

## L E T T E R XXIX.

*Vast many teeth a-going in a great house,  
Genealogical books. The excellence of the  
circular figure. Gallantry of a devout  
King.*

Lisbon, Sept. 13, 1760. in the forenoon.

I Am here again ready to give you an account of *Mafra* and *Cintra*.

*Mafra* is so inconsiderable a village, that the name of it would not be found in a map of *Portugal*, were it not for a vast pile which King *John V.*, Father to his present Majesty, caused to be erected within a musket-shot of it.

That pile, which is perfectly quadrangular, consists of a church, two royal apartments, and a convent. The church and apartments take up one half of it, and the convent the other half.

The church is placed in the middle of the chief front towards the village, and is spacious enough to contain more than

a thousand people, exclusive of the choir: but it is so very dark, that you cannot see at one glance all the fine things in it; which is to be regretted, as neither gold, nor silver, bronze, precious marbles, nor even the dearest jewels, have been spared to render it an object of astonishment.

There are several altars in it, each as rich as art and money could make it. The chief one has a statue of massy silver, with several large candlesticks, and so many other rich ornaments, that it cost (they say) half a million of crusadoes (*a*), and I am inclined to credit the assertion.

There are likewise six organs, three on each side, but none of them as yet finished. When they are, it will be curious to hear them all play in concert. People hope that the effect will prove extremely pleasing, but I am not quite sure of it, and am afraid of confusion. The church,

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(*a*) *A Crusado is something more than an English half-crown.*

as I apprehend, is not ample enough for a collection of so much sound. However I may be mistaken.

Of the two royal apartments, that on the right side of the church as you go in, is called *the Queen's*, and that on the left *the King's*. Both are large enough to afford a commodious lodgement to their Majesties and their attendants. Each is formed by a long range of rooms, closets, and halls, and each communicates with the other by means of a passage over a part of the church. I don't know how they are furnished, because the furniture is always laid up whenever their Majesties leave the place. The two principal stair-cases which lead up to the apartments, are well lighted, sufficiently wide, and perfectly easy.

Each corner of that chief front supports a dome somewhat in the form of a pavillion. Those domes viewed at a proper distance have a fine effect, and contrast

traft surprifingly well with the cupola, and the four belfrys in the church.

The whole of that chief front is really as noble as art could poffibly make it. The gate in the middle of it has on each fide an infulated column of a kind of granite found fomewhere in this country which is little inferior to the Egyptian. Each column was cut out of a fingle block, and each is about three fathoms in circumference.

On each fide of that gate there is a portico fupported by other fine columns, and ornamented with feveral gigantic ftatues made at Rome by excellent mafters. However the porticos feemed to me rather too fmall for thofe ftatues, or the ftatues too big for the porticos.

But what ftrook me moft on that fide of the edifice, is the afcent to the church. That afcent takes up the beft part of the fpace between the edifice and the village, and the wide femicircular fteps of it make  
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it appear so very grand, that I question whether we have in Italy any thing of the kind that can be compared to it.

The roof of the apartments and the church, exclusive of the pavillion, the cupola, and the belfrys, is laid out in a kind of terrace that commands an extensive prospect. The belfrys contain a hundred and sixty bells of various sizes, and upon them many curious chimes are rung by means of some engines which are contained in two towers beneath. But it is impossible to give an idea of those engines without a number of drawings. It is enough to tell you, that they have cost near a million of crusadoes. They are in fact the greatest object of curiosity in the whole place, and the art of clock-making was, I think, quite exhausted in those two towers. So many wheels! So many springs, pivots, rods, some of brass and some of steel! Who would attempt a description? A vast deal of thinking has been lavish'd there: yet both the money

and the ingenuity has all been squander'd to produce nothing else but some bell-music, which must prove disgustful if it lasts more than three minutes.

There are, amongst many fine parts, two court-yards there, that are surrounded by the finest porticos I ever saw; finer than the *Procuratie Nove* at Venice. The porticos support several apartments for the officers of state when the court is there. Those apartments as well as those of their Majesties, communicate with that part of the building that has been allowed to the friars.

That part consists of three dormitories, a refectory, an infirmary, a kitchen, a library, and some other places.

