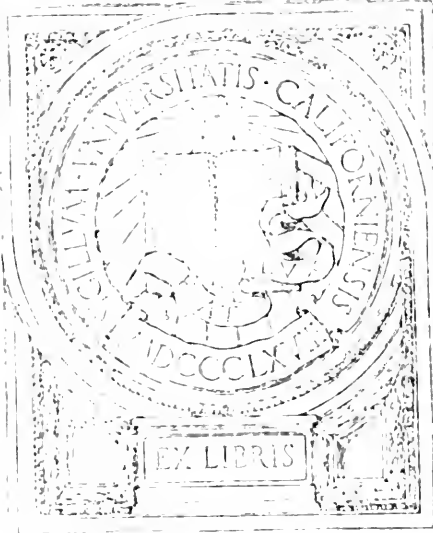


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HISTORICAL VIEW  
OF THE  
LITERATURE  
OF THE  
SOUTH OF EUROPE;

BY  
J. C. L. SIMONDE DE SISMONDI:

OF THE ACADEMY AND SOCIETY OF ARTS OF GENEVA, HONORARY MEMBER  
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WILNA, OF THE ITALIAN ACADEMY, &c. &c.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL,  
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BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

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CONTENTS  
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CHAPTER XXXI.

Continuation of Lope de Vega . . . . . Page 1

CHAPTER XXXII.

Lyric Poetry of Spain, at the close of the Sixteenth and commencement of the Seventeenth Century.—Gongora and his followers, Quevedo, Villegas, &c. . . . . 47

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca . . . . . 102

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Conclusion of Calderon . . . . . 153

CHAPTER XXXV.

Conclusion of the Spanish Drama.—State of Letters during the reign of the house of Bourbon.—Conclusion of the History of Spanish Literature . . . . . 195

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

State of Portuguese Literature until the middle of the Sixteenth Century . . . . .	249
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

Luis de Camoens : <i>Lusiadas</i> . . . . .	316
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Sequel of the <i>Lusiad</i> . . . . .	369
---------------------------------------	-----

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Miscellaneous Poems of Camoens : Gil Vicente ; Rodriguez Lobo ; Cortereal ; Portuguese Historians of the Sixteenth Century . . . . .	422
--	-----

## CHAPTER XL.

Continuation of the Literature of Portugal.—Conclusion	504
--	-----

V I E W  
OF  
T H E L I T E R A T U R E  
OF THE  
SOUTH OF EUROPE.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

Continuation of Lope de Vega.

IT is not merely on his own account that our farther attention is directed to the poet whom Spain has designated as the phœnix of men of genius. Lope de Vega merits our attention still more, as having exhibited and displayed the spirit of his own age, and as having powerfully influenced the taste of succeeding centuries. After a long interruption to the dramatic art, and a silence of fifteen hundred years, on the theatres of Greece and Rome, Europe was suddenly surprised with the renewal of theatrical representations, and turned to them with delight. In every quarter the drama now revived ; the eyes as well

as the mind sought a gratification in the charms of poetry, and genius was required to give to its creations action and life. In Italy, tragedy had been already cultivated by Trissino, Rucellai, and their imitators, during the whole of the sixteenth century, but without obtaining any brilliant success or attracting the admiration of the spectators ; and it was solely during the period which corresponds to the life of Lope de Vega, (1562-1635) that the only dramatic attempts of which Italy has reason to boast before those of Alfieri, appeared. The *Amyntas* of Tasso was published in 1572 ; the *Pastor Fido* in 1585 ; and the crowd of pastoral dramas which seemed to be the only representation adapted to the national taste of a people deprived of their independence, and of all military glory, were composed in the years which preceded or immediately followed the commencement of the seventeenth century. In England, Shakspeare was born two years after Lope de Vega, and died nineteen years before him, (1564-1616). His powerful genius raised the English theatre, which had its birth a few years before, from a state of extreme barbarism, and bestowed on it all the renown which it possesses. In France, Jodelle, who is now regarded as a rude author, had given to French tragedy those rules and that spirit which she has preserved in her maturity, even before the birth of Lope de Vega (1532 to 1573).

Garnier, who was the first to polish it, was a contemporary of Lope. The great Corneille, born in 1606, and Rotrou, born in 1609, attained to manhood before the death of Lope. Rotrou had, before that event, given eleven or twelve pieces to the theatre; but Corneille did not publish the *Cid* until a year after the death of the great Spanish dramatist. In the midst of this universal devotion to dramatic poetry, we may well imagine the astonishment and surprise produced by one who seemed desirous of satisfying himself the theatrical wants of all Europe; one whose genius was never exhausted in touching and ingenious invention; who produced comedies in verse with more ease than others wrote sonnets; and who, during the period that the Castilian tongue was in vogue, filled at one and the same moment, with pieces of endless variety, all the theatres of the Spanish dominions, and those of Milan, Naples, Vienna, Munich, and Brussels. The influence which he could not win from his age by the polish of his works, he obtained by their number. He exhibited the dramatic art as he had conceived it, in so many different manners, and under so many forms, to so many thousands of spectators, that he naturalized and established a preference for his style, irrevocably decided the direction of Spanish genius in the dramatic art, and obtained over the foreign stage a considerable influence. It is felt in the

plays of Shakspeare and of his immediate successors; and is to be traced in Italy during the seventeenth century, but more particularly in France, where the great Corneille formed himself on the Spanish school; where Rotrou, Quinault, Thomas Corneille, and Scarron, gave to the stage scarcely any other than pieces borrowed from Spain; and where the Castilian names and titles and manners were for a long time in exclusive possession of the theatre.

The pieces of Lope de Vega are seldom read; they have not, to my knowledge, been translated, and they are rarely met with in detached collections of Spanish plays. The original edition of his pieces is to be found only in two or three of the most celebrated libraries in Europe.\* It is, therefore, necessary to regard more closely a man who attained such eminent fame; who exercised so powerful and durable an influence not only over his native country, but over all Europe, and over ourselves; and with whom we have, nevertheless, little acquaintance, and whom we know only by name. I am aware that extracts from pieces, often monstrous, and always rudely sketched, may probably disgust readers who seek rather the masterpieces of literature than its rude materials; and I feel, too, that the prodigious

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\* There is a copy in the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris, but the fifth and sixth volumes are wanting.

fertility of Lope ceases to be a merit in the eyes of those who are fatigued with its details; but if they were no longer interesting to us as specimens of the dramatic art, they deserve our attention as presenting a picture of the manners and opinions then prevalent in Spain. It is in this point of view that I shall endeavour to trace in them the prejudices and manners of the Spaniards, their conduct in America, and their religious sentiments, at an epoch which, in some measure, corresponds to the wars of the League. Those too, to whom the Spanish stage in its rude state is without interest, cannot be indifferent to the character of a nation, which was at that time armed for the conquest of the world, and which, after having long held the destinies of France in the balance, seemed on the point of reducing her under its yoke, and forcing her to receive its opinions, its laws, its manners, and its religion.

A remarkable trait in all the chivalrous pieces of Spain is the slight honour and little remorse inspired by the commission of murder. There is no nation where so much indifference has been manifested for human life, where duels, armed rencounters, and assassinations, have been more common, arising from slighter causes, and accompanied with less shame and regret. All the Spanish heroes, at the commencement of their story, are in the predicament of having slain some powerful man, and are obliged to seek safety in flight. After a murder they are exposed, it

is true, to the vengeance of relations and to the pursuit of justice, but they are under the protection of religion and public opinion ; they pass from one convent and church to another, until they reach a place of safety ; and they are not only favoured by a blind compassion, but the whole body of the clergy make it a point of conscience, in their pulpits and confessionals, to extend their forgiveness to an unfortunate, who has given way to a sudden movement of anger, and by abandoning the dead to snatch a victim from the hands of justice. The same religious prejudice exists in Italy ; an assassin is always sure of protection under the name of Christian charity from all belonging to the church, and by all that class of people immediately under the influence of the priests. Thus in no country in the world have assassinations been more frequent than in Italy and in Spain. In the latter country a village *fête* scarcely ever occurs without a person being killed. At the same time this crime ought, in reality, to wear a graver aspect amongst a superstitious people, since, according to their belief, the eternal sentence depends not on the general course of life, but on the state of the soul at the moment of death ; so that he who is killed, being almost always at the moment of quarrel in a state of impenitence, there can be no doubt of his condemnation to eternal punishment. But neither the Spaniards nor the



Italians ever consult their reason in legislating on morals; they submit blindly to the decisions of casuists, and when they have undergone the expiations imposed on them by their confessors, they believe themselves absolved from all crime. These expiations have been rendered so much the more easy, as they are a source of riches to the clergy. A foundation of masses for the soul of the deceased, or alms to the church, or a sacrifice of money, in short, however disproportionate to the wealth of the culprit, will always suffice to wash away the stain of blood. The Greeks in the heroic ages required expiations before a murderer was permitted to enter again into their temples; but their expiations, far from enfeebling the civil authority, were designed to strengthen it: they were long and severe; the murderer was compelled to make public penance, and felt himself stained by the blood he had shed. Thus among a fierce and half-savage people the authority of religion, in accordance with humanity, checked the effusion of human blood, and rendered an instance of assassination more rare in all Greece than in a single village in Spain.

There is not, perhaps, a play of Lope de Vega, which may not be cited in support of these remarks, and which does not discover in the national character a disregard for the life of others, a criminal indifference for evil, since it can be

expiated by the church, an alliance of religion and ferocity, and the admiration of the people towards men celebrated for many homicides. I shall choose for a corroboration of these opinions a comedy of Lope de Vega, entitled *The Life of the valiant Cespedes*. It will transport us to the camp of Charles V., and will shew us how those armies were composed which destroyed the protestants, and shook the German empire; and it will, in some sort, finish the historical picture of this reign, so remarkable in the revolutions of Europe, by acquainting us with the character and private life of those soldiers whom we are accustomed to regard only in the mass.

Cespedes, a gentleman of Ciudad-Real, in the kingdom of Toledo, was a soldier of fortune under Charles V., renowned for his valour and prodigious strength. The sister of this Samson of Spain, Donna Maria de Cespedes, was not less athletic than himself. Before entering into the service, he had invited all the carmen and porters to wrestle with him, and decide who could raise the heaviest weights; and when he was absent from home, Donna Maria, his sister, took his place, and wrestled with the first comer. The piece opens with a scene between this young damsel and two carmen of La Mancha, who contend with her who could farthest throw a heavy bar of iron. She proves herself stronger than either of them, and wins all their cattle and

forty crowns, for she never makes these trials of strength *gratis*; however, she generously restores her antagonists the mules, and keeps only their money. A gentleman in love with her, named Don Diego, disguises himself as a peasant, and desires to wrestle with her, not with the expectation of being victorious, but in the hope of having an opportunity of declaring his passion in her arms. He deposits as the reward of victory four pieces of Spanish coin; she accepts them, and the combat commences; but whilst their arms are intertwined, Don Diego addresses her in the following strain of gallantry:—"Is there on earth, lady, a glory equal to this, of finding myself in your arms? Where is the prince that had ever so happy a destiny? We are told of one who soared on wings of wax to the blazing orb of day; but he did not dare to wrestle with the sun, and if for such audacity he was precipitated into the sea, how shall I survive who have grasped the sun in my embrace?"

MARIA. You a peasant?

DIEGO. I know not.

MARIA. Your language, and the perfume you carry about you, excite my fears.

DIEGO. The language I have learned from yourself, for you have shed a ray of light on my soul; the perfume is that of the flowers on which I reposed, in the meadow, in meditating on my love.

MARIA. Quit my arms.

DIEGO. I cannot."

Maria is confirmed in her suspicions of his rank ; she refuses any farther contest with him ; at the same time she is touched by his gallantry, and as her brother returns at this moment, she conceals Don Diego, to screen him from his animosity. Cespedes enters, and relates to his sister that his mistress had given him a pink, which he had placed in his hat ; that Pero Trillo being enamoured of the same beauty and jealous of his attachment, they had fought ; that Cespedes had slain him, and had now come home to procure money, and to engage Bertrand, one of his peasants, to follow him as his esquire in his departure for Flanders to serve the Emperor. He then flies, under the conviction that he shall be immediately pursued by justice. Scarcely is he gone when the corregidor arrives with the alguazils to visit his house and arrest the criminal. Donna Maria considering this visit as an offence, calls Don Diego to her aid, kills two of the alguazils and wounds the corregidor, and then takes refuge in a church to escape the sudden anger of the populace. We shall next observe her depart from thence for Germany, in the habit of a soldier with Don Diego.

In the mean while we follow Cespedes on his journey. We see him arrive at Seville with Bertrand, his esquire, quarrelling with sharpers in

the streets, and pursuing them with his knife; attaching himself to the courtesans, and engaging on their account in fresh quarrels; desirous at last of enrolling himself, but involved by gambling in a quarrel with a serjeant, whom Cespedes kills, whilst he puts the recruiting party to flight. The details of these scenes of brutal ferocity are highly disgusting; but they are apparently all historical, and tradition has carefully preserved them for the glory of the Spanish hero.

The second act shews us Cespedes after he has resided some time in Germany, and been advanced in the Emperor's service. But after having had a share in the most brilliant campaigns of Charles the Fifth, he is obliged to retire from the army in consequence of meeting a heretic in the Emperor's palace at Augsburgh, three of whose teeth he struck out by a furious blow of his hand; many more heretics rushed on him to revenge this outrage, but he and his squire between them killed ten of the party and wounded several more. The Emperor, however, despatches Hugo, one of his captains, to recall him to the army, and assures him that although himself and the Duke of Alva were obliged to express their disapprobation of his conduct, yet it was of all the actions of Cespedes that which had given them the greatest satisfaction. Cespedes, encouraged by this mark of approbation, declares that whenever he meets

with a heretic, who refuses to kneel to the sacrament, he will hamstring him, and leave him no choice in the matter.

This captain Hugo, the host and protector of Cespedes, has in his house a sister, named Theodora, who falls in love with the valiant Spaniard, and who, after having been seduced by him, escapes from her paternal roof to follow him. After a scene of military gallantry between them, Donna Maria de Cespedes appears, disguised as a man, after her arrival in Germany with Don Diego. The latter has accompanied her during her whole journey, and has obtained her affections, but he is determined to quit her, since Pero Trillo, whom Cespedes had killed at the commencement of the piece, was his uncle, and he thinks himself bound to avenge his death. They then separate. In the farewell of Donna Maria we remark traces of the poetic talent of Lope, and a sensibility which only occasionally presents itself. Maria overwhelms her faithless lover with reproaches, though always mingled with a return to tenderness; and in the midst of her imprecations, she checks herself with sorrow, she seems to recall him, and she often repeats with sadness—"When, alas, one so often reproaches, one is very near pardoning." While she is yet on the stage, she hears two soldiers calumniate Cespedes. They are jealous of the favour shewn to his bodily prowess, and to exploits more fitting

a porter than a soldier; and she, assuming to herself the defence of her brother's honour, kills the two soldiers. She is threatened with an arrest, but refuses to surrender to any one except the Duke of Alva, who conducts her to prison, but at the same time promises to recompense her bravery. Donna Maria does not allow him time for that, since she is no sooner in prison than she breaks her fetters, forces the bars of her window, and sets herself at liberty.

Don Diego, after having separated from Donna Maria, pursues the project of revenge which he had meditated against Cespedes. Aware that a combat with an antagonist of such superior power would be unavailing, he resolves to assassinate him. He charges Mendo with this commission, gives him his pistol, and places him in ambush, concealing twenty of his men nigh at hand to support Mendo, and aid his escape after the deed. Cespedes falls into the snare, but the pistol misses fire. Mendo, notwithstanding, is not disconcerted, but presents his weapon to him, and succeeds in convincing him that he was trying it before him in order to induce him to purchase it. Cespedes, after having bought the pistol, perceives that it is charged, and that there has been a design to assassinate him, without knowing whom to accuse of the attempt.

In the third act, Mendo relates to Don Diego the failure of the design, and informs him of the

subterfuge by which he escaped the vengeance of Cespedes. At this moment, shouts of triumph and exclamations announce the victorious return of Cespedes from a tournament, where he had challenged all the bravest of the army. He appears on the stage crowned with laurels, and the Emperor presents him with the lordship of Villalar on the Guadiana. In the mean time Cespedes learns that it was Don Diego, the seducer of his sister, who had attempted to assassinate him; but public affairs prevent him seeking revenge. The elector of Saxony had fortified himself in Muhlberg, (1547.) Charles V. passes the Elbe to attack him; the army is put in motion, and Cespedes thinks only of signaling himself against the heretics. In the midst of preparations for battle, some tumultuous scenes paint the licentiousness of the camp. In one part we see Donna Maria and Theodora following the army disguised as soldiers; in another part Bertrand, the squire of Cespedes, carries off a peasant girl. The peasants of the village collect together to release her, but Cespedes opposes himself singly to all these villagers, kills a number of them, and forces the remainder to fly. He then offers himself to the Emperor to be the first to swim over the Elbe. Bertrand, Don Hugo, and Don Diego, propose to accompany him; and the last, though just coming from a meditated assassination, proves himself one of



the most valiant men of the army, and very ambitious of glory. These champions then pass the river, and point out a ford to the troops of the Emperor, who cross the Elbe, and put the Saxons to flight; but Diego being wounded is saved on the shoulders of Cespedes, who does not yet know him, and from whom he conceals his name. Cespedes, after having placed him in safety, returns to the fight. Donna Maria arrives. She recognises her wounded lover, pardons him, and carries him to her tent. It was in this battle that the virtuous elector, John Frederic, was made prisoner. Lope de Vega attributes this honour to Cespedes, who receives in recompense the order of knighthood of St. James: but without exciting any interest in favour of the sovereign of Saxony, whom he considers as a rebel. He notwithstanding exhibits on the stage the noble constancy with which, whilst playing a game at chess, that Prince received his sentence of death.

During the rejoicings after the victory, the order of knighthood is conferred on Cespedes, who learns that his sister is in the camp, that she has received into her tent the very Don Diego who had attempted to assassinate him, that she loves him, and has sacrificed her honour to him. He rushes forth to revenge himself on both. In the last scene we see him sword in hand, and Bertrand at his side. Don Diego and

Mendo await them armed, whilst Donna Maria and Theodora attempt to restrain them. The Duke of Alva commands them to suspend the combat. He asks the cause of the quarrel. Don Diego relates it, and states that he has offered to espouse Donna Maria, but that Cespedes has arrogantly refused his consent. The Duke of Alva by his authority terminates the dispute. He concludes the marriage between Cespedes and Theodora, and between Don Diego and Donna Maria, assigns a recompense to Bertrand, and grants a pardon to Mendo. To conclude, the author at the close of his play, announces that a second part will comprehend the remainder of the noble deeds of Cespedes, to the time of his death, in the war against the revolted Moors of Grenada.

It would be difficult, I imagine, to contrive for the stage a greater number of murders, for the most part gratuitously perpetrated. How fatal must have been the effect of exhibiting to a people already too prone to sanguinary revenge, a character like Cespedes, and representing him as the hero of his country! There are many pieces still more dangerous. Bravery in conflict with social order, and a sanguinary resistance to magistrates, corregidores, and officers of justice, have been too often displayed as the favourite heroism of the Spanish stage. Long before the robbers of Schiller appeared, and long previous

to our chiefs of the bands of banditti in our melodramas, the Castilians had set apart virtue, valour, and nobility of mind as the portion of their outlaws. Many of the plays of the two great writers of the Spanish stage, Lope de Vega and Calderon, have a chief of banditti as their principal character. The authors of the second order frequently chose their hero from the same class. It is thus that *The Valiant Andalusian* of Christoval de Monroy y Silva, *The Redoubtable Andalusian* of a writer of Valencia, and *The Robber Balthasar* of another anonymous author, excited the interest of the spectators for a professed assassin, who executed the bloody commands of his relations and friends; who, pursued by justice, resisted the officers of a whole province, and left dead on the spot all who dared to approach him; and who, when the moment of submission at length arrived, obtained the divine pardon through the miraculous interposition of Providence; a prodigy which snatched him from the hands of his enemies, or at all events assured the salvation of his soul. This description of plays met with the most brilliant success. Neither the charm of poetry, so prodigally lavished in other dramas, nor the art of preserving probability in the plot, were demanded, while the seducing valour of the robber-chief, and his wonderful successes, enchanted the populace. This was a glory and heroism appropriate to their own sphere of life, though attached

to passions which it was highly important to suppress. In viewing the literature of the South, we are often struck with the subversion of morals, with the corruption of all just principles, and with the disorganization of society which it indicates; but if we candidly examine the institutions of the people, and consider their government, their religion, their education, their games, and their public amusements, we ought rather to allow them credit for the virtues which they have retained, for that rectitude of sentiment and thought which is innate to the heart of man, and which is not entirely destroyed, notwithstanding exterior circumstances have so strongly conspired to corrupt the mind, and to pervert its sentiments.

We meet with principles of as evil a tendency, precepts as cruel, and a fanaticism not less deplorable, in the play of *Arauco domado: The Conquest of Arauco*, of Lope de Vega; though in this instance the piece is raised by a high strain of poetry, and supported by a more lively interest. Nor is it sufficient, in inquiring into the conquest of America, one of the greatest events of the age, to seek for the details of it in the historians; it is also desirable to view in the poets the character of the people that accomplished it, and the effect produced upon them by the prodigies of valour and the excess of ferocity which were displayed. The subject of this piece is taken from the Araucana of Don

Alonzo de Ercilla. It commences after the election of Caupolican, and his defeat of Valdivia, the Spanish general who commanded in Chili, and who perished in a battle about the year 1554. This is in itself a noble and theatrical subject. The struggle between the Spaniards, who combat for glory and for the establishment of their religion, and the Araucanians, who fight for their liberty, affords room for the developement of the noblest characters, and for the most striking opposition between a savage and civilized people. This opposition forms one of the greatest beauties in the play of *Alzire*. The *Arauco domado* is also a piece of brilliant imagination. Many of the scenes are richer in poetry than any that Lope de Vega has composed. They would have produced a still greater effect had they been more impartial; but the Araucans were enemies of the Spaniards, and the author thought himself obliged by his patriotism to give them a boasting character, and to represent them as defeated in every action. Nevertheless, the general impression produced by the perusal is an admiration of the vanquished, and horror at the cruelty of the conquerors.

Whilst the Spaniards install the new governor of Chili, Caupolican celebrates his victory, and places his trophies at the feet of the beautiful Fresia, who, not less valiant than himself, is delighted at finding in her lover the liberator of his country. The first strophes which the poet puts

into their mouths breathe at the same time love  
and imagination.

## CAUPOLICAN.

- \* Here, beauteous Fresia, rest ;  
Thy feather'd darts resign,  
While the bright planet pours a farewell ray,  
Gilding the glorious West,  
And, as his beams decline,  
Tinges with crimson light the expiring day.  
Lo! where the streamlet on its way,  
Soft swelling from its source,  
Through flower-bespangled meads  
Its murmuring waters leads,  
And in the ocean ends its gentle course.  
Here, Fresia, may'st thou lave  
Thy limbs, whose whiteness shames the foaming wave.
- 

## CAUPOLICAN.

- \* Dexa el arco y las flechas,  
Hermosa Fresia mia,  
Mientras el sol con cintas de oro borda  
Torres de nubes héchas ;  
Y declinando el dia,  
Con los umbrales de la noche aborda,  
A la mar siempre sorda.  
Camina el agua mansa  
De aquesta hermosa fuente,  
Hasta que su corriente  
En sus saladas margenes descansa ;  
Aqui bañarte puedes  
Tu, que a sus vidros en blancura excedes.  
  
Desnuda el cuerpo hermoso,  
Dando a la luna embidia,

Unfold, in this retreat,  
 Thy beauties, envied by the queen of night ;  
 The gentle stream shall clasp thee in its arms ;  
 Here bathe thy wearied feet !  
 The flowers with delight  
 Shall stoop to dry them, wondering at thy charms.  
 To screen thee from alarms,  
 The trees a verdant shade shall lend ;  
 From many a songster's throat  
 Shall swell the harmonious note ;  
 The cool stream to thy form shall bend  
 Its course, and the enamour'd sands  
 Shall yield thee diamonds for thy beauteous hands.

All that thou see'st around,  
 My Fresia, is thine own !  
 This realm of Chili is thy noble dower !  
 Chased from our sacred ground,  
 The Spaniard shall for all his crimes atone,

Y quejarase el agua, por tenerte :  
 Baña el pié caluroso,  
 Si el tiempo te fastidia,  
 Vendran las flores a enxurgarte y verte ;  
 Los arboles a hacerte  
 Sombra con verdes hojas ;  
 Las aves harmonia,  
 Y de la fuente fria  
 La agradecida arena, si el pie mojas  
 A hazer con mil enredos,  
 Sortijas de diamantes a tus dedos.

De todo lo que miras  
 Eres, Fresia, señora ;  
 Ya no es de Carlo ni Felipe, Chile :  
 Ya vencimos las iras  
 Del Español, que hora  
 Por mas que contra Arauco el hierro afile.

And Charles and Philip's iron reign is o'er.  
 Hideous and stain'd with gore,  
 They fly Arauca's sword;  
 Before their ghastly eyes  
 In dust Valdivia lies;  
 While as a god ador'd,  
 My bright fame mounting, with the sun extends,  
 Where'er the golden orb his glorious journey bends.

## FRESIA.

Lord of my soul, my bosom's dream,  
 To thee yon mountains bend  
 Their proud aspiring heads;  
 The nymphs that haunt this stream,  
 With roses crown'd, their arms extend,  
 And yield thee offerings from their flowery beds.  
 But ah! no verdant tree that spreads

El ver que aun oy distile  
 Sangre esta roxa arena  
 En que Valdivia yaze.  
 Del Polo onde el sol nace  
 A donde sus cavallos desenfrena,  
 No ay poder que me assombre,  
 Yo soy el Dios de Arauco, no soy hombre.  
 .....

## FRESIA.

Querido esposo mio,  
 A quien estas montañas  
 Humillan las cabeças pressurosas;  
 Por quien de aqueste rio  
 Que en verdes espadañas  
 Se acuesta, coronandose de rosas,  
 Las niufas amorosas



Its blissful shade, no fountain pure,  
 Nor feather'd choir, whose song  
 Echoes the woods among,  
 Earth, sea, nor empire, gold, nor silver ore,  
 Could ever to me prove  
 So rich a treasure as my chieftain's love.

I ask no brighter fame  
 Than conquest o'er a heart  
 To whom proud Spain submits her laurell'd head,  
 Before whose honour'd name,  
 Her glories all depart and victories are fled!  
 Her terrors all are sped!  
 The keenness of her sword,  
 Her arquebuse, whose breath  
 Flash'd with the fires of death,  
 And the fierce steed, bearing his steel-clad lord,

---

Embidian mi ventura ;  
 Que fuente, que suaves  
 Sombras, que voces de aves,  
 Que mar, que imperio, que oro o plata pura,  
 Como ver que me quieras  
 Tu que eres el señor de hombres y fieras.

No quiero mayor gloria  
 Que aver rendido un pecho  
 A quien se rinde España, coronada  
 De la mayor vitoria.  
 Pues cupo en ella el hecho  
 Por quien la India yase conquistada.  
 Ya la Española espada,  
 El arcabus temido,  
 Que truena como el cielo,  
 Y rayos tira al suelo,

A fearful spectre on our startled shore,  
 Allright our land no more !

Thy spear hath rent the chain  
 That bound our Indian soil ;  
 Her yoke so burthen'd by th' oppressor's hand,  
 Thou hast spurn'd with fierce disdain :  
 Hast robb'd the spoiler of his spoil,  
 Who sought by craft and force to subjugate thy land !  
 Now brighter days expand !  
 The joys of peace are ours !  
 Beneath the lofty trees,  
 Our light-swung hammocks answering to the breeze,  
 Sweet is our sleep among the leafy bowers ;  
 And, as in ancient days, a calm repose  
 Attends our bless'd life to its latest close.

But when the Indians are aware that the  
 Spaniards are advancing to attack them, and

Y el cavallo arrogante, en que subido  
 El hombre parecia  
 Monstruosa fiera que seis pies tenia ;

No causaran espanto  
 Al Indio que rebelas,  
 Cuya libre cerviz del yugo sacas  
 Des Español, que tanto  
 Le oprinio con cautelas,  
 Cuya ambicion de plata y oro aplacas.  
 Ya en texidas amacas,  
 De tronco a tronco asidas  
 Destos arboles altos,  
 De inquieta guerra faltos,  
 Dormiremos en paz, y nuestras vidas  
 Llegarán prolongadas  
 A quel dichoso fin que las passadas.

that their god has revealed their approaching defeat, the warriors and their chiefs animate themselves for the combat, by a warlike hymn of great beauty, and of a truly original character. I have attempted to translate it, although I am aware that its effect proceeds, in a great measure, from the scene which precedes it, which has awakened the enthusiasm of the spectator, and from the grandeur of the scene and the music. At the extremity of the stage, the Spaniards are seen on the ramparts of a fort, where they have sheltered themselves. The Indian tribes surround their chiefs: each in his turn menaces with vengeance the enemies of his country: the chiefs reply in chorus, and the army interrupts the warlike music by its acclamations, repeating with ardour the name of its leader. This barbarous name, which recurs as a burthen in the midst of the verse, seems almost ludicrous, though one cannot help remarking the truth of costume and military action, which, at least in the Spanish original, transports the reader into the midst of the savage bands.

\* AN INDIAN SOLDIER.

Hail, Chief! twice crown'd by Victory's hands,  
Victor o'er all Valdivia's bands,  
Conqueror of Villagran.

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\* UNA VOZ. Pues tantas victorias goza  
De Valdivia y Villagran.

## THE ARMY.

All hail, Caupolican !

## CHORUS OF CHIEFS.

Mendoza's fall will add fresh wreaths again.

Fall, tyrant, fall,

Th' avenger comes, alike of gods and men.

## THE SOLDIER.

The God of Ind, Apo, the thunderer comes,  
Who gave his valiant tribes these vast domains ;

Spoil'd by the robbers from the ocean-plains,

Soon, soon, to fill ignoble tombs,

Slain by the conqueror of Villagran.

## THE ARMY.

Shout, shout, Caupolican !

## THE CHORUS.

The hero's eye is on thee ; tyrant, fly !

No, thou art in his toils, and thou must die,

Thou canst not fly,

Thou and thine impious clan.

- Todos. Caupolican !  
 Solo. Tambien vencerá al Mendoza,  
 Y a los que con el estan.  
 Todos. Caupolican !  
 Solo. Si sabias el valor  
 Deste valiente Araucano,  
 Aquien Apo soberano  
 Hizo de Arauco señor,  
 Como no tienes temor ?  
 Que si vencio a Villagran,  
 Todos. Caupolican!  
 Solo. Tambien vencerá al Mendoza  
 Y a los que con el estan.

## THE ARMY.

Hear, hear, Caupolican !

## CAUPOLICAN.

Wretched Castilians, yield,—our victims, yield !

Fate sits upon our arms ;

Trust not these walls and towers,—they cannot shield

Your heads from vengeance now,

Your souls from wild alarms.

## CHORUS.

See laurels on his brow,

The threatening chief of Araucan.

## THE ARMY.

Caupolican !!

## CHORUS.

Mendoza, cast your laurels at his feet ;

With tyrant-homage greet,

The chief of all his clan.

## TUCAPEL.

Bandits, whom treason and the cruel thirst

Of yellow dust bore to our hapless shores,

TODOS.	Caupolican !
CAUPOL.	Españoles desdichados En esse corral metidos, Que es confessaros vencidos, Y que estays juntos atados ; Adonde vays engañados ?
LA VOZ.	A qui los dc muerte iran.
TODOS.	Caupolican !
LA VOZ.	Tambien vencerá al Mendoza, Y a los que con el estan ;
TODOS.	Caupolican !
TUCAPEL.	Ladrones que a hurtar venis El oro de nuestra tierra,

Who boast of honour while your hands are curs'd  
 With chains and tortures Nature's self deplores,  
 Behold, we burst your iron yoke ;  
 Your terrors fled, your savage bondage broke.

CHORUS.

Behold the victor of your Villagran.

THE WHOLE ARMY.

Caupolican—Caupolican ! !

CHORUS.

Spurn, spurn him o'er the waves,—  
 The new, last foe, Mendoza spurn !  
 To those far lands, swift, swift, return.

RENGO.

Or let them with us find their graves.  
 Madmen who hoped to find  
 The race of Chili blind  
 And weak, and vile as the Peruvian slaves.  
 But who your flying squadrons saves  
 From the great chief of Araucan ?  
 When he returns with all his captives won—

	Y disfraçando la guerra
	Dezis que a Carlos servis,
	Que sugesion nos pedis ?
LA VOZ.	Temblando de verte estan.
TODOS.	Caupolican !
LA VOZ.	Tambien vencerá al Mendoza
	Y a los que con el estan,
TODOS.	Caupolican !
RENGO.	Infames, puesto que altivos
	Y tu Garcia, si tu
	Piensas que es Chile el Peru,
	Por adonde saldreys vivos ?
	Oy os llevara cautivos,

## CHORUS.

To the glad bosom of Andalicán.

## RENGO.

Soon shall you share the fate of Villagran.

Kneel, and pour forth your prayer

To the great victor of the war

That he will spare !

## THE ARMY.

Caupolican !

A number of battles succeed each other, in which the Indians, though they yield to the superior arms of the Europeans, yet never lose their courage. Their wives and children excite them to battle, and force them to combat when they seem willing to lend an ear to negotiation. At length Galvarino, one of the chiefs of the Araucans, is made prisoner, and Mendoza orders his hands to be cut off, and directs him to be sent back in that state to his countrymen. Galvarino, on hearing this cruel sentence, thus replies to Mendoza :

What is thine aim, conquest or chastisement ?

Though thou lop off these hands, yet still among

Arauca's sons shall myriads yet be found

To blast thy hopes ; and as the husbandman

LA VOZ.	Al cerro de Andalicán.
TODOS.	Caupolican !
LA VOZ.	Tambien vencerá al Mendoza
	Y a los que con el estan,
TODOS.	Caupolican !

Heads the fast-budding maize, to increase his store  
 Of golden grain, so even these crimson hands  
 Thou sever'st from my valiant arms, shall yield  
 A thousand fold ; for when the earth hath drunk  
 My blood, an iron harvest she shall yield  
 Of hostile hands, to enslave and bind thine own.

The execution of the sentence does not take place on the stage, but Alonzo de Ercilla, the epic poet, who acts an important part in this drama, brings the report of it in these words :

He seem'd to me all marble ; scarce the knife  
 With cruel edge had sever'd his left hand,  
 Than he replaced it with his valiant right.

Galvarino ultimately arrives at a council of war of the Araucans, at the moment when the Caciques, dispirited, are on the point of concluding a peace. The sight of his mutilated arms kindles their rage afresh. Galvarino himself incites them by an eloquent harangue, to avenge themselves, or to die in defence of their freedom ; and another war is commenced, but with still less success than the former one. The Araucans, re-assembled in the wood of Puren, celebrate a festival in honour of their deity. A female in the midst of them chants a beautiful ode to the Mother of Love, when they are on a sudden surprised by the Spaniards, who attack them with shouts of *San Jago* and *Cierra España*.\* The

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\* [*Cierra España* was the war-cry of the ancient Spaniards. *Tr.*]



Indians are almost all slain. Caupolican is left among the Spaniards, and, overpowered by numbers, is at length made prisoner, and brought before Don Garcia de Mendoza :

MENDOZA.           What power hath thus reduced Caupolican ?

CAUPOLICAN.       Misfortune, and the fickle chance of war.

MENDOZA.           Misfortune is the just reward of all

                          That war with heaven. Thou wast a vassal to  
                          The crown of Spain, and dar'dst defy its power.

CAUPOLICAN.       Free-born, I have to the uttermost defended

                          My native land, her liberty, and laws.

                          Yours have I ne'er attempted.

MENDOZA.

  To our arms

                          Chili had soon submitted, hadst not thou

                          Resisted.

CAUPOLICAN.

  Now she falls, and fetters bind

                          Their hands.

MENDOZA.

  Through thee Valdivia perish'd ; thou

                          Hast destroy'd cities, hast excited war,

                          Hast led thy people to revolt, hast slain

                          Our Villagran, and for him thou shalt die.

CAUPOLICAN.

                          'Tis true, my life is in thine hands ; revenge

                          Thy monarch, trample Chili in the dust,

                          Yet with this life thy power o'er me must end.

The poet, however, to complete the triumph of Spain, was resolved on the conversion of the hero of the Araucans, and Caupolican embraces the religion of Mendoza, persuaded that that conqueror, more experienced and enlightened than himself, must be nearer to the true faith. Mendoza, after appearing as his godfather at the baptism, abandons him to the executioner.

He is seen on the scaffold, bound to a stake, and ready to be delivered to the flames, and Philip de Mendoza, addressing himself to the portrait of Philip II. the coronation of which is announced to the army, exclaims :

Thus do we serve thee, Sire, and these rich plains,  
Sate with Indian blood, we add to thy domains.

One should imagine that this terrific conclusion, the noble character given to Galvarino and Caupolican, the disgusting punishment of a hero at the moment of his conversion, and the senseless reproach of revolt addressed to an independent nation which attempts to repel an unjust invasion, were designedly placed before the eyes of the Castilians by Lope de Vega, to inspire them with a horror of their cruelties. But this conjecture would betray a great ignorance both of the poet and his audience. Thoroughly persuaded that the partition of the Indies by the Pope had invested his sovereign with the dominion of America, he sincerely regarded the Indians as rebels deserving of punishment ; and equally convinced that Christianity ought to be established by fire and sword, he shared with his whole heart in the zeal of the conquerors of America, whom he considered as soldiers of the faith. Moreover he deemed the sacrifice of a hundred thousand idolatrous Indians to be an offering highly acceptable to the Deity. The partiality of

Spanish poets for their own nation is in general so great, that they think it unnecessary to disguise the cruelty of its conduct towards other countries. That which is at this day so revolting to us in their history, was in their eyes a peculiar merit. But the heroism of Caupolican and the Indians, and the virtues of these infidels which could not contribute to their salvation, bore in the eyes of Lope de Vega a tragic character, in proportion to their inefficacy. It was an earthly lustre of which he wished to shew the vanity; and, in exciting for them a passing interest, he wished to warn the spectators to be on their guard against a culpable sensibility, and to teach them to triumph over this weakness, by the example of the heroes of the faith, the Valdivias, the Villagrans, and the Mendozas, who had never experienced it.

These reflections lead us to the consideration of that species of drama, entitled by the Spaniards Sacred Comedies. Religion, indeed, always occupies an important place in the Spanish plays, however far the subject may be removed from it. In those countries where the Deity is held to be best worshipped by observing the dictates of conscience, confirmed by revelation, religion and virtue are synonymous terms. He who rejects morality, may be said to have divested his heart of belief; for infidelity is the refuge of vice. This is not the case in Italy

and Spain, where not only those whom passion has rendered criminal, but those who exercise the most shameful and culpable professions, courtesans, thieves, and assassins, are true believers; a domestic and daily devotion is strangely intermingled with their excesses; religion is ever in their mouths, and even the studied blasphemous expressions which are only found in the Italian and Spanish languages, are a proof of their abounding faith. It is a sort of warfare against the supernatural powers with whom they find themselves ever in contact, and whom they thus defy. The drama, the romances, the poetry, and the history of Spain are all so deeply tinged by religion, that I am constantly obliged to call the attention of the reader to this striking characteristic; to mingle, as it were, the Inquisition with their literature, and to exhibit the national character as well as the national taste perverted by superstition and by fanaticism.

The sacred pieces of Lope de Vega, which form a very considerable part of his works, are in general so immoral and extravagant, that if we were to judge the poet after them alone, they would impress us with the most disadvantageous idea of his genius. I have, therefore, deferred giving an analysis of any of these pieces, until I had noticed his historical plays, and shewn that, allowing him his choice of subject, Lope knew

how to excite interest, curiosity, and pity; and was capable of representing history and real life with a truth of description, which we do not find in his Lives of the Saints.

It would be difficult to imagine any thing more eccentric than the Life of St. Nicholas of Tolentino, of which Boutterwek has given an analysis. It commences by a conversation among a number of young students, who are exercising their genius and scholastic knowledge. Amongst them is found the future saint, who is already distinguished for his piety amidst this libertine assembly. The devil, under a disguise, mingles with the company; a spectre appears in the air, the heavens open, and God the Father is seen seated in judgment with Justice and Mercy, who solicit him in turns. This imposing spectacle is followed by a love-scene between a Lady Rosalia, and her lover, Feniso. The future saint, already a canon, appears, and preaches on the stage; his parents congratulate themselves on possessing such a son, and this concludes the first act. The second commences with a scene in which soldiers appear; the saint arrives with some monks, and delivers a prayer in form of a sonnet. Brother Peregrine narrates his conversion operated by love; a subtle theological dispute succeeds; all the events of the life of the saint are reviewed; he prays a second time, and he is raised by his faith into the air, where the

Virgin and St. Augustine descend to meet him. In the third act the holy winding-sheet is shewn at Rome by two cardinals; Nicholas assumes the habit of his order. During the ceremony the angels form an invisible choir; the devil is attracted by their music, and tempts the holy man; souls are seen in the fire of purgatory. The devil retires surrounded by lions and serpents, but a monk exorcises him jestingly with a basin of holy water. The saint, now sufficiently tried, descends from heaven in a mantle spangled with stars: as soon as he touches the earth a rock opens; his father and mother ascend out of purgatory through the chasim, and he takes them by the hand and returns with them to heaven.

The Life of Saint Diego of Alcalá is, perhaps, not so extravagant in its composition. There are no allegorical personages in it, and we there meet with no other supernatural beings than several angels, and the Devil, who robs Diego of some turnips, which he had himself stolen to distribute to the poor. Yet this piece afflicts us as profoundly as the preceding, by shewing us how false a direction these public shows, aided by the priests, gave to the devotion of the purest minds. Diego is a poor peasant, who attaches himself as a domestic to a hermit. Ignorant and humble, endowed with tender and amiable feelings, he discovers many attractive qualities. When he culls the flowers to adorn

a chapel, he asks their forgiveness for snatching them from their sylvan abode, and exhibits in his respect for them, for the lives of animals, and for all the works of the Creator, something touching and poetical. But he breaks at pleasure all bonds of relationship amongst those with whom God had placed him; he flies from his paternal roof, without taking leave of his father or his mother, and he abandons even the old hermit, whom he served, without bidding him adieu. He enters as a brother into the order of St. Francis, the habit of which he earnestly asks for, and he receives the following instructions. It is one of those singular traits which paint at the same time the taste and the religious poetry of the Spaniards.

“DIEGO. I am ignorant, more ignorant than any one ought to be. I have not even learnt my CHRISTUS; but 'tis false, for of the whole alphabet it is the CHRISTUS alone that I know. They are the only letters imprinted on my mind.

“THE PORTER OF THE FRANCISCANS. 'Tis well; know then that these letters contain more science than is possessed by the greatest philosophers, who pretend to penetrate into the secrets of earth and heaven. CHRISTUS is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, for God is the beginning and end of all things, without being either beginning or end: he is a circle, and can have no ending. If you spell the word CHRISTUS, you will find

a *C*, because he is the creator! an *H* to aspirate and respire in him; an *I* to indicate how (*indigne*) unworthy you are; an *S*, to induce you to become a saint; a *T*, because it has in it something divine, for this *T* includes (*le tout*) every thing; thus God is called *Theos* as the end of all our desires.\* The *T* is, further, the symbol of the cross which you should bear, and it extends its arms to invite you to embrace it and never quit it. The *V* shews that you are (*venu*) come into this house to devote yourself to Christ, and the *S* final, that you are changed into another substance, a substance divine. This is the explanation of *CHRISTUS*. Construe this lesson, and when you understand it perfectly, you will have nothing further to learn."

Notwithstanding his ignorance, the sanctity of Diego strikes the Franciscans so powerfully, that they choose him for the keeper of their convent, and afterwards send him as a missionary to convert the inhabitants of the Fortunate Islands. We see Diego disembark on the shore of the Canaries with a handful of soldiers, while the natives are celebrating a festival. Diego thinks himself called on to begin the conversion of these newly-discovered islands, by the massacre of their infidel inhabitants. The moment he beholds men, whom from their clothing alone he

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\* *Theos* (God) is here confounded with *Telos* (end.)



recognises for strangers to his faith, he rushes on them exclaiming, "This cross shall serve for a sword," encourages his men to slay them, and sheds bitter tears when he observes the Spaniards, instead of relying on the succour and interference of heaven, measuring with a worldly prudence the strength of their enemy, and refusing to attack a warlike and powerful people, who were wise enough to carry their arms even in a time of profound peace. On his return to Spain, Diego robs the garden, the kitchen, and the pantry of his convent, in order to relieve the poor. The principal monk surprises him in the fact, and insists on seeing what he carried in his gown, but the meat which he had stolen is miraculously changed into a garland of roses. At length he dies, and the whole convent is instantly filled with a sweet perfume, while the air resounds with angelic music.

However eccentric these compositions may be, we may readily imagine that the people were delighted with them. Supernatural beings, transformations, and prodigies, were constantly presented to their eyes; their curiosity was the more vividly excited, as in the miraculous course of events it was impossible to predict what would next appear, and every improbability was removed by faith, which always came to the aid of the poet, with an injunction to believe what could not be explained. But the *Autos sacramentales* of Lope seem less

calculated to please the crowd. They are infinitely more simple in their construction, and are mingled with a theology which the people would find it difficult to comprehend. In the one which represents original sin, we first see Man, Sin, and the Devil disputing together. The Earth and Time join the conversation. We next behold heavenly Justice and Mercy seated under a canopy before a table, with every thing requisite for writing. Man is interrogated before this tribunal. God the prince, or Jesus, advances; Remorse kneeling presents to him a petition; Man is again interrogated by Jesus, and receives his pardon, but the Devil interferes and protests against this favour being shewn to him. Man has again to encounter vanity and folly. Christ appears apart, crowned with thorns, and re-ascends to heaven amidst sacred music, and the piece concludes when he is seated on his celestial throne.

The greater part of these allegorical pieces are formed of long theological dialogues, dissertations, and scholastic subtleties too tedious for perusal. It is true that before the representation of an *auto sacramentale*, and as if to indemnify the audience for the more serious attention about to be required for them, a *loa* or prologue equally allegorical, and at the same time mingled with comedy, was first performed. After the *auto*, or between the acts, appeared an intermediate

piece called the *Saynete*, entirely burlesque, and taken from common life ; so that a religious feast never terminated without gross pleasantries, and a humorous performance ; as if a higher degree of devotion in the principal drama required, by way of compensation, a greater degree of licentiousness in the lesser pieces.

