ſhould open it.

Rodrigo,

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" Rodrigo cauſed certain flambeaux to be made, which the air and wind of the cave could not put out; and having forced open the door, he entered firſt of all himſelf, being attended by a great many perſons. He had not gone many ſteps before he found himſelf in a very fair hall, adorned with ſculptures, and in the middle ſtood a ſtatue of braſs, repreſenting Time upon a pedeſtal, three cubits high, who held in his hand a battle-axe, with which the Image ever and anon ſtruck upon the ground, and every blow reſounding through the cave, made a moſt dreadful noiſe. Rodrigo was ſo far from being terrified, that he aſſured the Phantom that he came not to commit any diſorder in the place of his abode, and promiſed to be gone ſo ſoon as he viewed all the wonders in the place; and then the Statue ceaſed to ſtrike upon the earth.

" Thus the example of the King encouraging his followers. He took an exact view of the Hall, at the entrance into which ſtood a round Vatt, whence iſſued a water-ſpout that made a dreadful thundering noiſe. Upon the breaſt of the Statue was written in Arabic, I DO MY DUTY, and upon the back of it, TO MY SUCCOUR!

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tour! On the right hand, upon the wall, were to be read these words: "UNFORTUNATE PRINCE, THINE EVIL DESTINY HAS BROUGHT THEE HITHER! and on the left hand, THOU SHALT BE DISPOSSESSED BY FOREIGN NATIONS, AND THY SUBJECTS SHALL BE PUNISHED, AS WELL AS THOU THYSELF, FOR ALL THEIR CRIMES!"

"Rodrigo having thus gratified his curiosity, returned; but he had no sooner turned his back, before the Statue began to strike upon the ground again: however the King caused the door to be shut fast again, and ordered the narrow passage to be stopped up with earth, to the end that nobody should ever enter for the future: but in the night there were heard on that side several loud shrieks and shrill cries, which preceded a most dreadful noise, not unlike a great thunder clap, and the next day there was no more of a tower to be seen, nor almost any footsteps of what had rendered that place so remarkable."

The introduction of the Moors, furnished Luis de Leon with the subject of his best ode, and the expulsion of their descendants occasioned a very

a very curious ſermon, preached by Juan de Ribera, Archbiſhop of Valencia: it is tranſlated by Geddes; but as the valuable tracts of this author are now rare, I ſhall tranſcribe a few extracts.

His text is from Galatians v, 12. "I would they were even cut off that trouble you;" and he dwells much upon the emphatic earneſtneſs implied in the word "utinam."

"Who among us (ſaid this Arch-Prieſt) has had the zeal of Matthias, of whom the Holy Scripture ſaith, that when he beheld one of the people of Iſrael offering ſacrifice to idols, at the commandment of the perverſe King Antiochus, he was ſo ſet on fire by the zeal of the Lord that his bones trembled; and flying upon him that ſacrificed, and him that commanded him to do it, he killed them both. This is the zeal of a ſervant of God, and which is ſo acceptable to the divine Majeſty, that Phineas for the doing the ſame was commended of God; and Moſes ſaith, that though he was determined to have inflicted a ſevere puniſhment upon the people, he was appeaſed and did remit his wrath, for the

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zeal of Phineas, who killed the tranſgreſſor of the law of God.

So much in favour of perſecution from the Old Teſtament; but his precedent for it from the New Teſtament is ſtill more curious. "Our Lord Chriſt went into the temple, and ſeeing that what was done there was contrary to God's honour, the zealous God took the cords wherewith the ſheep and oxen were bound, and having made a whip of them, he went about ſhaking it at all thoſe cattle and men, driving them all out of the temple; and as to thoſe that ſold pigeons he commanded them to be gone with them; and going up to the tables of the money changers he threw them down upon the ground, ſcattering about the money that was upon them. Now let us conſider this fact, and we ſhall ſee that beſides its being *the greateſt miracle that ever Chriſt wrought*, for ſo St. Hierom ſaith it was, who affirms it to be greater than the raiſing Lazarus from the dead! The repreſſing of ſo many, and in the ſight of ſo great a concourſe of people, after ſuch a manner, none of them offering to lay hold of him, or denying to obey him, notwithſtanding they were at that time contriving

triving his death, being a thing that nothing but the Almighty God could have done!"

One extract more.——Recollect that he is preaching on one of the moſt abſurd and barbarous acts of oppreſſion that the hiſtory of man, ſo full of abſurdity and barbarity, records; and that to this expulſion of the Moriſcoes is the decline of Spain in a great meaſure to be attributed, and you will find that as this precious Archbiſhop is a good Chriſtian, he is no leſs excellent a prophet.

"Through the mercy of God and the paternal care of his Majeſty, every thing will thrive with us, and the earth itſelf will grow more fertile, and will yield the fruit of bleſſing. It is a thing ye all know, that we have not had one fertile year ſince the Moriſcoes were baptized, whereas now they will be all fertile, the land having been impoveriſhed, made barren, and poiſoned by their blaſphemies and hereſies; do not think that this is nothing but a fancy, ſince the divine Scriptures do every where affirm, that for ſin God deprives people of temporal bleſſings. Let us but live in the ſervice of our

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Lord, and obſerve his holy law, *without wronging our neighbour*, and we ſhall abound with all good things. Hear what the Lord himſelf has ſaid, "Obey my commandments, and keep my laws, and I do promiſe that you ſhall live in the land without fear; and the land which you poſſeſs ſhall bring forth fruit in ſuch abundance that ye ſhall eat and be full:" and that without any fear, but with an entire reſt and ſecurity, and your harveſts ſhall be ſo great that "the Reapers ſhall work unto ſeed time, and the makers of wine ſhall meet the ſowers, and ye ſhall build in places which were deſerts, and plant vines, and drink of the wine thereof, and ſow gardens, and eat of the fruit of the trees you have planted, and ye ſhall never be turned out of your houſes ſaith the Lord."

A Monarch depopulating his country, a Miniſter of Chriſt preaching in praiſe of perſecution, and a whole people witneſſing with tranſport the baniſhment, the ruin, or the martyrdom of their neighbours, ſuch were the effects of intolerance in Spain; and in every country its effects if not equally ruinous have been equally horrible. The rage of perſecution is of all

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all vices the moſt maddening and the moſt dangerous, for it deludes us under the appearance of virtue. All other vices ſpring from the ſelfiſhneſs of our nature, this alone, the moſt widely ruinous of all, ariſes from our regard to our neighbour. The beaſt Man grows lazy and will not work, unleſs he is goaded by the whip of Want and the ſpur of Neceſſity, and he would apply motives equally forcible to drive his fellows to their happineſs hereafter. Under this pretext the moſt atrocious paſſions are indulged, and the fury of the tyger becomes but a faint image of the ferocity of that worſe monſter Man. To promote the general happineſs is a great and dazzling idea, and with this view did Philip the Second condemn his child as a heretic, with this view Mary lit the fires in Smithfield, and the Terroriſts of France ſpread deſolation over the Republic.

I am ſick of intolerance! Every man I meet is a Procruſtes, who meaſures the worth of all beſides by the ſtandard of his own opinions. From the Atheiſt to the Franciſcan Friar, thro' the links of the Deiſt, the Humaniſt, the Socinian

cinian, the low Arian, the high Arian, the orthodox Diſſenter, and the high Churchman—all is intolerance! and I can perſuade no one that theſe oppoſite opinions may exiſt without affecting the moral character. The leader of one pack will cry out againſt the bigotted and gloomy Chriſtian, and the leader of the other will cry out againſt the profligate and ſenſual Atheiſt, and a pack of curs will yelp in chorus after the one and the other, and both the packs will ſet upon him who will not join in the chaſe of perſecution.

It is not by his principles that I will judge of Man; it were as rational to deſcribe the cameleon by his colour, or the mock-bird by his note. An honeſt man indeed can have but one character, but Diogenes fought in vain for one two thouſand years ago, and the breed is not grown more common. As for the multitude, like a looking-glaſs they reflect the features of thoſe in the room with them, and unlike the honeſt mirror, they will flatter you to your face.

EXPE-

EXPERIENCE is said to be the mother of WISDOM. I have been married to EXPERIENCE so long, that if little WISDOM be not come yet the connection will be a barren one.

LETTER XIX.

THE treatment of the Jews on this peninsula, though it forms a less prominent feature than the expulsion of the Moriscoes, may perhaps be productive of more lasting effects. The history may be given in a few lines.

Soon after the capture of Granada, Ferdinand commanded all Jews who would not be baptized, to depart from his dominions within four months on pain of death. Some went to Italy, some to Barbary and Turkey; but the main body thus expelled from Spain were literally *taken in* in Portugal. They obtained permission of John the

the Second, for a large ſum of money, to remain in that country during ſome months till they could be provided with ſhips to carry them away. The King took their money, and admitted them into his dominions, allowed no ſhip to carry them out, and as ſoon as the term was expired he ſeized their effects, and ſold them to his ſubjects for ſlaves.

Emanuel, who ſucceeded, ſet the Jews at liberty, but commanded them on pain of perpetual ſervitude, either to be baptized within a certain time, or to quit Portugal, adding that ſhips ſhould be provided for their emigration at the three principal ports. The Jews accordingly repaired to theſe ports, and there met with a proclamation forbidding them upon pain of death to embark any where but at Liſbon: they went to Liſbon: the King then ordered that all their children under fourteen years of age ſhould be taken from them and forcibly baptized. Many of the wretched parents to prevent this threw their children into the river or the wells, and precipitated themſelves after them. The tyranny of Emanuel did not ſtop here; after having liberated them from a ſlavery which he himſelf

himſelf acknowledged to be unjuſt, with a ſtrange inconſiſtency he ſuffered no ſhips to receive them, and offered the alternative of ſlavery again or baptiſm. The poor victims of bigotry preferred Chriſtianity to ſervitude, and three hundred thouſand perſons were thus baptized.

A ſquib of ſome humour on this occaſion is preſerved in the Silva 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

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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

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will gain wealth and poſſeſſions, and we ſhall ſee that from being abject and deſpiſed you will become reſpected.

Ussus, Chief of the Jews in Conſtantinople.

The averſion of the Jews to a religion which they were thus compelled to profeſs, naturally became more implacable. The law of Moſes was ſtill in ſecret tranſmitted from father to ſon, and the vigilance of the Inquiſition and the martyrdom of ſo many of their brethren rendering them more circumſpect, muſt at the ſame time have rendered them more bigotted. Till within the laſt fifty years, the burning of a Jew formed the higheſt delight of the Portugueze: they thronged to behold this triumph of the Faith, and the very women ſhouted with tranſport as they ſaw the agonizing Martyr writhe at the ſtake. Neither ſex nor age could ſave this perſecuted race, and Antonio Joſeph da Silva, the beſt of their dramatic writers, was burnt alive becauſe he was a Jew.

This infernal tyranny of the Prieſthood, tho' it produces outward conformity, can extend no farther.

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farther. The Jews ſtill preſerve their faith, and the true Iſraelite phyſiognomy is evident in half the people you meet. A great crowd were aſſembled to behold the Marquis of Pombal open a fountain which he had erected. "See, my Lord (ſaid one of his flatterers) like Moſes you make water flow from the rock!" "Yes," replied the Marquis, "and here are the Jews looking at me!"

Pombal, though a great villain, was a great Miniſter; perhaps calculated by the one character to excel in the other. One of his laws forbids any perſon to call another a Jew, and trifling as this may appear, its effects have been very beneficial.

For my own part I am unchriſtian enough to wiſh that all this nation were converted to the Jewiſh faith, for a reaſon which may be found in the twenty-third chapter of Deuteronomy, at the thirteenth verſe.

I have ſometimes amuſed myſelf by fancying what effects might have been produced had the book of Richard Brothers been circulated in this country.

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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 ſurpriſed at the mildneſs of the ſentences in the following paper, but you will be more ſurpriſed at the charges againſt the priſoners: the rank of the criminals, and the manner of expreſſing their opinions render it a curious paper, and it is moſt probably the laſt of its kind.

LIST

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LIST *of the* PENITENTS

AT THE

AUTO DA FE, *October 15th*, 1779.

1. JOZE DE SOUSA, a ſoldier of the regiment of artillery of Porto, quartered at Valenza on the Minho, who from reading impious prohibited books became a profeſt Atheiſt. He denied the myſteries of the moſt Holy Trinity, and the Incarnation of our Saviour. He held that all religions were good, and that every country ought to profeſs ſome on a political account. He looked upon our Lord Jeſus Chriſt as an Impoſtor, the Virgin Mary as a ſtrumpet, the Apoſtles and Prophets as deceivers and fanatics, St. Dominic, St. Francis, and St. Thereſa, as executioners, alluding to their being the Inventors and Patrons of the Holy Office which he blaſphemouſly deſpiſed. He denied the immortality of the ſoul, and of conſequence the exiſtence of Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory. In ſhort

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ſhort he was the greateſt libertine, and approved of every the moſt impious licentiouſneſs.

He was condemned to be ſhut up for three years in the Convent of Rilhafoles, and deprived of the benefits of Communion and Confeſſion.

2. JOAON MANOEL DE ABUCI, of the ſame regiment, from reading the like books, denied the exiſtence of a God. He was an Infidel, impious, blaſphemous, and a Materialiſt; hence he took upon him to deny the utility of prayers and maſſes for the dead, and to hold as unlawful the alms and donations which the Clergy receive for thoſe offices. He affirmed that the law of Nature was ſufficient to keep men honeſt, that ſimple fornication was not criminal, and that the Americans were not the deſcendants of Adam, expreſsly denying the authority of the ſacred writings.

He was condemned to three years confinement at Rilhafoles; and on being aſked whether he did not think the fire of Purgatory more intenſe than that of Hell, he ſaid he believed that it muſt be, on account of its boiling the cauldrons

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cauldrons of ſuch a number of Eccleſiaſtics and Friars: however he imagined they would not experience any of its heat after they were dead, becauſe they conſumed ſo great a ſhare of it while they were living.

3. Manoel de Espirito Santo Limpo, native of Olivenza, and ſerjeant in the ſame regiment. An impious Atheiſt and a Blaſphemer of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, to whom he gave the appellation not of God but of a Good Philoſopher. He affirmed that Religion was a mere chimera, and a political invention to keep men in obedience and ſubordination to thoſe who govern. That if our Saviour had been really God, he would never have left the ſtupendous firmament of the Heavens to come upon earth for the love of ſuch a vile creature as man. He deſpiſed the ſacraments and ordinances of the Church, eat meat on faſt days, did not hear maſs on holy days, and denies the free will of man.

He was condemned to three years impriſonment at Rilhafoles.

4. Hen-

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4. HENRIQUE LEITAON DE SOUZA, native of Penamaior, 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 BANETO, native of Valenza, a Cadet, from the ſame cauſe, the reading of prohibited books, became an impious and incredulous Atheiſt and Blaſphemer, calling Ladies of his acquaintance Noſſa Senhora da Carma, and Santa Benta, and by other names which the Church holds as the moſt venerable.

Condemned to three years confinement at Rilhafoles.

6. JOZE LEANDRO MILLANI, native of Liſbon, and Lieutenant of the ſame regiment, from

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reading impious prohibited books was an Atheiſt, Materialiſt, a deſpiſer of the Sacraments and Ordinances of the Church, and a ſtrenuous defender of ſimple fornication, and of the indifference or equal goodneſs of all religions.

Condemned to Rilhafoles for three years, and deprived of the benefits of Communion and Confeſſion.

7. ALEXO VACHE, a Frenchman, native of Hieres in Provence, and Surgeon of the ſame regiment, an Atheiſt, Materialiſt, and a defender of ſuicide, which whilſt in priſon he likewiſe endeavoured to put in practice, but did not ſucceed in the attempt; he held ſimple fornication to be no ſin.

Condemned to the Convent of French Capuchins for three years, and baniſhed for three years more to Viſeo.

8. MIGUEL KINCESLAGH, native of Bruſſels, and Major in the ſame regiment, who at the age of eighteen enliſted himſelf in Hungary, in the troops and ſervice of the Emperor Charles the

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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.

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9. Joze Anastasio da Cunha, Lieutenant of the ſame regiment, and Profeſſor of Geometry in the Univerſity of Coimbra. Reading prohibited books, and an intimacy with people of various perſuaſions, made him firſt of all embrace a liberty of conſcience, and afterwards an apoſtate, a favourer of toleration, indifferent to religion, a Libertine, and an Atheiſt. He held that God could not puniſh ſuch as through ignorance embraced a falſe religion, denied Predeſtination and the myſteries of the moſt Holy Trinity; approved of ſimple fornication, diſapproved of celibacy as prejudicial to the ſtate, in a ſacrilegious irreverent manner partook of the Holy Sacrament, and ſaid it was a natural violence to attempt to enſlave the minds of men by religion.

Three years to the Convent of Neceſſidades, baniſhed four years to Evora, and ordered never more to return to Coimbra or Valenza.

10. Joze Maria Teicera, native of Valenza on the Minho, five years a ſtudent of the Canon Law. An Atheiſt, and ſuch an impious blaſphemer of Jeſus Chriſt and the Virgin Mary as

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 Rilhaſoles, five in the gallies, and to have his ſentence read in Valenza and to the Univerſity of Coimbra.

* A Cap ornamented with Devils and hell-fire-flames.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

MADRIGAL

BY

FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO VILLEGAS.

UN famoſo Eſcultor, Liſi eſquiva!
En una piedra te ha imitado viva,
Y ha pueſto mas cuydado en retatarte
Que la Naturaleza en figurarte:
Pues ſi te dio blancura, y pecho elado,
El lo miſmo te ha dado.
Belliſſima en el mundo te hizo ella,
Y el no te ha repetido menos bella;
Mas ella, que te quiſo hacer piadoſa,
De materia tan blanda, y tan ſuave
Te labro, que no ſabe
De el jazmin diſtinguirte, y de la roſa;
Y el, que buelta de advierte en piedra ingrata
De loque tu te hiciſte te retrata.

SEE

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SEE Liſis where the Sculptor's art
Has form'd thine image of this poliſhed ſtone,
All perfect he perform'd his part,
Which Nature has not done.

Has Nature form'd thy boſom white?
Lo how the marble mocks the mountain ſnow!
Thy charms unrivall'd meet the ſight,
And this is matchleſs too.

O'er thy fair cheek that hue ſhe ſpread,
That hue that flies and fluſhes there ſo oft;
She made thy lips ſo roſeate red,
Thy lips that ſeem ſo ſoft.

Ah Liſis, maid of marble heart,
Here juſtly art thou form'd by him alone;
For here thou ſeemeſt what thou art,
So cold—ſo hard—in ſtone!

If you are pleaſed with this Madrigal of the excellent Quevedo, the following Portugueze one equally deſerves to be read.

MADRI-

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MADRIGAL

DO

JERONYMO BAHIA,

A

SANTO ESTEVAM PROTO-MARTYR,

Esculpido en huma pedra.

MAIS do que as maons o peito
De pedras teve armado:
E naon menos indigno, que indignado
Povo ja reprovado, hum tempo aleito
Que vos deo n' huma, e n'outra pedra dura
Proto-Martyr ſagrado!
Primeiro de que morte, ſepultura.
Mas ſe entaon mal ferido
Hoje bem eſculpido
Se encontraon voſſas pedras de tal ſorte,
Que vos daon vida, ſe vos deraon morte.

MADRIGAL

TO

ST. STEPHEN,

Upon his being carved in Stone.

HARD were, O Stephen! bleſſed Saint,
The ſtones that martyr'd you;
But ſurely harder were the hearts
Of that ungodly crew.

The impious Jews with ruthleſs force
Huge ſtones againſt you ſent;
Ah me! before they gave you death
They made your monument!

But retribution comes at laſt,
As you by ſtone were ſlain;
So by the Sculptor's matchleſs art
In ſtone you live again.

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If Cowley did not underſtand Portugueze, and if Jeronymo Bahia never read Cowley, this piece preſents a very ſingular ſimilarity of idea.

But I will give you a complete account of a comple Portugueze Poem. You will be ſurpriſed to hear that you muſt conſider it as a national Epic Poem,—that Charles II. of England is the hero,—that it is written neither upon his misfortunes, or his reſtoration, but upon his marriage with Catherine Princeſs of Portugal, and conſequent converſion to the Roman Catholic faith. Catherine has been the theme of ſong in England, as well as in her own country; for it was this Princeſs whom Swift immortalized in the memorable ſtanza:

Here's a health to Kate,
Our Maſter's mate,
Of the Royal Houſe of Liſbon,
And the Devil take Hyde
And the Biſhop beſide
Who made her bone of his bone.

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ACCOUNT

OF

CARLOS REDUZIDO,

INGLATERRA ILLUSTRADA.

CHARLES REDEEMED.

ENGLAND ILLUSTRIFIED,

AN HEROIC POEM,

BY

PEDRO DE AZEVEDO TOJAL.

PROTESTATION of the AUTHOR.

I PROTEST that the dreams and celeſtial viſions of which I have made uſe in this poem, are nothing more than fictions, ſuch as uſually enter into the ingenious workmanſhip of the laborious fabric of an Heroic Poem. And as for the endearing expreſſions of the Divinities, their amorous diſcourſes and their amorous acts, which

which are in ſome places treated of, they are not meant to offend the purity of good morals, but only to give ſpirit and nature to the picture of poetry, life to the affections, and ſtrength to the expreſſions of imitative art, which would otherwiſe be feeble, and unfaithfully repreſent human feelings. Notwithſtanding if any thing ſhall be found in this poem contrary to morality, or the doctrines of our moſt holy Faith, I ſubmit it to the correction of the Religious, and the vigilant Maſters of our Holy Mother Church, whom I reverence as my Mother, and to whom as a Son I vow all my actions, love, and obedience.

CANTO I.

SE na doce manhana da tenra idade
Adulando as verduras dos meus annos
Dey amoroſos cultos a vaidade,
Erros ſeguindo, idolotrando enganos,
Meu plectro conſagrando a eternidade
Aquelles templos que erigi profanos
Agora proſtrarei, cantando agora
Aquella, que foy da Anglia illuſtre Aurora.

Aquella

Aquella ſem igual Heroina Anguſta
Que inflammada de hum zelo peregrino
Com ſoberano ardor, com fe robuſta,
O Eſpoſo ao culto reduzio divino:
Aquella emfim de quem Plutaon ſe affuſta,
Cujo exemplo o Emiſpherio diamentino
De Aſtros encheo, que tanto ſe illuſtraram
Que de Anglicos a Angelicos paſſaram.

IF in the pleaſant morning of my life
Waſting the hours of youth, I gave my mind
To many an amorous care, and idolized
The vanities of Love—an erring man—
I now deſtroy the airy piles I built;
Strung for the immortal ſong, I hallow now
My harp to holier ſtrains, and ſing of her
The bright Aurora of the Britiſh day.

Yes, that unequall'd heroine auguſt
I ſing, who with ſtrong faith and fervent zeal

By

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By Heaven inſpired, to Heaven's own rites reſtor'd
Her huſband: her whom Pluto knew and fear'd:
Her, to behold whoſe deeds the hoſt of ſtars
Shouted their high thankſgiving, when ſhe made
Angels of *Angles*.

This wretched old pun has now appeared in three languages, and is equally lamentable in all.

The Poet now invokes his Muſe to inſpire him with ſuch ardour that Apollo may admire his ſong, and hear it from Eaſt to Weſt: he then addreſſes Chriſt, then the Virgin Mary, and laſt of all the King John V. whom, as his ſpirit is heavenly and his body mortal, he knows not whether to call human or divine.

England has been thirty-two luſtra alienated from the ſucceſſor of Peter, and devoted to the worſhip of Lucifer. Saint Urſula, moved by pity and patriotiſm, prays to God to enlighten her countrymen; the Deity yields to her prayers, tells her he will alter his decree of everlaſting damnation,

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damnation, and ſends the Archangel Michael to reveal to King John, in a dream, that Catherine muſt celebrate the ſacrament of marriage with Charles of England.

MIGUEL cruzando os pelagos do vento,
Voa a terra do Olimpo luminoſo,
De luzes matizando a eſpera pura,
Qual aſtro, que illumina a treva eſcura.

Em apparencia humana reveſtido
Viſivel forma oſtenta o Genio alado,
Soltando ao vento hum manto entretecido
De eſplendor e de neve fabricado;
D'alvas plumas o elmo guarnecido,
De ſolido metal o peito armado,
Rayos vibrava a via, qual diamante
Que ao Sol deſata alento ſcintillante.

As azas bate pelo campo etherio,
Cortando o ar com brando movimento,
As azas, que illuſtrando eſſe Emisferio,
Moſtraon ſerem dous Soes no luzimento;
O cabello innundando o claro imperio,
Dava rayos ao Sol, ondas ao vento,
E o roſtro cheyo de eſplendor divino
Alento reſpirava perigrino.

Pelo

Pelo ſereno golfo da aura eſtiva
As refulgentes azas eſtendendo,
A treva penetrava ſucceſſiva,
Con ſonoro rumor o ar rompendo:
Bem como quando voa a Aguia altiva
Que hum ſuave murmereo vay fazendo,
Tal o ſagrado voo parecia
No ſom, com que as eſperas ſuſpendia.

Vence a ſumma diſtancia ao meſmo inſtante;
O Rey acha no ſono ſepultado,
Poem-ſe o divino Embayxador diante
Nas azas eſteliferas librado;
Em quanto na potencia vacillante
Lhe forma o ſonho o Eſpirito abrazado,
Dando ao filencio voz, alma ao conceito,
Eſtas razoens produz do ſabio peito.

From the heavenly height
Of old Olympus, earthward Michael wing'd
His way, and like ſome orbit-ſtarting ſtar
Irradiate, leaving a long line of light,
Sail'd o'er the waves of wind.