One of the three dormitories I take to be about three hundred common steps in length, and wide enough for ten men to walk a-breast. They say that the cells on each side of the three dormitories are above six hundred: nor are they narrow and low as in all other Franciscan convents,

vents, but spacious and high vaulted; so that each might as well be termed a room fit for any Roman prelate to live in. However the mafs-friars there, are not so numerous as the cells. They are but three hundred, and the lay-friars a hundred and fifty.

The furniture of each cell (those of the mafs-friars I mean) consists of a narrow uncover'd bed, (not very soft) a table, a few chairs, a shelf for books, and very little else. The lay-friars have no shelves, as the best part of them cannot read.

As to the refectory, it is a glorious thing. The table that runs through it, admits of more than a hundred and fifty people on each side. By this you may judge of its length: yet there is room enough left at one end of it for another table, at which the King will sometimes dine with some of his grandees.

As I entered the refectory a little before the friars went to dinner, the cloth was laid; and I could not help taking notice,

that for every two they have a mug which contains about two bottles of wine. Those mugs are all alike, of white earthen-ware, with the arms of the King on each. Besides the mugs, there are trenchers of *Brazil*-wood, one for every two friars, with six figs upon it, two bunches of grapes, and two lemons. The rest of their dinner (I have not seen it) consists of three good dishes, fat or meagre as the day happens to be. Each friar has a wheaten loaf that weighs about a pound. Should they want more, they ask for more.

When the three hundred *Padres* are at dinner, the hundred and fifty lay-friars wait behind with the greatest respect. It is the King that furnishes them with that food which makes them all look so florid and jolly. Such faces I never saw in my life, not even in the pictures of *Paul Veronese*, who delighted in painting friars handsome.

They



They say that the maintenance of this great family costs the King no less than two hundred thousand crusadoes a year; nor do I think it an exaggeration, considering that at the rate of thirty two good teeth for each mouth, there are above fourteen thousand teeth a-going twice a day the whole year round. Then there is the additional expence of their morning-chocolate, their cloaths, their firing, their great consumption of wax in the church and in the cells; the candles and lamps in their dormitories and kitchen, besides many other articles tedious to enumerate. What costs but little, is their infirmary; but it must be observ'd that when any of them begins to grow old or turns sickly, he is sent to some other convent, and one young and healthy substituted in his room. Their infirmary I have not seen, nor their kitchen.

Their library takes up a very large hall, besides a pretty large room. The hall contains

contains little less than seventy thousand volumes, and the room about ten thousand, as I was told. Amongst these last there are as many Portuguese books as could possibly be collected. I looked over the labels of a long quarto-shelf on the right hand as you go in, and saw that they were all genealogical. If the authors of those quartos have adhered to truth, no nation under the sun is so well apprised of their ancestors as this. There is scarce a family of any note throughout the kingdom but what can boast of an historian, and many have had more than one. Hence (foreigners say) that noble elevation of mind which makes the Portuguese look with the greatest disdain upon all other nations and despise every thing that is not Portuguese: and hence perhaps (I say myself) the source of that immense rage which invaded the whole soul of the Duke *D'Aveiro*, and induced him to commit one of those actions, which never failed to bring ruin upon their

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their perpetrators, as the histories of all times and nations will tell us. That Duke could not bear with patience to have a few pages of his genealogical book blotted by any body.

Besides that vast number of genealogies in quarto and other sizes, there are in that lesser library many histories of the Portuguese conquests in various parts of the ultramarine world. Then follow the theological and devotional books, which are far from being few. This to me is a proof that the Portuguese are pious and skillful in divinity. But what abounds there without measure, are the lives of Saints, male and female, foreign and domestic. They say that St. Anthony alone has above a hundred volumes on those shelves, each telling his achievements in a different manner. No Alexander, no Augustus, no King of Prussia ever was honoured with so much biography as good St. Anthony.

According

According to the Father Librarian, that lesser library is much more valuable than the greater. And in one respect he is certainly right. The books in the greater may be procured for love or money: but not those in the lesser, because Portuguese books are become very scarce ever since the earthquake. The fire that follow'd it, has destroyed many public and private libraries in this metropolis, and a Portuguese book of any note is now become as dear as a ruby.

