

return of Sebastian after his country was annexed to Spain, to delineate the workings of his mind, when after a long course of adversity had subdued his vices and strengthened his virtues, he was punished as an impostor by those who knew the justice of his claims, this would have been worthy of the powers of Dryden, even if he had possessed sufficient independence and integrity to have pleased his own better judgment, and treated the public taste with the contempt it merited.

It was very fortunate for Nebuchadnezzar that he was not King of Portugal, for I know not where he could have grazed for seven years. I have never seen either wolf or wild boar in the open country, but they are numerous. An officer whose regiment was stationed in one of the provinces, heard frequent complaints of the mischief which the wild boars did, and ordered his men to encompass their haunts and drive them into a circle; this was done, but when the boars found themselves surrounded they charged their enemies, burst through them, and escaped victorious.

I had a very narrow escape lately from one of the large fishing boats in the river that very frequently run down smaller boats; it is but a few years since eleven Russian midshipmen were destroyed thus, a fishing boat purposely run them down, and when some of them leapt on board of it to save themselves, the fishermen knocked them over. I have already mentioned the remissness of the police; on this account executions are very rare, not because crimes are uncommon. A Portugueze was executed in one of the provincial towns some years ago, for a singular trade of wickedness: he used to call all the pedlars he saw passing into his house and murder them, till at length the neighbours wondered that no pedlar was ever seen after he had entered there, and he was detected.

The mode of execution is horrible. In almost every town is a pillar generally of grotesque and striking architecture. To this the criminal is fastened: a surgeon draws a chalk line across his throat, and the executioner follows it with a long sharp knife; but this mode of decapita-

tion is the privilege of the Fidalgos, and plebeians are hanged. A singular point of law and etiquette occurred at the execution of the last man who suffered at Lisbon. He had murdered his father and brother to come at the estate, and when condemned to death claimed the honour of being beheaded as a Fidalgo: but as only one of his parents enjoyed that title, the Fidalgos objected to this, and insisted that he should be hanged; the matter was compromised, for the poor fellow had not interest enough to make a law suit of it, and his head was only cut half off to satisfy both parties.

Though the laws are in general so remiss, on one remarkable occasion they were fatally precipitate. A Nunnery had been set on fire, and a gentleman was apprehended near it whose horse was shod with felt, and who would give no account of himself. The certainty of death could not make him break his mysterious silence, he was condemned and suffered: but the real criminals were afterwards discovered, and his innocence known too late. The Portuguese

Nobles still wear a medal nine days in the year as a memorial of this fatal error.

I was lately at the funeral of a Catholic of distinction ; it was in the evening ; the coffin was placed in the middle of the church, it was then opened, and the corpse exposed holding a cross. The body was surrounded by priests each holding a wax taper as tall as himself, and for an hour and a half did they labour in singing the dirge. The coffin was afterwards filled with quick lime, a necessary means of accelerating decay where they bury always in the churches.

There is a large folio volume entitled, the last actions of a Duke of Cadaval ; it consists of an account of his illness, what his physicians did for him, and the religious offices he performed. The funeral sermon is annexed, and contains a burst of extraordinary eloquence ; the preacher apostrophizes the grave, “ O Grave ! art thou not ashamed ! dost thou not blush, O Grave ! to devour so noble a personage ! ”

The fires of Purgatory (which, as Manoel de Abreu said, boil the caldrons of so many friars) are displayed with sufficient care to the imagination of this people. The Catholic can scarcely lift up his eyes without beholding a soul surrounded with flames, pictured on tiles upon the walls and houses, and the men who beg for masses for souls carry with them boards whereon the same spectacle is exhibited in glowing colours. The souls* in Purgatory are farmed

* These abuses of the scripture doctrine have occasioned the diabolical belief of eternal punishment. I transcribe the following passage from the "De Statu Mortuorum" of Burnet, an author whose genius was perhaps never excelled. He quotes from one of those Theologians whom he calls the *Doctores Immisericordes*.

"Si omnes homines nati ab Adam usque ad hodiernum diem, et amplius nascituri, viverent usque ad novissimum diem; et omnia gramina, quæ exorta unquam fuerunt, essent homines; ac si unam pœnam quam patitur Anima pro uno peccato mortali, in inferno; ex æquo partirentur, ita ut daretur unicuique pars illius pœnæ æqua: tunc particula quævis illius pœnæ hominis unius major esset, quam omnia tormenta quæ omnes sancti Martyres, & omnes raptores, & omnes malefici unquam passi fuerunt."

out like the tythes and turnpikes in England ; nor must you imagine that the harvest is contemptible, the appeal to religious belief and the

Hæc ille. His pœnis truculentissimis si æternitatem addas, omnes explebis inhumanitatis partes, numeros, rationes.

