

original pieces display some genius. They have translations of Thomson's Seasons, the Paradise lost, Gulliver's Travels, 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 Schoniach : Voltaire 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 Correa. He had also translated the Suspicious Husband, but the Inquistors refused to license this, because they deemed Ranger a dangerous character to be publicly represented. Correa 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, banded it, and laid his patient in bed. After two days Dr. H. was called in; he examined the limb, and bade the Dutchman rise and walk about the room. This occurred but a few years back. In the beginning of the last year a surgeon of the country was called in to an infant whose arm was broken in three places, and he never discovered the fracture.

In a country where the art of healing is so little understood, you may perhaps be curious to know how they estimate medical merit, and what are its rewards. A servant belonging to the Royal Family was stabbed in the abdomen so that his entrails came out. Mr. T. an English Surgeon, cured the wound, and the reward

he received was to have his picture hung up in the Lapa Church, standing by the patient's bed, with the Virgin Mary above, who had enabled him to perform the cure.

Of the Portugueze music I can give you no account. I heard the seige of Gibraltar lately, and amused myself by reading what the harpsichord expressed. "The French and Spaniards prepare for the attack.—The English prepare. Now the batteries begin.—Now Elliot fires his red hot balls.—Now the batteries blow up.—Cries of the wounded and dying.—Now the Spaniards try to save themselves by swimming. Mr. Curtis goes to assist them.—The prisoners are brought into the fortress.—The English express their joy by the following country dance.—They invite the prisoners to join in the dance.—Prisoners and English embrace and dance together.—Every one departs to his home."

The Italian Opera, whose absurdity requires such wickedness to support it, is in general but

thinly attended here. The present Queen suffers no woman to appear on the stage, and this measure, in reality the effect of her jealousy, was said to proceed from her regard to the morals of the public. Permission has been granted since I arrived here for a female dancer to exhibit herself, and the theatre has been crowded in consequence. Where was her Majesty's regard to the public morals when she permitted this? No amusement should be tolerated which cannot benefit the spectator, and must vitiate the performer. Such Spartan-like prohibitions would be deemed despotic in our modern free states, where sumptuary laws are thought encroachments upon freedom: the hale constitution can endure them; but how the diseased man shrinks when you touch his sores!

Many of the Portugueze have wasted their abilities in writing Latin,* instead of enriching

* Resendus is perhaps the best of their Latin writers. The following extract is long, but the story is a curious one:

their native tongue. A collection of their poetry was attempted some years ago; it ex-

“ Animi causa, narrabo tibi Eborenium meorum fabel-
lam non inlepidam. Octavo ab urbe lapide, Salaciensi via,
(lapidibus enim viarum trium, Emeritensis, Pacensis ac Sa-
laciensis, millia passuum distinguuntur) fanum est Virgini
Christi matri sacrum, inter diruta a Romanis usque tem-
poribus ædificia, locum Turegiam vocant. Manent adhuc
aquæductus vestigia et aquarum diversa conceptacula.
Unum cæteris capacius Agonem, seu martyrum Caveam,
adpellant, aiunt illic obcisos sine certo nomine martyres
non paucos, una cum episcopo. Duas episcopo fuisse
sorores virgines, alteram Columbam, quæ ibi juxta inter-
fecta sit, ubi etiam nunc sacellum extat illius nomine: al-
teram 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, ipseque
sororem sua manu martyrem faceret, quando fugæ nulla
spes esset reliqua. Episcopum sororicidium aversatum,
verum satellibus venientibus annuisse, qui puellæ caput
amputarint. Ubi corruit, promanasse fontem aquæ dul-
cissimæ, qui nunc vulgo Fons Sanctus nominatur, lippie-
ntibus salutaris. Puellam tamen, in fugæ pœnam, mansisse
innominatam. Hoc peracto, episcopum rediisse ad Ago-
nem, & martyrium consummasse. Sepulchrum ejus lapi-
deum, si tamen ejus est, visitur in ipso Dei matris fano,
vacuum atque apertum: supra quod mensa extat lapidea
inscripta, collumellis suffulta quatuor, ita ut pateat sepul-
chrum a dextro in sinistrum cornu ingredi, & transire vo-
lentibus. Mensa tamen minor est, quam ut monumenti
operculum existimari debet; arbitrorque inventam inter

tended to eight or ten quarto volumes, but for want of encouragement the work was discon-

ruinas in aræ usum accommodatam. Solebant illic meare quibus lumbi dolerent, martyris episcopi auxilio implorato, & absque dubio juvabantur. Super aram etiam eandem, celebrabantur mysteria, in martyris episcopi honorem. Extat et pictura, et Viarii nomen Episcopo adscriptum: unde id mox aperiam. Hæc vetus fama; quæ si historia est, ea nimirum obsolevit, omnia confundente et obliterate barbaria. Mihi, quum Divorum historias ad Ebo-rensæ Ecclesiæ Breviarum concinnarem, contigit illic ire, indagandæ antiquitatis causa. Fani ejus paræcus, reverendus admodum sacerdos, ac loquutuleius non invenuste ad vocem gestum accommodans, ut qui Romæ plusculos fuisset annos, quum me perhumane excepisset, & cognita iteneris causa, martyrum sive historiam hanc, sive fabulam, denarasset, oro te, inquam, vir egregie, extat ne scriptura quæpiam quæ id attestatur? Eccam! inquit ille, et quidem luculentam. Duxitque me ad aram, et ablatis mappis quibus tegebatur, inscriptionem ostendit istiusmodi.