In human form
Made

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Made viſible he paſt, looſe on the breeze
Sported his mantle, in the loom of Heaven
Of ſnow and ſplendour woven; his white-
plum d helm,
His adamantine breaſt-plate, ſhot ſuch rays
As from the diamond tremble to the ſun.
His wings, two fonts of glory, on their way
Moved with light motion o'er the etherial plain.
Wide waved his ſtreaming hair, and to the ſun
Pour'd radiance; from his countenance there
beam'd
Divineſt light; celeſtial odours flow'd
Along his path, and with the noiſe of wings
In the moſt brief particular point of Time
Paſt he all ſpace.
He found the Luſian King
Buried in ſleep: the Ambaſſador of God,
On ſtarry-ſtudded pinions, o'er his couch
Hung pois'd, and ſhaped the dream, and bodied
Thought,
And gave a voice to Silence.

Michael performs his errand. The King tells the Queen; ſhe approves of the marriage; he communicates his intention to his Counſellors,

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they approve likewiſe, and they ſend inſtructions to Mello.

AO grande Mello a lege author de empreza,
Aquelle Conde em quem reſplendicia
D'arte o primor, os dons da natureza,
Que Embayxador em Londres reſidia.

GREAT Mello! him their Miniſter they choſe,
That Count in whom the excellence of art
Reſplendent ſhone with Nature's nobleſt gifts,
Then reſident Ambaſſador in London!

Mello accordingly propoſes the match to Charles.

A luz d'Aurora o Ceo naon cora tanto
Non taon purpureo ao Sol ſe oſtenda o dia,
Como o Rey fez da graan que eſmalta o roſto,
Indices d'Alma, rubricas do goſto.

No ſuch hue
Aurora ſcatters o'er the bluſhing ſky,
Nor at the birth of day ſuch roſeate tints
Adorn the Heaven, as o'er the cheek of Charles,
(Red-letter'd book of all that paſſed within)
Suffuſing ſpake his ſoul.

Charles

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Charles retires to enjoy his own reflections, and falls asleep. He is favoured with a vision, and beholds Catherine in tears, praying for the conversion of England. After her prayer is ended,

O REY vey bayxar lego
Huma luz, penetrando a etherea via,
A qual com linguas tremulas de fogo
Toucandoa de esplendores lhe dizia,
Descanca, Catherina, que o teu rogo
Rompendo o Alcazar, donde nasce a dia,
Tem alcanzado ja no Empyreo templo
Seres de Lycia gloria, de Anglia exemplo.

Ao jubilo das vozes eloquentes
Novo ardor pareceo se lhe acendia
Nos olhos, que altrahiaon por elementes
O Ceo, que namorallos parecia:
Aonde em dous effeytos differentes
Hum Ethna, e hum diluvio confundia,
Exhalando naquella ancioſa fragua
Fogo do corazaon, des olhos agua,

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Qual verde tronco, que na ardente pyra
Sendo alimento ao fogo, que o devora,
Quando por hum extremo incendios gyra,
Lagrymas mil a mil por outro chora:
Ou qual urna, que fervida reſpira,
O fogo entranha, e inunda o licor fora,
Aſſim ella produz na intenſa calma
Agua dos olhos, tendo o fogo n' alma.

He ſaw from Heaven
A glory flaſh along the etherial way
Sparkling with ſplendour, that with tremulous tongue
Of fire, addreſs'd the Maid, "Catherine, thy prayer
Has pierced that palace whence the day-ſtar ſprings,
Yes, in the halls of Heaven thy prayer is heard,
Exampling England thou art doom'd to prove
Thy country's honour."
At the eloquent ſounds
New

New ardor flaſh'd in Catherine's uprais'd eyes,
Her eyes, that ſoftened the enamour'd Heaven,
And from this cauſe two oppoſite effects
Aroſe within her, with confuſing force
An Etna and a Deluge raged at once.
Her boſom with Volcano fires flamed,
A flood o'erflow'd her eyes.
As ſome green trunk,
Freſh from the wood with all its vital ſap,
When on the blazing hearth it feeds the fire
Whoſe force deſtroys it, while the circling flames
Wreathe round diſtills its juice, or like an Urn
Whoſe waters ſwelling with impriſon'd heat
O'er their hot banks impetuous overflow,
Thus did the fervid ſoul of that bleſt Maid,
Religion-raptur'd, from her ſwimming eyes
Force the full tide of tears.

The King, ſtill buried in the ſepulchre of this delightful viſion, tries to embrace Catherine, and awakes as diſconſolate as the bird who has loſt her young. He goes to his brother JACOB, and tells him in twenty-eight ſtanzas what he has ſeen—rhapſodizes upon the beauty of Catherine, whoſe perſon he well remembered, and declares

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clares his love. JACOB encourages him, for never two harps harmonized more perfectly than the two brothers.

CANTO II.

HIS moſt diabolical Majeſty is alarmed at this approaching union, and bellows to convoke the Parliament of hell.

O BRAVO alento ao rouco bronze aplica,
O ſom diſcorre o globo ſempiterno,
Onde em eccos o Horror ſe multiplica
Pelos profundos concavos do Averno:
O clamor, que penhaſcos damnifica
Largas bocas abrio no muro eterno
Fauces crueis por onde o eſcuro Abiſmo
Vomito em fogo o negro barbariſmo.

HE

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HE ſeized the brazen trump, and thro' its tube
Roar'd ſtrong with thundering voice; the thundering voice
Roll'd rapid o'er the wide extent of Hell.
Thro' many a cavern dark and dungeon deep
The multiplying horrors echoed round;
Hell ſhook with all its adamantine rocks,
The eternal bulwark trembled, yawning wide
With many a breach, whence thickeſt ſmoke pour'd forth
Voluminous, and red with ſtruggling flames.

They aſſemble, and never was a more curious collection of monſters grouped together! Scyllas and Furies, Harpies, Centaurs, Hydras, Gorgons, Chimeras, Briareuſes, Geryons, Syrtes, Sphynxes, Polyphemuſes, Pythons, Proteuſes, Dragons, Dites, Megeras, &c. &c. horrible forms ſhaped like the abortive progeny of mountains. They place themſelves on ſeats of fire. Pluto harangues them upon the fatal effects of the propoſed marriage, and excites them to ſuch fury that they ruſh from the hall, which looks when vacated like a building deſtroyed by fire, yet retaining the pale veſtiges of the ſcarce extinguiſhed flames. Rhadamanthus, the Prime Miniſter

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Miniſter (*Ministro Principal*) to the Infernal King, reſtrains their impetuoſity, transforms himſelf into a dragon, and flies to a ſubterranean ſepulchre in a ſolitary valley, where, amid poiſonous herbs, carcaſes, lacerated limbs, and all the Materia Medica Magica, dwells Luſbaon the Necromancer, then taking a nap. Sleepeſt thou, Luſbaon? cries Rhadamanthus—ſleepeſt thou when the Sovereigns of England and Portugal are about to tie the knot of alliance at Hymen's altar? Luſbaon takes the alarm, aſſumes the form of an old ſoldier, and goes with the ſame intelligence to the King of Spain, who, in conſequence, ſends diſpatches to his Miniſter at London!

CANTO III.

FAME, with her hundred tongues and thouſand voices, proclaimed the approaching union. Butavilla, the Spaniſh Miniſter in London, oppoſes it, but Charles, ſteady as a wall, or a rock, obeyed the internal light. Not more firmly the old

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old oak reſiſts the winter ſtorm, not more unmoved the rock oppoſes the daſhing billows, than Charles, with ſublime vigor, reſiſted all arguments againſt the match. The tumult of acclaiming joy inundates the ſtreets of Liſbon, that now appeared a promontory of ſtars, of a firmament of ſuns in brilliancy, a rock of light, a grove of ſplendour. The ſound of trumpets mingled with the ſhouts of the multitude, whoſe diſcord mingling with the harmony made an agreeable confuſion of echoes. Bull-feaſts were exhibited on this occaſion, in which the Conde de Sarzedas particularly diſtinguiſhed himſelf. That grand hero attacked the bulls as if he were revenging the injuries of Europa. In the mean time the Engliſh fleet enters the Tagus.

De Monte-Gui Duarte, Conde illuſtre
De Sanduhic era o inclyto legato.

Edward Montague, Earl of Sandwich, addreſſes the King in an elegant method. They ſhew him the pictures of the Portugueze Kings, among others of Pedro, the lover of that lovely Ignes.

Em

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Em cuja ſorte
Formon duro anagrama O Amor e A Morte!

And now Catherine came forth in her auguſt Majeſty, giving light to the day and luſtre to the ſun. They went to church in ſublime pomp. Catherine was ſad, and ſhe wept. A cloud of grief now ſhadowed her eyes—her eyes—two ſuns of Beauty now eclipſed by tears! The Ambaſſador is ſtruck with another picture, and aſks Mello whom it repreſents. Mellow anſwers him. But O, audacious Muſe, ſuſpend awhile thy melody!

CANTO IV.

MELLO ſhows him the chief actors in the revolution of Braganza. The Princeſs embarks. The Devil again convokes his peers, and bids them ruſh forth in winds and ſtorms, and mingle ſea and ſky. They burſt away, multiplying the horrors of horrible Chaos, and making Hell infernal. A ſtorm enſues, but St. Urſula again intercedes

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intercedes with God, and the Deity tells us that Catherine ſhall ſafely reach England, and by her virtue and example convert Charles, ſo that he ſhall profeſs the Catholic religion, and all England again obey the holy Tiara. Urſula, my daughter! you have given me eleven thouſand virgins, but Catherine will give me a whole nation. The Deity then addreſſes the five fiery ſpirits, of whom Michael is the chief, and ſends them to ſtill the tempeſt. The clouds diſſolve in the luſtre of their flight; they drive the dark demons to their infernal home: leſs was the uproar when the Titans warred againſt Heaven, and the hundred handed Briareus hurled mountains againſt Jove. The night became ſtill, the moon ſhone forth, and the gently heaving billows murmured their peaceful harmony.

CANTO V.

THE morning dawned, and the light wind murmured over the calmy Tagus. The ſhips and forts ſalute the departing fleet, and the ſmoke

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ſmoke from their guns hid the ſun. As they ſailed down the river the Princeſs grew ſad, reclined her cheek upon her hand, and gazing upon the water as ſhe enriched it with her pearly tears, made a long ſpeech. The fleet ſails lightly over the tranſparent plain. Proteus, inſtigated by Pluto, ſeeks Neptune in his central cave, whence the tides ſwell, and whither they retire. He tells them how often the Engliſh have crimſoned his waves with blood, and puts Neptune into ſuch a rage that he ſends Triton to call Eolus from his cave, the ſepulchre of darkneſs. The Poet now attempts to rival Camoens. Eolus meets the fleet like an immenſe dragon, darting fire from his eyes, noſe, and mouth. He demands how they dare to ride upon the waters, and telling them that their audacity ſhall be puniſhed, he ſunk down, and with a horrible craſh burſt the water.

Rompeo o mar com horrido zonido.

The ſea roſe to the heavens in foam, the heavens hung upon the ſea in clouds.

Em

Em nevoa ao mar o Ceo ſe despenhava,
Em vapores ao Ceo o mar ſobia.

But before all this happens, Mello requeſts Sandwich to give him the hiſtory of the Engliſh hereſy, by way of paſſing the evening hours.

CANTO VI.

SENHOR! ſays the Engliſh. Sorrow will frequently ſuſpend the lamentable narration that I am about to begin, a narration of the moſt foul and ſcandalous perverſion. Henry VIII. aſcended the throne of England.

HENRIQUE, aquelle ſabro, cujo eſtudo
Do vaon Luthero os dogmas refutando,
Foy columna da Fe, da Igreja eſcudo,
Sen culto defendendo e acreditando;
Aquelle, que, qual Lince, donto e agudo
Os divinos myſterios penetrando,
O pezo ſuſtenton, mais raro Atlante
Da Catolica Igreja militante.

HENRY

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HENRY, the ſage, whoſe ſtudious toil expoſed
Luther's vain fallacies, and baffled all
His ſubtle ſophiſms, bulwark of the Church,
Defender of the Faith, that erudite Prince
Whoſe lynx-eyed wiſdom pierced the ſacred
depths
Of Truth's myſterious darkneſs, and upheld
The univerſal fabric of Religion
With more than Atlas ſtrength.

Yet this Henry, perverting the gift of Nature, has made England the centre of all vice, and the fountain of all hereſy. On the propriety of his marrying Arthur's widow the wiſe men met, the Theologians conſulted, the Doctors debated, and the Pope ratified their decree. They had one daughter, Mary, unique in beauty! but now the little God Cupid, who deſtroyed Troy, wounded the King, and Cardinal *Bolseo* ſweetened with honey the poiſon which intoxicated the King: the falſe Sphinx who faſcinated him was called Anna Bolena. The Queen was divorced and impriſoned in a tower. As a breach was already made with the Pope, Henry ſeized the Eccleſiaſtical Revenues, and the little blind Cupid was the origin of all this evil!

But

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But Heaven puniſhes the guilty. Bolſeo fell from the high mountain of Fortune into the valley of his obſcure origin, and the adulteries of the new Queen were detected. The Hyrcanian viper ſwells not with more venemous anger when trod upon than Henry at this diſcovery. Her prayers were in vain, the Executioner levelled to earth that Heaven of Beauty and Babel of Pride.

Whilſt he was thus ſpeaking, the Tempeſt tore up the mountains of the ſea, and laid open their humid entrails. The winds and waters encountered with a terrible *earthquake*. Ocean daſhed up its waves againſt Heaven, Heaven vollied its lightnings againſt Ocean. But now the Nymphs of Tagus went to the palace of Neptune, and beſought him to ſpare the Luſitanian Princeſs. "Save her! O thou to whom by lot the watery trident was given! Save her, and the ſails ſhall be hung up in thy temple. Moved by the beauty of the Nymphs Neptune conſents, and Thetus prepares an iſland for the weather-beaten mariners, where Cupids and Nereids ſing epithalamiums.

CANTO

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CANTO VII.

THE iſland was lovely to the eye. Mountains were there and fruitful vales, clear ſprings, meandering ſtreams, and many a ſweetly ſinging bird and ſweetly ſmelling flower. The light ſo ſhone upon the ſtreams that the water appeared to burn, and the light to flow. Here the Nymphs receive the Sailors with all kindneſs, in a fabric whoſe pillars exceeded Corinthian beauty; and the ſervile copier of Camoens makes the weary purſuer call to the flying Nymph to ſtay her flight, "and not run away from a body of which ſhe is the ſoul!" a poetical phraſe, which interpreted into the appropriate language of the ſpeaker, is "my dear ſoul, don't run away from a body!"

While the Sailors are thus amuſing themſelves with the Sea-nymphs, Mello entertains the Chief of them with an account of the preſent match, and ſhe entertains him with an excellent meal, for

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for the Water-nymph had plenty of wine. She now begs to hear from Mello the famous exploits of the Portugueze.

THE three following Cantos relate the annals of Portugal in the true ſtyle of Portugueze vanity. In the eleventh, the Chief of the Nymphs ſhows Mello all the Portugueze worthies in the temple of Memory. They depart from the iſland, which ſinks into the ſea as ſoon as they have left it. The fleet arrives at *Prosmouth*, where the people receive them with all joy, and they "meet the Great Duke of Yorth, called Jacob."

CANTO XII.

THEY reach London, and the marriage takes place. Rapidly paſt the years as Time paid his tribute to Eternity, but every brief hour ap-

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peared a thouſand eternities to Catherine, while her huſband was a heretic. She prays in fervent agony; the Heavens open, and an Angel deſcends and tells her that her prayers are heard. The King enters and aſks her why ſhe is ſo ſad. She tells her cauſe of ſorrow:—"What imports it that Hymen has joined our hands and combined our lives in love, when Religion thus divides our ſouls?" Year after year Charles delayed, but the grace of God viſited him on his death-bed, bathing his ſoul with a flood of intellectual light: he makes profeſſion of the Roman Catholic faith, and a ſuper-natural ſplendour irradiates him.

Favoured Spirit, thou enjoyeſt thy reward in Heaven! and thou, Catherine, dwelleſt now in the immenſity of glory!

Such is the Heroic Poem at which Pedro de Azevedo Tojal "laboured twelve years in the manufactory of Parnaſſus," and on which he has waſted powers of language and imagination that if properly directed would have ranked him among the firſt poets in Europe. The book is very

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very rare, as are all Portugueze books that have not been reprinted ſince the earthquake; and the genius and name of Tojal, which are now neglected, will ſoon be forgotten in his own country, beyond which they have probably till now never extended.

LETTER XXI.

A PHENOMENON has occurred here within theſe few days, which we ſometimes find mentioned in hiſtory, and always diſbelieve. I ſhall make no comment on the account, but give you an authentic copy of the depoſition of the witneſſes before a Magiſtrate.

Elias Antonio, Juiz Ordinario de Termo de Evera Monte, e Morador na Freguezia de Freixo, na Herdade dos Gayos,—dice,

QUE no dia 19 de Fevreiro, entre huma para as duas horas de tarde, ouvira doas eſtallos, ſemelhantes aos da expulſaon das minas, depoisdo que ſentira hum grande eſtrondo ou rugido, que durava perto de dous minutos, e que obſervando o horizonte naon vira eſcuridao, nuvem. ou veſtigio por donde inferiſſe a cauſa da quelle aconticimiento. Porem tinha reçonhecido que o dito rugido corria do Norte pava o Naſcente, eſtando o dia clavo e ſereno.

Gregorio Calado, lavrador na Herdade do Pazo, Termo de Redondo, dice, ſentria o eſtrondo referido, e que paſſado hum pequeno eſpazo de tempo, hum criado ſeu, chamado Joze Fialho, lhe apreſentara huma pedra de corde chumbo, que peſava, io arrateis, ſcudo a ſua figura irregular. Cuja pedra foi conduzida pelo dito Joze Fialho, que ſe achava em huma folha da dita herdade denomina Taſquinha no Termo de Evora Monte, para ter obſervado que depois dos Eſtallos e eſtrondo, tinha cahido perto delle, hum corpo grave, e inda procurar achava a dita pedra, cravada na terra, ainda morna, e a terra, movido de freſco. o meſmo affirmeraon mais quarto mozos que eſtavaon na quelles contornos.

ELIAS

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ELIAS ANTONIO,* Ordinary Judge of the Term of Evora Monte, and Inhabitant of the Pariſh of Freixo, in the Herdage of Gayes, ſays,

THAT on the 19th day of February, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, he heard two reports, ſimilar to thoſe of the exploſion of mines; after which he perceived a great rumbling noiſe which laſted about two minutes. Looking up to the horizon it was not obſcured, neither was there any cloud or appearance from which he could conjecture the ſound to have proceeded. He recollects likewiſe that the rumbling ran from North to Eaſt, the day being clear and ſerene.

Gregorio Calado, Labourer in the Herdade of Pazo, and Term of Redondo, ſays, that he heard the above-mentioned ſound, and that a little while after, one of his ſervants, called

* Juſtices of the Peace were perhaps a proper tranſlation, but I have thought it better to Anglicize the Portugueze words, than ſubſtitute Engliſh ones whoſe meaning may not be preciſely the ſame.

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called Joze Fialho, brought him a ſtone of the colour of lead, weighing * ten pounds, and irregular in its figure, which ſtone the ſaid Joze Fialho had found in a meer of the Herdade called Taſquinha, in the Term of Evora Monte; for after the two reports and the rumbling ſound, he heard ſome heavy body fall near him, and found this ſtone ſunk into the ground, ſtill warm, and the ground freſhly moved. For boys who were in the ſame part affirmed the ſame.

If you walk the ſtreets of Liſbon by night, it is not only neceſſary to know the way, but to be well acquainted with all the windings of the little channel that runs between the ſhoals and mud banks. There are no public lamps lighted except before the image of a Saint; and if you have a flambeau carried before you, you are ſometimes pelted by perſons who do not wiſh to be ſeen. I know an Engliſhman who has been thus obliged to extinguiſh his light.

There are lamps however, but they are never lighted; and I mention them to remark two peculiarities,

* The Arratel weighs ſixteen ounces.

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culiarities, 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

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will not accept the relief of the hoſpital, they ſhould be compelled to endure the reſtraint of the priſon. Perhaps you may think I expreſs myſelf too harſhly againſt theſe miſerable beings: if I were to deſcribe ſome of the diſguſting objects that they force upon obſervation, you would agree with me in the cenſure. I do not extend it to the multitude of beggars who weary you at every corner with ſupplications for the love of God and the Virgin; theſe wretches, ſo many and ſo miſerable, do indeed occaſion harſh and ungentle feelings, not againſt them, but againſt that depraved Society that diſinherits of happineſs half the civilized world.

This city is ſupplied only from hand to mouth; in bad weather when the boats cannot paſs from Alentego, the markets are deſtitute: a few days ago there was no fuel to be procured. The proviſions here are in general good, and of late years they have introduced the culture of ſeveral Engliſh vegetables. It is not twenty years ſince a cauliflower was a pretty preſent from England, and the perſon who received it made a feaſt; it is now one of the beſt productions of the Portugueze garden. The potato does

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does not ſucceed here. Mutton is the worſt meat they have; a leg of mutton is a very agreeable preſent from Falmouth, but the other paſſengers generally conſpire againſt it, ſummon a court martial on falſe ſuſpicions, produce the accuſed, whoſe appearance produces a ſentence of condemnation.

Every kind of vermin that exiſts to puniſh the naſtineſs and indolence of men, multiplies in the heat and dirt of Liſbon. From the worſt and moſt offenſive of theſe, cleanlineſs may preſerve the Engliſh reſident; but Apollo might have ſaved himſelf the trouble of fleaing Marſyas if he had condemned him to walk theſe ſtreets! The muſkitoe is a more formidable enemy; if you read at night in ſummer, it is neceſſary to wear boots. The ſcolopendra is not uncommonly found here, and ſnakes are frequently ſeen in the bed-chamber. I know a lady who after ſearching a long time for one that had been diſcovered in her apartment, found the reptile wreathed round the ſerpentine fluting of the bed-poſt.

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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. The superstition of this people in an age of credulity is astonishing: about sixteen years ago one of the royal musicians here died in the odour of sanctity; though if the body of the dead gentleman did emit a delightful fragrance, it is more than any of his living countrymen do. There was some idea of canonizing this man, but the age of canonization is over; however a regiment of soldiers about to embark for Brazil, visited the corpse, and stroked the feet of it with their swords to hallow them! When the image of the Virgin Mary is carried through the streets, some of the devout think they catch her eyes, and exclaim in rapture, "Oh! she looked at me—the Blessed Virgin looked at me!"

There are now a plurality of Goddesses; the Virgin Mary is the Roman Catholic Goddess, Nature, the Atheist's Goddess—Liberty, a French Goddess; and Truth the Metaphysician's Goddess, in pursuit of whom they would fain send every body on another Pilgrim's Progress, but the misfortune is that none of these adven-

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adventurers ever get beyond Doubting Caſtle. Now, my Goddeſs ſhall be Common Senſe, ſhe has no myſteries, and her creed is comprehenſible.

It is however one ſign of improvement, that Superſtition predominates leſs in the metropolist han in the provinces. Ten years ago the Engliſh Clergyman at Porto never officiated at a funeral, ſuch were the prejudices of the natives. The body was carried about a mile up the Douro, and buried in a common on its banks without any monument. The funeral ſervice was read by the Conſul, till at length he thought it beneath his dignity, and appointed the Vice Conſul; this office was frequently held by a foreigner, and he deputed it again, ſo that at laſt it devolved upon a watchmaker. This poor fellow drank very hard, and one evening at the grave he mumbled at the ſervice, and turned his book firſt one way and then the other, till a byſtander had the curioſity to look over him, and found that inſtead of a prayer book he had brought the Hiſtory of the late War! The prejudices of the populace are wearing away; within ten years the Engliſh have

enclоſed

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encloſed a burial ground at Porto, and the funeral ſervice is now performed by the Chaplain.

We had a little ſnow on the 29th of February. A Portugueze Clerk, who was going out on buſineſs when it began, refuſed to leave the counting-houſe, becauſe he did not underſtand that kind of weather. It is fourteen years ſince the laſt ſnow fell at Liſbon. Dr. H. was in his chaiſe when it began, the Driver leapt off: you may get home how you can, ſaid he, as for my part I muſt make the beſt uſe I can of the little time this world will laſt, and away he ran into the next church.

One of the Iriſh Prieſts here preached a ſermon in Engliſh a few days ago: it was extempore, and like moſt extempore ſermons, conſiſted of a little meaning expreſſed in every poſſible variety of indifferent language. In the middle of his diſcourſe the Orator knelt down, the Congregation knelt with him, and he beſought St. Patrick to inſpire him; but alas! either he was talking or ſleeping, or peradventure St. Patrick was in Ireland," for the ſermon went on as ſtupidly as before.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

WHEN I firſt found myſelf in a land of ſtrangers whoſe converſation preſented nothing to me but a confuſion of unintelligible ſounds, I was frequently tempted to execrate the builders of Babel. The very dogs could not underſtand Engliſh: if I ſaid "*poor fellow*," the four-legged Spaniard growled at me; if I whiſtled, even that was a foreign language, and I was obliged to addreſs the cat in Spaniſh, for *Miz* knew not the meaning of Puſs. I can now read the two languages with eaſe, and call for the common neceſſaries; all beyond this is of little conſequence to me: but I have learnt to converſe with the cats and dogs, always my favourite companions, for I love the honeſty of the one and the independence of the other.

Among

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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!