Nobis difficile est omnem exuere humanitatem ; Deo difficilius omnem misericordiam : et si naturam nostram corrumpere aut destruere possumus, divinam non possumus. Pulsarunt olim tympana in valle Hinnon, ne exaudiretur a populo et a parentibus infantium clamor, qui immolabantur Idolo igneo et vagiebant acerbe inter flammæ ; sed totum licet æthera resonare feceris continuis tonitribus, nunquam efficies ut in hoc Tophet, de quo loquimur, excruciatorum planctus et ejulatus non ascendant in aures Jehovah, Patris misericordiarum.

Respice paulisper, si placet, Doctor immisericors ! quale nobis exhibes spectaculum ; quale theatrum Providentiæ, multo majorem partem humani generis æstuantem inter flammæ per æterna sæcula. O digna Deo et Angelis spectatoribus scena ! dein ad demulcendum aures, dum plangoribus et ululatu cœlum terramque replet hæc infelix turba, harmoniam habes plane divinam ! illud præterea mihi dolet non parum, quod videam, hoc modo, tantam partem naturæ rationalis inutilem factam. funditus perditum et rejectaneum, instar salis insalsi, aut instar vappæ, projectam foris, sine usu, aut spe futura.

feelings of humanity is powerful, and the alms given in penance are usually thus appropriated. One convent in Lisbon that enjoys a consider-

Omnis creatura, quantum nobis constat, est sua natura labilis, perinde ac improba et damnata. Quod si eodem modo lapsi sint penitus irrecuperabiles, tota creatio intellectualis exposita est, non vanitati tantum, sed etiam æternæ miseræ. Nec tam bonitatis divinæ opus esset, quam crudelitatis cujusdam, aut periculosæ lusus alexæ, hanc rerum naturam construxisse. Pœnituit olim Deum se condidisse homines, ob eorum nimirum nequitiam; pœnitebit vicissim homines miseros se conditos esse a Deo, quandoquidem satius illius fuisset nunquam extitisse.

Burnet adds in a note, "Hæc, quæ doctioribus inscripta sunt, si quis in linguam vulgarem transtulerit, id malo animo atque consilio sinistro factum arbitrabor." If any person should translate this, which is written only for the learned, into the vulgar tongue, I shall think it is done with a wicked intention.

It is strange that Burnet should have feared openly to attack a superstition which represents Deity as devoid of justice and benevolence. The passage which he wrote only for the learned is the finest in the volume; it begins with a quotation from one of the "Unmerciful Theologians."

"If all the men who have been born since Adam till the present time, and all who shall be born hereafter, even till

able revenue in behalf of the dead, entrusts the performance of the masses to ecclesiastical agents in the country, who do the business by commission at a cheaper rate.

the last day, were living, and if all the herbs which have ever grown were men, and if *one* punishment which a soul suffers in Hell for *one* deadly sin should be divided equally among them, so that every one should suffer an equal proportion, then each particular share of that punishment which would fall to one man, would be greater than all the holy Martyrs, and all robbers, and all malefactors have ever endured."

Thus the Theologian. If you add eternity to these most savage punishments, you will fill up the measure of barbarity.

It is difficult for us to throw aside all humanity; it is more difficult for God to throw aside all mercy: and though we may be able to corrupt or to destroy our own nature, the divine nature cannot be changed. They beat drums of yore in the valley of Hinnon, that the cries of infants who were sacrificed to the Idol, and screamed bitterly amid the flames, might not be heard by the people and by their parents; but though you could make the whole heavens echo with unceasing thunders, you should not prevent the screams and howlings of the tortured in this Tophet from ascending to the ears of God, the Father of mercy.

Contemplate a little, stern and unrelenting believer! what a spectacle dost thou exhibit to us! what a theatre of provi-



The burying-ground of the English and Lutherans is planted with Judah trees and cypresses, that form a most melancholy contrast. The

dence! the far greater part of the human race liquifying in fire through everlasting ages! Oh scene worthy to be beheld by God and his angels! and you will have a harmony truly divine to soothe their ears, whilst this miserable multitude fill earth and heaven with their groans and howlings! It would afflict me with no light grief to behold so great a part of rational nature made in vain and rejected, cast out like salt that has lost its savour, utterly abandoned, and without hope.