D. M. S.

Q. IVL. MAXIMO. C. V. QUAES
TORI. 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. CVRANDA.
RVM. ANN. XX. CALP. SABINA.
FILIIS.

tinued. The copies that remained on hand were sold as waste paper, and so scattered that 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,

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 vero dicam, stomachum pudore motum cohibui, ne hospiti viderer parum civilis. Rem tamen ad Alphonsum S. R. E. Cardinalem Principem meum, tunc Eborensem pontificem. detuli, et interpretis bellissimi narrationem, ac unde Viarii nomen 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 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.



and one of them, Pedro de Andrade Caminha, published for the first time from the manuscript by the Royal Academy.

Memoriæ et Pie -
- tati dicatum.

Salve mea Mater, fœmina in-
- nocentiss. Cui me inter cunas
relictum, pius Pater fidei tuæ
non igharus, extrema voce com-
- misit moriens, quujusq. perpe-
- tuo castissimoq. viduvio edu-
- catus liberaliter annos, 33.
quidquid id ætatis sum, quid-
quid futurus postea, adceptum
fero. Audita morte tua adsum
ab ultimis Germanis parenta-
- tum, conlacrymans mœstiter
justa solvi, et quoniam te una
mea mater adempta, miserabi -
- lem et orbum tædet patriæ
olim dulcissimæ, iterum pere -
- gre revertor.

L. Andr. Resendius Angelæ Leo-
- noriæ Vasiæ Matri pientiss. et
B. M. D. S. P.

LETTER XXVII.

As Good-Friday happened on the 25th of March this year, they have put off Lady-Day till the 6th of April. I have now witnessed all the mummerly of a Roman Catholic Lent. Of the processions I have already spoken: on the Sunday and Monday preceding Lent, as on the first of April in England, people are privileged here to play the fool: it is thought very jocose to pour water on any person who passes, or throw powder in his face, but to do both is the perfection of wit.

On the evening of Good-Friday I went to the New Convent, to witness the rending 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 completely illuminated.

Apicius himself might envy the feelings of a Catholic on Easter Eve. After doing penance for forty days on fish and soup meagre, they make amends for it by falling to when the clock strikes twelve, and this midnight feast is said to do some of them more injury than all the previous fasting.

Easter Sunday is the accession day of the Emperor of the Holy Ghost. This great personage, of whom you have probably never heard, is a little boy; his reign lasts only till Trinity, but his privileges are for life, and singular ones they are; for he is allowed to commit any crime without incurring the punishment of death, except high-treason; for which he may be beheaded.

On most eminences his standard is erected; a high pole with a flag bearing a dove; his retinue parade the streets with similar flags; proffering them to all good Catholics to kiss, and receiving money in return, which is expended in a feast on Whitsunday, at which the Emperor presides in person.

There is an Emperor in every parish where any family chuse privileges so dearly purchased for their son, for the expense is considerable. Good Catholics give ducks, fowls, pies, rabbits, &c. dressed out with ribbon, as offerings to his imperial holiness. These are sold, and eagerly purchased at a high price, as being consecrated.

The money goes to the Emperor's treasury; each Emperor dines without his parish church, in public, under an awning, with music playing, and abundance of rockets flying in the face of the sun.

I drank tea lately at the grate of the English Nuns. They are of the order of St. Bridget. When their possessions were seized by Henry the Eighth, they wandered through France and Flanders for thirty seven years, till the pious liberality of Isabel de Azevedo gave them a settlement at Lisbon. A miraculous crucifix is venerated there, which the English heretics tore away from Sister Isabel Arte, whilst she was embracing it, and cast it into the fire; the nun burst from them, and bore the image from the fire, which had lost all power of injuring either that or the holy Maid. The Convent has been constantly supplied from England with victims to this wretched superstition; but it is now several years since a novice has arrived, and I hope our country will not long be disgraced by the institution. They gave us the history of each day's employment, a melancholy round

of prayer and silence, undiversified by one solitary pleasure. Every nun, on the anniversary of her profession, is treated with a breakfast as gay as her convent friends can furnish : they crown her with flowers, and call her the lady bride!

They talked much at the grate of the happiness they enjoyed ; yet from the account they gave of their manner of life, and the eagerness with which they appeared to seize the opportunity of 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 Montreal, 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, quoyqu' inegalement,
 Regner sur mon esprit avec beaucoup d'empire.

