

things of his situation; regularly after dinner drank a bottle of mareschini, and lived in peace with all men. Such a man, whose religious sentiments must have assimilated with his habits of life, was well qualified to direct the mind of the wretched Maria I. in her incipient madness. She sometimes told him, that she felt herself excluded from all hopes of possible salvation. He used to soothe her, and tell her to be easy concerning her soul, for he would take that upon himself. By such assurances her mind, from time to time, was quieted: but upon his death, a less able man succeeded him, and this most horrible madness is confirmed for ever.

The pictures in the new Convent were painted by Pompeo Battoni; excepting one by the Queen's sister, in which Michael and the old Dragon are represented, with about as much taste as you must often have seen displayed upon St. George and the young one. They sent him the dimensions of the altar-piece, and the subject, Christ's heart!—to which the con-

vent is dedicated; and of which promising subject he was to make what he could. The heart is in the heavens, emitting splendour; where likewise are the Pope and the cardinal virtues. Below are Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, adoring the Heart. The figure of Europe is that of a female loosely dressed, on a horse whose hinder parts are foremost on the canvass. A Portugueze remarked, that it was very wrong to place such an altar-piece there, and make people kneel to an half-naked woman, and the rump of a horse. "How much better would it have been," said he, "to have placed the performance of the Princess there!" You will scarcely believe that the drain from the New Convent opens into the middle of one of the public streets.

I have been visiting all those objects which are usually shewn to strangers here: the aqueduct, whose stupendous height, much as I had heard of it, filled me with astonishment; the Mosaic pictures at St. Roque's, more excellent than I could possibly have believed; and the

cathedral, containing little worthy of notice, but remarkable for having a little chapel built immediately before its front, on the spot where St. Anthony was born. St. Anthony is generalissimo of the Portugueze forces; and you may see his commission in Costigan's Sketches. I have now lying before me an epic canto, of which this is the subject. St. Antonio, whilst preaching at Padua, suddenly discovers that his father, Bulhoens, is at that moment going to be condemned to death at Lisbon, for a murder of which he is innocent. St. Antonio flies to Lisbon, makes the dead man speak, to acquit Bulhoens, and name the assassin; then flies back again to Padua, and tells the story to conclude his sermon.

The equestrian statue of the late King is the noblest I ever saw. The late Chaplain, Mr. Allen, observed of the groupe below it, that they should draw the elephant's tusks; since, as he is less than the horse, he mest needs be a young one: the hint was taken. The mean resentment of his victorious enemies removed

the bust of Pombal from this statue; and they have defaced it by placing the city arms in bronze in its place. Horrible must have been the latter days of Pombal! He had always employed the power he possessed for the good of his country: but, to preserve that power, he had scrupled at no means, however atrocious. He retired at last in disgrace, to behold all his plans for the public good counteracted, and to feel, that the individual guilt he had contracted was indelible. After the death of the King, and the disgrace of Pombal, who had most faithfully served him, his enemies were continually urging the reigning Queen to restore the family of Aveiro to their 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 recog-

nize him. Aveiro himself might have escaped, had he possessed either common prudence or common courage. A vessel was prepared to carry him off; but he heard that a party of horse had lost themselves in the woods by his house without taking the alarm; and even when they appeared at the gate, he might have preserved himself by leaping out of a window, one story high. His palace at Belem was razed to the ground, and the ground sown with salt.* There is a church erected on the spot where the King was shot at, dedicated to Nossa Senhora da Livramento—Our Lady of the Deliverance. Three parties were stationed to destroy

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

Aqui forão as cazas arazadas e salgados de Joze Mascarenhas, exauthorado das honras de Duque de Aveiro e outras; e condemnado por sentença proferida na suprema junta da inconfidencia, em 12 de Janerio de 1759: justigado como hum dos chefes do barbaro e execrando desacato, que 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 não podera edificar em tempo algum.

him. The plot was, that the first should let him pass, the second fire; so that whether he proceeded or retreated, there might be a second chance of destroying him. This scheme, which, if properly executed, could scarcely have failed of success, was frustrated by the impatience of the first party, who fired as the coach passed them. The coachman immediately turned round and drove back, and thus the king was preserved. There is a curious sketch designed for the altar-piece of the church erected in commemoration of his escape, preserved in the Marquis of Angeja's Country House at Lumiares, and drawn by Vieyra. It represents the Conspirators firing at the King, who is surrounded by Angels, some of whom are leading the mules of his carriage, and others pouring water on the locks of the Conspirators' guns. This last idea is taken from the celebrated Dutch painting of Abraham offering up his son Isaac, in which, however, the angels are seen extinguishing the fire in a much more natural way.

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

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!

The patriarchal church is situated at the Ajuda. John V. established this on the model of that of Rome. The dress of the Patriarch is similar to that of the Pope, and like the Pope when he makes his appearance in public, he rides upon a white mule. The Principals answer to the Cardinals, and the resemblance is carried downwards in the same manner.

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

They have a good regulation here with regard to fires. The watermen, who sell the water in barrels that they carry on their shoulders, are divided into wards, of each of which the indi-

viduals take the command in rotation. Every man is obliged at night to carry home his barrel full, and, in case of fire, it is the business of the head of the ward to collect all who belong to it. An English sailor happened to see a fire here; assistance came late, and the house burnt slowly.—“Curse it,” cried he, squirting out his tobacco, “there’s no spirit in this country; why we should have had a dozen houses burnt down in London by this time!”

The Museum and the Botanic Garden are likewise at the Ajuda. Brazil has supplied the Museum with the richest collection of birds I ever saw. The collection, if well disposed, would make a much more respectable appearance; but when the gloom of insanity and bigotry prevails at Court, little can be expected of royal encouragement. Many of the most valuable articles have lately been presented to the Prince of Parma by the Prince of Brazil. In the Botanic Garden my attention was principally engaged by two statues dug up 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, yet they are much superior to the efforts of a barbarous one. These statues give ample room for conjecture ; they led me to reflect on many stupendous works of art, which were wondered at in the earliest ages of history, and of which the authors were even then forgotten.