Every one is by nature prone to sin, therefore wicked and condemned; but if, according to this belief, they that have fallen are irrecoverably lost, the whole intellectual creation is exposed, not so much to vanity as to unending wretchedness: nor would it be the work of divine goodness, but rather of malevolent cruelty, or of some unhappy chance to have framed this order of things. God once repented him that he had made man, because of their exceeding wickedness; the miserable human race might in their turn sorrow that they were created, since it had been better for them never to have been."

As a contrast to the eloquent declaration of Burnet, I annex this extract from the miscellaneous Companion, by W. Matthews; it is the production of JOHN HENDERSON, nor can I bestow on it a higher commendation than by saying that it does not disgrace his memory. It is subjoined to a dialogue in which the doctrine of purgatory is defended.

bodies soon after death are placed in a deposit-house, a custom necessary in this hot climate, and which it would be well to adopt every

1st.—I lay it down as a maxim to be doubted by few, and denied by none, that whosoever doeth any thing, foreseeing the certain event thereof, willeth that event. If a parent send children into a wood wherein grow poisonous berries, and *certainly know* that they *will* eat of them, it is of no importance in the considerations of common sense, that he cautions, forbids, forewarns, or that they, having free will, *may* avoid the poison. Who will not accuse him of their death in sending them into circumstances where he foreknew it would happen? God foreknows every thing; to his knowledge every thing is certain. Let us suppose him about to create twenty men: he knows ten of them (or any number) will become vicious, therefore damned, thence inherit the unceasing penalty. Who doubts in such a case that he *wills* the *end*, who being all-mighty and all knowing, does that without which it could not come to pass? But HE hath sworn by HIMSELF, for HE could swear by no greater, that HE willeth not the death of him that dieth: that is, HE willeth it not finally or simply as death, or destruction irrecoverable. And if it occur it is a part of his œconomy of grace, a ministration unto life; for HE hath declared, that his will is, that all should be saved; therefore the doctrine which forges any contrary will, falsifies supreme unchangeable truth. And were not reason on my side, I say to all objecting reasoners, “let God be true, and every man a liar!” I need not add what a very different view is presented from the doctrine I defend.

where. In the deposit-house is a handsome monument erected by the Governors of Christ's Hospital to Mr. Parr, who had been educated

2dly. I lay it down as another indubitable maxim, that whatsoever is done by a Being of the divine attributes, is intended, (by his goodness) conducted, (by his wisdom) and accomplished, (by his power) to a good end. Now all possible good ends may be enumerated under three words—Honour, Pleasure, Benefit; and every one to whom good can accrue from endless punishment must be either *punisher*, *punished*, or *fellow creature* to the *punished*. Let us try every one of the former three to each of the latter.

1st.—*The Punisher*. Would it be a greater *honour* to the *punisher* to have his creatures miserable than happy? I will venture to say by proxy for every Heart, No. Would it be greater *pleasure*? No. And *benefit* to Him can be none.

2d.—*Punished*. Endless punishment can be neither *honour*, *pleasure*, nor *benefit* to them, though punishment on my scheme will be of endless benefit.

3d.—*The Fellow-creatures*. It will be as *honourable* to them as to have one of their family hanged. If they have *pleasure* in it, they must have a diabolical heart, and must by the just searcher of hearts be committed to the place prepared for the Devil and his Angels. *Benefit* they can have none, except safety, and that is fully answered by the great gulph, by confinement till reformation

there, and at his death endowed it with the bulk of his fortune. The burial ground contains one curious specimen of English poetry, said to be the production of a school master, and perhaps bad enough to entertain you.

Industry made him shine with splendid store,
 Yet could not defend him from death's certain door,
 Where hastily he entered with great alarum,
 Without intending mortal any harm,

As then unceasing torments can answer no possible good end to any one in the universe, I conclude them to be neither the will nor work of God. Could I suppose them, I must believe them to be inflicted by a wantonness or cruelty, which words cannot express, nor heart conceive.

But let this be the comfort of every humble soul, Known unto God are all his works; the Judge of all shall do right; and He ordereth all things well. It hath pleased HIM to reconcile *all things* to HIMSELF. Therefore to HIM shall bow *every* knee; and *every* tongue shall say, "In the Lord *I* have strength, and *I* have righteousness."