All the pieces of Lope which we have reviewed are connected with public or domestic history, and sacred or profane subjects ; but are always founded on real incidents, which require a certain study and a certain attention to tradition. Where the incidents happen to be drawn from the history of Spain, they are treated with great truth of manners and fidelity of facts. But as a great part of the Spanish comedies are of an heroic cast, and as combats, dangers, and political revolutions are there mingled with domestic events, the poet could not assign them at his pleasure to a particular time or place, feeling himself constrained by the familiarity of the circumstances. The Spaniards, therefore, gave themselves full licence to create imaginary kingdoms and countries, and to a great portion of Europe they were such entire strangers that they founded principalities and subverted empires at will. Hungary, Poland, and Macedonia, as well as the regions of the North, are countries always at their disposal, for the purpose of introducing brilliant catastrophes on the stage. Neither the

poet nor the spectators having any knowledge of the rulers of such countries, it was an easy matter at a time of so little historical accuracy to give birth to kings and heroes never noticed in history. It was there that Francisco de Roxas placed his *Father, who could not be king*, from which Rotrou has formed his *Venceslas*. It was there that Lope de Vega gave full reins to his imagination, when he represents a female fugitive, charitably entertained in the house of a poor gentleman of the Carpathian mountains, bringing him as her portion the crown of Hungary, in *La Ventura sin buscalla: The Unlooked-for Good-fortune*. In another, the supposed son of a gardener, changed into a hero by the love of a princess, merits and obtains by his exploits the throne of Macedon. This piece is intitled *El Hombre por su palabra: The Man of his Word*.

If these pieces do not unite instruction with entertainment, they are still deserving of preservation as containing a rich fund of invention and incident. Lope, though inexhaustible in intrigues and interesting situations, can never be esteemed a perfect dramatist; but no poet whatever has brought together richer materials, for the use of those who may be capable of employing them. In his comedies of pure invention, he possesses an advantage which he frequently loses in his historical pieces. While the characters are better drawn and better supported, there is greater pro-

bability in the events, more unity in the action, and also in the time and place ; for, drawing all from himself, he has only taken what was useful to him, instead of thinking himself obliged to introduce into his composition all that history presented him with. The early French dramatists borrowed largely from Lope and his school ; but the mine is yet far from being exhausted, and a great number of subjects are still to be found there susceptible of being brought within the rules of the French drama. P. Corneille took his heroic play, *Don Sancho of Aragon*, from a piece of Lope de Vega, intitled *El Palacio Confuso* : and this single piece might still furnish another theatrical subject entirely different, that of the *Twins upon the Throne*. The mutual resemblance of these two princes, Don Carlos and Don Henry, one of whom, assuming the name of the other, repairs the faults his brother had committed, gives rise to a very entertaining plot. It is thus that many of the pieces of this fertile writer are sufficient to form two or three French plays. How surprising to us is the richness of the imagination of this man, whose labours seem so far to surpass the powers and extent of human life. Of a life of seventy-two years duration, fifty were devoted incessantly to literary labours ; and he was moreover a soldier, twice married, a priest, and a familiar of the Inquisition. In order to have written 2200

theatrical pieces, he must every eight days, from the beginning to the end of his life, have given to the public a new play of about 3000 verses ; and in these eight days he must not only have found the time necessary for invention and unity, but also for making the historical researches into customs and manners on which his play is founded ; to consult Tacitus for example, in order to compose his Nero ; while the fruits of his spare time were twenty-one volumes in quarto of poetry, amongst which are five epic poems.

These last mentioned works do not merit any examination beyond a brief notice. They consist of the *Jerusalem Conquistada*, in octave verse, and in twenty cantos ; a continuation of the Orlando Furioso under the name of *La Hermosura de Angelica: The Beauty of Angelica*, also in twenty cantos ; thus, as if to emulate Tasso and Ariosto, writing these two epics on the same subjects which they had respectively chosen. To these may be added an epic entitled *Corona Tragica*, of which Mary of Scotland is the heroine ; another epic poem on Circe, and another on Admiral Drake, entitled *Dragontea*. Drake, rendered odious to the Spaniards by his victories, is represented by Lope de Vega as the minister and instrument of the devil. But none of these voluminous poems have, even in the eyes of the Spaniards, been placed on an equality with the

classical epics of Italy, or even with the Araucana. Lope, moreover, determined to try every species of poetry, composed also an Arcadia, in imitation of Sannazzaro; and likewise eclogues, romances, sacred poems, sonnets, epistles, burlesque poems, among which is a burlesque epic, called *la Gatomachia: The Battle of the Cats*; two romances in prose, and a collection of novels. The inconceivable fertility of invention of Lope de Vega supported his dramatic fame, notwithstanding the little care and time which he gave to the correction of his pieces; but his other poems, the offspring of hasty efforts, are little more than rude sketches, which few people have the courage to read.

The example of this extraordinary man gave birth to a number of pieces of the same character as his own, as his success gave encouragement to the dramatic poets who sprang up in all parts of Spain, and who composed with the same unbridled imagination, the same carelessness, and the same rapidity, as their master. We shall review them when we notice the works of Calderon, the greatest and the most celebrated of his scholars and rivals. There is one, indeed, who cannot well be separated from Lope. This is Juan Perez de Montalvan, his favourite scholar, his friend, biographer and imitator. This young man, full of talent and fire, whose admiration of Lope had no bounds, took him for his exclu-

sive model, and his dramatic pieces are of the same character as those of his master. Some of his sacred plays I have perused, and amongst others, the Life of St. Anthony of Padua; and these eccentric dramas, which excite little interest, do not merit a longer examination. Juan Perez de Montalvan composed with the same rapidity as his master. In his short life (1603—1639) he wrote more than one hundred theatrical pieces, and like his master he divided his time between poetry and the business of the Inquisition, of which he was a notary. His works contain almost in every line traces of the religious zeal which led him to become a member of this terrible tribunal.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

Lyric Poetry of Spain, at the close of the Sixteenth and commencement of the Seventeenth Century. Gongora and his followers, Quevedo, Villegas, &c.

THE poetry of Spain had, like the nation to which it belonged, a chivalric origin. Their first poets were enamoured warriors, who celebrated by turns their mistresses and their own exploits; and who preserved in their verses that character of sincerity, and almost rude frankness of manners, independence, stormy liberty, and jealous and passionate love, of which their life was composed. Their songs attract us from two causes: the poetical world into which chivalry transports us; and a reality and truth, the intimate connexion of words with the heart, which does not allow us to suspect any imitation of borrowed sentiment, or any affectation. But the Spanish nation experienced a fatal change when it became subjected to the house of Austria; and poetry suffered the same fate, or rather it felt in the succeeding

generation the effects of this alteration. Charles V. subverted the liberties of the Spaniards, annihilated their rights and privileges, tore them from Spain and engaged them in wars, not for their country, but for his own political interests and for the gratification of their monarch. He destroyed their native dignity of character, and substituted for it a false pride and empty show. Philip, his son, who presumed himself a Spaniard, and who is considered as such, did not possess the character of the nation, but of its monks, such as the severity of their order, and the impetuosity of blood in the South, developed it in the convents. This culpable violence against Nature has given them a character, at the same time imperious and servile, false, self-opiniated, cruel and voluptuous. But these vices of the Spaniards are in no wise to be attributed to Nature: they are the effects of the cruel discipline of the convents, the prostration of the intellect, the subjugation of will, and the concentration of all the passions in one alone which is deified.

Philip II., with a considerably less portion of talents and virtue, bore a greater affinity to Cardinal Ximenes, than to the Spanish nation, which had revolted against this imperious and cruel monk, but which had eventually succumbed to his violence and his artifices. To an unbounded ambition and a shameful perfidy, to a savage disregard of the miseries of war and

famine, and the scourges of all kinds which he brought upon his dominions, Philip II. joined a sanguinary religion, which led him to consider as an expiation of his other crimes, the new crimes of the Inquisition. His subjects, like himself educated by the monks, had already changed their character, and were become worthy instruments of his dark politics, and his superstition. They distinguished themselves in the wars of France, Italy and Germany, as much by their perfidy, as by their ferocious fanaticism. Literature, which always follows, though at a considerable distance, the political changes of nations, received a character much less natural, true and profound: exaggeration assumed the place of sentiment, and fanaticism that of piety. The two reigns of Philip III. and Philip IV. were still more degrading to the Spanish nation. That vast monarchy, exhausted by gigantic efforts, continued her unceasing wars to experience only a constant reverse of fortune. The king, sunk in vices and effeminacy, did not however, in the impenetrable security of his palace, renounce his perfidy and unbridled ambition. The ministers sold the favour of the crown to the highest bidder; the nobility was debased under the yoke of favourites and upstarts; the people were ruined by cruel extortions; a million and a half of Moors had perished by fire and distress, or had been driven into exile by Philip III; Holland, Portugal, Catalonia,

Naples, and Palermo had revolted; and the clergy, joining their despotic influence to that of the ministers, not only resisted the reform of existing abuses, but endeavoured to stifle every voice raised in complaint against them. Any reflection or indulgence of thought on politics or religion, was punished as a crime; and whilst under every other despotism actions alone and the exterior manifestation of opinion were visited by authority, in Spain the Monks sought to proscribe liberal sentiments even in the asylum of conscience.

Such are the effects which these reigns, so degrading to humanity, had on the literature which we are about to examine in this chapter. They are evident and indisputable; although this epoch is by no means the most barren in letters. The human mind retains for a long period any impulse it may have received: it is long before it can be reduced to a state of stagnation in its imprisoned mansion. It will accommodate itself rather than perish; and it sometimes sheds a radiance on a period when it has lost its just direction and its truth.

We have already noticed two celebrated men who lived principally under Philip II. and Philip III. We shall now contemplate one who reached the height of his fame under Philip IV. Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, bear the impress of their age; but their individual genius

greatly predominates, though the ancient traits of the national character were not entirely obliterated. Among the poets whom we shall notice in this chapter, we shall still find many authors of real merit, but always corrupted in their taste by their contemporaries and their government. It was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that the nation wholly declined; and its lethargic slumbers lasted till the middle of the eighteenth.

The Spaniards inherited from the Moors a forced, pompous, and inflated manner. They devoted themselves with ardour, from their first cultivation of letters, to the seductive style of the East, and their own character seemed in this respect to be confounded with that of the Asiatics; for before the conquests of the latter, all the Latin writers in Spain had exhibited, like Seneca, an inflated style and great affectation of sentiment. Lope de Vega himself was deeply tainted with their defects. With his astonishing fertility of genius, he found it more easy to adorn his poetry with *concetti*, and with daring and extravagant images, than to reflect on the propriety of his expressions, and to temper his imagination by reason and good taste. His example diffused amongst the poets of Spain a style of writing which seemed to harmonize with their character. It was that which Marini at the same time adopted in Italy. Marini, born in Naples, but

of a Spanish family, and educated amongst the Spaniards, was the first to communicate to Italy that affectation and false taste which was already observable in the early poetry of Juan de Mena. The school of the *Seicentisti* (or writers of the sixteenth century), which he had formed, was afterwards introduced into Spain, and produced there in a much greater degree than in Italy that pretension, affectation of style, and pedantic expression, which destroyed all taste; but in both countries the cause of this change is attributable to a higher source, and was the same in both. The poets had, in fact, preserved their genius, though they had lost the freedom of sentiment; they had retained the powers of imagination without any true direction for their genius; and their faculties, which no longer derived support from each other, or harmonized together, exhausted themselves in the only path which was left open to them.

The chief of this fantastic and affected school, who fixed its style, and who was desirous of forming a new epoch in art by a more refined culture, as he expressed it, was Luis Gongora de Argote, a man of great talent and genius, but who by his subtilty and false taste destroyed his own merit. He had too to struggle with misfortune and poverty. Born at Cordova in 1561, his brilliant course of study had not succeeded in procuring him an employ; and it was not until after

he had waited on the Court for eleven years, that he with difficulty obtained a small benefice. His discontent produced in him a vein of invective, which was long the principal merit of his verses, and his satirical sonnets are excessively caustic, as we may perceive by the following, on the mode of life in Madrid.

## SONNET.

\* Circean cup, and Epicurus' sty ;  
 Vast broods of harpies fattening on our purse ;  
 Empty pretensions that can only nurse  
 Vexation ; spies who swear the air will lie ;  
 Processions, lackeys, footmen mounted high,  
 Coaching the way ; new fashions always worse,  
 A thousand modes,—with unflesh'd swords, the curse  
 Of citizens, not foes ;—loquacity  
 Of female tongues ; impostures of all kind,  
 From courts to cabarets ; lies made for sale,  
 Lawyers, priests riding mules, less obstinate ;  
 Snares, miry ways, heroes lame, halting, blind ;  
 Titles, and flatteries, shifting with each gale :  
 Such is Madrid, this hell of worldly state.

\* Una vida bestial de encantamiento,  
 Harpías contra bolsas conjuradas,  
 Mil vanas pretensiones engañadas,  
 Por hablar un oidor, mover el viento.

Carrozas y lacayos, pages ciento,  
 Habitos mil, con virgines espadas,  
 Damas parleras, cambios, embaxadas ;  
 Caras posadas, trato fraudulento.

His success was still greater in burlesque satires, in the form of romances or songs. In these his language and versification exhibited precision and clearness, and the natural expression did not betray any affinity to the affected school which he afterwards adopted. It was by cool reflection, and not in the warmth of an imagination still young, that he invented for poetry a more elevated style, which he denominated the *cultivated style*. To this end he formed, with the utmost labour and research, a language affected, obscure, and ridiculously allegorical, and totally at variance with the common manner of speaking and writing. He endeavoured, moreover, to introduce into the Spanish language the boldest inversions of the Greek and Latin, in a way never before permitted; he invented a particular punctuation to assist in ascertaining the sense of his verses, and sought for the most uncommon words, or altered the sense of those already in use, to give new attraction to his style. At the same time he carefully consulted mythology in order

Mentiras arbitreras, abogados,  
 Clerigos sobre mulas, como mulos  
 Embustes, calles sucias, lodo eterno ;

Hombres de guerra medio estropeados,  
 Titulos y lisonjas, disimulos,  
 Esto es Madrid, mejor dixera infierno.



to add fresh ornaments to his language. It was with this kind of labour that he wrote his *Soledades*, his *Polyphemus*, and some other poems. These are all fictions without any poetic charm, full of mythological images, and loaded with a pomp of fanciful and obscure phrases. Gongora's lot in life was not, however, ameliorated by the celebrity which this new style bestowed on his writings. He survived some time longer in poverty; and when he died, in 1627, he was no more than titular chaplain to the king.

It is extremely difficult to give to foreign nations a just idea of the style of Gongora, since its most remarkable quality is its indistinctness; nor is it possible to translate it, for other languages do not admit of those labyrinths of phrases, in which the sense wholly escapes us; and it would be the translator and not Gongora, who would be charged by the reader with want of perspicuity. I have, however, attempted the commencement of the first of his *Soledades*, by which word, of rare occurrence in Spain, he expresses the solitude of the forest. There are two of these poems, each of which contains about a thousand verses:

\* 'Twas in that flowery season of the year,  
When fair Europa's spoiler in disguise,

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\* Era del año la estacion florida,  
En que el mentido robador de Europa

(On his fierce front, his glittering arms, arise  
 A half-moon's horns, while the sun's rays appear  
 Brightening his speckled coat,)—the pride of heaven,  
 Pastured on stars amidst the sapphire fields ;  
 When he, most worthy of the office given  
 To Ida's boy—to hold Jove's cup that yields  
 Immortal juice—was wreck'd in savage sea,  
 Confiding to the waves his amorous pains ;  
 The sea relenting sends the strains  
 To the far leafy groves, glad to repeat  
 Echoes than old Arion's shell more sweet.

The Polyphemus of Gongora is one of his most celebrated poems, and the one which has been most frequently imitated. The Castilian poets, who were persuaded that neither interest nor genius, sentiment nor thought, were any part of poetry, and that the end of the art was solely the union of harmony with the most

(Media luna las armas de su frente,  
 Y el sol todos los rayos de su pelo)  
 Luciente honor del cielo,  
 En campos de zafiro pace estrellas ;  
 Quando el, que ministrar podia la copa  
 A Jupiter, mejor que el garçon de Ida,  
 Naufragó, y desdeñado sobre ausente  
 Lagrimosas de amor, dulces querellas  
 Dá al mar, que condolido,  
 Fue a las hondas, que al viento  
 El misero gemido  
 Segundo de Arion, dulce instrumento.

*Brussels edition, 4to, 1659, p. 497.*

brilliant images, and with the riches of ancient mythology, sought for subjects which might furnish them with gigantic pictures, with a strong contrast of images, and with all the aid of fable. The loves of Polyphemus appeared to them a singularly happy subject, since they could there unite tenderness and affright, gentleness and horror. The poem of Gongora consists of only sixty-three octave stanzas; but the commentary of Sabredo has swelled it into a small quarto volume. In the literature of Spain and Portugal, we find at least a dozen or fifteen poems on this subject. I shall here insert a few stanzas of that which has served as a model to all the others :

\* Cyclops—terrific son of Ocean's God!—

Like a vast mountain rose his living frame ;  
 His single eye cast like a flame abroad  
 Its glances, glittering as the morning beam :  
 A mighty pine supported where he trod  
 His giant steps, a trembling twig for him,  
 Which sometimes served to walk with, or to drive  
 His sheep to pasture, where the sea-nymphs live.

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\* Era un monte de miembros eminente  
 Este, que de Neptuno hijo fiero  
 De un ojo ilustra el orbe de su frente,  
 Emulo casi del mayor Luzero,  
 Cíclope, a quien el pino mas valiente  
 Baston le obedecia tan ligero,  
 Y al grave peso jungo tan delgado,  
 Que un dia era baston y otro cayado.

His jet-black hair in wavy darkness hung,  
 Dark as the tides of the Lethean deep,  
 Loose to the winds, and shaggy masses clung  
 To his dread face ; like a wild torrent's sweep,  
 His beard far down his rugged bosom flung  
 A savage veil ; while scarce the massy heap  
 Of ropy ringlets his vast hands divide,  
 That floated like the briny waters wide.

Not mountainous Trinacria ever gave  
 Such fierce and uniform'd savage to the day ;  
 Swift as the winds his feet, to chase or brave  
 The forest hordes, whose battle is his play,  
 Whose spoils he bears ; o'er his vast shoulders wave  
 Their variegated skins, wont to dismay  
 The shepherds and their flocks. And now he came  
 Driving his herds to fold 'neath the still twilight beam.

Negro el cabello, imitador ñudoso,  
 De las oscuras aguas del Leteo,  
 Al viento que lo peina proceloso  
 Buena sin orden, pende sin aseó.  
 Un torrente es su barba impetuoso,  
 Que adusto hijo deste Pireneo,  
 Su pecho inunda, o tarde, o mal, o en vano  
 Sulcada aun de los dedos de su mano.

No la Trinacria, en sus montañas, fiera  
 Armó de crueldad, calcó de viento,  
 Que redima feroz, salve ligera.  
 Su piel manchada de colores ciento ;  
 Pellico es ya, la que en los montes era  
 Mortal horror, al que con passo lento  
 Los bueyes a su albergue reducía,  
 Pisando la dudosa luz del día.

With hempen cords and wild bees' wax he bound  
 A hundred reeds, whose music wild and shrill,  
 Repeated by the mountain echoes round,  
 Shook every trembling grove, and stream, and hill.  
 The ocean heaves, the Triton's shells resound  
 No more ; the frightened vessel's streamers fill  
 With the shook air, and bear in haste away :  
 Such was the giant's sweetest harmony.

Those who understand the Spanish language, will perceive that the translation has rather softened than overcharged the metaphors. It was these, however, which were admired as the true sublime of poetry and the highest productions of genius. Polyphemus, after having expressed his passion and vainly solicited Galatea, furiously assails with fragments of rock the grotto whither she had retired with Acis her lover. One of these kills Acis, and thus the poem terminates.

The effect produced by the poetry of Góngora on a people eager after novelty, impatient for a new career, and who on all sides found themselves restrained within the bounds of authority,

Cera y cañamo unio (que no deviera)  
 Cien cañas, cuyo barbaro ruydo  
 De mas ecos, que unio cañamo y cera  
 Albogue es duramente repetido.  
 La selva se confonde, el mar se altera,  
 Rompe Triton su caracol torcido,  
 Sordo huye el baxel a vela y remo.  
 Tal la musica es de Polifemo.

of the laws and the church, presents a remarkable phenomenon in literature. Restricted on every side by the narrowest barriers, they resolved, however, to enfranchise themselves from those of taste. They abandoned themselves to all the extravagances of a wild imagination, merely because all the other faculties of their minds were under restraint. The followers of Gongora, proud of a talent so laboriously acquired, considered all those who either did not admire or did not imitate the style of their master, as writers of circumscribed minds, who could not comprehend him. None of these imitators, however, had the talent of Gongora, and their style in consequence became still more false and exaggerated. They soon divided themselves into two schools, the one retaining only his pedantry, the other aspiring to the genius of their master. The first found no occupation so proper to form their taste as commenting on Gongora. They composed long critiques, and tedious explanations of the works of this poet, and displayed on this occasion their whole stock of erudition. These persons have been surnamed in derision *cultoristos*, from the *estilo culto*, or cultivated style, which they so highly extolled. Others were named *conceptistos*, from the *conceptos* (*conceitti*) of which they made use in common with Marini and Gongora. These last sought after uncommon thoughts, and antitheses of the sense and of images; and then

clothed them in the eccentric language which their master had invented.

In this numerous school some names have shared in the celebrity of Gongora. Thus Alonzo de Lodesma, who died some years before his master, employed this peculiar language and false style, to express in poetry the mysteries of the Catholic religion. Felix Arteaga, who was preacher to the court in 1618, and who died in 1633, applied the same eccentric manner to pastoral poetry.\*

I know not whether we must rank among the disciples of Gongora, or only as conforming him-

\* The following curious stanzas I quote from Bouterwek :

Los milagros de Amarilis,  
 Aquel angel superior,  
 A quien dan nombre de Fenix  
 La verdad y la passion,

Mirava a su puerta un dia  
 En la corte un Labrador,  
 Que si adorar no merece  
 Padecer si mereció.

Una tarde, que es mañana  
 Pues el alva se riò,  
 Y entre carmin encendido  
 Candidas perlas mostrò,

Divirtiose en abrasar  
 A los mismos que alumbrò,  
 Y del cielo de si mismo  
 El angel bello cayo.

self to the taste of the age, the monk Lorenço de Zamora, more celebrated indeed as a theologian than as a poet. He has left us, under the name of the *Mystic Monarchy of the Church*, a work in many quarto volumes which is well esteemed; and he has intermixed his meditations with some poems. The epoch of their publication (1614) is that with which we are now occupied, and we may form an idea of them from the following *redondilhas* in honour of St. Joseph. “What language is equal to express his glory who taught the word of the Father himself to speak; according to whose wise dispensation, and by different means, God who is the master of the universe, submits to find a master in the Saint. What higher claim to science can he advance than that he taught Jesus his letters—his very A. B. C. ? If I consider him as my servant who eats of my bread, Mary, O Saint! was your servant; God himself is your servant; yet, since it was God who created the fruits of your labours, I scarcely know whether I should call him your creator or your creature. Joseph! what a happy man you were when God himself was your minister. No man, and not even God, was ever better administered to, than you were. God rules above, and you rule also. God reigns over heaven and earth; but on earth you were obeyed by the Lord himself. How happy you will be in heaven, when you find on your arrival



such relations at court. You bestowed bread on the bread of life; you nourished bread with bread; and you gave bread to him who invites us to his eternal bread. Another celestial privilege was reserved for you: you invited your God to sit at your table; your dignity was such, that after having invited the Lord to sit down, you yourself took the first place. It was the first man's prerogative to bestow names upon all animals; but that of which you boast is far more wonderful; you bestowed a name upon the Lord himself. How well acquainted with you he must be, we may learn from the fact of his having addressed you by the name of Papa, during his whole childhood. After receiving such a title from him, is there any thing which can be added to your glory?" \*

*\* Redondilhas a San Joseph.*

Que lengua podra alcançar  
 Aquel que tanto subio,  
 Que á la palabra enseño  
 Del propio padre á hablar.

Segun su sabio aranzel,  
 Aunque por diversos modos,  
 Es Dios maestro de todos,  
 Pero de Dios lo fue el.

De lo que su ciencia fue  
 Yo no sé dar otra seña,  
 Sino que al Christus enseña  
 Las letras del A, B, C.

Whilst Gongora introduced into the higher walks of poetry an affected and almost unintelligible style, and his followers, in order to pre-

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O Joseph ! es tan gloriosa  
 Vuestra virtud, y de modo,  
 Que el mismo padre de todo  
 Su madre os dio por esposa.

Pudo dar al hijo el padre  
 Madre de mas alto ser,  
 Aunque en razon de muger  
 Pero no en razon de madre ?

A esta cuenta pudo Dios  
 Joseph, hazeros mas santo,  
 Mas como padre soys tanto,  
 Que otro no es mejor que vos.

Pero si vos en quanto hombre  
 Soys tanto menos que Dios,  
 Por lo menos llegays vos  
 A ser ygual en el nombre.

Si yo llamo mi criado  
 Al que con mi pan se cria,  
 Vuestra criada es Maria,  
 Y aun Dios es vuestro criado.

Pues cria à Dios el sudor  
 De vuestra mano, y ventura,  
 Ni sé si os diga criatura  
 O si os llame criador.

Joseph dichoso aveys sido,  
 Pues que servido de Dios,  
 Nadie fue mejor que vos  
 Ni aun Dios fue mejor servido.

serve the reputation of refined genius, descended even on the most sacred subjects to the most preposterous play of words, the ancient school which had been founded by Garcilaso and by

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Manda Dios, y mandays vos,  
Manda Dios en suelo y cielo,  
Pero vos, acá en el suelo  
Mandastes al mismo Dios.

Que diré de vos que importe,  
Dichoso quando allá yreys,  
Pues en llegando hallareys  
Tales parientes en corte.

Pues pudo Dios escoger  
Para su madre marido,  
El mejor que avía nacido  
Vos lo devistes de ser.

Si os llamaremos mayor  
Joseph que el señor del cielo,  
Pues viviendo acá en el suelo,  
Fue el mismo vuestro menor.

Bien es que en sueño y tendido  
Os hable el angel à vos,  
Que à quien despierto habla Dios  
Hablele el angel dormido.

Distes pan al pan de vida,  
Y con pan el pan criastes,  
Y vos a pan combidastes  
Al que con pan nos combida

Boscan had not been wholly abandoned. The party, which designated itself as classical, still continued, and made itself conspicuous by the severity of its criticisms against the imitators of Gongora. But, in spite of its adherence to ancient examples, and to the best principles, those who composed it had lost all creative genius, all powerful inspiration, and the charm

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Otra celestial empresa

Realça vuestro valor,

Que al propio Dios y señor

Sentastes a vuestra mesa.

Soys en fin de tal manera

Que al mismo Dios combidastes,

Y aunque con Dios os sentastes,

Tuvistes la cabecera.

Por gran cosa el primer hombre

Dio nombre a los animales,

Mas son vuestras prendas tales

Que al mismo Dios distes nombre.

Soys quien soys, y tal soys vos,

Y vuestro valor de modo,

Que a Dios obedece todo,

Y a vos obedece Dios.

Joseph, quien soys aquel sabe

Que tayta llamaros supo,

Y pues tal nombre en vos cupo,

Esse os celebre y alabe.

*Monarchia mystica de la Yglesia, por Fray Lorenzo de Zamora,*  
 Lib. viii. Part. iii. cap. 13. fol. 523.

of novelty. Some men of this school merit notice from their attachment to the purest style of poetry, but they were the last flashes of an expiring flame.

Among the contemporaries of Cervantes and Lope de Vega, two brothers, whom the Spaniards compare to Horace, occupy a distinguished place. Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola was born in 1565, at Balbastro; and Bartolomeo Leonardo in 1566, of a family originally of Ravenna, but for some time past established in Aragon. The first, after having finished his studies at Saragossa, wrote in his youth three tragedies, of which Cervantes expresses, in *Don Quixote*, the highest admiration. He was attached as secretary to the Empress Maria of Austria, who was living in Spain. He was commissioned by the King, and the States of Aragon, to continue the *Annals of Zurita*; and he ultimately attended the Count de Lemos to Naples as secretary of state, and died there in 1613. His brother, who had shared in his education and pursued a like career, and who had never been separated from him, returned to Saragossa after the death of Lupercio. He there continued the *Annals of Aragon*, and died in 1631.

These brothers, in the opinion of *Boutterwek* and *Nicolo Antonio*, resembled each other so exactly in taste, genius, and style, that it is difficult to distinguish their compositions, and the two

poets may be considered as one individual. They are not peculiarly remarkable for their originality or power of thought, for enthusiasm, or for melancholy reverie; but they possess a great delicacy of poetic sentiment, a vigorous and elevated genius, a great talent of description, a fine wit, a classical dignity of style, and, above all, a solidity of taste, which entitles them to rank immediately after Ponce de Leon, as the most correct of the Spanish poets.

Notwithstanding the suffrage of Cervantes, the reputation of Argensola does not rest on his dramatic works. It is the lyric poetry of the two brothers, and their epistles and satires in the manner of Horace, which have rendered their names illustrious. We may remark in them an imitation of this model, as in Luis Ponce de Leon; but they have not in so great a degree that tranquil and soft enthusiasm of devotion, which confers on the verses of the latter so peculiar a charm. I have perused the works of the two brothers, in the edition of Saragossa, in quarto, 1634. Some specimens of their choicest poetry are given by Bouterwek. In a fine sonnet of the eldest\*, may be observed a pe-

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\* Imagen espantosa de la muerte,  
 Sueño cruel, no turbes mas mi pecho,  
 Mostrandome cortado el ñudo estrecho,  
 Consuelo solo de mi adversa suerte.

cular elevation of imagery, style, and harmony, joined to an obscurity of thought and expression, which we cannot but regard as the harbinger of a corrupt taste. His brother wrote some satiric sonnets\*, evidently in imitation of the Italians.

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Busca de algun tirano el muro fuerte,  
 De jaspe paredès, de oro il techo ;  
 O el rico avaro el en angosto lecho,  
 Haz que temblando con sudor despierte.

El uno vea el popular tumulto  
 Romper con furia las herradas puertas,  
 O al sobornado siervo el hierro occulto ;

El otro sus riquezas descubiertas,  
 Con llave falsa, o con violento insulto ;  
 Y dexale al amor sus glorias ciertas.

\* As a specimen of his manner, we give the following sonnet, addressed to an old coquette :

Pon, Lice tus cabellos con legias,  
 De venerables, si no rubios, rojos,  
 Que el tiempo vengador busca despojos,  
 Y no para volver huyen los dias.

Y las mexillas, que avultar porfias,  
 Cierra en porfiles languidos, y flojos,  
 Su hermosa atrocidad nobo a los ojos,  
 Y apriesa te desarma las ancias.

Pero tú acude por socorro all' arte,  
 Que aun con sus fraudes quiero que defienda  
 Al desengaño descortes la entrada.

Con pacto, y por tu bien, que no pretendas  
 Reducida a ruinas, ser amada  
 Sino es de ti, si puedes engañarte.

The epistles and satires of both the one and the other brother are the pieces in which they are said to have most resembled Horace. The specimens of them which I have seen inspire little curiosity.

The historical works of Argensola are composed in a good style, and with a greater degree of judicious observation and elevated sentiment than we should have expected in the epoch in which he wrote. His principal work is the *History of the Conquest of the Moluccas*.\* His continuation of the *Annals of Aragon* by Zurita, which comprehends the troubles at the commencement of the reign of Charles V †, was published early in the reign of Philip IV, and dedicated to the Count Duke d'Olivarez. The King, who imagined the spirit of the Aragonese utterly subdued, saw, without uneasiness, this record of their ancient privileges.

Spain had at this time a great number of poets in the lyric and bucolic style, who followed the example of the Romans and the Italians, of Boscan, and Garcilaso. Like the Italians of the fifteenth century, they are more remarkable for purity of taste and elegance of language, than for richness of invention or force of genius; and whilst we acknowledge their talents, if we do not possess an insatiable appetite for love-songs,

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\* Madrid, fol. 1609.

† Saragossa, fol. 1630.



or an unlimited toleration of common ideas, we shall soon be wearied with their perusal. Vincenzo Espinel, Christoval de Mesa, Juan de Morales, Augustino de Texada, Gregorio Morillo, a happy imitator of Juvenal, Luis Barahona de Soto, a rival of Garcilaso; Gonzales de Argote y Molina, whose poems breathe an uncommon ardour of patriotism; and the three Figueroa, distinguished by their success in different styles, are the chief among a crowd of lyric poets, whose names can with difficulty be preserved from oblivion.

It is to a very different class that we must assign Quevedo, the only man perhaps whose name deserves to be placed by the side of that of Cervantes, and whose fame, without rivalling the genius of the latter, is however permanently established in Europe. Of all the Spanish writers, Quevedo bears the greatest resemblance to Voltaire; not so much, indeed, in genius as in his turn of mind. Like Voltaire he possessed a versatility of knowledge and talent, a peculiar vein of pleasantry, a cynical gaiety even when applied to serious subjects, a passion for attempting every style and leaving monuments of his genius on every topic, an adroitness in pointing the shafts of ridicule, and the art of compelling the abuses of society to appear before the bar of public opinion. Some extracts from his voluminous works will show within what narrow barriers

Voltaire must have confined himself under such a suspicious government as that of Philip II. and beneath the yoke of the Inquisition.

Don Francisco de Quevedo y Villegas was born at Madrid in 1580, of an illustrious family attached to the court, where it held several honourable appointments. He lost both his parents when young, but his guardian, Don Jerome de Villanueva, placed him in the university of Alcala, where he learned the languages. He made himself master of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Italian and French; and he pursued at the same time the usual scholastic studies, including theology, law, the belles lettres, philology, natural philosophy, and medicine. Distinguished at the university as a prodigy of knowledge, he acquired in the world at large the reputation of an accomplished cavalier. He was frequently chosen as arbiter in disputed points of honour, and while with the greatest delicacy he preserved the parties from any compromise of character, he had at the same time the art of reconciling them without an appeal to a sanguinary ordeal. Highly accomplished in arms, he possessed a courage and address beyond that of the most skilful masters, although the malformation of his feet rendered bodily exercises painful to him. A quarrel of a somewhat chivalric nature, was the cause of a change of his destiny.

He one day undertook the defence of a lady with whom he was unacquainted, and whom he saw insulted by a man likewise unknown to him. He killed his adversary on the spot, who proved to be a nobleman of consideration. Quevedo, to avoid prosecution from his family, passed into Sicily with the Duke d'Ossuna, who had been appointed Viceroy of that Island, and afterwards accompanied him to Naples. Charged with the general inspection of the finances of both countries, he established order by his integrity and severity. Employed by the Duke in the most important affairs, in embassies to the King of Spain and the Pope, he crossed the sea seven times in his service. During the time he was so accredited, he was frequently pursued by assassins, who wished to rid themselves of a negotiator, an enemy, or a judge, so dangerous to them. He took a share in the conspiracy of the Duke of Bedmar against Venice, and he was in that city with Jacomo Pietro at the moment of the detection of the plot, but contrived to withdraw himself by flight, from the search of the government, while many of his most intimate friends perished on the scaffold. After a brilliant career, he was involved in the disgrace of the Duke d'Ossuna. He was arrested in 1620, and carried to his estate of Torre de Juan Abad, where he was detained prisoner three years and a half,

without being allowed during the two first years to call in a physician from the neighbouring village for the benefit of his declining health. At length his innocence was acknowledged, his imprisonment changed into banishment, and his freedom soon after restored him; but on demanding indemnification for the injuries he had suffered, he was again sent into exile. This forced retirement restored him to the cultivation of letters, from which his political career had in some degree estranged him. During his banishment to his estates he wrote the greater part of his poems, and in particular those which he published as the works of a poet of the fifteenth century, under the name of *Bachiller de la Torre*. He was afterwards recalled to court, and appointed secretary to the king on the 17th March, 1632. The Duke d'Olivarez solicited him to enter again into public business, and offered him an embassy to Genoa, which Quevedo declined, in order to devote himself entirely to his studies and to philosophy. He was at this time in correspondence with the most eminent men in Europe; his countrymen appeared sensible of his merits, and the ecclesiastical benefices which he enjoyed, producing a revenue of eight hundred ducats, placed him in easy circumstances. These he renounced in 1634, in order to espouse at the age of fifty-four a lady of high birth. He lost her in the course of a few months, and his grief

brought him back to Madrid, where in 1641 he was arrested in the night-time in the house of a friend, as the author of a libel against good morals and the government. He was not permitted to send to his house for a change of linen, or to give information of his apprehension, but was thrown into a narrow dungeon in a convent, where a stream of water passed under his bed and produced a pernicious damp in his melancholy cell. He was there treated as a common malefactor, with a degree of inhumanity which ought not to be practised on the most abandoned criminals. His estate was confiscated, and in his confinement he was reduced to subsist upon common charity. His body was covered with wounds, and, as he was refused a surgeon, he was obliged to cauterise them himself. He was eventually set at liberty, in consequence of a letter to the Duke d'Olivarez, which his biographer has preserved. After an imprisonment of two and twenty months, his case was enquired into, and it appeared that it was already ascertained that a monk was the real author of the libel which he was suspected to have written. He was then restored to liberty, but his health was so entirely ruined that he could not remain at Madrid to demand satisfaction for his long confinement. Sick and broken in spirit, he returned to his estate, where he died on the eighth of September, 1645.

A considerable part of the writings of Quevedo

were stolen from him in his lifetime, amongst which were his theatrical pieces and his historical works, so that he cannot, as he had hoped, lay claim to distinction in every class of letters. But, notwithstanding the loss of fifteen manuscripts, which have never yet been recovered, his remains form eleven large volumes, eight of which are in prose and three in verse.

Quevedo was always on his guard against exaggeration of style, pomp of words, extravagant images, inverted sentences, and ridiculous ornaments borrowed from mythology. This false taste, of which Gongora was in some degree the founder, frequently afforded to our poet the subject of an agreeable and witty satire. But, in some respects, Quevedo himself has not escaped the general contagion. He endeavoured to attract admiration and to dazzle; he did not aim at a just expression of sentiment, but regarded only the effect it might produce; so that marks of effort and affectation are visible in every line of his writings. His ambition was to shine, and he had in fact more of this quality than any of his contemporaries, and more than we find in any other Spanish author; but this constant display is not natural to him, and it is evident that his succession of pleasantries, strokes of wit, antitheses, and piquant expressions, are prepared beforehand, and that he is more desirous of striking than of persuading. On serious subjects, it is

needless to enquire whether or not he be sincere, while truth, propriety, and rectitude of mind appear to be indifferent to him. On humorous subjects he wishes to excite our laughter, and he succeeds; but he is so lavish of incident, and his strokes of wit are so often repeated, that he fatigues even while he amuses us.

Among the works of Quevedo there is one on the public administration, entitled, *The Kingdom of God and the Government of Christ*, and dedicated to Philip IV, as containing a complete treatise on the art of ruling. As secretary of the Duke d'Ossuna, and as one who had executed the designs, and often perhaps directed the councils of this ambitious viceroy, whose political measures so long troubled Europe, he was certainly entitled to be heard. If he had developed the policy by which the terrible Spanish triumvirate, Toledo, Ossuna, and Bedmar, attempted to govern Italy, he would, without doubt, have manifested not less depth of thought, knowledge of mankind, address, courage, and immorality, than Machiavelli. Whether he had attacked or attempted to defend the principles on which the Cabinet of Madrid conducted itself; whether he had weighed the character of other nations, or investigated the interests of people and of princes, he would have excited reflection in the minds of his readers on objects which had been to himself the subject of profound meditation. But the work of

Quevedo is of a quite different nature, and consists of political lessons taken from the life of Christ, and applied to kingly government, with the most pious motives, but on the other hand with as complete an absence of practical instruction, as if the work had been composed in a convent. All his examples are drawn from the sacred writings, and not from that living history of the seventeenth century in which the author had taken so considerable a share. One might justly have expected a rich treasure of precepts and observations, and a very different train of thought, from a man who had seen and acted so much. To recommend virtue, moderation, and piety to sovereigns is, doubtless, inculcating the truth; but it requires something more than bare axioms, something circumstantial and engaging, in order to make a durable impression.

Although Quevedo discovers so little profound thought on a subject of which he ought to have been the master, he discovers notwithstanding, at all times, in the same work, considerable talent and wit. It does not at first view appear easy to find in the conduct of Jesus Christ, a model for all the duties of royalty, and to draw from his life alone examples applicable to all the circumstances of war, finances, and public administration; but it was intended, perhaps, to exhibit rather a strong invention than a correct mode of reasoning. His most remarkable qualities



are, his precision and energy of language, his rapid and eloquent phrases, and his fulness of sense and thought. Quevedo wishes to persuade monarchs to command their armies in person. The relation of this advice to the moral precepts of the Gospel, it is not easy to discover; but he illustrates his subject in a natural manner by the conduct of the apostle Peter, who, under the eyes of his master, attacks the whole body of the guard of the high-priest, but who, when he is separated from Jesus, shamefully denies him before a servant. "The Apostle," he says, "then wanted his principal strength—the eyes of Christ: his sword remained, but it had lost its edge; his heart was the same, but his master saw him no longer. A king who enters into the field himself and shares the dangers of his soldiers, obliges them to be valiant: in lending his presence to the combat, he multiplies his strength, and obtains two soldiers for one. If he despatches them to the combat without seeing them, he exculpates them from their negligence, he trusts his honour to chance, and has only himself to blame for any misfortune. Those armies which rulers only pay, differ much from those which they command in person; the former produce great expense, and renown attends on the latter; the latter too are supported by the enemy, the former by indolent monarchs who are wrapped up in their own vanity. It is one thing

for soldiers to obey commands, and another to follow an example: the first seek their recompense in pay, the latter in fame. A king, it is true, cannot always combat in person, but he may and he ought to appoint generals more known by their actions than by their pen." These precepts, although antithetical, are just and true; and at that time one might, perhaps, also consider them as somewhat daring, since Philip III. and Philip IV. never saw their armies, and Philip II. was early separated from his. At the present day these precepts would be ranked with stale truths. The great error of Quevedo consists in wasting his genius on common ideas. There is seldom much novelty in his thoughts, but often a good deal in the manner in which they are expressed.

The merit of novelty of expression may, perhaps, be considered as sufficient in moral works; since their object is to inculcate, and to fix in the hearts of all, truths as ancient as the world, and which never change. Quevedo, besides his purely religious works, as his Introduction to a holy Life, his Life of the Apostle Paul, and that of St. Thomas of Villanueva, has also left some treatises on moral philosophy. The most remarkable one, and that which affords us the best idea of the character of his genius, is the amplification of a treatise attributed to Seneca, and afterwards imitated by Petrarch, on the consolations in good and bad fortune. The Roman

author enumerated the calamities of human nature, and applied to each the consolations of philosophy. Quevedo, after his translation of the Latin, adds a second chapter to each calamity, in which he estimates the same misfortune in a Christian point of view, generally with the design of proving that what the Roman philosopher supported in patience, was to him a triumph. We shall give an example of this play on morality. It is one of the shortest chapters, on *Exile*.

“SENECA. *Thou art banished*: However I be forced, I cannot be driven out of my country; there is but one country for all men, and no one can quit it. *Thou art banished*: I shall change only my place of abode, not my country; wherever I go I shall find a home; no place is a place of exile, but a new country to me. *Thou shalt remain no longer in thy country*: Our country is the place where we enjoy happiness; but real happiness is in the mind, not in place, and depends on a man's self; if he be wise, his exile is no more than a journey; if he is unwise, he suffers banishment. *Thou art banished*: That is to say, I am made a citizen of a new state.

“D. FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO. *Thou art banished*: This is a sentence to be passed only by death. *Thou art banished*: It is possible that some one may have the desire to banish me, but I know that no one has the power. I can travel in my country, but cannot change it.

*Thou art banished*: Such may be my sentence, but the world will not allow it, for it is the country of all. *Thou art banished*: I shall depart, but shall not be exiled; the tyrant may change the place where I set my feet, but he cannot change my country. I shall quit my house for another house, my village for a new one; but who can drive me from my home? I shall quit the place where I was born, not the place for which I was born. *Thou art banished*: I quit only one part of my country for another part. *Thou shalt see thy wife, thy children, thy relations, no more*: That might happen to me when living with them. *Thou shalt be deprived of thy friends*: I shall find others in the place to which I go. *Thou shalt be forgotten*: I am so already where I am thus rejected. *Thou shalt be regretted by none*: That will not be strange to me, leaving the place I leave. *Thou shalt be treated as a stranger*: That is a consolation to me, when I see how you treat your own citizens. Christ has said, no man is a prophet in his own country; a stranger is therefore always better received."

Such is the genius of Quevedo, and such the character of his morals. It surprises and amuses us, and is presented to us in an attractive manner, but it carries with it little persuasion and less consolation. We feel that after all that has been said, it would not be difficult to defend the opposite side with equal success.

Many of his works consist of visions, and in these we find more gaiety, and his pleasantries are more varied. It must be confessed, however, that he has chosen singular subjects to jest on; church-yards, alguazils possessed of devils, the attendants of Pluto, and hell itself. In Spain eternal punishment is not considered too serious a subject for pleantry; elsewhere it scarcely affords room for the exercise of wit. Another singular trait is the description of people on whom Quevedo has lavished his sarcasms. These are lawyers, physicians, notaries, tradespeople, and, more particularly, tailors. It is the latter that he most generally attacks, and we cannot well imagine in what way a Castilian gentleman, a favourite of the Viceroy of Naples, and frequently an ambassador, could have been so far exasperated by the knights of the gentle craft to owe them so long a grudge. For the rest, these visions are written with a gaiety and an originality which becomes still more poignant from the austerity of the subject. The first vision, *El Sueño de las Calaveras*, represents the Last Judgment. "Scarcely," he says, "had the trumpet sounded, when I saw those who had been soldiers and captains rising in haste from their graves, thinking they heard the signal for battle; the miser awoke in anxious fear of pillage; the epicures and the idle received it as a call to dinner, or the chase. This was easily

seen from the expression of their countenances, and I perceived that the real object of the sound of the trumpet was not understood by any one of them. I afterwards saw the souls flying from their former bodies, some in disgust, others in affright. To one body an arm was wanting, to another an eye. I could not forbear smiling at the diversity of the figures, and admiring that Providence, which, amidst such a confusion of limbs, prevented any one from taking the legs or the arms of his neighbour. I observed only one burial-ground where the dead seemed to be changing their heads; and I saw a notary whose soul was not in a satisfactory state, and who, by way of excuse, pretended that it had been changed and was not his own. But what astonished me most was to see the bodies of two or three tradesmen, who had so entangled their souls that they had got their five senses at the end of the five fingers of their right hand."

We find as much gaiety, and on less serious subjects, in the *Correspondence of the Chevalier de la Tenaza*, who teaches all the various modes of refusing to render a service, to give a present, or to make a loan that is asked for; in the *Advice to Lovers of Fine Language*, where Gongora and Lope de Vega are very pleasantly ridiculed; in the *Treatise on all Subjects in the World and many besides*; in the *Happy Hour*, where Fortune, for once only, rewards every one according

to his merit ; and lastly in the *Life of the great Tacaño*, a romance in the manner of Lazarillo de Tormes, which paints the national manners in a very amusing way.

One of the most striking circumstances in the domestic life of the Castilians, is the difficulty of reconciling their excessive poverty with their pride and slothfulness. Among the poorer classes of other countries, we observe privations of different kinds, want, sickness, and sufferings ; but absolute starving is a calamity which the most wretched seldom experience ; and if they are reduced to this state, it generally throws them into despair. If we are to believe the Castilian writers, a considerable portion of their population are in constant apprehension of famine, yet never think of relieving themselves by labour. A crowd of poor gentlemen, and all the *knights of industry*, trouble themselves little about luxuries, as food is absolutely often wanting to them, and all their stratagems are often employed in procuring a morsel of dry bread. After this repast, their next object is to appear before the world in a dignified manner ; and the art of arranging their rags, in order to give the idea of a shirt and clothes under their cloak, is the principal study of their lives. These pictures, which are found in many of the works of Quevedo, and in all the Spanish romances, have too great a semblance of truth to have been mere inventions ;

but with whatever humour and originality they may have been drawn, they ultimately leave a disagreeable impression, and discover an egregious national vice, the correction of which should be the first object of a legislator.