Like every other useful establishment of royal munificence in this kingdom, the menagerie is ill-managed and ill-supplied. I was almost sickened at the pestilential filth in which the beasts are confined. The fine old elephant of John V. was put upon a short allowance of cabbages ; but as they who diminished his food could not lessen his appetite, the poor animal died. There are only three zebras remaining, and those are males ; they bred in this country,

and some attempts were made to break them in. The late Don Joze de Menezes, son of the Marquis of Marialva, actually drove them in an open carriage, till they broke two or three carriages for him, and some of them had killed themselves by struggling. This was the gentleman who was in the box with the King, and saw his brother, the Conde de Arcos, killed at a bull-fight: he immediately descended, and attacked and killed the bull.

St. Joze's, which lies two miles lower down on the bank of the river, was about two years ago the scene of a remarkable piece of villainy. A Priest called upon a German Jeweller in Lisbon, and desired him to bring a set of good jewels to St. Joze's, for a lady about to be married: and he told him as the lady wished to keep the marriage a secret, he would meet him near the house, and transact the business. The man accordingly went and found the priest where he had appointed, who told him there was the lady walking in the garden, and took the jewels from him to carry to her; but as he said

it was not yet time, they continued to stroll about the house. The Priest now produced some provisions, and urged his companion to eat, which however he declined: soon afterwards they came to a deep pit; the Priest desired the Jeweller to look down, immediately he pushed him in, and threw large stones upon him. The poor fellow, though he had broken an arm and a leg in the fall, contrived to creep into the passage that led to another pit; he frequently heard the Priest address him in a feigned voice, and ask who was there, that he might fling stones upon him if he appeared. In this situation he remained till the next morning, when some workmen who came to dig clay in the pits discovered him; he was taken to the house of an Englishman adjoining, and recovered of his wounds, but the Priest escaped.

Of late Lisbon has rapidly increased in size; but the growth of the metropolis no more implies the prosperity of the state, than that of an unwholesome tumour proves the health of the

body. The population* of this country is de-

* 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 - - -	405	365	829
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	325	358
Pena gracia - - -	90	80	***
Pena maior - - -	1050	686	639
Proenza - - -	180	176	130
Rosmanihal - - -	200	132	200
Sabrigal - - -	350	270	252
Salvaterra - - -	110	103	104
Sarzedas - - -	512	556	**
Segura - - -	100	78	70
Sortellha - - -	230	244	218
Touro - - -	270	242	267
St. Vicente - - -	300	263	278
Villa Velha - - -	160	147	**
Gibreira - - -	136	109	195
	<hr/> 7258	<hr/> 6114	<hr/> 4922

clining, and very material changes must take place before it can improve.

Deduct the number of which there was no account in 1796.

Pena Gracia	-	-	90
Sarzedas	-	-	512
Villa Velha	-	-	160
			<u>762</u>

From 7258 - total in 1706,

Deduct 762

6496 -- 4922

So that in eighty years there has been almost one-fourth decrease in depopulation.

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 on every side amid the heath and sand, attracted our attention by their beauty and novelty; and in every little watry bottom the

frogs croaked out a concert pleasant to the ears of one who loves the sounds of happiness. Ascending the hill we looked back over the forest to the Tagus, and the city on its opposite shore. On our right was a wild tract of high hills, partly covered with green corn, and in parts shewing their red soil; a few grey-green poplars grew at their feet, amid cottages thinly scattered, and orange gardens.

At the entrance of Palmella is a handsome fountain, with the arms of the town and an inscription, in which I was sometime amused at seeing S.P.Q.P. by the idea of the Senate and people of Palmella.

The prospect as we descended is the most beautiful I ever beheld. The same wild, bold scenery on our right; the country before us, and to the left, in the highest state of cultivation, abundantly wooded with almond trees, now covered with their faint pink blossoms, and orange groves, whose rich verdure is diversified with flowers and fruit. Every where around were single cottages, and convents, venerable

piles and picturesque to the eye, however we may detest the purposes to which they are applied. About three miles distant lay 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 Coruña : the principal street extending in the same manner along the strand. Cc-tobriga is supposed to have stood on the opposite

shore : the fishermen frequently find stones in the sand, and a Corinthian pillar, which was dug up there, now stands in the square of 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 were removed thirty feet farther from the river, by the tide, and left still standing. I was informed that the water threw a vessel of an hundred tons burthen on the roof of a house, which was of course destroyed.

The chief object of our excursion was to visit the celebrated Convent of Nossa Senhora da Arrabida, on the Arrabida mountain. This convent owes its origin to a miraculous image of Nossa Senhora, which attracts more visitors to the Arrabida than all its wild and glorious scenery. This image belonged to the chaplain of an English ship whose name was Haldebrant : during the darkness of a tempestuous night, when the vessel was near the shore, it was preserved from shipwreck by a wonderful splendour

that from the height of the mountain illuminated the stormy sea. The tempest abated, and the sailors, in exploring the spot from whence the light proceeded, discovered the image of the Virgin, which had fled thither from the ship. Believing it to be a spot chosen by the blessed Mary for her worship, they erected a chapel there with the alms they obtained, and Father Haldebrant was appointed Chaplain.

Such, according to *grave and respectable* historians, is the origin of this convent. I have met with a sonnet in the works of Francisco Manuel, upon "this most holy Convent of the Arrabida." Francisco Manuel is but an indifferent poet: he has seldom succeeded better than on this subject.

AL COMBENTO 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.