There is a passage in St. Bernard's works upon this subject which deserves attention. Hæretici non credunt ignem purgatorium restare post mortem, sed statim animam solutam a corpore, vel ad requiem transire, vel ad damnationem. Querant ergo ab eo qui dixit quoddam peccatum esse, quod neque in hoc sæculo neque in futuro remittetur, cur hoc dixerit, si nulla manet in futuro remissio purgatione peccati?

Such was his fate, when least expecting death
 A fatal shot deprived him of his breath.
 Thus mortal man tho' strict a watch may keep,
 Is often hurried into eternal sleep.

The moderns are in no species of composition so inferior to the antients as in monumental inscriptions. They should be brief, and simple, and characteristic; our most popular are deficient in these three qualities, which are so admirably preserved in the Greek. There is not a more striking instance than in that on the tomb of the Indian Suicide,—“ Here lies Zarmonochegas the Indian, who, after the manner of his country, made himself immortal.”

But I have met with a most remarkable epitaph, in the Chronicle of Sebastian, by Manoel de Menezes. He says that it was discovered in the isle of Cyprus, in the sepulchre of a King of that island, written in Greek verse, and sent to the Portugueze Monarch John III. After his death, on the day before Sebastian assumed the government, the Dowager Queen sent him the epitaph, and advised him so to labour in

his station as to deserve such an inscription upon his grave, a happiness which she had often heard his grandfather most earnestly desire. The truth of its origin I cannot affirm, and I have in vain sought for the Greek. My translation from the Portugueze will make you approve the advice of the Queen, but you may perhaps doubt whether any King could have written such a history of himself with truth.

* “ What I could accomplish by good means I never did by evil.

* I give the Portugueze, because in my translation I have omitted what is weak, and compressed what is superfluous.

O que pude fazer por bem, nunca o fiz por mal.

O que pude alçar por paz, nunca o tomei com guerra.

O que pude vencer com rogos, nunca o afugentei com ameaças.

O que pude remediar em segredo, nunca o castiguei em publico.

O que pude emendar com avisos, nunca o castiguei com azoutes.

Nunca castiguei em publico que primeiro não avisasse.

“What I could obtain by peace I never forced by war.

“I never chastised in public him whom I could privately amend, or whose amendment I had not previously attempted.

“I never allowed my tongue to utter an untruth, nor did I ever permit mine ears to listen to the flatterer.

“I was not prodigal in expending, nor avaricious in accumulating.

Nunca consenti a minha lingua que dissesse mentira, nem permitti a meus ouvidos que ouvissem lisonjas.

Refreey meu coraçaõ, para que não desejasse com o seu pouco.

Veley por conservar meus amigos, e desveleime por não ter inimigos.

Não fuy prodigo em gastar, nem cobiçoso em receber.

Do que castigue tenho pezar, e do que perdoey alegria.

Nasci homem entre os homens, por tanto comem os bichos minhas carnes.

Ouvi virtuoso, e vivi virtuoso com os virtuosos, por tanto descansara a minha alma com Dios.

“ I have grieved for those whom I punished,
but when I have pardoned I have been joyful.

“ I was born a man among men, therefore do
the worms devour me ; but I lived virtuously
among the virtuous, and therefore my soul has
found repose with God.”

LETTER XXX.

The *ci-devant* husband of Madame Tallien is in Lisbon. I mention it because the business that brought him here is curious. Two years ago he had taken his place from France in a Danish vessel bound for Philadelphia. Part of his baggage, which contained some very valuable jewels, was conveyed on board, and when he returned to shore for the rest, he left the keys in care of an American, unwilling to trust them to the Emigrant passengers. The ship sailed without him, and put in at Lisbon; where the Emigrants informed the Court of the value of his jewels, and added that in all probability the owner had been guillotined. It was in vain that the American who was entrusted with the keys, remonstrated, or that the Captain declared

he must be responsible for the effects when the owner should demand them at Philadelphia ; the Portugueze Government seized them, and placed them in a deposit house. The husband of Madame Tallien (I only know him by the name of his ex-wife), however arrived at last to claim his jewels, and the property has been restored to him.

I met a Tooth-drawer yesterday who wore a small brass chain across his shoulders, ornamented with rotten teeth at equal distances ; perhaps his professional full dress.

I have seen much of Angelo Talassi, the celebrated Improvisatore, who receives a pension of an hundred moidores in that capacity from the Portugueze Court. When I first saw him my Uncle was out ; he came up stairs talking to the servant in a voice that Stentor might have envied. The odd genius displayed in his face engaged my attention to him, and when he showed me his name in a volume of his own poems, which he brought with him, I knew who was