The poems of Quevedo form three large volumes, under the name of the Spanish Parnassus. He has, in fact, arranged them under the names of the nine Muses, as if to hint that he had attained every branch of literature and sung on every subject. These nine classes are however intermixed, and consist almost entirely of lyric poems, pastorals, allegories, satires, and burlesque pieces. Under the name of each Muse he arranges a great number of sonnets. He has written more than a thousand, and some of them possess great beauty. Such, in my eyes, is that *On the Ruins of Rome*, of which the following is a translation :

## SONNET.

- \* Stranger, 'tis vain! Midst Rome, thou seek'st for Rome  
 In vain; thy foot is on her throne—her grave;  
 Her walls are dust: Time's conquering banners wave  
 O'er all her hills; hills which themselves entomb.

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\* *A Roma sepultada en sus ruinas.*

Buseas en Roma á Roma, ó peregrino!  
 Y en Roma misma á Roma no la hallas:  
 Cadaver son, las que ostentó murallas,  
 Y tumba de sí propio el Aventino.



Yea ! the proud Aventine is its own womb ;  
 The royal Palatine is ruin's slave ;  
 And medals, mouldering trophies of the brave,  
 Mark but the triumphs of oblivion's gloom.  
 Tiber alone endures, whose ancient tide  
 Worshipp'd the Queen of Cities on her throne,  
 And now, as round her sepulchre, complains.  
 O Rome ! the steadfast grandeur of thy pride  
 And beauty, all is fled ; and that alone  
 Which seem'd so fleet and fugitive remains !

After his sonnets, the romances of Quevedo form the most numerous class of his writings. In these short stanzas, neither the measure nor the rhyme of which are difficult, we often find the most biting satire, much humour, and not unfrequently ease and grace ; though these latter qualities accord little with his constant desire of shining. On the other hand, these romances, abounding in allusions and in words borrowed from different dialects, are very difficult to

Yace donde reynaba el Palatino,  
 Y limadas del tiempo las medallas,  
 Mas se muestran destrozo á las batallas  
 De las edades, que blazon latino.

Solo el Tibre quedó, cuya corriente  
 Si ciudad la rego, ya sepultura  
 La llora con funesto són doliente.

O Roma ! en tu grandeza, en tu hermosura  
 Huyó lo que era firme, y solamente  
 Lo fugitivo permanece y dura.

*Clw. 3.*

comprehend. I shall cite only some stanzas of one of them, written on his misfortunes. The manner in which a man of genius struggles against calamity, and the means with which he arms himself for the contest, are always worthy of attention. When he has experienced misfortunes as severe as those of Quevedo, his pleasantries on his ill-fortune, although they may not be very refined, bear a value in our eyes from the moral courage which they exhibit :

\* Since then, my planet has look'd on  
With such a dark and scowling eye,  
My fortune, if my ink were gone,  
Might lend my pen as black a dye.

No lucky or unlucky turn  
Did Fortune ever seem to play ;  
But ere I 'd time to laugh or mourn,  
'Twas sure to turn the other way.

\* *Refiere su nacimiento y las propiedades que le comunicò.*

.....

Tal ventura desde entonces  
Me dexaron los planetas,  
Que puede servir de tinta  
Segun ha sido de negra.

Porque es tan feliz mi suerte,  
Que no hay cosa mala o buena  
Que aunque la piense de tajo  
Al revés no me suceda.

Ye childless great, who want a heir,  
 Leave all your vast domains to me,  
 And Heaven will bless you with a fair  
 Alas! and numerous progeny.

They bear my effigy about  
 The village, as a charm of power,  
 If clothed, to bring the sunshine out,  
 If naked, to call down the shower.

When friends request my company,  
 No feasts and banquets meet my eye;  
 To holy mass they carry me,  
 And ask me alms, and bid good-bye.

Should bravos chance to lie *perdu*,  
 To break some happy lover's head,  
 I am their man, while he in view  
 His beauty serenades in bed.

De esteriles soy remedio,  
 Pues con mandarme su hacienda,  
 Los dara el cielo mil hijos,  
 Por quitarme las herencias.

.....

Como a imagen de milagros  
 Me sacan por las aldeas,  
 Si quieren sol, abrigado,  
 Y desnudo, porque llueva.

Quando alguno me convida  
 No es á banquetes ni á fiestas,  
 Si no a los misacantanos  
 Para que yo les ofrezca.

A loosen'd tile is sure to fall  
 In contact with my head below,  
 Just as I doff my hat. 'Mong all  
 The crowd, a stone still lays me low.

The doctor's remedies alone  
 Ne'er reach the cause for which they're given,  
 And if I ask my friends a loan,  
 They wish the poet's soul in heaven ;

So far from granting aught, 'tis I  
 Who lend my patience to their spleen ;  
 Mine is each fool's loquacity,  
 Each ancient dame will be my queen.

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De noche soy parecido  
 A todos quantos esperan  
 Para molerlos á palos,  
 Y así inocente me pegan.

Aguarda hasta que yo pase.  
 Si ha de caerse una teja :  
 Aciertan me las pedradas,  
 Las curas solo me yerran.

Si á alguno pido prestado,  
 Me responde tan á secas  
 Que en vez de prestarme á mi  
 Me hace prestarle paciencia.

No hay necio que no me hable,  
 Ni vieja que no me quiera,  
 Ni pobre que no me pida,  
 Ni rico que no me ofenda.

The poor man's eye amidst the crowd  
 Still turns its asking looks on mine ;  
 Jostled by all the rich and proud,  
 No path is clear, whate'er my line.

Where'er I go I miss my way,  
 I lose, still lose at every game ;  
 No friend I ever had would stay,  
 No foe but still remain'd the same.

I get no water out at sea,  
 Nothing but water at my inn ;  
 My pleasures, like my wine, must be  
 Still mix'd with what should NOT be in.

We also find amongst the poems of Quevedo, pastorals, allegories under the name of *Sylvas*, epistles, odes, songs, and the commencement of two epic poems, one burlesque, the other religious. But it is to his works themselves that we must refer those who wish to be better acquainted with a Spanish writer who has, perhaps, nearer than any other, approached the French style of writing.

No hay camino que no yerre,  
 Ni juego donde no pierda,  
 Ni amigo que no me engañe  
 Ni enemigo que no tenga.

Agua me falta en el mar,  
 Y la hallo en las tabernas,  
 Que mis contentos y el vino  
 Son aguados donde quiera.

*Thalia*, Romance 16.

By the side of Quevedo we may place Estevan Manuel de Villegas, born at Nagera, in old Castile, about the year 1595. He studied at Madrid and Salamanca, and his talent for poetry manifested itself from his earliest years. At the age of fifteen he translated Anacreon into verse, and several odes of Horace; and from that period he always imitated these two poets, to whose genius his own was strictly analogous. At the age of three and twenty he collected his various poems, which he printed at his own expense, and dedicated to Philip III., under the title of *Amatorias, or Eroticas*. He obtained with difficulty a small employ in his native city; for, although noble, he was without fortune. Devoting the remainder of his life to philological Latin works, he contributed nothing, after his twenty-third year, to Spanish poetry. He died in 1669, aged seventy-four. He is considered the Anacreon of Spain. His grace and softness, and his union of the ancient style with the modern, place him above all those who have written in the same class;\* but he was as incapable as the other Spanish poets of submitting himself to the rules of the ancients in the correction of his thoughts, and he often indulged himself in

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\* As a specimen of his Anacreontic manner, I may refer to the thirty-fifth *Cantilena* given below, and which I have the rather selected, as it is not found in Bouutterwek. The editions

the *concetti* of Marini and Gongora. I shall give only one of his pieces, a model of grace and sensibility, already quoted by Bouterwek :

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of the Spanish poets are so rare, that every extract communicates to the public a piece of poetry, which it would have been difficult to find elsewhere.

Dicen me las muchachas  
 Que será don Esteban,  
 Que siempre de amor cantas  
 Y nunca de la guerra ?

Pero yo las respondo :  
 Muchachas bachilleras,  
 El ser los hombres feos  
 Y el ser vos otras bellas.

De que sirve que canté  
 Al son de la trompeta,  
 Del otro embarazado  
 Con el pavés á cuestras ?

Que placcres me guiza  
 Un arbol pica seca  
 Cargado de mil hojas  
 Sin una fruta en ellas ?

Quien gusta de los parches,  
 Que muchos parches tenga ;  
 Y quien de los escudos  
 Que nunca los posea.

Que yo de los guerreros  
 No trato los peleas,  
 Sino las de las niñas  
 Porque estas son mis guerras.

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

\* I have seen a nightingale  
 On a sprig of thyme, bewail,  
 Seeing the dear nest, which was  
 Hers alone, borne off, alas !  
 By a labourer ; I heard,  
 For this outrage, the poor bird  
 Say a thousand mournful things  
 To the wind, which, on its wings,  
 From her to the guardian sky,  
 Bore her melancholy cry,  
 Bore her tender tears. She spake  
 As if her fond heart would break ;  
 One while, in a sad sweet note,  
 Gurgled from her straining throat.  
 She enforc'd her piteous tale,  
 Mournful prayer, and plaintive wail ;  
 One while, with the shrill dispute  
 Quite outwearied, she was mute ;

\* Yo vi sobre un tomillo  
 Quexarse un paraxillo,  
 Viendo su nido amado  
 De quien era caudillo  
 De un labrador robado.  
 Vi le tan congoxado  
 Por tal atrevimiento,  
 Dar mil quexas al viento,  
 Para que al ciel santo  
 Lleve su tierno llanto,  
 Lleve su triste acento.  
 Ya con triste harmonia  
 Esforçando al intento  
 Mil quexas repetia ;



Then afresh for her dear brood  
 Her harmonious shrieks renew'd.  
 Now she wing'd it round and round ;  
 Now she skimm'd along the ground ;  
 Now, from bough to bough, in haste,  
 The delighted robber chas'd ;  
 And, alighting in his path,  
 Seem'd to say, 'twixt grief and wrath,  
 " Give me back, fierce rustic rude !  
 " Give me back my pretty brood !"  
 And I saw the rustic still  
 Answer'd, "*That I never will !*" \*

Among the distinguished poets of this age we may enumerate Juan de Nauregui, the translator of the Pharsalia of Lucan ; Francisco de Borja, Prince of Esquillace, one of the first grandees of

Ya cansado callava ;  
 Y al nuevo sentimiento  
 Ya sonoro volvia.  
 Ya circular volaba,  
 Ya rastrero corria :  
 Ya pues de rama en rama  
 Al rústico seguia,  
 Y saltando en la grama,  
 Parece que decia :  
 Dame rustico fiero  
 Mi dulce compania !  
 Yo ví que respondia  
 El rustico, *no quiero.*

\* [For the kind communication of the above translation, the Editor has to repeat his acknowledgments to Mr. Wiffen. *Tr.*]

Spain, who cultivated poetry with the greatest ardour, and whose works are extremely voluminous; and Bernardino Count de Rebolledo, ambassador to Denmark at the close of the thirty years' war, who composed the greater part of his Spanish poetry at Copenhagen. But poetry expired in these writers. They no longer separated the powers of inspiration from the reasoning faculty; and the *Selvas Danicas* of Rebolledo, which comprehend in rhimed prose the history and geography of Denmark, and his *Selvas Militares y Politicas*, where he has collected all that he knew on war and government, seem written to prove the last decline of Spanish poetry. We should imagine it had here reached its termination, if Calderon, whom we shall notice in the following chapters, had not appeared at the same epoch, and stamped this as the most brilliant period of the Spanish romantic drama.

During the reigns of Philip II., Philip III., and Philip IV., several prose writers obtained applause. A romance in the modern taste, of Vincent Espinel, intitled *The Life of the Squire Marco de Obregon*, led the way to the introduction of many succeeding pictures of polite life. In that class of novels, which is most attractive to the Spaniards, and which is called by them *El Gusto Picaresco*, the *Life of Don Gusman d'Alfarache* appeared in 1599, and of course

previous to Don Quixote. It was immediately translated into Italian, French, and Latin, and into the other languages of Europe. The author was Matteo Aleman, who had retired from the court of Philip III. to live in solitude; and the applause with which his work was received was not sufficient to induce him to relinquish his retreat. A continuation, which was published under the assumed name of Matteo Luzan, is far from bearing a comparison with the original.

In history, the Jesuit Juan de Mariana, who commenced writing in the lifetime of Charles V. and who died only in 1623 in his ninetieth year, has obtained a well-deserved reputation from the elegance of his style. His language is pure, his descriptions are picturesque, without poetic affectation, and for the time in which he lived he has exhibited much impartiality and freedom of opinion. We must not, however, confide either in his criticisms, or in his facts, whenever the authority of the church or the power of monarchs would have been compromised by a more strict relation. In imitation of the ancients, in all important councils, and before the battles, he has placed speeches in the mouths of his principal personages. Livy makes us acquainted with the manners and opinions of the inhabitants of Italy at different epochs, and his harangues are always formed on real sentiments and incidents, although

the invention of the author. The speeches of Mariana, on the contrary, though of a late age, bear all the marks of antiquity; they are deprived of all probability; and we perceive from the very first word, that neither the Gothic kings, nor the Saracen princes to whom they are given, could ever have uttered them. Mariana at first wrote his History of Spain in Latin. It consisted of thirty books, and was brought from the earliest period down to the death of Ferdinand the Catholic, and dedicated to Philip II. He afterwards translated it into Spanish, and dedicated the translation to the same monarch. Notwithstanding his great caution, he was formally denounced to the Inquisition, the suspicious Philip thinking that he detected in his work traces of that freedom, the very memory of which he wished to extinguish; and Mariana with difficulty escaped prosecution.

The second of the historians of Spain in point of reputation, was born only a few years before the death of Mariana. Antonio de Solis, who lived from 1610 to 1686, not less distinguished by his poetry than his prose, followed the example of Calderon, with whom he was united in strict friendship, and presented the stage with many comedies written with much imagination. His political and historical information procured him employment in the chancery of the state, under the reign of Philip IV. After the death of

that monarch in 1665, he was presented with the office of historian of the Indies, with a considerable salary. At the close of his life he entered into holy orders, and thenceforth was wholly devoted to religious observances. It was at a mature age and in discharge of the duties of his office, that he wrote his *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, one of the last Spanish works in which purity of taste, simplicity, and truth, are to be found. The author has avoided in this history all flights of imagination and display of style which might betray the poet. He united a brilliant genius with a correct taste. The adventures of Fernando Cortes, and of the handful of warriors, who in a new hemisphere overthrew a powerful empire; their inflexible courage, their passions and their ferocity; the dangers which incessantly presented themselves, and over all of which they triumphed; the peaceful virtues of the Mexicans, their arts, their government, and their civilization, so different from that of Europe, formed altogether an assemblage of novel and attractive circumstances, and afforded a noble subject for history. A unity of design, and a romantic interest, connected with the marvellous, naturally present themselves in it. Descriptions of places and of manners, and philosophical and political reflections, are all called for by the subject, and excite our earnest attention. Antonio de Solis was not unequal

to the task, and few historical works are read with more pleasure.

All true taste seemed now to expire in Spain: a passion for antithesis, *conceits*, and the most extravagant figures, had introduced itself alike into prose and verse. No one ventured to write without calling to his aid, on the most simple subject, all the treasures of mythology, and without quoting, in support of the most common sentiment, all the writers of antiquity. The most natural sentiment could not be expressed without supporting it by an imposing image; and in common writers, the mixture of so many pretensions, with a cumbrous phraseology and dullness of intellect, formed a most extraordinary contrast. The lives of the distinguished men whom we have presented to the reader, are all written by their contemporaries or their immediate successors in this eccentric style. That of Quevedo by the Abbé Paul-Antonio de Tarsia would be entertaining from its excess of absurdity, if one hundred and sixty pages of such ridiculous composition were not too fatiguing, and if one could avoid experiencing regret, not so much at the folly of an individual, as at the decline of letters and the corruption of national taste. Among a multitude of writers who transferred into prose all the defects and affectation of Gongora, one of distinguished talents contributed to extend this bad taste still further. This was

Balthasar Gracian, a Jesuit, who appeared to the public under the borrowed name of his brother Lorenzo Gracian. His works treat of politeness, morals, theology, poetical criticism, and rhetoric. The most diffuse of all bears the title of *el Criticon*, and is an allegorical and didactic picture of human life, divided into epochs, which he calls *crisis*, intermingled with tedious romances. We discover throughout this work a man of talent, who endeavours to soar above every thing common, but who often at the same time oversteps both nature and reason. A constant display, and an affectation of style which makes him at times unintelligible, render the perusal of him tedious. Gracian, nevertheless, would have succeeded as a good writer if he had not been too ambitious of distinction. His reputation was more proportioned to his efforts than to his merit. He was translated and panegyricized in France and Italy, and out of Spain contributed to corrupt that taste which in his own country was in its last decline.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca.

OUR attention is now called to a Spanish poet whom his fellow-countrymen have designated as the prince of dramatists, who is known to foreigners as the most celebrated in this class of literature, and whom some critics of Germany have placed above all dramatic writers of modern days. It would be improper to impeach with levity so high a reputation; and whatever my own opinion may be on the merits of Calderon, it is my duty to shew in the first place the esteem in which he has been held by persons of the first distinction in letters, in order that the reader, in the extracts which I shall submit to him, may not give too much attention to national forms, often in opposition to our own; but that he may seek and feel the excellences of the author, and may arm himself against prejudices from which I am myself perhaps not exempt.

The life of Calderon was not very eventful. He was born in 1600 of a noble family, and at fourteen years of age we are assured he began to



write for the stage. After having finished his studies at the university, he remained some time attached to his patrons at court. He quitted them to enter into the army, and served during several campaigns in Italy and Flanders. Some time afterwards, King Philip IV, who was passionately attached to the drama, and who himself published many pieces which purported to be written, *By a Wit of this Court: Un ingenio de esta Corte*; having seen some pieces of Calderon, gave the author of them an appointment near his own person, presented him with the order of St. James, and attached him permanently to his court. From that time the plays of Calderon were represented with all the pomp which a rich monarch, delighting in such entertainments, had the power to bestow on them, and the Poet Laureate was often called on for occasional pieces on festive days at court. In 1652, Calderon entered into orders, but without renouncing the stage. Thenceforth, however, his compositions were generally religious pieces and *autos sacramentales*; and the more he advanced in years, the more he regarded all his works which were not religious, as idle and unworthy of his genius. Admired by his contemporaries, caressed by kings, and loaded with honours and more substantial benefits, he survived to a very great age. His friend Juan de Vera Tassis y Villaroel, having undertaken, in 1685, a com-

plete edition of his dramatic works, Calderon authenticated all that are found in that collection. He died two years after, in his eighty-seventh year.

Augustus William Schlegel, who more than any person has contributed to the diffusion of Spanish literature in Germany, thus speaks of Calderon in his Lectures on the Drama. "At length appeared Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, as fertile in genius and as diligent in writing as Lope, but a poet of a different kind; a true poet, indeed, if ever man deserved the name. For him, but in a superior degree, was renewed the admiration of nature, the enthusiasm of the public, and the dominion of the stage. The years of Calderon's age coincided with those of the seventeenth century. He was, therefore, sixteen years old when Cervantes died, and thirty-five at the time of the death of Lope, whom he survived nearly half a century. According to his biographers, Calderon wrote more than one hundred and twenty tragedies or comedies, more than a hundred sacred allegorical pieces (*autos sacramentales*), a hundred humorous interludes or *saynetes*, and many other pieces not dramatic. As he composed for the theatre from his fourteenth year to his eighty-first, we must distribute his productions through a long space of time, and there is no reason to suppose that he wrote with such wonderful celerity as

Lope de Vega. He had sufficient time to mature his plans, which he did without doubt, but he must have acquired from practice great facility of execution.

“In the almost countless number of his works, we find nothing left to chance; all is finished with the most perfect talent, agreeable to fixed principles, and to the first rules of art. This is undeniable, even if we should consider him as a mannerist in the pure and elevated romantic drama, and should regard as extravagant those lofty flights of poetry which rise to the extreme bounds of imagination. Calderon has converted into his own what served only as a model to his predecessors, and he required the noblest and most delicate flowers to satisfy his taste. Hence he repeats himself often in many expressions, images, and comparisons, and even in dramatic situations, although he was too rich to borrow, I do not say from others, but even from himself. Theatrical perspective is in his eyes the first object of the dramatic art; but this view, so restricted in others, becomes positive in him. I am not acquainted with any dramatic author who has succeeded in an equal degree in producing that poetical charm which affects the senses at the same time that it preserves its ethereal essence.

“His dramas may be divided into four classes; representations of sacred history, from scripture or legends; historical pieces; mythological, or

drawn from some poetical source ; and, lastly, pictures of social life and modern manners. In a strict sense we can only call those pieces historical which are founded on national events. Calderon has painted with great felicity the early days of Spanish history ; but his genius was far too national, I may almost say too fiery, to adapt itself to other countries. He could easily identify himself with the sanguine natives of the South or the East, but in no manner with the people of classic antiquity, or of the North of Europe. When he has chosen his subjects from the latter, he has treated them in the most arbitrary manner. The beautiful mythology of Greece was to him only an engaging fable, and the Roman history a majestic hyperbole.

“ Still, his sacred pieces must, to a certain extent, be considered as historical ; for, although he has ornamented them with the richest poetry, he has always exhibited with great fidelity the characters drawn from the Bible and sacred history. On the other hand, these dramas are distinguished by the lofty allegories which he often introduces, and by the religious enthusiasm with which the poet, in those pieces which were destined for the feast of the Holy Sacrament, has illumined the universe, which he has allegorically painted with the purple flames of love. It is in this last style of composition that he has most excited the

admiration of his contemporaries, and he himself also attached to it the greatest value."

I think it my duty to give a further extract from Schlegel on Calderon. No one has made more extensive researches into Spanish literature; no one has developed with more enthusiasm the nature of this romantic poetry, which it is not just to submit to austere rules; and his partiality has added to his eloquence. The passage I am about to translate has been highly extolled in Germany. I shall, in my turn, present Calderon under another aspect; but that under which his admirers have viewed him must still be allowed to possess a degree of truth.

"Calderon served in several campaigns in Flanders and in Italy; and, as a knight of St. James, performed the military duties of that order until he entered into the church; by which he manifested how much religion had been the ruling sentiment of his life. If it be true that a religious feeling, loyalty, courage, honour, and love are the basis of romantic poetry, it must in Spain, born and nourished under such auspicious circumstances, have attained its highest flight. The imagination of the Spaniards was as daring as their spirit of enterprise; and no adventure was too perilous for them. At an earlier period the predilection of the nation for the most incredible wonders had been manifested in the chivalric romances. These they wished to see repeated on

the stage; and as at this epoch the Spanish poets had attained the highest point of art and social perfection, had infused a musical spirit into their poetry, and purifying it of every thing material and gross, had left only the choicest colours and odours, there resulted an irresistible charm of contrast between the subject and its composition. The spectators imagined they again saw on the stage a revival of that national glory, which, after having threatened the whole world, was now become half extinct, whilst the ear was gratified by a novel style of poetry, in which were combined all the harmony of the most varied metres, elegance, genius, and a prodigality of images and comparisons which the Spanish tongue alone permitted. The treasures of the most distant zones were in poetry, as in reality, imported to satisfy the mother-country, and one may assert that, in this poetic empire, as in the terrestrial one of Charles V, the sun never set.

“ Even in the plays of Calderon which represent modern manners, and which for the most part descend to the tone of common life, we feel ourselves influenced by a charm of fancy which prevents us from regarding them as comedies, in the ordinary sense of the word. The comedies of Shakspeare are composed of two parts, strangers to each other: the comic part, which is always conformable to English manners, because the comic imitation is drawn from well-known and

local circumstances; and the romantic part, which is derived from the stage of the South, as his native soil was not in itself sufficiently poetical. In Spain, on the contrary, national manners might be regarded in an ideal point of view. It is true that would not have been possible if Calderon had introduced us into the interior of domestic life, where its wants and habits reduce every thing to narrow and vulgar limits. His comedies conclude, like those of the ancients, with marriage, but differ from them wholly in the antecedent part. In these, in order to gratify sensual passions and interested views, the most immoral means are often employed; the persons, with all the powers of their mind, are only physical beings, opposed to one another, seeking to take advantage of their mutual weaknesses. In those, a passionate sentiment prevails which ennobles all that it surrounds, because it attaches to all circumstances an affection of the mind. Calderon presents to us, it is true, his principal personages of both sexes in the first effervescence of youth, and in the confident anticipation of all the joys of life; but the prize for which they contend, and which they pursue, rejecting all others, cannot in their eyes be exchanged for any other good. Honour, love, and jealousy, are the ruling passions. Their noble struggles form the plot of the piece, which is not entangled by elaborate knavery and

deceit. Honour is there a feeling which rests on an elevated morality, sanctifying the principle without regard to consequences. It may by stooping to the opinions and prejudices of society become the weapon of vanity, but under every disguise we recognize it as the reflection of refined sentiment. I cannot suggest a more appropriate emblem of the delicacy with which Calderon represents the sentiment of honour, than the fabulous trait narrated of the ermine, which, rather than suffer the whiteness of its fur to be soiled, resigns itself to its pursuers. This refined sentiment equally predominates in the female characters of Calderon, and overrules the power of love, who only ranks at the side of honour and not above it. According to the sentiments which the poet professes, the honour of woman consists in confining her love to an honourable man, loving him with pure affection, and allowing no equivocal attentions, inconsistent with the most severe feminine dignity. This love demands an inviolable secrecy, until a legal union permits a public declaration. This condition alone defends it against the poisonous mixture of that vanity, which might boast of pretensions advanced, or of advantages obtained. Love thus appears as a secret and holy vow. It is true that under this doctrine, in order to satisfy love, truth and dissimulation, which honour elsewhere forbids, are permitted. But the most



delicate regard is observed in the collision of love with other duties, and particularly those of friendship. The force of jealousy, always awake, always terrible in its explosion, is not, as in the East, excited by possession only, but by the slightest preference of the heart, and by its most imperceptible manifestations. Love is thus ennobled; for this passion falls beneath itself, if it is not wholly exclusive. It often happens that the plot which these contending passions form, produces no result, and the catastrophe then becomes comic. At other times it assumes a tragic shape, and honour becomes a hostile destiny to him who cannot satisfy it without destroying his own happiness by the commission of a crime.

“ Such is the lofty spirit of these dramas, which foreigners have called intriguing comedies, but which the Spaniards, after the costume in which they are performed, have named Comedies of the mantle and the sword: *Comedias de capa y espada*. In general they possess nothing burlesque, further than the part of the humorous valet, who is known under the name of *Gracioso*. This personage, indeed, serves only to parody the ideal motives by which his master is governed, but he does it often in the most elegant and lively manner. It is seldom that he is employed as an instrument to increase the plot by his artifices; as this is usually effected by accidental and well contrived

incidents. Other pieces are named *Comedias de figuron*; the parts in which are cast in the same manner, only distinguished by one prominent figure in caricature. To many of the pieces of Calderon the claim of dramatic character cannot be denied, although we must not expect to see the more delicate traits of character exhibited by the poets of a nation, whose powerful passions and fervent imaginations are irreconcilable with a talent for accurate observation.

“Calderon bestowed on another class of his dramas the name of festival pieces. These were intended to be represented in court on occasions of solemnity. From their theatrical splendour, the frequent change of scene, the decoration presented to the eyes, and the music which is introduced, we may call them poetical operas. In fact they are more poetical than any other compositions of this kind, since by their poetry alone an effect is produced which in the simple opera is obtained only by scenery, music, and dancing. Here the poet abandons himself to the highest flights of fancy, and his representations seem almost too ethereal for earth.

“But the true genius of Calderon is more peculiarly shewn in his management of religious subjects. Love is painted by him with its common attributes, and speaks only the language of the poetic art. But religion is his true flame, the heart of his heart. For her alone he touches

those chords to which the soul most deeply responds. He seems not to have wished to effect this through worldly means, as piety was his only motive. This fortunate man had escaped from the labyrinth and the deserts of scepticism to the asylum of faith, whence he contemplates and paints, with an imperturbable serenity of soul, the passing tempests of the world. To him, life is no longer an enigma; even his tears, like dew-drops in the beams of morning, reflect the image of heaven. His poetry, whatever the subject may ostensibly be, is an unceasing hymn of joy on the splendours of creation. With delighted astonishment he celebrates the wonders of nature and of human art, as if he saw them for the first time in all the attraction of novelty. It is the first awakening of Adam, accompanied by an eloquence and a justness of expression which an intimate knowledge of nature, the highest cultivation of mind, and the most mature reflection could alone produce. When he united the most opposite objects, the greatest and the smallest, the stars and the flowers, the sense of his metaphor always expresses the relation of his creatures to their common Creator; and this delightful harmony and concert of the universe, is to him a new and unfading image of that eternal love which comprehends all things.

“Calderon was yet living, while in other countries of Europe a mannerism began to predom-

nate in the arts, and literature received that prosaic direction which became so general in the eighteenth century. He may, therefore, be considered as placed on the highest pinnacle of romantic poetry; and all her brilliancy was lavished on his works, as in a display of fireworks the brightest colours and the most striking lights are reserved for the last explosion."

I have here given a faithful translation of this spirited and eloquent passage, which is, indeed, in opposition to my own opinion. It contains every thing splendid that can be said of Calderon; and I could wish that the reader himself may be induced by so high an eulogium to study a writer who has excited such warm enthusiasm. It was also my object to shew the high rank which Calderon occupies in the world of letters. I shall shortly give an analysis of some of his best pieces, that every person may form his own opinion on a poet to whom no one can refuse a place in the first rank. But, in order to explain what impression his works have made on myself, I ought to refer to what was said in the last chapter of the debasement of the Spanish nation in the seventeenth century, the corruption of religion and of the government, the perversion of taste, and, in fine, the change which the ambition of Charles V, and the tyranny of Philip II, had operated on the Castilians. Calderon had in his youth seen Philip III; he had shared the

patronage of Philip IV; and he lived sixteen years under the more miserable, and if possible, more shameful reign of Charles II. It would be strange indeed if the influence of an epoch so degrading to mankind had not been in some degree communicated to the leading poet of the age.

Calderon, in fact, although endowed by nature with a noble genius and the most brilliant imagination, appears to me to be the man of his own age—the wretched epoch of Philip IV. When a nation is so corrupt as to have lost all exaltation of character, it has no longer before its eyes models of true virtue and real grandeur, and, in endeavouring to represent them, it falls into exaggeration. Such to my view is the character of Calderon: he oversteps the line in every department of art. Truth is unknown to him, and the ideal which he forms to himself offends us from its want of propriety. There was in the ancient Spanish knights a noble pride, which sprang from a sentiment of affection for that glorious nation in which they were objects of high importance; but the empty haughtiness of the heroes of Calderon increases with the misfortunes of their country, and their own debasement. There was in the manners of the early knights a just estimate of their own character, which prevented affronts, and assured to every one the respect of his equals; but when public and private honour became continually compromised by a corrupt and base court, the

stage represented honour as a point of punctilious delicacy, which, unceasingly wounded, required the most sanguinary satisfaction, and could not long exist without destroying all the bonds of society. The life of a gentleman was, in a manner, made up of duelling and assassination; and if the manners of the nation became brutalized, those of the stage were still more so. In the same way the morals of the female sex were corrupted; intrigue had penetrated beyond the blinds of windows and the grates of the convent, where the younger part of the sex were immured; gallantry had introduced itself into domestic life, and had poisoned the matrimonial state. But Calderon gives to the women he represents a severity proportioned to the relaxation of morals; he paints love wholly in the mind; he gives to passion a character which it cannot support; he loses sight of nature, and aiming at the ideal he produces only exaggeration.

If the manners of the stage were corrupt, its language was still more so. The Spaniards owe to their intercourse with the Arabs a taste for hyperbole and for the most extravagant images. But the manner of Calderon is not borrowed from the East; it is entirely his own, and he goes beyond all flights which his predecessors had allowed themselves. If his imagination furnishes him with a brilliant image, he pursues it through a whole page, and abandons it only through fa-

tigue. He links comparison to comparison, and, overcharging his subject with the most brilliant colours, he does not allow its form to be perceived under the multiplied touches which he bestows on it. He gives to sorrow so poetical a language, and makes her seek such unexpected comparisons, and justify their propriety with so much care, that we withhold our compassion from one who is diverted from his griefs by the display of his wit. The affectation and antithesis with which the Italians have been reproached, under the name of *concetti*, are, in Marini and in the greatest mannerists, simple expressions in comparison with the involved periods of Calderon. We see that he is affected with that malady of genius which forms an epoch in every literature on the extinction of good taste, an epoch which commenced in Rome with Lucan, in Italy with the *scicentisti*, or poets of the sixteenth century; which distinguished in France the Hôtel de Rambouillet; which prevailed in England under the reign of Charles II; and which all persons have agreed to condemn as a perversion of taste. Examples of this style will crowd on us in the succeeding extracts; but we shall pass them over at the time in order not to suspend the interest; and it will be better to detach a single passage as a specimen. It is taken from a play in which Alexander, Duke of Parma, relates how he is become the rival of Don Caesar, his secretary and friend.

\* In gallant mood, I sought my sister's hower,  
 And saw with her and with her ladies there,  
 My Anna, in a garden of the Loves,  
 Presiding over every common flower,  
 A fragrant rose and fair ;  
 Or rather, not to do her beauty wrong,  
 I saw a star on beds of roses glowing ;  
 Or, midst the stars, the star of morning young  
 May better tell my love's bright deity ;  
 Or, on the morning stars its light bestowing,  
 I saw a dazzling sun ; or, in the sky,  
 Midst many brilliant suns of rivalry,  
 I saw her shine with such a peerless ray,  
 That heaven was fill'd with that one glorious day.

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\* Entré galan al quarto de mi hermana,  
 Y con ella y sus damas ví a dona Ana :  
 Ví, en un jardín de amores,  
 Que presidia entre communes flores  
 La rosa hermosa y bella ;  
 Mal digo, que si bien lo considero,  
 Yo ví entre muchas rosas una estrella,  
 O entre muchas estrellas un Lucero ;  
 Y si mejor en su Deidad reparo,  
 Prestando a los demas sus arrebales,  
 Entre muchos Luceros ví un sol claro,  
 Y al fin ví un cielo para muchos soles.  
 Y tanto su beldad los excedia,  
 Que en muchos cielos hubo solo un dia.  
 Hablando estuvé, en ella divertidos  
 Los ojos, quanto atentos los oidos ;  
 Porque mostraba, en todo milagrosa  
 Cuerda belleza en discrecion hermosa.



But when she spoke, then was my soul entranc'd :  
 Eyes, ears, and every sense in rapture danc'd ;  
 The miracle of nature stood confess'd,  
 Fair modesty, in modest beauty dress'd.  
 It could not last: she bade farewell!  
 But was that evening transient as a dream?  
 Ask Love ; and he will tell how fleet hours seem  
 Moments, which should be ages ; ages well  
 Might seem but moments, as they speed away!  
 And when she bade adieu,  
 With courteous steps I watch'd my love's return.  
 We parted! Let it now suffice to say,  
 Loving, I die, and absent, live to mourn !

This language which, if it be allowed to be poetical, is still extremely false, becomes still more misplaced when it is employed to express great passions or great sufferings. In a tragedy, otherwise replete with beautiful passages, and to which we shall return, intitled *Amar despues de la Muerte ; Love after Death*, or rather the revolt of

Despidió se en efecto ; si fue breve  
 La tarde, amor lo diga, que quisiera  
 Que un siglo intero cada instante fuera ;  
 Y aun no fuera bastante,  
 Pues aunque fuera siglo, fuera instante.  
 La sali acompañando cortesmente,  
 Y aqui basta decirte  
 Que muero amante y que padesco ausente.

*Nadie sé su secreto.* Journ. 1, t. i. p. 273.

the Moors in the Alpuxarra, Don Alvaro Tuzani, one of the revolted Moors, running to the aid of his mistress, finds her poniarded by a Spanish soldier, at the taking of Galera : she yet breathes, and recognizes him.

CLARA.

\* Thy voice—thy voice, my love, I fain would hear :  
 'Twill give me life : 'twill make my death most happy.  
 Come nearer. Let me feel you in my arms.  
 Let me die thus—and— (*She dies.*)

DON ALVARO.

Alas, alas ! They err who say that love  
 Can knit twain hearts, and souls, and lives in one ;  
 For were such miracle a living truth,  
 Thou hadst not fled, or I had died with thee ;  
 Living or dying, then, we had not parted,  
 But hand in hand smil'd o'er our equal fate.  
 Ye heavens ! that see my anguish ; mountains wild !

CLARA. \* Sola una voz (ay bien mio !)  
 Pudo nuevo aliento darme,  
 Pudo hacer feliz mi muerte ;  
 Dexa, dexa que te abraze,  
 Muera en tus brazos, y muera.....

D. ALVARO. O quanto, o quanto ignorante  
 Es quien dice que el amor  
 Hacer de dos vidas sabe  
 Una vida ! Pues si fueran  
 Essos milagros verdades,  
 Ni tu murieras, ni yo  
 Viviera, que en este instante

That echo it ; winds ! which my torments hear ;  
 Flames ! that behold my sufferings ; can ye all  
 See Love's fair starry light extinguish'd thus,  
 His chief flower wither, and his soft breath fail ?  
 Come, ye who know what love is, tell me now,  
 In these my sorrows, in this last distress,  
 What hope more is there for the wretched lover  
 Who, on the night that should have crown'd his passion  
 So long and faithful, finds his love (oh, horror !)  
 Bathed in her own sweet blood ; a lily flower  
 Bespangled with those frightful drops of red ;  
 Gold, precious, purified in fiercest fire ?  
 What hope, when, for the nuptial bed he dream'd of,  
 He clasps the cold urn, weeps o'er dust and ashes,  
 Whom once he worshipp'd, Love's divinity ?  
 Nay, tell me not of comfort : I'll none of it.  
 For if in such disasters men do weep not,

Muriendo yo, y tu viviendo,  
 Estuvieramos iguales.  
 Cielos que visteis mis penas!  
 Montes que mirais mis males !  
 Vientos que vís mis rigores !  
 Llamas que veis mis pesares !  
 Cómo todos permités  
 Que la mejor luz se apague,  
 Que la mejor flor se os muera,  
 Que el mejor suspiro os falte ?  
 Hombres que sabeis de amor,  
 Advertidme en este lance,  
 Decidme en esta desdicha  
 Que debe hacer un amante  
 Que viniendo a ver su dama,  
 La noche que ha de lograrse

They will do ill to follow other's counsels.  
 O ye invincible hills of Alpuxarra,  
 O scene of the most shameless coward deed,  
 Infamous triumph, glory execrable!  
 For never did thy mountains, Alpuxarra,  
 Never thy valleys witness sight like this!  
 Upon thy highest cliffs, or depths profound,  
 More hapless beauty never breathed its last!  
 But why complain! if my complaints when pour'd  
 To the wild winds are but the wild winds' sport?

A correct taste would have expressed, in a situation so violent and so calamitous, the agonizing cry of the lover, and would have made the audience participators of his grief; but we all feel that the language of Alvaro Tuzani is false, and he instantly checks the profound emotion which the dreadful incident is calculated to produce; a fault continually repeated by Calderon. His decided predilection for investing with the beauties of poetry the language of all his personages, deprives him of all heartfelt and natural expression. We may observe in him many situations of an admirable effect, but we never meet with a passage touching or sublime from its simplicity or its truth.

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Un amor de tantos días,  
 Bañada la halle en su sangre,  
 Azuzena guarnecida  
 Del mas peligroso esmalte,  
 Oro aerisolado al fuego  
 Del mas riguroso examen, etc.

The admirers of Calderon have almost imputed it to him as a merit, that he has not clothed any foreign subject with national manners. His patriotism, they say, was too ardent to have allowed him to adopt any other forms than those peculiar to Spain; but he had the more occasion to display all the riches of his imagination, and his creations have a fantastic character, which gives a new charm to pieces where he has not allowed himself to be fettered by facts. Such is the opinion of the critics of Germany; but after shewing so much indulgence on one side, how happens it on the other side that they have treated with so much severity the tragic writers of France, for having given to their Grecian and Roman heroes some traits and forms of society drawn from the Court of Louis XIV? An author of the Mysteries of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries might be pardoned for confounding history, chronology, and facts. At that time information was scanty, and one half of ancient history was veiled under clouds of darkness. But how shall we excuse Calderon, or the public for whom he composed his plays, when we find him mixing together incongruous facts, manners, and events, in the most illustrious periods of Roman history, in a way which would disgust even a schoolboy. Thus, in his play of Coriolanus, which he has intitled *The Arms of Beauty*, he represents Corio-

lanus as continuing against Sabinius, king of the Sabines, the war which Romulus had already commenced against the same imaginary king, and consequently at the distance of a whole generation; and he even speaks to us of the conquest of Spain and Africa, of Rome, the empress of the Universe, the rival of Jerusalem.\* The character of Coriolanus, and that of the senate and the people, are alike travestied. It is impossible to recognise a Roman in the sentiments of any person in the piece. Metastasio, in his Roman dialogues, was infinitely more faithful to history and to the manners of antiquity.

But we must not attribute to Calderon alone an ignorance of foreign manners. Whether it be deserving of praise or of blame, it was not peculiar to him, but belonged to his country and his government. The circle of permitted information became every day more circumscribed. All books containing the history of other countries, or their state of civilization, were severely prohibited, for there was not one of them which did not contain a bitter satire on the government and religion of Spain. How then could they be allowed to study the ancients, with whom political liberty was inseparable from existence? Whoever had been penetrated by their spirit, must, at the same time, have regretted the noble

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\* *La gran Comedia de las Armas de la Hermosura*, t. 1. p. 115.

privileges which their nation had lost. How could they be allowed to contemplate the history of those modern nations, whose prosperity and glory were founded on religious liberty? After having studied them, would they themselves have tolerated the Inquisition?

There is one trait in the character of Calderon on which I shall insist with the greater caution, as I am sensible that my feelings on the subject are extremely warm. Calderon is, in fact, the true poet of the Inquisition. Animated by a religious feeling, which is too visible in all his pieces, he inspires me only with horror for the faith which he professes. No one ever so far disfigured Christianity; no one ever assigned to it passions so ferocious, or morals so corrupt. Among a great number of pieces, dictated by the same fanaticism, the one which best exhibits it, is that entitled *The Devotion of the Cross*. His object in this is to convince his Christian audience that the adoration of this sign of the Church is sufficient to exculpate them from all crimes, and to secure the protection of the Deity. The hero, Eusebio, an incestuous brigand and professed assassin, but preserving in the midst of crimes devotion for the cross, at the foot of which he was born, and the impress of which he bears on his heart, erects a cross over the grave of each of his victims, and often checks himself in the midst of crime at the sight of the

sacred symbol. His sister, Julia, who is also his mistress, and is even more abandoned and ferocious than himself, exhibits the same degree of superstition. He is at length slain in a combat against a party of soldiers commanded by his own father; but God restores him to life again, in order that a holy saint may receive his confession, and thus assure his reception into the kingdom of heaven. His sister, on the point of being apprehended, and of becoming at length the victim of her monstrous iniquities, embraces a cross, which she finds at her side, and vows to return to her convent and deplore her sins; and this cross suddenly rises into the skies, and bears her far away from her enemies to an impenetrable asylum.

We have thus in a manner laid the cause of Calderon before the reader, and made him acquainted with both sides of the question. Let it not, however, be imagined that the faults which I have brought forward are sufficient to obliterate the beauties which have been so highly extolled by Schlegel. There are, doubtless, sufficient left to place Calderon amongst the poets of the richest and most original fancy, and of the most attractive and brilliant style. It now only remains for me to make him known by his own works, and to present an analysis of some of his most striking pieces. Of these I shall select two in the most opposite styles, but with the decided intention of placing before the



reader such instances of the genius and sensibility of this celebrated author as appear worthy of imitation, and not with a desire of dwelling on his defects, which I have already sufficiently pointed out.

I shall commence with one of the most beautiful and engaging of his comedies of intrigue. It is called *El Secreto a Vozes*, or *The Secret in Words*. The scene is laid in Parma, which is described in so particular a manner that we cannot doubt that the author resided in this city during his campaigns in Italy, and that he had the scenery fresh in his recollection. But the period of time is imaginary, and is referred to the supposed reign of a duchess Florida, heiress to the duchy of Parma, a mere imaginary personage. This princess, suffering under a secret passion, surrounds her court with all the fascinations of art in order to divert her grief. The action commences in the gardens, and the scene opens with a troop of musicians, who sing as they cross the stage, and are followed by the whole court. The chorus celebrates the empire of Love over Reason; and Flora, one of the ladies of the duchess, responds in strains of love. In the mean time, two knights by turns advance to view in her retreat this beautiful princess. The first, Frederick, the hero of the piece, is one of the gentlemen of the duchess; the second, who conceals himself under the name of Henry, is the Duke of Mantua, who,

enamoured of Flerida, and having already demanded her in marriage, wishes to appear to her in the character of a private gentleman, and thus to contemplate her more nearly. For this purpose he addresses himself to the young and gallant Frederick, to whom he confides his secret, and with whom he is lodging. Fabio, the valet of Frederick, is not admitted into the secret; and his curiosity, which manifests itself from the first scene, renders the spectator more attentive to the disguise of Henry. By the questions of Henry and the replies of Frederick, we are made acquainted with the character of the duchess.

The latter returns, and while she observes with Frederick the tone of a sovereign, she still betrays that she is agitated by a tender emotion. She is aware that Frederick is the author of the verses which had just been sung before her; she remarks that they are love-verses; and that all the verses which he composes turn on love and its sorrows. She wishes him to name the object of his passion; but Frederick, who laments his poverty and ascribes to it alone his want of success, utters nothing which may discover his secret, or flatter the desire of Flerida to see herself beloved by him.

Meanwhile Henry presents himself as a knight of the Duke of Mantua. He bears a letter of recommendation to the duchess, of his own writ-

ing, in which he requests an asylum until his reconciliation with a family, irritated against him by the consequences of a duel in which a love-affair had engaged him. Whilst the duchess reads the letter and the courtiers converse together, Frederick approaches Laura, the first lady of the court and the secret object of his passion. They have a mutual understanding, and maintain a correspondence; and Laura, by stealth, hands him a letter concealed in the glove of the duchess.

Flerida then invites the stranger to participate in the games which form the entertainment of the court. These are questions on points of love and gallantry, which are agitated with all the subtlety of the Platonic philosophy. That of the day is to decide what is the greatest pain in love. Every one advances a different proposition, and supports it with arguments sufficiently laboured; but the princess, whose only pleasure consists in these exercises of the mind and this affectation of sensibility, gives additional room for conjecturing that she is tormented by an unequal passion, and one which she dares not avow.

