

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 Valença.

10. JOZE MARIA TEIXERA, native of Valença 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 is too horrid to relate. He believed none of the mysteries of Religion, held that God could not create men to offend him, that the law of Nature was the only law necessary, denied Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory, called the Apostles and Prophets impostors, was a Materialist,

denied the authority of Scripture, said that Confession was invented by a Pope, and attempted to make converts to his erroneous persuasions, to which he was so bigotted as to make the most horrid imprecations whilst in prison, and to tempt God to convert water into blood, as a proof of the truth of the Christian Religion, which he said he would then believe.

Condemned to walk at the Auto da Fe with a Carocha,* and a label of a Dogmatist, and after being publicly whipped through the streets, to be confined three years at Rilhafoles, five in the gallies, and to have his sentence read in Valença and to the University of Coimbra.

* A Cap ornamented with Devils and hell-fire-flames.

LETTER XXII.

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 *Mix* knew not the meaning of *Puss*. I can now read the two languages with ease, and call for the common necessaries; all beyond this is of little consequence to me: but I have learnt to converse with the cats and dogs, always my favourite companions, for I love the honesty of the one, and the independance of the other.

Among the many vices of civilized society, there is none that tends more to generate misan-

tropical 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 barbarity deserved to be publicly noticed. He therefore informed

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 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. His person was very fine, his manners elegant, and his mind enlarged. From the dinner hour of one day he remained alone in his apartment till the dinner hour of the next, and the people who lived in the same house were so astonished at his singularities, that they believed him to be the Wandering Jew. These hours were employed in study, for the Count used to publish a book upon some subject of practical utility, in the language of every country he visited. In England he printed two octavo volumes, intituled, Advice to Travellers, the worst of his publications, I am told, 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, *An Essay on the means of preserving the lives of men from various dangers to which they are daily exposed*; the other is, *An Essay upon extending the limits of beneficence to Animals, as well as to Men*. For the first of these essays the Royal Academy of Lisbon presented him a silver medal. Perhaps he himself was not sanguine enough to suppose that his books could be productive of much immediate benefit. It is pleasant to read these charitable theories, and easy to applaud them; but the majority of the affluent entrench themselves in the centre of their own comforts, and Poverty and Wretchedness dare not intrude upon the magic circle. Yet it is not impossible that the suppressed or dormant feelings of some individual may be awakened by the perusal; and Berchtold will not have laboured in vain if he shall only have stimulated one mind to active benevolence.

From Lisbon he went to Cadiz, and thence crossed over to Barbary on his road to Persia. For this dangerous expedition he was possessed

of every advantage that personal intrepidity and a complete knowledge of the Arabic could afford. I could learn nothing of his after fortunes; perhaps he may have perished in a journey of great and certain peril, from the accomplishment of which little utility could possibly have resulted.

I am sad when I contemplate the eccentricities of genius. Like meteors, some flash upon our view and are extinguished; some shake their torches in our eyes and delight to dazzle instead of directing us. Surely that man is the wisest, as well as the happiest, who considers there are luminaries enough to enlighten the world, and lets his taper shine from the windows of the lonely farm-house. A little taper will lighten a room, but place it to illuminate the street, it will do no good, and the wind will speedily extinguish it.

Do not imagine I am disparaging the character of Leopold Berchtold. Enthusiasm is always amiable, and I love and honour the Quixotism

of benevolence, while I lament the reward it will meet with from mankind. I am grieved that a man so excellent should start from the sphere of domestic life ; that he who would so well have filled the stations of friend, and husband, and father, should be a wanderer over the world, attempting the amendment of all, and making the happiness of none.

I have another history to relate to you, as singular, and perhaps more interesting.

Radji is the son of an Arabian woman and an Italian Physician, settled at Bagdad : he was sent to his Father's brother, a merchant at Bombay ; but Radji had received a religious education, and his moral feelings were wounded by the licentiousness of his uncle who indulged himself in all the brutality of oriental voluptuousness. The lad ran away, and 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 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 Ara-

bic, 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, 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.