I will relate to you a circumſtance which occurred at Abo in Finland. You will admire the deſpotic juſtice of the Magiſtrates. A dog who had been run over by a carriage crawled to the door of a tanner in that town; the man's ſon, a boy of fifteen years of age, firſt ſtoned and then poured a veſſel of boiling water upon the miſerable animal. This act of diabolical cruelty was witneſſed by one of the magiſtrates, who thought ſuch atrocious barbarity deſerved to be publicly noticed. He therefore informed the

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the other magiſtrates, who unanimouſly agreed in condemning the boy to this puniſhment.—He was impriſoned till the following market day; then, in the preſence of all the people, he was conducted to the place of execution by an officer of juſtice, who read to him his ſentence. "Inhuman young man, becauſe you did not aſſiſt an animal who implored your aſſiſtance by its cries, and who derives being from the ſame God who gave you life, becauſe you added to the tortures of the agonizing beaſt, and murdered it, the Council of this city have ſentenced you to wear on your breaſt the name you deſerve, and to receive fifty ſtripes." He then hung a black board round his neck with this inſcription, "A ſavage and inhuman young man!" and after inflicting upon him twenty-five ſtripes, he proceeded, "Inhuman young man!" you have now felt a very ſmall degree of the pain with which you tortured a helpleſs animal in its hour of death! As you wiſh for mercy from that God who created all that live, learn humanity for the future." He then executed the remainder of the ſentence.

I have

I have tranſlated this ſtory from a work written in the Portugueze language, by a very extraordinary man, Count Leopold Berchtold, the foſter brother of the late Emperor Joſeph. He was at Liſbon in the year 1792, but ſo completely did he ſhun ſociety, that I have ſcarcely found any one who recollected even his name: my uncle was acquainted with him, for he frequently conſulted his library; his perſon was very fine, his manners elegant, and his mind enlarged. From the dinner hour of one day he remained alone in his apartment till the dinner hour of the next, and the people who lived in the ſame houſe were ſo aſtoniſhed at his ſingularities that they believed him to be the Wandering Jew. Theſe hours were employed in ſtudy, for the Count uſed to publiſh a book upon ſome ſubject of practical utility, in the language of every country he viſited. In England he printed two octavo volumes, intitled, Advice to Travellers, the worſt of his publications, of which the ſecond volume is a mere catalogue of voyages and travels. The works which he has publiſhed in Portugal, are upon more valuable ſubjects, and diſtributed gratis for the good of humanity; the one is a tranſlation from his own

German,

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German, An Eſſay on the means of preſerving the lives of Men to which they are daily expoſed; the other is, An Eſſay upon extending the limits of Charity to Animals, as well as to Men. For the firſt of theſe eſſays the Royal Academy of Liſbon preſented him a ſilver medal; perhaps he himſelf was not ſanguine enough to ſuppoſe that his books could be productive of much immediate benefit: it is pleaſant to read theſe charitable theories, and eaſy to applaud them; but the majority of the affluent entrench themſelves in the centre of their own comforts, and Poverty and Wretchedneſs dare not intrude upon the magic circle; yet it is not impoſſible that the ſuppreſſed or dormant feelings of ſome individual may be awakened by the peruſal; and Berchtold will not have laboured in vain if he ſhall only have ſtimulated one mind to active benevolence.

From Liſbon he went to Cadiz, and thence croſſed over to Barbary on his road to Perſia. For this dangerous expedition he was poſſeſſed of every advantage that perſonal intrepidity and a complete knowledge of the Arabic could afford. I could learn nothing of his after for-

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tunes; perhaps he may have periſhed in a journey of great and certain peril, from the accompliſhment of which little utility could poſſibly have reſulted.

I am ſad when I contemplate the eccentricities of genius. Like meteors, ſome flaſh upon our view and are extinguiſhed; ſome ſhake their torches in our eyes and delight to dazzle inſtead of directing us. Surely that man is the wiſeſt as well as the happieſt, who conſiders there are luminaries enough to enlighten the world, and lets his taper ſhine from the windows of the lonely farm-houſe; a little taper will lighten a room, but place it to illuminate the ſtreet, it will do no good, and the wind will ſpeedily extinguiſh it.

Do not imagine that I am diſparaging the character of Leopold Berchtold. Enthuſiaſm is always amiable, and I love and honour the Quixotiſm of benevolence, while I lament the reward it will meet with from mankind. I am grieved that a man ſo excellent ſhould ſtart from the ſphere of domeſtic life; that he who would ſo well have filled the ſtations of friend, and huſband

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band, and father, ſhould be a wanderer over the world, attempting the amendment of all, and making the happineſs of none.

I have another hiſtory to relate to you, as ſingular, and perhaps more intereſting.

RADJI is the ſon of an Arabian woman and an Italian Phyſician, ſettled at Bagdad: he was ſent to his Father's brother, a merchant at Bombay; but Radji had received a religious education, and his moral feelings were wounded by the licentiouſneſs of his uncle, who indulged himſelf in all the brutality of oriental voluptuouſneſs. The lad ran away, and entered himſelf on board an European veſſel: the morality of a ſhip was as little agreeable to him, and on reaching Liſbon (about two years ago) he took his cloaths, and without inquiring for his pay, came to the Iriſh College and aſked protection. Struck by this ſtrange ſtory from a boy of eighteen, they received him there, and recommended him to ſome 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

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forgot poor Radji. Mr. B. an Engliſh ſtudent at the College (a man of cultivated mind and manners, who has exhibited a ſingular proof of integrity by becoming a convert to the Romiſh doctrine) reſolved now to take care of the boy till he could find a more able patron, and he accordingly ſupported and inſtructed Radji till he had procured for him the patronage of the Grand Inquiſitor, and a regular eſtabliſhment from a Portugueze Counteſs. He is now being educated for a Catholic prieſt; the life of Radji will be 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, Portugueze, and Engliſh; you will be more pleaſed to hear that he was never known to utter an immoral word, or neglect the performance of what he believes an act of religious duty. "When did you ſee thoſe chaps?" ſaid he to Mr. B. ſpeaking of ſome young Engliſhmen here. "They are fine looking fellows, but I believe, like all you Engliſh,

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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.

THE Spaniſh poets pleaſe me better than the Portugueze; they poſſeſs more dignity, and they are not infected by that national vanity which characteriſes their neighbours, and which, though it may be very patriotic, is very ridiculous. Camoens, indeed, is as much ſuperiour to his countrymen as he is below his Italian competitors;

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petitors; but after his name is mentioned, we may ſeek in vain to equal the wit of Quevedo, the genius of Luis de Leon, and the ſententious ſtrength of the Leonardos. I have already ſent you one ſpecimen from Villegas, perhaps the moſt elegant of the Spaniſh writers: I now give you another of his pieces.

A UN ARROYUELO.

PARA, blanco arroyuelo,
Hecho cinta de yelo,
El curſo que aprovechas
Por margenes eſtrechas;
Cuijas aguas divinas
Criſtal ſon, ſi continas,
Y aljofar, ſi deſechas:
O torcida la frente
A tu nativa fuente,
Diſcurſivo, y no acaſo,
Alarga, alarga el paſo,
Y vuelve la corriente:

Vuelvete

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Vuelvete atras amigo,
Pues eras fiel teſtigo,
Que aquella ingrata Lidia
Dijo; muera de invidia,
Si firme no te adoro;
Por que no ſolo el brio
Do eſte que vuela, rio;
Sino el triſte, que lloro,
Que parara no ignoro,
Que atras volvera fio:
Primero que qual Luna,
Ya que Sol me deſeas,
En mi mudanza veas,
Y en ti no haya ninguna.
Mas ſigue tu fortuna,
Arroyuelo de perlas;
No dejes de verterlas
Por eſta antiqua roca,
Pues te ofrece ſu boca:
Ni al Ebro de pagarle
Criſtal, con que aumentarle:
Que ſi Lidia dio al viento
La fe y el juramento,
Diſculpas hay en ella
Por muger, y por bella.

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TO A STREAM.

STAY thy waters cold and clear!
Gentle ſtreamlet! ſtay and hear!
Thou, upon whoſe wintry ſtream
Sheds the ſun an icy gleam,
Thou, who to the ſummer ſky
Murmureſt pleaſant melody;
Gentle ſtreamlet! ſtay and hear,
Stay thy waters cold and clear!
Or upward to thy native cave
Roll again thy refluent wave!
Roll thy waters back, for thou
Haſt heard my Lydia's broken vow,
Haſt heard her bid each power above
Avenge the perjuries of Love.
Gentle ſtream! ſtill clear and cold!
Me all changed thou doſt behold!
Why ſhouldſt thou thy courſe delay?
Paſs upon thy winding way;

Beneath

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Beneath that rock's dark ſhadow glide
Thy tribute to old Ebro's tide;
For if Lydia's faithleſs mind
Scatter vows upon the wind,
Strange her crime thou wilt not deem,
She's a woman, Gentle Stream!

From the poliſhed trifles of Villegas to the rough ſtrains of the ballad is a wide but agreeable tranſition, for the man of undebauched taſte will prefer rude ſtrength to elegant imbecility. You are well acquainted with the ballad of Rio verde, rio verde, in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, and with that of Alcanzor and Zaydo, which follows it, of which laſt the original ſimplicity is loſt. The following ballad is taken from the ſame work,* and attempted in the metre of the original, the lines ending in a troche, but occaſionally relieved by a monoſyllable termination.

OCHO

* Hiſtoria de las Guerras Civiles de Granada. Paris 1660.

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OCHO a ocho, diez a diez,
Sarrazinos y Aliatares
Juegan canas en Toledo
Contra Alarifes y Azarques;
Publico fieſtas el Rey
Por las ya juradas pazes,
De Zayde Rey de Belchite
Y del Granadino Atarfe.
Otros dizen que eſtas fieſtas
Sirvieron al Rey de achaques
Y que Zelindaxa ordena
Sus fieſtas y ſus peſares.
Entraron los Sarrazinos
En cavallos alazanes.
De maranjado y de verde
Marlotas y capellares,
En las adargas trayan
Por empreſas ſus alfanges
Hechos arcos de Cupido
Y por letra. FUEGO Y SANGRE.
Yguales en las parejas
Los ſignen los Aliatares,
Con encarnadas libreas
Llenas de blancos follages,
Llevan por diviſa un cielo

Sobre

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Sobre los hombros de Athlante
Y un mote que aſſi dezia,
TENDRELO HASTA QUE CANSE.
Los Alarifes figuieron,
Muy coſtoſos y galanes,
De encarnado y amarillo
Y por mangas Almayzales;
Era ſu diviſa un nudo
Qué le deſhaze un ſalvage,
Y un mote ſobre el baſton
En que dize FUERZAS VALEN.
Los ocho Azarques ſiguieron
Mas que todos arrogantes,
De azul morado y pagizo
Y unas hojas por plumages;
Sacaron adargas verdes,
Y un cielo azul que ſe aſen
Dos manos, y el mote dize
EN LO VERDE TODO CABE.
No pudo ſufrir el Rey
Que a los ojos le moſtraſſen,
Burladas ſus diligencias,
Y ſu penſamiento en balde:
Y mirando a la quadrilla
Le dixo a Selin ſu Alcayde,

Aquel

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Aquel ſol yo lo pondre
Pues contra mis ojos ſale.
Azarque tira bohardos
Que ſe pierden por el ayre,
Sin que conozca la viſta
A do ſuben ni a do caen.
Como en ventanas communes
Las Damas particulares
Sacan el cuerpo por verle
Las de los andamios reales,
Si ſe adarga o ſe retira;
Del mitad del vulgo ſale
Un gritar, Alha te guie
Y del Rey un muera dalde.
Zelindaxa ſin reſpecto
Al peſar por rocialle
Un pomo de agua vertia;
Y el Rey grito, paren-paren;
Creyeron todos que el juego
Parava por ſer ya tarde:
Y repite el Rey celoſo
Prendan al traydir de Azargue.
Las dos primeras quadrillas
Dexando canas a parte
Piden lanzas y ligeras

A pren-

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A prender al Moro, ſalen,
Que no ay quien baſte
Contra la voluntad de un Rey amante.
Las otras dos reſiſtian,
Sino les dixera Azarque
Aunque Amor no guarda leyes
Oy es juſto que las guarde.
Riendan lanzas mis amigos,
Mis contrarios lanzas alcen
Y con laſtima y victoria
Lloren unos y otros callen,
Que no ay quien baſte
Contra la voluntad de un Rey amante.
Prendieron al fin al Moro,
Y el vulgo para libralle
En acuerdos diferentes
Se divide y ſe reparte:
Mas como falta candillo
Que los incite y los llame
Se deſhazen los corrillos
Y ſu motin ſe deſhaze:
Que no ay quien baſte
Contra la voluntad de un Rey amante.
Sola Zelindaxa grita
Libralde! Moros libralde!

Y de

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Y de ſu balcon queria
Arrojarſe por librarle :
Su madre ſe abraza della
Diziendo, loca que hazes ?
Muere ſin darlo à entender,
Pues por tu desdicha ſabes,
Que no ay quien baſte
Contra la voluntad de un Rey amante.
Llego un recaudo del Rey,
En que manda que ſenale
Una caſa de ſus deudos
Y que la tenga por careel :
Dixo Zelindaxa, digan
Al Rey que por no trocarme
Eſcojo para priſion
La memoria de mi Azarque,
Y aura quien baſte
Contra la voluntad de un Rey amante.

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EIGHT to eight and ten to ten,
Will the gallant Mooriſh chieftains,
Sarrazinos, Aliatares,
At the turney in Toledo,
Run the ring againſt their rivals
Alariſes and Azarques.
For the King will hold a turney
For the peace of late concluded
'Twixt Atarſe of Granada,
And King Zayde of Belchite.
There are thoſe who ſay the Monarch
Holds with joy the ſplendid turney,
Tho' the peace he little heeds,
There are thoſe who ſay the Monarch
Gives the feaſt for Zelindaxa.
Mounted on their ſorrel courſers
Firſt the Sarrazinos enter;
Green and orange are their mantles,
And their impreſs is a ſabre
Bent into the bow of Cupid,
And their motto FIRE AND BLOOD.
Equal in their gallant ſemblance
Follow them the Aliatares;
White and ſcarlet are their mantles.
They have on their targes Atlas

Bearing

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Bearing up the weight of Heaven;
They have choſen for their motto,
TILL HE SINKS HE WILL SUPPORT IT.
Follow them the Alarifes,
Gay and glittering in apparel,
Red and yellow are their mantles,
They have on their ſhields a ſavage
Bearing on his club their motto,
COURAGE SHALL PREVAIL ALONE.
Follow them the eight Azarques,
More ſuperb than all their rivals;
Straw and mulberry hued their mantles,
And they bear on their green targes
A blue ſky with this proud motto,
IN THE GREEN COMPRIZED ARE ALL THINGS.
Then the jealous King no longer
Could endure that in his preſence
They ſhould prove his caution vain.
On the ſplendid troop dark frowning
Thus to Selin his Alcayde,
"I will cloud that ſun," exclaim'd he,
"Since againſt my eyes it flaſhes!"
High in air the bold Azarque
Hurl'd with force his reedy javelin;
There was none whoſe eye could follow,

There

There was none could mark its fall.
O'er the balconies the damſels
Stretch'd them to behold the paſtime,
When a voice exclaiming loudly,
From the thronging crowd was heard;
" ALLA guard thee, bold Azarque!
" ALLA curſe the tyrant King!"
Heedleſs in delirious tranſport,
Eagerly did Zelindaxa
Shower her perfumes on his head.
" Stay your paſtime! ſtay your paſtime!"
Cried the Monarch, hoarſe with fury,
" Stay your paſtime! ſtay your paſtime!
" Seize the traiterous Azarque!"
At his word the adverſe Chieftains
Laid aſide their ſpears of ſport,
Swift they graſp'd their arms of battle,
Swift they ruſh'd to ſeize the warrior,
For that none can make reſiſtance
To a royal Lover's will.
Then their rivals had oppoſed them
Had not then the bold Azarque
Cried, " tho' Love no laws acknowledge,
" Love to-day ſhall yield obedience;
" Hold your hands, my gallant comrades!

" Leave me to the Monarch's fury;
" Some muſt grieve and ſome muſt triumph,
" There is none can make reſiſtance
" To a royal Lover's will."
Soon they took the bold Azarque,
Tho' the people to releaſe him
Roſe and raged in fruitleſs fury:
There was never able chieftain
Who ſhould well direct their efforts;
There was never ſteady leader
Who ſhould marſhal their confuſion;
Vainly roſe they, vainly raged they,
There is none can make reſiſtance
To a royal Lover's will.
Conſtant only Zelindaxa
Cried, " Releaſe him! Moors! releaſe
him!"
From the window did the damſel
Strive to leap to her Azarque:
Her her mother held, exclaiming,
" Frantic woman, why this madneſs!
" Frantic woman, hide thy folly!
" Periſh undiſgraced in ſilence!
" Late thou learneſt, wretched woman!
" There is none can make reſiſtance

" To

To a royal Lover's will.
From the Monarch came an order
Bidding her, amid her kindred,
Where ſhe would, to chuſe her priſon.
" Tell the King," cried Zelindaxa,
" The memory of my Azarque
" Aye ſhall ſerve me for my priſon!
" Tell the King," cried Zelindaxa,
" There is one can make reſiſtance
" To a royal Lover's will."

This country is ſupplied with corn from Barbary; and that at ſo low a rate, that the farmers do not find it worth their while to bring their grain to market. I am informed that the harveſt of laſt year is not yet begun upon. They cannot grind the Barbary corn in England: it is extremely hard, and the force and velocity of Engliſh mills reduce the huſk as well as the grain to powder. They apprehended that the fault lay in the grindſtones, and accordingly ſent for ſome from Liſbon; but the advice which they received at the ſame time was

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of more importance:—it was to damp the corn before they ground it, and thus the bran would be prevented from pulverizing.

A Moor of diſtinction, who is now in Liſbon, was lately ſtruck with the beauty of an Engliſh lady, and made a formal propoſal to *buy* her of her mother! How do we revolt from appearances, inſtead of from realities! A propoſal to *buy* her daughter, would ſhock any European parent: but, if a man of ſuperior rank, or ſuperior fortune, offered himſelf, though his intellect were of idiot imbecility, and his body rendered decrepid by debauchery, would there be the ſame horror entertained at *ſelling* her!

We croſſed the river yeſterday to Almada hill, and, ſitting amid the ruins of the caſtle, enjoyed the rich proſpect. Behind us were the pine-wooded plains of Alentejo, and the olive yards and orange groves towards Cezimbra. The Tagus rolled below us; and, on its oppoſite ſhore, about a mile and a half diſtant, the city of Liſbon extended. To our right, the river

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river ſpread itſelf into an immenſe bay, twelve miles from ſhore to ſhore: to the left, we looked down upon the caſtles of Belem and St. Julian, the rough bar glittering with white breakers, and the Atlantic ocean. Below the city, about eighteen miles in the country, roſe the rock of Liſbon. The water was covered with veſſels of all nations and all ſizes; the day was clear, the ſun not too powerful to be pleaſant: altogether I never beheld a more cheerful ſcene.

Pombal ordered all the churches here to be built like houſes, that they might not ſpoil the uniformity of the ſtreets. This villainous taſte has neceſſarily injured the appearance of the city. I paſſed one morning in walking over the old Mooriſh part of the town, and, though accuſtomed to the filth and narrowneſs of Spaniſh and Portugueze ſtreets, I was aſtoniſhed at the dirt and darkneſs. Yet, the contraſt was very delightful, after winding up theſe cloſe and gloomy aſcents, to arrive on ſome open eminence that commanded the city and the harbour. The river aſſumes a very gay appearance

pearance on any particular holyday, when the veſſels are ornamented with the colours of all the nations in alliance with Portugal: the guns are then fired; but ſo irregularly, that the firſt time I was awakened by them, they gave me the idea of an engagement. Theſe people delight in gunpowder: the laſt Brazil fleet was detained for ſix weeks, that they might fire upon the Queen's birth-day.

I have ſeen o[illegible] Lent proceſſions. There were about ten ſaints carried, as large as life, preceded by an imaged crucifix. Some little boys, dreſſed with ſilver wings, led the proceſſion; and the Hoſt concluded it, borne as uſual under a purple pall. You will be amuſed with the hiſtory of Noſſo Senhor dos Paſſos, the principal perſonage of the day's ſolemnity. This image one night knocked at the door of St. Roque's church, and they would not let him in. He then went to the convent of Graza, at the other end of the town, and obtained admittance. As you may well imagine, the brethren of St. Roque were, in no ſmall degree chagrined, when they diſcovered whom they had rejected: they claimed him as their gueſt;

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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 compriſed it. The convent of Graze is his home; but the brethren of St. Roque are allowed to carry him in their proceſſion; and he ſleeps with them the night preceding the ceremony. Surely it would have been a more equitable mode of deciſion, to have placed the image between the two churches, and to have allowed him to take his choice.

Theſe images are all carried by men, their faces veiled, and their feet bare. This was formerly the office of penitents, and on this account their faces were concealed; but the preſent generation are leſs bigotted, and the monks are obliged to hire carriers.

LETTER

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LETTER XXIV.

A Man was robbed and ſtripped naked laſt night within a hundred yards of this houſe. They uſually ſtrip their prey in this country. I have heard of an Engliſhman who was thus undreſſed, and laid under a wall with his hands and feet tied; where he remained, in company with two other perſons in the ſame ſituation, till they were able to diſengage themſelves. Another of our countrymen, who had fallen into the hands of ſome ruffians at Almada, complained to the magiſtrates at Liſbon. The Alcayde took up all the inhabitants of the village where it happened, above ſixty perſons; and, after confining them all for ſix months, turned them all looſe again: ſo excellently is juſtice adminiſtered in Portugal.

It

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

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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 immediately conveyed to the church—the driver and his oxen ſtopt—and high maſs celebrated upon the occaſion. The prieſt and the driver were penſioned for this fortunate miracle; and even the oxen purchaſed, and turned out to be paſtured for life at the public expence.

The new convent of Franciſcan nuns is the moſt ſplendid monument of the Queen's bigotry. Her late confeſſor, Ignacio de San Caetano, is ſaid to have been the promoter of this noble, but 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 injured any one. He enjoyed the good things of his ſituation; regularly after dinner drank a bottle of mareſchini, and lived in peace with

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with all men. Such a man, whoſe religious ſentiments muſt have aſſimilated with his habits of life, was well qualified to direct the mind of the wretched Maria I. in her incipient madneſs. She ſometimes told him, that ſhe felt herſelf excluded from all hopes of poſſible ſalvation. He uſed to ſoothe her, and tell her to be eaſy concerning her ſoul, for he would take that upon himſelf. By ſuch aſſurances her mind, from time to time, was quieted: but, upon his death, a leſs able man ſucceeded him, and this moſt horrible madneſs is confirmed for ever.

The pictures in the new Convent were painted by Pompeio Battoni; excepting one diabolical piece by the Queen's ſiſter; in which Michael and the old Dragon are repreſented, with about as much taſte as you may have ſeen diſplayed upon St. George and the young one, on an Engliſh ſign-poſt. They ſent him the dimenſions of the altar-piece, and the ſubject, Chriſt's heart!—to which the convent is dedicated; and of which promiſing ſubject he was to make what he could. The heart is in the heavens, emitting ſplendor; where likewiſe are the Pope and the cardinal virtues. Below are

Europe,

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Europe, Afia, Africa, and America, adoring the Heart. The figure of Europe is that of a female looſely dreſſed, on a horſe, whoſe hinder parts are foremoſt on the canvaſs. A Portugueze remarked, that it was very wrong to place ſuch an altar-piece there, and make people kneel to an half-naked woman, and the rump of a horſe. "How much better would it have been," ſaid he, "to have placed the performance of the "Princeſs there!" You will ſcarcely believe, that the drain from the New Convent opens into the middle of one of the public ſtreets!

I have been viſiting all thoſe objects which are uſually ſhewn to ſtrangers here:—the aqueduct, whoſe ſtupendous height, much as I had heard of it, filled me with aſtoniſhment—the Moſaic pictures at St. Roque's, more excellent than I could poſſibly have believed—and the cathedral, containing little worthy of notice, but remarkable for having a little chapel built immediately before its front, on the ſpot where St. Anthony was born. St. Anthony is generaliſſimo of the Portugueze forces; and you may ſee his commiſſion in Coſtigan's

Sketches

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Sketches—a book, ſo romantic, apparently—really ſo true! I have now lying before me an epic canto, of which this is the ſubject. St. Antonio, whilſt preaching at Padua, ſuddenly diſcovers that his father, Bulhoens, is at that moment going to be condemned to death at Liſbon, for a murder of which he is innocent. St. Antonio flies to Liſbon—makes the dead man ſpeak, to acquit Bulhoens, and name the 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, Dr. Allen, obſerved of the groupe below it, that they ſhould draw the elephant's tuſks; ſince, as he is leſs than the horſe, he muſt needs be a young one: the hint was taken. The mean reſentment of his victorious enemies removed the buſt of Pombal from this ſtatue; and they have defaced it by placing the city arms in bronze in its place. Horrible muſt have been the latter days of Pombal! He had always employed the power he poſſeſſed for the good of his country: but, to preſerve that power, he had ſcrupled at no means, however atrocious.

