

Si baxas, subiras a ser vecino  
 De la Jerusalem santa y segura ;  
 Porque la santidad de essa espessura  
 Falda es del monte de Sion divino.  
 Ves quantas fuentes sus cristales mueven  
 Para buscarte, el ayre te combida,  
 El sol te guia, y tu no te persuades ?  
 Entra, y veras lo que tus ojos deven :  
 Aqui todas las horas son de vida,  
 Todas las esperanzas son verdades.

---



---

INSCRIPTION

FOR A TABLET

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PATH LEADING TO  
 THE ARRABIDA CONVENT.

---



---

Falter not Pilgrim here ! with steady steps  
 Upward along this dark-o'ershadowed path  
 Tread cheerily : this is the rugged path  
 That leads to Heaven. Hark ! how the glittering stream,  
 That sparkles down the mountain, to thine ear  
 Sends its mild murmurs : round thy throbbing brow,  
 Pleasant the cool air breathes, and on thy way  
 The glorious sun shines radiant. Canst thou pause ?  
 Oh Pilgrim, hie thee on with holy haste  
 And enter there, where all the hours are hours  
 Of life, and every hope, reality.

The promontory of Arrabida projects into the Atlantic ocean, about six miles from Setuval. The custom-house boat had been procured for us, and we departed early on Tuesday morning. We passed by Atun Castle, which commands the mouth of the river 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 overspread the ground with tall shrubs, among which a few trees still remain. We went between the shore and two insulated rocks, in one was a dark cavern: many shrubs grew on the summit, and there was a monumental cross in memory of a man who had fallen from the precipice where he was catching birds. Near this we landed: wine and oranges were procured from a venda, the only habitation in sight; we had brought some cold fowls from Setuval, and the spring by which we sat supplied us with excellent water.

Never did I behold scenery so wild and so



sublime as the mountain of Arrabida presented, and which continually varying as we advanced, always displayed some new beauty. The gumcestus was the most common plant; it was luxuriantly in blossom, and the sun drew forth its rich balsamic fragrance. About three parts up stands the convent: a few cypresses, an orange garden, and olive yard diversified the hill around it. On the summit are a number of little chapels, or saint-boxes; a Dutchman could not have placed any ornament there more detestable to the picturesque eye. Rude crosses are erected on almost every crag; below is the Atlantic ocean. We were conducted to a cavern consecrated to St. 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 liveness, the black shade  
That these hanging vaults have made,  
The strange music of the waves  
Beating on these hollow caves,  
This black den which rocks emboss  
Overgrown with eldest moss,  
The rude portals that give light  
More to terror than delight.

I did not wonder to see Manuel and our conductor on their knees before the image of St. Catharine; my own mind was full of feelings "half ready to become devotion," and you will forgive me if for a moment I almost wished to be a hermit.

But such beings as old 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,



petitioned the court for a testoon a day to enable him to turn Catholic Hermit, and thus screen himself from those whom he had defrauded.

The day was hot and the mountain steep. We ascended to the convent; it is a strange irregular building, its cells connected by steps and paths cut in the rock. They led us from one chapel to another, to our great fatigue, and the still greater delight of Manuel, who by the merits of this day's pilgrimage will escape a few thousand years of purgatory. In one place is the latter part of our Saviour's history, represented in little earthen figures. The convent belongs to the bearded Franciscans, called in Portugueze Barbardinhos; and over the image of their patron Saint is written,

Ante obitum

Mortuus,

Post obitum

Vivus

Cernitur Franciscus.

In the great chapel are waxen legs, arms, &c. as usual, and numberless pictures of miracles wrought by our Lady of the Arrabida; such as ships in a storm, persons falling down precipices, and sick in bed, with the Virgin appearing above to save them; the most extraordinary is that of a man who fell from an ass, and as through the blessed Virgin's assistance he did not hurt himself, he hung up a representation of the miraculous escape.