The duchess, with her whole court, retires. Frederick remains alone with his valet, and reads the letter he has received. He distrusts his valet, and conceals from him the name of his mistress, and the manner in which he obtains her letters; but by this he only excites more strongly the curiosity of Fabio, who takes all that he sees for

enchantment; and he has not the precaution to conceal from Fabio the purport of the letter, an appointment that very evening under the window of his mistress. The duchess in the mean time sends for Fabio, and bribes him with a chain of gold to name the lady to whom his master is attached. The faithless valet has it not in his power to betray his master, but he apprises Flerida of the rendezvous with an unknown lady, to which his master was that night invited. Flerida, tormented by jealousy, orders Fabio to watch narrowly the movements of his master, and she on her side seeks to interrupt the happiness of the two lovers. Frederick brings her some state-papers to sign; she lays them aside, and gives him a letter for the Duke of Mantua, with directions to deliver it that very night. Frederick despatches his valet to order his horses; but after having communicated with the Duke of Mantua, they agree that he shall open the letter addressed to him, and that if Flerida has not discovered that he is concealed under the name of Henry, he shall answer it as if he had received it at home.

Night arrives, and Laura is on the point of repairing to the window at which she had made the appointment with her lover, when the duchess calls her, and informs her that she had discovered that one of her ladies had made an appointment to meet a gentleman at one of the palace windows. She is anxious to discover

which of them could dare so far to violate the laws of decorum, and has made choice of Laura, as the most trustworthy of her train, to watch over the rest of the house. She then orders her to descend to the lattice, and to observe minutely all that approach. In this manner she sends her herself without suspicion to the very appointment which she wished to prevent. Shortly after, some one is heard to strike against the lattice, the signal agreed on, and Frederick appears at the window. The two lovers have a short explanation. Laura is offended at the Duchess being made acquainted with their meeting, and is jealous of the interest which Florida seems to take in it. However, they exchange portraits, and that which Frederick gives her completely resembles in the setting that which he receives from her. He promises to give her on the day following a cypher, by means of which they may understand each other in the presence of other persons. It is this cypher which gives to the play the name of the *Secret in Words*.

At the commencement of the second act, Frederick and Fabio in travelling dresses appear on the stage with Henry. The latter finding that the Duchess did not suspect him, has answered the letter, and Frederick is the bearer of his reply. He presents to the Duchess, to the great astonishment of his valet, the answer of the Duke of Mantua; and he takes the opportunity of giving

to Laura a letter, which he pretends to have received from one of her relatives at Mantua. In this is contained the concerted cypher. The letter runs thus: "Whenever, Signora, you wish to address me, begin by making a sign with your handkerchief, in order to engage my attention. Then, on whatever subject you speak, let the first word of the sentence be for me, and the rest for the company; so that by uniting all your first words, I shall discover what you wished to communicate. You will do the like when I give the signal for speaking myself." Laura did not long delay making trial of this ingenious cypher. Fabio tells the Duchess that his master had not been to Mantua during the night, but that, on the contrary, he had communicated with his mistress, and Laura warns Frederick of this circumstance. Her speech is composed of sixteen short words, which commence sixteen little verses; but she never speaks more than a stanza at a time; and Frederick, uniting the first words of each verse, repeats them, and thus spares the audience the trouble of connecting them after him. This stage-trick is very diverting; and the perplexed expressions of Laura, who makes use of the longest circumlocutions to express the most simple things, in order to introduce at the commencement of the stanzas the words for which she has occasion, add still more to the humour of the situation. But what is most laughable, is the

surprise of Fabio, who, left alone with his master, and without having been out of his sight, suddenly finds that he is informed of his treachery. Frederick is on the point of punishing this babler, when he is interrupted by the entrance of Henry.

In the mean time Fabio, not warned by the danger which he has already incurred, returns to the duchess, and informs her, that he has seen in the hands of his master the portrait of a lady, and that he is sure that he carries it in his pocket. The duchess, whose jealousy continues to increase, though it is not directed to Laura, invents a stratagem to obtain from Frederick the portrait, at the moment when he brings papers of state for her signature. She commands him to lay them down and depart, since she can no longer have confidence in a man who has betrayed her, and who has been in correspondence with her mortal enemy. Frederick is astonished, and at first believes that she is reproaching him for having introduced the duke of Mantua into the palace; he implores forgiveness; and Florida is confounded at discovering a traitor in the object of her love. Their mutual surprise renders the scene highly interesting. The duchess, however, after having drawn forth an explanation respecting Henry, resumes her accusation. She reproaches Frederick with maintaining a criminal correspondence; she questions his honour; and compels him to produce all the papers on his

person, and the keys of his bureau. This was what she aimed at, as the accusation was merely a stratagem to obtain the contents of his pockets, and the case with the portrait makes its appearance, the only object which she wishes to see, and the only one which he refuses. She would indeed have effected her object, if Laura had not succeeded in adroitly changing her portrait for that of Frederick, which was in a similar case; in such a manner, that when the duchess opens the suspected case she finds only the image of the man from whom she has taken it.

Fabio appears alone at the commencement of the third act. He has the exact character of the Italian harlequin; inquisitive, cowardly, and greedy. When he betrays his master, it is more from his folly than his malice, and he is insensible to the mischief which he occasions. His pleasantries are often gross; he narrates many tales to the duchess as well as to his master, and these tales are in the most vulgar taste. The French stage has, in regard to decorum, an infinite advantage over those of other countries. Fabio, however, uneasy under his master's displeasure, hides himself in his apartment until the storm be passed over. Frederick soon afterwards enters with Henry, and Fabio unintentionally overhears their conversation. Frederick informs Henry, that the duchess is aware that he is the duke of Mantua, and that it is useless to disguise himself longer.



At the same time he confides to him the embarrassment he is in respecting his mistress. Sensible of the danger she incurs in being the rival of the duchess, Laura has resolved to fly with her lover, who is for that purpose to be ready with two horses at the extremity of the bridge, between the park and the palace. Henry promises not only to give him an asylum, but to conduct him himself to the borders of his state. As soon as they are gone out to make their preparations, Fabio issues from his concealment, and hastens to disclose to the duchess all that he has by chance overheard.

The scene is then transferred to the palace. The duchess throughout makes Laura her confidant, and reveals to her her love for Frederick, her desire to speak openly to him, and to elevate him to her own rank by marriage. The jealousy she by this excites in Laura is still further augmented by Frederick, who comes in and pays his sovereign a gallant compliment. A quarrel and reconciliation now take place between the two lovers, by means of the cypher, from which they appear only to address the duchess on subjects relating to the court. The duchess then indulges some hope; but she is again troubled at the report of Fabio, who informs her of the intended flight of his master. She addresses herself to Ernest, the father of Laura, and desires him not to lose sight of Frederick for a moment during

the whole night. She assigns, as a reason, a duel in which he was engaged by a love-affair, and from which she wishes him to be restrained at all risks. She authorises Ernest to take with him her body guard, to act in case of necessity. Ernest arrives at the house of Frederick at the moment when the latter is issuing from it. He is aware that his mistress and the duke are waiting for him; that the hour is passing by, and that the visit of the talkative old man is not likely soon to end. Frederick tries all methods to rid himself of his importunities, but Ernest repels them with a well-managed obstinacy, which agrees admirably with the character of an aged flatterer. At last Frederick declares his intention of going out alone, when Ernest calls in his guards with orders to arrest him. Frederick's house has, happily, two outlets. He escapes, and soon after arrives at the park where Laura is in waiting for him. The latter, on her side, is surprised by Florida, who, not trusting wholly to Ernest, wishes to assure herself personally that the lovers do not meet. Frederick calls, and the duchess obliges Laura to answer. In spite of all the artifices of Laura, who still dissembles, the duchess clearly discovers their attachment, and their project for flying together. She hesitates for some time as to what she ought to do; she yields by turns to jealousy and to love; but she adopts at last a

generous resolve. She marries Laura to Frederick, and gives her own hand to the duke of Mantua.

I have thought it better, in order to convey to the reader an idea of the genius of Calderon, and of the fertile invention which he manifests in his plots, to give a full analysis of a single play, rather than to glance only at a greater number. At the same time, nothing appears so difficult to me as to give a just idea of his pieces. The poetry in them, which forms by turns their charm and their defect, cannot possibly be translated, in consequence of its brilliant and exaggerated colours. The sentiments are so strongly impressed with a foreign character, that with whatever fidelity they may be rendered, a Spaniard only can judge of their accuracy, and the pleasantries are all national. In both the heroic and comic pieces, the emotion or the mirth arises almost entirely from a complicated plot, which, even in the original, requires our constant attention, to make ourselves masters of it, and which necessarily becomes confused in an extract where many of the intermediate links are wanting. Every one of these Spanish plays contains ample matter for three or four French comedies; and the zeal with which the author himself enters into this labyrinth, does not allow him time to develop the situations, and to draw from the feelings of his characters the full expression of their passions.

The plays of Calderon are not divided into comedies and tragedies. They all bear the same title of *La gran Comedia*, which was probably given to them by the actors in their bills, in order to attract public notice; and which appellation has remained to them. They all belong to the same class. We find the same passions, and the same characters, which, according to the development of the plot, produce either a calamitous or a fortunate catastrophe, without our being able to foresee it from the title or from the first scenes. Thus, neither the rank of the persons, nor the exposition, nor the first incidents, prepare the spectator for emotions such as are produced by *The Constant Prince*, and the *Secreto a Vozes*. *The Constant Prince*, or rather *The Inflexible Prince*, the Regulus of Spain, is one of the most moving plays of Calderon. In a translation by Schlegel, it is at present performed with great success on the German stage, and I think myself justified in giving a full analysis of it.

The Portuguese, after having driven the Moors from the whole western coast of the Peninsula, passed over into Africa to pursue still further the enemies of their faith. They undertook the conquest of the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco. The same ardour led them to seek a new passage to the Indies, and to plant the standard of Portugal on the coast of Guinea, in the kingdom of Congo, at Mozambique, at Diu, at Goa, and at Macao.

John I. had conquered Ceuta. At his death he left several sons, all of whom wished to distinguish themselves against the infidels. Edward, who succeeded him, sent his two brothers, in the year 1438, with a fleet, to attempt the conquest of Tangiers. One of these was Ferdinand, the hero of Calderon, the most valiant of princes; the other was Henry, who was afterwards celebrated for his assiduous efforts in exploring the sea of Guinea, in order to discover the passage to the Indies. Their expedition is the subject of this tragedy.

The first scene is laid in the gardens of the king of Fez, where the attendants of Phenicia, a Moorish princess, call upon some Christian slaves to sing, in order to entertain their mistress. "How," they reply, "can our singing be agreeable to her, when its only accompaniment is the sound of the fetters and chains which bind us?" They sing, however, until Phenicia appears, surrounded by her women. The latter address to her the most flattering compliments on her beauty, in that eastern style which the Spanish language has preserved, and which its extravagance would render absurd in any other. Phenicia in sadness repels their attentions; she speaks of her grief; and she attributes it to a passion which she cannot vanquish, and which seems to be accompanied by sorrowful presentiments. Her discourse consists wholly of description and of brilliant images.

We are not to regard the tragedies of Calderon as an imitation of Nature, but as an image of Nature in the poetical world, as the opera is an image of it in the musical world. This requires from the spectators a tacit convention to lend themselves to a language beyond the rules of Nature, in order to enjoy the union of the fine arts with an action in real life.

Phenicia is attached to Muley Cheik, cousin of the king of Fez, and his admiral and general; but her father wishes to marry her to Tarudant, Prince of Morocco. She has scarcely received this intelligence when Muley returns from a cruise, and announces to the king the approach of a Portuguese fleet, commanded by two princes, and carrying fourteen thousand soldiers for the attack of Tangiers. His speech, which is intended to serve as an explanation of the principal action, is two hundred and ten lines in length; but all the splendour of the poetry with which it is interspersed would not be able to procure attention in France to so long an harangue. Muley receives orders to oppose the landing of the Portuguese with the cavalry of the coast.

The landing is the subject of the next scene. It is effected near Tangiers amidst the sound of clarions and trumpets. In the midst of this military pomp each of the Christian heroes, as he reaches the shore, manifests his character,

his hopes and fears, and the manner in which he is affected by the evil omens which befel them on their voyage. Whilst Fernando is endeavouring to dispel this superstitious fear from the hearts of his knights, he is attacked by Muley Cheik, but he obtains an easy victory over this suddenly assembled body of cavalry. Muley himself falls into his hands, and Fernando, not less generous than brave, when he finds that his prisoner runs the danger, by his captivity, of losing for ever the object of his love, restores Muley to his liberty without a ransom.

In the mean while the kings of Fez and Morocco had assembled their armies, and advanced with an overwhelming force. Retreat is now become impossible to the Portuguese, and their only resource is in their resolution to die like brave soldiers and Christian knights. Even this hope is frustrated, as the Moors obtain the victory; and Fernando, after having fought valiantly, surrenders to the King of Fez, who makes himself known to him. His brother Henry also delivers himself up with the flower of the Portuguese army. The Moorish king makes a generous use of his victory, and treats the prince with a regard and courtesy that are due to an equal, when he is no longer an enemy. He declares that he cannot restore him to liberty, until the restitution of Ceuta, and he sends back Henry to Portugal to procure by this means the

ransom of his brother. It is on this that the fate of Fernando turns, as he is unwilling that his liberty should cost Portugal her most brilliant conquest; and he charges Henry to remind his brother that he is a Christian, and a Christian prince. This ends the first act.

In the second act Don Fernando appears surrounded by Christian captives, who recognize him, and hasten to throw themselves at his feet, hoping to escape from slavery with him. Fernando addresses them:

My countrymen, your hands! Heaven only knows  
How gladly I would rend your galling chains,  
And freely yield my freedom up for yours!  
Yet, oh! believe, the more benignant fate  
That waits us, soon shall soothe our bitter lot.  
The wretched, well I know, ask not for counsel;  
But pardon me, 'tis all I have to give:  
No more; but to your tasks, lest ye should rouse  
Your masters' wrath.

The King of Fez prepares a feast for Fernando, proposes to him a hunting excursion, and tells him that captives like him are an honour to the man who detains them. During these transactions Don Henry returns from Portugal. Grief for the defeat at Tangiers has caused the death of the King, but in expiring he had given orders to restore Ceuta to the King of Fez, for the redemption of the captives; and Alfonso V, who had succeeded him, sends Henry back to Africa



to make the exchange ; but Fernando thus repels his endeavours :

Henry, forbear ! Such words may well debase  
Not only him who boasts himself a true  
Soldier of Christ, and prince of Portugal,  
But even the lowest of barbarians, void  
Of Christian faith. My brother, well I deem,  
Inserted this condition in his will,  
Not that it should be acted to the letter,  
But to express how much his noble heart  
Desir'd a brother's freedom. That must be  
Obtain'd by other means ; by peace or war.  
How ever may a Christian prince restore  
A city to the Moors, bought with the price  
Of his own blood ? for he it was, who first,  
Arm'd with a slender buckler and his sword,  
Planted our country's banner on its walls.  
But even if we o'erlook this valiant deed,  
Shall we forsake a city that hath rear'd  
Within its walls new temples to our God ?  
Our faith, religion, Christian piety,  
Our country's honour, all forbid the deed.  
What ! shall the dwelling of the living God  
Bow to the Moorish crescent ? Shall its walls  
Re-echo to the insulting courser's hoof,  
Lodg'd in the sacred courts, or to the creed  
Of unbelievers ? Where our God hath fix'd  
His mansion, shall we drive his people forth ?  
The faithful, who inhabit our new town,  
May, tempted by mischance, haply abjure  
Their faith. The Moors may train the Christian youth  
To their own barbarous rites ; and is it meet  
So many perish to redeem one man  
From slavery ? And what am I but a man ?  
A man now rest of his nobility ;

No more a prince or soldier ; a mere slave !  
 And shall a slave, at such a golden price,  
 Redeem his life ? Look down upon me, king,  
 Behold thy slave, who asks not to be free ;  
 Such ransom I abjure. Henry, return ;  
 And tell our countrymen that thou hast left  
 Thy brother buried on the Afric shore,  
 For life is here, indeed, a living death !  
 Christians, henceforth believe Fernando dead ;  
 Moors, seize your slave. My captive countrymen !  
 Another comrade joins your luckless band ;  
 And king, kind brother, Moors, and Christians, all  
 Bear witness to a prince's constancy,  
 Whose love of God, his country, and his faith,  
 O'erlived the frowns of fortune.

THE KING.

Proud and ungrateful prince, and is it thus  
 Thou spurn'st my favour, thus repay'st my kindness ?  
 Deniest my sole request ? Thou haply here  
 Thinkest thyself sole ruler, and would'st sway  
 My kingdom ? But, henceforth thou shalt be  
 By that vile name thou hast thyself assumed —  
 A slave ! thou shalt be treated as a slave.  
 Thy brother and thy countrymen shall see  
 Thee lick the dust, and kiss my royal feet.

After a warm altercation, and vain solicitations, the King calls one of his officers :

Hence with this captive ! rank him with the rest :  
 Bind on his neck and limbs a heavy chain.  
 My horses be his care, the bath, the garden.  
 Let him be humbled by all abject tasks ;  
 Away with his silk mantle ; cloth his limbs  
 In the slave's garb. His food, the blackest bread ;

Water his drink ; a cold cell his repose ;  
And let his servants share their master's fate.

We next see Fernando in the garden, working with the other slaves. One of the captives, who does not know him, sings before him a romance, of which he is the hero ; another bids him be of good heart, as the prince, Don Fernando, had promised to procure them all their liberty. Don Juan Coutinho, Count of Miralva, one of the Portuguese knights, who, from the time of their landing, had been the most distinguished for his bravery and attachment to Fernando, devotes himself to him, makes a vow not to quit him, and introduces him to the prisoners, all of whom, in the midst of their sufferings, hasten to shew him respect. Muley Cheik now arrives, and, dismissing all witnesses, addresses Fernando :—  
“ Learn,” he says, “ that loyalty and honour have their abode in the heart of a Moor. I come not to confer a favour, but to discharge a debt.” He then hastily informs him that he will find near the window of his prison instruments for releasing himself from his fetters ; that he himself will break the bars, and that a vessel will wait for him at the shore to convey him home to his own country. The king surprises them at this moment, and instead of manifesting any suspicions, he engages Muley, by the ties of honour and duty, to execute his wishes. He confides to him the custody of Prince Fernando, assured that

he alone is above all corruption, and that neither friendship, fear, nor interest, can seduce him. Muley feels that his duties have changed since the king has reposed this confidence in him. He still, however, hesitates between honour and gratitude. Fernando, whom he consults, decides against himself. That prince declares that he will not avail himself of his offer; that he will even refuse his liberty, if any one else should propose his escape; and Muley submits at last with regret, to what he considers the law of duty and of honour.

Not being himself able to restore his benefactor to liberty, Muley endeavours to obtain his freedom through the generosity of the Moorish king. At the commencement of the third act we see him imploring his compassion on behalf of his prisoner. He gives a moving picture of the state to which this unhappy prince is reduced: sleeping in damp dungeons, working at the baths and in the stables, deprived of food, sinking under disease, and resting on a mat at one of the gates of his master's house. The details of his misery are such, that the taste of the French stage would not suffer even an allusion to them. One of his servants and a faithful knight attach themselves to him, and never quit him; dividing with him their small ration, which is scarcely sufficient for the support of a single

person. The king hears these revolting details, but recognizing only obstinacy in the conduct of the prince, he replies in two words: "'Tis well, Muley." Phenicia comes, in her turn, to intercede with her father for Fernando, but he imposes silence on her. The two ambassadors of Morocco and Portugal are then announced, and prove to be the sovereigns themselves, Tarudant and Alfonso V, who avail themselves of the protection of the law of nations, to treat in person of their several interests. They are admitted to an audience at the same time. Alfonso offers to the King of Fez twice the value in money of the city of Ceuta as the ransom of his brother; and he declares that if it be refused, his fleet is ready to waste Africa with fire and sword. Tarudant, who hears these threats, considers them as a personal provocation, and replies that he is about to take the field with the army of Morocco, and that he will shortly be in a state to repel the aggressions of the Portuguese. The king, meanwhile, refuses to liberate Fernando on any other terms than the restitution of Ceuta. He bestows his daughter on Tarudant, and orders Muley to accompany her to Morocco. Whatever pain Muley may feel in assisting at the nuptials of his mistress, and abandoning his friend in his extreme misery, he prepares to obey. The commands of a king are

considered by Calderon as the fiat of destiny, and it is by such traits that we recognize the courtier of Philip IV.

The scene changes; and Don Juan and the other captives bear in Don Fernando on a mat, and lay him on the ground. This is the last time that he appears on the stage; he is overpowered by the weight of slavery, disease, and misery. His condition chills the heart, and is perhaps too strongly drawn for the stage, where physical evils should be introduced only with great reserve. In order, indeed, to diminish this painful impression, Calderon bestows on him the language of a saint under martyrdom. He looks upon his sufferings as so many trials, and returns thanks to God for every pang he endures, as the pledge of his approaching beatification. Meanwhile the King of Fez, Tarudant, and Phenicia, pass through the street where he lies; and Don Fernando addresses them: "Bestow your alms," he cries, "on a poor sufferer. I am a human being like yourselves; I am sick and in affliction, and dying of hunger. Have pity on me; for even the beasts of the forest compassionate their kind." The king reproaches him with his obstinacy. His liberation, he tells him, depends on himself alone, and the terms are still the same. The reply of Fernando is wholly in the oriental style. It is not by arguments, nor indeed by sentiments of compassion, that he

attempts to touch his master; but by that exuberance of poetical images, which was regarded as real eloquence by the Arabians, and which was perhaps more likely to touch a Moorish king, than a discourse more appropriate to nature and to circumstances. Mercy, he says, is the first duty of kings. The whole earth bears in every class of creation emblems of royalty; and to these emblems is always attached the royal virtue of generosity. The lion, the monarch of the forest; the eagle, the ruler of the feathered race; the dolphin, the king of fish; the pomegranate, the empress of fruits; the diamond, the first of minerals, are all, agreeably to the traditions cited by Fernando, alive to the sufferings of mankind. As a man, Fernando is allied to the King of Fez by his royal blood, notwithstanding their difference in religion. In every faith, cruelty is alike condemned. Still, while the prince considers it his duty to pray for the preservation of his life, he desires not life, but martyrdom; and awaits it at the hands of the king. The king retorts that all his sufferings proceed from himself alone. "When you compassionate yourself, Don Fernando," he says, "I too shall compassionate you."

After the Moorish princes have retired, Don Fernando announces to Don Juan Coutinho, who brings him bread, that his attentions and generous devotion will soon no longer be required, as he feels himself approaching his last hour. He only

asks to be invested in holy garments, as he is the grand master of the religious and military order of Advice; and he begs his friends to mark the place of his sepulture: "Although I die a captive, my redemption is sure, and I hope one day to enter the mansions of the blessed. Since to thee, my God, I have consecrated so many churches, grant me a dwelling in thine own mansions." His companions then depart with him in their arms.

The scene changes, and represents the coast of Africa, on which Don Alfonso, Don Henry, and the Portuguese troops have just landed. It is announced to them that the army of Tarudant is approaching, and that it is conducting Phenicia to Morocco. Don Alfonso addresses his troops, and prepares for battle. The shade of Don Fernando, in the habit of his chapter, appears to them, and promises them victory. Again the scene changes, and represents the walls of Fez. The king appears on the walls, surrounded by his guards. Don Juan Coutinho brings forward the coffin of Don Fernando. The stage is veiled in night, but a strain of military music is heard in the distance. It draws near, and the shade of Don Fernando appears with a torch in his hand, conducting the Portuguese army to the foot of the walls. Don Alfonso calls to the king, announces to him that he has taken prisoners his daughter, Phenicia, and Tarudant, his proposed



son-in-law, and offers to exchange them against Don Fernando. The king is seized with profound grief when he finds his daughter in the hands of those very enemies to whom he had behaved with so much cruelty after his victory. He has now no longer the means of redeeming her, and he informs the Portuguese king, with regret, of the death of Don Fernando. But if Alfonso was desirous of restoring his brother to liberty, he is now not less solicitous to recover his mortal remains, which are a precious relic to Portugal. He divines that this is the object of the miracle which presented the shade of the prince to the eyes of the whole army; and he accepts the exchange of the body of his brother against Phenicia and all the other prisoners. He only requires that Phenicia be given in marriage to Muley, in order to recompense that brave Moor for the friendship and protection he had extended to his brother. He thanks Don Juan for his generous services to Fernando, and consigns to the care of his victorious army the relics of the newly canonized Saint of Portugal.\*

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\* The historical records of the life of Don Fernando do not disclose to us so exalted an idea of his self-devotion. I have examined the original Chronicles, of the fifteenth century, published by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Lisbon: *Collecção de livros ineditos de Historia Portugueza, dos reinados dos senhores reys D. Joaõ I. D. Duarte, D. Affonso V. e D. Joaõ II.*

3 vol. *in fol.* We there find that, if Fernando was not liberated from his captivity, it was not owing to his own high feelings, but to the troubles in which Portugal was involved, and to the jealousy of the reigning princes; that, though a prisoner in 1438, he did not die until 1443; and that his death was not accelerated by ill-treatment: *Chron. do rey Affonso V. por Ruy de Pina*, t. i. c. 54. His remains were not redeemed until 1473.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### Conclusion of Calderon.

AFTER having noticed in Calderon the faults which arose from the political state of his country, from the religious prejudices in which he was born, and from the bad taste which prevailed in Spain, in consequence of the fatal examples of Lope de Vega and Gongora, it would appear inconsistent to confine our notice to his most celebrated pieces; pieces which are sufficiently conformable to our rules to be introduced on the stage, as the play of *Il Secreto a Vozes*; or to those where the situation is so truly tragic, the emotion so profound, and the interest so well supported, as not to leave us any desire for that regularity which would rob us of all the interest of the romance he presents to us, as in *The Inflexible Prince*. If we once admit the enthusiasm for religious conquests, which, at that time, formed so essential a part of the national manners, if we once believe it sanctified by heaven and supported by miracles, we must allow the conduct of Don Fernando to be great, noble, and generous. We esteem him while we suffer with him; the beauty of his character

increases our pity, and we feel sensible of the peculiar charm of the romantic unity, so different from our own. We perceive with pleasure that the poet leaves nothing neglected which belongs to the interest of the subject. He conducts us from the landing of Fernando in Africa, not only to his death, but to the ransoming of his remains, that none of our wishes may continue in suspense, and that we may not leave the theatre until every feeling is fully satisfied.

To confine ourselves to an analysis of these two pieces, would be to give a very incomplete idea of the plays of Calderon. We must, therefore, take a view of some others of his dramas, though we shall not dwell on them very long. More frequently called upon to criticise, than to offer models for imitation, we shall detain the reader only on such points as merit his attention, sometimes as a proof of talent, sometimes as a picture of manners or of character, and sometimes as a poetic novelty.

The discovery of the New World has, at all times, been a favourite theme with the Spanish poets. The glory of these prodigious conquests was yet fresh in the minds of men, in the reign of Philip IV. The Castilians at that time distinguished themselves as Christians and warriors, and the massacre of infidel nations appeared to them to extend at the same time the kingdom of God and of their own monarch. Calderon chose

as the subject of one of these tragedies, the discovery and conversion of Peru. He called it *La Aurora en Copacavana*, from the name of one of the sacred temples of the Incas, where the first cross was planted by the companions of Pizarro. The admirers of Calderon extol this piece as one of his most poetical efforts, and as a drama animated by the purest and most elevated enthusiasm. A series of brilliant objects is indeed presented to the eyes and to the mind. On one side, the devotions of the Indians are celebrated at Copacavana with a pomp and magnificence, which are not so much derived from the music and the decorations, as from the splendour and poetic elevation of the language. On the other side, the first arrival of Don Francisco Pizarro on the shore, and the terror of the Indians, who take the vessel itself for an unknown monster, whose bellowings (the discharges of artillery) they compare to the thunder of the skies, are rendered with equal truth and richness of imagination. To avert the calamities which these strange prodigies announce, the gods of America demand a human victim. They make choice of Guacolda, one of their priestesses, who is an object of love to the Inca, Guascar, and to the hero Jupanguí. Idolatry, represented by Calderon as a real being, who continually dazzles the Indians by false miracles, herself solicits this sacrifice. She obtains the consent of the terrified Inca, whilst

Jupangui withdraws his mistress from the priests of the false gods, and places her in safety. The alarm of Guacolda, the devotion of her lover, and the danger of the situation, which gradually increases, give to the scene an agreeable and romantic interest, which, however, leads us almost to forget Pizarro and his companions in arms.

In the second act both the interest and action are entirely changed. We behold Pizarro, with the Spaniards, assaulting the walls of Cusco, the Indians defending them, and the Virgin Mary assisting the assailants, and saving Pizarro, who is precipitated from the summit of a scaling-ladder, by the fragment of a rock, but rises without experiencing any injury, and returns to the combat. In another scene the Spaniards, already masters of Cusco, are reposing in a palace built of wood; the Indians set fire to it, but the Virgin, invited by Pizarro, comes again to his aid; she appears amidst a choir of angels, and pours on the flames torrents of water and snow. This vision appears also to Jupangui, as he leads the Indians to the attack of the Spaniards. He is moved and converted. He addresses the Virgin in a moment of danger, when the asylum of his mistress, Guacolda, is discovered, and the Virgin, taking him under her protection, conceals them both from their enemies.

This new miracle gives rise to the third action,

which forms the third act, and which is apparently founded on the legend of Copacavana. Peru has wholly submitted to the King of Spain, and is converted; but Jupangui has no other desire or thought than to form an image of the Virgin similar to the apparition which he saw in the clouds. Notwithstanding his ignorance of art, and of the use of the requisite instruments, he labours incessantly, and his rude attempts expose him to the derision of his companions. The latter refuse to allow a statue of so grotesque an appearance to be deposited in a temple. Jupangui is doomed to experience all sort of disappointments and mortifications. An attempt is made by an armed band to destroy his image; but the Virgin at length, touched by his faith and perseverance, despatches two angels to his assistance, who, one of them with chisels, and the other with pencils and colours, retouch the statue, and render it a perfect likeness of its divine original. The festival which solemnizes this miracle terminates the scene.

We have before noticed a dramatic piece by Lope de Vega, called *Arauco domado*, on the conquest of Chili; which, barbarous as it may be, yet seems to me very much superior to that of Calderon. The greater elegance of versification in the latter, if indeed such be the fact, is not sufficient to atone for the gratuitous violation of all essential rules of art, and of those founded in

nature itself. The author perpetually diverts our attention to new subjects, without ever satisfying us. Not to mention the interest which might have been excited in us for the flourishing empire of the Incas, which is represented to us in the midst of solemnities, and which falls we know not how, Pizarro appears, landing for the first time among the Indians of Peru; we stop to admire the contrast between these two distinct races of men, when the scene is suddenly withdrawn from us. The love of Jupangui and Guacolda excites in us, in its turn, a romantic interest, but it is abandoned long before the close of the piece. The struggle between a conquering and a conquered people might have developed instances of valour and heroism, and produced scenes both noble and affecting; but we have only a glimpse of this contest, which is suddenly terminated by a miracle. A subject altogether new then commences with the conversion of Jupangui, and his attempt to make the miraculous image. Fresh personages enter on the scene; we find ourselves in an unknown world; the newborn zeal of the converted Peruvians is beyond our conception; all the feelings previously awakened in us become enfeebled or extinguished, and those which the poet wishes to excite in us in the third act are not properly grounded in the heart. How shall we account for the admiration bestowed by critics of unquestioned cele-



brity on a piece like this? Intimately acquainted with the ancient and modern drama, and accustomed to appreciate the perfect productions of the Greeks, how is it possible that they could be blind to the monstrous defects of these ill connected scenes? But, in fact, it is not in the capacity of critics that they have judged the Spanish stage. They have extolled it only because they find in every page that religious zeal which appears to them so chivalric and poetical. The enthusiasm of Jupangui redeems in their eyes all the faults of the *Aurora en Copacavana*. But rank in literature is not to be regulated by religion; and if this, indeed, were the case, these neophytes would probably find themselves disarmed by that very church, whose tenets they have embraced, when they applaud a fanaticism which at this day she herself disavows.

To return to Calderon, he had, on the unity of subject and of style, ideas differing in an extraordinary degree from our own. He has shewn it in all his pieces; but there is one amongst others which in this respect deserves to be noticed for the eccentricity of its plan. It is intitled, *The Origin, Loss, and Restoration of the Virgin of the Sanctuary*,\* and was composed to celebrate the festival, on the stage as well as in

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\* Origen, perdida, y restauracion de la Virgen del Sagrario, t. vi. p. 99.

the church, of a miraculous image of the Virgin which was preserved in the cathedral at Toledo. This piece, like all the Spanish comedies, is divided into three acts, but the first act is placed in the seventh century, under the reign of Recesuindo, king of the Visigoths (A. D. 648); the second is in the eighth century, during the conquest of Spain by Aben Tariffa, (A. D. 712); and the third is in the eleventh century, at the time when Alfonso VI. recovered Toledo from the Moors (A. D. 1083). The unity of the piece, if unity it may be called, is placed in the history of the miraculous image, to which every thing is referred, or rather on which depends the destiny of Spain. As to the rest, the personages, the action, and the interest, vary in every act.

The first act discovers to us the Bishop of Toledo, St. Ildefonso, who, with the authority of the King Recesuindo, establishes a festival in honour of this image, worshipped from the remotest period in the church of Toledo. He relates the origin of Toledo, founded, as he says, by Nebuchadnezzar. In this city, the primitive church worshipped the same Virgin of the Sanctuary which the Saint now offers afresh to the adoration of the Christians. His victory over the heresiarch Pelagius is celebrated at the same time. Pelagius himself appears in the piece as an object of persecution to the people and the priests, and to give to the Spaniards a foretaste of their

*Autos da fé*. His heresy, which, according to ecclesiastical history, consists in obscure opinions on grace and predestination, is represented by Calderon as treason against the majesty of the Virgin, as he is accused of denying the immaculate conception. The poet supposes that he wishes to possess himself of the image by theft. He is prevented by a miracle; the Virgin comes to the aid of her representative; she terrifies the sacrilegious intruder; she encourages St. Ildefonso, and she announces to the miraculous image that it must be long concealed, and must be doomed to pass several ages in darkness.

It is difficult to imagine what advantage Calderon found in mingling, particularly in his religious pieces, such gross anachronisms in his narrations. The long discourse of St. Ildefonso on the origin of the miraculous image commences thus: "Cosmography, which measures the earth and the heavens, divides the globe into four parts: Africa, Asia, and America, are the three first, of which I have not occasion at present to speak, but which the learned Herodotus has fully described; the fourth is our Europe," &c. Calderon must surely have known that America was discovered only about a hundred years before he was born, and that neither Herodotus nor St. Ildefonso could possibly have spoken of it.

In the second act, Tariffa is seen with the Moors, besieging Toledo. Calderon conducts

him to the walls of the city, where he recounts to the besieged, in a speech of eleven stanzas, the fall of the monarchy of the Goths, the defeat of Rodrigo at Xerès, and the triumph of the Musulmans. Godman, governor of the city, whom the Guzmans consider at the present day as their stock, replies, in a speech equally as long, that the Christians of Toledo will perish on the ramparts rather than surrender. A lady, at length, Donna Sancha, who, in the name of all the inhabitants, makes a speech longer than the two others, prevails on Godman to capitulate. A part of the Christians retire to the Asturias; but the miraculous image of Sagrario will not permit itself to be carried away by the archbishop. It remains for the purpose of comforting the people of Toledo in their captivity; and the prelate, carrying with him the relics of some saints, leaves the image of the Virgin on the altar. Godman, in the articles of capitulation, obtains liberty of conscience for the Christians, who remain intermixed with the Arabs, and he conceals the image of the sanctuary at the bottom of a well.

In the third act, we behold Alfonso VI. in the midst of his court and knights, receiving the capitulation of the Moors of Toledo, and engaging by oath to maintain their religious liberty, and to leave for the worship of the Musulmans, the largest mosque in the city. We also see the origin of the dispute, which was ultimately decided by

a duel, as to the preference of the Moçarabian or Catholic rites. Alfonso, wishing to extend his conquests, leaves his wife Constance governess of the city in his absence. Constance, sacrificing every other consideration to her religious zeal, violates the capitulation with the Moors, deprives them of their mosque, and restores to its place the miraculous image of the Virgin. Alfonso, at first, is highly indignant at this proceeding, and promises the deputies of the Moors, who prefer their complaints to him, to chastise his wife, to restore the mosque to the Moors, and to punish all who had broken their oaths. But when Constance appears before him to implore his pardon, the Virgin surrounds her with a celestial glory; she dazzles the king, and convinces him, to the great delight of the spectators, that it is an unpardonable crime to keep faith with heretics.

This piece, although so religious, is not less interspersed with low scenes than all the others. We have peasants in the first act, drunken Moors in the second, and pages in the third, whose business it is to entertain the pit, and to correct, by their occasional witticisms, the too great solemnity of the subject.

Among the religious plays there are few of greater splendour and interest than the *Purgatory of St. Patricius*. It is one of those of which the Spaniards and the enthusiastic German critics so much admire the pious tendency; a tendency so directly contrary to what we regard at the pre-

sent day as properly belonging to religion. The triumph of faith and repentance over the most frightful crimes, is the favourite theme of Calderon. The two heroes of the piece are St. Patricius, or the Perfect Christian, and Louis Ennius, or the Accomplished Villain. They are shipwrecked together on the coast of Ireland. Patricius supports Louis in his arms, saves him by swimming, and conducts him to the shore, where Egerio the King of Ireland, and his whole court, happen to be standing. Calderon, in general, paints his characters wholly dark or light, and, in order to make us acquainted with them, instead of giving himself the trouble to put them into action, he makes them speak of themselves in a manner contrary to all probability. In the third scene of the first act, Patricius and Louis are seen struggling in the waves in each other's arms, and as they reach the shore they fall to the earth, exclaiming :

PATRICIUS. Lend me thine aid, O God.

LOUIS. The devil aid me !

LESBIA. These shipwreck'd men move my compassion, king!

THE KING. Not mine, who am a stranger to all pity !

PATRICIUS. Misfortune, Sire, within the noblest hearts,  
Hath ever had compassion, nor exists,  
I deem, a soul so hard as not to feel  
My miserable state. Thus, in the name  
Of God, I seek for pity at your hands.

LOUIS. I ask it not, nor men nor gods I seek  
To move with my misfortunes.

THE KING. Say, I pray,  
Whence are you, so we better may decide

Your claims unto our hospitality.  
But first, that ye may know with whom ye speak,  
I will reveal my title, lest, perhaps,  
Through ignorance, you fail in reverence  
And adoration of my rank. Know, then,  
I am the King Egerio, sovereign  
Of this small empire ; small, indeed, for one  
Whose merit might, with justice, claim the globe.  
Savage my dress, not kingly, for myself  
Am savage as the monster of the wild ;  
Nor God I own, nor worship, nor believe  
In aught, save that which with our life begins,  
And ends with death. Now that ye know my rank  
And royal station, say from whence ye come.

The speeches of the two shipwrecked persons are too long for translation ; that of Patricius exceeds one hundred and eighty lines, and that of Louis Ennius three hundred ; each is a complete biography, and abounds in events. Patricius relates that he is the son of an Irish knight and a French lady ; that his parents, after his birth, retired into separate convents, and that he was brought up in the ways of piety by a saintly matron ; that God had early manifested his predilection for him in electing him to perform some miracles ; that he had restored a blind person to sight, and dispersed the waters of an inundation ; and he adds :

Yet greater miracles I could relate,  
But modesty hath tied my tongue, made mute  
My voice, and seal'd my lips.

We feel a pleasure in meeting with so modest a saint. He relates at length how he had been carried off by pirates, and how Heaven had avenged him by exciting a tempest, during which the vessel was lost ; but he himself had saved Louis Ennius :

Some secret tie hath bound me to this youth,  
And warns me that he one day amply will  
Repay my services.

Louis Ennius, in his turn, thus commences his history :

I am a Christian too ; in that alone  
Patricius and myself agree, though even  
In that we differ, far as difference lies  
'Twixt good and evil. But whatever be  
My conduct, I would here a thousand times  
Lay down my life to aid that holy faith  
Which I adore. By that same God I swear it,  
Whom I believe in, since I thus invoke him.  
I shall recount no acts of piety,  
No miracles, by Heaven wrought in my favour,  
But horrid crimes, theft, murder, sacrilege,  
Treason and perfidy—these are my boast  
And glory !

He, indeed, keeps his word, and it is difficult to combine a greater number of crimes in the course of a short life. He has killed an aged nobleman, and carried away his daughter, and has assassinated a gentleman in the nuptial chamber in order to rob him of his wife. At Perpignan, in a quarrel which he raised at a gaming-table,



he has murdered an officer, and wounded three or four soldiers. It is true, that in defending himself he also killed an archer; and among so many crimes, there is, he says, this one good action for which he may ask a recompense at the throne of God. He went at length to seek refuge in a convent, and here he committed a dreadful act :

The first, which stung me with remorse, the first  
I tremble to recount ; my heart is struck  
With horror, and would leap from out my breast ;  
And at the memory of the direful deed  
My hair stands all erect.

He at length confesses his crime, which was the seduction of a nun, whom he carried off and married. He retired with her to Valencia, and having exhausted his means, he wished to find resources in the dishonour of his wife. She indignantly refuses, escapes to a convent, and shuts herself up for the second time. He then sails for Ireland, but, after falling into the hands of corsairs, is shipwrecked with Patricius, and saved by him. The king, after having heard these two confessions, pardons the Christian faith of Louis in consideration of his crimes, whilst Patricius remains exposed to his hatred and anger.

The object of this piece is to shew Louis Ennius persisting in his faith, although his conduct is most atrocious, and meriting by his belief the favour and protection of St. Patricius, who follows him like his good genius to inspire

him with repentance for his crimes, and who at last assures his salvation. Louis seduces Polonia, the daughter of the king, engages in a duel with Philip, the general betrothed to her, and is made prisoner, and delivered over to justice. He then considers whether he shall not commit suicide :

No, that were only worthy of a heathen :  
 What demon arm'd my hand for such a deed ?  
 Myself a Christian, and my soul immortal,  
 Rejoicing in the holy light of faith,  
 Shall I, amidst these Gentiles, do an act  
 Dishonouring my creed ?

He therefore does not kill himself, and in that acts wisely, as Polonia finds means to break her chains and escapes with him. But he had in fact never loved Polonia :

Love is with me a passing appetite,  
 Varying with each new object. I would lead  
 A life unfetter'd by a woman's love :  
 So must Polonia die.

We then see them on their route, in the midst of a forest. Polonia wounded, is flying from her lover, who pursues her with a dagger :

POLONIA. Restrain thy bloody hand. If love hath lost  
 His power, yet think upon thy Christian faith,  
 Thou hast robb'd me of mine honour ; oh then spare  
 My life. Thy fury terrifies my soul.

LOUIS. Luckless Polonia, misery was always  
 The lot of boasted beauty, for ne'er yet

Were happiness and beauty join'd together.  
In me thou seest a more unpitying wretch  
Than ever grasp'd a murderer's sword. Thy death  
Is now become my life.

By this speech and the twenty-five verses which follow, he seems desirous of persuading her to resignation, and he ends by killing her with his poniard. He then knocks at the cottage of a peasant, whom he compels to serve him as a guide to the next sea-port, and whom he designs to kill when he has arrived there.

During this interval, St. Patricius restores Polonia to life. This, however, is not sufficient to convert the king, who threatens the saint with death in the space of an hour, if he does not allow him to see the world of spirits; or, at least, Purgatory. Patricius undertakes the task. He conducts the king and all his court to a mountain containing a cavern which leads to Purgatory. The king, in his haste to see the wonders of the cavern, rushes into the gulf, blaspheming; but, through an ingenious stratagem of St. Patricius, instead of reaching Purgatory, the king falls direct into Hell; a circumstance which produces the instantaneous conversion of the court and of all Ireland.

Louis, meanwhile, departs with the guide whom he had taken from his house; but, instead of murdering him, as he first intended, he retains him as his domestic; and he becomes the *gracioso*,

or buffo of the piece. They make together the tour of Italy, Spain, France, Scotland, and England. After an absence of several years, they return to Ireland at the commencement of the third act. Louis returns thither for the purpose of assassinating Philip, on whom he had not sufficiently revenged himself. But whilst he is waiting for him at night in the public street, a knight, completely armed at all points, challenges him. Louis attacks him, but finds his strokes are lost in air. At length the cavalier raises his casque, and shews himself to be a skeleton. "Knowest thou not thyself?" he cries, "I am thy likeness: I am Louis Ennius." This apparition converts Ennius: he falls to the ground in a fit of terror; but, when he rises, he proclaims his repentance; he implores God to judge him with mercy, and exclaims: "What atonement can be made for a life spent in crime?" A celestial music answers: "Purgatory." He then resolves to seek the purgatory of St. Patricius, and takes the road to the same mountain to which the saint had conducted the king. Polonia, after her restoration to life, lived there in solitude, and it is she who points out to Louis the route he should follow. He is obliged to enter into a convent of regular canons who guard the cavern; he addresses himself to them; he attends to their exhortations; he shews himself full of faith and hope; he enters into the cavern, and, at the end

of some days, he departs pardoned and sanctified. The piece finishes by his narration of what he has seen in the purgatory of St. Patricius. It is a speech of more than three hundred lines, and we may readily dispense with the perusal of it.

It may, perhaps, be thought that more than sufficient attention has been bestowed on these pretended Christian dramas, which compose so large a portion of the Spanish theatre, and of Calderon in particular. But we cannot pass them over in silence; and especially at a time when one of the most distinguished critics of Germany has selected them as the noblest pieces which human genius, seconded by the most pure and enthusiastic piety, has produced. It should seem that by a sort of compact, the literary world of the present day is pleased to represent Spain as the country of true Christianity. If, in a work of imagination, a romance, or poem, French, English, or German, it is intended to represent a religious person or missionary, animated by the most tender charity and the most enlightened zeal, the scene must be laid in Spain. The more conversant we are with Spanish literature, the more we find such opinions injurious to true Christianity. This nation has, indeed, been richly endowed. Genius, imagination, depth of thought, constancy, dignity, and courage, have been lavished on her. She seems in these to outstrip all other countries,

but her religion has almost at all times rendered these brilliant qualities unavailing. Let us then not be deceived by names, nor acknowledge in thought or in word that such a religion is our own.

The chivalric plays of Calderon possess a different kind of interest as well as merit. Those which are founded on intrigue, always present scenes of so much interest, life, and gaiety, that the best comic writers of France have frequently enriched the stage with them. Often, indeed, in doing this, the interest of the action, which was more animated in the Spanish, has been allowed to flag, and the most attractive points in the scene and the language have been lost. This appears to me to be the case with the *Géolier de soi-même: L'Alcaide de si mismo*; from which Thomas Corneille, after Scarron, has composed a piece far less entertaining than the original. He has sacrificed much of the Spanish wit to the dignity of the Alexandrine verse, and to the adherence to the rules of the French theatre; and the comedies of Thomas Corneille are not so regular as to allow him to purchase that quality at so high a price. *La Dama Duende*, has furnished Hauteroche with his *Dame Invisible*, or *L'Esprit Follet*, which is still preserved on the stage. Quinault has translated, under the title of *Coups de l'Amour et de la Fortune*, the piece intitled *Lances de Amor y Fortuna*; and it is to Calderon that we owe the

*Paysan Magistrat* of our own days, which is little more than a translation of the *Alcaide de Zamalea*; but the Spanish piece has the double advantage of representing with great truth of invention, nature, and consistency, the character of the peasant magistrate, Pedro Crespo, and of painting with not less historical veracity the character of a general, at that time dear to the remembrance of the Spaniards, Don Lope de Figueroa.