However the loss of Portuguese learning will scarcely be felt out of Portugal, as it never was in fashion any where, and will scarcely ever be. Few are the writers of this country who ever had a name abroad. *Ossorio* the Latin historian is certainly a name much considered in the literary world, and that of *Camoens*, the Portuguese Epic, has travelled beyond *Allentejo* and *Estremadura*. Yet the works of these two are more commended than read. Our Italian friars extol one of

their sacred orators called *Vieira*, and put him upon a par with our *Segneri*: But I have not the greatest opinion of our friars' taste in point of oratory. I have opened one of *Vieira's* volumes in that library, and chance directed my eyes upon the proem of a sermon, in which the perfections of the circular figure are pompously enumerated; after which the *Lusitanian Cicero* (as his countrymen call him) proceeds to tell his audience, that *if the Supreme Being was to show himself under any geometrical figure, that would certainly be the circular in preference to the triangular, the square, the pentagonal, the duodecagonal, or any other known to the geometricians.* What could I do after having read such a proem, but hastily replace the book on the shelf? However *Vieira's* works must have power, as they are much esteemed by a great number of people, and I wish I had time to spare, to see in what that power consists.

Before

Before I went to *Mafra* I had heard of a Portuguese version of *Metastasio's* Operas, and asked of the Father Librarian to show it me. But he had it not, nor had as yet heard of it. And what do you think that version is? I am assured that the translator has given the *Metastasian* heroes many livery-servants, who take possession of the scene as fast as their respective masters go off, and have dialogues of their own with the chambermaids and nurses of the heroines. You laugh! But what fault can you find in *Achilles* having a running footman, *Semiramis* a dry-nurse, or *Deidamia* a little prating huffey of a cook-maid who bids the negro-boy to carry the chocolate up to his mistress? If this is the dramatic taste in Portugal, a version of *Goldoni's* works would make the Portuguese full as happy, as the text does the Venetian gondoliers.

The Portuguese have a dictionary of their own language which is much commended both by themselves and by fo-

reigners. But it was not the work of a native. Father *Bluteau*, a French Jesuit, compiled it. It is printed in eight or nine large quarto volumes. I wanted to buy it, but so many volumes are too cumbersome for a traveller; besides that the earthquake has put the price of it almost out of the reach of my purse.

I skimm'd over several other Portuguese books in the space of four hours that I passed in that library. In a medical one I read of a remedy for sore eyes, which seems no less excellent than singular. *The person thus afflicted, says the Portuguese physician, must neither read nor look on any white wall.* The good-natured Librarian was in raptures to see me so inquisitive about the learning of his country: but if I am allowed to draw inferences from the little I pick'd up there, the most famed Portuguese writers are at best but equal to our *Achillini's* and *Ciampoli's* in verse, and to our *Giuglari's* and *Tesauro's* in prose, whose distorted  
 way

way of thinking and turgidness of expression have procured the appellation of *Secolo cattivo* to the last century, whenever we consider it in a literary light. Our tumid *Calloandro's*, *Eromena's*, *Dianea's*, *Coralbo's*, and other books of that kind, seem translations from the Portuguese. However, I wish again I had leisure to look for a few months into the learning of this country.

The large library at *Mafra*, I had no time to examine. Yet I have seen enough of it to know that it is a very good one. Besides the best books in the learned languages, I am told that it contains some valuable manuscripts, particularly in Hebrew and in Arabic; and as I have seen several of the friars studying there, it is most probable that some of them are learned. But a traveller had need to stay a considerable time in such places, in order to come away with just ideas of the people, and this unluckily was not in my power at *Mafra*.





Let me now take my leave of the Father Librarian and enter the garden of the convent. It is pretty ample, considering that it has been in a manner cut out of the solid rock, and much of the earth in it transported from distant places. It has a large reservoir in the middle, besides several fountains. From some doors in the walls of it, you may enter the royal park, enclosed likewise by a wall, which, they say, is fourteen or fifteen miles round. The little I saw of that park from the windows of the cells, far from being embellished by that verdure which smiles the whole year round in the parks of England, has very much the appearance of a parch'd and rocky desert thinly scattered with trees.