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cious. He retired at laſt in diſgrace, to behold all his plans for the public good counteracted, and to feel, that the individual guilt he had contracted was indelible. After the death of the King, and the diſgrace of Pombal, who had moſt faithfully ſerved him, his enemies were continually urging the reigning Queen to reſtore the family of Aveiro to their honours: but, whenever ſhe appeared to lend a favourable ear, the Queen Mother produced the coat of the King, pierced by the bullets of the aſſaſſins, and ſtained with his blood. One of the hired aſſaſſins, who eſcaped the diabolical cruelties inflicted upon his accomplices and abettors, lived for many years afterwards in Liſbon. He had preſerved himſelf by mangling his countenance ſo that it was impoſſible to recognize him. Aveiro himſelf might have eſcaped, had he poſſeſſed either common prudence or common courage. A veſſel was prepared to carry him off; but he heard that a party of horſe had loſt themſelves in the woods by his houſe, without taking the alarm; and even when they appeared at the gate, he might have preſerved himſelf by leaping out of a window, one ſtory high. His palace at Belem was razed to the ground, and the

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the ground ſown with ſalt.* There is a church erected on the ſpot where the King was ſhot at, dedicated to Noſſa Senhora da Livramento—Our Lady of the Deliverance. Three parties were ſtationed to deſtroy him. The plot was, that the firſt ſhould let him paſs; the ſecond fire, ſo that whether he proceded or retreated, there might be a ſecond chance of deſtroying him. This ſcheme, which, if properly executed, could ſcarcely have failed of ſucceſs, was fruſtrated by the impatience of the firſt party, who fired as the coach paſſed them. The coachman immediately turned round and drove back, and thus the king was preſerved. There is a curious ſketch remaining, deſigned for the altar-piece

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

Aqui foraon as cazas arazadas e ſalgadas de Joze Maſcarenhas, exauthorado das honres de Duque de Aveiro e outras; e condemnado por ſentenza proferida na ſuprema junta da inconfidencia, em 12 de Janiero de 1759: juſtizado como hum dos chefes do barbaro e execrando deſacato, que na noite de 3 de Setembro de 1758, ſe havia commullado contra a real e ſagrada peſſoa de el Rey noſſo Senhor D. Joze I°. neſte terreno infame ſe naon podera edificar em tempo algum.

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piece of the church erected in commemoration of his eſcape: it repreſents the King wounded in his carriage, and an Angel turning the horſes round.

The royal palace ſtood then about the diſtance of a mile and half from Liſbon, at a place called the Ajuda. From a haſty and ſlight fabric erected for the King after the great earthquake, it had gradually increaſed to a large and inelegant building, which was burnt down laſt year; it was with the greateſt difficulty that the Queen's ſiſter could be ſaved from the flames; ſhe likewiſe is mad, and when they removed her by force, bit and ſcratched the perſons who preſerved her.

The Patriarchal church is ſituated at the Ajuda. John V. eſtabliſhed this on the model of that of Rome. The dreſs of the Patriarch is ſimilar to that of the Pope, and like the Pope when he makes his appearance in public, he rides upon a white mule. The Principals anſwer to the Cardinals, and the reſemblance is carried downwards in the ſame manner.

About

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About twenty years ago an Architect was ſent to Rome to take plans of the inſide of St. Peter's, that he might fit up the Patriarchal church upon their model. This man embezzled whatever he could; he ſubſtituted imitations for the moſt expenſive lace, tinſel for gold, and falſe ſtones inſtead of jewels, with ſo greedy and blind an avarice, that at laſt he ſet fire to the church to prevent a diſcovery; he was detected and executed. I told this ſtory to Mambrino: Ah! ſaid he, he muſt have been either a heretic or a Jew!

They have a good regulation here with regard to fires. The watermen, who ſell the water in barrels that they carry on their ſhoulders, are divided into wards, of each of which the individuals take the command in rotation. Every man is obliged at night to carry home his barrel full, and, in caſe of fire, it is the buſineſs of the head of the ward to collect all who may belong to it. An Engliſh ſailor happened to ſee a fire here; aſſiſtance came late, and the houſe burnt ſlowly.—"Curſe it," cried he, ſquirting out his tobacco, "there's no ſpirit in this country—why we ſhould have had

a dozen houſes burnt down in London by this time!"

The Muſeum and the Botanic Garden are likewiſe at the Ajuda. Brazil has ſupplied the Muſeum with the richeſt collection of birds I ever ſaw. The collection, if well diſpoſed, would make a much more reſpectable appearance; but when the gloom of inſanity and bigotry prevails at Court, little can be expected of royal encouragement. Many of the moſt valuable articles have lately been preſented to the Prince of Parma by the Prince of Brazil. In the Botanic Garden my attention was principally engaged by two ſtatues dug up in this kingdom a few years back, and now ſtuck up on each ſide the door of the garden, and expoſed to the weather! The one is ſomewhat larger than the other, but both are in the ſame attitude, and repreſent a man, his hands hanging down, and holding with both a ſmall round ſhield; evidently too rude for an age far advanced in civilization, they are yet much ſuperior to the efforts of a barbarous one. Theſe ſtatues give ample room for conjecture; they led me to reflect on many ſtupendous works of art, which

were

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were wondered at in the earlieſt ages of hiſtory, and of which the authors were even then forgotten.

Like every other uſeful eſtabliſhment of royal munificence in this kingdom, the menagerie is ill-managed and ill-ſupplied. I was almoſt ſickened at the peſtilential filth in which the beaſts are confined! The fine old elephant of John V. was put upon a ſhort allowance of cabbages; but as they who diminiſhed his food could not leſſen his appetite, the poor animal died. There are only three zebras remaining and thoſe are males; they bred in this country, and ſome attempts were made to break them in. The late Conde de Arcos actually drove them in an open carriage, till they broke two or three carriages for him, and ſome of them had killed themſelves by ſtruggling. This was the nobleman who was in the box with the King, and ſaw his brother killed at a bull-fight: he immediately deſcended, and attacked and killed the bull.

St. Joze's, which lies two miles lower down on the bank of the river, was about two years ago the ſcene of a remarkable piece of

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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 ſtrole about the houſe. The Prieſt now produced ſome proviſions, and urged his companion to eat, which however he declined: ſoon afterwards they came to a deep pit; the Prieſt deſired the jeweller to look down, immediately he puſhed him in, and threw large ſtones upon him. The poor fellow, though he had broken an arm and a leg in the fall, contrived to creep into the paſſage that led to another pit; he frequently heard the Prieſt addreſs him in a feigned voice, and aſk who was there, that he might fling ſtones upon him if he appeared. In this ſituation he remained till next morning, when ſome workmen who came to dig clay in the pits diſcovered him; he was taken to the houſe of an Engliſhman adjoining.

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joining, and recovered of his wounds, but the Prieſt eſcaped.

Of late Liſbon has rapidly increaſed in ſize; but the growth of a metropolis no more implies the proſperity of the ſtate, than that of an unwholeſome tumour proves the health of the body. The population* of this country is declining

* The following extract from an eſſay entitled, Diſcurſo juridico œconomico-politico, &c. por Domingo Nunes de Oliveira. 1788.—is given to prove the decreaſe of population in Portugal. I give it at length, for ſome places have increaſed.

A TABLE, ſhewing the different population of the Diſtrict of Caſtello Branco (Comarca de Caſtella Branco, in 1706, 1755, and 1786.)

	1706	1755	1786
Alpedrinha	450	365	329
Atalaia	100	78	96
Belo Monte	450	449	543
Bempoſta	90	96	76
Caſtello Branco	1230	1114	795
Caſtello Novo	180	150	144
Idanha Velha	40	41	23
Idanha Nova	630	542	411
Monſanto	400	825	358
	3570	3160	2785

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clining, and very material changes muſt take place before it can improve.

I have

	1706	1755	1780
Brought forward	3570	3160	2785
Pena gracia	90	80	***
Pena maior	1050	686	639
Proenza	180	176	130
Roſmaninhal	200	132	200
Sabrigal	350	270	252
Salvaterra	110	103	104
Sarzedas	512	556	**
Segura	100	78	70
Sortelha	230	244	218
Touro	270	242	267
St. Vicente	300	263	278
Villa Velha	160	147	**
Gibreira	136	109	195
	7258	6114	4922

Deduct the number of which there was no account in 1796.

Pena Gracia	90
Sarzedas	512
Villa Vella	160
	762

From 7258 - total in 1706,
Deduct 762

6496 .. 4922

So that in 80 years there has been almoſt one-fourth decreaſe in population.

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I have lately employed myſelf in abridging a very curious paper, written about 1740, by a Portugueze Secretary of State, and containing his plans for the improvement of Portugual. You will be aſtoniſhed at the boldneſs and liberality of his ſentiments, and ſometimes amuſed by his mode of ſoftening them: I abridged it from a manuſcript in the original, and you will eaſily imagine that ſuch a paper could never have been printed in this country.



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ON THE

STATE OF PORTUGAL.

THE advantages which Spain poſſeſs over Portugal, conſiſt in,

1ſt. The Bourbon connection.

2d. Extent of territory.

3d. Conſequent ſuperiority of population.

4th. By ſea and land.

5th. And wealth foreign and domeſtic; for the Spaniſh ſettlements are moſt productive: and as one province in Spain produces what another wants, there is always an internal market; the Spaniards likewiſe wear the manufactures

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tures 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 thoſe two crowns to his brother, the Infant Don Philip, a civil war might be the conſequence, from whence Portugal could derive great advantages; or if Philip V. ſhould have no deſcendants, and his Majeſty ſucceed: neither of which poſſible caſes muſt we wiſh to happen, becauſe ſuch wiſhes are contrary to Religion.

As to the extent of territory, we muſt not complain againſt Omniſcience for ſo unequally dividing the peninſula. Where Man fancies deformity, God beholds the beauty of aptitude. The Creator might have made the world one

level

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level ſurface without the inequalities of vales and mountains that apparently deform it : but the vallies are fertile when the ſun ſcorches the mountains, and the mountains afford refuge and food when the vallies are inundated. To remedy this inferiority, the Kings of Portugal have extended their dominions in other parts of the world.

Pedro, at the end of the laſt century, found it prudent to treat with Louis XIV. and Philip V. but as his object was to increaſe his dominions, he broke the treaty, and leagued with their enemies the two maritime powers, on condition that he ſhould have Badajox, Albuquerque, Valenza, and Alcantra in Eſtramadura, and Guarda Tuy Bayona and Vigo, with their dependencies, in Gallicia. The Rio de Prata and Viente were to be the American boundaries. " My ſon, I will not enter into the queſtion whether this manifeſt breach of a former treaty can be juſtified on the principles of good faith, which Princes ought to eſteem as the main ſpring of all their actions." This was the anſwer I made when the King did me the favour to aſk me if he could in conſcience and honour depart from the treaty he had made with France and Spain.

I took

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I took the liberty to reply, that his Majeſty had *an anterior and natural alliance with his own ſubjects*, which obliged him to maintain them in peace and ſecurity: his treaty with the two Courts was *poſterior and civil*; therefore as his Majeſty had conceived in his own deep conſideration, he could not keep the firſt contract without violating the ſecond. It followed, therefore, that his Majeſty, from greater motives, could and ought to break his engagement, in conſequence of thoſe circumſtances which authors mention in treating upon this delicate matter; but as his Majeſty did not queſtion me concerning the conſequence, that of confederating himſelf with the enemies of his former allies to make war againſt them, I did not touch upon it; and to ſay the truth on this ſubject, I ſhould have felt myſelf very much embarraſſed.

Indeed Princes ought to have a greater portion of Chriſtianity than individuals, that they may mutually pardon the injuries they mutually commit, for they are ~~mu~~ually 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,

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charity, except when it ſerves their own intereſts.

The third diſadvantage of Portugal (inferiority of population), can never be ſo remedied as to equalize the powers of the two countries. Great part of Portugal is mountainous, conſequently barren and thinly peopled: it is therefore neceſſary to ſearch for ſome expedient, that this ſuperiority which Spain enjoys may not be ſo exceſſive. I know that what I am about to ſay might appear violent, if I were not addreſſing myſelf to perſons who have conquered the prejudices to which they were born, and thoſe ſuperſtitious principles which our Eccleſiaſtics ſo zealouſly inculcate; but as it is not eaſy to ſubdue theſe, I know my antidote will be thought poiſon, and the evil will remain without a remedy. This however ſhall not prevent me from conſidering what means ought to be taken againſt the abuſes which diſgrace religion and ruin the kingdom. Do me however the juſtice to believe that my ſentiments are orthodox, and that were it not on this account Spain would not poſſeſs ſo vaſt a ſuperiority in population.

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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 ſadler threatened to make his ſon a Dominican.

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can, if he did not make better ſaddles, "and this," ſaid he, "will be worſe for you." Thus it is that we have ſo many friars, who inſtead of edifying, ſcandalize.

This whole fraternity is divided into two claſſes; the one with lands, the other without; the one living on its property, the other preying on the public: but both are prejudicial to the kingdom. For the firſt claſs,—of what uſe to the ſtate are ſo many fat Benedictines, and ſo many proud Auguſtines, who live in their convents eating and drinking, except when they diſturb the peace with their peculiarities, and ſend large ſums of money to Rome?

The Corregidor do Crime complained to John IV. that the Auſtin friars of St. Vincent's were ſo inflamed by party rage in electing a preſident, that they would probably murder one another unleſs the King interfered. The King led him to the apartment where his hunting ſpears were kept: "Take theſe to the friars," ſaid he, "and let them do what they pleaſe with them."

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Theſe orders are too rich. It was the riches of the church that tempted Henry VIII. of England to make his deteſtable attack upon it, and he bribed his aſſiſtants with the ſpoils. The church ought ſeriouſly to conſider that its wealth may one day be its deſtruction.

The nunneries are equally prejudicial to the ſtate. Women are forced there when their parents cannot afford to dower them ſuitably to their rank, leſt they ſhould marry according to their own inclinations.

I well know that the monaſtic life is the moſt perfect, but the King ought not on this account to have his dominions depopulated, nor to wink at abuſes. Theſe friars avail themſelves of the ignorance of the people, to impoſe a thouſand impoſitions upon them. I remember a religious ſociety was eſtabliſhed at Liſbon, calling themſelves the Order of Divine Providence :†I called them

† The order of Divine Providence are ſo called becauſe they have no revenues, and never go out to beg, but remain in their convent to receive ſuch donations as may be voluntarily proffered, truſting thus to the Divine Providence

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them the Order of Human Induſtry: for theſe Religious made the women believe that St. Caetano would aſſiſt them in every illneſs, if they would cut off their hair as an offering to him. Soon afterwards they kept a barber in the chapel, and got many a good teſtoon * by the buſineſs.

In the colonies where men are more wanted, the evil is, if poſſib'e, ſtill more ~~numer~~ous. I remember King Pedro ſent to conſult the Procurador

dence for their ſupport. If they are in danger of ſtarving, they toll the bell for aſſiſtance, and ſupplies pour in. But they hold out to the laſt extremity, and have ſeldom been reduced to this expedient. At preſent the order conſiſts of a very few monks, for the Divine Providence is failing.

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

The Vintem	is	20 Reis.
The Teſtoon, or Toſtaon		100
The Cruzado		400
The Cruzado Novo		480
The Moidore, or Moeda de oura		4800
The Six and thirty, or Meia Dobra de ouro		6400

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curador do Coroa, Manoel Lopes de Oliveira, on the propriety of licenſing a convent in Bahia, for which application had been made. He replied, that inſtead of founding new convents it was proper to deſtroy thoſe already eſtabliſhed: but the Procurador remonſtrated in vain, and inſtead of one convent leave was given to found five.

Thus it is in Brazil; but it is worſe in Goa. When my grandfather, who was very rich, died there, his widow made her two daughters take the veil, ſpent their portions in re-building the convent, and at laſt entered it herſelf. Now if theſe women, dowered as they were, had married two Fidalgos, their children might have done honour to Goa, and ſerved their country as their grandfather did, who was twice Governor of India. At preſent the King is annually neceſſitated to ſend ſupplies of men to the colonies, whom the friars lay hold of, and tell them that it is their duty to quit the ſervice of their King for that of their God.

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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 Braziljan of Bahia, who ſent ſix daughters, each portioned with ſix thouſand cruzados, to the Convent of Eſperanza, becauſe none but perſons of the firſt rank were admitted there. Such is the pride they mingle with their ſuperſtition, and ſuch the injury they do to the republic.

So much for the firſt claſs. Of the Mendicants the moſt numerous is the Serafic, or Franciſcan order, divided into as many ſpecies as pleaſed the fancies of the founders. Theſe men lay the people under contribution in the name of alms; they tell them it is more a duty to give alms to them, than to pay the taxes of the Sovereign; and they abſolve thoſe who defraud the revenue without enjoining reſtitution. The principle of theſe Religious is truly admirable; they ſay that becauſe they have renounced all poſſeſſions they are become part of the kingdom of Chriſt; therefore they are Lords of the whole earth, and therefore the whole World ought to pay tribute to them. "Nihil habentes

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tes et omnia poſſidentes."—Having nothing, yet poſſeſſing all things. But the vow of poverty is as little underſtood as the giving of alms, which ought to be diſtributed only among thoſe who are incapable of ſupporting themſelves. In the French Monaſtery of La Trappe, the Religious work with their bodies leſt indolence ſhould debauch their mind, and thus they labour manually while employing their ſpirits in prayer, inſtead of wandering about the country to take that bread from the labourer which his children want. I ſhould be reconciled to this order if they did not mingle their practice with ſo much ſuperſtitious devotion.

And now that I am ſpeaking of the ſuperſtitions theſe men inculcate for their own intereſts, I will tell you an anecdote worthy of remembrance of which I believe myſelf to be the only living teſtimony.—John IV. had, as you know, a natural daughter, whom at four years old he placed in a Convent of Carmelites at Carnide, from whence ſhe took her name of Senora Donna Maria de Carnide. She was ſo well dowered that the Duke of Cadoval wiſhed to marry her; but this did not take place.

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King Pedro allowed her 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 * Caldero. King Pedro did my father and mother the honour to give them the management of her houſhold; 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 no where without firſt obtaining his permiſſion. Her health improved at the Calders, yet ſo gradually that it was neceſſary to repeat the viſit the two ſucceeding years. She now mingled more with the world, and lived with a different race of beings from monks and nuns; but

* Dr. Withering has written a treatiſe on the waters of the Calders, which has been publiſhed at Liſbon, with a Portugueze tranſlation. The place is about forty miles from Liſbon.

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but the King began to be ſcrupulous of thus departing from the will of his father, and he propoſed her to become Comendadeira of the Royal Convent dos Santos, where ſhe would be treated by the Siſters with the reſpect due to her rank, and where my father ſhould continue to govern her houſhold. Donna Maria conſulted her then Confeſſor, for the former one was dead; and he finding that her inclination led her to change her reſidence, and that their Convent would loſe, not only what ſhe annually gave them, but likewiſe all the benefits they expected from her profeſſing there, told her, that to indulge ſuch an intention would make the damnation of her ſoul certain. The poor lady, deſirous on the one hand to live as a Princeſs, and on the other terrified at the gates of hell which her Confeſſor had opened on her, fell into a deep melancholy, and began to ſay that ſhe was already condemned, and that ſhe deſpaired of ſalvation. The friars ſaid ſhe was poſſeſſed of an evil ſpirit, and exorciſed her according to the rites of the church; the King, however, ſent Dr. Andre Bernardez to her. I do not remember how long ſhe lived in this

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ſtate, but ſhe died before it was decided whether ſhe was melancholy or poſſeſſed. This I can ſay with all truth, that I have frequently accompanied my mother when the Senora ſent for her to dine; there was then no appearance of this diſorder, her melancholy left her whenever my mother had the honour of being with her, but it returned the moment ſhe ſaw her Confeſſor, and therefore ſhe uſed to cry out that ſhe did not want to confeſs. Such are the horrible effects of intereſted ſuperſtition.

The Religious of the preſent day differ from the early Monks in uniting the monaſtic and ſacerdotal characters, which at once deſtroys the order of the hierachy and the tranquillity of the cloiſter: they are thus neither monks or prieſts, and this equivocal ſtate preſents different motives for making the ſame vows. The ancient monks dwelt in deſerts, and courted ſolitude; now they live in cities, and even make the vow of ſecluſion as an opportunity of entering the world. True it is that we have ſome convents in deſarts, but theſe are frequented by Romerias, and the ſame relaxation of diſcipline takes place. The ancient monks were under the juriſdiction

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riſdiction of a biſhop, and received from him the ſacrament, and a diſtribution of alms when they were in want. Now, not content with adminiſtering the ſacrament to each other, they even communicate it to the people, which is the office of the Cure: it is true the Pope has approved of this union of the clerical and monaſtic characters; when the prieſt cannot perform all the neceſſary duties himſelf, he may then with propriety call in the aſſiſtance of the friars.

From the third difference, a fourth ariſes. They no longer obey the juriſdiction of the biſhops, in whoſe mouth Jeſus Chriſt has placed the Goſpel. If they wiſh to elude an eccleſiaſtic law, they apply to the King, and call themſelves his ſubjects, and demand his protection. If the arm of ſecular juſtice be extended againſt them, they then appeal to the Pope, as eccleſiaſtics. The Procurador Manoel Lopes de Oliveira once ſaid, that, as their inclinations or intereſts required, they ſometimes made a Pope of the King, and ſometimes a King of the Pope. Theſe are but a few of the circumſtances which make the monks of the preſent day ſo different from

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from the ancient monks; and which fill the convents with men who ought to labour and cultivate the earth, instead of impoverishing the people by exacting alms. It was not thus that Christ and his apostles preached and practised.

As you can easily know the exact number of monks and nuns, I will say, that if only a third part of them were married, they might, in two ages, people a country as large as Portugal and her colonies. One way of checking the progress of this evil would be, by forbidding the convents to admit more than their statutes express; for at present they receive as many as they can support. A convent, founded for twenty religious, that has thirty now, should not be permitted to replace ten when they died. This regulation is wanted more particularly with regard to nunneries, where the sisters bring portions with them. No person should profess before the age of twenty-five, that they may well consider the nature of the vows they take. The council of Trent permits profession at the age of fifteen: but, as the sacred scriptures say nothing of either monks or nuns, his Majesty will

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will be juſtified in repreſenting to his Holineſs, the abuſes occaſioned by allowing them to make their vows at ſo early an age.

Theſe two remedies are only palliatives of the evil; yet, if they were adopted, the evil would not increaſe ſo rapidly, nor would the church be diſgraced by ſo many who are unable to keep their vows.

The prieſts are as prejudicial to the ſtate by their celibacy, as the monks. If the ſingle life be the moſt perfect, ſurely there is ſanctity enough in the evangelical character alone to render it ſufficiently reſpectable. Many of our clergy know only enough to repeat the maſs which they cannot underſtand, and this they do inſtead of marrying and working at the plough to ſupport their wives and children. To check this evil a ſtrict examination, both as to their learning and lives ſhould be inſtituted; no man ordained whoſe patrimony is not ſufficient to ſupport him; and the number of prieſts limited to a due proportion of the population.

I do

I do not think the Pope would interfere in this propoſed reform, nor ought he, for eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhments being intended to do good, muſt not be perverted to the injury of the ſtate, and be made a cover for vice and enormities.

Talking with Cardinal Alberoni in the Eſcurial one day, he ſaid to me in ſtrong terms, that he did not know why Kings ſhould wiſh to have any of their ſubjects made Cardinals, "for my part," added he, "I care little whether or no his Catholic Majeſty be diſguſted with my ſervices; in that caſe I ſhould depart for Rome, and he could do me no injury. This event really happened but a few days afterwards, and as he departed he ſaid to me, with phlegm enough, "Exemplum enim dedi vobis. Vous etes dans la carriere tachez en de la finir ſans attendre une ſemblable cataſtrophe." I have given you an example, you are in the ſame career, take heed how you finiſh it without meeting a ſimilar cataſtrophe.

The cloſing of this vein, more dangerous becauſe it is kept open by phyſicians, would remedy

medy the ſecond evil, the ſuccours neceſſary for the colonies, for it would remove the cauſe.

The third cauſe of depopulation is ſtill more dangerous. This bleeding is more dreadful becauſe the Holy Office is the bleeder, for fear of which men are daily emigrating with all their property from Portugal, to enrich other countries.

The breach between the Emperors and the Popes opened a door to hereſy, and the Albigenſes of Languedoc ſtarted up, who denied the ſacred myſteries, and rebelled againſt the authority of the church. Innocent III. ſent St. Dominic to preach to them, but ſo far was he from converting them, that they increaſed ſtill more rapidly, and the Pope ordered his Miſſionaries to proclaim a cruſade againſt them, and granted indulgencies to all who ſhould engage in the extirpation of this hereſy, a ſpecies of Manicheiſm condemned in the Lateran Council in the year 1180. Raimond Count of Thoulouſe however took up arms in their defence, and this war, which becauſe it was religious, was more bloody and ferocious than any other,

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other, laſted till 1229. The Albigenſes, who eſcaped, took refuge among the Vaudois, and their poſterity became the diſciples of Quinglius and Calvin.

But the Pope, finding that notwithſtanding all he had done, there were multitudes who ſtill perſiſted in this error, thought he could purſue no better plan than to chuſe out a ſociety of perſons devoted to the intereſts of the church, ſeparated from all their relatives and friends,* inexorable, cruel, and inflexible without pity or compaſſion, who ſhould be called 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 horrors of the revocation of the edict of Nantz.

Tantum Religio potuit ſuadere malorum.

John

* Literally from the original. "Enexoraveis crueis e inflexeveis ſem predade nem comiſeracaon."

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John III. eſtabliſhed the Inquiſition in Portugal. The members perſuaded the Nobility that it was an honourable thing to become Familiars: that they would acquire honour by ſeparating ſons and daughters from their parents, by tearing away wives from the arms of their huſbands, and by conducting the condemned priſoners to the flames! The better to ſecure reſpect, they puniſhed as ſuſpected perſons all who injured any of their members, all who reſiſted their orders, all who diſturbed the exerciſe of them, all who divulged their ſecrets, and even all who murmured againſt their proceedings. They condemn upon ſuch pretexts, that every man lives in a ſtate of continual apprehenſion; they have under their cognizance all perſons accuſed of witchcraft, blaſphemy, polygamy, &c. and they have the inſpection of all books.