From a comedy of the description last mentioned, but which cannot be imitated in French, I shall proceed to give some scenes, which seem to me to paint in a very original manner the national character, and peculiar point of honour. It is intitled *El Medico de su Honra*. Don Gutierrez Alfonso, who is fondly attached to his wife, Donna Mencia de Acuña, discovers that she is secretly attached to Henry de Transtamare, brother of Peter the Cruel, and afterwards his successor. On one occasion he surprises this prince in his garden; at another time he finds his sword, which he had forgotten, in his house; he has heard his wife call on the name of Henry; and whilst she observes all the laws of honour and virtue, she has manifested a predilection which had existed before her marriage, and which she could not conquer. He has also detected a letter from her, which shews him that she had been always faithful to him, but that her heart is not at rest. He carefully conceals all

these proofs, and saves his wife's honour and his own. In his words, we find a mixture of the most tender and passionate love, and the most delicate sense of high Spanish honour. When he snatches from her hands the letter which she had written, she faints away; and on recovering she finds the following billet from her husband: "Love adores thee, but honour condemns thee: the one dooms thee to death, the other warns thee of it. Thou hast only two hours to live. Thou art a Christian; save thy soul: as for thy life, it is forfeited." "Heaven be my protection!" she cries, "Jacinta! O God, what is this? No one replies; my terror increases; my servants are banished; the door is closed; I am left alone in this dreadful emergency; the windows are barred; the doors bolted; on whom shall I call for succour? whither fly? the horrors of death surround me."

She passes into her closet; and in a succeeding scene Guttierre returns with a surgeon, whom he brings with his eyes bound, and whom he has forced from his house. He thus addresses him:

"Thou must now enter this closet, but first hear me: This dagger shall pierce thy heart, if thou dost not faithfully execute my orders. Open this door, and say what thou seest.

**THE SURGEON.** An image of death; a corpse stretched on a bed. Two torches burn at each side, and a crucifix is placed before it. I



know not who it may be, as a veil covers the countenance.

GUT. 'Tis well! This living corpse that thou seest, it is incumbent on thee to put to death.

THE SURGEON. What are thy dreadful commands?

GUT. That thou bleed her, and lettest her blood flow, until her strength forsake her; that thou leave her not till from this small wound she has lost all her blood and expires. Thou hast nothing to answer. It is useless to implore my pity." The surgeon, after having for some time refused, at length enters the apartment, and executes the orders given to him; but on his departure he places his hand, crimsoned with blood, on the door of the house, in order that he may know it again, his eyes having been bandaged. The king, informed of the circumstance by the surgeon, repairs to the house of Guttierre, who informs him that his wife, after having been blooded in the day, had, by accident, removed the bandage on the veins, and that he had found her dead, and bathed in her own blood. The King, in reply, orders him to marry on the instant a lady to whom he had been formerly attached, and who had appealed to the king against him:

GUT. Sire, if the ashes of so great a fire  
Be yet unquench'd, will you not grant me time  
To weep my loss?



KING. Blood!

GUT. Ah! what say you?

KING. Mark your gates ; there is  
A bloody sign upon them.

GUT. Sire, 'tis known  
That those who exercise an office, hang  
Over their doors a shield that bears their arms :  
My office is my honour. So my doors  
Bear impress of a bloody hand, for blood  
Alone can wash out injur'd honour's stains.

KING. Give, then, thy hand to Leonora ; well  
She merits it.

GUT. I give it freely, if  
Leonora dare accept it bathed in blood.

LEON. I marvel not, nor fear.

GUT. 'Tis well, but I  
Have been mine honour's own physician, nor  
Have yet forgot the science.

LEON. Keep it then  
To aid my life, if it be bad.

GUT. Alone  
On this condition I now yield my hand.

This scene, with which the piece closes, seems to me one of the most energetic on the Spanish stage, and one of those which afford us the best example of the nicety of that honour, and that almost religious revenge, which have such a powerful influence on the conduct of the Spaniards, and which give so poetical a colouring to their domestic incidents, often, it is true, at the expense of morals and of humanity.

Calderon was yet a child at the epoch of the expulsion of the Moors. But this despotic

act, which for ever alienated the two people, and which separated from the Spanish dominions all who were not attached by birth, as well as by public profession, to the religion of the sovereign, had produced a powerful sensation, and during the seventeenth century led the Spaniards to regard every thing relating to the Moors with a degree of national interest. The scene of many of the pieces of Calderon is placed in Africa. In many others the Moors are mingled with the Christians in Spain, and, in spite of religious hatred and national prejudices, Calderon has painted the Moors with singular fidelity. We feel that to him, and to all Spaniards, they are brothers united by the same spirit of chivalry, by the same punctilious honour, and by love of the same country ; and that ancient wars and recent persecutions have not been able to extinguish the memory of the early bonds which united them. But, of all the pieces where the Moors are brought upon the scene in opposition to the Christians, no one appears to me to excite in the perusal a more lively interest than that which is entitled *Amar despues de la Muerte*. The subject is the revolt of the Moors under Philip II, in 1569 and 1570, in the Alpuxarra, the mountains of Grenada. This dreadful war, occasioned by unheard-of provocations, was the real epoch of the

destruction of the Moors in Spain. The government, aware of their strength, while it granted them peace resolved to destroy them; and if its conduct had to that time been cruel and oppressive, it was thenceforth always perfidious. It is the same revolt of Grenada, of which Mendoza has written the history, and which we have already had occasion briefly to notice. But we are made better acquainted with it by Calderon than by the details of any historian.

The scene opens in the house of the Cadi of the Moors of Grenada, where they celebrate in secret, with closed doors, on a Friday, the festival of the Musulmans. The Cadi presides, and they thus sing:

\* A captive sad, in sorrow bow'd,  
 Lone Afric weeps, in sable shroud,  
 Her empire lost, her glory gone,  
 And set in night her ruling sun!  
 'Twas Allah's hand that bent the bow,  
 That laid our nation's honours low;  
 Dark and mysterious is his will,  
 But Allah's name be worshipp'd still!

---

\* UNA VOZ. Aunque en triste cautiverio  
 De Alà por justo misterio  
 Llore el Africano imperio  
 Su misera suerte esquivá.

TODOS. Su ley viva!

Yet will we boast the golden time,  
 When fierce from Afric's swarthy clime,  
 Fair Spain was vanquish'd by our sword,  
 And Allah's name was all-ador'd!  
 But Allah's hand hath bent the bow,  
 And laid our nation's honours low;  
 Dark and mysterious is his will,  
 Yet Allah's name be worshipp'd still!

Their songs are suddenly interrupted by some one knocking violently against the door. This is Don Juan de Malec, a descendant of the Kings of Grenada, and entitled from his birth to be the twenty-fourth sovereign of the Moorish dynasty. He had conformed to the laws of Philip, and having become a Christian, he had, in recompense, obtained a place in the councils of the city. He relates, that he is just returned from this council, where an edict of Philip was produced, by which the Moors were subjected to new vexations:

Some of these laws are ancient, but renew'd  
 With double rigour; others newly pass'd  
 To oppress us. Henceforth none of Moorish race,  
 That race, the dying embers of a fire  
 Invincible, that once consum'd this land,

---

LA VOZ. Viva la memoria estraña  
 De aquella gloriosa hasaña  
 Que en la libertad de España  
 A España tuvo cantiva.  
 Todos. Su ley viva!

Shall join in dance or song ; our very dress  
 Proscrib'd, our baths shut up, nor may we use  
 O'er our own hearth our Arab tongue, compell'd  
 To speak in pure Castilian.

Juan de Malec, the oldest of the counsellors, had been the first to evince his chagrin and anxiety at these precipitate measures. Don Juan de Mendoza answered him with warmth, reproaching him with being a Moor, and with wishing to screen the vile and abject race of the Moors from the punishment which was due to them. Juan de Malec then proceeds :

O luckless we, to enter into council  
 Without our swords ; to battle with the tongue ;  
 For words make deeper wounds than swords. Thus I,  
 Mov'd by his arrogance, provok'd his wrath ;  
 And he—indignant vengeance burns my breast !  
 Snatch'd from my hands my staff, and then—Enough !  
 I cannot speak—you share the shame with me.  
 I have no son who may wash out the stain  
 From my grey hairs ! Then hear me, valiant Moors,  
 Ye noble relic of the Afric race !  
 The Christians have decreed your infamy,  
 Declar'd you slaves. But the Alpuxarra still  
 Is left, our mountain home, peopled with towns,  
 And castles well defended, all our own ;  
 Galera, Berja, Gavia, looking forth  
 Midst rocks and woods to the bright azure skies,  
 This beauteous region still is ours, and there  
 Will we intrench ourselves. Now be it yours  
 To choose a chief of the illustrious blood  
 Of Aben Humeya, for that race is still

Found in Castile. From slaves ye shall be lords ;  
I will proclaim my wrongs, and summon all  
To join your ranks, and share in your revenge.

The Moors, carried away by this speech of Juan de Malec, swear to revenge him, and then disperse. The scene now changes to the house of Malec, where Donna Clara, his daughter, abandons herself to despair. The indignity offered to her father, deprives her at once of her honour, her father and her lover ; for Don Alvaro Tuzani, to whom she is attached, will, she thinks, no longer regard her after the dishonour of her house. At this moment, Tuzani enters the apartment, and asks her hand, that he may avenge the injury as the son of Malec. An indignity is not considered to be properly avenged, unless the party himself, or his son, or at least his brother, slay the offender. Tuzani must thus marry Clara before he can redeem the honour of the aged Malec. Clara resists, not wishing to bring her dishonour as a dowry to her husband. During this generous struggle the Corregidor Zuñiga, and Don Fernando de Valor, another descendant of the kings of Grenada, who had also embraced Christianity, arrive at the residence of Malec, and place him under arrest, having previously arrested Mendoza, until a reconciliation should be effected. Valor proposes a marriage between Donna Clara, the daughter of Malec, and Mendoza. Tuzani, in order to frustrate an arrange-



ment which destroys all his hopes, seeks Mendoza, provokes him to fight, and hopes to kill him before the mediators can arrive with the proposition, which he so much fears. The provocation, the duel in the chamber, and all the details of this affair of honour, are expressed with a fire and dignity truly worthy of a nation so delicate on the point of honour. But whilst they are engaged, Valor and Zuñiga arrive, to propose to Mendoza the marriage, as a means of terminating the quarrel. The combatants are separated, and the same propositions are made to the Castilian which were made to the Moor. Mendoza haughtily rejects them. The blood of Mendoza is not destined, he says, to submit to such a stain.

VALOR. Yet Juan de Malec is a man—

MENDOZA. Like you.

VALOR. He is ; for from Granada's kings he boasts  
His lineage : his ancestors and mine  
Alike were kings.

MEND. Perchance ! But mine were more  
Than Moorish kings, lords of the mountain land.

By this was understood the Christian Goths, who had held possession of the mountains. Zuñiga throws down his staff of corregidor, and unites with Mendoza in treating the Moors with extreme contempt. Tuzani, as well as Valor and Malec, feels himself injured by this reflection on his ancestors.

“ Thus are we recompens'd, who have embraced  
The Christian faith ; thus is our loyalty  
To Christian laws rewarded. Yet shall Spain  
In bitter tears wash out the stain this day  
Cast on the blood of Valor and Tuzani.”

They then resolve upon revolt, and separate.

Three years elapse between the first and the second act. In this interval the revolt breaks out, and Don John of Austria, the conqueror at Lepanto, is called to suppress it. Mendoza, at the commencement of the third act, points out to him the chain of the Alpuxarra, which extends fourteen leagues along the sea-coast, and explains to him its strength, as well as its resources, consisting of thirty thousand warriors who inhabit it. Like the Goths in former times, he says, they have fled into the mountains, and hope from them to reconquer Spain. During three years they have preserved their secret with such fidelity that thirty thousand men who were informed of it, and who were employed during this long space of time in collecting in the Alpuxarra arms and ammunition, have concealed it from the detection of the most suspicious of governments. The chiefs of the blood of Aben Humeya, who had renounced their Christian appellations, and the language, the customs, and the manners of Castilians, had divided themselves among the three principal fortresses of the Alpuxarra. Fernando Valor had been recognized as king ; had assumed

the government of Berja, and had married the beautiful Isabella Tuzani, who, in the first act, was represented as attached to Mendoza. Tuzani commands at Gavia, and he has not yet married Clara, who is in the third city, Galera, where her father commands. When, in this manner, the unity of time is renounced, the author is obliged to enter into explanations, and to suspend the action, in order to communicate to the spectator what has passed in the interval between the acts.

The scene is then transferred to Berja, to the palace of the Moorish king. Malec and Tuzani appear to ask his consent to the marriage of Tuzani and Clara. Agreeably to the Musulman custom, Tuzani makes his bride a present as the pledge of marriage, of a necklace of pearls and other jewels; but the nuptials are suddenly broken off by an alarm of drums and the approach of the Christian army. Valor despatches Malec and Tuzani to their posts :

Love must forego his joys

"Till victory be won.

On separating, Tuzani assures Clara that he will come every night from Galera to Gavia, to see her, though it be two leagues distant, and she promises to meet him each night on the walls. In one of the succeeding scenes we see their place of meeting, from which they are driven by the approach of the Christian army, advanc-

ing to the siege of Galera. Tuzani wishes to carry Clara with him ; but the loss of his horse prevents him, and they part under the hope of being for ever united on the next day.

At the opening of the third act, Tuzani returns to the place of appointment ; but the Spaniards had discovered, beneath the rocks on which Galera was built, a cavern, which they had filled with powder ; and, at the moment when Tuzani approaches the wall, a dreadful explosion makes a breach, by which the fortress falls into the hands of the Spaniards. Tuzani precipitates himself into the flames to save Donna Clara ; but the Castilians had penetrated into the city by another way, and having received orders from their chief to spare no lives, Donna Clara had already been poniarded by a Spanish soldier. Tuzani arrives only in time to see her die. We have already mentioned this scene, the language of which does not correspond to the situation. But Tuzani, who breathes only revenge, re-assumes the Castilian habit, and descends to the Christian camp, which he traverses, and at length finds, in the hands of a soldier, who is accidentally placed with himself in prison, the necklace he had given to his mistress ; he bids him relate his history, and learns from his own mouth that he is the murderer of Clara. He instantly stabs him with his dagger, and Mendoza, drawn by the dying cries of the soldier, enters the prison.

TUZANI. Thou start'st in fear, Mendoza? Dost not know me?

Behold Tuzani, the fierce thunderbolt  
Of the Alpuxarra. From my mountain height  
I have descended to avenge the death  
Of her whom I ador'd. Sweet is revenge!  
He loves not, who with blood would not avenge  
The wrongs of his belov'd. What wouldst thou  
with me?

Erewhile thou know'st I sought thee, challeng'd  
thee

To fight; our weapons equal, face to face.  
If, in thy turn, thou seek'st to combat here,  
Come singly and in honour. If by chance  
Thou com'st, then let misfortune be my passport,  
The pledge of noble minds, and lead me forth  
In safety.

MENDOZA. Much should I rejoice, Tuzani,  
If, without violation of mine honour,  
In such an hour as this, I might assure  
Thy safety; but the service of my life  
Forbids it, and by force I must arrest thee.

TUZANI. 'Tis well! Free passage then my sword shall yield.

FIRST SOLD. I'm slain!—

SEC. SOLD. What fiend is here broke loose from hell?

TUZANI. You shall have memory of me. You shall not  
Forget Tuzani, him whom fame shall blazon  
As the avenger of his murder'd love.

He is then surrounded, and Don John of Austria and Don Lope de Figueroa come to ask the cause of the tumult, while Tuzani still resists.

MENDOZA. A strange event! A Moor has, from the heights  
Of the Alpuxarra, all alone descended,  
To avenge him on a man who kill'd his love,  
In the storming of Galera.



fumes; an impatience at the abuse of talent, and of images which offend from their exuberance; and astonishment at a fertility of invention unequalled by any poet of any nation. I shall, however, have attained my object, if the extracts which I have presented should inspire a wish for a more intimate acquaintance with this poet. Taking leave, then, of his dramatic works, I shall add only a few words on that species of composition, to which, in his old age, he was anxious to attach all his celebrity, since he regarded them less as dramatic works, than as acts of devotion. I allude to the *Autos Sacramentales*, of which I have seen six volumes, published at Madrid in 1717, by Don Pedro de Pando y Mier. I must ingenuously confess, that of seventy-two pieces which they contain, and which I have partially inspected, I have fully perused only the first, and that even this I should never have read through, if I had not done so through a sense of duty. The most incongruous assemblage of real and allegorical beings, of thoughts and sentiments totally irreconcilable, all that the Spaniards themselves have, by a word sufficiently expressive, denominated *disparates*, are found united in these pieces. The first of these *autos* is intitled, *A Dios por razon de Estado*; and is preceded by a prologue, in which appear ten allegorical personages. Fame arrives first with a buckler on her arm, and makes the following proclamation:

“ Be it known to all who have lived heretofore, who live now, and who shall live, from the day the sun first commenced his course to the day when he shall be no more, that holy Theology, the science of Faith, to whom has been given imperfect sight, but important matter, little light but splendour ineffable, will this day hold a tournament in the university of the world, called *Maredit*, which, in Arabic, signifies, the Mother of sciences, that the triumphant *Mind* may share the honour of *Valour*. Here, then, she challenges all the Sciences who dare to support an allegorical combat against her propositions, and I, Fame, am charged as her public herald to make known this defiance to the whole world !”

Theology then appears with Faith, her sponsor, and sets forth the three propositions which she intends to defend; the presence of God in the eucharist, the new life received in communicating, and the necessity of a frequent communion. Philosophy presents herself to combat the first of these propositions, and Nature is called in as a witness. They dispute in a scholastic manner, and also engage in battle as in a tournament, so that we see at the same time the figure and the thing which is represented under it. Theology is of course victorious, and Philosophy and Nature throw themselves at her feet, and confess the truth of the proposition which they had opposed. Medicine, having Speech for sponsor, then appears



to contest the second proposition, and is likewise vanquished. Jurisprudence comes in the third place, having Justice for her sponsor, and meets with a similar fate. After her three victories, Theology announces, that she intends to give an entertainment, and that this entertainment will be an *auto*, in which, agreeably to the laws of the world in such cases, it will be proved by evidence that the Catholic is the only true faith, whilst Reason and Propriety unite in its favour. It is called, *Dios por razon de Estado*. The personages of this eccentric drama are :

THE SPIRIT, first lover.	PENITENCE.
THOUGHT, the fool.	EXTREME UNCTION.
PAGANISM.	HOLY ORDERS.
THE SYNAGOGUE.	MARRIAGE.
AFRICA.	THE LAW OF NATURE.
ATHEISM.	THE WRITTEN LAW.
ST. PAUL.	THE LAW OF GRACE.
BAPTISM.	Three singing Women.
CONFIRMATION.	A Choir of Music.

*El Pensamiento* being masculine, the part of Thought is represented by a male actor.

Thought and Mind are attracted by a choir of music, whom they hear singing these words:—“Great God! who art unknown to us, abridge this space of time and allow us to know thee, since we believe in thee.” Following the music, they are led by their curiosity to the steps of a temple, built on a mountain, and consecrated to the unknown God of St. Paul. Their supplications

addressed to the unknown Deity are renewed. Paganism implores him to descend and occupy the temple which mankind have erected to him ; but Mind interrupts those who are paying their adorations, inquiring how an unknown God can be a God, and thereupon commences a scholastic dispute, not less tedious than the answer made by Paganism. Mind is desirous afterwards of discussing the same point with Thought ; but the latter declines for the present, as she prefers dancing. In fact, she engages in the dance which is held in honour of God, and Mind also joins in it. The dancers form themselves into the figure of a cross, and invoke the unknown triune God. A sudden earthquake and eclipse disperse all the dancers, excepting Paganism, Mind, and Thought, who remain to dispute on the cause of the earthquake and eclipse. Mind maintains that the world is at an end, or that its creator suffers ; Paganism denies that a God can suffer ; and, on this point they dispute together afresh ; whilst Thought, the fool, runs from one to the other, and always coincides with the person who has last spoken.

Paganism departs, and Thought remains alone with Mind. The latter proposes, as there is neither time nor place in the allegory, to traverse the earth in search of an unknown God who can suffer, since this is the one he is anxious to adore. They then take their departure to America, in pursuit

of Atheism, whom they question on the formation of the universe. Atheism, in answering them, doubts of all things, and shews himself indifferent to every thing. Thought is irritated, beats him, and puts him to flight. They then go in search of Africa, who is expecting the prophet Mahomet, and who follows her God before she knows his laws; but Mind will not allow her to believe that every religion possesses the power of salvation; and that revealed religion only gives the means of arriving at a higher degree of perfection. This opinion appears to her a blasphemy, and they part with mutual threats. Mind next repairs to the Synagogue in Asia, but she finds her troubled by a murder which she had committed on a young man, who pretended to be the Messiah, and who perished at the moment of an earthquake and eclipse. Another dispute arises, attended with fresh discontent on the part of Mind. But this dispute is interrupted by lightning, and by a voice from heaven, crying, "Paul, why persecutest thou me?" St. Paul is converted by these words. He then disputes with the Synagogue and Mind in support of revelation. St. Paul introduces the Law of Nature, the Written Law, and the Law of Grace, to shew that they are all united under Christianity; and he calls in the seven Sacraments to declare that they are its supporters. Mind and Thought are convinced; Paganism and Atheism are converted;

the Synagogue and Africa still resist; but Mind pronounces the following decree, and all the choir repeat it: " Let the human mind love the unknown God, and believe in him for reasons of state, even though faith be wanting."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Conclusion of the Spanish Drama. State of Letters during the reign of the house of Bourbon. Conclusion of the History of Spanish Literature.

EUROPE has wholly forgotten the admiration with which, for so long a period, she regarded the Spanish stage, and the transport with which she received so many new dramatic pieces; pieces teeming with romantic incidents, intrigues, disguises, duels, personages unknown to themselves or to others, pomp of language, brilliancy of description, and fascinating poetry, mingled with the scenes of active life. In the seventeenth century the Spaniards were regarded as the dictators of the drama, and men of the first genius in other countries borrowed from them without scruple. They endeavoured, it is true, to adapt Castilian subjects to the taste of France and Italy, and to render them conformable to rules which were despised by the Spaniards; but this they did more in deference to the authority of the ancients than to indulge the taste of the people, which, indeed, throughout all Europe was the same as in Spain. At the present day this state of things is reversed, and the Spanish drama is entirely un-

known in France and Italy. In those countries it is designated only by the epithet of barbarous; it is no longer studied in England; and the recent celebrity which has been attached to it in Germany, is not yet become a national feeling.

The Spaniards have only themselves to accuse for so rapid a decline and so entire an oblivion. Instead of perfecting themselves, and advancing in that career of glory on which they had entered, they have only copied themselves, and retraced a thousand times their own footsteps, without adding any thing to an art, of which they might have been the creators, and without introducing into it any variety. They had witnessed two men of genius, who composed their plays in the course of a few days, or rather hours. They thought themselves obliged to imitate this rapidity, and they abstained from all care and correction, not less scrupulously than a dramatic author in France would have insisted on them. They considered it essential to their fame to compose their pieces without study; if, indeed, we may speak of fame when they aspired to nothing further than the transitory applause of an idle populace, and the pleasure of novelty, to which a pecuniary profit was attached; while the greater number did not even attempt to attract to their pieces the attention of their well-informed contemporaries, or the judgment of posterity, by committing them to the press.

We have elsewhere spoken of the *Commedie dell' Arte* of the Italians, those extemporaneous masqued pieces, with given characters, often repeated jests, and incidents which we have met with twenty times before, but adapted, well or ill, to a new piece. The Spanish school which was contemporary with Calderon, and which succeeded him, may with propriety be compared to these *Commedie dell' Arte*. The extemporaneous part was produced with a little more deliberation; since, instead of catching the moment of inspiration on the stage, the author sought it by some hours' labour in his closet. These pieces were composed in verse, but in the running and easy form of the *Redondilhas*, which naturally flowed from the pen. In other respects, the writer did not give himself more trouble to observe probability, historical facts, or national manners, than an author of the Italian harlequin pieces; nor did he attempt in any greater degree novelty in the characters, the incidents, or the jests, or pay any greater respect to morality. He produced his plays as a manufacture or article of trade; he found it more easy and more lucrative to write a second than to correct the first; and it was with this negligence and precipitation that, under the reign of Philip IV, the stage was deluged with an unheard-of number of pieces.

The titles, the authors, and the history of this innumerable quantity of plays, have escaped not

only the foreigner, who can bestow merely a rapid glance on the literature of other nations, but even those Spanish writers who have exerted themselves most to preserve every production which could contribute to the fame of their country. Each troop of comedians had their own repository, or collection, and endeavoured to retain the sole proprietorship of them; whilst the booksellers, from time to time, printed on speculation pieces which were obtained from the manager oftener than from the author. In this manner were formed those collections of *Comedias varias*, which we find in libraries, and which were almost always printed without correction, criticism, or judgment. The works of individuals were scarcely ever collected or published separately; and chance more than the taste of the public has saved some from amongst the crowd which have perished. Chance, too, has led me to peruse many which have not been perused by Boufterwek, Schlegel, Dieze, and other critics. Thus every opinion on the personal merit of each author becomes necessarily vague and uncertain. We should have more reason to regret this confusion, if the character of the poets were to be found in their writings; if it were possible to assign to each his rank, and to distinguish his style or principles; but the resemblance is so great, that we could readily believe all these pieces to have been written by the same hand; and if any one of them has an advantage



over the others, it seems more attributable to the happy choice of the subject, or to some historical trait, romance, or intrigue, which the author has had the good fortune to select, than to the talent with which they are treated.

Among the various collections of Spanish plays, the pieces which have most excited my curiosity are anonymous. I refer more particularly to those which were published as the work of a poet of the court; *de un Ingenio de esta Corte*. It is known that Philip IV. wrote several pieces for the stage under this name, and we may readily imagine that those which were supposed to come from his pen would be more eagerly sought after than others by the public. It is not impossible for a very good king to write very bad plays; and Philip IV, who was any thing rather than a good king, or a distinguished man, had still less chance of succeeding as a poet. It is, nevertheless, curious to observe a monarch's view of private life, and what notion a person entertains of society, who is, by his rank, elevated above all participation in it. Those plays, too, which, though not the work of the king, were yet written by some of his courtiers, his officers of state, or his friends, might, on that account, attract our notice; but nothing can be more vague than the title of these pieces, as an unknown individual may easily arrogate to himself a rank which we have no means of as-

certaining; and the Spaniards often extend the name of the Court to every thing within the sphere of the capital. Be this, however, as it may, it is among these pieces of a *Court Poet* that I have found the most attractive Spanish comedies. Such, for instance, is *The Devil turned Preacher: El Diablo Predicator, y mayor contrario amigo*; the work of a devout servant of St. Francis and the Capuchin monks. He supposes that the devil Luzbel has succeeded by his intrigues in exciting in Lucca an extreme animosity against the Capuchins; every one refuses them alms; they are ready to perish with hunger, and are reduced to the last extremity; and the first magistrate in the city at length orders them to quit it. But at the moment that Luzbel is congratulating himself on his victory, the infant Jesus descends to earth with St. Michael. To punish the devil for his insolence, he compels him to clothe himself in the habit of St. Francis, and then to preach in Lucca in order to counteract the mischief he had done; to ask alms, and to revive the charitable disposition of the inhabitants; and not to quit the city or the habit of the order, until he had built in Lucca another convent for the followers of St. Francis, more richly endowed, and capable of containing more monks than the former. The invention is whimsical, and the more so when we find the subject treated with the most sincere devotion, and the most implicit belief in the mi-

raclcs of the Franciscans ; but the execution is not the less pleasing on that account. The solicitude of the devil, who endeavours to terminate as soon as possible so disagreeable a business ; the zeal with which he preaches ; the hidden expressions by which he disguises his mission, and wishes to pass off his chagrin as a religious mortification ; the prodigious success which attends his exertions in opposition to his own interests ; the only enjoyment which is left him in his trouble, to torment the slothful monk who accompanies him in asking alms, and to cheat him in his gormandizing : all this is represented with a gaiety and life which render this piece very amusing in the perusal, and which caused it to be received with transport by the audience, when it was a few years ago given on the stage at Madrid, in the form of a regular play. It was not one of the least pleasures of the spectators, to laugh so long at the expense of the devil, as we are taught to believe that the laugh is generally on his side.

Among the rivals of Calderon, one of the most celebrated and the most deserving of notice, was Augustin Moreto, who enjoyed, like him, the favour of Philip IV ; was, like him, a zealot as well as a comic poet ; and, like him, a priest towards the close of his life ; but, when Moreto entered into the ecclesiastical state, he abandoned the theatre. He possessed more vivacity than

Calderon, and his plots give rise to more amusing scenes. He attempted, too, a more precise delineation of character, and endeavoured to bestow on his comedies that interest, the fruits of accurate observation, which is so generally wanting in the Spanish drama. Several of his pieces were introduced on the French stage, at the time when the authors of that country borrowed so much from Spain. That which is most known to the French people, in consequence of being for a long time past acted on Shrove Tuesday, is the *Don Japhet of Armenia*, of Scarron, almost literally translated from *El Marques del Cigarral*; but this is not amongst the best pieces of Moreto. There are to be found characters much more happily drawn, with much more interest in the plot, more invention, and a more lively dialogue, in his comedy entitled, *No puede ser: It cannot be*; where a woman of talent and spirit, who is beloved by a man of jealous disposition, proposes to herself, before marrying him, to convince him that it is impossible to guard a woman effectually, and that the only safe mode is to trust to her own honour. The lesson is severe, for she assists the sister of her lover in an intrigue, although he kept her shut up, and watched her with extreme distrust. She contrives to arrange her interviews with a young man; she aids the sister in escaping from her brother's house, and in marrying without his consent; and when she has

enjoyed the alarm into which he is thrown, and has convinced him that, notwithstanding all his caution and all his threats, he has been grossly duped, she consents to give him her hand. The remainder of the plot is conducted with sufficient probability, and much originality, and gives rise to many entertaining scenes, of which Moliere has availed himself in his *École des Maris*.

There is a piece in much the same style by Don Fernando de Zarate, called, *la Presumida y la Hermosa*. We find in it some strong traits of character joined to a very entertaining plot. There were still to be found in Spain some men of taste, who treated with ridicule the affected style introduced by Gongora. Zarate gives to Leonora the most conceited language, which does not differ much from that of Gongora, or even Calderon, and he contrives at the same time to shew its absurdity. His Gracioso exclaims against the outrage which is thus committed upon the poor Castilian tongue.\* The two sisters, Leonora

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\* Leonora is represented with her sister in the presence of a gentleman whom they both love, and she wishes him to decide between them.

LEONOR. Distinguid señor don Juan  
De esta retorica intacta,  
Quien es el Alva y el sol;  
Porque quando se levanta

and Violante, have in this piece nearly the same characters as Armande and Henriette in the *Femmes savantes*; but the Spaniards did not at-

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De la cuna de la aurora  
 La Delfica luz, es clara  
 Consecuencia visual  
 Que el Alva, nevado mapa,  
 Cadaver de cristal, muera  
 En monumentos de plata :  
 Y así en crepusculos rízos  
 Donde se angelan las claras  
 Pavezas del sol, es fuerza  
 Que el sol brille, y fine el Alva.

JUAN. Señora, vos sois el astro  
 Que dà el fulgor à Diana ;  
 Y violante es el candor  
 Que se deriva del aura.  
 Y si el candor matutino  
 Cede la nautica braza  
 Al zodiaco austral,  
 Palustre serà la parca,  
 Avassallando las dos  
 A las rafagas del Alva.

CHOCOL. Viva Christo ; somos Indios,  
 Pues de esta suerte se habla  
 Entre Christianos ? Por vida  
 De la lengua castellana  
 Que si mi hermana habla culto  
 Que me oculte de mi hermana,  
 Al inculto barbarismo,  
 O à las lagunas de Parla,  
 O à la Nefritica idèa ;  
 Y si algun critico trata

tempt the nicer shades of character; those which they drew were always digressions, and had little influence on the passing events. The female pedant finds a lover amiable, noble, and rich, as well as her fair and engaging rival; her preposterous character neither adds to, nor diminishes the chances of her happiness; a stratagem, a bold disguise conceived and executed by a knavish valet, decides the fate of all the characters; and whatever interest there may be in the plot, this piece does not rise beyond the common class of Spanish comedies.

One of the comic authors who enjoyed the highest reputation in the middle of the seventeenth century, was Don Francisco de Roxas, knight of the order of St. James, a great number of whose pieces we find in the ancient collection of Spanish comedies, and from whom the French stage has borrowed some dramas; amongst others, the *Venceslas* of Rotrou, and *Don Bertran de Cigarral* of Thomas Corneille. This last piece is translated from the one entitled, *Entre bobos anda el juego*: *The Plot is laid amongst Fools*; which passes for the best that Roxas has written. But, on the other hand, I have seen a play by him, called

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Morir en pecado oculto,  
Dios le conceda su habla  
Para que confiese a voces  
Que es castellana su alma.

*The Patroness of Madrid, our Lady of Atocha*, written in antiquated language, apparently to give it more respectability, and which unites all the extravagances, and all the monstrous moral absurdities that we have seen exhibited in the religious pieces of Calderon.

The critics of Germany and Spain have selected *The punishment of Avarice: El Castigo de la Miseria*, by Don Juan de Hoz, as one of the best in this class of plays. This piece, though highly humorous, is an instance of that radical defect of the Spanish drama, which by the intricacy of the plot entirely destroys the effect of character. Don Juan de Hoz has painted the character of the miser Marcos in strong colours; but the stratagem by which Donna Isidora contrives to marry him so far distracts the attention, that the avarice of the principal personage is no longer the striking feature of the piece. There is, besides, an impropriety and effrontery in giving to a comedy a title which announces a moral aim, when it concludes with the triumph of vice, and is marked by a shameful dereliction of all probity, even in those characters which are represented as respectable.

One of the latest of the dramatic writers of Spain of the seventeenth century, was Don Joseph Cañizarez, who flourished in the reign of Charles II. He left behind him a number of plays, in almost every class. Some of these are



historical, as *Picarillo en España*, founded on the adventures of a Frederic de Braquemont, a son of him who, with John de Béthencourt, in 1402, discovered and conquered the Canaries; but they are little less romantic than those entirely of his own invention. To conclude, neither the comedies of Cañizarez, which are the most modern, nor those of Guillen de Castro and Don Juan Ruys de Alarcon, which are the most ancient, nor those of Don Alvaro Cubillo of Aragon, of Don Francisco de Leyra, of Don Agustino de Zalazar y Torres, of Don Christoval de Monroy y Silva, Don Juan de Matos Fragoso, and Don Hieronymo Cancer, possess a character sufficiently marked to enable us to discover in them the manner and style of the author. Their works, like their names, are confounded with each other, and after having gone through the Spanish drama, whose richness at first view astonished and dazzled us, we quit it fatigued with its monotony.

The poetry of Spain continued to flourish during the reigns of the three Philips (1556—1665), in spite of the national decline. The calamities which befel the monarchy, the double yoke of political and religious tyranny, the continual defeats, the revolt of conquered countries, the destruction of the armies, the ruin of provinces, and the stagnation of commerce, could not wholly suppress the efforts

of poetic genius. The Castilians, under Charles V., were intoxicated by the false glory of their monarch, and by the high station which they had newly acquired in Europe. A noble pride and consciousness of their power urged them on to new enterprises; they thirsted after distinction and renown; and they rushed forward with an increasing ardour in the career which was still open to them. The number of candidates for this noble palm did not diminish; and as the different avenues which led to fame, the service of their country, the cultivation of liberal knowledge and every branch of literature connected with philosophy, were closed against them; as all civil employ was become the timid instrument of tyranny, and as the army was humiliated by continual defeats, poetry alone remained to those who were ambitious of distinction. The number of poets went on increasing in proportion as the number of men of merit in every other class diminished. But with the reign of Philip IV. the spirit which had till then animated the Castilians, ceased. For some time before, poetry had partaken of the general decline, although the ardour of its votaries had not diminished; and affectation, and bombast, and all the faults of Gongora, had corrupted its style. At length the impulse which had so long propelled them subsided; the vanity of the distinction which attached itself to an affected and over-loaded manner, was perceived; and no means seemed to

remain for the attainment of a better style. The Spanish writers abandoned themselves to apathy and rest; they bowed the neck to the yoke; they attempted to forget the public calamities, to restrain their sentiments, to confine their tastes to physical enjoyments, to luxury, sloth, and effeminacy. The nation slumbered, and literature, with every motive to national glory, ceased. The reign of Charles II. who mounted the throne in 1665, at the age of five years, and who transferred at his death, in 1700, the heritage of the house of Austria to the Bourbons, is the epoch of the last decline of Spain. It is the period of its perfect insignificance in the political world, of its extreme moral debasement, and of its lowest state of literature. The war of the Succession, which broke out shortly afterwards, though it devastated the provinces of Spain, yet restored to their inhabitants some small portion of that energy which was so completely lost under the house of Austria. A national sentiment prompted them to take arms; pride, or affection, not authority, decided on the part which they adopted; and as soon as they learned once more to feel for themselves, they began again to reflect. Still their return to literature was slow and tame; that flame of imagination, which, during a century, had given such numberless poets to Spain, was extinguished, and those who at length succeeded

possessed no longer the same enthusiasm, nor the same brilliancy of fancy.

Philip V. did not influence the literature of Spain by any particular attachment to that of France. Of slender talents, and possessed of little taste or information, his grave, sombre, and silent character, was rather Castilian than French. He founded the Academy of History, which led the learned to useful researches into Spanish antiquities, and the Academy of Language, which distinguished itself by the compilation of its excellent Dictionary. In other respects, he left his subjects to their natural bias in the cultivation of letters. Meanwhile the splendour of the reign of Louis XIV. which had dazzled all Europe, and which had imposed on other nations and on foreign literature the laws of French taste, had, in its turn, struck the Spaniards. A party was formed amongst the men of letters and the fashionable world, by which the regular and classical compositions of the French were decidedly preferred to the riches and brilliancy of Spanish imagination. On the other hand, the public attached itself with obstinacy to a style of poetry which seemed to be allied to the national glory; and the conflict between these two parties was more particularly felt on the stage. Men of letters regarded Lope de Vega and Calderon with a mixture of pity and contempt, whilst the people, on the

other hand, would not allow, in the theatrical performances, any imitation or translation from the French, and granted their applause only to the compositions of their ancient poets in the ancient national taste. The stage, therefore, remained, during the eighteenth century, on the same footing as in the time of Calderon; except that few new pieces appeared but such as were of a religious tendency, as in these, it was imagined, faith might supply the want of talent. In the early part of the eighteenth century were published or represented dramatic lives of the saints, which, in general, ought to have been objects of ridicule and scandal, and which, nevertheless, had obtained not only the permission, but the approbation and applause of the Inquisition. Such, amongst others, are two plays by Don Bernard Joseph de Reynoso y Quiñones; the one entitled, *The Sun of Faith at Marseilles, and the Conversion of France by St. Mary Magdalen*; and the other, *The Sun of the Magdalen shining brighter in its setting*. The first was represented nineteen times successively after the feast of Christmas, in 1730; the second was received with not less enthusiasm in the following year. The Magdalen, Martha, and Lazarus arrive at Marseilles in a vessel which is shipwrecked by a tempest, and appear walking tranquilly on the raging sea. The Magdalen, called on to combat with a priest of Apollo, is at one time seen by him

and by all the people in the heavens surrounded by the angels, and at another time on the same ground as himself. She overthrows, at a word, his temple, and finally commands the broken columns and fallen capitals to return of themselves to their places. The grossest pleasantries of the buffoons who accompany her, the most eccentric burlesque of manners and history, are mingled with the prayers and mysteries of religion. I have also perused two comedies, more extravagant if possible, by Don Manuel Francisco de Armesto, secretary of the Inquisition, who published them in 1736. They consist of the Life of the Sister Mary of Jesus de Agreda, whom he designates as the greatest historian of sacred history; *la Coronista mas grande de la mas sagrada historia, parte primera y segunda*. Of the many qualities with which Calderon clothed his eccentric compositions, extravagance was the only one that remained to the modern authors. But whilst the taste of the people was so eager for this kind of spectacle, and whilst it was encouraged by the clergy, and supported by the Inquisition, the Court, enlightened by criticism and by a better taste, was desirous of rescuing Spain from the scandalous reproach which these pretended pious representations excited among strangers. Charles III. in 1765, prohibited the further performance of religious plays and *Autos sacramentales*; and the house of Bourbon had

already deprived the people of another recreation not less dear to them, the *Autos-da-fé*. The last of these human sacrifices was celebrated in 1680, in conformity to the wishes of Charles II. and as a festival at the same time religious and national, which would draw down on him the favour of Heaven. After the extinction of the Spanish branch of the house of Austria, the Inquisition was no longer allowed to destroy its victims in public; but it has continued even to our own days to exercise the most outrageous cruelties on them in its dungeons.

That party of literary critics who endeavoured to reform the national taste, and adapt it to the French model, had at its head, at the middle of the last century, a man of great talents and extensive information, who had a considerable influence on the character and productions of his contemporaries. This was Ignazio de Luzan, member of the Academies of language, history, and painting, a counsellor of state, and minister of commerce. He was attached to poetry, and himself composed verses with elegance. He found in his nation no trace of criticism, except among the imitators of Gongora, who had reduced to rules all the bad taste of their school. It was for the avowed purpose of attacking these that he carefully studied the principles of Aristotle and those of the French authors; and as he was himself more remarkable for elegance and

correctness of style, than for an energetic and fertile imagination, he sought less to unite the French correctness to the eminent qualities of his countrymen, than to introduce a foreign literature in the place of that possessed by the nation. In conformity with these principles, and in order to reform the taste of his country, he composed his celebrated Treatise on Poetry, printed at Saragossa in 1737, in a folio volume of five hundred pages. This work, written with great judgment and a display of vast erudition, clear without languor, elegant and unaffected, was received by men of letters as a masterpiece, and has ever since been cited by the classical party in Spain as containing the basis and rules of true taste. The principles which Luzan lays down with regard to poetry, considered as an useful and instructive amusement, rather than as a passion of the soul, and an exercise of one of the noblest faculties of our being, are such as have been repeated in all treatises of this kind, until the time when the Germans began to regard this art from a more elevated point of view, and substituted for the poetics of the peripatetic philosopher a more happy and ingenious analysis of the mind and the imagination.

Some Spanish authors, about the middle of the last century, commenced writing for the theatre, on the principles of Luzan, and in the French style. He himself translated a piece of La Chaussée, and many other dramatic translations



were about the same time represented on the stage at Madrid. Augustin de Montiano y Luy-ando, counsellor of state, and member of the two academies, composed, in 1750, two tragedies, *Virginia* and *Ataulpho*; which are, says Boutterwek, drawn with such exact conformity to the French model, that we should take them rather for translations than for original compositions. They are both, he adds, frigid and tame; but the purity and correctness of the language, the care which the author has taken to avoid all false metaphors, and the natural style of the dialogue, render the perusal of them highly agreeable. They are composed in blank iambics, like the Italian tragedies. Luis Joseph Velasquez, the historian of Spanish poetry, attached himself to the same party. His work, entitled *Origines de la Poesia Española*, printed in 1754, shews how much the ancient national poetry was then forgotten, since we find a man of his genius and learning, often involving its history in fresh confusion, instead of throwing new light upon it. His work has been translated into the German tongue, and enriched with extensive observations by Dieze.\* These critics were not deficient in talent and taste, although they were scarcely capable of appreciating the imagination of their ancestors; but Spain, from the death of Philip IV. to the middle of the last

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\* Gottingen, 1769, 1 vol. 12mo.

century, did not produce a single poet who could merit the attention of posterity.

The only species of eloquence which had been cultivated in Spain, even in the most splendid period of her literature, was that of the pulpit. In no other profession was an orator permitted to address the public. But if the influence of the monks, and the shackles with which they had loaded the mind of the nation, had at length almost destroyed all poetical genius, we may easily imagine what the art of eloquence would be in their hands. The preposterous study of an unintelligible jargon, which was presented to students under the names of logic, philosophy, and scholastic theology, inevitably corrupted the minds of those destined to the church. As a model of style, they had no other guide than Gongora and his school; and, on this affected and extravagant manner, which had been named the cultivated style, all their discourses were formed. The preachers endeavoured to compose long and sounding periods, each member of which was almost always a lyric verse; to form an assemblage of pompous expressions, however inconsistent with each other; to construct their sentences on the complicated model of the Latin tongue; and by fatiguing and surprising the mind, to conceal from their auditors the emptiness of their sermons. Almost every phrase was supported by a Latin quotation. Provided they could repeat nearly

the same words, they never sought any connexion in the sense, but they congratulated themselves, on the contrary, as on a felicity of expression, when, by applying the words of Scripture, they could express the local circumstances, the names, and the qualities of their congregation in the language of the sacred writings. Nor, in order to procure such ornaments, did they confine their researches to the Bible; they placed in requisition all their knowledge of antiquity, and more especially treatises on ancient mythology; for, agreeably to the system of Gongora, and the opinion which was formed of the cultivated style, it was an acquaintance with fabulous history, and a frequent display of it, which distinguished a refined from a vulgar style. Witticisms, a play on words, and equivoques, appeared to them oratorical strokes not unworthy of the pulpit; and popular preachers would not have been satisfied, if violent and repeated bursts of laughter had not borne testimony to their success. To attract and command the attention from the outset, appeared to them the essence of art; and to attain this, they considered it no impropriety to excite the attention of their audience by a jest, or to scandalize them by a beginning which seemed to be blasphemous or heretical, provided that the conclusion of the sentence, which was always long delayed, explained in a natural manner what had at first amazed and confounded the hearer.

In the midst of this scandalous degradation of Christian eloquence, a man of infinite wit, a Jesuit, who belonged to that society of reformers of the public taste which had been formed about the middle of the eighteenth century, and who was also connected with Augustin de Montiano y Luyando, the tragic poet and counsellor of state, of whom we have recently spoken, undertook to correct the clergy, and more particularly the preachers, by a comic romance. He took Cervantes for his model, in the hope of producing the same impression on bad preachers by the life of his ridiculous monk, as the author of *Don Quixote* had made on all bad romance-writers by the adventures of his whimsical knight. This extraordinary work, entitled, *The Life of Friar Gerund de Campuzas*, by Don Francisco Lobon de Salazar, appeared in three volumes, in 1758. Under the assumed name of Lobon, the Jesuit, father de l' Isla, attempted to conceal himself; but the many enemies, whom this lively satire raised against him, soon detected the subterfuge. The circumstance of giving to works of profound thought and serious import, the form of a romance and a sportive style, is a peculiar characteristic of Spanish literature. The Italians do not possess a single work to place at the side of Cervantes, Quevedo, or Father de l' Isla. They consider it beneath them to mingle pleasantries,

or the interest of fabulous adventures, with philosophic reflections. They are not on that account the more profound thinkers; they are only the less agreeable. Their pedantic gravity repels all readers who do not bestow on them a serious attention; and while they have excluded philosophy from the world of fashion, it has not derived any advantage from its banishment. In their literature therefore we find, perhaps, more taste, and an imagination fully as rich and better regulated, but infinitely less wit, than among the Spaniards.