But it is the building that deserves all one's attention. Few edifices in Europe (perhaps not ten) stand so majestick upon the face of the globe. The original architect was a German who had been bred at Rome; and a very dilated genius he  
must

must have had to imagine so vast a fabrick and adjust all the parts of it in so noble and convenient a manner as he has done. The first stone of it was laid in 1717, if I am rightly informed; and yet some of its internal parts are not quite finished, though more than six thousand workmen were constantly employed upon it during the first twenty years, besides numberless artists in Rome and other parts.—

It is but lately that the number of those workmen has been considerably diminished. At present there are but two hundred.

The occasion of the building of it, was a vow made by the archdutchess who married King John V. On her approaching the coast of Portugal the first land she spy'd was the hills of *Mafra*, and the first favour she asked of her royal spouse was, that he would erect a temple there to the Virgin Mary and St. Anthony, to whose joint protection she owned herself indebted for her safe landing in Por-

tugal. His Majesty, the most friar-ridden King that ever existed, easily granted her request. He went even so far beyond it, as to add the palace, the convent, the garden, and the park, that he might duly honour the whole spot that was blest'd by the first glance of his august Bride. An odd piece of gallantry! As there are immense quarries of beautiful marbles and hard stones all over the neighbourhood of *Mafra*, the good Queen had the satisfaction before she died to see the edifice far advanced and decorated with more than fifty gigantick statues.

## L E T T E R XXX.

*No learning in a second life. Ignorance of knowing men. Organs and clock-work. Moorish ornaments.*

Lisbon, Sept. 13, 1760. *in the Evening.*

**A**FTER having leisurely visited the royal convent, I was taken back to the church by the King's organ-maker,

[ maker, who wanted to show me the internal parts of one of the six organs.

Those parts I have examined with the greatest attention, and the use of each I have heard most minutely explained. But my ignorance of the organ-making-art is such, that I dare not venture upon the least sketch of a description. How negligent have I been not to have bestow'd a single thought in the space of forty years upon tubes and bellows, that I might easily conceive how a vast variety of enchanting sounds is drawn from them ! But too many are the things that a man ought to have studied to be properly qualified for a writer of travels.

Most people, when they consider the opportunities they have neglected of enlarging knowledge which it was a thousand times in their power to enlarge, have got a conceit that, were they to begin life a-new, they would apply with the keenest eagerness and most stubborn resolution to all sciences, and fill up their  
 minds

minds with whatever was known in this world ever since the days of *Pythagoras* and *Aristotle*.

But such speculatists have no right notions of things, in my opinion. Let our lives be ever so protracted, and our application ever so unremitted, I think it is providential that we are not early sensible of the much that there is for us to learn, and of the little that we can learn. Was this not the case, we would be scared away from the approaches of knowledge, and, instead of acquiring the little which we do, it is my firm opinion that we would never have courage to set about acquiring any.

Indeed it is lucky that we begin our voyage through the ocean of learning quite unconscious of its immensity, otherwise our poor hearts would fail us at once, and we would do like the lazy wench, who having the house to clean, the beds to make, the dishes to wash, and the dinner to dress, grew so desperate,

rate,

rate, that she ran up to the garret, threw herself on her bed, and fell asleep.

Such is the train of ideas that my ignorance about organ-making has produced. What a contempt must that artist have conceived of me, on his finding me so little instructed in so noble a science! Yet I have this comfort, that his contempt would have reached many a greater man, as many there are, who, like myself, are quite ignorant of things much below that of organ-making. How various are the scholars in the various universities of Europe who eat bread twice or thrice a-day, and yet are utter strangers to the art of baking? How many those, who are perpetually dipping their quills in a standish, and yet know not how common ink is made? How many who are shaved every morning, and never thought to enquire about the ingredients that compose soap?

I recollect a story to this purpose which seems to me worth relating. Three English

lish wits, *Walsh*, *Wycherley*, and *Pope*, walking together along the side of a field, were once engaged in a dispute about a blade of grass which one of them chanced to pick up. This is a most beautiful blade of *wheat*, said one of them ; I never saw a finer ! It is no wheat at all, said the other ; I take it to be *rye*. Fy upon you both, interrupted the third, it is neither rye nor wheat, but it is *oats* as sure as I am alive. *Miller* the Botanist happen'd to go by as they began to look cross upon each other. They ask'd him ; and so it happen'd that none of the three was right.