We went to the Convent of Brancánas 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 the same reason for being ugly as a candlestick. A Madonna, variously attributed to Raphael, Titian, and Guido, attracted us to Brancanas: it is in high preservation and would do honour to either; travellers have taught



these Franciscans its value. This convent, like most others, stands on a fine and commanding situation. At the commencement of the present war, the Prince of Brazil complained to General M. of the want of Engineers. Your Royal Highness is mistaken, replied the old General, you have the best Engineers in the world—your Monks; look at their convents; you will always find them in the best and most commanding situations of the country.

When we reached Moita, a man proffered us a boat, with a covering from the rain, for sixteen testoons. We agreed with him and embarked; but it was only by lying along that we could be sheltered, and when the owner of the boat had secured us, he took in as many Portuguese as could be crowded in with us, for a vintem each. The boat had been used for carrying dung, and the moisture oozed through upon us; half a dozen ducks, who made part of the passengers, amused us with their music, and the men stunk so abominably that even Manuel complained. We preferred being wet to this

pestilential atmosphere and reached Lisbon  
after a passage of five hours.

---



---

MUSINGS

AFTER VISITING THE

CONVENT OF ARRABIDA.

---



---

Happy the dwellers in this holy house !  
For surely never worldly Cares intrude  
On this retreat, this solitary shade,  
Where QUIET with RELIGION makes her home.  
And ye who tenant such a goodly scene  
Must needs be good ! here all is calm and fair,  
And here the mirror of the mind reflects  
Serenest beauty. O'er these woodland haunts  
The insatiate eye, with ever new delight  
Roams raptur'd, marking now where to the wind  
The tall tree shakes its many-colour'd boughs,  
Making wild melody, and now the sport  
Of many a sea-bird o'er the tranquil deep,  
And now the long reflected line of light  
Where the broad orb of day refulgent sinks  
Beneath old Ocean's bound. To have no cares,  
To have no kindred with the reptile race  
Of Man, no Wants to fetter down the soul  
Amid the knaves and ideots of the world,



Almost, ye dwellers in this holy house !  
 Almost I envy you ! you never hear  
 The groans of Wretchedness ; you never see  
 Pale Hunger's asking eye, nor roam around  
 Those huge and hateful sepulchres of Men,  
 Where WEALTH and POWER have rear'd their palaces,  
 And VICE with horrible contagion taints  
 The herd of human-kind.

I too could love,  
 Ye tenants of this holy solitude !  
 To sojourn here, and when the sun rides high,  
 Seek some sequestered dingle's deepest shade,  
 And at the cooler hour, along the beach  
 Stray with slow step, and gaze upon the deep :  
 And, whilst the evening breezes bath'd my brow,  
 And on mine ear the rude and restless roar  
 Re-echoed, muse on many a lesson taught  
 By hard experience. Yet may yonder deep  
 Suggest some not unprofitable thought,  
 Monastic brethren ! Would the mariner,  
 Tho' many a tempest swell its maddened waves,  
 And many a whirlwind o'er the reeling mast  
 Impel the mountain surge, quit yonder deep  
 And rather float upon some tranquil sea,  
 Whose moveless waters never feel the gale,  
 In safe stagnation ? I must yet fulfil  
 Some tasks, some duties ; and those well fulfill'd,  
 BELOVED ! then will we together seek  
 The cot of INDEPENDANCE. Pleasant then  
 To think that we have walk'd amid mankind  
 " More sinn'd against than sinning." Pleasant then  
 To muse on many a sorrow overpast,  
 And think the labour of the day is done,

And as the evening of our lives shall close  
 The peaceful evening, hail with firmest hope  
 The approaching dawn of everlasting day!



*LETTER XXVI.*

---

I sat up last night reading the *Estelle* of Florian. I love the shepherds and the 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 the 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 common conversation appears more than usually dull when the mind has been delighted with the language of poetry and of the heart; the rattle of carriages

makes but a melancholy discord to supply 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 her imitators sufficiently



witness her merit and success. The pastoral Romance has been revived by Florian with equal judgment. His *Galatea*, though a pleasing tale, possesses not the excellence we might expect in a work corrected by Florian, from the original of Cervantes. There is more unity in his *Estelle*; here he has availed himself of the genius of George of Montemayor, and borne to it ample and honourable testimony.