Friar Gerund, the hero of *Father de l' Isla*, is supposed to be the son of a rich countryman of Campazas, Antonio Zotes, a great friend of the monks, and who opens his house and granaries to them whenever they seek alms in his village. His conversation with the Capuchins had filled his head with passages of Latin, which he did not understand, and theological propositions, which he received in an inverted sense. But he was the scholar of the village, and the monks, grateful for his abundant alms, applauded every thing he said. Zotes became, by anticipation, proud of his son, to whom he was ambitious of giving a regular education. His brother, a gymnasiarch of San Gregorio, had already distinguished himself in his eyes by a dedicatory epistle in Latin, which the most experienced linguist could neither construe

nor understand.\* Gerund was not yet seven years old when he was sent to learn the rudiments of language from the master of the school of Villa Ornata; and the author hence takes occasion to describe, in a burlesque manner, the

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\* This epistle is worthy of Rabelais, whom in other respects also Father de l'Isle often recalls to our recollection, by his lively and exquisite satire, by his humorous travestie of pedantry, and by the address with which he lashes not only the particular object of his castigation, but every thing ridiculous in his way. At the same time the reverend father, in his imitation of Rabelais, has never, like him, offended against propriety of manners. We here give the commencement of this epistle, and the Castilian translation attached to it:

Hactenus me intrà vurgam  
 animi litescantis inipitum, tua  
 here tudo instar mihi luminis  
 extimandea de normam redu-  
 biare compellet sed antistar  
 gerras meas anitas diributa, et  
 posartitum nasonem quasi agre-  
 dula: quibusdam lacunis. Bar-  
 burrum stridorem averrucan-  
 dus oblatero. Vos etiam viri  
 optini, ne mihi in anginam ves-  
 træ hispiditatis arnauticataelum  
 carmen irreptet. Ad rabem  
 meam magicopertit: cicures  
 quæ conspicite ut alimones meis  
 carnaboriis, quam censiones ex-  
 tetis, etc.

“Hasta aquí la excelsa in-  
 gratitud de tu soberanía ha ob-  
 seurecido en el animo, á ma-  
 nera de clarissimo esplendor  
 las apagadas antorchas del mas  
 sonoro clarin, con ecos lumi-  
 nosos, á impulsos balbucientes  
 de la furibunda fama. Però  
 quando examino el rosieler de  
 los despojos al terso bruñir del  
 emisferio en el blando oróscopo  
 del argentado catre, que ele-  
 vado a la region de la techum-  
 bre inspira oráculos al acierto  
 en bobedas de cristal; ni lo  
 ayroso admite mas competen-  
 cias, ni en lo heroyeo caber  
 mas eloquentes disonancias.”

mode of instruction and pedantry of the village teachers, as well as the ridiculous importance which was at that time bestowed on the disputes as to the ancient and new orthography. The scene becomes still more amusing, when Gerund appears before the *domine* or governor, who enquires into his attainments. It is impossible to describe in a more entertaining manner, the gravity of the pedant, who at every opportunity gives Latin quotations; the folly of the subjects on which he discourses; and the admiration which he endeavours to instil into his pupil, for every thing that is most bombastic and ridiculous in the titles and dedications of books. Father de l' Isla takes this opportunity of making war without distinction on the dunces of all countries. Thus the governor presents to the admiring Gerund the dedicatory epistle of a treatise of sacred geography by some German author. "To the only three hereditary sovereigns in heaven and earth, Jesus Christ, Frederic Augustus, Electoral Prince of Saxony, and Maurice William, Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Weitz." "An excellent idea!" exclaims the governor, "but you shall shortly hear something much superior! I allude to the titles which our incomparable author has invented to explain the states of which Jesus Christ is hereditary prince. Attend to me, my children! perhaps in all your lives you will not hear any thing more

divine. If I had been so fortunate as to have invented these titles, I should have considered myself an Aristotle or a Plato. He calls, then, Jesus Christ, in pure and easy Latin, ‘The Crowned Emperor of the Celestial Host, His Majesty the chosen King of Sion, Grand Pontiff of the Christian Church, Archbishop of Souls, Elector of the Truth, Archduke of Glory, Duke of Life, Prince of Peace, Knight of the Gates of Hell, Hereditary Ruler of Nations, Lord of Assize, Counsellor of State, and Privy Counsellor of the King his Heavenly Father,’ &c. &c. &c.” These examples give a value to criticism, by presenting us with reality in the midst of fiction, and by convincing us that if Gerund and his teachers are in themselves imaginary beings, the taste on which their history is founded, was but too real and prevailing.

The young Gerund having at length finished his studies, instead of becoming a priest, allows himself to be seduced by two monks, who lodge with his father, and who engage him to enter into their convent. The preacher dazzles him by his florid eloquence, whilst the lay brother secretly gains him over by making him acquainted with the illicit indulgences which the young monks find in their convents; indulgences which are still augmented, when, as preachers, they become the favourites of the women, and their cells are replenished with chocolate and sweets, and all the offerings of pious souls.



The young monk takes for his model the senior preacher of his convent, Friar Blas, whose portrait is drawn by the hand of a master. He is a vain monk, who, above every thing, seeks the suffrages of the women, of whom his audience was composed, and who endeavours to charm their eyes by the fashion and elegance of his hood and woollen gown. It is he who furnishes the author with the instances of sudden surprise, caused to the audience by the abrupt introductions of the preacher. At one time, preaching on the Trinity, he commences by saying: "I deny the proposition that God is a single essence in three persons." All his auditors instantly regard each other with amazement, when, after a pause, he continues: "Such is the language of the Ebionite, the Marcionite, the Arian, the Manichean; but," &c. On another occasion, preaching on the Incarnation, he exclaims: "To your healths, gentlemen!" and when all his congregation are ready to burst into laughter, he gravely adds: "This is no subject for laughter; for to your healths, to mine, and to that of all the world, has Jesus Christ contributed by his glorious incarnation."

Meanwhile, Friar Gerund, in his turn, begins to preach; at first to the refectory, and afterwards to the self-disciplining penitents; and as his unintelligible discourses had excited the wonder of the people, and particularly of the cobbler of the

village, an acknowledged judge in the oratorical art, Antonio Zotes, who was at that time majordomo of the brotherhood of the town of Campazas, sends for his son to deliver his first public sermon there on the day of the feast of the Holy Sacrament. The triumph of his relations, the admiration of the villagers, the vanity and impertinence of the hero, are painted with exquisite truth by the satirical Jesuit. He describes the toilet of Gerund, the church where he is to preach, and the procession which attends him to the pulpit. "Friar Gerund," he says, "left his house for the church with the train which we have mentioned; he drew on himself the eyes of all that could see him; he walked gravely forward, his body erect, his head elevated, his eyes tranquil, mild, and benignant; making with dignity and reserve inclinations of his head to the right and to the left, in return to those who saluted him with their hats; nor did he forget to take out from time to time his white cambric handkerchief, with four knots of silk at the four corners, to wipe away the pretended perspiration, nor after that, his other handkerchief of silk, of rose colour on one side, and pearl on the other, to blow his nose when he had no occasion."

On his arrival at the church, he repeats a short prayer, and entering into the vestry while mass begins, which is sung by the licentiate Quixano, his godfather, two curates, parishioners

of the neighbourhood, serve him as dean and sub-dean. The choir is composed of three sacristans, also of the neighbourhood, who bear the palm from the whole province in chanting the Gregorian hymn; the carrier of the village forms the base with his deep voice, and a boy of twelve years of age, who was intended for the chapel of St. James, at Valladolid, the treble. There is no organ in the church, but its place is supplied with advantage by two bagpipes from Galicia, whom the major-domo of the festival, the father of Gerund, had hired expressly for the occasion, promising to them twenty reals apiece, and meat and drink at discretion."

The opening of the sermon and the salutation of Friar Gerund to his native place, are copied from the text. The satirical Jesuit has in no degree overcharged them, and the preposterous discourse which he gives us, is by no means more extraordinary than those which are often heard in the churches of Spain and Italy. It is thus that he commences: "If the Holy Ghost has spoken to us the truth by the mouth of Jesus Christ, how unhappy a wretch am I! I shall be lost and utterly confounded, for this oracle has declared that no man can be a preacher or a prophet in his own country: *Nemo Propheta in patria sua*. How rash, then, have I been to stand forward as a preacher this day in mine! But, my brethren, suspend your judgment for a moment; for,

to my great comfort, I find from the sacred writings, that all are not alike subjected to the truths of the Evangelist: *Non omnes obediunt Evangelio*; and who knows but this may be one of those numerous propositions, which, according to the opinion of a philosopher, are only put there to terrify us: *ad terrorem*.

“These, my brethren, are the first-fruits of my oratorical labours, the exordium of my duties in the pulpit; or, to speak more clearly to the most ignorant, this is the first of all my sermons, according to the text of the sacred oracles: *Primum sermonem feci, O Theophile!* But whither doth the bark of my discourse direct its voyage? Attend to me, my friends! Every thing here pre-figures a happy event. From every side I perceive prophetic glimpses of felicity. We must either refuse our faith to the history of the Evangelist, or the Anointed himself preached his first sermon in the place where he received sacred ab-lution from the purifying waters of baptism. It is true that the evangelical narration does not reveal this, but it tacitly supposes it. The Lord received the frigid purification: *Baptizatus est Jesus*; and the azure taffety curtain of heaven was rent: *Et ecce aperti sunt caeli*; and the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a fluttering dove: *Et vidi Spiritum Dei descendentem sicut columbam*. Behold! the Messiah receives the baptism! the celestial veil is rent! the Holy Spirit descends

on his head. And do we not here trace the vestiges of it? Does not the celestial dove still hover around the head of the preacher?

“ But all explanation is superfluous, when the words of the oracle are so clear. It is further said, that Jesus, when baptized, retired to the desert, or that he was led thither by the Devil: *Ductus est in desertum ut tentaretur a Diabolo*. He there remained some time: he there watched and prayed, and was tempted; and the first time that he went out was to preach in a field in a country place: *Stetit Jesus in loco campestri*. How is it possible not to recognize in all this the lively picture of all that has happened to me? I was baptized in this illustrious parish; I retired into the desert of religion, if the devil indeed did not lead me thither: *Ductus est a spiritu in desertum, ut tentaretur a Diabolo*. And what else can a man do in the desert, than watch, pray, fast, and endure temptation? And I escaped from the desert to preach. To preach where? *In loco campestri*; in a country place, at Campazas; a place which recalls to mind the fields of Damascus, which raises envy in the plains of Pharsalia, and condemns to oblivion the fields of Troy, *et campus ubi Troja fuit*.”

I never had the good fortune to hear a sermon from a Spanish monk; but I once when travelling, met by chance with an Italian barber, who made a trade of selling sermons to monks

who were themselves too ignorant to compose them. He had an ear not insensible to a certain degree of harmony, and he succeeded in constructing a succession of sounding periods, to which nothing was wanting but the sense. He understood a little French, and had the curiosity to turn over many old books. In order to compose these marketable sermons, he collected together the shreds and tatters of Christian preachers which he had discovered in some old library; and it was by no means easy to detect his plagiarisms, as he began and ended his theft always in the middle of a sentence. He consulted me on one of his sermons, but without acquainting me with his secret, and I was not a little astonished at those pompous periods, the conclusion of which never corresponded with the beginning, and of which the different parts had never been intended for one another. When he confessed to me in what way he had composed them, I endeavoured, in the best way I could, to unite the two ends of the sentences; but both my time and my patience failed me, and I returned his sermon to him not unworthy of Friar Gerund. A little time afterwards it was preached by the monk who bought it, and obtained as high applause as that of our hero of Campazas.

This Jesuit, who ridiculed with so much courage the bad taste of the monks, and who was

not afraid of exciting scandal by jesting on sacred subjects, was in other respects a sincerely religious man, and one who was even scrupulous and rigid in his profession. All the sciences connected with church eloquence are incidentally laid down in his work, and he introduces on repeated occasions the superiors of Friar Gerund, who endeavour, by advice full of wisdom and religion, to lead him into a better style. The Jesuit at the same time directs some part of his satire against the new philosophy, which was at that time rising in France and England. He not only combats irreligion, but the abandonment of the ancient systems; he ridicules natural philosophy, and wishes to revive the study of scholastic theology; he appeals often to the authority of the Inquisition, and invokes its aid against those preachers who disfigure their compositions by profane applications; and, in short, he shews himself through his whole book very warmly and sincerely attached to his church. But all his zeal could not save him from the animosity of a portion of the clergy, and particularly of the mendicant order, who considered themselves as more immediately the subject of his attack. They discovered him under the assumed name by which he had endeavoured to conceal himself; they loaded him with invectives, and engaged him in a literary warfare, which probably embittered his days, though he always obtained

the advantage in his arguments. Their hatred, nevertheless, only increased his reputation, and the *History of Friar Gerund* is regarded with reason as the first work of genius which Spain produced in the eighteenth century.

In the latter part of that century, a love of national literature seemed to revive in the narrow circle of Spanish writers. The correctness of the French style did not wholly satisfy them; they felt an attachment to the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and some men of real merit attempted to unite Spanish genius with classical elegance.

The first in this poetical band who ventured to attack the French style, was Vincent Garcias de la Huerta, a member of the Spanish academy, and librarian to the king. It seems to me, that without in any manner allowing the superiority of the Spanish over the French literature, we ought always to regard with approbation the attempts of a writer to restore to his country its original genius, to re-establish its peculiar character, and the imagination which it has received from its ancestors, and to prevent it from declining into a monotonous and fatiguing uniformity. The attempt of Huerta to revive the ancient literature of his country, by calling into action the national pride, was the more likely to be attended with success, as, before he applied himself to criticism, he had already deservedly obtained the



name of a poet. A piscatory eclogue, which he recited in 1760, in a distribution of prizes made by the academy, had attracted the attention of the public; and his romances in the ancient style, his commentaries, and his sonnets, bore still stronger testimony to his poetical talents. At length, in 1778, he had the courage to imitate the ancient masters of the Spanish stage, who for the last hundred years had been considered as barbarous. He composed his tragedy of *Rachel*, in which he proposed to unite the brilliant imagination of Spanish poetry with the dignity of the French, and to avoid the conventional forms of the French drama without sacrificing its better qualities.

The public, with transport, seconded his patriotic intentions. *Rachel* was performed in all the theatres of Spain, and every where received with enthusiasm. Before it was printed, two thousand copies of it had been written, which had been forwarded to various parts of the Spanish dominions and to America. Yet this piece is by no means perfect; it is merely an honourable proof of the poetical and national sentiment of a man of genius, who was desirous of contributing to the re-establishment of the art in his native country. The subject is taken from the ancient history of Castile. Alfonso IX. who was defeated by the Moors in the dreadful battle of Alarcos, in 1195, was attached to a beautiful Jewess, called Rachel, whom the nobles and

people accused as the cause of the calamities which had befallen the monarchy. He is entreated to terminate a passion which all his court regarded as dishonourable. He balances for a long time betwixt duty and love, when a rebellion, which he had with difficulty suppressed, broke out afresh. Rachel, whilst the king is absent hunting, is surprised in the palace by the rebels; her wretched counsellor Reuben is compelled to kill her, in order to save his own life; and he is himself slain by the king on his return home. The piece is divided into three acts or *jornadas*, agreeably to the ancient usage of Spain. In other respects we may easily perceive that this great opponent of the French drama has not himself escaped the contagion of the taste which he was combating. The dialogue is wholly in unrhimed iambics, without any intermixture of sonnets or lyric verses, and there is no striking scene, although the deaths at the conclusion are represented on the stage. The language is dignified throughout, and many scenes are highly pathetic; but the characters are badly managed. The beautiful Rachel does not appear sufficiently often; her counsellor Reuben is disagreeable; and the monarch is too feeble. It seems that Huerta wished to flatter not only the love of the Spaniards for their ancient drama, but also their hatred of the Jews. In another piece, called *Agamemnon vengado*, he attempted to apply the

romantic style to a classical subject: he mingled iambics with octaves and lyric verses, and he thus advanced a step further in his approach to Calderon. It was after he had acquired this title to the respect of the public, that Huerta, in order to re-establish the reputation of the ancient dramatists, published, in 1785, his *Teatro Español*, in sixteen volumes, small octavo, in which he has inserted his criticisms and invectives against the French stage. He has not, however, himself ventured to expose his favourite authors to a still more severe criticism. He has given in his collection few pieces except *comedies of the cloak and the sword*, and he has not admitted a single play of Lope de Vega, the historical pieces of Calderon, or any of his *Autos Sacramentales*. He was too well aware of the violent hostilities to which such compositions would have exposed him. With almost the same views, Don Juan Joseph Lopez de Sedano published, in 1768, his *Parnaso Español*, to place before the eyes of his countrymen the ancient monuments of her poetical fame.

On the other hand, celebrity has attended some comic poets, almost of our own day, who have introduced, with success, the French style on the Spanish stage. In some instances, in imitation of Marivaux, they have painted elegant manners, fashionable sensibility, and the slighter interests of the heart; in others, they have attempted the higher drama, and sometimes they have

even risen to comedies of character. Nicolas Fernandez de Moratin is known as an author of regular tragedy, Leandro Fernandez de Moratin as a comic author, and Don Luciano Francisco Comella as approaching nearer than either of the two others to the ancient national style. Their works have not, hitherto, found their way into other countries; and as they appear to have few pretensions to originality, they excite our curiosity in a slighter degree. Of all the authors of this new school, there is only one with whose pieces I am acquainted, and that imperfectly; those of Don Ramon de la Cruzycano published in 1788, and consisting of a great number of comedies, dramas, interludes, and *saynetes*. The last seem to have retained all the ancient national gaiety. The poet has taken a pleasure in painting in these little pieces the manners of the people, and introduces market-women, sellers of chesnuts, carpenters, and artisans of every kind. The vivacity of the inhabitants of the South, their passionate sentiments, their vivid imagination, and their picturesque language, preserve, even among the people, something poetical; and ennoble the characters drawn from this class of society. Don Ramon de Cruzycano has written, under the ancient name of Loa, prologues for the comedies represented before the Court, and we there find allegorical beings conversing with men agreeably to the ancient taste. Thus, in the *Vaqueros de Aranjuez*, which served as a prologue to a

translation of *The Barber of Seville*, the *Tagus*, the *Escorial*, *Madrid*, and *Loyalty*, appeared at the same time with *Shepherds* and *Shepherdesses*. It is true, indeed, that the allegory is not, throughout, treated with the ancient gravity, and that the shepherds occasionally indulge in a jest on these eccentric interlocutors assuming the human form. The pieces of Don Ramon are like those of the early times, composed in *redondilhas assonantes*, and lyric verses are occasionally mingled with them to express passion or sensibility; but this similarity of exterior form only renders the contrast of manners more striking; we think ourselves transported into another world, and we cannot conceive how Spanish words can express sentiments so opposite to those of the ancient Spaniards. There is no longer any trace in the higher ranks of the courteous gallantry of the cavalier, of the mixed reserve and passion of the women, of suspicious jealousy in the husband, of the cruel severity often shewn by fathers and brothers, or of that irritable point of honour, so destructive to the happiness of lovers. A *cavalier servente* in the Italian manner, under the name of *Cortejo*, is admitted to an intimacy with the young wife; his rights are acknowledged; to him solely belong the private conversation, the first place by her side, the honour of dancing with her, and all the tender sentiments and endearments of marriage; whilst the husband, exposed to ca-

price, and ill humour, neglected or overlooked by all the guests in the house, has no part left but that of paying the expenses. The two little pieces of *The Ball* and *The Ball seen from behind: El Sarao, y el reverso del Sarao*; prove to us that Spain has exactly adopted the manners of Italy. Another piece, taken from fashionable life, *El Divorzio feliz, The happy Divorce*, shews that the Spaniards were also well acquainted with the character of a man of successful gallantry; and that the frivolous pride of these conquests had assumed the place of the ancient distinctions of honour.

The latter part of the last century also gave birth to some lyrical poets, and to some works of originality. Tomas de Yriarte, principal keeper of the records of the Supreme Council, in his *Fabulas Litterarias*, published in 1782, attained in some degree to the grace and simplicity of La Fontaine; and their merit was the more felt, as at that period no good fabulist had appeared in Spain. He never displayed more grace than when he borrowed the *redondilhas* of the ancient Castilian romances.

Two of the fables of this author I shall here translate. The first, *The Ass and the Flute*, is adapted to a favourite popular air :

THE ASS AND THE FLUTE.

You must know that this ditty,  
 This little romance,  
 (Be it dull, be it witty)  
 Arose from mere chance.

Near a certain enclosure,  
 Not far from my manse,  
 An ass, with composure,  
 Was passing by chance :

As he went along prying,  
 With sober advance,  
 A shepherd's flute lying  
 He found there by chance.

Our amateur started  
 And eyed it askance,  
 Drew nearer, and snorted  
 Upon it by chance.\*

\* EL BORRICO Y LA FLAUTA.

Esta fabulilla,  
 Salga bien o mal,  
 Me ha ocurrido ahora  
 Por casualidad.

Cerca de unos prados  
 Que hai en mi lugar,  
 Passaba un borrico  
 Por casualidad.

Una flauta en ellos  
 Hallò, que un zagal  
 Se dexó olvidada  
 Por casualidad.

Acercose a olerla,  
 El dicho animal,  
 Y dió un resoplido  
 Por casualidad.

The breath of the brute, Sir,  
 Drew music for once ;  
 It enter'd the flute, Sir,  
 And blew it by chance.

“ Ah !” cried he, in wonder,  
 “ How comes this to pass ?  
 Who will now dare to slander  
 The skill of an ass ? ”

And asses in plenty  
 I see at a glance,  
 Who, one time in twenty,  
 Succeed by mere chance.

The following, *The Bear and the Monkey*, is written in simple *redondilhas*, rhimed like the ancient romances :

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En la flauta el aire  
 Se hubo de colar,  
 Y sono la flauta  
 Por casualidad.

Oh ! dixo el borrico  
 Que bien sé tocar !  
 Y diran que es mala  
 La musica asnal ?

Sin reglas del arte  
 Borriquitos hai  
 Que una vez aciertan  
 Por casualidad.



## \* THE BEAR AND THE MONKEY.

A bear with whom a Piedmontese  
 Join'd company to earn their bread,  
 Essay'd on half his legs to please  
 The public, where his master led.

With looks that boldly claim'd applause,  
 He ask'd the ape, " Sir, what think you ?"  
 The ape was skill'd in dancing-laws,  
 And answer'd, " It will never do."

" You judge the matter wrong, my friend,"  
 Bruin rejoin'd ; " You are not civil !"  
 Were these legs given for you to mend  
 The case and grace with which they swivel ?"

It chanced a pig was standing by :  
 " Bravo ! astonishing ! Encore !"  
 Exclaim'd the critic of the sty,  
 " Such dancing we shall see no more !"

## \* L'OSO Y LA MONA.

Un oso, con que la vida  
 Ganaba un Piamontes,  
 La no muy bien aprendida  
 Danza ensayaba en dos pies.

Queriendo hacer de persona,  
 Dixo a una mona : Qué tal ?  
 Era perita la mona,  
 Y rispondióle : muy mal.

Yo creo, replicó el oso,  
 Que me haces poco favor,  
 Pues que ? mi aire no es garboso ?  
 No hago el paso con primor ?

Poor Bruin, when he heard the sentence,  
 Began an inward calculation ;  
 Then, with a face that spoke repentance,  
 Express'd aloud his meditation.

“ When the sly monkey call'd me dunce,  
 I entertain'd some slight misgiving ;  
 But, pig ! thy praise has proved at once  
 That dancing will not earn my living.”

Let every candidate for fame  
 Rely upon this wholesome rule ;—  
 “ Your work is bad, if wise men blame,  
 But worse, if lauded by a fool ! ”

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Estaba el cerdo presente,  
 Y dixo bravo! bien va!  
 Baylarin mas excelente  
 No se ha visto ni verà.

Echo el oso, al vir esto,  
 Sus quantas allá entre si,  
 Y con ademan modesto  
 Hubo de exclamar así.

Quando me desaprobaba  
 La Mona, llegué a dudar,  
 Mas ya que el cerdo me alaba  
 Muy mal debo de baylar.

Guarde para su regalo  
 Esta sentencia un autor :  
 Si el sabio no aprueba, malo ;  
 Si el necio aplaude, peor.

Yriarte also wrote a didactic poem on music, which obtained a considerable reputation; but which, notwithstanding the poetical ornaments with which the author has occasionally interspersed it, is, in the scientific portion of it, little more than rhymed prose.

Boutterwek, in conclusion, celebrates, as a favourite of the Graces, and as a poet worthy of the best times of Spanish literature, Juan Melendez Valdes, who is, probably, still alive, and who, at the close of the last century, was Doctor of Laws in Salamanca. His poems were printed at Madrid, in two volumes, octavo, 1785. From his youth he was a follower of Horace, Tibullus, Anacreon, and Villegas; and, if he has not attained the voluptuous grace of the last, he has still adorned his poetry with a moral delicacy, to which Villegas had little pretension. The pleasures, the pains, and the joys of love, the festivals, the leisure, and the tranquil hours of a country life, are the subjects which Melendez delighted to celebrate. His lively and romantic genius would characterise him as a Spaniard; but the turn of his thoughts is more allied to England and Germany. Some of his idyls have all the grace of Gessner, joined to the harmonious language of the South. I shall annex in a note, two examples from Boutterwek\*;

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\* The following is an idyl of Melendez :

Siendo yo niño tierno,  
Con la niña Dorila,  
Me andaba por la selva

and these are the last specimens of Spanish poetry which I shall present to the reader.

We shall here close the history which we proposed to give of the literature of Spain ; and it is

---

Cogiendo florecillas,  
 De que alegres guirnaldas  
 Con gracia peregrina  
 Para ambos coronarnos  
 Su mano disponia.  
 Así en niñeces tales  
 De juegos y delicias  
 Pasábamos felices  
 Las horas y los días.  
 Con ellos poco á poco  
 La edad corrió de prisa,  
 Y fué de la inocencia  
 Saltando la malicia.  
 Yo no sé ; mas al verme  
 Dorila se reia,  
 Y á mí, de solo hablarla  
 Tambien me daba risa.  
 Luego al darle las flores  
 El pecho me latia,  
 Y al ella coronarme  
 Quedabase embebida.  
 Una tarde tras esto  
 Vinos dos tortolillas  
 Que con tremulos picos  
 Se halagaban amigas.  
 Alentónos su exemplo,  
 Y entre honestas caricias,  
 Nos contamos turbados  
 Nuestras dulces fatigas

with regret that we perceive the brilliant illusions which illustrious names and chivalric manners at first excited in us, successively vanishing from our eyes. The poem of the Cid first presented itself to us amongst the Spanish works, as the Cid himself amongst the heroes of Spain; and after him we find nothing in any degree equalling either the noble simplicity of his real character, or the charm of the brilliant fictions of which he is the subject. Nothing that has since appeared can justly demand our unqualified admiration. In

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Y en un punto, qual sombra  
 Voló de nuestra vista  
 La niñes; mas en torno  
 Nos dió el amor sus dichas.

The sonnet below is by the same author :

Qual suele abeja inquieta revolando  
 Por florido pensil, entre mil rosas,  
 Hasta venir a hallar las mas hermosas,  
 Andar con dulce trompa susurrando.

Mas luego que las vé, con vuelo blando  
 Baxa, y bate las alas vagarosas,  
 Y en medio de sus venas olorosas  
 El delicado aroma está gozando.

Asi, mi bien, el pensamiento mio,  
 Con dichosa zozobra, por hallarte  
 Vagaba de amor libre, por el suelo.

Pero te ví, rendime, y mi albedrio  
 Abrazado en tu luz, goza al mirarte  
 Gracias, que envidia de tu rostro el cielo.

the midst of the most brilliant efforts of Spanish genius, our taste has been continually wounded by extravagance and affectation, or our reason has been offended by an eccentricity often bordering on folly. It is impossible to reconcile the alliance of so rich an imagination with so whimsical a taste, and such an elevation of soul with so great a perversion of truth. It may be observed that we have seen the Italians fall into the same error; but they retrieved their reputation, and the age which gave birth to Metastasio, Goldoni, and Alfieri, may, if it does not rival that of Ariosto and Tasso, at least bear a comparison with it without humiliation. But the feeble efforts of Luzan, of la Huerta, of Yriarte, and of Melendez, the only boast of their nation for a whole century, convince us how low their country has fallen. The inspiration of the earlier ages is extinct, and modern culture has been too imperfect, and too restricted, to supply the place of those riches no longer accorded by genius. The Italians had three periods of letters, divided by two long intervals of rest; that of original vigour, when Dante seemed to draw his inspiration from the force and plenitude of his own sentiments; that of classical taste, when the study of the ancients presented new treasures to Ariosto and to Tasso; and lastly, that of reason and mind devoted to the arts, when the elevation of thought

and manly eloquence of Alfieri, and the exquisite observation of Goldoni, atone for the want of that fervent imagination which began to be exhausted. But the literature of Spain has, strictly speaking, only one period, that of chivalry. Its sole riches consist in its ancient honour and frankness of character. Its imagination is supported only by its ignorance, and creates prodigies, adventures, and intrigues in abundance, as long as it feels itself unrestrained by the bounds of the possible and the probable. Spanish literature shines forth in all its splendour in the ancient Castilian romances; all the fund of sentiments, [ideas, images, and adventures, of which she afterwards availed herself, is to be found in this original treasure. Bozcan and Garcilaso, indeed, gave it a new form, but not a new substance and a new life. The same thoughts, the same romantic sentiments are found in these two poets and in their school, with the addition only of a new dress and a form almost Italian. The Spanish drama awoke; and, for the third time, this primitive source of adventures, images, and sentiments, was brought into action in a new shape. Lope de Vega and Calderon introduced on the stage the subjects of the early romances, and transferred to the dramatic dialogue the language of the national songs. Thus, under an apparent variety, the Spaniards have been wearied with monotony.

The prodigality of their images and the brilliancy of their poetry, discover only a real poverty. If their minds had been properly disciplined, and if they had enjoyed freedom of thought, the Spanish writers would ultimately have extricated themselves from this dull routine, and would have run the same career as those of other nations.

This fund of images and adventures of which the Spaniards have so frequently availed themselves, is that to which in our days the name of romance has been particularly attached. We here find the sentiments, the opinions, the virtues, and the prejudices of the middle ages; the picture of that *good old time* to which all our habits attach us; and since chivalric antiquity has been placed in opposition to heroic antiquity, it is interesting, even in a literary point of view, to see the manner in which it has been treated by a lively and sensitive people, who rejected all new ideas, all foreign assistance, and the results of experience derived from other principles. This observation may, perhaps, teach us that the manners and prejudices of the *good old time* present, in fact, an abundance of riches to the poet, but that it is necessary to be elevated above them to employ them with advantage; and that, in appropriating these materials from remote ages, it is requisite to treat them in the spirit of our own times. Sophocles and Euripides, when they represent to us with so much sublimity the heroic age,



are themselves raised above it, and employ the philosophy of the age of Socrates to give a just idea of the sentiments of the ages of *Œdipus* and *Agamemnon*. It is only by an accurate knowledge of the times, and the truth of all its history, that we can expect to give a new interest to the age of chivalry. But the Spaniards of modern days were in no wise superior to the personages who were the subject of their poetry. They were, on the contrary, inferior to them; and they found themselves unqualified to render justice to a theme of which they were not masters.

In another point of view also, the literature of Spain presents to us a singular phenomenon, and an object of study and observation. Whilst its character is essentially chivalric, we find its ornaments and its language borrowed from the Asiatics. Thus, Spain, the most western country of Europe, presents us with the flowery language and vivid imagination of the East. It is not my design to inculcate a preference of the oriental style to the classical, nor to justify those gigantic hyperboles which so often offend our taste, and that profusion of images by which the poet seems desirous to inebriate our senses, investing all his ideas with the charm of sweetest odours, of beautiful colours, and of harmonious language. I would only wish to remark that the qualities which continually surprise us, and sometimes almost disgust us in the poetry of Spain,

are the genuine characteristics of the poetry of India, Persia, Arabia, and the East; poetry, to which the most ancient nations of the world, and those which have had the greatest influence on civilization, have concurred in yielding their admiration; that the sacred writings present to us in every page instances of that highly figurative language, which we there receive with a kind of veneration, but which is not allowed in the moderns; that hence we may perceive that there are different systems in literature and in poetry; and that, so far from assigning to any one an exclusive preference over the rest, we ought to accustom ourselves to estimate them all with justice, and thus to enjoy their distinct and several beauties. If we regard the literature of Spain as revealing to us, in some degree, the literature of the East, and as familiarizing us with a genius and taste differing so widely from our own, it will possess in our eyes a new interest. We may thus inhale, in a language allied to our own, the perfumes of the East, and the incense of Arabia. We may view as in a faithful mirror, those palaces of Bagdad, and that luxury of the caliphs, which revived the lustre of departed ages; and we may appreciate, through the medium of a people of Europe, that brilliant Asiatic poetry, which was the parent of so many beautiful fictions of the imagination.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

State of Portuguese Literature until the Middle of the  
Sixteenth Century.

THERE now remains to be considered only one other language of those which are denominated the Romance, or such as are compounded of the Latin and Teutonic tongues; and we here approach the Portuguese. We have already observed the rise and progress of the Provençal, the Romance-Wallon, the Italian, the Castilian, and, indeed, of all of those mixed tongues peculiar to the South of Europe, from the extreme point of Sicily to the Levant; and we next prepare to trace their progress as far as the western extremity of the same region, in Lusitania. We shall thus have completed a view of the chief part of the European languages; those which may be said, more particularly, to owe their existence to the Roman. In the Sclavonian and Teutonic tongues there yet remain two distinct subjects of consideration. The former of these have never yet been carried to a sufficiently high point of cultiva-

tion to exhibit those powers of which they might be rendered capable among a more civilized people, and in a more advanced state of society. But we look forward to a period when we may direct our enquiries both to the western and eastern regions of the North of Europe; and after dwelling upon the more abundant resources of the English and German, the two most distinguished among the Teutonic nations, we shall proceed to take a more rapid view of the respective literatures of Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. Thence extending our researches into the Polish and the Russian, we shall have completed the very enlarged outline of our original design, and shall have traced the progress and developement of the human mind throughout the different countries of Europe.

The kingdom of Portugal forms, in fact, only an integral portion of Spain, and was formerly considered in this light by the Portuguese, who even assumed the name of Spaniards, conferring on their neighbours and rivals, with whom they participated its sovereignty, the appellation of Castilians. Portugal, nevertheless, possesses a literature of its own; and its language, so far from being ranked as a mere dialect of the Spanish, was regarded by an independent people as the characteristic of their freedom, and was cultivated with proportional assiduity and delight. Hence the most celebrated among the Portuguese devoted

their talents to confer lustre on the literary character of their country, emulating each other in every species of excellence, in order that their neighbours might, in no branch whatever, boast of any advantage over them. This national spirit has given to their productions a character quite distinct from the Castilian. It is true, indeed, that their literature will be found much more complete than abundant; with examples of almost every kind of excellence, it is really rich in nothing, if we except its lyric and bucolic poetry. Its reputation triumphed but a short time; and we must consider that the most distinguished among a nation, by no means very formidable in point of number, produced many of their works in the Castilian language. We may add, that its literary treasures were, in a manner, locked up from the rest of Europe. The Portuguese holding little communication with the more civilized portions of the globe, were too seriously engaged with their views of aggrandizement in India, as long as their national energy continued, and have since been too far sunk in apathy, to bestow much attention on their literary celebrity abroad. Of this, my frequent journeys, and my researches into the most celebrated libraries, which have enabled me only to procure a very small proportion of their works, have made me but too fully sensible. Not unfrequently, among a hundred thousand volumes,

collected at immense expense, we scarcely meet with a single work written in the Portuguese tongue; insomuch that, without referring to the labours of Boutterwek, it would have been difficult to give a sketch, however imperfect, of the literature of this country.

Although the greater number of the Portuguese poets occasionally composed in Castilian verse, the transition from one language to the other was by no means so easily effected as we might at first be led to suppose. The Portuguese is, in truth, a sort of contracted Spanish; but this curtailment of the words has been most frequently such as to deprive them of their characteristic sounds. The language is, moreover, softened; as is generally the case with all dialects spoken on the coasts and downs, in distinction to the more wild and sonorous forms of speech prevailing in mountainous regions. Such is the relation between the High German and the Dutch, between the Danish and the Swedish, and between the dialects of Venice and Romagna.\*

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\* The contraction of the Portuguese language from the Spanish is effected chiefly by the suppression of the consonants; the consonant in the middle of the words being generally that fixed upon for expunction; a retrenchment the most perplexing of any to the etymologist. It is thus that *dolor* becomes *dôr*, grief; *celos*, *ceos*, heaven; *mayor*, *môr*; *nello*, *no*; *dello*, *do*, &c. There appear to be some letters for which the Portuguese

The Teutonic conquerors of Portugal very probably spoke a different language from those of the rest of Spain; and if any monuments of the familiar language of the middle ages remained, it would, perhaps, appear that among the Vandals and the Suevi, who never mingled much with the Visigoths, those peculiar contractions of speech were made use of, which influenced, from the period of their invasion, the common idiom of Galicia and Portugal. It is probable, likewise, that the Roman subjects were more numerous in the western provinces, after the conquest of the Barbarians, as we may observe the Portuguese bears a stronger affinity than the Castilian to the Roman, and also preceded it in point of time. But the invasion of the Moors, occurring at a period when the people of Spain had not yet begun to write in the vulgar tongue, renders such researches altogether uncertain; although, at the same time, the

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entertain an absolute aversion. The letter *l* is even expelled from their proper names as, *Alfonso* is written *Affonso*; *Albuquerque*, *Aboquerque*; or it is sometimes changed into an *r*; *blando* becomes *brando*; and *playa*, *praja*. The double *l* is changed into *ch*; for *llegar* we have *chegar*; for *lleuo*, *cheo*. The consonant *j*, not aspirated, but pronounced as it is in French, sometimes takes the place of *y*, and sometimes of *g*. The *f* is used instead of *h*; *hidalgo* being *fidaljo*. *M* is invariably substituted for *n* at the end of words; and the nasal syllables of *ion*, are changed into the nasal ones of *aõ*. Thus *nacion* becomes *naçaõ*; *navigacion*, *navigaçãõ*.

most learned writers Portugal can boast, maintain that their own particular dialect prevailed among the Christians under the dominion of the Arabs, and had been already applied to poetical composition.\*

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\* In his *Europa Portuguesa*, Manuel de Faria y Sousa presents us with fragments of an historical poem, in verses of *arte mayor*, and which he asserts had been discovered in the beginning of the twelfth century, in the castle of Lousam, when it was taken from the Moors. The manuscript containing them, appeared even then, he observes, to have been defaced by time, from which he would infer, that the poem may be attributed to the period of the conquest of the Arabs. But the fact itself seems to rest on very doubtful authority, and the verses do not appear either in their construction, in their language, or even in their ideas, to lay claim to so high an antiquity. This earliest monument of the Romance languages is, however, sufficiently curious to merit attention; and three stanzas are therefore here subjoined:

A Juliam et Horpas a saa grei daminhos,  
 Que em sembra co os netos de Agar fornezzinhos,  
 Huma atimarom prasmada fazanha,  
 Ca Muza, et Zaripli com basta companhia,  
 De juso da sina do Miramolino,  
 Com falsa infançom et Prestes malinho,  
 De Cepta aduxeron ao solar d'Esanha.

Et porque era força, adarve et foçado  
 Da Betica almina, et o seu Casteval  
 O Conde por encha, et pro comunal,  
 Em terra os enereos poyaron a saagrado.  
 Et Gibaraltar, maguer que adornado,  
 Et co compridouro per saa defensão,  
 Pello susodeto sem algo de afião  
 Presto foy delles entrado et fillhado.



The antiquity of the earliest specimens of the language seems to unite with historical ac-

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E os ende filhados leaes aa verdade,  
 Os hostes sedentos do sangue de onjudos  
 Metero a cutelo apres de rendudos,  
 Sem que esguardassem nem seixo ou idade ;  
 E tendo atimada a tal crueldade,  
 O templo e orada de Deos profanarom,  
 Voltando em mesquita, hu logo adorarom  
 Sa besta Mafoma a medes maldade.

Julian and Horpas, with the adulterous blood  
 Of Agar, fiercest spoilers of the land,  
 These changes wrought. They call'd fierce Islam's brood  
 'Neath the Miramolin's sway ; a numerous band  
 Of shameless priests and nobles. Musa stood,  
 And Zariph there, upon the Iberian strand,  
 Hail'd by the false count, who betray'd the power  
 Of Boetica, and yielded shrine and tower.  
 He led them safely to that rocky pile,  
 Gibraltar's strength. Though stored with rich resource  
 Of full supplies, though men and arms the while  
 Bristled its walls, its keys without remorse  
 Or strife he gave, a prey, by shameless guile,  
 To that vile unbelieving herd, the curse  
 Of Christian lands, who, rifling all its pride,  
 To slavery doom'd the fair ; the valiant died.  
 And died those martyrs to the truth, who clung  
 To their dear faith, midst every threatening ill ;  
 Nor pity for the aged or the young  
 Stay'd their fierce swords, till they had drunk their fill ;  
 No sex found mercy, though, unarm'd, they hung  
 Round their assassins' knees, rejoic'd to kill ;  
 And Moors, within the temples of the Lord,  
 Worshipp'd their prophet false with rites abhorr'd.

counts, in leading us to the supposition that the Christians under the Moorish government had retreated to the western coasts of Spain, while the eastern parts were occupied by the Arabs, ambitious of commanding the commerce of the east of Africa. The kingdom of Leon had been recovered from the Moors long before New Castile, as the latter preceded the conquest of Saragossa, lying in the very heart of Aragon. As the Christians gained ground in Spain, they appear to have carried their conquests in the direction rather of a diagonal line, from the north-west to the south-east, than of one parallel to the equator; and we are justified in supposing, that the provinces first reconquered were those which previous to their subjection had been inhabited chiefly by Moçarabian Christians, who promoted the views of their liberators.

The little county of Portugal, comprehending only at that time the modern province of *Tra los Montes*, or the district of Braganza, together with a very small portion of the Minho, succeeded, like Galicia, in throwing off the Mahometan yoke, a short time after their invasion. But as long as the dominion of the Omniades Caliphs continued, the Portuguese, confining themselves to their mountains, rather evinced a wish of remaining unmolested, than of attempting fresh conquests. The dissensions which ensued among the Moors, on the death of Hescham el Mowajed, the last of the Omniades of Cordova,

in 1031, and which continued until 1087, when Joseph, the son of Teschfin the Morabite, brought the Moors of Spain under the dominion of Morocco, gave both the Portuguese and the Castilians time to recover themselves, and to arrange plans of future aggrandizement.

About the same period, Alfonso VI. on his return from the conquest of Toledo, united two of his daughters in marriage with two princes of the family of Burgundy, related to the royal house of France ; to one of whom he presented, as a portion, the province of Galicia, and to the other the county of Portugal. Henry of Burgundy, its first acknowledged sovereign, at the head of such adventurers as had followed him, succeeded in gradually enlarging his small territories from the year 1090 to 1112, at the expense of the surrounding Moors. His son Alfonso Henriquez, the real founder of the Portuguese monarchy, successively acquired, during a life of ninety-one, and a reign of seventy-three years,\* nearly the whole of Portugal, with the exception of the kingdom of Algarves. The efforts of the Almoravides to keep the lesser princes of Spain in subjection to the empire of Morocco, appear to have afforded a short respite to the Christians ; while the very formidable number of Moçarabian Christians in

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\* Between 1112 and 1185.

these provinces, doubtless promoted a conquest, which might more justly be considered a revolution, inasmuch as it introduced a new dynasty and a new religion, without otherwise changing the people. Under the reign of the same Alfonso was achieved the memorable victory of Ourique, obtained over the Moors, on the twenty-sixth of July 1139, in which five Moorish Kings were defeated, and which was followed by the adoption of the title of kingdom, in place of the county, of Portugal. The Cortes, assembled at Lamego in 1145, conferred a free constitution upon the new people, who, by the acquisition of Lisbon a few years after, came into possession of a powerful capital, with an immense population and an extensive commerce.

The great wealth and power enjoyed by this vast capital of a small nation, soon exercised a decisive influence on the genius and manners of the people. From the earliest times, the Portuguese had been habituated to a life of active intercourse with society and mankind, rather than to one of monkish seclusion in their castles. They were, therefore, far less haughty and fanatical; while at the same time, in consequence of the greater number of Moçarabians incorporated with the nation, the influence of Eastern manners was diffused over them, more generally than over the Castilians. The passion of love seemed to occupy a larger share of their existence; it

was at once more impassioned and contemplative; and their poetry was mingled with a sort of worship of the idols of their affections, more enthusiastic than that of any other people of Europe.

In the finest country in the world, a land covered with orange groves, and upon whose hills the most exquisite vines seem to invite the hand of the inhabitant, we are surprised to observe that agriculture should have obtained so small a share of the public enquiry and regard. One side of the fine banks of the Tagus is at this day almost uncultivated; and we proceed over a spacious and fertile plain, without even meeting with a cottage, a blade of corn, or the slightest appearance of human industry and existence. The open grounds are devoted to pasturage, and, compared with the rest of the population, the number of the shepherds is very great; insomuch that the Portuguese have, indeed, some grounds for considering a rural life as always connected with the care of guarding flocks. The nation, divided into hardy navigators, soldiers, and shepherds, seemed better calculated for the display of energy and courage than for active and persevering industry. Love, and the desire of glory and adventure, always supported the Portuguese under the severest labours and privations. As seamen and shepherds, they were inured to hardships, and ready to encounter the greatest dangers; but as soon as the excitement of the

passions ceased, an habitual and thoughtful indolence resumed its sway. The indulgence of this propensity, peculiar to the people of the South, does not appear to enervate the mind as in more northern regions. The pleasures to which they abandon themselves are of a refined nature, and are found in the enjoyment of contemplative feelings, and the pleasing influences of the climate. In the moments when they appear least active, they are really alive to emotions derived from external nature. However fallen the Portuguese may appear to us in these latter ages from the glory of their ancestors, they still delight in the recollection of the proud station which they at one time occupied in the annals of the world. A mere handful of brave knights achieved the conquest of a kingdom in less than a single age, and for eight centuries following the frontiers of this little kingdom were never known, at least in Europe, to have been encroached upon or thrown back. Heroic battles against the Moors acquired for them a country which they contended for, inch by inch. In many of their chivalric expeditions, they even volunteered their aid to their powerful neighbours the Castilians; and the Christian monarchs of Spain never offered battle to the Moors, in any of those signal exploits which illustrate the period, without the assistance of the Portuguese, who always occupied an honourable station.

The same chivalric spirit, early in the fifteenth century, led them beyond the straits of Gibraltar, and they undertook to found a new Christian empire on the very frontiers of Fez and of Morocco. A more enlarged ambition, and views still more extensive, flattered the heroes who reigned over Portugal during the middle of the same century. The Infant Don Henry, third son of John I. Alfonso V. and John II. were the first to divine the real peninsular form of Africa, and the vast ocean which embraces the world. Various hardy navigators traversed the torrid zone, then supposed uninhabitable, passed the line, and, launching into an unknown sea, steered their course by the aid of constellations in a heaven which was equally unknown to them. It was then that they first doubled the appalling Cape of storms, called by King John II. with happy foresight, the Cape of Good Hope. They pointed out to Europe an unknown track to India; and the conquest of its richest kingdoms, equalling in extent and resources the modern possessions of the English, was the work of a little band of adventurers. Their dominion there is, indeed, now no more; but the Portuguese language still remains, as a monument of their past greatness, the medium of the commercial transactions of India and Africa; and is made use of in all kind of communications, like the Frank language in the Levant.

