

postella. 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.*

* 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, excommunicated, and damned to the Pit of Hell: the Dominicans, therefore, attempted to prove that they were not genuine, for these among other reasons:

There are many Churches here in an unfinished state, though the building has been begun twenty or thirty years: because estates have been left to the church till it is completed.

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 that Arabic was spoken in Spain and Barbary long before those countries were conquered by the Arabs.

But this was his decisive argument.

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 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

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.

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 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 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 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 volcanoes 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 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.

Pendientes 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 1793. 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 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 roek,

DIV

JOS

IMP

ÆTER

NIT. S.

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 shewn 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.*

* Near the palace is a fountain, with the following inscription, curious for its pompous inanity :

Antiga fonte
da pipa ;
reedificada
e melhorada
pelo Doutor
Franc^{co} Joze
De Miranda
Duarte prazi-
dente do senado
da camera e Juis
de Fora desta villa,
em execuçam das
ordens de sua Mage
expedidas em avizo
da Secrataria de estado
dos negocios do reyno, de
vinte e seis de Outubro de
mil sete centos e outenta
e sete, pelas quais foi
a mesma Senhora servida
determinar a restituizam desta
fonte, socegando o povo e livrande

The gardens of Penha Verde, once the superb seat of Don John de Castro, contain the heart of one of his relations, perhaps his son, with the following epitaph. I believe you will find

da oppressam, que lbe cauzava a fal-
ta de agoa no bayrro do Castello
e poriso em memoria de tam augusta
foberana, se gravarum
os versos seguintes.

Qualis apud veteres
Diyus 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.

my translation as bad as the original, and this is the best praise it can deserve.

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 sublime, and than the earth's wide bourn
 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.

* This reminds me of

Hugo, whom Duke Gondibert
 For stout and steady kindness did approve,
 Of stature small, but was all over heart,
 And tho' unhappy, all that heart was love.

Sir William Davenant.

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, 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.*

* An inscription like the following would not, perhaps, be improper in a Protestant country.

Here, cavered like a beast, Honorius dwelt
In self-denial, solitude, and prayer,
Long years of penance. He had rooted out
All human feelings from his heart, and fled
With fear and loathing from all human joys
As from perdition. But the law of Christ
Enjoins not this. To aid the fatherless,
To heal the sick, to be the poor man's friend,
And in the wounded heart pour gospel balm,
These are the active duties of that law
Which whoso keeps receives a joy on earth,
Calm, constant, still increasing, preluding
The eternal bliss of heaven. Yet mock not thou,
Stranger, the Anchorite's mistaken zeal !
He painfully his painful duties kept,
Sincere tho' erring. Stranger, dost thou keep
Thy better, easier law but half as well ?

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 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. “ C'est un bien pour un voyageur d'avoir acquis un fonds d'émotions douces et vives, dont le souvenir se renouvelle pendant tout sa vie ; mais il ne sauroit les partager avec ceux qui, ne les ayant pas éprouvées, s'interessent toujours plus au récit de ses peines, qu'à celui de ses plaisirs.”*

* Voyage du Jeune Anarcharsis.

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 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 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.

The kingdom of Portugal, by a solemn decree, has been made tributary to, and placed under the patronage of the Virgin Mary. The fol-

lowing is a copy of the inscription fixed up upon this occasion in most of the Portuguese towns :

Æternit. Sacr.
 Immaculatissimæ
 Conceptioni Mariæ
 Una cum general. Comitibus
 Se, et Regna sua
 Sub annuo censu tributaria
 publice vovit,
 Atque Deiparam in Imperii tutelarem
 electam
 A labe originali præservatam perpetuo
 Defensurum
 Juramento firmavit
 viveret ut pietas Lusitan.
 Hoc vivo lapide memoriale
 perenne
 exarari jussit
 Ann. Christi M. DC. XC. VI.
 Imperii sui VI.

There is a strange sect of enthusiasts in this country, called *Sebastianists, from the name of

* These people are alluded to in the reply to the Portuguese sermon mentioned in a former note. "Se cansa ne relatar diferentes Pseudo-Messias, que uvo en la nacion, en el espacio de mas de 1500 años. Y pudiera el mismo responderse con ellos, pues aunque es verdad que la Nacion

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

corrió a abrazar a algunos, por enganarse creyendo, podia ser el verdadero, y esperado Messias ; luego que vido que no se cumplieron en ellos las profecias literalmente, que del Verdadero tratan, los rejepto, y abandono, y fueron, y son tenidos en la nacion por espureos y falsos. Y que hay que admirar, que una Nacion abatida y conculcada, abrasase qualquiera ocacion de restaurarse, dejandose llevar de aquella confianza, que siempre tuvo y tiene en Dios, y de aquella esperanza que conserva en su divina y santa palabra que no puede faltas ? Por ventura no hubo y hay en Portugal hasta el dia de oy, quien espera al Rey Don Sebastian ? no uvo en los passados siglos uno que fingio serlo ? y no se escrivieron libros en su abono ? Pues si esto sucede en una nacion libre solo por la ancia de rever un Rey que estimava, que mucho padeciese semejante engano, una Nacion oprimida, con la esperanza de ver un Rey que Dios le tiene prometido ?