Tribunals for particular crimes muſt always be prejudicial to the ſtate, becauſe they ſeek for crimes that they may neither want employment or profit. God forbid that you ſhould find in me a ſingle thought againſt the Holy Office as

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as to what regards heretics and dogmatiſts. There is nothing that could ſo well defend us from Innovators of opinion and Founders of new ſects, for the genius of the Portugueze is neither leſs ſtrong, leſs acute, leſs ardent, or leſs addicted to ſpeculation than that of other nations, with reſpect to corrupting the ſacred ſcriptures, and perverting the doctrines of the Fathers. Above all, any ſect that ſhould authorize ſenſuality would make a rapid progreſs amongſt us, for to this vice the climate contributes, and it is ordinarily carried on under the cloak of hypocriſy, to which we are infinitely inclined.

When ſtudying at Coimbra, you muſt have heard of Padre Manoel de Carvalho, who had a ſeminary in the province of Beira for educating the daughters of the Nobility, and who was ſpoken of as a perſon of ſingular virtue, and a man of God. Don Joaon de Mello, the biſhop of Coimbra, ſent to inquire concerning him to the Miniſters and Religious in the neighbourhood, and they all atteſted that he was really * a holy man, and ſuch as the world believed

* "Hum homen ſancto."

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believed him: but when we leaſt expected it we heard he was in the dungeons of the Inquiſition, and at the Auto da Fe his crimes were made public. They were of the moſt refined and abominable * quietiſm. He had debauched all his pupils, and even the Prioreſs, whoſe infant he had murdered and buried, and what is worſe, he had communicated his principles chiefly among the Confeſſors and Religious.

This and many other ſimilar caſes prove that Biſhops are not good Overſeers, and that the Inquiſition is neceſſary to preſerve Portugal from the variety of ſects ſo numerous in thoſe other countries, that are afflicted with men *who take the liberty to read and write*, and debate, and print whatever their rash or vitiated judgments may inſpire.

Judaiſm however ſhould be ſubject only to the ſecular laws, and the invidious title of New Chriſtians ought to be aboliſhed. If this cannot be done, let the witneſſes be obliged to give their own names, and to name the hour and the

* Quietiſta.

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the place where the act of Judaizing was committed, then let the accuſed exculpate himſelf if he can.

They who defend the ſecrecy of examination obſerved by the Holy Office, appear to me to have ſeen only that part of the inſtitutes that commands teſtimony to be given in ſecret, on account of the danger of aſſaſſination to which the witneſſes would otherwiſe be expoſed: but the ſame ſtatutes ſay, "the Inquiſitors ſhall proceed with great caution and care to diſcover if the accuſation be true or falſe, and ſo that they do not deprive the accuſed of thoſe means of defence which natural right demands,* which right no Power, either human or divine, can take away, becauſe it is divine itſelf." But what danger does the Cobler run who accuſes the Blackſmith? and it is rarely that perſons of higher rank are indicted, unleſs ſometimes a Phyſician or an Advocate.

But the Inquiſitors hold another principle from which and their conſequent practice many innocent

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

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innocent muſt neceſſarily ſuffer. They ſay it is better that many Catholics and good Chriſtians ſhould periſh, than that one heretic or Jew eſcape; for the death of a good Catholic is nothing more than the ſecuring his ſalvation, whereas great numbers may be perverted by the life of one heretic or Jew.

The conſolation which the Inquiſition gives to thoſe who have ſuffered innocently is admirable. It ordains that no perſon ſhall ſay he was condemned without reaſon, or complain of the Judges, or of the holy inſtitution; but inſtead of complaining of being unjuſtly puniſhed, he muſt rejoice that he has ſuffered for righteouſneſs ſake.

The great argument which the Inquiſitors uſe to juſtify their practice, is, that as ſecrecy is obſerved in human crimes of leze-majeſty, how much more reaſon is there for obſerving it in leze-majeſty againſt God! but the ſecurity of the ſtate is intereſted in the life of the Prince. Now, the greateſt crime that ever could be committed againſt God is that of Adam; yet, notwithſtanding God was the Judge as well as the

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offended party, and therefore needed no proof on which to condemn him, he heard what the culprit could ſay in his own defence, who, as if accuſing his Judge pleaded, "the Woman whom thou gaveſt to be with me, ſhe gave me of the tree, and I did eat." Upon this the Woman was confronted with the ſerpent, and the Supreme Judge having made this notable proceſs in all due forms, pronounced ſentence, and condemned Adam and all his poſterity: but God did not deprive him of temporal life, becauſe he had from all eternity reſolved to people the world; whereas the Inquiſition, by its proceedings, aſſiſt in depopulating Portugal, for they condemn *those who are called Jews* to the puniſhment of death, as relapſed; and if any remain in the kingdom and profeſs the true faith, they go on multiplying the name of New Chriſtians.

I ſay *those who are called Jews*, for in reality they are not ſo, becauſe they want the diſtinguiſhing mark. None of thoſe who have appeared at the Autos da Fe are acquainted with the written law, but have followed a few traditions and a few of their own inventions. They are not

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not therefore to be accounted Jews; but the Inquiſition makes Hebrew extraction a great proof of the crime. I have heard that Paulo Affonzo de Albuquerque (my ſchool-fellow and friend,* but as ignorant as it is poſſible to be) uſed to ſay after he became Promoter of the Holy Office, that if Old Chriſtians were accuſed of Judaiſm, there might be ſome doubt entertained, but of the guilt of New Chriſtians there could be no doubt at all; and I ſay, it is by no means conformable to the principles of Chriſtianity that the Promoter and Judges ſhould ſit down to paſs ſentence on the accuſed when poſſeſſed with ſo raſh an idea.

Frey Domingos de S. Thomas, Deputy of the Holy Office, uſed to ſay of the Mint and the Inquiſition, that there was one houſe in the Calzateria where they made money; and another in the Rocio, where they made Jews. Fit indeed is the inſcription over the gate of this memorable and dreadful tribunal at Bologna: Hæc eſt Inquiſitionis tremenda Domus. This is the tremendous Houſe of the Inquiſition.

* Mais ignorante tanto quanto ſe pode ſer.

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From all this it follows that the Inquiſition multiplies Jews inſtead of extirpating them, and that it drives from Portugal the people beſt adapted to ſuſtain its commerce.

One remedy would be, to put in execution the law of baniſhment without indulgence. When Don Luis de Souza was at Rome, his Holineſs ſaid to him, "What do you wiſh to do with this poor and diſgraced people? If your King does not chuſe to have them in his dominions, let him baniſh all who prevaricate, and by little and little they will be thus extinguiſhed.

Another is, that the property of the accuſed ſhould deſcend to his legal heirs, for of thoſe who fly the kingdom more are driven by the fear of leaving their children beggars, than by the danger of their own deaths. John IV. intended to remedy this, and told the Inquiſition who oppoſed him, that he wiſhed to puniſh the guilty, not to deſtroy thoſe houſes of buſineſs which were the nerves of the State; but this uſeful reſolution was repaid by the excommunication which the Holy Office raſhly demanded

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of the Pope againſt the King, and which he as raſhly granted.

Another evil reſulting from this, is, that no foreign merchants will connect themſelves with people whoſe property is every day liable to be ſeized by a Juiz de Fiſco, from whom they can never expect to recover it.

But the firſt remedy ſhould be to allow Liberty of conſcience to the Jews. A contract ſhould be made as in Rome, allowing the Jews to practiſe their own ritual, but obliging them to hear a ſermon every Sunday. If any one after being converted by theſe ſermons ſhould relapſe, let him then be burnt; thus would there be only Jews and Chriſtians in Portugal, the invidious diſtinction of New Chriſtians would be aboliſhed, and the diſgrace removed which all Portugueze ſuffer on their travels, of being looked upon as Jews.

There ſhould be a law that all who could prove their anceſtors for four generations not to have apoſtatized, ſhould be deemed Old Chriſtians, and be made eligible to all offices; but theſe

these remedies would meet with unsurmountable opposition from the Inquisitors, Familiars, Friars and Priests, and indeed from the whole body of the people, who are equally ignorant and superstitious.

Liberty of Conscience should be granted to all foreign Jews. From this however the German Jews should be excepted, for they are descended from the execrable rabble who escaped from the destruction of Jerusalem, and are moreover great usurers. Many enterprising merchants would settle in this country if they could enjoy the free exercise of their religion, exempt from the power of the Holy Office: thus would Portugal receive an increase of useful citizens whose speculative industry might restore her commerce.

Whatever has been said of the destructive effects produced by the Inquisition in Portugal, will equally apply to the colonies. The harmless Indians, a poor peaceable persecuted race, are hunted there with the same merciless severity, and the same depopulation follows.

But

But to all theſe projected plans of reform the education of our King preſents the greateſt obſtacle. From his preceptor, the preſent Inquiſitor General, he has learnt the ſavage ſpirit of bigotry, and there is no feſtival which the King frequents with ſuch delight as the execution of a miſerable Jew. Such were the ſentiments that ruined Sebaſtian, and with him ruined Portugal. He too had been taught that it was his duty to propagate Chriſtianity by fire and ſword; inflamed with this belief he invaded Africa, and periſhed with the flower of his kingdom in the mad cruſade; for the blood waſted on that day his Jeſuit tutor muſt be anſwerable at the throne of God.

I well know that for ſaying theſe things I ſhall be deemed irreligious, *porque* "ſtultorum numerus eſt infinitus," becauſe the number of fools is infinite. Be that as it may, in ſaying theſe things I am diſcharging my duty, and you know that my opinions are orthodox.

Our inferiority of forces would be remedied by forming alliances with ſuch powers as are able and willing to aſſiſt us, and by the embodying

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bodying a militia. Our deficiency in money requires more conſideration.

Is it better that the State be poor or the people? The alternative is not inevitable. The high orders ſhould not be exempt from the payment of taxes: is it not at once abſurd and oppreſſive that thoſe ranks who can beſt afford to pay, are privileged to pay nothing, and that thoſe people who with difficulty can ſupport themſelves ſhould likewiſe be obliged to ſupport the State? It were well too that luxury ſhould be reſtrained, and to reſtrain luxury Example will be of more avail than poſitive laws. When Peter the Great was in France, the Marquis Nele appeared before him every day in a new dreſs; "ſurely," ſaid the Czar to him, "your tailor muſt be a very bad one that he can never fit you!"

John IV. uniformly aimed at making luxury unfaſhionable. Seeing the Ambaſſador to London in an Engliſh hat one day, he inquired how much it coſt; and hearing two pounds Engliſh money, he replied, "Take care of it, for I can purchaſe four hats in Portugal for that money."

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money." He never ſuffered his hair to grow, to avoid the expence of having it dreſſed; this of courſe became the faſhion. My Uncle, the Conde Villa Flor, did not cut off his, and this ſingularity was remarked to his Majeſty, and conſtrued into a ſymptom of diſaffection.—"Nay, nay," anſwered John, "his hair ought to be privileged, for it grew amid battles; he was a ſoldier before I was a King."

One day when my Father was walking with his Majeſty, a Negro aſked charity of them: the King gave him two teſtoons, and inquired how many pounds of meat that money would purchaſe. The Negro told him he did not know, for the butcher cut it by the eye; and the King had the butcher puniſhed for not ſelling legally by weight. A Juiz de Fora preſented him a memorial one day, which he put in his breeches pocket without reading it; the Miniſter obſerved, that his Majeſty would probably forget the memorial when he changed his breeches. "Never fear that," ſaid the King, "for the Devil take me if I have another pair in the world!"

A law

A law* is very much wanted to reſtrict the number of mules in a carriage to a pair; for envy or emulation tempt people to vie with each other in the number they drive; their mode of living in other reſpects muſt be anſwerable to the appearance of their equipage, thus do they live beyond their means of ſupport, and continually involve themſelves in debt.

Religious luxury too is an evil which requires to be checked by ſumptuary laws. Vaſt ſums are annually expended, by the emulation of different Brotherhoods, in ornamenting their churches. Proceſſions too, and bull-fights, and Romerias, cuſtoms that can be productive of no good, and which afford opportunities for infinite evil, ought to be ſuppreſſed.

Such is the number of Saints-day, and other holidays, that our peaſantry and people are allowed to labour only a third part of the year. Indeed, in their mode of worſhip the Proteſtant countries have conſiderably the advantage. Their church ſervice is celebrated twice on the

* This law has ſince been enacted, and except the Royal Family and foreign Miniſters, no perſon is allowed to drive more than two beaſts.

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the ſabbath-day, and the Miniſter expounds the ſcriptures to his congregation in a ſermon, without running into violent hyperboles, or wreſting the texts to ſupport ſome favourite dogma. This ſervice, which laſts nearly two hours, is heard with reverent attention, whereas we think one half-hour's maſs very tedious! On their holy feſtivals they examine their own hearts and take the ſacrament devoutly, after their heretical manner, which we ſubmit to only to ſatisfy the forms of the church, and for fear of excommunication. God ſanctified the Sabbath, and made it a day of reſt, becauſe on that ſeventh day he reſted from his labour, after having made this admirable univerſe with one "fiat." He made it for reſt, not for indolence, as we abuſe it; but that we ſhould praiſe his works, and by our unfeigned love and devotion deſerve, as far as it is poſſible to deſerve, his infinite mercy.

Pictures of miracles ſhould not be hung up in churches till the fact has been very well examined. The frequency of theſe, and their unimportance, tend to render the very foundation of our religion ſuſpected, and they lead the ignorant into heavy and ſuperſtitious expences.

People

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People now make offerings to Mary* the moſt pure, and to the Saints, and they believe that theſe mediators will intercede for them with an earneſtneſs proportioned to the value of the offering. But the ſacrifice which God requires of man is an humble and contrite heart, and he who gives alms to the poor, and relieves the neceſſities of his neighbour, he offers the beſt offering to procure the favour of the Saints, and of Mary the moſt pure.

Our ſilk manufactories ought to be reſtored. When I was in London, I ſaw a Portugueze Jew there, who had carried on one of theſe manufactories in the country, till driven away by the Inquiſition: the King offered him a ſafe conduct and protection if he would return and re-eſtabliſh it, but he was too wiſe. "Credat Judæus Apella." Perhaps our want of materials may be alleged againſt this meaſure; but this

* So generally has the Franciſcan jargon infected the people, that the Mother of Chriſt is as conſtantly called Maria puriſſima, Mary the moſt pure, in Catholic countries, as ſhe is The Virgin Mary in England. The reader will obſerve that this alludes to *her own immaculate conception, and not that of her Son.*

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this want muſt be imputed to our own indolence. Our climate is as good as that of Piedmont or Valencia; the wines we produce prove this, and of courſe therefore the mulberry-tree would flouriſh here. But look at England and Holland, they manufacture ſilk as well as is done at Lyons, and even fetch the raw materials from China. For their woollen cloths too they are obliged to import Spaniſh wool to mix with their own: ſuch is the laborious induſtry of ſome, and ſuch the ruinous indolence of others.

On this account I was always of opinion that his Majeſty ought not to have revoked the prohibition upon foreign cloths in favour of England: but the principal merchant in the woollen line was brother to Don Joaon Methuem, the then Ambaſſador in Liſbon: and he wrote to his brother, deſiring him to ſtate to the Miniſter, that the wines of Portugal, particularly thoſe produced on the Quintas* of the Nobles and Fidalgos, would have a great and ſecure ſale in England, if his Majeſty would revoke the prohibition upon foreign cloth, ſo that Engliſh cloth

* Country eſtates.

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cloth might be admitted; for the Portugueze wines pay a third leſs duty than the French.

But it was neceſſary to keep me ſilent, for I had always oppoſed ſuch a meaſure; and as the Engliſh are accuſtomed to negotiate with money, a mode which ſaves a great many arguments, he offered me a conſiderable ſum, through Manoel Marquez, to remain ſilent. I rejected this offer as I ought. I wrote him word, however, that as his Majeſty ſeemed inclined to take off the prohibition, he had choſen me to negotiate, for at this time French wines could not enter England, and the great deſire the Engliſh had to export their cloth, made me hope for more advantageous terms when the Parliament met. The treaty, however, was made ſoon afterwards, peace was eſtabliſhed between England and France, and I had no doubt that the Engliſh would obſerve their agreement with them inſtead of with us; for the French wines now paid one half leſs duty than the Portugueze, inſtead of one third more, and of courſe if the Engliſh preferred drinking French wines, they might now they were cheapeſt, without affording us cauſe of complaint, as the pretext for the

treaty

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treaty with us was that our wines were one third cheaper: conſidering this, the vicinity of France, and the goodneſs, delicacy, and variety of the French wines, it ſeemed evident to me that our market was ſpoiled.

I do not ſay that his Majeſty ought to have oppoſed this treaty; but it appears to me that he had only ſtipulated to allow the free entry of Engliſh cloth, not that he ſhould give up his own manufactories, and ſtill leſs that his ſubjects ſhould be obliged to wear Engliſh cloth. The Engliſh would have no cauſe to complain if his Majeſty ſhould order his troops to wear the cloth of the country, particularly if that cloth ſhould be found better on trial than the manufacture of England. I myſelf once appeared at Paris and London, dreſſed in 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,

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1701, a cheap cloth manufactured in London, of which the complete ſuit coſt only forty ſhillings, was made faſhionable by William III.

I muſt confeſs when the Dutch deſired that the prohibition upon foreign cloth might be revoked in their favour as well as in that of the Engliſh, I ſupported their requeſt, though the plea of opening a market for our wines exiſted not in their caſe. I ſupported them becauſe the free importation of cloths from Holland would lower the Engliſh price, and only the ſame quantity of money go out of Portugal; for though the market would be better ſtocked, the conſumption would ſtill be the ſame.

You may perhaps ſay that if we diminiſh the ſale of Engliſh goods, they will on their part diminiſh that of Portugueze wines. Be it ſo: weigh well the advantage and the loſs; the eſtabliſhment of manufactures would benefit all Portugal and her colonies; the loſs of the wine trade would hurt only the wine lands, and theſe may be converted into arable land, of which the country is in want: beſides the Engliſh

are

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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 Eng-

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land and Holland are called maritime powers; this is affiſted 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

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and very neceſſary, but at the ſame time vaſt and liberal, and that that was enough to ſecure it the oppoſition either of envy or of ignorance, according to the laudable cuſtom of our country, from thoſe whom his Majeſty would conſult.

The advantages which the Dutch derive from poſſeſſing the Cape of Good Hope are well known. We have the ports of Brazil and of Mozambique, for veſſels going and returning, that might produce us equal advantages, but theſe are neglected!

Such a Company ought to pay for their monopoly, and this they might well afford to do. Andre Alvarez Nogueira, a Jew aſſociated with ſome Engliſh merchants, propoſed to me once to arm a ſhip for the India trade: and he offered, if his Portugueze 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.

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It may be reckoned among the other good effects of such a company, that foreigners would place their money in it; and though it 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

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But the greateſt benefit which Portugal could poſſibly receive would reſult from declaring Liſbon a free port; not in the ſtrict and literal meaning of the word, for it is not my wiſh that his Majeſty ſhould loſe the revenues of the Cuſtom-houſe; yet it is true that this loſs might be repaired, and to the advantage of the public. It is the purchaſer who pays the duty, and it is poſſible to collect the ſame revenue in a leſs oppreſſive manner. They who buy muſt barter or ſell: theſe duties make the goods dearer, leſs therefore is bought, and conſequently leſs is ſold: it follows that the ceſſation of all duties would be beneficial.

Such a meaſure would render Liſbon the firſt port in the world; it is ſufficient for a moment to contemplate its effects where it has taken place. Lyons is not abſolutely a free port, yet as a very trifling duty is laid upon every cargo, without regard to ſize, the facility of entering goods has rendered it a flouriſhing city. The duties at Venice have been reduced from fourteen to one per cent. ſince the year 1736: and on exports it is leſs than this: on this account it takes the Lombardy trade from Lyons.

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The flouriſhing port of Genoa is altogether free. Bayona is free only for natives, or thoſe who marry a native; foreigners, therefore, who engage in that trade, generally reſide there. I remember the Member for Briſtol, in the Engliſh Parliament, ſpoke in praiſe of the Engliſh for enriching themſelves abroad, and then returning and buying eſtates, and enjoying in their own country what they had brought from ours. Dunkirk is free, and to this it owes its opulence. Conſider what the examples of theſe ports muſt prove, and think of the advantages which Liſbon poſſeſſes over all of them.

It will therefore be right for his Majeſty to erect a large warehouſe to receive foreign goods, in a dry ſituation near Belem, ſo conſtructed as at any time to admit of ſuch enlargement as may be neceſſary. Another muſt be built with more diviſions for cargoes that are liable to ſpoil, ſuch as all kinds of grain, as is the caſe at Amſterdam. The advantage which foreigners would derive from having Liſbon a free-port, would excite the emulation or the avarice of the Portugueze, and thus produce a mercantile ſpirit.

M. Tu-

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M. Tugere, of St. Maloes (whom the King rewarded with the Order of Chriſt, for carrying the Conde Ereceyra to France, after he had been robbed by pirates, near the iſle of Bourbon), offered to make a voyage of diſcovery if his Majeſty would employ him. I, however, gave no encouragement to his project. Brazil is the ſcene for diſcoveries; by means of the many rivers that communicate with the Maragnon, we ought to penetrate that immenſe country, a country probably as rich in cochineal and ſilver mines as the Spaniſh poſſeſſions.

But I have before ſaid that Portugal muſt not be depopulated to people Brazil; make the inhabitants, then, labour in the cultivation of ſugar and tobacco, inſtead of burying them in the mines. One ſhip will bring away all the gold and jewels they can dig, but many veſſels are neceſſary for the exportation of theſe articles of commerce.

There could no ill conſequence ariſe from ſuffering ſtrangers to enter Brazil. I remember, when I held that ſtation at London, which you ſo worthily occupy at preſent, that four thouſand

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ſand perſons came at once from the Palatinate to emigrate to the Engliſh ſettlements in America. You know the French got permiſſion to go to the Cape of Good Hope, that they might enjoy religious liberty; there they planted vineyards, and made that wine ſuperior to Tokay, which is ſold at ſo high a price. The Dutch colony of Surinam would have fallen to ruin had it not been for the Jews. None of theſe various emigrants wiſh to return to their own country; and thus would it be in Brazil. The climate is more agreeable, the ſoil more fertile; neither could they depart by any veſſels but ours. There they would ſettle and marry, and their children become good Portugueze and good Catholics, juſt as their fathers were Proteſtants.

I do not ſay that we ought to give ſtrangers the privilege of having commercial houſes in Brazil, which we refuſe to the Engliſh and Dutch, notwithſtanding it is ſtipulated for in their treaties. The privilege I ſpeak of is very different in its object; and, indeed, it is abſurd to ſay that the Engliſh have no commercial houſes in Brazil; for if they have them not openly,

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openly, they have them under the names of Portugueze who are merely their agents. When I was in London I endeavoured to make the Engliſh relinquiſh this privilege, of which they made no uſe, leſt the French ſhould allege their example to demand the ſame. The Council of Commerce would have conſented, if one Mr. Miliner, a man who had enriched himſelf at Liſbon, had not obſerved, that though no uſe was made of it now, there might hereafter; therefore I think we had better not puſh the matter, leſt the Engliſh ſhould immediately exert a privilege which we could not deny. This will apply likewiſe to the Dutch, who firſt made the ſtipulation in their treaty: the Engliſh followed their example, more particularly in the marriage ſettlement of the Princeſs Catharina. On every account we ought to attend to Brazil.

With reſpect to the internal commerce of Portugal, the want of navigable rivers and conſequently of canals, renders good roads more neceſſary: theſe ſhould be immediately made; and a revenue may well be raiſed for theſe by means of lotteries and tontines.

My

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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

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

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Pedro proſtituted it to ſuch a degree that Lord Oxford once obſerved, he had never met with a Portugueze who was not of the order of Chriſt. Diogo de Mendoza offered the order to my Secretary Manoel de Sequeira; but he anſwered that ſuch a badge would not be conſiſtent with one who walked through the dirty ſtreets of Liſbon. I have blamed Count Taronca for making his page put on his ſhoes for him, who wore the order as well as himſelf. To render it reſpectable it ſhould be like the Daniſh order of the Elephant, and the Engliſh Garter, limited, and reſerved as the reward of great ſervices.

Conſider now the import of all that I have ſaid: reflect on the force of Spain, and you will find that our King holds his crown by a very precarious tenure. The conqueſt of Portugal is but the work of one campaign for Spain. But the beſt poſſible plan would be that the King ſhould remove to Brazil, and fix his Court at the city of Rio de Janeiro. The ſoil is rich, the climate delightful, and the city would ſoon become more flouriſhing than Liſbon. There he might extend his commerce, make diſcove-

ries

ries in the interior, and take the title of Emperor of the Weſt.

But you aſk me what is to become of Portugal. What is Portugal? It is a corner of land divided into three parts; the one barren, one belonging to the church, and the remaining part not even producing grain enough for the inhabitants. Look now at Brazil, and ſee what is wanting. Salt may be found at Pernambuco, the country will produce wine, and oil may be made from the whale fiſhery; true, indeed, we ſhould have no ſnow to cool our drink, but there are ways enough beſide of cooling water.

If America is in want of ſome things which Europe produces, Europe wants more of the productions of America: whatever America is in need of, induſtry can there ſupply; but it is not thus in Europe. The Divine Providence permits theſe mutual wants,* that all nations may

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

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may communicate with each other, and form themſelves into an univerſal Republic.