The poetry of Portugal dates its origin as early as the monarchy itself, if, indeed, we are not to refer it to a still remoter period, in the time of the Moçarabians, or Christian Moors. Manuel de Faria y Sousa has preserved some specimens of ballads ascribed to Gonzalo Hermigues, and Egaz Moniz, two knights who flourished under Alfonso I. the last of whom is represented by Camoens as a perfect model of heroism. We are assured that he really died of grief, on learning the infidelity of the beautiful Violante, the lady to whom his love-songs were addressed. What I have seen, however, of his poetry, appears to me nearly unintelligible.\* As the productions of these two heroes constitute the monuments of the language and poetry of the twelfth century, so several obscure and half-barbarous fragments still remain, which are ascribed to the two succeeding ages. The enquiries of the antiquary have been more particularly directed to the recovery of the verses written by king Dionysius, the legislator, who reigned between the years 1279 and 1325, and who was one of the greatest characters Portugal ever produced. Those, likewise, attributed to his son Alfonso IV. who succeeded him, and

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\* Manuel de Faria, who cites them in his *Europa Portuguesa*, confesses that he himself can comprehend only a few of the words, without, however, being able to collect their meaning.

*Europa Portuguesa* : vol. iii, p. iv, c. ix, page 379, &c.



those of his natural son, Alfonso Sanchez, were eagerly sought after. Belonging to the same remote period, we meet with a few sonnets written in Italian metre, evidently modelled on those of Petrarch, from which we gather that the extensive commerce of Lisbon soon introduced the great Italian poets of the fourteenth century to the notice of the Portuguese, and that the latter availed themselves of these masterpieces of song, which were not imitated until a much later period in Spain. But such vestiges of the early poetry of Portugal, during three centuries, between the years 1100 and 1400, may be said to belong rather to antiquarian than to literary research; and serve to mark the progressive changes of the language much more than the degrees of intellectual cultivation and the developement of character.

In fact, it is not until the fifteenth century that we begin to perceive the rise of Portuguese literature; a period ennobled, likewise, by the most striking manifestations of national character. Having been in possession for more than one hundred and fifty years of the same boundaries which they at present retain, the Portuguese under Alfonso III. as early as 1251, made themselves masters of the kingdom of the Algarves. They were surrounded on all sides by the people of Castile, and no longer bordered upon the confines of the Moors; and the sanguinary

wars of the fourteenth century, in which they engaged, had failed to enlarge the limits of the monarchy. In the early part of the fifteenth century, the spirit of chivalry seemed to acquire fresh energy, and to spread through all ranks of the people. King John I. led an army of adventurers into Africa, and was the first to display the banner of the five escutcheons on the walls of the powerful city of Ceuta, which was considered as the key of the kingdom of Fez; a place which his son prince Fernando, the Inflexible Prince of Calderon, refused to yield up, even to preserve his own life and liberty. In the succeeding reigns of his sons, and of his grandson Alfonso, called the African, many other cities were captured from the Moors, on the coasts of Fez and Morocco. It is not unlikely that the Portuguese would have taken the same advantage of the weakness of these barbaric powers, as their ancestors had done of that of the Moors of Spain, had not the discovery of the coasts of Senegal and the sea of Guinea at the same epoch, divided their efforts, and withdrawn their attention from that object.

But the astonishing activity displayed by the Portuguese, at this period, was far from subduing their natural ardour for the more tender and enthusiastic passions, which they arrayed in all those touching and imaginative charms on

which they so much delighted to dwell. Their existence seemed to be divided between war and love, and their enthusiasm for poetry and glory soon arrived at its highest pitch. The adjacent people of Galicia, whose language very nearly resembled the Portuguese, were, above all, remarkable, even in that romantic age, for their warmth and vivacity of feeling, and for the profuseness of poetic imagery with which they embellished the passion of love. Among such a people romantic poetry seemed to have taken up its seat, extending its influence, by degrees, over the poets of Castile and of Portugal. From the time of the Marquis de Santillana, the Castilians almost invariably selected the Galician language to embody their feelings of love, while the effusions of the poets of Portugal were, at the same time, received in Castile under the title of Galician poems. The master-spirit of this agreeable school of warm and poetical lovers, was *Macias*, justly entitled *L' Enamorado*. He may be said to belong equally to the literature of both people, and is thus considered as the common boast of all the Spains.

*Macias* was likewise distinguished as a hero in the wars against the Moors of Grenada. He attached himself to the celebrated Marquis of Villena, the governor both of Castile and Aragon, and the domineering favourite and minister

of his own kings. Villena set a just value on the talents and ability of Macias, but was seriously displeased when he found him inclined to mix his poetical loves and reveries with the more weighty affairs of state. He even expressly forbade our poet to continue an intrigue into which he had entered with a young lady, brought up in Villena's own house, and already married to a gentleman of the name of Porcuña. Macias, believing that it behoved him, as a true knight, to proceed with the adventure at all risks, soon incurred the jealousy of the husband, as well as the anger of his master, who threw him into a prison belonging to the order of Calatrava, at Jaen, of which Villena himself was the grand master. There the lover poured forth the chief portion of those songs, in which he seems to have dismissed all idea of the hardships of captivity, in order that he might more largely indulge in descriptions of the severer pangs of absence. Porcuña having intercepted one of these poetical appeals to the lady's tenderness, in a fit of jealousy, immediately set out for Jaen, where, recognising Macias through the bars of his prison, he took deadly aim at him with his javelin, and killed him on the spot. The instrument of his death was suspended over his tomb in the church of St. Catherine, with the following simple notice: *A qui yace Macias el Ena-*

*morado*; which may be said to have consecrated the appellation.

Nearly all the productions of this unfortunate poet, once admired and imitated throughout Portugal and Spain, are now lost. Sanchez, however, has preserved for us the very stanzas which were the cause of his untimely end. They every where breathe that deep melancholy of passion for which the poets of Portugal were so early distinguished, presenting us with a very striking contrast to their heroic exploits, to their obstinate perseverance, and, not unfrequently, to their cruelty. In the following stanzas are embodied the most striking sentiments of this effusion, so intimately connected with the untimely fate of the author:

\* Though captive, it is not my chains  
That strike each pitying heart with fear;  
All ask what more than mortal pains  
Speak in each throb, each bitter tear.

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\* Cattivio, de mina tristura  
Ya todos prenden espanto,  
E preguntan que ventura  
Foy que me atormenta tanto?  
Mas non sé no mundo amigo  
Que mais de meu quebranto  
Diga desto que vos dio,  
Que bem ser nunca debia  
Al pensar que faz solia.

I aim'd at fortune proud and high  
 To reach a blessing still more dear ;  
 Wherefore it is I lowly lie,  
 No friend to soothe my latest hour,  
 Or say she heeds the tears I pour.

What should I say ? Now do I learn  
 The wretch who dares thus madly soar,  
 (Long shall I rue the lesson stern)  
 Has mounted but to fall the lower.  
 If to desire her were to see,  
 Then should I see my love once more.  
 My heart confess'd my destiny,  
 And warn'd me still, with bodings vain,  
 Of love despis'd and cold disdain.

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Cuidé subir en alteza  
 Por cobrar mayor estado,  
 E caí en tal pobreza  
 Que moiro desamparado.  
 Com pesar e com deseio ;  
 Que vos direy mal fadado ?  
 Lo que yo hé ben ovejo ;  
 Quando o loco cay mas alto  
 Subir prende mayor salto.

Pero que pobre sandece !  
 Porque me den á pesar,  
 Miña locura así crece  
 Que moiro por entonar.  
 Pero mas non a verey  
 Si non ver e desejar,  
 E porem así direy,  
 Qui en carcel sole viver  
 En carcel sobeja morer.

We are assured on the authority of Portuguese antiquaries, that the poetical followers of Macias were extremely numerous, and that the fifteenth century was adorned with poets of a romantic character, who vied with each other in the degree of tender enthusiasm and reflective melancholy which they breathed into their effusions, superior to any of the same kind which the Castilians had to boast. But their works, though collected in the form of *Cancioneri*, under the reign of John II. are no longer to be met with in other parts of Europe. The indefatigable exertions of Boutterwek have been in vain directed to the different libraries throughout Germany in pursuit of them, while my own researches into those of Italy and Paris have only had a similar result; insomuch that this very brilliant period, which is said to have decorated

Miña ventura en demanda  
 Me puso atan dudada,  
 Que mi corazon me manda  
 Que seya siempre negada.  
 Pero mais non saberan  
 De miña coyta lazdrada,  
 E poren asi diràn  
 Can rabioso è cosa braba  
 De su señor se que traba.

*Sanchez*, t. i. p. 138, § 212 to 221.

the literary annals of Portugal, escapes altogether from our observation.\*

The real epoch of Portuguese glory was at length arrived. At the time when Ferdinand and Isabella were still engaged in their wars with the Moors, Portugal was rapidly extending her conquests in Africa and the Indies, while the very heroism of chivalry seemed united in her people with all the persevering activity peculiar to a commercial state. The Infant Don Henry had now directed the energies of the nation for a period of forty-three years (1420 to 1463); the western coast of Africa appeared covered with Portuguese factories; that of St. George de la Mine had already become a colony; and the whole kingdom of Benin and of Congo, embracing the Christian faith, recognized the sovereignty of the crown of

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\* A member of the Academy of Lisbon, Joaquim José Ferreira Gordo, was commissioned by the academy in the year 1790, to examine the Portuguese books preserved in the Spanish libraries at Madrid. He there discovered a Portuguese *Cancioneiro*, written in the fifteenth century, and containing the verses of one hundred and fifty-five poets, whose names he records. All these poems are in the burlesque style, but no specimens of them are given. *Memorias de Lettatura Portugueza*, iii. 60.

This *Cancioneiro*, the first of its kind, is of extreme rarity. A copy is preserved in the College of the Nobles at Lisbon. Another is in the possession of Sir Charles Stuart, the English ambassador at the Court of France. No other copy is known. The *Cancioneiro* of Reysende, which was published at a subsequent period, is more frequently met with.



Portugal. Vasco de Gama at length appeared, and doubling the Cape of Good Hope, already discovered by Bartolomeo Diaz, was the first to unfurl a sail in the immense seas which led him to the Indian shores. A rapid succession of heroes, whose valour has never been surpassed, conferred lustre on this unknown world. In the year 1507, Alfonso d'Albuquerque possessed himself of the kingdom of Ormuz, and in 1510, of Goa; thus within a few years, adding an immense empire to the crown of Portugal.

About the same period, under the reign of the great Emmanuel, between the years 1495 and 1521, appeared Bernardim Ribeyro, one of the earliest and best poets of Portugal, who rose to very distinguished eminence in his art. He had received a learned education, and after studying the law, entered into the service of the king, Don Emmanuel. Here he indulged a passion for one of the ladies of the Court, which, while it gave rise to some of his most exquisite effusions, was the cause of his subsequent unhappiness. It is supposed that the object of his admiration was the king's own daughter, Beatrice; although the poet, throughout his works, seems every where extremely cautious of betraying the secret of his soul. His imagination became wholly devoted to the object of his love, and received so deep and lasting an impression, that he is said to have passed whole nights among the woods, or beside

the banks of a solitary stream, pouring forth the tale of his woes in strains of mingled tenderness and despair. But we are relieved by hearing, on the other hand, that it is well known he was married, and was affectionately attached to his consort; and as we are not in possession of the respective eras of his life, we are doubtful in what manner these apparent contradictions are to be reconciled.

Ribeyro's most celebrated pieces consist of eclogues; and he was the first among the poets of Spain who represented the pastoral life as the poetical model of human life, and as the ideal point from which every passion and sentiment ought to be viewed. This idea, which threw an air of romantic sweetness and elegance over the poetry of the sixteenth century, but at the same time gave to it a monotonous tone, and an air of tedious affectation, became a sort of poetical creed with the Portuguese, from which they have rarely deviated. Their bucolic poets may justly, then, be regarded as the earliest in Europe. The scene of Ribeyro's pastorals is invariably laid in his own country. We are led along the banks of the Tagus and the Mondego, and wander amidst the scenery of the sea-shores. His shepherds are all Portuguese, and his peasant girls have all of them Christian names. We often feel sensible, however, of a sort of relation and resemblance, which we do not quite under-

stand, between the events belonging to this pastoral world, and that in which the author really moved at court. Under the disguise of fictitious characters, he evidently sought to place before the eyes of his beloved mistress the feelings of his own breast; and the wretchedness of an impassioned lover is always the favourite theme of his rural muse. His style is much like that of the old romances, mixed with something yet more touching and voluptuous. It has, moreover, a tinge of conceit, which we must not expect to avoid in perusing Spanish poetry, even of the earliest date; but it has all the merit which earnestness and simplicity of feeling, blended with gracefulness of manner, can be supposed to confer. His eclogues are, for the most part, written in *redondilhas*, in a verse consisting of four trochees, and a stanza of nine or ten lines. The eclogue is always divided into two parts, one of which is a recital or dialogue, by way of introduction, and the other a lyric song by a shepherd, on which a more particular degree of poetic care and polish is bestowed. Such, with very slight alterations, was the method pursued by Sanazzaro, which most probably served as a model for Ribeyro; though the introductory pieces of the Italian poet are given in each eclogue in a sort of measured prose instead of verse; a form which was likewise adopted at a later period by the Portuguese.

Of all species of poetry, perhaps, the lyric and bucolic are least susceptible of being rendered into another tongue. They lose the very essence of their beauty; and an exquisite passage in the third eclogue of Ribeyro, has made me too fully sensible of this truth. The frequent repetitions of the same words, and of the same ideas, and the enchanting flow of this very mellifluous language, seem calculated to exhibit to the reader the inmost workings of the melancholy soul of a love-fond poet; but it is to be feared that the whole charm may have escaped in the following version:

\* Oh, wretched lover! whither flee?  
 What refuge from the ills I bear?  
 None to console me, or to free,  
 And none with whom my griefs to share!  
 Sad, to the wild waves of the sea  
 I tell the tale of my despair  
 In broken accents, passion fraught,  
 As wandering by some rocky steep,  
 I teach the echoes how to weep  
 In dying strains, strains dying love hath taught.

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\* Triste de mi, que sera?  
 O coitado que farei,  
 Que nam sei onde me vá  
 Com quem me consolarei?  
 Ou quem me consolara?  
 Ao longo das Ribeiras,  
 Ao som das suas agoas,  
 Chorarei muitas canceiras,  
 Minhas magoas derradeiras,  
 Minhas derradeiras magoas.

There is not one of all I loved  
 But fail'd me in my suffering hour,  
 And saw my silent tears unmoved.  
 Soon may these throbbing griefs o'erpower  
 Both life and love, so Heaven approved !  
 For she hath bade me hope no more.  
 I would not wish her such a doom :  
 No! though she break this bruised heart,  
 I could not wish her so to part  
 From all she loved, to seek, like me, the tomb.

How long these wretched days appear,  
 Consumed in vain and weak desires ;  
 Imagined joys that end in fear,  
 And baffled hopes and wild love's fires.  
 At last then, let me cease to bear  
 The lot my sorrowing spirit tires !  
 For length of days fresh sorrow brings :  
 I meet the coming hours with grief—  
 Hours that can bring me no relief,  
 But deeper anguish on their silent wings.

We have already observed that Ribeyro entered into the marriage state, and his biographers

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Todos fogem ja de mim,  
 Todos me desepararem,  
 Meus males sos me ficarem,  
 Pera me darem a fim  
 Com que nunca se acabaram.  
 De todo bem desespero,  
 Pois me desespera quem  
 Me quer mal que lhe nam quero ;  
 Nam lhe quero se nam bem,  
 Bem que nunca della espero.

agree in giving him the character of an affectionate and constant husband. In one of his *cantigas*, however, which has been handed down to us, he contrasts the passion that he entertained for his mistress with the matrimonial fidelity due to his wife, in a manner by no means flattering to the latter.\*

I am not wed. No, lady, no ;  
 Though with my hand I seal'd the vow,  
 My heart, unmarried, fondly turns to you.

Ere yet I gazed upon your face,  
 Unconscious that I err'd, I gave

O meus desditosos dias  
 O meus dias desditosos :  
 Como vos his saudosos,  
 Saudosos de alegrias,  
 D'alegrias desejosos ;  
 Deixame ja descansar,  
 Poisque eu vos faço tristes,  
 Tristes, porque meu pesar  
 Me den os males que vistes,  
 E muitos mais por passar.

\* We here subjoin the whole of this little *cantiga*, in the form in which it has been cited by Bouterwek :

Nam sam casado, senhora,  
 Que ainda que dei a maõ,  
 Nam casei o coração.

Antes que vos conhecese,  
 Sem errar contra vos nada,

One trifling hand, nor cared to save  
 Its freedom, keeping in its place  
 Both eyes and heart, where you may trace,  
 Lady, how much they are your own ;  
 Oh, freely yours ! and yours alone.

They say, Love's union, to be blest  
 On either part, should meet with free,  
 Unfetter'd souls ; and you may see,  
 My thoughts, my liberty, my rest,  
 Are all shrin'd in one gentle breast ;  
 Glad that though one poor hand I lost,  
 You still my heart and soul and love may boast.

Huã soa maõ fiz casada,  
 Sem que mais nisso metesse  
 Doulhe que ella se perdesse ;  
 Solteiros e vossos saõ  
 Os olhos e o coraçãõ.

Dizem que o bom casamento  
 Se a de fazer de vontade,  
 Eu a vos a libertade  
 Vos dei e o pensamento ;  
 Nisto soo me achei contento,  
 Que se a outra dei a maõ  
 Dei a vos o coraçãõ.

Como senhora vos vi,  
 Sem palavras de presente,  
 Na alma vos recebi,  
 Onde estareis para sempre ;  
 Nam dee palavra, somente  
 Nem fiz mais que dar a maõ,  
 Guardando vos o coraçãõ.

We think, however, that we can discover a strain of sportiveness running through this little piece, which might serve to tranquillize the feelings of his consort. It was with a very different expression of feeling that Ribeyro had sung his early loves, in the depth and seriousness of his soul.

There remains, likewise, a singular work of the same hand in prose, consisting of a romance, entitled, *Menina e Moça: The Innocent Young Girl*; and it is equally remarkable as being the earliest Portuguese production written in prose, aiming at an elevation of language and the expression of the more impassioned sentiments of the heart. It is a mere fragment, and the author has added to its obscurity by a studied conceal-

Caseime com meu cuiilado,  
 E com vosso desejar  
 Senhora nam saõ casado;  
 Nam mo queiras a cuitar  
 Que serviros e amar  
 Me nasceo do coração  
 Que tendes em vossa mão.

O casar nam fez mudança  
 Em meu antigo cuidado,  
 Nem me negou esperança  
 Do galardam esperado;  
 Nam me engeiteis por casado  
 Que se a outra dei a mão  
 A vos dei o coração.



ment of his own adventures. Lost in a labyrinth of passions, we are frequently at a loss to follow him through the various intrigues and surprises intermingled with each other. It may be considered in the light of a mixed pastoral and chivalric story, which served as a model for the other poets of Portugal, and, in particular, for Montemayor. Here, therefore, we find the source of the *Diana*, and of the prolific race of Spanish romances, as well as of the *Astrea*, and its no less numerous offspring, in the literary annals of France.

Next follows Christoval Falçam, a Knight of the Cross, an Admiral, and Governor of Madeira. He was contemporary with Ribeyro, and, like him, composed eclogues, equally full of romantic mysticism and the dreams and sorrows of love. The genius of Portuguese poetry is certainly of a more mournful cast than any thing we find in that of Castile. There is in it a melancholy flowing from the heart, and breathing the accents of truth, with little apparent study or research, which the Castilians have rarely evinced. Versed in public affairs, and a military man, Falçam was acquainted with the passions, not only as they exist in poetry, but in the world. There are still remaining some lines written by him in prison, where he was actually confined for five years, for having married against the wishes of his parents. An eclogue, likewise, of more than nine hundred lines may be found at the end of his romance of

*Menina e Moça*; a work which contains nearly the whole of the Portuguese poetry that appeared before the reign of John III.\*

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\* We subjoin a few of the strophes of this long eclogue. Its fair object, Maria, after an interview with him, is again separated from her lover. Christoval Falçam concealed himself under the name of Crisfal :

E dizendo : o mesquinha,  
 Como pude ser tam crua ?  
 Bem abraçado me tinha,  
 A minha boca na sua,  
 E a sua face na minha ;  
 Lagrimas tinha choradas  
 Que com a boca gostey ;  
 Mas com quanto certo sey  
 Que as lagrimas sam salgadas,  
 Aquellas doces achey.

Soltei as minhas entam,  
 Com muitas palauras tristes ;  
 E tomey por concruzam,  
 Alina porque nam partistes,  
 Que bem tinheis de rezam.  
 Entam ella assi chorosa  
 De tam choroso me ver,  
 Ja pera me socorrer,  
 Com huma voz piadosa  
 Comezoume assi dizer.

Amor de minha vontade  
 Ora non mais ! Crisfal manço,  
 Bem sey tua lealdade.  
 Ay que grande descanço  
 He falar com a verdade !

In the same work we also meet with several *gloses*, or *voltas*, upon a variety of devices and canzonets, which are often very laboriously studied, while they occasionally discover something of antique simplicity and grace\*.

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Eu sey bem que naõ me mentes,  
 Que o menter he diferente ;  
 Nam fala d'alma quem mente.  
 Crisfal, nam te descontentes,  
 Se me queres ver contente.

\* The following is, perhaps, one of the most simple and pleasing of these pieces :

Nam posso dormir as noites,  
 Amor, nam as posso dormir.

Desque meus olhos olharem  
 Em vos seu mal e seu bem,  
 Se algum tempo repousarem,  
 Ja nenhum repouso tem.  
 Dias vam e noutes vem  
 Sem vos ver nam vos ouvir ;  
 Como as poderei dormir ?

Meu pensamento ocupado  
 Na causa de seu pesar,  
 Acorda sempre o cuidado  
 Para nunca descuidar.  
 As noites do repousar  
 Dias sam ao meu sentir,  
 Noutes de meu nam dormir.

The brilliant reign of the great Emmanuel was succeeded by that of John III. which continued from the year 1521 to 1557; but this prince failed in securing for his subjects the same prosperity which they had enjoyed under his father. He involved himself in imprudent wars in Asia, and invaded the civil and religious rights of his European subjects. In 1540, he introduced into his states the Spanish Inquisition, in order to enslave the minds and dictate to the consciences of his people. He bestowed all the power at his court upon the Jesuits; and he confided to their care the education of his grandson, Don Sebastian, whose fanaticism subsequently led to the destruction of the country. But, whilst his weakness and folly were thus, during a long reign, preparing the downfall of the monarchy, his taste for

Todo o bem he ja passado  
 É passado em mal presente ;  
 O sentido desvelado  
 O coração descontente ;  
 O juízo que esto sente  
 Como se deve sentir,  
 Pouco leixara dormir.

Como nam vi o que vejo  
 Cos olhos do coração,  
 Nam me deito sem desejo  
 Nem me erguo sem paixão.  
 Os dias sem vos ver, vam,  
 As noites sem vos ouvir,  
 Eu as nam posso dormir

letters, and the patronage he afforded to them, raised the literature of Portugal to a high degree of excellence.

Among the first of the classic poets who distinguished themselves at his court, was Saa de Miranda, already known to us in the character of a Castilian writer. We have seen that his eclogues in that tongue, are among the first in point of time, and are the most respectable in point of merit. All the Portuguese poets equally cultivated the two languages. Regarding their own as best adapted to soft and impassioned sentiment, they had recourse to the Castilian when they wished to embody more elevated and heroic thoughts; and sometimes, when they treated amusing and burlesque themes, as if the mere employment of a foreign dialect gave a ludicrous air to the ideas. Several of the finest poems of Saa de Miranda, nearly the whole of those of Montemayor, and a few pieces of verse at least from the pens of all the other Portuguese poets, are in the language of Castile, while there is scarcely an instance of any Spanish poet expressing his poetical feelings in the Portuguese tongue.

The birth of Saa de Miranda took place at Coimbra, about the year 1495. Of noble parentage, he was early intended for the legal profession, and he became professor of law in the university of his native place. These pursuits,

however, were too little in unison with his tastes and talents, to be continued beyond the life-time of his father, out of a regard for whose feelings he had hitherto been led to persevere. When he was no more, his son renounced the professor's chair, and, visiting Spain and Italy, soon formed an intimate acquaintance with the language and poetry of those countries. On his return, he obtained a situation at the court of Lisbon, where he was generally regarded as one of the most pleasing characters, although not unfrequently suffering under the dominion of a deep and settled melancholy. So liable, indeed, was he to its sudden influence, that often, while engaged in the animated scenes of life, surrounding objects seemed at once as it were to disappear from his view; his voice faltered; the tears started into his eyes; and it was only when he was forcibly roused from this state of wretchedness, that he was conscious of having given way to his emotions. Philosophical studies were blended with his love of poetry, and he appears to have conceived as ardent an affection for Grecian as for Roman literature. To music he is said to have been passionately devoted, and to have been a fine performer on the violin. In consequence of a quarrel fastened upon him by one of the favourite courtiers, he was constrained to retire to his country seat of Tapada, near Ponte de Lima, between the Douro and Minho. There he

devoted the remainder of his days to the pleasures of a country life, and to the studies which he so much loved. He was extremely happy in his matrimonial choice, to the object of which, though neither very young nor very beautiful, he is said to have been tenderly attached. He lived admired and beloved by all his contemporaries, and died, much regretted, in the year 1558.

About the period when Saa de Miranda attained his highest celebrity, Italian taste rose into such high repute with the Castilians, as nearly to produce a revolution in the national literature. But its introduction into Portugal some time before, had been attended with less sensible effects; and her favourite poet, following the dictates of his feelings, and writing from the heart to the heart, never deigned to become an imitator. Even in Miranda's sonnets, a species of composition on which other poets have rarely conferred a distinctive character, we discover no traces of a servile pen. The following sonnet presents a favourable specimen of the style of this poet.\*

- \* Nam sei que em vos mas vejo, não sey que  
 Mais ouço et sinto ao vir vosso, et fallar;  
 Não sey que entendo mais, té no callar,  
 Nem, quando vos nam vejo, alma que vee.

Que lhe aparece em qual parte que esté,  
 Olhe o Ceo, olhe a terra, ou olhe o mar,  
 E triste aquelle vosso susurrar,  
 Em que tanto mais vai, que direy que è?

## SONNET.

I know not, lady, by what nameless charm  
 Those looks, that voice, that smile, have each the power  
 Of kindling loftier thoughts, and feelings more  
 Resolved and high. Even in your silence, warm  
 Soft accents seem my sorrows to disarm ;  
 And when with tears your absence I deplore,  
 Where'er I turn, your influence, as before,  
 Pursues me, in your voice, your eye, your form.  
 Whence are those mild and mournful sounds I hear,  
 Through every land, and on the pathless sea ?  
 Is it some spirit of air or fire, from thee,  
 Subject to laws I move by and revere ;  
 Which, lighted by thy glance, can ne'er decay—  
 But what I know not, why attempt to say ?

If we are pleased with the depth and delicacy of feeling displayed in this sonnet, we shall perhaps be no less gratified with the striking picture of a sunset in the following, where Nature appears in her truest and happiest colours, and the reflections rising out of the scene harmonize beautifully with its external character. Whatever degree of praise may have been bestowed by

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Em verdade não sey que he isto que anda  
 Entre nós, ou se he ar, como parece,  
 Ou fogo d'outra sorte, et d'outra ley,

Em que ando, de que vivo, et nunca abranda  
 Por ventura que á vista resplandece.  
 Ora o que eu sey taõ mal como direy ?



modern critics upon a boldness of imagination, which, in other times, would have been censured as extravagance, fine description and reflection have their own peculiar merits; and these, under the inspiration of a true poet, are always sure to command the emotions of his readers, and to attract them by the force of truth.

## SONNET.

\* As now the sun glows broader in the West,  
 Birds cease to sing, and cooler breezes blow,  
 And from yon rocky heights hoarse waters flow,  
 Whose music wild chases the thoughts of rest;  
 With mournful fancies and deep cares oppress'd,  
 I gaze upon this fleeting worldly show,  
 Whose vain and empty pomps like shadows go,  
 Or swift as light sails o'er the ocean's breast.  
 Day after day, hope after hope, expires!  
 Here once I wander'd, 'mid these shades and flowers,  
 Along these winding banks and green-wood bowers,  
 Fill'd with the wild-bird's song, that never tires.  
 Now all seems mute—all fled! But these shall live,  
 And bloom again: alone unchanged, I grieve.

\* O sol he grande; caem com a calma as aves  
 Do tempo, em tal sazaõ que soe ser fria,  
 Esta goa que d'alto cae, acordarme hia  
 Do sono naõ, mas de cuidados graves.

O cousas todas vãs, todas mudaveis!  
 Qual he o coração que em vós confia?  
 Passando hum dia vay, passa outro dia,  
 Incertos todos mais que ao vento as naves.

But it was in the pastoral world that Saa de Miranda seemed to breathe and live; a world of his own. His thoughts and his affections continually recurred to it; and his other productions every where bear the stamp of his idyls and his romance. His most delightful eclogues, it is true, as we have before seen, were written in Spanish, leaving only two in his native language; and these are not unfrequently obscured by a mixture of popular phrases and allusions to the customs of the country.\*

En ví ja por aqui sombras et flores,  
 Vi agoas, et vi fontes, vi verdura,  
 As aves ví cantar todas d'amores.

Mudo et seco he já tudo, et de mistura  
 Tambem fazendome, eu fuy d'outras cores.  
 E tudo o mais renova, isto he sem cura.

\* These consist of the fourth addressed to Don Manuel of Portugal, and the eighth to Nun Alvarez Pereira. In the latter, Miranda has turned into verse the satiric fable of Pierre Cardinal on the rain which produced madness. The original Provençal is cited in the fifth chapter; vol. i, p. 197. We now rarely meet with the old fictions of the Troubadours in modern verse, which renders this the more remarkable. Its application, however, is different.

BERTO, Str. 31.

Come de toda a vianda,  
 Nam andes nesses antejos  
 Nam sejas tam vindo a banda,  
 Tente a volta cos desejos.

Miranda was the first who introduced poetical epistles to the notice of the Portuguese. In these he united a sort of pastoral language, more pecu-

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Anda por onde o carro anda ;  
 Vez como os mundos saõ feitos ;  
 Somos muitos, tu só es :  
 Poucos saõ os satisfeitos,  
 Hum esquerdo entre os direitos  
 Parece que anda aõ revez.

## 32.

Dia de Mayo choreo ;  
 A quantos agoa alcançou  
 A tantos endoudeceo ;  
 Ouve hum sò que se salvou,  
 Assi entam lhe pareceo.  
 Dera, vista as sançadas  
 Essas, que tinha mais perto,  
 Vio armar as trovoadas,  
 Alongou mais as passadas,  
 Foyse acolhendo ao cuberto.

## 33.

Ao outro dia, hum lhe dava  
 Paparotes no nariz,  
 Vinha outro que o escornava,  
 Ei tambem era o juiz  
 Que de riso se finava.  
 Bradava elle, homens olhay !  
 Hiam lhe co dedo ao olho ;  
 Disse entam, pois assi vay  
 Nam creio logo em meu pay,  
 Se me desta agoa nam molho.

liarly his own, to an imitation of his favourite author, Horace; together forming an union of romantic and didactic verse, whose attractions consist in the truth and feeling it displays, but which is, on the other hand, somewhat verbose and superficial. Unfortunately, Miranda was too much subjected to monastic authority to develope his thoughts clearly and boldly to the world. He did not venture to prefix the Latin title of *Epistolæ* to this portion of his productions, lest it might seem to imply a classical imitation, to which he by no means aspired; merely denominating them *Cartas*, or Letters, in allusion to their modern style. In these we easily recognize the courtier and the man of the world, no less than the poet and lover of rural scenes. The following stanza of the first Epistle, addressed to the king, would furnish a very good maxim:

\* The man of single soul, in all  
 Consistent, one in faith, in face,  
 Who cannot stoop, though he may fall,  
 Will fearless go wherever Fate may call,  
 Except to court, to pension, and to place.

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\* Homem de hum só parecer,  
 D'hum só rosto, huã só fê,  
 D'antes quebrar que torcer,  
 Elle tudo pode ser,  
 Mas de corte homem não he.

In the fifth Epistle we likewise meet with a singular passage, respecting the progress of a luxurious and dissipated taste in Portugal, imbibed during its commerce with the East. It will be found to run as follows :

\* So rude were our forefathers in the lore  
 Of letters, that they scarce knew how to read;  
 Though valiant all and virtuous : not the more  
 I praise their ignorance ; but I would plead  
 For the grave manners by our sires of yore  
 Observed, which now their sons no longer heed.  
 Whence springs the change ? From letters ? No ; from gay  
 And frivolous customs of the modern day.

I fear for thee, my country ; and I sigh  
 To see thee ape the slavish climes of Ind ;  
 To see thee lose in feeble sloth the high  
 Proud name thou ownest ; like that conqueror blind  
 And madly weak, who triumph'd but to die ;  
 He whom Rome's proudest generals could not bind,  
 Nor Trebia, Thrasimene, nor Cannæ tame,  
 To Capua's vices yielded up his fame.

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\* Dizem dos nossos passados,  
 Que os mais naõ sabiam ler,  
 Eram bons, eram ousados ;  
 Eu nam gabo o nam saber,  
 Como algũs as graças dados.  
 Gabo muito os seus costumes :  
 Doeme se oje nam sam tais.  
 Mas das letras, ou perfumes,  
 De quais veo o dano mais ?

The prediction of Miranda was but too soon fulfilled. After the conquest of the Indies,

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Destes mimos Indianos  
 Ey gram medo a Portugal,  
 Que venhaõ a fazerlhe os danos  
 Que Capua fez a Anibal  
 Vencedor de tantos annos.  
 A tempestade espantosa  
 De Trebia, de Trasimeno,  
 De Canas, Capua viçosa  
 Venceo em tempo pequeno.

The following advice respecting the obligation of kings to listen before they condemn, is expressed in a very lively way :

QUINT. 50.

Senhor, nosso padre Adam  
 Peccou, chamou o juiz,  
 Tenha que dizer, ou naõ,  
 Ili sua fraca razaõ,  
 Porem livremente diz.

In the fourth Epistle, stanza 39, &c. the fable of the Town and Country Mouse is extremely well told :

Hum rato usado a cidade,  
 Tomou o a noite por fora,  
 (Quem foge a necessidade).  
 Lembroulhe a velha amizade  
 D'outro rato que alli mora.

Faz hum homem a conta errada,  
 Muitas vezes, et acontece  
 Crescimento na jornada,  
 (Diz) et entrando na pisada  
 Cidadam logo parece.

luxury and corruption spread their baneful influence over Portugal. The accumulation of riches, frequently obtained by the infliction of the most

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O pobre assi salteado  
 D'um tamanho cortesam,  
 Em busca d'algum bocado  
 Vay e vem sempre apressado,  
 Sem tocar cos pes no chaõ.

Ordena a sua mezinha,  
 Poslhe nella algum legume,  
 Mesura quando hia e vinha,  
 Duelhe tudo quanto tinha,  
 Pede perdam por costume.

Diz, quem tal adivinhara !  
 Contra o cortesam severo,  
 Que tanto andara e buscara,  
 Té que alguã cousa achara,  
 A quem tanto devo et quero.

Cumpre porem nesta mesa,  
 Que aja mais fome que gula,  
 Temle a fogueyrinha acesa,  
 Faz rostro ledo a despesa,  
 Vee o outro et dissimula.

E dizendo esta consigo,  
 Que gente a dentre penedos,  
 Quanto à de Pedro a Rodrigo ?  
 Que bem diz o exemplo antigo  
 Que naõ saõ iguais os dedos ?

Miranda could hardly have drawn so spirited a picture, if it had not been his own lot to entertain a courtier occasionally in his humble dwelling.

atrocious cruelties, was more regarded than the preservation of integrity and honour; while the excesses to which indolence and profusion gave rise, were considered as the just heritage of nobility, and the reward of heroic toils.

Miranda was, likewise, the author of hymns addressed to the Virgin, of many popular songs and ballads, and of an elegy of a very mournful and devotional character, in which he deploras the death of his son, killed in Africa, probably in the great battle of the 18th April, 1553; and not, as it has been supposed, in that of Alcaçar, which did not take place until twenty years after the death of Saa de Miranda himself. But the confidence which it breathes, that his boy, falling in combat against infidels, had achieved for himself glory in heaven, although it served to allay his paternal griefs, was but little calculated to heighten the poetic embellishment of the subject.

In imitation of the classic Italian writers whom he admired, Miranda was desirous of conferring a classical theatre upon his own country, similar to that of the Romans, or to that which was patronized by Leo X. in Italy. He successively emulated the dramas of Ariosto and of Machiavel, of Plautus and of Terence; and he produced, among others, two comedies which may be referred to the class of *erudite comedies* in the literature of Italy, quite opposite in character to a species of *comedies of art*, at that time played



on the boards of Portugal. One of these dramas by Miranda is entitled, *Os Estrangeiros: The Strangers*; the other, *Os Villalpandios*, the name of two Spanish soldiers introduced upon the scene. The action is placed in Italy, but the poet would have succeeded better in imitating the manners of his native country, with which he was conversant, than in representing those of a different people. These comedies are not to be found in the edition of Miranda's works, now in my possession; and I am indebted to Bouterwek for the knowledge of two extracts from them, one of which is an evident imitation of the *Adelphi* of Terence. The dialogue, written in prose, is very spirited. In his representations of common life, Miranda sought to give dignity to his subject, as he had before refined and elevated the language of the shepherds in his eclogues.

Contemporary with Miranda, and approaching nearest to him in the taste and genius of his compositions, was Montemayor. Though a Portuguese by birth, he seems to have refused to hold a station in the literary history of his country. The only specimens of his Portuguese poetry which remain, are two little songs to be found in the seventh book of his *Diana*, and almost too trifling to deserve our notice. The succeeding age, however, produced a poet, who dedicated his talents to his country; who laboured to reconcile the genius of his native lan-

guage with classical poetry ; and who merited from his countrymen the title of the Horace of Portugal.

Antonio Ferreira was born at Lisbon in the year 1528, and being destined by his friends, who were connected with the highest authorities of the robe, to move in public life, was sent with this view to acquire a knowledge of the law at Coimbra. About this period, it was usual for the students and other literary characters of the university, to exhibit their poetic skill in the production of Latin verses. But Ferreira, inspired by those patriotic sentiments which he already began to entertain, adopted and strictly adhered to the plan of writing only in his native tongue. He did not hesitate, however, to avail himself of the qualities he so much admired in the poets of Italy, and in particular in his favourite model, Horace. He bestowed the pains of classical correction, both on his ideas and on his language ; and confining himself almost exclusively to the Italian metres, he never devoted his time to the composition of *redondilhas*, or of any other species of verse in the old national manner. The greater part of the sonnets that appear in his works, were written before he left the university. After having filled a professor's chair at Coimbra, he visited the court, where he occupied a distinguished situation. Here he was soon regarded as the oracle of the critics, and as a model of good

taste to all young poets. A brilliant career appeared to be opening to his view, when he was suddenly carried off by the plague which raged in the year 1569.

In the opinion of Ferreira, the nicest degree of correction, both of thought and language, was requisite to the poetical beauty of every finished performance. It was one of his objects to banish every species of orientalism from the literature of his country; and he sought to avoid in his writings the appearance of singularity as much as of mere common-place. He aimed rather at noble than at novel ideas; and the qualities which most distinguished him were those of correctness, picturesque power, and variety of expression, together with what may be termed the poetry of language. By an union of these, he attempted to prove that the popular simplicity and sweetness of the Portuguese language were not inconsistent with the dignity of didactic verse, or with the flow of rhythm necessary to the highest poetical style. But in his endeavours to improve the national literature, he departed too far from the national taste; which may, perhaps, have occasioned his productions to be better relished by strangers than by his own countrymen. They are, at the same time, the easiest to be understood of any in the language; while they approach the nearest, among the Portuguese, to those of the Roman tongue. If we

are unable to detect many defects in the poetry of Ferreira, we are, on the other hand, at a loss to discover any of those higher efforts of genius, which strike the imagination or fire the soul. When a poet fails in bringing the vivid creations of genius before our eyes; when he no longer stirs the heart with the tenderness or the violence of the passions; and more than all, when the leaden hand of fanaticism weighs down the vigour of his thoughts; however he may attempt to interest us by a display of feeling and reflection, and however much we may applaud the force, ease, and elegance, of his descriptions, we are never borne away by the strength of his illusions, and never seem to lose ourselves with him for a moment. The power which such a poet exercises over us, is still further lost in a translation. The sonnets of Ferreira remind us of Petrarch, and his odes, of Horace; but in neither of these departments does the imitator rival the excellence of his models. Of his elegies, the greater part are filled with expressions of regret, which do not appear to have proceeded from the heart of the writer, being chiefly written on the death of some illustrious personage, whom the poet was bound to celebrate. Others are rather of a luxurious than a pathetic cast of sentiment. Such is one of the happiest of these pieces, written on the return of the month of May, and giving a very pleasing

description, in *terza rima*, of the glowing freshness of Spring, and the reviving reign of the Mother of the Loves. The eclogues of Ferreira possess little merit beyond what ease and sweetness of diction may be supposed to confer. In truth, his genius was not of a pastoral turn. His Epistles, forming by far the most voluminous portion of his works, are, likewise, in the opinion of Bouterwek, the most excellent.\* They were written at a time when the author, who resided at the court, had arrived at the maturity of his

\* As some example of the miscellaneous pieces of Ferreira, a single sonnet and an extract from one of his Epistles are here given. The sonnet appears to have been addressed to his mistress, Marilia :

Quando entoar começo, com voz branda,  
 Vosso nome d'amor doce e soave,  
 A terra, o mar, vento, agoa, flor, folha, ave,  
 Ao brando som s'alegra, move e abranda.

Nem nuvem cobre o ceo, nem na gente anda  
 Trabalhoso cuidado, ou peso grave.  
 Nova cór toma o sol, ou se erga, ou lave  
 No claro Tejo, e nova luz nos manda

Tudo se ri, se alegre e reverdece.  
 Todo mundo parece que renova,  
 Nem ha triste planeta ou dura sorte.

A minh' alma só chora, e se entristece.  
 Maravilha d'amor cruel e nova!  
 O que a todos traz vida, a mim traz morte

powers, adding to his acquisitions in ancient literature and philosophy, an intimate acquaintance with the existing world.

I shall not, however, have recourse to the authority of *Boutterwek* in estimating the dramatic works of *Ferreira*, although so greatly indebted, on many occasions, to his researches into Portuguese literature. To me they appear to be of a far higher order than his lyric poems; but their author must, after all, be referred to the school of modern imitators of the ancients; a school which all the German critics have so loudly denounced. *Ferreira* produced a tragedy on the national subject of *Inez de Castro*, a story which so many

In an epistle to his friend *Andrade Caminha*, he advises him to compose only in his native language, and not to enrich by his talents the literature of a nation considered the rival of Portugal. Book i. Epis. iii.

Cuida melhor, que quanto mais honraste,  
E em mais tiveste essa lingua estrangeira,  
Tanto a esta tua ingrato te mostraste.

Volve, pois volve, *Andrade*, da carreira  
Que errada levas (com tua pas o digo).  
Aleançarás tua gloria verdadeira.

Té quando contra nós, contra ti inimigo  
Te mostrarás? obriguete a razaõ,  
Que eu como posso, a tua sombra sigo.

As mesmas Musas mal te julgaraõ,  
Serás em odio a nós, teus naturais,  
Pois, cruel, nos roubas o que em ti nos daõ.

Portuguese poets have since celebrated. He had then no other model than the ancients; the Spanish theatre had as yet no existence, and that of Italy had only just risen into notice. The death of Trissino occurred only nine years before that of Ferreira; so that his *Sophonisba* could not very long have preceded the *Inez de Castro* of the Portuguese poet. Besides, the few tragedies which had till then appeared in Italy, exhibited only on occasions of great public solemnity, formed very imperfect models for an author just entering upon his career. Ferreira thus wrote his tragedy without any dramatic instruction, and without pretending to divine the popular taste of an audience not yet in being. But by carefully adhering to the great dramatic models of Greece he succeeded, as it appears to me, in raising himself far above any of the contemporary writers of Italy.

The story of *Inez de Castro* is very generally known. She was the object of his son Don Pedro's passion, and was assassinated by order of King Alfonso IV. to prevent an unequal union. Ferreira, desirous of blending dignity with clemency in the character of Alfonso, attempts to palliate the cruelty of the act on the plea of religious and political expediency, artfully impressing upon the minds of the audience the same feeling of popular resentment which is supposed to have actuated all parties against the unfortunate *Inez*.

She had long been the idol of the young prince, while his late consort was still in being. She had even been induced to stand at the baptismal font with the infant of that wife in her arms, and her subsequent union with the father was considered as little less than incestuous. The court and the people equally disliked the idea of giving a stepmother to the legitimate heir of the throne. The chorus in the play, and even the friend of the prince himself, everywhere proclaim this universal feeling; and from the opening to the close, we behold two unfortunate beings struggling with the madness of passion against the overwhelming tide of national displeasure. Thus Alfonso, driven on by his ministers, and anxious to ensure the public safety by the death of Inez, is by no means calculated to inspire us either with horror or disgust; his weakness is mingled with a certain degree of dignity and kindness; and when, yielding to the advice of his council, he deplores the wretchedness of a royal lot, we are strongly reminded by Ferreira of the lofty language of Alfieri :

- He only is a king, who, like a king,  
Free from base fears, and empty hopes and wishes,  
(Howbeit his name be never bruited forth)

- 
- Aquelle he rey sómente que assim vive,  
(Inda que cá seu nome nunca s'ouva)  
Que de medo e desejo, e d'esperança



Passes his days. O blissful days, how gladly  
 Whole years of weary life, thus worn with toils,  
 Would I exchange for you! I fear mankind:  
 Some men there are with whom I must dissemble;  
 Others, whom I would strike, I dare not reach at.  
 What! be a king and dare not? Ay! the monarch  
 Is awed by his own people; doom'd to suffer,  
 And smile and simulate. So, I feel I am  
 No king, but a poor captive.

In the beginning of the third act, Inez relates to her nurse a terrific dream, which gives her a presentiment of some approaching evil. This is described in very elevated language, full of poetic beauty and conceived in the most touching strain of sorrow. It breathes a glow of maternal tenderness, which the more lofty style of tragedy might not deem quite admissible, but which goes to the very heart of the reader. Of such a kind, are the following lines of this beautiful scene:

\* INEZ. Oh bright and glorious sun! how pleasant art thou  
 To eyes that close in fear, lest never more

Livre passa seus dias.... Oh bons dias!  
 Com que eu todos meus annos tam cansados  
 Trocará alegramente.... Temo os homes;  
 Com outros dissimulo; outros naõ posso  
 Castigar.... ou naõ ousa! hum rey naõ ousa!...  
 Tambem teme seu povo, tambem sofre,  
 Tambem suspira e geme, e dissimula!  
 Naõ son rey, son cativo....