The greatest part of what we call men of learning, are ignorant of the most common things, and philosophers might learn from the very lowest of the people more than some of them imagine ; I must therefore not fret because an organ-maker has taken me for a blockhead. He was right so far as he went.

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The name of this man is *Eugene Nicholas Egan*, a native of Ireland. He is scarce four foot high ; but what body he has is all alive. He has obtained his place at *Mafra* neither by chance nor protection, but by dint of skill. The King had caused eight famous organ-makers to come to Portugal from Italy, Germany, and other parts ; and he whose organ should prove best, was to have that place. You may well imagine that each strove to conquer his rivals. But the immortal *Castrato Caffarello*, together with the celebrated composer *David Perez*, having been deputed to judge of their several performances, unanimously decided in favour of little *Egan's*, and of course he had the place. His salary proved afterwards not so ample as he expected : but what is a salary to a genius ? He has defeated his enemies ; he has seen them quit Portugal with shame.

After having shewn me his organ, play'd a good while upon it, and repeatedly





edly touched a treble which is an invention of his own, he took me to see the best friend he has in *Mafra*, the man who rings the bells of the royal convent.

You are not to laugh when I tell you that I had the honour to pay a visit to His Majesty's bell-ringer, who is as great a man as ever pulled the ropes of a bell, and as eminent in his way as *Plato* was in his own. Besides that he can make those bells sound in regular subordination, he can also ring so many curious chimes upon them, that he delights the whole court. But what constitutes him a great man and a genius, are two instruments he has invented, one form'd of many bits of wood, the other of many bits of brick. Those bits he lays down in a particular order upon a table: then takes up two small wooden hammers, and plays upon them. What sweetness is contained in wood and bricks! Upon both he plays the very best overtures of *Handel* and the most difficult lessons of

*Scarlatti*. Master *Egan*, who has himself added a new treble to the Organ, and of course is a proper judge of these matters, honours and loves this man, though but a Bell-ringer, and is not jealous of his abilities because they do not interfere with his own.

The sun was going down apace when I took my leave of those two wonderful men. I shook hands with the bell-ringer and could not help embracing the pretty dwarf.

The road between *Mafra* and *Cintra* is still such as it was after the flood when the waters subsided, and I alighted twenty times from my chaise for fear of being overturned. I saw on both sides the road in many places many stone-blocks and marble-columns, as the quarries are there that have furnished the materials for the Royal Convent. It was dark when I reached *Cintra*, and my Negro took me to *the English Inn*; so called because it is chiefly kept up by a society of  
English

English merchants, who go thither from *Lisbon*, either upon pleasure or to buy up oranges and lemons. When those merchants are there, they get the best rooms, and with a very good reason, as they have fitted it themselves for their own reception.

It happen'd that the whole house was full on my arrival, and as it was too late to procure any lodging, I was oblig'd to sleep upon the mentioned piece of canvas in a neighbouring house. But on my return from the *Cork-convent* the merchants were gone, and I had an excellent bed.

It is now time to tell you, that, before the earthquake, *Cintra* was very well worth a visit. A royal palace was there which is now almost destroy'd. They say that it was many centuries ago one of the country-seats of the *Moorish* Kings that wrested *Portugal* and *Spain* from the hands of the *Vandals*, who had themselves wrested both countries from those of the *Romans*.

*Romans. Moorish* or not *Moorish*, I see by its ruins, as well as by what remains standing, that it was once a great palace. There are still three of its halls to be seen. The ceiling of each is divided into little spaces that have animals painted in them. But each ceiling had but one animal allotted towards its ornament; and thus one contains nothing else but so many *swans*, the other nothing else but *stags*, and the third nothing else but *magpies*. An odd taste of decoration, especially as the swans, the stags, and magpies are uniform, and the posture of each the same as that of the next. Each swan has a golden chain round his neck; each stag supports a coat of arms on his back; and each magpie has the words *per ben* written by her side; which words, preceded by that of *Piga*, form an allusive *Moorish* quibble I have already forgot.

The walls of the three halls are incrustated with square pieces of marble of two different colours disposed chequer-

wife, and so are the floors. On the ground-floor there is a small room where before the earthquake water was made to spout from many little pipes concealed in the walls on the touching of a spring; and this is almost all that is left of that *Moorish* palace. They are rebuilding it, and the King will have it restored to its ancient form. A laudable thought, as posterity will still see what was the *Moorish* taste in architecture.