You would be astonished at the *enormity* of the Spanish and Portugueze Pastorals; they frequently extend to five hundred, and Garcilaso de la Vega has left one above seventeen hundred lines in length. It is easy to dilate these compositions of which rhyme appears to be the only requisite; nor is it indeed difficult to attain the reputation of a poet in these countries, where whatever is rhyme passes for poetry. I will venture to assert that there is more genius in one of our old metrical Romances than can be found in all the Epic Poems of Portugal, not excepting Camoens. The *Malaca Conquistada* of Francisco de Sa de Menezes, and the *Ulyssea* 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 gates of hell are translated without acknowledgment 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 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 Jose de Santa Rita Duraon; the four last books form a complete specimen of the national dullness and vanity, but the former



part of the poem excites more interest than any poetry in the 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, and received the name of Catherine, from Catherine of Medicis, her godmother. She afterwards transferred her rights to King John III. and thus the Portugueze obtained the richest province of Brazil.

I give you one extract horribly sublime. The Author declares that the circumstance happened in Para, during the reign of the late King Jose I. on the authority of a man in high

office, then employed in that country in a public capacity. My translation is compressed, not altered.

Estava o desditoso encadeado,  
 E exposto a mil insectos que o mordião,  
 Nem se lhe via o corpo ensanguentado,  
 Que todo os marimbondos\* lhe cubrião :  
 Corrio o negro sangue derramado  
 Das crueis picaduras, que lhe abrião  
 E elle immovel em tanta em toscó assento  
 Parecia insensivel no tormento.

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 corazão tyranno,  
 Offerece a Bambu, que a morte ameaça,  
 Socorro amigo na cruel desgraça.

Perdes comigo o tempo, disse o Fero,  
 Ao que ves, e ainda a mais vivo disposto :  
 A liberdade que me das não quero :  
 E da dor, que tolero, fazo gosto :  
 Assim vingár-me do inimigo espero.  
 Disse . e sem se mudar do antigo posto,  
 As picadas crueis tão firme atura,  
 Como se penha fora, ou rocha dura.

---

\* A very venomous species of wasp.



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 :  
 Depõe o susto, que sem causa tremes,  
 Penhor te posso dar, por onde creias,  
 Depondo a obstinazão do torpe medo,  
 Que a vida a liberdade te concedo.

Aqui da frente o barbaro desvia  
 Dos insectos co a mão 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 condizão mais branda ?  
 Corpo meu não he ja, se anda comigo,  
 Elle he corpo em verdade do inimigo.

O espirito, a razao, o pensamento  
 Son EU, e nada mais. a carne immunda  
 Forma se cada dia do alimento,  
 E faz a nutrizão, que se confunda :  
 Ves tu a carne aqui, que mal sustento ?  
 Não a reputes minha : so se funda  
 Na que tenho comido aos adversarios,  
 Donde minha não he, mas dos contrarios.

Da carne me pastei continuamente  
 De seus filhos, e pai : della he composto  
 Este corpo, que animo de presente ;  
 Por isso dos tormentos faço gosto :  
 E quando maior pena a carne sente,  
 Então mais me consolo, no supposto  
 De me ver do inimigo bem vingado,  
 Neste corpo, que he seu, tão mal tratado.

Firm at the stake he stood, his mangled limbs  
 Bristled with darts, and black with blood that roll'd  
 From many a wound, on whose bare fibres fix'd  
 The venomous swarm fed. He the while was calm,  
 Nor did his countenance change, nor did he move,  
 Tho' each torn nerve was quivering. All enraged  
 Diogo saw the victim, and he ran  
 And forced them cease their skilful cruelty,  
 And bade the warrior live. "Thou locest time,  
 " Bidding me live ;" the indignant Savage cried:  
 " Pale Man ! I mock their empty rage, I love  
 " This extacy 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 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 Ma-  
 noel de Oliveira, a native of Madeira, whose