In contemplating the plan we ſhould remember how widely the goſpel might be extended when there would be ſo many more labourers in the Lord's vineyard. I ſay the Lord's, for the Tapuyes of Brazil are as much his creatures as the Europeans, though they have for ſo many ages dwelt in the darkneſs of idolatry, groaning under the dominion of the Devil.

Thus ſhould Braziſ become the port of the world: the Europeans would come there for gold and ſilver, and jewels, and whatever productions might be raiſed, nor when the ports were open to them, would they ever think of conquering the country. You ſay that Portugal muſt then be governed by a Viceroy; that he would be leſs careful of the ſtate; that the Nobility would be leſs willing to ſerve under him, and that Portugal would thus be added to Spain. To this I reply, let the Powers of Europe guarantee Portugal to his Majeſty; this they will do for their own intereſts; and if Spain attacks Portugal, let her expect repriſals

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ſals 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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LETTER XXV.

Thursday, March 24.

ON Monday laſt I went to Setuval. 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

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ſcattered on every ſide amid the heath and ſand, attracted our attention by their beauty and novelty; and in every little watry bottom the frogs croaked out a concert pleaſant to the ears of one who loves the ſounds of happineſs. Aſcending the hill we looked back over the foreſt to the Tagus, and the city on its oppoſite ſhore. On our right was a wild tract of high hills, partly covered with green corn, and in parts ſhewing their red ſoil; a few grey-green poplars grew at their feet, amid cottages thinly ſcattered, and orange gardens.

At the entrance of Palmella is a handſome fountain, with the arms of the town and an inſcription, in which I was ſomewhat amuſed at ſeeing S. P. Q. P.

The proſpect as we deſcended is the moſt beautiful I ever beheld. The ſame wild, bold ſcenery on our right; the country before us, and to the left, in the higheſt ſtate of cultivation, abundantly wooded with almond trees, now covered with their faint pink bloſſoms, and orange groves, whoſe rich verdure is diverſified with flowers and fruit. Every where around

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were ſingle cottages, and convents, venerable piles and picturesque to the eye, however we may deteſt the purpoſes to which they are applied. About three miles diſtant lay Setuval, and its harbour: beyond, a low and feeble boundary to the ſcene, ſtretched the ſhore of Eſtremadura.

We turned our mules looſe in the market-place of Setuval, a curious way of getting rid of the beaſts, which the general teſtimony could hardly make me believe to be the cuſtom, till our own practice confirmed it. There is an hotel here kept by an Iriſhman; I had expected a good houſe, and was completely diſappointed. We procured a *ground floor* apartment there, *two ſtories above the ſtreet*, in which two little bed cloſets ſtood, and a third bed was placed for us in the room: we were three in number, and Manuel attended us.

Setuval, as ſeen from the water, very much reſembles Coruna: the principal ſtreet extending in the ſame manner along the ſtrand. Cetobriga is ſuppoſed to have ſtood on the oppoſite ſhore: the fiſhermen frequently find coins in the ſand,

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ſand, and a Corinthian pillar, which was dug up there, now ſtands in the ſquare of Setuval, ſcraped and ornamented with a crucifix. The great earthquake was attended with ſingular effects here: part of a wall is ſtill remaining, of which about twenty yards was removed thirty-feet farther from the river, by the tide, and left ſtill ſtanding. I was informed that the water threw a veſſel of an hundred tons burthen on the roof of a houſe, which was of courſe deſtroyed.

The chief object of our excurſion was to viſit the celebrated Convent of Noſſa Senhora da Arrabida, on the Arrabida mountain. This convent owes its origin to a miraculous image of Noſſa Senhora, which attracts more viſitors to the Arrabida than all its wild and glorious ſcenery. This image belonged to the chaplain of an Engliſh ſhip whoſe name was Haldebrant: during the darkneſs of a tempeſtuous night, when the veſſel was near the ſhore, it was preſerved from ſhipwreck by a wonderful ſplendour that from the height of the mountain illuminated the ſtormy ſea. The tempeſt abated, and the ſailors, in exploring the ſpot from whence

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the light proceeded, diſcovered the image of the Virgin, which had fled thither from the ſhip. Believing it to be a ſpot choſen by the bleſſed Mary for her worſhip, they erected a chapel there with the alms they obtained, and Father Haldebrant was appointed chaplain.

Such, according to *grave and reſpectable* hiſtorians, is the origin of this convent. I have met with a ſonnet in the works of Franciſco Manuel, upon "this moſt holy Convent of the Arrabida." Franciſco Manuel is but an indifferent poet: he has ſeldom ſucceeded better than on this ſubject.

AL COMBENTO DEVOTISSIMO

DE LA ARRABIDA.

NO baxes temeroſo, o peregrino,
Fia tus paſſos de la ſenda eſcura;
Que eſta que te parece aſpera y dura
Eſta es del cielo el aſpero camino.

Si

Si baxas, ſubiras a ſer vecino
De la Jeruſalem ſanta y ſegura;
Porque la 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 glit-
tering ſtream,
That

That ſparkles down the mountain, to thine ear
Sends its mild murmurs: round thy throbbing brow,
Pleaſant the cool air breathes, and on thy way
The glorious ſun ſhines radiant: canſt thou pauſe?
Oh Pilgrim, hie thee on with holy haſte
And enter there, where all the hours are hours
Of Life, and every hope, reality.

The promontory of Arrabida projects into the Atlantic ocean, about ſix miles from Setuval. The cuſtom-houſe boat had been procured for us, and we departed early on Tueſday morning. We paſſed by Atun Caſtle, which commanded the mouth of the river Sado, three miles from the town. The mountain now opened on our view; it was covered with trees till within a few years, when they were deſtroyed by fire; the quick vegetation of the climate has ſupplied the loſs to the eye, and covered the ground

ground with tall ſhrubs, among which a few trees ſtill remain. We went between the ſhore and two inſulated rocks, in one was a dark cavern: many ſhrubs grew on the ſummit, and there was a monumental croſs in memory of a man who had fallen from the precipice where he was catching birds. Near this we landed: wine and oranges were procured from a venta, the only habitation in ſight; we had brought ſome cold fowls from Setuval, and the ſpring by which we ſat ſupplied us with excellent water.

Never did I behold ſcenery ſo wild and ſo ſublime as the mountain of Arrabida preſented, and which continually varying as we advanced, always diſplayed ſome new beauty. The gum-ceſtus was the moſt common plant; it was luxurioufly in bloſſom, and the ſun drew forth its rich balſamic fragrance. About three parts up ſtands the convent; a few cypreſſes, an orange garden and olive yard diverſified the fall around it: on the ſummit are a number of little chapels, or ſaint-boxes. A Dutchman could not have placed any ornaments there more deteſtable to the pictureſque eye: rude croſſes are erected on almoſt every crag; below is the Atlantic

Atlantic ocean. We were conducted to a cavern conſecrated to St. Catherine: the entrance is down a long flight of ſteps, and admits but little light: the ſea enters below, daſhing the rocks with that loud and continual roar, which accords as well with the feelings of the Poet as of the Devotee. Through this aperture the light aſcends, and nothing is viſible but rock and ſea. I could believe that old George Wither (who has been abuſed for his politics and his poetry by blockheads who knew nothing of either the one or the other) deſcribed this very ſpot in his unequalled lines.

THE dull loneleſs, the black ſhade
That theſe hanging vaults have made,
The ſtrange muſic of the waves
Beating on theſe hollow caves,
This black den which rocks emboſs
Overgrown with eldeſt moſs,
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight.

I did not wonder to ſee Manuel and our conductor on their knees before the image of St. Catherine; my own mind was full of feelings

ings " half ready to become devotion," and you will forgive me if for a moment I almoſt wiſhed to be a hermit.

But ſuch beings as old Naſcian and the Hermit of La Roche-pauvre, exiſt only in Romance, and we muſt look in Gil Blas for a faithful picture of theſe vermin. There is an Engliſh Hermit who now reſides on the Arrabida; he was an Agent at Liſbon, and after ſpending the property he was entruſted with, choſe this way of life.

The day was hot and the mountain ſteep. We aſcended to the convent; it is a ſtrange irregular building, its cells connected by ſteps and paths cut in the rock. They led us from one chapel to another, to our great fatigue, and the ſtill great delight of Manuel, who by the merits of this day's pilgrimage will eſcape a few thouſand years of purgatory. In one place is the latter part of our Saviour's hiſtory, repreſented in little earthen figures. The convent belongs to the bearded Franciſcans; and over the image of their patron Saint is written,

Ante

Ante obitum
Mortuus,
Poſt obitum
Vivus,
Cernitur Franciſcus.

In the great chapel are waxen legs, arms, &c. as uſual, and numberleſs pictures of miracles wrought by our Lady of the Arrabida; ſuch as ſhips in a ſtorm, perſons falling down precipices, and ſick in bed, with the Virgin appearing above to ſave them; the moſt extraordinary is that of a man who fell from an aſs, and as through the bleſſed Virgin's aſſiſtance he did not hurt himſelf, he hung up a repreſentation of the miraculous eſcape.

We went to the Convent of Brancanaz as we left Setuval on the Wednesday: it is about a mile diſtant, and almoſt every object on the road different from the Engliſh landſcape; a ruined aqueduct croſſes the way; the ground is laid out in vine-yards, olive-yards, and orange-gardens, and the fences compoſed of long canes, aloes, and the devil's fig, which, Hogarth ſays, has

has the ſame reaſon for being ugly as a candleſtick. A Madonna, variouſly attributed to Raphael, Titian, and Guido, attracted us to Brancanaz: it is in high preſervation, and would do honour to either; travellers have taught theſe Franciſcans its value. This convent, like moſt others, ſtands on a fine and commanding ſituation. At the commencement of the preſent war, the Prince of Brazil complained to General M. of the want of Engineers. Your Royal Highneſs is miſtaken, replied the old General, you have the beſt Engineers in the world—your Monks, look at their convents; you will always find them in the beſt and moſt commanding ſituations of the country.

When we reached Moita, a man proffered us a boat, with a covering from the rain, for ſixteen teſtoons. We agreed with him and embarked; but it was only by lying along that we could be ſheltered, and when the owner of the boat had ſecured us, he took in as many 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

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the paſſengers, amuſed us with their muſic, and the men ſtunk ſo abominably that even Manuel complained. We preferred being wet to the peſtilential atmoſphere, and reached Liſbon after a paſſage of five hours.

MUSINGS

AFTER VISITING THE

CONVENT OF ARRABIDA.

HAPPY the dwellers in this holy houſe!
For ſurely never worldly Cares intrude
On this retreat, this ſolitary ſhade,
Where QUIET with RELIGION makes her home.
And ye who tenant ſuch a ghodly ſcene
Muſt needs be good! here all is calm and fair,
And here the mirror of the mind reflects
Sereneſt beauty. O'er theſe woodland haunts
The

The infatiate eye, with ever new delight
Roams raptur'd, marking now where to the wind
The tall tree ſhakes its many-colour'd boughs,
Making wild melody, and now the ſport
Of many a ſea bird o'er the tranquil deep,
And now the long reflected line of light
Where the broad orb of day refulgent ſinks
Beneath old Ocean's bound.—To have no Cares,
To have no kindred with the reptile race
Of Man—no Wants to fetter down the ſoul
Amid the knaves and ideots of the world,
Almoſt, ye dwellers in this holy houſe!
Almoſt I envy you! you never hear
The groan of Wretchedneſs; you never ſee
Pale Hunger's aſking eye, nor roam around
Thoſe huge and hateful ſepulchres of Men,
Where WEALTH and POWER have rear'd their palaces,
And VICE with horrible contagion taints
The human herd. That ſtrange EGYPTIAN* Youth,
Who

* In the Lower Thebais (during the perſecution of Decius) there was a young man named Paul, to whom at fifteen years of age, his parents left a great eſtate. He was a perſon

Who first amid the pathless desert dwelt.
Self-exiled from the world, knew well the world
He left: the accurſed Tyrant of Mankind
Had ſent his Miniſters of vengeance forth.
The mob with blind and blood-hound fury join'd
The chaſe of Murder. Danger was abroad,
Danger and Death, and Treaſon lurk'd at home
Beneath a brother's ſmile: far in the wilds,
When many a year had thinn'd his hoary locks,
Old PAUL remembered all the ills he fled
And bleſt his lonely lot. I too could love,
Ye tenants of this holy ſolitude!
To ſojourn here, and when the ſun rides high
Seek ſome ſequeſtered dingle's deepeſt ſhade,
And at the cooler hour along the beach
Stray

perſon of much learning, of a mild temper, and full of the love of God. He had a married ſiſter, with whom he lived. Her huſband was baſe enough to deſign an information againſt him in order to obtain his eſtate. Paul, having notice of this, retired to the deſart mountains, where he waited till the perſecution ceaſed. Habit at length made ſolitude agreeable to him; he found a pleaſant retreat, and lived there fourſcore and ten years. He was at the time of his retirement 23, and lived to be 113 years old. This is the firſt diſtinct account of an hermit in the Chriſtian Church."

Milner's History of the Church of Christ.

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Stray with ſlow ſtep, and gaze upon the deep :
And, whilſt the evening breezes bathed my brow,
And on mine ear the rude and reſtleſs roar
Re-echoed, muſe on many a leſſon taught
By hard Experience. Yet may yonder deep
Suggeſt ſome not unprofitable thought,
Monaſtic brethren ! Would the mariner,
Tho' many a tempeſt ſwell its maddened waves,
And many a whirlwind o'er the reeling maſt
Impel the mountain ſurge, quit yonder deep
And rather float upon ſome tranquil ſea,
Whoſe moveleſs waters never feel the gale,
In ſafe ſtagnation ? I muſt yet fulfil
Some taſks, ſome duties ; and thoſe well fulfill'd
Beloved ! then will we together ſeek
The cot of Independance. Pleaſant then
To think that we have walk'd amid mankind
" More ſinn'd againſt than ſinning." Pleaſant
then
To muſe on many a ſorrow overpaſt,
And think the labour of the day is done,
And as the evening of our lives ſhall cloſe
The peaceful evening, hail with firmeſt hope
The approaching dawn of everlaſting day !

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

I SAT up late laſt night reading the Eſtelle of Florian. I love the ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes of Romance; not the deteſtable eclogue rhymers, but thoſe whom the Author has made after his own heart, and whom he leads through all the viciſſitudes of love to happineſs, either in church or in the church-yard. The pleaſure we feel in thus contemplating human nature, ſuch as it ſhould be, does not perhaps make amends for the mortification of ſeeing it ſuch as it is. After intereſting myſelf in rural loves, I feel totally unfit to aſſociate with huſbands who have purchaſed wives, and wives who have purchaſed huſbands; the tittle-tattle of polite converſation appears more than uſually dull, when the mind has been delighted with the language of poetry and of the heart; the rattle of carriages makes but a melancholy diſcord to ſup-

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ply the murmurings of the brook, and the ſongs of the grove; the convent bells ſound villainouſly, inſtead of "the drowſy tinklings of the diſtant fold;" and after regaling my fancy with a bank of violets, I turn up my noſe at the ſtreets of Liſbon.

This ſpecies of compoſition owes its origin to George of Montemayor, whoſe Diana becomes additionally valuable, like the French Aſtræa, by ſhadowing the hiſtory of its author. It ſoon became popular, and the preſſes of Spain and Portugal ſwarmed with paſtoral Romances, of which ſome were honoured by the names of Gil Polo, Lope de Vega, and Cervantes. The ſublime extravagance of the books of chivalry yielded to this tamer nonſenſe, which gave way in its turn to the French Romances; ponderous volumes, of which the Caſſandra and Cleopatra are deeply intereſting, in defiance of hiſtory, coſtume, and common ſenſe. Miſs Lee has followed theſe works in blending hiſtory and fiction, and the herd of imitators ſufficiently witneſs her merit and ſucceſs. The paſtoral Romance has been revived by Florian with equal judgment: his Galatea, though a pleaſing tale,

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poſſeſſes not the excellence we might expect in a work corrected by Florian, from the original of Cervantes. There is more unity in his Eſtelle; here he has availed himſelf of the genius of George of Montemayor, and borne to it ample and honourable teſtimony.

You would be aſtoniſhed at the *enormity* of the Spaniſh and Portugueze paſtorals; they frequently extend to five hundred, and Garcilaſo de la Vega has left one above ſeventeen hundred lines in length: it is eaſy to dilate theſe compoſitions, of which rhyme appears to be the only requiſite; nor is it indeed difficult to attain the reputation of a poet in theſe countries, where whatever is rhyme paſſes for poetry. I will venture to aſſert that there is more genius in one of our old metrical Romances than can be found in all the Epic Poems of Portugal, not excepting Camoens. The Malaca Conquiſtada of Franciſco de Sa de Menezes, and the Ulyſſes of Gabriel Pereira de Caſtro, are eſteemed the beſt after the Luſiad: the beſt part of the firſt poem is ſtolen from Taſſo, and when Ulyſſes, in the other, deſcends to hell, the deſcription of the towers and the gate of hell are tranſlated without acknow-

knowledgment from Dante. They ſteal as freely from each other as from their neighbours: Tojal has followed Camoens with the moſt ſervile imitation in his Carlos Reduzido, though he poſſeſſed himſelf a prodigality of genius unequalled by any of his countrymen.

The Affonſo Africano of Vaſco Mauſinho de Quebedo, has by ſome Portugueze critics been eſteemed inferior only to Camoens. His Preface reminded me of old John Bunyan, a brief extract will ſuffice.—"One of the moſt difficult enterprizes is that which a man of fortitude undertakes againſt himſelf, labouring to ſubdue the city of his own Nature, of which the Enemy of Mankind has poſſeſſed himſelf. This is figured in Arzilla, a town in Africa beyond the ſeas, ſurrounded with walls, through which five gates give ingreſs, which are the five ſenſes. In the higheſt part a Caſtle is erected with three towers, theſe are the powers of the ſoul; and in the midſt of the fortreſs ſtands the Moſque, which is the human heart. Affonſo V. ſurnamed Africano, ſeeks this with an armed fleet from Liſbon, he is Man, and has to croſs the tempeſtuous ocean of the Appetites."

The present reign has produced two Epic Poems, the re-building of Lisbon after the Earthquake, and the marriage of the reigning Queen Maria with her Uncle, by permission of Jupiter, through the intercession of Venus, is the subject of one,—Lisboa Reedificada, by Miguel Mauricio Ramalho: of this it is enough to say that the subject and the execution are worthy of each other. The other is the Caramuru of Father José de Santa Rita Duraon; the four last books form a complete specimen of the national dullness and vanity, but the former part of the Poem excites more interest than any poetry in the Portugueze language. The story is briefly this: Diogo Alvares was shipwrecked near Bahia, among a nation of Cannibals, who devoured his companions, and only spared him till he should recover his health; in the mean time he procured fire arms from the wreck, and killing a bird was called by the intimidated Savages The Son of Thunder, and Caramuru, or, The Dragon of the Sea. Thus obtaining the command, he conquered their enemies and married Paraguazu, heiress to the Chief of the Tupinambas. The story is historically true. Paraguazu was baptized in

France,

France, and received the name of Catherine from Catherine of Medicis, her godmother. She afterwards transferred her rights to King Joaon III. and thus the Portugueze obtained the richeſt province of Brazil.

I give you one extract, horribly ſublime. The Author declares that the circumſtance happened in Para, during the reign of the late King Joſe I. on the authority of a man in high office, then employed in that country in a public capacity. My tranſlation is compreſſed, not altered.

Eſtava o deſditoſo encadeado,
E expoſto á mil inſectos que o mordiaon,
Nem ſe lhe via o corpo enſanguentado,
Que todo os marimbondos* lhe cubriaon:
Corria o negro ſangue derramado
Das crueis picaduras, que lhe abriaon
E elle immovel em tanta em toſco aſſento,
Parecia inſenſivel no tormento.

Vendo

* A very venemous ſpecies of wasp.

Vendo Diogo o infeliz, quanto padece
No modo de penar mais deshumano,
Maior a tolerancia lhe parece,
Do que possa caber n' hum peito humano;
E como author do crime reconhece
Do cruel Sogro o corazaon tyranno,
Offerece a Baobu, que a morte ameaza,
Socorro amigo na cruel desgraza.

Perdes comigo o tempo, disse o Fero,
Ao que vês, e ainda a mais vivo disposto;
A liberdade que me das não quero;
E da dor, que tolero, fazo gosto:
Assim vingar-me do inimigo espero.
Disse. e sem se mudar do antigo posto,
As picadas crueis taon firme atura,
Como se penha fora, ou rocha dura.

Se o motivo, diz Diogo, porque temes,
He porque escravo padecer receias,
E tens por menor mal este, em que gemes,
Do que huma vida em miseras cadeias:
Depoen o susto, que sem causa tremes,
Penhor te posso dar, por onde creias,
Depondo a obstinazaon do torpe medo,
Que a vida a liberdade te concedo.

Aqui

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Aqui da fronte o barbaro deſvia
Dos infeſtos co a maon a eſpeſſa banda;
E a Diogo que aſſim ſe condoia,
Hum ſorriſo em reſpoſta alegre manda.
De que te admiras tu? que ſerviria
Dar ao vil corpo condizaon mais branda?
Corpo meu naon he ja, ſe anda comigo,
Elle he corpo em verdade do inimigo.

O eſpirito, a razaon, o penſamento
Sou EU, e nada mais: a carne immunda
Forma ſe cada dia do alimento,
E faz a nutrizaon, que ſe confunda:
Ves tu a carne aqui, que mal ſuſtento?
Naon a reputes minha: ſo ſe funda
Na que tenho cormido aos adverſarios,
Donde minha naon he, mas dos contrarios.

Da carne me paſtei continuamente
De ſeus filhos, e pai: della he compoſto
Elle corpo, que animo de preſante:
Por iſſo dos tormentos fazo goſto:
E quando maior pena a carne ſente,
Entaon mais me conſolo, no ſuppoſto
De me ver do inimigo bem vingado,
Neſte corpo, que he ſeu, taon mal tratado.

FIRM

FIRM at the ſtake he ſtood, his mangled limbs
Briſtled with darts, and black with blood that roll'd
From many a wound, on whoſe bare fibres fix'd
The venemous ſwarm fed. He the while was calm,
Nor did his countenance change, nor did he move,
Tho' each torn nerve was quivering. All enraged
Diogo ſaw the victim, and he ran
And forced them ceaſe their ſkilful cruelty,
And bade the warrior live. "Thou loſeſt time,
"Bidding me live;" the indignant Savage cried:
"Pale Man! I mock their empty rage, I love
"This extaſy of feeling." "Thou ſhalt live!"
Exclaim'd the Chief of Portugal, amazed
At more than mortal ſufferance. "Gallant Man,
"Spurn not the life I proffer; undiſgraced
"Seek thou thine home, and live in liberty."
Then from his bloody brow the Savage ſwept
The ſwarm, and ſmil'd and anſwer'd, "Pale-fac'd Man,

"Why

" Why doſt thou wonder at my ſufferance?
" This body is not mine: Spirit, and Thought,
" And Reaſon, theſe are ME! and this poor
" fleſh
" That I inhabit in, it is the fleſh
" Of foes whom I have fed on, of your friends;
" Your ſons, your parents, feeble Enemies!
" I do rejoice that you ſhould torture thus
" Their body!"

Sir William Jones's Poems from the Perſian, have been lately tranſlated by Franciſco Manoel de Oliveira, a native of Madeira, whoſe original pieces diſplay ſome genius. They have tranſlations of Thomſon's Seaſons, the Paradiſe Loſt, and the Night Thoughts of Young, a favourite poet of the Portugueze, on account of his forced thoughts that ſo often totter on the brink of nonſenſe: Harvey's Meditations are on the ſame account highly eſteemed. I ſee the Death of Abel is rendered from the German, and the Arminius of Baron Schonjach: Voltaire

taire praiſed it highly, but I found it difficult to proceed through our proſe tranſlation.

The Buſy Body and the School for Scandal have been ſucceſsfully brought upon the Portugueze ſtage by Correo. He had alſo tranſlated the Suſpicious Huſband, but the Inquiſitors refuſed to licenſe this, becauſe they deemed Ranger a dangerous character to be publicly repreſented. Correo is ſaid to tranſlate with ſpirit: he is now employed on an original comedy called the Genealogiſt, and a tragedy on the Conqueſt of Peru.

Buchan's Domeſtic Phyſician has been tranſlated and adapted to the climates of Portugal and Brazil. They have Cullen's works likewiſe. You may eſtimate the medical progreſs of this country by this circumſtance.—The Dutch Miniſter here hurt his leg; a 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

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few years back. In the beginning of the laſt year a ſurgeon of the country was called in to an infant whoſe arm was broken in three places, and he never diſcovered the fracture.

In a country where the art of healing is ſo little underſtood, you may perhaps be curious to know how they eſtimate medical merit, and what are its rewards. A ſervant belonging to the Royal Family was ſtabbed in the abdomen ſo that his entrails came out. Mr. T. an Engliſh ſurgeon, cured the wound, and the reward he received was to have his picture hung up in the Lapa Church, ſtanding by the patient's bed, with the Virgin Mary above, who had enabled him to perform the cure.

Of the Portugueze muſic I can give you no account. I heard the Siege of Gibraltar lately, and amuſed myſelf by reading what the harpſichord expreſſed. "The French and Spaniards prepare for the attack.—The Engliſh prepare. Now the batteries begin.—Now Elliot fires his red hot balls.—Now the batteries blow up.—Cries of the wounded and dying.—Now the Spaniards try to ſave themſelves by ſwimming.

Mr.

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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

endure them; but how the diseased man shrinks when you touch his sores!