From the windows of the hall where the stags are painted, there is a fine prospect; but I am sick of prospects, and will give you no further description of any. If you love prospects, get upon steeples.

The royal convent at *Mafra* has not suffer'd much by the earthquake. The friars made me observe, that the little round members over the plinths of the two great columns on each side the gate of the church, were crack'd and partly broken off. But that was almost all the damage

damage the building has undergone, though the trepidation of the ground was so great, that some of the friars were thrown upon their faces as they were kneeling in the choir, and many people in the church stumbled against each other. Had the building inclined but an inch or two more, it would probably have gone down all at once and crush'd them all in an instant.

I take now my leave of *Cintra*, of the beautiful spot it stands upon, of the remaining halls of the *Moorish* palace, and of the high hills in that neighbourhood, where many English and many Portuguese have pretty country-houses. I am told that not far from thence there is a spot of ground about a league in length and a mile broad, all planted with oranges and lemons, whose flowers in due season perfume a vast tract of country. They call it the valley of *Collares*, and compare it to the garden of *Eden*. In all probability, had I gone to see it, I

should have compared it to the territory of *San Remo* on the Ligurian coast.

As I came from *Cintra* towards Lisbon I saw some other parts of that Aqueduct that goes over the valley of *Alcantara*. I saw likewise some agreeable *Quintas*; that is, *Country-houses* belonging to the Portuguese nobility and gentry. Yet in general the country which I have seen during this short ramble, is rocky and barren.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

LETTER XXXI.

*People forbidden to talk. Robbers and not  
Murderers. Concussion from east to west.  
Barraca's. Blacks and their progenies.  
Jews and their perverseness. Creaking  
of wheels.*

Lisbon, Sept. 15. 1760.

**M**Y enquiries here have not merely been limited to customs and manners, to palaces and convents. I have done my utmost to collect genuine information

formation about the several transactions which have lately turned the eyes of all Europe to this country, and you would admire my industry if I were to apprise you of all my endeavours to find the true motive of the Duke *D'Aveiro's* crime, the expulsion of the Jesuits, the banishment of the King's natural brothers, the unprecedented harsh treatment to Cardinal *Acciajoli*, and the exaltation of Don Bastian Joseph *de Carvalho* to the very summit of power.

These subjects are certainly worth inquiry, especially as care has been taken to throw a veil over them, which will obstruct future historians. But my diligence of search has not been much rewarded. This government has forbidden every body to make these, and other current matters, the topics of their conversation: the prohibition subjects the transgressors to such severe penalties, and so many have already been thrown into jail upon this account, that the poor souls



are quite frightened at the mere mention of some names : nor is it easy to bring any native to disclose his opinion about any thing that looks political, though forwardness to decide and love of talking are two of the chief ingredients in the character of the Portuguese. As for the few particularities which I have been able to glean from foreigners, they are so full of uncertainty, contradiction, and evident partiality, that instead of making them any part of my letters, it will be better to save them for oral entertainment.

But I cannot quit this country without saying a few words more of the Jesuits. From a brother who writes from *Portugal*, you have a kind of right to expect his opinion of them, as well as of the proceedings of this government against them.

As you are well acquainted with my way of thinking on several particulars, you will possibly imagine that I approve  
of

of those proceedings, and that I consider these pretended *Companions of Jesus* as a gang of traitors always ready to stab Sovereigns and overthrow kingdoms, as they are considered by numberless people throughout Europe. But, whatever be the opinion of others, I never could do them so much honour as to think them possessed of that steadiness of soul which is required to venture upon such great and bold acts of wickedness. I have often watched them as an Order, and have likewise been intimately acquainted with a good number of their individuals; but have always found them (as well as all other Friars) so poorly pusillanimous, as to be thoroughly persuaded that a man of common courage might drive a dozen of them to the end of the world with a cudgel. Their constant way of life, as it keeps them at a great distance from all sorts of danger, enervates their minds, and, instead of enterprise and intrepidity, infuses into them a female spirit of

meekness and obsequiousness, with a plentiful mixture of dissimulation and hypocrisy. Not one of the many I have known, but partook more or less of this character.