Je ne saurois penser au bonheur ou j'aspire
 Sans temoigner l'exces de mon contentement ;
 Mais, d'un autre cote, ce triste eloignement,
 Lorsque je songe a vous, fait aussi que j'expire.
 Pour vaincre mon amour, j'ai long-temps combattu,
 Et j'aurois vainement employe ma vertu,
 Si Dieu, par ses bontes, n'eut aide mes foiblesses,
 C'est qui dans mon cœur vient combattre aujourd'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.
 My soul exulting hails her blissful state,
 When to that vestal life I turn my view
 And its calm joys collected contemplate.
 Yet my heart fails when it remembers you !
 Feeble and frail long time in vain I strove
 This fond and guilty passion to subdue,
 Your looks, your words, your tenderness, your love,
 They conquered 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.*

* The two following Sonnets upon monastic life will not,
 I hope, be thought misplaced here.

Nella monacszione di una sua nipote.

Io del secol fuggii la perfid' onda,
 Primo del sangue nostro, e la procella,

This delirium of devotion may supply comfort to a few monastics, whose warmth of disposition has been thus perverted : these, however,

Dolce Nipote, ne tornarmi a quella
 Poter lusinghe mai d'aura seconda.
 Eppur si fiero turbo anco alla sponda
 Il legno, che m'accolse, urta e flagella,
 Ne a placar l'atro nembo io veggio stella
 Che in tanta notte un raggio almen diffonda.
 Occupa pur tu fortemente il porto ;
 Innocenza e Virtù trarranno in parte.
 Ove avrem d'ogni mal fine e conforto :
 E un dì schernendo i furor vani, ho speme,
 Che salve all'ara appese antenne e sarte,
 Sulle tempeste rideremo insieme.

P. Saverio Bettinelli.

I, dearest niece! first of our family
 Fled from the treacherous waves and storms of life,
 Nor ever could fair skies and flattering gales
 Tempt me again to trust the dangerous sea.
 Still does the tempest beat the little bark
 That bore me here, nor mid so deep a night
 See I one star whose friendly ray may save
 The mariner. Make you then for the port ;
 Toil for this holy haven! Innocence
 And Virtue will assist ; beloved! here
 Is comfort, and the end of every ill.

must necessarily be few, and there is too much reason to believe that the greater number, precluded from the exertions of active benevolence, seek to relieve the dreadful tedium of such an existence, by the stimulations of vice. An English wine-merchant in this country, whose cellars were under the chapel of a nun-

And I have hope that we shall one day here
Beside the altar hang our broken sails,
And smile together at the distant storm.

A una gran Señora que dexo el siglo.

Tu que la dulce vida en tiernos años
Trocaste por la vida trabajosa,
La blanca seda, y purpura preciosa,
Por aspero silicio y toscos paños ;
Tu que viendo del mundo los egaños,
Al puerto te acogiste presurosa ;
Qual nave que, en la noche tenebrosa,
Teme del mar los encubiertos daños ;
Canta la gloria inmensa, que se encierra
En el alma dichosa ya prendada
Del amor que se enciende en puro zelo.
Que si el Piloto al dīvisar la tierra

nery, discovered that some person was in the habit of entering them by night, and accordingly changed the lock. On the next day he received a note to this purport, "If you sustain any loss in your cellar, you shall be amply recompensed; but replace the old lock, or be assured you will repent it." He understood the

Alza la voz de gozo acompañada,

Que deve hazer quien ya descubre el cielo?

Juan de Tarsis, Conde de Villamediana.

You Lady! who in early youth have fled

The pomp of courts to tread the narrow way,

And for the Nun's coarse garb and flinty bed,

Have left the couch of down and silk array,

You wisely from the world's deceitful train

To the holy port resolved your course to bend,

As the wise pilot would the haven gain,

Who sees the gathering storm of night impend.

Pour you to heaven the grateful song of praise,

With hymns of joy your full of glory boast,

Your full content; for if the sailor raise

The exulting cry to view his destined coast,

What shouts of rapture should by her be given,

Escaped the storms of life, who sees the port of Heaven!

note, and followed the advice. The roof of the cellar was formed only of planks laid over the beams, and one of these was loose.

Of the ignorance of the friars a laughable instance lately occurred. A pair of globes, just arrived from England, were shown to one of them: "Ah!" said he, "I know what this is very well; it is a camera obscura, and a very dangerous thing it is! a friend of mine was very nearly killed in making some experiments with one." So ingeniously did he confound the globes, the camera obscura, and the electrical machine. It may be doubted whether it was ignorance prompted the answer of another friar, who, on being asked the use of some vessels in the church which he was not able to explain, replied, "Oh! these are mysteries of the church."

Were not the evils of Superstition so grievous, its absurdities might amuse us. One of the Gallego servants here related the following story of his country Saint, St. Iago of Com-