Many of the Portugueze have wasted their abilities in writing in Latin,* instead of enriching

* Resendius is perhaps the best of their Latin writers. The following extract is long, but the story is a curious one.

"Animi causa, narrabo tibi Ebroensium meorum fabellam non inlepidam. Octavo ab urbe lapide, Salaciensi via (lapidibus enim viarum trium, Emeritensis, Pacensis ac Salaciensis, millia passuum distinguuntur) fanum est Virgini Christi matri sacrum, inter diruta a Romanis usque temporibus edificia, locum Turegiam vocant. Manent adhuc aquæductus, vestigia et aquarum diversa conceptacula. Unum ceteris capacius Agonem, seu martyrum Caveam, adpellant, aiunt illic obcisos sine certo nomine martyres non paucos, una cum episcopo. Duas episcopo fuisse sorores virgines, alteram Columbam, quæ ibi juxta interfecta sit, ubi etiam nunc sacellum extat illius nomine: alteram metu fugisse, insequutumque episcopum, puellam de perfidia increpasse; illam respondisse, non mortis se metu, sed ne barbaris ludibrio haberetur aufugisse: orare tamen fratrem ut virginali imbecillitati id condonaret, ipsque sororem sua manu martyrem faceret, quando fugæ nulla spes esset reliqua. Episcopum sororicidium aversatum, verum satellibus venientibus innuisse, qui puellæ caput amputarint. Ubi corruit, promanasse fontem aquæ dulcissimæ, qui nunc vulgo Fons Sanctus nominatur, lippientibus

ing,

ing their native tongue. A collection of their poetry was attempted some years ago; it extended

entibus salutatis. Puellam tamen, in fagæ parvam, manâsse innominatam. Hoc peracto, episcopum rediisse ad Agonem, & martyrium consummasse. Sepulchrum ejus lapideum, si tamen ejus est, visitur in ipso Dei matris fano, vacuum atque apertum: supra quod mensa extat lapidea inscripta, columellis suffulta quatuor, ita ut pateat sepulchrum a dextro in sinistrum cornu ingredi, & transire volentibus. Mensa tamen minor est, quam ut monumenti operculum existimari debet; arbitrorque inventum inter ruinas in aræ usum accommodatam. Solebant illic mederi quibus lumbi dolerent, martyris episcopi auxilio implorato, & absque dubio juvabantur. Super aram etiam eamdem, celebrabantur mysteria, in martyris episcopi honorem. Extat et pictura, et Viatis nomen Episcopo adscriptum: unde id mox apertam. Hæc vetus fama; quæ si historia est, ea nimirum obsolevit, omnia confundente et obliterante barbaria. Mihi, quum Divorum historias ad Ebovensis Ecclesiæ Breviarum concinnarem, contigit illic ire, indagandæ antiquitatis causa. Fani ejus parœcus, reverendus admodum sacerdos, ac loquutuleius non invenuste ad vocem gestum accommodans, ut qui Romæ plusculos fuisset annos, quum me perhumane excepisset, & cognita itineris causa, martyrum sive historiam hanc, sive fabulam, denarrasset, oro te, inquam, vir egregie, extat ne scriptura quæpiam quæ id attestatur? Eccam! inquit ille, et quidem luculentam. Duxitque me ad aram, et abstatis mappis quibus tegebatur, inscriptionem ostendit hujusmodi.

D.

tended to eight or ten quarto volumes, but for want of encouragement the work was discontinued.

D. M. S
Q. IVL. MAXIMO. C. V. QUAESTORI. PROV. SICILIAE. TRIB. PLEB. LEG. PROV. NARBONENS. GALLIAE. PRAEF. DESIG. ANN. XLVIII. CALPVRNIA. SABINA. MARITO. OPTIMO.
Q. IVL. CLARO. C. V. IIII. VIRO. VIARVM. CVRANDARVM. ANN. XXI. Q. IVL. NEPOTIANO. C. I. IIII. VIRO. VIARVM. CVRANDARVM. ANN. XX. CALP. SABINA. FILIIS.

Protenso itaque digito ad verba illa, Viarum curandarum, ecce, ait, nomen proprium Viarii; illud autem curandarum, perinde est, quasi diceret curam curarum; cura vero curarum Episcopus est. Cætera, inquit, nomina, opinor aliorum Martyrum esse peculiaria. Continui erumpentem risum, atque ut vere dicam, stomachum pudore motum cohibui, ne hospiti viderer parum civilis. Rem tamen ad Alphonsum S. R. E. Cardinalem Principem meum, tunc Eborensem pontificem, detuli, et interpretis bellissimi narrationem, ac unde Viarii nomen effictum esset. Mihi vero, qui auctor fuerim, non semel vulgus non tam adfectos lumbos, quam lumbifragium est imprecatus. Quod si Divi aut Divæ quujuspiam sepulchrum illud est, mihi utrumlibet propitium esse, velim, qui non fecerim, ut sanctitate,

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tinued. The few copies that remained on hand were sold as waste paper, and so scattered that it

sanctitate detraherem, sed ut fabulam sacro dimoverem, et ut ne homines ethnici, viarum curatores, pro Martyribus colerentur. Juvebantur tamen, uti prius dixi, Viario supplicantes.

The Reader will thank me for annexing the epitaph of his Mother:

Memoriæ et Pie-
fati dicatum.
Salve mea Mater, fœmina ingen-
nocentiss. cui meinter cunas
relictum, plus Pater fidei tuæ
non ignarus, extrema voce com-
misit moriens, quujusq. perpe-
tuo castissimoq. viduvio edu-
catus; liberaliter annos, 38.
quidquid id ætatis sum, quid-
quid futurus postea, adceptum
fero. Audita morte tua adsum
ab ultimis Germanis parenta-
tum, conlacrymans mœstiter,
justa solvi, et quoniam te una
mea mater adempta miserabi-
lem et orbum tædet patriæ
olim dulcissimæ, iterum pere-
gre revertor.

L. Andr. Resendius Angelæ Leo-
noriæ Vasiæ Matri pientiss. et
B. M. D. S. P.

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it is now difficult to collect a ſet complete, as far as they extended.

The vernacular poets have been more fortunate. The oldeſt and the beſt have been re-edited, and one of them, Pedro de Andrade Caminha, publiſhed for the firſt time from the manuſcript by the Royal Academy.

LETTER XXVII.

AS Good-Friday happened on the 25th of March this year, they have put off Lady-Day till the 6th of April. I have now witneſſed all the 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

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very jocoſe to pour water on any perſon who paſſes, or throw powder in his face, but to do both is the perfection of wit.

On the evening of Good-Friday I went to the New Convent, to witneſs the rending of the veil of the Temple, and hear a Portugueze ſermon. The earthquake was repreſented by a noiſe like ſcuffling of feet: the ſermon was extempore, and its ſubject the ſorrows of the Virgin Mary; the Preacher addreſſed himſelf to her image, the words magoas (ſorrows) and eſta triſtiſſima noite (this moſt mournful night) were continually whined out; it was the very reverſe of the celebrated Carol of her ſeven good joys.

The following day I attended to ſee the Church ſtripped; it was under the management of a man of high rank, remarkable for his attachment to prieſts and proſtitutes. One of the officiating prieſts wore a wig with a hole cut in it by way of the myſtic tonſure. After I had waited ſome hours, expoſed to all the effluvia of a Portugueze crowd, the black curtains were in an inſtant drawn, and the altars diſcovered compleatly illuminated.

Apicius,

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Apicius himſelf might envy the feelings of a Catholic on Eaſter Eve. After doing penance for forty days on fiſh and ſoup meagre, they make amends for it by falling to when the clock ſtrikes twelve, and this midnight feaſt is ſaid to do them more injury than all the previous faſting.

Eaſter Sunday is the acceſſion day of the Emperor of the Holy Ghoſt. This great perſonage, of whom you have probably never heard, is a little boy; his reign laſts only till Whitſuntide, but his privileges are for life, and ſingular ones they are; for he is allowed to commit any crime without incurring the puniſhment of death, except high-treaſon: for which he may be beheaded.

On moſt eminences his ſtandard is erected; a high pole with a flag bearing a dove; his retinue parade the ſtreets with ſimilar flags, proffering them to all good Catholics to kiſs, and receiving money in return, which is expended in a feaſt on Whitſunday, at which the Emperor preſides in perſon.

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I drank tea lately at the grate of the Engliſh Nuns. They are of the order of St. Bridget. When their poſſeſſions were ſeized by Henry the Eighth, they wandered through France and Flanders for thirty-ſeven years, till the pious liberality of Iſabel de Azevedo gave them a ſettlement at Liſbon. A miraculous crucifix is venerated there, which the Engliſh heretics tore away from Siſter Iſabel Arte, whilſt ſhe was embracing it, and caſt it into the fire; the nun burſt from them, and bore the image from the fire, which had loſt all power of injuring either that or the holy Maid. The Convent has been conſtantly ſupplied from England with victims to this diabolical ſuperſtition; but it is now ſeveral years ſince a novice has arrived, and I hope our country will not long be diſgraced by the inſtitution. They gave us the hiſtory of each day's employment, a melancholy round of prayer and ſilence, undiverſified by one ſolitary pleaſure. Every nun, on the anniverſary of her profeſſion, is treated with a breakfaſt as gay as her convent friends can furniſh: they crown her with flowers, and call her the Lady Bride!

They

They talked much at the grate of the happineſs they enjoyed; yet from the account they gave of their manner of life, and the eagerneſs with which they appeared to ſeize the opportunity of converſation, I went away fully convinced that a nun is as miſerable in herſelf as ſhe is uſeleſs to ſociety.

This ſubject reminds me of a French Sonnet which I have lately met with; it was written about the year 1640, by a ſiſter of the Abbe Montreul, and addreſſed to her lover before ſhe entered a Convent of Urſuline Nuns.

En vous diſant adieu, malgre moi je ſoupire,
On voit tomber mes pleurs en ce facheux moment,
Je ſens deux paſſions, quoiqu' inegalement,
Regner ſur mon eſprit avec beaucoup d'empire.
Je ne ſaurois penſer au bonheur où j'aſpire
Sans temoigner l'exces de mon contentement;
Mais, d'un autre cote, ce triſte eloignement,
Lorſque je ſonge a vous, fait auſſi que j'expire.

Pour

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Pour vaincre mon amour, j'ai long-temps
combattu,
Et j'aurois vainement employé ma vertu,
Si Dieu, par ſes bontés, n'eut aidé mes foi-
bleſſes,
C'eſt qui dans mon cœur vient combattre au-
jourd'hui
Votre humeur, vos diſcours, vos ſoins, et vos
tendreſſes,
Vous ne voudriez pas l'emporter deſſus lui.

NOT yet mine own, two paſſions rend my heart,
Yet with unequal force: to ſay farewell—
Farewell to you! ah me—the ſigh will ſwell
My breaſt;—I cannot chuſe but weep to part.
When to that veſtal life I turn my view,
And with collected reaſon contemplate,
My ſoul exultant hails her bliſsful ſtate;
Yet it ſinks in me when I think of you.

Feeble

Feeble and frail long time in vain I ſtrove
This fond and guilty paſſion to ſubdue,
Your looks, your words, your tenderneſs, your love,
They conquer'd me—but GOD has conquer'd you!
Yes, GOD himſelf has given me ſtrength to part,
You would not claim from him his victim's heart.'

This delirium of devotion may ſupply comfort to a few monaſtics, whoſe warmth of diſpoſition has been thus perverted: theſe, however, muſt neceſſarily be few, and there is too much reaſon to believe that the greater number, precluded from the exertions of active benevolence, ſeek to relieve the dreadful 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

habit of entering them by night, and accordingly changed the lock. On the next day he received a note to this purport, "If you ſuſtain any loſs in your cellar, you ſhall be amply recompenſed; but replace the old lock, or be aſſured you will repent it." He underſtood the note, and followed the advice. The roof of the cellar was formed only of planks laid over the beams, and one of theſe was looſe.

Of the ignorance of the friars a laughable inſtance lately occurred. A pair of globes, juſt arrived from England, were ſhown to one of them: "Ah!" ſaid he, "I know what this is very well; it is a camera obſcura, and a very dangerous thing it is! a friend of mine was very nearly killed in making ſome experiments with one." So ingeniouſly did he confound the globes, the camera obſcura, and the electrical machine. It may be doubted whether it was ignorance prompted the anſwer of another friar, who, on being aſked the uſe of ſome veſſels in the church which he was not able to explain, replied, "Oh! theſe are myſteries of the church."

Were

Were not the evils of Superſtition ſo grievous its abſurdities might amuſe us. One of the Gallego ſervants here related the following ſtory of his country Saint, St. Iago of Compoſtella. He aſſerted and believed that the nails, and hair, and beard of his image conſtantly grew, and that a prieſt of high eccleſiaſtical rank was always appointed to pare his nails and ſhave him. Once a meaner prieſt was nominated to this important office; he approached the image, placed the baſon under his chin, began to lather the Saint, and was immediately ſtruck dead for his preſumption.*

There

* I extract the following moſt impudent inſtance of Monkiſh fraud from the valuable tracts of Dr. Geddes. He was Chaplain at the Engliſh Factory at Liſbon, and entertained a moſt religious averſion for the Catholic ſuperſtition; an averſion not unreaſonable in a man who had been once examined by the Inquiſition.

Some Reliques and Manuſcripts, purporting to have been written during the perſecution of Nero, were found in the ruins of the uninhabitable Turpian Tower at Granada in 1588, and in the mountain Valparayſo, near that city, in 1595.

Theſe writings declared all ſuch as diſbelieved the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary to be accurſed, excom-

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There are many Churches here in an unfiniſhed ſtate, though the building has been begun twenty

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

That ſome of them were in modern Spaniſh which was not ſpoken in the time of Nero.

That St. Cæcilius is called in them Biſhop of Granada, whereas Granada was not built and known by that name, till ſeven hundred years after the time of Nero.

That they expreſs apprehenſions leſt the Moors ſhould ſeize the writings, whereas there could be no danger from the Moors in the time of Nero.

That ſome of them were in Arabic, a language which at that period was not known in Spain.

Theſe objections were anſwered by Dr. Madera, who affirmed,

That the Spaniſh language was the very ſame as it now is, before any Roman ever entered Spain.

That Granada was built and known by that name, and a biſhopric in the days of the Apoſtles.

And

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twenty or thirty years: becauſe eſtates have been left to the church till it is compleated.

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

And that Arabic was ſpoken in Spain and Barbary long before thoſe countries were conquered by the Arabs.

But this was his deciſive argument.

If theſe writings are forged they muſt be forged, either by a Mohammedan, a Heretic, or a Catholic. Now neither Mohammedan or Heretic would forge writings that ſo explicitly condemn their own opinions; and as for the Catholics—it is utterly impoſſible that any Catholic could be capable of ſo wicked an action as that of forging writings and affixing Saints names to them.

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laſt agonies, they place a candle in his hand, and ſmuggle him under falſe colours into the kingdom of heaven. An Engliſhman who kept a Portugueze miſtreſs was ſo tormented by theſe friars in his laſt illneſs, that he died with a loaded piſtol in each hand, ready to ſhoot the firſt monk that approached him.

This ſpirit of proſelyting is equally powerful whether the monk acts from worldly or conſcientious motives; in the one caſe he acquires conſiderable reputation for his convent and for himſelf, in the other he eſcapes all the pains of purgatory. From this double intereſt of the prieſt, and the dreadful deſpotiſm they exerciſe over the laity, marriages between Roman Catholics and perſons of a different religion are productive of great miſery.

A Lutheran reſident in Liſbon, who had married a Roman Catholic, called her to his bed-ſide when he was dying, and made her, in the preſence of the German Clergyman, ſolemnly vow that ſhe would not compel her ſons to abjure their religion. She made the oath to her dying huſband, and perjured herſelf before the end of the week.

LETTER

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LETTER XXVIII.

April 9.

WE went to Cintra on Sunday laſt, and ſaw nothing remarkable on the road except ſome of the retinue of the Emperor of the Holy Ghoſt, and two rams drawing a little cart.

Never was a houſe more completely ſecluded than my Uncle's: it is ſo completely ſurrounded with lemon-trees and laurels as nowhere to be viſible at the diſtance of ten yards—a place

Where the tired mind
Might reſt beyond the murmurs of mankind!

A little ſtream of water runs down the hill before the door, another door opens into a lemon garden, and from the ſitting-room we have juſt ſuch a proſpect over lemon trees and laurels to an oppoſite hill, as, by promiſing a better, invites us to walk.

I know

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I know not how to deſcribe to you the ſtrange beauties of Cintra; it is, perhaps, more beautiful than ſublime, more groteſque than beautiful, yet I never beheld ſcenery more calculated to fill the beholder with admiration and delight. This immenſe rock or mountain is in part covered with ſcanty herbage, in parts it riſes into conical hills, formed of ſuch immenſe ſtones, and piled ſo ſtrangely, that all the machinery of deluges and volcanos muſt fail to ſatisfy the inquiry for their origin. Nearly at the baſe ſtands the town of Cintra and its palace; an old and irregular pile with two chimnies each ſhaped like a glaſs-houſe. But the abundance of wood forms the moſt ſtriking feature in this retreat from the Portugueze ſummer. The houſes of the Engliſh are ſeen ſcattered on the aſcent half hid among cork trees, elms, oaks, hazels, walnuts, the tall canes, and the rich green of the lemon gardens.

On one of the mountain eminences ſtands the Penha Convent, viſible from the hills near Liſbon. On another are the ruins of a Mooriſh Caſtle, and a ciſtern, within its boundaries, kept always

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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.

Pendentes ulmi muſcoſaque ſaxa valete,
Et gelidi fontes flexibileſque hederæ.

Indifferent as the lines are, ſome perſon has attempted to defraud the author by ſigning and dating them 1795. They are of the date 1772, the joint compoſition of a Portugueze Fidalgo and an Ex-Jeſuit, who on the diſſolution of that order, by which he had been educated, and in

which

which he had intended to profeſs, came down to Cintra and was protected by the Fidalgo, then Juiz de Foro. Their deſtinies were widely different. The Juiz de Foro gradually roſe from place to place till he attained a high poſt in Brazil, here he began to intrigue and foment diſturbances, was apprehended, ſentenced to Angola, and died on the way. A curious monument of the true Jeſuitical ſuppleneſs of his friend remains in his own phraſe, "on the eternal rocks of Cintra;" where he has carved two inſcriptions in honour of Pombal, and of the late King. They are little known; I aſcended to them with half an hour's hard labour; and give you the *kakography* of the original.

On one rock,

DIV
JOS
IMP
ÆTER
NIT. S.

On

On the other,

Mag Pomb Nomen
Extinctis Conj. urb er.
Delet Jes. inſt academ.
Eternis Cinthiæ rup
Poſter mand traddid
Non ingr hoſpes.

His flattery was rewarded with a good poſt.

In the palace we were ſhown the chair where Sebaſtian ſat when he announced his intended African expedition to his Counſellors. Here too, is the apartment where Affonſo VI. was confined, after the wife and the crown of which he was unworthy had been ſeized by his brother. The brick flooring of the room is worn deep in one part by the ſteps of the captive King. The ſides and ceiling of another room are painted with the eſcutcheons of the noble families of Portugal; I obſerved that thoſe were eraſed whoſe bearers had been engaged in the conſpiracy againſt the late King.*

The

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

The gardens of PenhaVerde, once the ſuperb ſeat of Don Joaon de Caſtro, contain his heart at preſent, with the following epitaph. I believe you will find my tranſlation as bad as the original, and this is the beſt praiſe it can deſerve.

Cor

Antiga fonte
da pipa:
reedificada
e melhorada
pelo Doutor
Franco Joze
De Miranda
Duarte præzi-
dente do ſenado
da camera e Juis
de Fora deſta villa,
em execuzam das
ordens de ſua Mage
expedidas em avizo
da Secretaria de eſtado
dos negocios do reyno, de
vinte e ſeis de Outubre 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 gravaram
os verſos ſeguintes.

Qualis

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

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

1788.

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.

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A heart ſublime, and than the earth's wide bourne
More ample, lies within this little urn.
A heart in worth and birth to him allied,
Whom vanquiſh'd India hails his country's pride.
A heart to holy Mary's love ſubdued,
A heart moſt heartily pious, brave, and good.
Here all Saldanha lies inurn'd, not part,
For here his heart lies, and he was all heart.

On the wall near the monument is a ſtone with this inſcription, which I own myſelf unable to comprehend :

Oculis
Quam
Naribus
Melior.

There is an old ſtatue of a ſleeping Venus in the garden ; I mention it becauſe a Catholic lady miſtook it for a venerable image of the Virgin Mary, and uſed to addreſs her daily prayers to it.

Near the Penha Verde an old cork tree overhangs the road ; the fern is rooted in its moſſy bark,

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bark, and forms with its verdure a moſt picturesque contraſt to the old tree's dark evergreen foliage. Cintra is remarkably damp, yet I am told the damps are not unwholeſome.

We viſited the Cork Convent: here I was ſhown a den in which a Hermit lived twelve years; a ſmall hole for ſo large a vermin, but the virtue of burrowing there has procured him a place in Heaven, if we believe the inſcription:

Hic Honorius,
vitam finivit,
Et ideo cum Deo
vitam revivit.
obit 1596.

I have now mentioned to you all that ſtrangers uſually viſit at Cintra: but I cannot without a tedious minuteneſs deſcribe the ever-varying proſpects that the many eminences of this wild rock preſent, or the little green lanes over whoſe bordering lemon gardens the evening wind blows ſo cool, ſo rich! You would not be

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be intereſted by the domeſtic management of three men; yet theſe trifling circumſtances ſo dull to others, are thoſe that render the remembrance of Cintra pleaſant to me: I ſhall always love to think of the lonely houſe, and the ſtream that runs beſide it, whoſe murmurs were the laſt ſounds I heard at night, and the firſt that awoke my attention in the morning.

LETTER XXIX.

I AM informed that Cintra has been celebrated in ſong, by Captain Jeremiah Thompſon, of the Polly Schooner. A ſpecimen of the poem was *repeated* to me, and I quote it from memory, ſo that the lines may not be exact, yet the genuine beauty of the thoughts muſt remain:

Oh

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Oh tell me what Goddeſs, what Muſe, or what
Grace,
Could ever have form'd ſuch a beautiful place?
Here are Flora's beſt flowers in full bloſſom,
and here is
The work of Vertumnus, Pomona, and Ceres.

He then ſays, that Nature had collected all her materials, and was about to group her rocks and trees, when

" Something did intrude,
And therefore ſhe left it wild, beautiful, rude.

We returned to Liſbon on *Burros:* the 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

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when a donkey would have carried him to the end of his journey ſlow but ſure.

They have no idea of the exertions of our Engliſh horſes. A young Engliſhman, who draws very well, drew one in the act of leaping a gate; Sir, ſaid the Portugueze, to whom he ſhewed the ſketch, no horſe can do that, it is impoſſible.

There is a ſtrange ſect of enthuſiaſts in this country called Sebaſtianiſts, from the name of the unfortunate King who is the object of their ſuperſtition. What tradition fables of the Welſh is true of theſe people; they hope and expect the re-appearance of Sebaſtian, and they have nightly meetings on the hills, near the aqueduct, to watch in the heavens for the tokens of his approach. Dryden has not choſen the moſt intereſting part of this monarch's hiſtory for his drama; the intereſt of intrigue and inceſt may be excited by any dabbler, but to deſcribe the return of Sebaſtian after his country was annexed to Spain, to delineate the workings of his mind, when after a long courſe of adverſity had

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had ſubdued his vices and ſtrengthened his virtues, he was puniſhed as an impoſtor by thoſe who knew the juſtice of his claims, this would have been worthy of the powers of Dryden, even if he had poſſeſſed ſufficient independence and integrity to have pleaſed his own better judgment, and treated the public taſte with the contempt it merited.

It was very fortunate for Nebuchadnezzar that he was not King of Portugal, for I know not where he could have grazed for ſeven years. I have never ſeen either wolf or wild boar in the open country, but they are numerous. An officer whoſe regiment was ſtationed in one of the provinces, heard frequent complaints of the miſchief which the wild boars did, and ordered his men to encompaſs their haunts and drive them into a circle; this was done, but when the boars found themſelves ſurrounded they charged their enemies, burſt through them, and eſcaped victorious.

I had a very narrow eſcape lately from one of the large fiſhing boats in the river that very frequently run down ſmaller boats; it is but a few

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few years ſince eleven Ruſſian midſhipmen were deſtroyed thus, a fiſhing boat purpoſely run them down, and when ſome of them leapt on board of it to ſave themſelves, the fiſhermen knocked them over. I have already mentioned the remiſſneſs of the police; on this account executions are very rare, not becauſe crimes are uncommon. A Portugueze was executed in one of the provincial towns ſome years ago, for a ſingular trade of wickedneſs: he uſed to call all the pedlars into his houſe and murder them, till at length the neighbours wondered that no pedlar was ever ſeen after he had entered there, and he was detected.

The mode of execution is horrible. In almoſt every town is a pillar generally of groteſque and ſtriking architecture. To this the criminal is faſtened: a ſurgeon draws a chalk line acroſs his throat, and the executioner follows it with a long ſharp knife; but this mode of decapitation is the privilege of the Fidalgos, and plebeians are hung. A ſingular point of law and etiquette occurred at the execution of the laſt man who ſuffered at Liſbon. He had murdered his father and brother to come at the eſtate

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eſtate, and when condemned to death claimed the honour of being beheaded as a Fidalgo: but as only one of his parents enjoyed that title, the Fidalgos objected to this, and inſiſted that he ſhould be hung; the matter was compromiſed, for the poor fellow had not intereſt enough to make a law ſuit of it, and his head was only cut half off to ſatisfy both parties.