With such a notion of them, produced by many years of observation and reflection, I have read a good many of those books lately written against them with a view to make them all be considered as Conspirators, Traitors, and Regicides by principle and system. But too much of malicious dissingenuity is contained in those books. Far from having been convinced by the reasons offered in them, I do not even believe that they have had a hand in the attempt of *D'Aveiro*, for which I can very well account in a simple manner, and without having recourse to marvellous complicated plots. The very proceedings of this Government against them have rivetted my incredulity as to their having partaken in that attempt; nor is it possible  
to

to conceive, that a large body of such men as I know them to be, cunning, cautious, and fearful, would enter into a conspiracy headed by a haughty, imprudent, and desperate man such as *D'Aveiro*, and composed of men and women of different ages and conditions; which conspiracy, had it even proved successful, would still, and at the very best, have left them just where they were and as they were.

But let us grant for argument's sake that some few (or many, if you will) have entered into that conspiracy. Where was the difficulty to hang those few (or many) after a trial not secret, not mysterious, but fair and open to the whole nation? Not one Jesuit has as yet been put to death upon this account, but all have been exported out of the country and banished it for ever, without the least discrimination between the innocent and the guilty; which levelling execution I cannot at all reconcile with my ideas of equity

equity and justice. It is true that old *Malagrida* and two or three more (none of them Portuguese, but all Italians, which is remarkable) have been detained and thrown into jail. They have now been above two years (*a*) in the inquisition. But what has the inquisition to do with regicides, if this government is persuaded that regicides they are? Why have they not been hanged with the Duke *D'Aveiro* and the other conspirators? The power that could easily banish thousands, could as easily hang a dozen or two, or as many as you will. Why was this not done? Who could hinder it? The pope? The people? Some foreign power? No. The whole world would have approved of the punishment inflicted upon convicted regicides. And why is recourse had to the pens of mercenary writers,

(*a*) Long after the date of this letter poor *Malagrida* has been burnt as an Heretick, charged amongst other things of having written while in the prisons of the Inquisition, that the Virgin Mary spoke Latin when still in St. Ann's womb. I know not what is become of his brother regicides.

and

and so much pains taken to blacken the whole order, when its guilty individuals were completely within the reach of avenging justice? Why are such efforts made *abroad* to make the world believe that they are a set of villains, when *at home* no body is allowed to speak either good or ill of them? That each jesuit is a downright villain, always ready at the nod of his general, his provincial, his rector, or his prefect, to turn traitor, to turn conspirator, to turn King-killer, is an assertion that may be credited by enthusiasts, and by those who hate without knowing why, whose number is larger than vulgar observers are aware of; but never will be credited by men of sober thinking, by men acquainted with the varieties of our tempers and inclinations, by men who have remarked how perfectly impossible it is to bring a vast number of individuals to think and act as one man.

My opinion of the Jesuits' society is therefore this, that they are obnoxious to

the great society of mankind, not because they are traitors and regicides by principle and system, but because they are indefatigable accumulators of riches which they do not want. Their maintenance requires but little, as they live in community, feed poorly, dress poorly, and lodge poorly. What need have they to plunder their neighbours with their trade and banking, and hoard up treasures and treasures, when they lead a mean life and cannot by institution lead a better? Why are they for ever hunting after inheritances, always (or almost always) to the prejudice of lawful heirs? What will they do with those treasures? Or if they have any good reason (which is inconceivable) for acting in this manner, why do they not tell it aloud?

Indeed if they are to be annihilated, this avarice of theirs is more than a sufficient motive. But instead of going this way to work, and call them *Robbers*, which may be done with justice, as the  
 desire

desire of robbing is the true and notorious spirit of their order, great trouble is taken by means of the presses at *Lucca, Venice, Lugano*, and other places, to cry them down as *Murderers*, which in the nature of things cannot be the spirit of a large body.

Besides the spirit of robbing, there is that of domineering, which might have been an article of accusation against them. This is another of their true and notorious characteristics, that has long made them odious to all men of sense and probity. What need have they of influence and authority in the states where they are established, and even in the states where they have no establishment at all; that is, in those countries, which we, perhaps with too much acrimony, call heretical? How are influence and authority in any state to be reconciled with that profession which obliges them to eat, dress, and lodge poorly, as I said, and to tread in the footsteps of HIM whose *companions*

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