This country is supplied with corn from Barbary; and that at so low a rate, that the farmers do not find it worth their while to bring their grain to market. I am informed that the harvest of last year is not yet begun upon. They cannot grind the Barbary corn in England: it is extremely hard, and the force and velocity of English mills reduce the husk as well as the grain to powder. They apprehended that the fault lay in the grindstones, and accordingly sent for some from Lisbon; but the advice which they received at the same time was of more importance:—it was to damp the corn 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 spread itself into a vast bay, twelve miles from shore to shore: left-ward, 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 ves-

sels of all nations and all sizes ; the day was clear, the sun not too powerful to be pleasant : altogether I never beheld a more cheerful scene.

Pombal ordered all the churches here to be built like houses, that they might not spoil the uniformity of the streets. This villainous taste has necessarily injured the appearance of the city. I passed one morning in walking over the old Moorish part of the town, and though accustomed to the filth and narrowness of Spanish and Portugueze streets, I was astonished at the dirt and darkness. Yet, the contrast was very delightful, after winding up these close and gloomy ascents, to arrive on some open eminence that commanded the city and the harbour. The river assumes a very gay appearance on any particular holy-day, when the vessels are ornamented with the colours of all the nations in alliance with Portugal : the guns are then fired ; but so irregularly, that the first time I was awakened by them, they gave me the idea of an engagement. These people de-

light in gunpowder : the last Brazil fleet was detained for six weeks, that they might fire upon the Queen's birth-day.

I have seen one of the Lent processions. There were about ten saints carried, as large as life, preceded by an imaged crucifix. Some little boys, dressed with silver wings, led the procession ; and the Host concluded it, borne as 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 ; 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 for-

feited this claim, by refusing to admit the miraculous visitor, who of course ought to abide with those who first received him. The matter would have occasioned a law suit, if they had not thus compromised it. The convent of Graza is his home; but the brethren of St. Roque are allowed to carry him in their procession; and he sleeps with them the night preceding the ceremony. Surely it would have been a more equitable mode of decision, to have placed the image between the two churches, and so allowed him to take his choice.

These images are all carried by men, their faces veiled, and their feet bare. This was formerly the office of penitents, and on this account their faces were concealed; but the present generation are less bigotted, and the monks are obliged to hire *carriers.

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

LETTER XXIV.

A Man was robbed and stripped naked last night within a hundred yards of this house. They usually strip their prey in this country. I have heard of an Englishman who was thus undressed, and laid under a wall with his hand and feet tied : where he remained, in company with two other persons in the same situation, till they were able to disengage themselves. Another of our countrymen, who had fallen into the hands of some ruffians at Almada, complained to the magistrates at Lisbon. The 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 is not many years since a man, called from his diminutive size Don Pedro Pequeno,

kept the whole city in awe. He would murder a person for the most trifling affront, and pick a quarrel with any one who passed him in the street, for the sake of stabbing him. The fellow had killed so many officers who attempted to apprehend him, that at last they shot him, like a wild beast, from a distance.

When the present Queen began her reign, she made the wise and humane resolution of never inflicting the punishment of death. This resolution she observed till Almada church was robbed, and the host scattered about, and trampled under foot. On this occasion the Court went into mourning for nine days; and the thieves, when taken, were executed for their sacrilege.

A more memorable circumstance occurred upon the robbing of a church at Lisbon: the wafers were missing: of course the city was in an uproar, and the Court in mourning. During this period of public calamity, a priest, passing by a drove of oxen in one of the public streets,

saw the foremost beast fall upon his knees. He leaped forward, and, stooping to the ground, produced a wafer! clean and immaculate, though the streets were dirty. A miracle was immediately shouted, the miraculous host was conveyed to the nearest church, the driver and his oxen stopt, and high mass celebrated upon the occasion. The priest and the driver were pensioned for this fortunate miracle; and even the oxen purchased, and turned out to be pastured for life at the public expence.

The new convent of Franciscan nuns is the most splendid monument of the Queen's devotion. Her late confessor, Ignacio de San Caetano, is said to have been the promoter of this noble, but useless fabric. This man had been a common soldier; he held the offices of Archbishop of Thessalonica, Confessor to the Queen, and Grand Inquisitor; and be it remembered to his honour in this world, as it now is to his happiness in the next, that he was never known, either directly or indirectly, to have injured any one. He enjoyed the good