Though the laws are in general ſo remiſs, on one remarkable occaſion they were fatally precipitate. A Nunnery had been ſet on fire, and a gentleman was apprehended near it whoſe horſe was ſhod with felt, and who would give no account of himſelf. The certainty of death could not make him break his myſterious ſilence, he was condemned and ſuffered: but the real criminals were afterwards diſcovered, and his innocence known too late. The Portugueze Nobles ſtill wear a medal nine days in the year as a memorial of this fatal error.

I was lately at the funeral of a Catholic of diſtinction, it was in the evening; the coffin was placed in the middle of the church, it was then opened, and the corpſe expoſed holding a croſs.

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croſs. The body was ſurrounded by prieſts each holding a wax taper as tall as himſelf, and for an hour and a half did they labour in ſinging the dirge. The coffin was afterwards filled with quick lime, a neceſſary means of accelerating decay where they bury always in the churches.

There is a large folio volume entitled the laſt actions of a Duke of Cadaval; it conſiſts of an account of his illneſs, what his phyſicians did for him, and the religious offices he performed. The funeral ſermon is annexed, and contains a burſt of extraordinary eloquence; the preacher apoſtrophizes the grave, "O Grave! art thou not aſhamed! doſt thou not bluſh, O Grave! to devour ſo noble a perſonage!"

The fires of Purgatory (which, as Manoel de Abuzi ſaid, boil the caldrons of ſo many friars) are diſplayed with ſufficient care to the imagination of this people. The Catholic can ſcarcely lift up his eyes without beholding a 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 whereon

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whereon the ſame ſpectacle is exhibited in glowing colours. The ſouls* in Purgatory are farmed out

* Theſe abuſes of the Scripture doctrine have occaſioned the diabolical belief of eternal puniſhment. I tranſcribe the following paſſage from the "De Statu Mortuorum" of Burnet, an author whoſe genius was perhaps never excelled. He quotes from one of thoſe Theologians whom he calls the Doctores Immiſericordes.

"Si omnes homines nati ab Adam uſque ad hodiernum diem, et amplius naſcituri, viverent uſque ad noviſſimum diem; et omnia gramina, quæ exorta unquam fuerunt, eſſent homines; ac ſi unam pœnam quam patitur Anima pro uno peccato mortali, in inferno, ex æquo partirentur, ita ut daretur unicuique pars illius pœnæ æqua; tunc particula quævis illius pœnæ hominis unius major eſſet, quam omnia tormenta quæ omnes Sancti Martyres, & omnes raptores, & omnes malefici unquam paſſi fuerunt."

Hæc ille. His pœnis truculentiſſimis ſi æternitatem addas, omnes explebis inhumanitis partes, numeros, rationes.

Nobis difficile eſt omnem exuere humanitatem; Deo difficilius omnem miſericordiam: et ſi naturam noſtram corrumpere aut deſtruere poſſumus, divinam non poſſumus. Pulſarunt olim tympana in valle Hinnon, ne exaudiretur a populo et a parentibus infantum clamor, qui immolabantur Idolo igneo et vagiebant acerbe inter flammas: ſed

out like the tythes and turnpikes in England; nor muſt you imagine that the harveſt is contemptible,

ſed totum licet æthera reſonare feceris continuis tonitribus, nunquam efficies ut in hoc Tophet, de quo loquimur, excruciatorum planctus et ejulatus non aſcendant in aures Jehovæ, Patris miſericordiarum.

Reſpice pauliſper, ſi placet, Doctor immiſericors! quale nobis exhibes ſpectaculum; quale theatrum Providentiæ, multo majorem partem humani generis æſtuantem inter flammas per æterna ſæcula. O digna Deo et Angelis ſpectatoribus ſcena! dein ad demulcendum aures, dum plangoribus et ululatu cælum terramque replet hæc infelix turba, harmoniam habes plane divinam! illud præterea mihi dolet non parum, quod videam, hoc modo, tantam partem naturæ rationalis inutilem factam, funditus perditum et rejectaneum, inſtar ſalis inſalſi, aut inſtar vappæ, projectam foris, ſine uſu, aut ſpe futura.

Omnis creatura, quantum nobis conſtat, eſt ſua natura labilis, perinde ac improba et damnata. Quod ſi eodem modo lapſi ſint penitus irrecuperabiles, tota creatio intellectualis expoſita eſt, non vanitati tantum, ſed etiam æternæ miſeriæ. 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 miſeros ſe conditos eſſe a Deo,

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tible, the appeal to religious belief and the feelings of humanity is powerful, and the alms given

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* puniſhment which a ſoul ſuffers in Hell for *one* deadly ſin ſhould be divided equally among them, ſo that every one ſhould ſuffer an equal proportion, then each particular ſhare of that puniſhment which would fall to one man, would be greater than all the holy Martyrs, and all robbers, and all malefactors have ever endured."

Thus

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given in penance are uſually thus appropriated. One convent in Liſbon that enjoys a conſiderable

Thus the Theologian. If you add eternity to theſe moſt ſavage puniſhments, you will fill up the meaſure of barbarity.

It is difficult for us to throw aſide all humanity; it is more difficult for God to throw aſide all mercy, and though we may be able to corrupt or to deſtroy our own nature, the divine nature cannot be changed. They beat drums of yore in the valley of Hinnon, that the cries of infants who were ſacrificed to the Idol, and ſcream'd bitterly amid the flames, might not be heard by the people and by their parents; but though you could make the whole heavens echo with unceaſing thunders, you could not prevent the ſcreams and howlings of the tortured in this Tophet from aſcending to the ears of God, the Father of mercy.

Contemplate a little, ſtern and unrelenting believer! what a ſpectacle doſt thou exhibit to us! what a theatre of providence! the far greater part of the human race liquifying in fire through everlaſting ages! Oh ſcene worthy to be beheld by God and his Angels! and you will have a harmony truly divine to ſoothe their ears, whilſt this miſerable multitude fill earth and heaven with their groans and howlings! It would afflict me with no light grief ot 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

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able revenue in behalf of the dead, entruſts the performance of the maſſes to eccleſiaſtical agents

Every one is by nature prone to ſin, therefore wicked and condemned; but if, according to this belief, they that have fallen are irrecoverably loſt, the whole intellectual creation is expoſed, not ſo much to vanity as to unending wretchedneſs: nor would it be the work of divine goodneſs, but rather of malevolent cruelty, or of ſome unhappy chance to have framed this order of things. God once repented him that he had made man, becauſe of their exceeding wickedneſs; the miſerable human race might in their turn ſorrow that they were created, ſince it had been better for them never to have been."

As a contraſt to the eloquent declamation of Burnet, I annex this extract from "The miſcellaneous Companion, by W. Matthews;" it is the production of JOHN HENDERSON, nor can I beſtow on it a higher comment than by ſaying that it does not diſgrace his memory. It is ſubjoined to a dialogue in which the doctrine of purgatory is defended.

1ſt.—I lay it down as a maxim to be doubted by few, and denied by none, that whoſoever doth any thing, foreſeeing the certain event thereof, willeth that event. If a parent ſend children into a wood wherein grow poiſonous berries, and *certainly know* that they *will* eat of them, it is of no importance in the conſiderations of common ſenſe, that he cautions, forbids, forewarns, or that they, having free will, *may* avoid the poiſon. Who will not accuſe him

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agents in the country, who do the buſineſs by commiſſion at a cheaper rate.

The

of their death in ſending them into circumſtances where he foreknew it would happen? God foreknows every thing; to his knowledge every thing is certain. Let us ſuppoſe him about to create twenty men: he knows ten of them (or any number) will become vicious, therefore damned, thence inherit the unceaſing penalty. Who doubts in ſuch a caſe that he *wills* the *end*, who being all-mighty and all knowing, does that without which it could not come to paſs? But He hath ſworn by Himself, for He could ſwear by no greater, that He willeth not the death of him that dieth: that is, He willeth it not finally or ſimply as death, or deſtruction irrecoverable. And if it occur it is a part of his œconomy of grace, a 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

The burying-ground of the Engliſh and Lutherans is planted with Judah trees and cypreſſes, that

whom good can accrue from endleſs puniſhment muſt be either *puniſher*, *puniſhed*, or *fellow-creature* to the *puniſhed*. Let us try every one of the former three to each of the latter.

1ſt.—*The Puniſher.* Would it be a greater *honour* to the *punisher* to have his creatures miſerable than happy? I will venture to ſay by proxy for every Heart, No. Would it be greater *pleaſure?* No. And *benefit* to Him can be none.

2d.—*Puniſhed.* Endleſs puniſhment can be neither *honour*, *pleaſure*, nor *benefit* to them, though puniſhment on my ſcheme will be of endleſs benefit.

3d.—The *Fellow-creatures.* It will be as *honourable* to them as to have one of their family hanged. If they have *pleasure* in it, they muſt have a diabolical heart, and muſt by the juſt ſearcher of hearts be committed to the place prepared for the Devil and his Angels. *Benefit* they can have none, except ſafety, and that is fully anſwered by the great gulph, by confinement till reformation.

As then unceaſing torments can anſwer no poſſible good end to any one in the univerſe, I conclude them to be neither the will nor work of God. Could I ſuppoſe them, I muſt believe them to be inflicted by a wantonneſs or cruelty, which words cannot expreſs, nor heart conceive.

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that form a moſt melancholy contraſt. The bodies ſoon after death are placed in a depoſit-houſe, a cuſtom neceſſary in this hot climate, and which it would be well to adopt every where. In the depoſit-houſe is a handſome monument erected by the Governors of Chriſt's Hoſpital to Mr. Parr, who had been educated there, and at his death endowed it with the bulk of his fortune. The burial-ground contains one curious ſpecimen of Engliſh poetry, ſaid to be the production of a ſchoolmaſter, and perhaps bad enough to entertain you.

Induſtry made him ſhine with ſplendid ſtore,
Yet could not defend him from death's certain door,
Where haſtily he entered with great alarum,
Without intending mortal any harm.
Such was his fate, when leaſt expecting death
A fatal ſhot deprived him of his breath.

Thus

But let this be the comfort of every humble ſoul, Known unto God are all his works; the Judge of all ſhall do right; and HE ordereth all things well. It hath pleaſed HIM to reconcile *all things* to HIMSELF. Therefore to HIM ſhall bow *every* knee; and *every* tongue ſhall ſay, "In the Lord *I* have ſtrength, and *I* have righteouſneſs."

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Thus mortal man tho' ſtrict a watch may keep,
Is often hurried into eternal ſleep.

The Silva Curioſa has preſerved a ſingular epitaph placed at Coimbra on the grave of one who had left all that he was worth to ſome diſtant friends, without bequeathing any thing to the good of his own ſoul, or to the perſon who had always attended him, and who therefore wrote his epitaph:

Hic jacet Durandus
Sub lapide duro,
Ipſe non curavit de ſe
Neque ego curo.

The moderns are in no ſpecies of compoſition ſo inferior to the antients as in monumental inſcriptions. They ſhould be brief, and ſimple, and characteriſtic; our moſt popular are deficient in theſe three qualities, which are ſo admirably preſerved in the Greek. There is not a more ſtriking inſtance than in that on the tomb of the Indian Suicide,—"Here lies Zarmonochegas the Indian, who, after the manner of his country, made himſelf immortal."

But

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But I have met with a moſt remarkable epitaph, in the Chronicle of Sebaſtian, by Manoel de Menezes. He ſays that it was diſcovered in the iſle of Cyprus, in the ſepulchre of a King of that iſland, written in Greek verſe, and ſent to the Portugueze Monarch Joaon III. after his death, on the day before Sebaſtian aſſumed the government, the Dowager Queen ſent him the epitaph, and adviſed him ſo to labour in his ſtation as to deſerve ſuch an inſcription upon his grave, a happineſs which ſhe had often heard his grandfather moſt earneſtly deſire. The truth of its origin I cannot affirm, and I have in vain ſought for the Greek. My tranſlation from the Portugueze will make you approve the advice of the Queen, but you may perhaps doubt whether any King could write ſuch a hiſtory of himſelf with truth.

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

" What

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

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

O que

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" What I could obtain by peace I never forced by war.

" I never chaſtiſed in public him whom I could privately amend, or whoſe amendment I had not previouſly attempted.

" I

O que pude alcanzar por paz, nunca o tomey com guerra.

O que pude vencer com rogos, nunca o afugentey com ameazos.

O que pude remediar em ſegredo, nunca o caſtiguey em publico.

O que pude emendar com aviſos, nunca o caſtiguey com azoutes.

Nunca caſtiguey em publico que primeiro naon aviſaſſe.

Nunca conſenti a minha lingoa que diſſeſſe mentira, nem permitti a meus ouvides que ouviſſem liſonjas.

Refreey meu corazaon, para que naon deſejaſſe com o ſeu pouco.

Veley por conſerver meus amigos, e deſveleime por naon ter inimigos.

Naon fuy prodigo em gaſtar, nem cobizoſo em receber.

Do que caſtiguey tenho pezar, e do que perdoey alegria.

Naſci homem entre os homems, por tanto comem os bichos minhas carnes.

Ouvi virtuoſo, e vivi virtuoſo com os virtuoſos, por tanto deſcanzara a minha alma com Dios.

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" 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

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LETTER XXX.

THE *ci-devant* huſband of Madame Tallien is in Liſbon. I mention it becauſe the buſineſs that brought him here is curious. Two years ago he had taken his place from France in a Daniſh veſſel bound for Philadelphia. Part of his baggage, which contained ſome very valuable jewels, was conveyed on board, and when he returned to ſhore for the reſt, he left the keys in care of an American, unwilling to truſt them to the Emigrant paſſengers. The ſhip ſailed without him, and put in at Liſbon; where the Emigrants informed the Court of the value of his jewels, and added that in all probability the owner had been guillotined. It was in vain that the American, who was entruſted with the keys, remonſtrated, or that the Captain declared he muſt be reſponſible for the effects when

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when the owner ſhould demand them at Philadelphia; the Portugueze Government ſeized them, and placed them in a depoſit houſe. The huſband of Madame Tallien (I only know him by the name of his ex-wife), however arrived at laſt to claim his jewels, and the property has been reſtored to him.

I met a Tooth-drawer yeſterday who wore a ſmall braſs chain acroſs his ſhoulders, ornamented with rotten teeth at equal diſtances: perhaps his profeſſional full dreſs.

I have ſeen much of Angelo Talaſſi, the celebrated Improviſatore, who receives a penſion of an hundred moidores in that capacity from the French Court. When firſt I ſaw him my Uncle was out; he came up ſtairs talking to the ſervant in a voice that Stentor might have envied. The odd genius diſplayed in his face engaged my attention to him, and when he ſhowed me his name in a volume of his own poems, which he brought with him, I knew who was my viſitor. We began our converſation in Latin, continued it in Portugueze, and ended in French. The ſubject of Italian poetry was

eaſily

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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 Parmazan. He read us part of an unpubliſhed work, in imitation of Taſſo's Rinaldo, in which he had introduced Lord Bute and Lord Fitzwilliam. After ſupper we had a ſpecimen of his art. I had long wiſhed to hear an Improviſatore. He ſung or toned his verſes, ſo that the deficiency or redundance of three or four feet was of no conſequence;

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quence: his hand went up and down keeping time, and occaſionally he continued for ten or twelve lines with his eyes ſhut. It was a ſtrange 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 my Uncle for not bringing a wife from England, and told me that I ſhould return there and marry one. This laſted about ten minutes, and, in a language ſo abundant in rhymes as the Italian, might have been continued as long as the Poet's breath could endure. The defects of metre are diſguiſed by toning, and they who admire the poetry of the South of Europe cannot complain if the effuſions of the Improviſatore riſe not above proſe in dignity of ſentiment.

The extempore poet and the extempore preacher practice neceſſarily the ſame profeſſional trick: the ſame ſubject will call forth the ſame thoughts, and old ideas are cloſely connected with the words in which they have been uſually conveyed. This I have known to be the caſe with public ſpeakers; and one who had often heard Talaſſi with more than common attention, aſſured me

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me that his beſt paſſages were ſuch as were eaſily introduced on any ſubject. A few days after we had ſupped with him. I again ſaw this enthuſiaſtic Italian; he found me reading the life of Taſſo, and catching up the volume, he kiſſed the portrait of his favourite author. I ſpoke of the entertainment he had given me, he talked of his verſes, and repeated the lines he had addreſſed to me on that occaſion; either his powers of memory, therefore, are prodigious, or theſe lines were not the effuſion of the moment when I firſt heard them: they were equally applicable to every young foreigner Talaſſi has been in company with, and it would be ſtrange if ſo trite an idea had not often occurred to him before.

The encouragement of Talaſſi may, perhaps, prepoſſeſs you in favour of the Court of Liſbon. That Court is, as you may ſuppoſe, made gloomy by the dreadful malady of the Queen. Of her ſon, the Prince of Brazil, it were needleſs to detail the character. About three years ago as he was on the road from Quelus to Liſbon, to appear in the moſt ſolemn of their proceſſions, he heard that on the preceding night lights

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lights had been diſcovered in the common ſewers of the city. The Prince, whoſe imagination was full of jacobiniſm and plots, immediately turned back; the ſewers were ſearched: they no longer ſerved as water-paſſages, and ſome of the wretched victims of inequality who had not elſewhere wherein to hide their heads, were accuſtomed to paſs the night in theſe miſerable vaults.

I mentioned Mafra, the Eſcurial of Portugal, in my letter from Cintra: this ſuperb edifice was built in conſequence of a vow made by Maria Anna of Auſtria, wife of Joaon V. She was in danger of ſhipwreck on her paſſage, and vowed to build a convent to our Lady and St. Anthony, if ſhe eſcaped, on the firſt land ſhe ſaw. Accordingly Mafra was built, and given to the Arrabidan Franciſcans. When Pombal was in adminiſtration he endeavoured to root out the monaſtic vermin who depopulated the country; he ſuffered no perſon to take the vows, and when the Members of two religious ſocieties were, in conſequence of this edict, ſufficiently diminiſhed, he incorporated the two into

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into one, and ſold the poſſeſſions of the other. The mendicant orders he regarded as the moſt miſchievous, expelled the Franciſcans from Mafra, and gave it to the regular canons of St. Auſtin, who, as they lived upon their own revenues, would not impoveriſh all around them. When the Prince of Brazil married, his Confeſſor, who is a Franciſcan himſelf, informed him that he never would have a child unleſs the Franciſcans were reinſtated in poſſeſſion of Mafra. The Prince had faith, the mendicants had Mafra, St. Franciſco had pity, and the Princeſs had a child.

The four firſt names of this child were avowedly choſen by the Prince for ſome particular reaſon. The reaſons for three of them were obvious: Antonio is the tutelary Saint of Portugal, and it was by permiſſion of St. Franciſco that the child was born; it was likewiſe right to give the child the name of the Confeſſor, without whoſe advice concerning Mafra, the kingdom of Portugal muſt have wanted an heir. But for the fourth name no motive could be aſſigned, and the ſagacity of the Prince was amuſed by the inquiſitive ignorance of his Courtiers:

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Courtiers: the queſtion at length was aſked by one of them; he profeſſed his admiration of the wiſdom that had given him the three names; and requeſted an explanation of the myſtical meaning of the fourth. "Ah!" replied the Prince, "you could not find out that! why I gave the child that name, becauſe it was upon that Saint's day that I firſt thought of having a child."

The nurſing of this child, ſo remarkable for his birth and chriſtening, furniſhes yet another anecdote. According to Court etiquette the Nurſe was to pay all due reſpect to the royal baby; ſhe was not allowed even to hold it to her breaſt herſelf, but the infant was to be held there by a noble lady. To the honour of the Portugueze women I ſhould mention that they make moſt affectionate nurſes; one day the Nurſe was detected in the act of kiſſing the child; the Courtiers pronounced it high treaſon, and were going to ſend her to the Caſtle, but the Princeſs wiſely reprimanded them, pleaſed at the affection of the woman, and knowing that affection is the beſt ſecurity for attentive care.

A cir-

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A circumſtance which happened here in March will ſhow you the dread they entertain of French principles. Four prints arrived here for an Engliſh gentleman, repreſenting the royal family of France in their moſt diſtreſsful ſituations. Theſe prints that appeal to the feelings, are more powerful advocates for ariſtocracy than all the volumes of its penſioners; the Cuſtom-houſe Officer, however, took them out of the frames, and tore them in pieces, declaring that nothing about the French ſhould enter Portugal. He then repacked the frames and glaſſes, and ſent them to the owner.

All improvements here are claſſed under the hateful term of innovations. A Portugueze, who, after making ſome fortune in England, ſettled in his own country, had learnt the value of Engliſh comforts, and built a chimney in his ſitting-room. But none of his countrymen would ſit in the room. "No," they ſaid, "they did not like thoſe metaphyſical things." *Essas cousas metaficas.* I met with as curious an application of a word in the fragment of a Portugueze theological work; after enumerating ſome of the opinions of an heretic, the

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author adds, "he was guilty of theſe and many other ſuch beſtialities."

Yet, however averſe they may be to French principles, many of the Portugueze diſlike the Engliſh influence, and reprobate the Methuen treaty as the ruin of their commerce. The following extract is a ſtriking inſtance, I tranſlate it from a paper publiſhed in the memorials of the Royal Academy: "We have beheld in our times the Aurora of a brighter day, and juſt poſterity will learn with admiration the actions of a Sovereign who has made the city riſe more flouriſhing from its aſhes, created public credit, and *deſtroyed the prejudice which had ſubjected us to a nation well acquainted with its own intereſts, which, under the ſpecious ſemblance of protection, has reduced us to be, as it were, the coloniſts of a foreign metropolis.*"

A dignified churchman, the Conego da Cruz, founded a ſilk manufactory at Sobral, an ill-choſen ſituation, being a day's journey from any water conveyance. His great difficulty was to keep the workmen there, who regretted the amuſements and vices of a metropolis: with this

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this view he provided plays for them, and, ſo fully poſſeſſed by the ſpirit of commerce was the patriotic eccleſiaſtic that he even eſtabliſhed a colony of proſtitutes from Liſbon at Sobral: the attempt failed, and the expenſive buildings that he erected are now in ruins.

Theſe premature attempts cannot be expected to ſucceed. A meaſure has been adopted ſince my reſidence here which will render the moſt eſſential ſervice to Portugal; the edict is now printing which declares Liſbon a free port; and when peace ſhall be reſtored to Europe, the beneficial effects muſt follow which were pointed out by the moſt enlightened of her ſtateſmen.

I am now preparing for my return: I am eager to be again in England, but my heart will be very heavy when I look back upon Liſbon for the laſt time.

EL

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EL OSO LA MONA Y EL CERDO.

UN Oſo con que la vida
Ganaba un Piamontes,
La no mui bien aprendida
Danza enſayaba en dos pies.

Queriendo hacer de perſona,
Dixo a una Mona: ¿ que tal ?
Era perita la Mona,
Y reſpondiole, mui mal.

Yo creó, replico el Oſo,
Que me haces poco favor.
¿ Pues que ? mi aire no es garboſo ?
¿ No hago el paſo con primor ?

Eſtaba el Cerdo preſente,
Y dixo, bravo ¡ bien va !
Bailarin mas excelente
No ſe ha viſto, ni vera.

Echo

Echo el Oſo, al oir eſto
Sus cuentas alla entre ſi,
Y con ademan modeſto
Hubo de exclamar aſi:

Quando me deſaprobaba
La Mona, llegue a dudar;
Mas ya que el Cerdo me alaba
Mui mal debo de bailar.

Guarde para ſu regalo
Eſta ſentencia un Autor;
Si el ſabio no aprueba, malo!
Si el necio aplaude, peor!

YRIARTE.

The DANCING BEAR.

SOME greater brute had caught a bear,
And made him dance from fair to fair,
To pleaſe the gaping crowd:
The rabble mob, who liked the ſight,
Expreſſ'd by clamours their delight,
And ſo the Bear grew proud.

Conceited

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Conceited now as praiſe he ſought,
He aſk'd a monkey what he thought,
And if he danced with taſte.
" Moſt vilely," honeſt pug replied,
" Nay, nay, friend Monkey!" Bruin cried,
" I'm ſure you only jeſt.

" Come come! all prejudice is wrong,
" See with what eaſe I move along!"
A Hog was by the place,
And cried, " According to my notions,
" There's elegance in all your motions.
" I never ſaw ſuch grace!

Bruin, tho' out in his pretence,
Was yet a bear of common ſenſe,
" Enough!" he cries, grown ſad.
" The Monkey's blaming I might doubt,
" But approbation from that ſnout!
" I muſt dance very bad."

Thus

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Thus he who gives his idle ſong
To all the motley-minded throng,
  Meets many a heavy curſe;
Vexations on vexations riſe,
Bad is the cenſure of the wiſe,
  The Blockhead's praiſe is worſe.

THE END.

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ERRORS.

Page 33, line 6, for nine read ninety.—p. 104, l. laſt, two r. ten.—p. 107, l. 6, ten r. two.—p. 118, l. 10, omit the word "*of.*"—p. 128, l. 5, for r. of.—p. 154, in the couplet, The, r. Ye.—p. 225, laſt l. but one, Be, r. And.—p. 358, l. 9, for, r. four.—p. 362, l. 5, credulity, r. incredulity.—p. 391, l. 9, compriſed, r. compromiſed.—p. 411, laſt l. but three, mutually, r. continually.—p. 416, laſt l. but one, numerous, r. enormous.—p. 443. l. 2, with, *r.* without.—p. 471, laſt l. but five, fall, r. hill.—p. 473, laſt l. but ſix, great, r. greater.—p. 478, at the end of the 4th l. add *forth.*

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