\* IGNEZ. Oh sol claro e fermoso!  
 Como alegras os olhos, que esta noite

They meet thy beams upon the morrow ! Night !  
 O fearful night ! how heavy hast thou been,  
 How full of phantoms of strange grief and terror !  
 Methought, so hateful were my dreams, the object  
 Of my soul's love for ever disappear'd  
 From these fond eyes. Methought I left for ever.  
 And you, my babes, in whose sweet countenances  
 I see the eyes and features of your father,  
 Here you remain'd, abandon'd by your mother.  
 Oh fatal dream, how hast thou mov'd my soul !  
 Even yet I tremble at the direful vision,  
 And lowly thus beseech the pitying Heavens  
 To turn such portents from me.

Inez is yet ignorant of the dangers to which she is exposed. These are announced to her by the chorus in the succeeding scene :

- \* CHORUS. Too piteous tidings,  
 Tidings of death and woe, alas ! we bring ;

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Cuidaraõ não te ver ! Oh noite triste !  
 Oh noite escura ! Quam comprida foste !  
 Como cansaste est' alma em sombras vãs !  
 Em medos me trouxestes taes, que cria  
 Que alli se me acababa o meu amor,  
 Alli a saudade da minh' alma  
 Que me ficava cá.... e vós, meus filhos !  
 Meus filhos tam fermosos, em que eu vejo  
 Aquelle rosto e olhos do pay vosso.  
 De mim ficaveis cá desemparados !....  
 Oh sonho triste que assi me assombraste !....  
 Tremo ind' agora, tremo.... Deos afarte  
 De nós tam triste agouro !

- \* O CHORO. Tristes novas, crucis,  
 Novas mortaes te trago, dona Inez !

Too cruel to be heard, unhappy Inez.  
Thou hast not merited the dreadful fate  
Which surely waits thee now.

NURSE. What say you?—Speak!

CHORUS. Tears choke my words.

INEZ. Why? wherefore should you weep?

CHORUS. To gaze upon that face—those eyes—

INEZ. Alas!

Wretch that I am! what woes, what greater woes  
Await me now? Oh, speak.

CHORUS. It is thy death!

INEZ. Ye gracious powers! my lord, my husband's dead.

This exclamation of impassioned grief from a being who can imagine no calamity equal to that which threatens the object nearest to her soul, may be regarded as an instance of the real sublime. She is soon, however, undeceived; the victim is herself. She now trembles at the idea of

Ah coitada de ti! Ah triste, triste!  
Que naõ merces-tu a cruel morte  
Que assi te vem buscar....

A AMA. Que dizes? Fala!

O CHORO. Naõ posso! choro!

IGNEZ. De que chóras?

O CHORO. Vejo

Esse rosto, esses olhos, essa....

IGNEZ. Triste

De mim! triste: que mal? Que mal tamanho  
He esse que me trazes?

O CHORO. He tua morte!....

IGNEZ. *Bramando.*

He morto o meu senhor? o meu Ifãnte!

meeting her fate; and she mourns over the sweet and delightful scenes she is about to leave for ever. But her generosity seems half to vanquish her fears; and the interest which we now feel for her becomes more painfully intense, as we see that her character partakes still more of that of the woman than of the heroine:

“Fly, fly, dear nurse! \*

Far from the vengeance that pursues me; here,  
 Here will I wait alone, with innocence  
 Mine only shield; nor other arms I crave.  
 Come, Death! but take me an unspotted victim.  
 In you, sweet pledges of our mutual truth,  
 In you I still shall live; though now they tear you  
 From my fond heart, and Heaven alone can help me.  
 Yet haste to succour, haste, ye pitying virgins!  
 All noble-hearted men who aid the innocent!  
 Weep, weep no more, my boys! 'Tis I should grieve  
 For you; but yet, while you can call me mother,

Ama! fuge

Fuge desta ira grande que nos busca!  
 Eu fico, fico só... mas innocente:  
 Não quero mais ajudas; venha a morte  
 Moura eu, mas innocente! vos meus filhos  
 Vivereis cá por mim; meus tam pequenos!  
 Que cruelmente vem tirar de mim....  
 Socorra me só Deos; e socorrey-me  
 Vos moças de Coymbra!... Homens! que vedes  
 Esta innocencia minha, soccorrey me!...  
 Meus filhos! não chóreis.... Eu por vos choro....  
 Logray vos desta may, desta may triste.

Love me, cling to me, wretchedest of mothers :  
 Be near me every friend ; surround and shield me  
 From dreaded death that even now approaches.

The different choruses which divide the acts seem imbued with the very spirit of poetry. In one we have a majestic ode lamenting the excesses to which the age of youth is so liable, and the violence of the passions. The recitation affords the spectators, as it were, leisure to breathe, between the agonizing scenes in which they behold the victim struggling in the storm of contending passions and involved in a shroud of grief, of terror, and of dying love, till she disappears wholly from their eyes. It has the effect of enabling us to contemplate human destiny from a loftier elevation, and it teaches us to triumph over the vicissitudes of life by the aid of philosophy and by the exertion of the mental energies. On the opening of the fourth act, Inez appears before the king attended by his two confidential advisers, Coelho and Pacheco; and the scene that follows is a noble combination of pathos, eloquence, and fine chivalric manners. After she has appealed to the justice, the compassion, and generosity of the monarch in behalf of her offspring at her side,

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Em quanto a tendes viva !... E vós, amigas !  
 Cercay me em roda todas, e podendo,  
 Defendey me da morte que me busca.

whom she presents to him, the king replies to her in these words :

It is thy sins that kill thee, think on them.

On which she answers :

Alas ! whate'er my sins,  
None dare accuse my loyalty to thee,  
Most gracious prince ! My sins towards God are many :  
Yet doth not Heaven hear the repentant voice  
That sues for pity ? God is just, but merciful,  
And pardons oft where he might punish ; oft  
Long suffering, reprieves the wretch, who lives ;  
For Heaven is watchful still to pardon sinners,  
And such th' example once you gave your subjects ;  
Nor change your generous nature now to me !

Coelho informs her that she is already condemned, and that it is time she should prepare her soul, in order that she may avoid a still more tremendous doom. At these words, turning towards her executioners, she appeals to their knightly honour, and to their ancestral chivalry. It is here that her confidence in the prevailing laws of honour, contrasted with the dark counsels of political convenience, produces the finest effect :

Have I no friend ? where are my friends ? who else  
Should now appease the anger of the king ?  
Implore him for me ; help to win his pity !  
And ye, true knights, who succour the oppress'd,  
Let not the innocent thus unjustly suffer :  
If you can see me die, the world will say,  
'Twas you who bade me suffer.

One might imagine that such language would have blunted the weapons of her destroyers; but the reply of Coelho, intent upon her death and about to strike the fatal blow, is calm and dignified :

I do beseech you, Inez, by these tears  
 You shed in vain, to snatch the few short moments  
 That still are yours, to render up your soul  
 In peace and prayer to God! 'Tis the king's will,  
 And it is just. We did attend him hither  
 For this, to save his kingdom, not to punish  
 The innocent; it is a sacrifice  
 Which, would to Heaven! might be averted from us.  
 But as it may not be, forgive the king :  
 He is not cruel; and if we appear so  
 In having given him counsel, go where thou  
 May'st cry for vengeance just, upon thy foes  
 At the eternal throne. We have condemn'd thee  
 Unjustly, as it seems; yet we shall follow  
 Thy steps ere long, and at the judgment-seat  
 Render account before the Judge supreme  
 Of that which thou complain'st of—of this deed.

Notwithstanding the great beauty and pathos of the dialogue, there is perhaps too little variety of action in this play. After granting the pardon of Inez, the king permits his followers to pursue and assassinate her behind the scenes, at the end of the fourth act. The prince, Don Pedro, never once appears during the whole performance, except to acquaint his confidant with his passion in the first act, and to lament his misfortune in the last; but without holding a single

dialogue with the object of his affections, or ever attempting to avert her fate. It would be unjust, however, not to consider the extreme disadvantage under which the author laboured, in producing a tragedy without having any acquaintance with a theatre, or with the feelings of the public.

The classical school, instituted by Saa de Miranda, and in particular by Antonio Ferreira, in Portugal, obtained a considerable number of followers. Pedro de Andrade Caminha, one of the most celebrated of these, was a zealous friend and imitator of Ferreira. His writings possess the same degree of chaste elegance and purity of style; but they are more deficient in poetic spirit than their original. His eclogues are cold and languid in the extreme. His epistles have more merit; they have much of the animation requisite in didactic compositions, joined to an agreeable variety of style. They are not, however, so full of matter and reflection as those of Ferreira, who was himself, indeed, deficient in originality and power. Throughout twenty tedious elegies, there is not found a single one in which the author leads us to sympathise with the imaginary sorrows of his muse. More than eighty epitaphs, and above two hundred and fifty epigrams, will complete the catalogue of Andrade's works. The author's correct taste and perspicuity of style,



have conferred on these effusions all the merit of which they were susceptible; but in these, as in the rest of his works, we trace the labours of the critic and the man of taste, endeavouring to supply the want of genius and inspiration. We may applaud his exertions, but we reap neither pleasure nor profit from their perusal.

Diego Bernardes was the friend of Andrade Caminha, and another disciple of Ferreira. He was some time employed as secretary to the embassy from the court of Lisbon to Philip II. of Spain. He afterwards followed King Sebastian to the African war, and was made prisoner by the Moors, in the disastrous battle of Alcacer, in which that monarch fell. On recovering his liberty, he returned and resided in his own country, where he died in 1596. He labours under the imputation of a flagrant plagiarism, in having wished to appropriate to himself some of the lesser productions of Camoens. His works, collected under the title of *O Lyma*, the name of a river celebrated by him, and on whose banks the scene of his pastorals is laid, contain no less than twenty long eclogues, and thirty-three epistles. We may frequently trace in the charm of the language, and in the elegance and native sweetness of the verse, a degree of resemblance to the poems of Camoens; but the spirit of the compositions is by no means the

same. We are no where affected by powerful touches of truth and nature; the poet always appears in a studied character, and not as the interpreter of the irresistible dictates of the heart. He attempts, by force of conceit, and a play of words, to acquire a degree of brilliancy foreign to his subject; and the monotony of pastoral life is but poorly relieved by sallies of wit and fancy inconsistent with genuine taste. The first eclogue is a lament for the death of a shepherd, Adonis, who appears, however, to have no sort of relation to the fabulous lover of old. The following specimen of it may not be unacceptable :

SERRANO.\*

O, bright Adonis! brightest of our train!  
 For thee our mountain pastures greenest sprung,  
 Transparent fountains water'd every plain,  
 And lavish nature pour'd, as once when young,  
 Spontaneous fruits, that ask'd no fostering care;  
 With thee our flocks from dangers wander'd free  
 Along the hills, nor did the fierce wolf dare  
 To snatch by stealth thy timorous charge from thee!

---

\* SERRANO. O Adonis, pastor fermoso e claro,  
 Contigo nos crecia herva na serra,  
 E das fontes corria crystal claro.

Os frutos sem trabalho dava a terra,  
 Seguro andava o gado nas montanhas,  
 Não lhe fazia o lobo cruel guerra.

SYLVIO.

Come pour with me your never-ceasing tears ;  
 Come, every nation, join our sad lament,  
 For woes that fill our souls with pains and fears ;  
 Woes, at which savage natures might relent.

SERRANO.

Let every living thing that walks the earth,  
 Or wings the heavens, or sails the oozy deep,  
 Unite their sighs to ours. Adieu to mirth,  
 Pleasures, and joys, adieu, for we must weep.

SYLVIO.

Oh, ill-starr'd day ! oh day that brought our woe,  
 Sacred to grief ! that saw those bright eyes close,  
 And Death's cold hand, from the unsullied snow  
 Of thy fair cheek, pluck forth the' blooming rose.

SERRANO.

Faint and more faint, the tender colours died,  
 Like the sweet lily of the summer day,  
 Found by the plough-share in its fragrant pride,  
 And torn, unsparing, from its stem away.

SYLVIO.      Dai lagrimas sem fim, varias nações  
                   A dor qu'enche de dor, enche d'espanto,  
                   A dor, de tygres magoa e de Leões.

SERRANO.    Não negue cousa viva vivo pranto,  
                   De quantas o ceo vé, a terra cria,  
                   As qu'o mar cobre façãõ outro tanto.

SYLVIO.      Escuro torne sempre aquelle dia,  
                   Em que da branca neve andou roubando  
                   A morte as frescas rosas cõ mãõ fria.

SERRANO.    Assi se foi teu rosto descórando,  
                   Como o lyrio no campo, ou a bonina,  
                   A quem o arado talha em trespassando.

We might suppose from the conceited turns of the original, that we were here presented with the brilliant flights of Marini. The colours are, in part, so vivid, as almost to conceal the design itself from our view; the imagery is far more striking than correct; and the expressions of regret are so fantastic as to relieve the reader from any apprehension of the author feeling the wretchedness which he so ingeniously describes. We are now only just entering on the history of Portuguese poetry; yet we already seem, in Bernardes, to have attained its opposite limits. The mistaken admiration which the poets of this nation indulged for pastoral compositions, induced them to lavish the whole of their poetical resources, far sooner than the poets of any other nation, and carried them prematurely to the termination of their career.

Many other writers might yet be mentioned, who likewise shed a lustre on the same period. Amongst these are Jorge Ferreira de Vasconcellos, the author of several comedies, and of a romance founded on the Round Table; Estevan Rodriguez de Castro, a lyric poet and a physician; Fernando Rodriguez Lobo de Soropita, who edited the poems of Camoens, which he also very happily imitated; and Miguel de Cabedo de Vasconcellos, particularly celebrated for the beauty of his Latin verses. But there is one man who stands alone;

who reflects unequalled lustre on the literary character of his times ; and who deserves to occupy our attention as long as all the other poets belonging to the Portuguese nation. We scarcely need to add, that it is to the genius of Camoens that we hasten to dedicate the labours of the ensuing chapters.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

Luis de Camoens : *Lusiadas*.

WE next proceed to consider the merits of the illustrious man who has long been considered the chief and almost the only boast of his country. Camoens, indeed, is the sole poet of Portugal, whose celebrity has extended beyond the Peninsula, and whose name appears in the list of those who have conferred honour upon Europe. Such is the force of genius in a single individual, that it may be said to constitute the renown of a whole people. It stands in solitary greatness before the eyes of posterity; and a crowd of lesser objects disappear in its superior light.

Luis de Camoens was descended from a noble, though by no means a wealthy, family. He was the son of Simon Vas de Camoens. One of his ancestors, of the name of Vasco Perez, who had acquired some reputation as a Galician poet, quitted the service of the court of Castile, in 1370, and attached himself to that of Portugal. Simon Vas de Camoens was commander of a ship

of war, which was wrecked on the coasts of India, where he perished. His wife, Anna de Sa-Macedo, was likewise of noble birth. The exact date of the birth of their son Luis has never been ascertained. In the life prefixed to the splendid edition of his great poem, by M. de Sousa, it is supposed, agreeably to the previous conjecture of Manoel de Faria, to have taken place in the year 1525. It is certain that he pursued his studies at Coimbra, where he obtained an intimate acquaintance with the history and mythology then in repute. While still at the university he produced several sonnets and other verses, which have been preserved; but whatever degree of talent he there displayed, he failed to conciliate the friendship of Ferreira, and of other distinguished characters, then completing their studies at Coimbra. Engaged in bestowing on Portuguese poetry its utmost degree of classical perfection, they affected to look down on the ardent imagination of young Camoens with an eye of pity and contempt. After having completed his studies, he went to Lisbon, where he conceived a passion for Catharina de Atayde, a lady of the court; and so violent was the affection with which she inspired him, that for some time he is said to have renounced all his literary and worldly pursuits. We are unacquainted with the views which he at that time entertained, as well as with his means of subsistence; but it is certain

that his attachment gave rise to some unpleasant circumstances, in consequence of which he received an order to leave Lisbon. He was banished to Santarem, where he produced several of those poems which, while they served as fuel to his passion, increased the dangers of his situation. His ill success and disappointed affection at last led him to the resolution of embracing a military life, and he volunteered his services into the Portuguese fleet, then employed against the African powers. It was not without a feeling of pride that he thus united the character of a hero and a poet; continuing, in the intervals of the most arduous services, to court the attentions of the muse. In an engagement before Ceuta, in which he greatly distinguished himself, he had the misfortune to lose his right eye. He then returned to Lisbon in the expectation that his services might acquire for him the recompense which had been refused to him as a poet; but no one evinced the least disposition to serve him. All his efforts to distinguish himself in laudable enterprises and pursuits were successively thwarted, and his small resources daily became less. While his soul was the seat of lofty thoughts and patriotism, he felt that he was neglected and contemned by the country he loved. Yielding to a feeling of indignation, like that of Scipio, he exclaimed with him, *Ingrata patria nec ossa quidem habebis!* and came to the resolution



of leaving it once more. With this view, in the year 1553, he embarked for the East Indies. The squadron with which he set sail consisted of four vessels. Three of these foundered at sea, and that only in which Camoens sailed reached the port of Goa in safety. But our poet did not, as he had flattered himself, obtain employment even here; and he found himself compelled once more to offer his services as a volunteer in a company of auxiliaries sent by the viceroy of India to the King of Cochin. Nearly all his companions in arms fell victims, during this campaign, to the fatal insalubrity of the climate. Camoens, however, survived its effects, and returned to Goa after having contributed to the triumph of his country's ally. Still destitute of employment and resources, he next joined an expedition against the Corsairs of the Red Sea. Passing the winter in the Isle of Ormuz, he had there full leisure to indulge his poetical pursuits, and to complete a portion of his poems. Every object around him seemed to assume a poetic dress; and the love of his country revived with fresh force, while he trod those eastern scenes, rendered famous by the exploits of his countrymen. But the abuses of the government excited his strongest feelings of indignation, and instead of attempting to conciliate an administration which had yet shewn him no favour, he wrote a bitter satire on its conduct. The *Disparates na*

*India*, or *Follies in India*, was a severe mortification, on its appearance, to the feelings of the viceroy. He immediately banished the unfortunate poet to the Isle of Macao, situated on the coast of China; and while there, Camoens made an excursion into the Moluccas. But here, as he himself relates, while in one hand he bore his books, and in the other his sword :

N'huma maõ livros, n'outra ferro et aço,  
N'huma maõ sempre a espada, n'outra a pena :

in neither career did he meet with the success which he deserved. His necessities at last compelled him to accept the situation of commissary for the effects of the deceased, *provedor mór dos defuntos*, at Macao. He remained there five years, and employed his time in completing that great epic work which was to hand down his name to posterity. There is still to be seen on the most elevated point of the isthmus which unites the town of Macao to the Chinese continent, a sort of natural gallery formed out of the rocks, apparently almost suspended in the air, and commanding a magnificent prospect over both seas, and the lofty chain of mountains which rise above their shores. Here he is said to have invoked the genius of the epic muse, and tradition has conferred on this retreat the name of the grotto of Camoens. Soon afterwards, Constantino de Braganza, the new viceroy, gave him permission to return to

Goa; but he was shipwrecked on his passage at the mouth of the river Gambia. He saved himself by clinging to a plank, and of all his little property, succeeded only in saving his poem of the *Lusiad*, deluged with the waves as he bore it in his hand to shore. A short time after his return to Goa, he was accused of malversation in the office he had exercised at Macao; and, though he successfully repelled these unjust suspicions, he was, nevertheless, suffered to linger in prison. The claims of his creditors detained him still in confinement, and it was only by the generous intervention of a few sympathizing lovers of the muses, that he was enabled to discharge his debts, to recover his liberty, and take his passage to his own country. In the year 1569 he arrived at Lisbon, after an absence of sixteen years, and without having realized any fortune in a part of the world, where so many of his countrymen had amassed immense treasures.

At the moment when Camoens set his foot on his native shore, a dreadful plague was prosecuting its ravages in the kingdom of Portugal. In the midst of universal sorrow and alarm, no attention was bestowed on poetry, and no one evinced the least curiosity respecting the poet and his *Lusiad*, the sole remaining property and hope of the unfortunate Camoens. King Sebastian was yet a minor, and completely under the authority of the priests, who betrayed him

not many years afterwards into the fatal expedition to the coast of Africa. He consented, however, to permit Camoens to dedicate his poem to him, although the only return he made was a wretched pension of fifteen milreas.\* Camoens was subjected to the most distressing embarrassments. Not unfrequently he was in actual want of bread, for which he was in part indebted to a black servant who had accompanied him from the Indies, and who was in the habit of soliciting charity at night in the open streets, to obtain a precarious subsistence for his master; a poet who was destined to confer celebrity on his country. Yet more aggravated evils were in store for the wretched Camoens. Sebastian had enrolled the whole chivalry of Portugal in his fatal expedition against Morocco. He there perished in the disastrous battle of Alcacer-Quivir, or Alcaçar la Grande, in 1578; and with him expired the royal house of Portugal; as the only remaining branch, an aged cardinal, on whom the crown devolved, died after a reign of two years; having had the mortification of seeing all Europe, while he was yet alive, contending for the succession of his kingdom. The glory of the Portuguese nation was suddenly eclipsed: her independence did not long survive; and the

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\* [Not quite five pounds a year. It is doubtful whether this sum was not merely his regular half-pay. *Tr.*]

future seemed pregnant only with calamity and disgrace. It was now that Camoens, who had so nobly supported his own misfortunes, was bowed down by the calamities of his country. He was seized with a violent fever in consequence of his many aggravated sufferings. He observed in one of his letters, a short time before his death: "Who could have believed that on so small a theatre as this wretched couch, Fortune would delight in exhibiting so many calamities? And as if these were not sufficient, I seem to take part with them against myself; for to pretend to resist such overwhelming misery, seems to me a kind of vain impertinence."\* The last days of his life were passed in the company of some monks; and it is ascertained that he died in a public hospital, in the year 1579. There was no monument erected to his memory, until sixteen years after his decease. The earliest edition of the *Lusiad* appeared in the year 1572. †

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\* Quem ouvio dizer que em taõ pequeno teatro, como o de hum pobre leito, quisesse a fortuna representar taõ grandes desventuras? E eu, como se ellas naõ bastassem, me ponho ainda da sua parte. Porque procurar resistir a tantos males, pareceria especie de desavergonhamento.

† The negligence and indifference shewn towards Camoens have been recently atoned for by the patriotic zeal of D. Jose Maria de Souza Botelho. It was his wish to raise the noblest and most splendid monument to the first of the Spanish poets; and to this he devoted a great share of his fortune

The poem on which the general reputation of Camoens depends, usually known under the name of the *Lusiad*, is entitled by the Portuguese, *Os Lusíadas*, or *The Lusitanians*. It appears to have been the object of the author to produce a work altogether national. It was the exploits of his fellow-countrymen that he undertook to celebrate. But though the great object of the poem is the recital of the Portuguese conquests in the Indies, the author has very happily succeeded in embracing all the illustrious actions performed by his compatriots in other quarters of the world, together with whatever of splendid and heroic achievement, historical narration or popular fables could supply. It is by mistake that Vasco de Gama has been represented as the hero of Camoens, and that those portions of the work not immediately connected with that commander's expedition, are regarded as episodes to the main action. There is, in truth, no other leading subject than his country, nor are there any epi-

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and of his time. He produced his splendid edition of the *Lusiad*, at Paris, 1817, in folio, after having revised the text with the most scrupulous care, and embellished it with all that the arts of typography, design, and engraving could lavish on a book, intended to be presented as an ornament to the most celebrated libraries of Europe, Asia, and America. He would not even permit a single copy to be sold, in order that not the remotest suspicion of emolument might attach to so disinterested and patriotic an undertaking.

sodes except such parts as are not immediately connected with her glory. The very opening of the *Lusiad* clearly expresses this patriotic object :

\* Arms and the heroes, who from Lisbon's shore,  
Through seas where sail was never spread before,  
Beyond where Ceylon lifts her spicy breast,  
And waves her woods above the wat'ry waste,  
With prowess more than human forc'd their way  
To the fair kingdoms of the rising day :  
What wars they wag'd, what seas, what dangers past,  
What glorious empire crown'd their toils at last,  
Vent'rous I sing, on soaring pinions borne,  
And all my country's wars the song adorn ;  
What kings, what heroes of my native land  
Thunder'd on Asia's and on Afric's strand :  
Illustrious shades, who levell'd in the dust  
The idol-temples and the shrines of lust ;

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\* As armas e os Baroes assinalados  
Que da occidental praja Lusitana  
Por mares nunca d'antes navegados,  
Passáram ainda alem da Taprobana :  
Que em perigos e guerras esforçados  
Mais do que promettia a força humana,  
Entre gente remota edificáram  
Novo reino que tanto sublimáram.

E tambem as memorias gloriosas  
D' aquelles reis que foram dilatando  
A fé, o imperio, e as terras viciosas  
De Africa e de Asia andaram devastando :

And where, crewhile, foul demons were rever'd,  
 To holy faith unnumber'd altars rear'd:  
 Illustrious names, with deathless laurels crown'd,  
 While time rolls on in every clime renown'd!\*

At the period in which Camoens wrote, we must remember that there had in fact appeared no epic poem in any of the modern tongues. Trissino had, indeed, attempted the subject of the liberation of Italy from the Goths, but had not succeeded. Several of the Castilians had, likewise, dignified with the title of epics their histories of modern events, related in rhyme, but possessing nothing of the spirit of poetry. Ariosto, and a crowd of romance writers, had thrown enchantment round the fictions of chivalry, which were painted in the happiest and most glowing colours; but neither Ariosto, nor any of those whom he so far surpassed in that kind of composition, ever aspired to the character of epic writers. Tasso, it is well known, did not publish his *Jerusalem Delivered* until the year after the death of Camoens. The *Lusiad*, moreover, was composed almost entirely in India, so that its author could only have been acquainted

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E aquellas que por obras valerosas  
 Se vão da lei da morte libertando,  
 Cantando espalharei por toda parte,  
 Se a tanto me ajudar o engenho, e arte.

\* [The passages quoted from the *Lusiad* are extracted from Mr. Mickle's translation. *Tr.*]



with such works as had already appeared before the year 1553, in which he left Portugal. He appears, nevertheless, to have studied his Italian contemporaries, and to have appreciated in common with them the excellences of the models of antiquity. We may trace, between the poetical works of Camoens and those of the Italian school, resemblances much more remarkable and striking than any we meet with between the Spanish poets and the Italians. For his verse he made choice of the heroic iambic, in rhymed octave stanzas, the metre of Ariosto, in preference to the *verso sciolto* of Trissino, or unrhymed iambic. He approaches nearer, likewise, to Ariosto than to Trissino, or to any of the Spanish writers, when he considers the epic poem as a creation of the imagination, and not as a history in verse. But he contended, like Tasso, whom he preceded, that this poetical creation ought to form a consistent whole and to preserve perfect harmony in its unity; that the ruling principle and object of the poet, like the actuating motives of his heroes, ought to be always present to the imagination of the reader; and that richness and variety of detail can never supply the want of majesty in the general scope of the work. But Camoens has invested his subject with a degree of passionate tenderness, visionary passion, and love of pleasure, which the more stoical ancients seem always to have

considered as beneath the dignity of the epic muse. With all the enthusiasm of Tasso, and all the luxurious fancy of Ariosto, he enjoyed an advantage over the latter, in combining the finest affections of the heart and soul with the glowing pictures of the imagination. The circumstance which essentially distinguishes him from the Italians, and which forms the everlasting monument of his own and his country's glory, is the national love and pride breathing through the whole performance. It was written at a time when the fame of his country had risen to its highest pitch, when the world appeared to have assumed a different aspect from the influence of the Portuguese, and when the most important objects had been attained by the smallest states. For half a century before Camoens wrote, Europe, beginning to emerge out of the narrow limits until then assigned her, had already learned the extent of the universe, and felt how small were her population, her wealth, and her dominions, when put in comparison with the extensive empires of Asia. But she had likewise learned to appreciate the superiority of the powers of thought and will over mere imposing pomp and numbers, and she was first indebted to the Portuguese for the discovery. Camoens, little foreseeing the approach of the fatal period, which was to deprive his country of its independence, and to hasten his steps towards

the tomb, wrote in the triumphant tone of national enthusiasm, and succeeded in impressing on his readers, however remotely interested in the honour of Portugal, the same national and ennobling feelings. In the dedicatory portion of his poem to king Sebastian he has the following lines :

\* Yet now attentive hear the muse's lay  
 While thy green years to manhood speed away :  
 The youthful terrors of thy brow suspend,  
 And, oh ! propitious, to the song attend,  
 The numerous song, by patriot-passion fir'd,  
 And by the glories of thy race inspir'd :  
 To be the herald of my country's fame,  
 My first ambition and my dearest aim :  
 Nor conquests fabulous, nor actions vain,  
 The muse's pastime, here adorn the strain :  
 Orlando's fury, and Rugero's rage,  
 And all the heroes of the Aonian page,

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\* Vereis amor da patria, naõ movido  
 De prêmio vil ; mas alto, e quasi eterno ;  
 Que naõ he premio vil ser conhecido,  
 Por hum pregaõn do ninho meu paterno.  
 Ouvi, vereis o nome engrandecido  
 Daquelles de quem sois senhor superno.  
 E julgareis qual he mais excellente  
 Se ser do mundo rey, se de tal gente.

Ouvi, que naõ vereis com vaãs façanhas  
 Phantasticas, fingidas, mentirosas  
 Louvar os vossos, como nas estranhas  
 Musas, de engrandecer-se desejosas ;

The dreams of bards surpass'd the world shall view,  
 And own their boldest fictions may be true ;  
 Surpass'd, and dimm'd by the superior blaze  
 Of Gama's mighty deeds, which here bright Truth displays.

Great public virtues invariably exercise over the mind a power which no individual passion can command, communicating a sort of electric feeling from heart to heart. The patriotic spirit of Camoens, devoting a whole life to raise a monument worthy of his country, seems never to have indulged a thought which was not true to the glory of an ungrateful nation. We are every where deeply sensible of this. Our noblest and best affections accompany him in his generous enterprise, and Portugal becomes interesting to us as having been the beloved country of so great a man. It is, nevertheless, doubtful, whether the subject selected by Camoens is of the most happy description for an epic poem. The discovery of the passage to the Indies; the reciprocal communication between those countries where civilization first appeared, and those whence it now proceeds; the empire of Europe extended over the rest of the world; are all events of universal importance, and which have

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As verdadeiras vossas são tamanhas  
 Que excedem as sonhadas fabulosas,  
 Que excedem Rhodamonte, e o vaõ Rogeiro,  
 E Orlando, indaque fora verdadeiro.

*Canto i, str. 10.*

produced lasting effects on the destinies of mankind. But the consequences resulting from such a discovery, are of greater importance than the event itself; and the interest attending a perilous enterprise by sea, depending almost wholly upon particular and domestic incidents, is rendered, perhaps, more impressive by the simple language of truth, than by any poetic colouring. Besides, if Camoens had been desirous of treating only of the voyage of Gama and the discovery of the East, he would have confined his attention, in a greater degree, to descriptions of the striking and magnificent scenery with which the southern and eastern hemispheres abound, and whose features exhibit such distinct peculiarities from that around the banks of the Tagus. But it was his ambition to comprehend all the glory of his country in the narrow limits which he had traced out; to celebrate the history of its kings and of its wars; and to include the lives of the distinguished heroes, whose chivalrous adventures had become the theme of its old romances. In the same manner, we are made acquainted with all the succeeding events and discoveries which were to complete the system of the world, but faintly perceived by Gama; and all the ulterior conquests of those immense regions, of which Gama only touched the extreme shores. These different portions of the work, embracing the past, the present, and the future,

were all intimately blended with the national glory, and were intended to complete the poet's design of dedicating a noble monument to the genius of his country. At the same time they necessarily threw into the shade the nominal hero of the poem, and while they weakened the impression which a more enlarged account of Libya and of India might have produced, they involved the reader in a labyrinth of events, none of which were calculated to make a very lasting impression on his mind. Tasso, in his *Jerusalem*, seemed to gather spirit and enchantment from the nature of his theme, and his poetry possessed all the romantic charm attached to the sacred wars which he sung; while Camoens, on the other hand, conferred on his subject a degree of interest which it did not originally possess. It called for an exertion of the highest powers, and for the most seductive influence of poetry, to induce the reader to enter into the details of a history, of little interest to any but the author; and it was only by a continual sacrifice of the poet, that he was enabled to celebrate the memory of his heroes. But he accomplished the difficult task of reconciling an historical view of Portugal with poetical fiction; and he has every where thrown light upon it, with a masterly degree of art. His success, though very surprising, is hardly to be justified, if we consider the great poetical risk, and

the extreme imprudence of the attempt. In the epic, perhaps, more than in any other class of composition, the poet has less power of commanding the attention, and has greater difficulties to overcome in communicating interest, pathos, and terror. He ought, therefore, to devote all his resources to its support, instead of expending the smallest portion on an ungrateful theme. Camoens presents us with long and tedious chronological details, which are yet so happily interwoven with his subject, that they recall only the noblest recollections; and he leads us to regret that the author should not have bestowed those powers on a theme which might have been intrinsically endowed with all that interest which his superior genius alone enabled him to give to the subject of his choice.

Camoens was fully aware that, in thus treating an historical subject, he must assume a loftier tone than was adopted by Ariosto in celebrating his imaginary heroes, and he uniformly preserves a noble dignity both of style and imagery. He never, like Ariosto, seems to throw ridicule on his reader and his heroes. Proposing Virgil rather than the chivalric romances for his model, he marches with rapid and majestic steps to his object, and confers on his poem that classical character sanctioned by the greatest geniuses of antiquity, and emulated by all their successors, who invariably considered it as an

essential portion of their art. Thus, from the first canto, we find every thing modelled according to that regular system, which has been perhaps too closely adhered to in all epic productions. The first three stanzas consist of an exposition of the subject; the fourth is an invocation to the nymphs of the Tagus; and at the sixth, the poet addresses himself to King Sebastian, recommending the poem to his auspices. But although this must be allowed to be the established usage in every epic, we could have wished a little more variety on a subject which certainly depends less upon any of the essentials of the poetic art, than upon the authority of early examples.

It is much upon the same principle that the marvellous has been considered as an indispensable requisite in all epic productions, leaving to the poet only the choice of the different mythologies; as if the ancients themselves had ever borrowed such machinery from foreign fables, or from other resources than their own. As little did they invent the subject and events of which their poems were composed. With them the marvellous formed a part of the popular fictions and recollections, and the actions of their heroes were drawn from the same source. Confining themselves to the developement of these, they gave them new life by the creative energies of the poetic mind. But they would never have succeeded in making such mythology the animating prin-



ciple of their works, if it had not already obtained popular credit, both among authors and readers.

Camoens regarded the mythological system of the ancients as essential to their poetic art. A collegiate education, and an assiduous perusal of the classics, had given these fictions an influence approaching to something like that of faith. Love, whenever introduced into verse, necessarily assumed the form attributed to the son of Venus; valour was personified in the arms of Mars; and wisdom, by Minerva. This species of deification, now so trite and insupportable to us in epic poems, still meets with a degree of favour from the lyric muse. We find the odes of Lebrun as full of invocations to Minerva, to Mars, and to Apollo, as we might have expected in the sixteenth century, when a pedantic education presented the imagination only with the mythological systems of antiquity. But what is quite peculiar to the work of Camoens is, that while it exhibits a borrowed mythology, it contains another adopted by his heroes, by his nation, and by the poet himself, with an equal degree of faith. The conquest of India was not supposed to be achieved by Vasco de Gama, without the aid of celestial interposition; and the Almighty Father, the Virgin, and the hosts of Saints and powers, were all equally interested in the accomplishment of the great work:

not in the spirit of a ruling providence foreseeing and disposing of all events to come, but like frail and erring mortals, whose passions lead them to interfere with the state of human affairs. This species of miraculous interference was indeed a portion of the poet's creed. It mingled very naturally with his argument; so much so, that being unable to exclude it, he found himself embarrassed with two contradictory machineries, which it required some pains to reconcile, and of which one was essential to his poetry, and the other to his faith. Such a mixture of celestial elements has in it something extremely revolting; but national education and prejudice sufficiently account for this apparent inconsistency in so great a man, and this consideration should prevent us from forming a wrong judgment on the remainder of the work. We have already had occasion to notice several Spanish poets guilty of the same error; and we observe these two contending mythologies struggling for precedency in the *Numantia* of Cervantes, and in the *Diana* of Montemayor.

The *Lusiad* is divided into ten cantos, containing only eleven hundred and two stanzas, and it is therefore not to be compared in point of length to the *Jerusalem Delivered*, or indeed to most epic poems. It is, likewise, less generally known, and entitled therefore to a more particular consideration; especially as it contains all

the most interesting information which can be afforded respecting Portugal. The extracts we proceed to give, will at once throw light upon the argument of the poem, and upon the history of the people to whose glory it was consecrated :

\* Now far from land, o'er Neptune's dread abode  
 The Lusitanian fleet triumphant rode ;  
 Onward they traced the wide and lonesome main,  
 Where changeful Proteus leads his scaly train ;  
 The dancing vanes before the zephyrs flow'd,  
 And their bold keels the trackless ocean plow'd ;  
 Unplow'd before the green-tinged billows rose,  
 And curl'd and whiten'd round the nodding prows.  
 When Jove, the god who with a thought controls  
 The raging seas, and balances the poles,  
 From heaven beheld, and will'd, in sovereign state,  
 To fix the Eastern World's depending fate :  
 Swift at his nod th' Olympian herald flies,  
 And calls th' immortal senate of the skies ;  
 Where, from the sovereign throne of earth and heaven,  
 Th' immutable decrees of fate are given.

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\* Já no largo Oceano navegavam,  
 As inquietas ondas apartando ;  
 Os ventos brandamente respiravam,  
 Das náos as velas concavas inchando ;  
 Da branca espuma os mares se mostravam  
 Cobertos, onde as proas vaõ cortando ;  
 As marítimas aguas consacradas  
 Que do gado de Protheo saõ cortadas.

Instant the regents of the spheres of light,  
 And those who rule the paler orbs of night,  
 With those, the gods whose delegated sway  
 The burning South and frozen North obey ;  
 And they whose empires see the day-star rise,  
 And evening Phæbus leave the western skies ;  
 All instant pour'd along the milky road,  
 Heaven's crystal pavements glittering as they strode :  
 And now, obedient to the dread command,  
 Before their awful Lord in order stand.

When the assembly had met, Jupiter informs them that, according to an ancient order of the Destinies, the Portuguese were to surpass every thing that had been recorded as most glorious in the annals of the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, or the Romans. He dwells on their recent victories over the Moors, and over the more formidable Castilians, and on the glory acquired of old by Viriatus, and then by Sertorius, in checking the career of the Romans. He next points them out as traversing in their vessels the

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Quando os Deoses no Olympo luminoso,  
 Onde o governo está da humana gente,  
 Se ajuntam em concilio glorioso  
 Sobre as cousas futuras do Oriente :  
 Pizando o crystalino ceo formoso  
 Vem pela via lactea juntamente,  
 Convocados da parte do tonante,  
 Pelo neto gentil do velho Atlante.

*Canto i. str. 19.*

untried seas of Africa, to discover new countries, and establish kingdoms in the regions of the rising sun. It is his will that after navigating through the winter they should meet with a hospitable reception on the coasts of Africa, in order to recruit their forces for renewed exploits. Bacchus then speaks: he seems apprehensive that the Portuguese may eclipse the glory already acquired by himself in his conquest of India, and he frankly declares against them. Venus, on the other hand, so much honoured and cherished by the Portuguese, imagines she has again found her ancient Romans; their language appears to her to be the same, with a few slight variations; and she promises to aid their enterprise. The whole synod of Olympus is then divided between the two divinities, and the tumult of their deliberations is described in one of the happiest and most brilliant images.\* Mars,

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\* Qual austro fero ou Boreas, na espessura  
 De sylvestre arvoredos abastecida,  
 Rompendo os ramos vaõ da mata escura,  
 Com impeto e braveza desmedida,  
 Brama toda a montanha, o som murmura,  
 Rompemse as folhas, ferve a serra erguida,  
 Tal andava o tumulto levantado  
 Entre os Deoses no Olympo consagrado.

*Canto i. str. 35.*

equally favourable to the Portuguese, at last prevails upon the Thunderer to support them and to send Mercury to direct them in their course; and the deities then severally depart to their accustomed seats.

After thus introducing us to the councils of the gods, Camoens recalls our attention to the heroic personages of his poem. They were navigating the straits which separate the isle of Madagascar from the Ethiopian shore, and after doubling Cape Prasso, they discovered new islands and a new sea. Vasco de Gama, the brave commander of the Portuguese, who appears for the first time only in the forty-fourth stanza, was preparing to proceed onwards, when a number of small canoes advanced from one of the islands, and surrounded him on all sides, demanding, in Arabic, some account of the nature of the voyage. Here, for the first time, the Portuguese, after sailing many hundred leagues, met with a language which they understood, and discovered traces of civilization in the arts and commerce of the people around them. They now cast anchor at one of these islands, named Mozambique, a sort of emporium for the trade of the kingdoms of Quiloa, Mombaça, and Sofala. The Moors who had interrogated Gama were themselves foreign merchants trading in the country. When they heard of the invincible heroism of Gama, traversing unknown seas to discover India by an

untried route, and at the same time learned that he commanded a Christian and Portuguese fleet, they attempted to dissuade him from his enterprise. Bacchus, appearing under the figure of an old man before the Cheik of Mozambique, exasperates him against the Portuguese, and induces him to prepare an ambuscade near some fresh springs, whither they are just repairing to supply themselves with water. With this design, Gama is proceeding very peaceably towards the fountain, with three boats, when he is surprised by the appearance of a party of Moors prepared to repulse him from the spot. On their proceeding to insult the Christians, a contest ensues. The Musulmans spring from their ambuscade to join their countrymen, but by the superiority of fire-arms they are soon thrown into confusion, and take to flight. They are even on the point of abandoning their town; and the Cheik considers himself fortunate in being permitted to renew the peace; but he does not the less flatter himself with hopes of revenge. He had already promised to supply Gama with a pilot to conduct him to India, and he makes choice of one to whom he gives secret instructions to betray the Portuguese into certain destruction. The pilot accordingly informs them he will guide them to a powerful kingdom inhabited by Christians. The Portuguese entertain no doubt of its being that of Prester John,

of whom, as being their natural ally, they had been every where in search, while the real object of the pilot is to take them to Quiloa, whose sovereign was sufficiently powerful to crush them at a blow. Venus, however, counteracts the intended treachery, and directs the vessel towards Mombaça, where the pilot likewise informed Gama that he would meet with Christians. It is hardly likely that by this assertion the Moors intended to deceive the Portuguese: they answered that in the country whither they were desirous of conducting them, there were a great number of infidels, who went under the generic name of *Giaour*, indifferently applied among the Arabs, to Guebres, idolaters, and Christians. It was impossible that in a language, which both parties very imperfectly understood, the ignorant interpreters should be able to explain the peculiar distinctions of sects known only to the learned, by whom they were all equally despised.

The second canto opens with the arrival of the Christians at Mombaça, where the king had been already apprised of their voyage, and where Bacchus was in readiness to plot their destruction by new artifices. Gama despatches two of his soldiers with presents for the king, giving them at the same time instructions to observe the manners of the place, and to ascertain what degree of confidence might be placed in the professions of the Moors. Bacchus, in order to induce them



to suppose that Christians inhabit Mombaça, affects to receive them with hospitality, and himself presides over the feast in an edifice ornamented like a temple. The Virgin Mary and the Holy Ghost are represented on the altar; the statues of the Apostles embellish the portico of the temple; while Bacchus himself, assuming the character of a priest, worships the true God of the Christians. In order to comprehend this singular fiction, we ought to bear in mind, that in the eyes of the Catholic doctors, the gods of the Pagans are no other than real fiends, invested with actual power and existence, and that in opposing the Divinity, they are only maintaining the rebellion of old. Bacchus here plays the same part assigned to Beelzebub and Ashtaroth in the work of Tasso. It may also be observed that the marvellous incident thus introduced by Camoens, was on historical record amongst the Portuguese. These hardy navigators were, in fact, received at Mombaça, in a house where they observed the rites of Christian worship; and it is known they were in use among the Nestorians of Abyssinia. These sectaries were, however, heretics; a circumstance sufficient in the eyes of theologians to justify the denunciations of the church against their religion, as an illusion of the Evil one. But it must be allowed that the mythology of Camoens is almost always unintelligible, and that the interest is by

no means hitherto sufficiently excited. The opening of the poem was imposing, but the narrative soon begins to languish. The circumstances of the voyage are recounted with historical correctness; yet Camoens presents us with little more than we meet with in the fourth book of the first Decade of Barros, in which is given a history of the Portuguese conquests in India. We might almost imagine that he drew his materials from this source, rather than from his own adventures and researches in those unknown regions. His ornaments appear to have been wholly borrowed from Grecian fable; nor has he sufficiently availed himself of the advantages afforded him by the climate, manners, and imagination of these oriental realms. But let us only proceed, and we shall find beauties scattered so profusely over the whole poem, and of such a superior order, as not only to redeem his defects, but to compensate us for all our labour.

Encouraged by the report of his messenger, and the pressing invitation of the King of Mombaca, Gama resolves to enter the port on the ensuing day. He weighs anchor, and with swelling sails arrives at the place destined for his destruction; when Venus, hastening to his rescue, addresses herself to the nymphs of the sea, beseeching them by their common origin from the bosom of the waves, and by the love they bear her, to fly to the assistance of her favoured people, and avert

the impending doom. The Nereids throng affectionately round the goddess; and a Triton, delighted with his burden, wafts her along the sea, bounding before his companions. The rest of the ocean deities then hasten to impede the passage of the ships. The fair Dione presents her white and delicate bosom before the admiral's prow, and alters its course in spite of the winds that swell the sails, and the manœuvres of the crew.\* The whole squadron is lost in wonder at the miracle; the Moors imagine that their treachery is discovered, and precipitate themselves into the sea; the pilot himself escapes by swimming; while Vasco de Gama, conjecturing their perfidy by their fears, steers away from the port, and places himself in an attitude of defence.

In the mean time, Venus hastens to Olympus to solicit Jupiter's aid in favour of the Portuguese; and her graceful appearance and progress through the heavens, with her supplications at the throne of the Thunderer, are described with an ease, tenderness, and even voluptuousness,

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\* Poese a Deosa com outras em direito  
 Da proa capitaina, e alli fechando  
 O caminho da barra, estaõ de geito  
 Que em vaõ assopra o vento a véla inchando,  
 Poc no madeiro duro o brando peito,  
 Para detraz a forte náõ forçando :  
 Outras em derredor levandoa estavam,  
 E da barra inimiga a disviavam.

not surpassed by the old poets, whose worship of Venus formed a part of their religion.\* Jupiter

\* E como hia affrontada do caminho,  
 Taõ formosa no gesto se mostrava,  
 Que as estrellas, o Ceo, e o ar visinho  
 E tudo quanto a via namorava.  
 Dos olhos, onde faz seu filho o ninho,  
 Huns espiritos vivos inspirava,  
 Comque os polos gelados accendia,  
 E tornava de fogo a esfêra fria.

E por mais namorar o soberano  
 Padre, de quem for sempre amada e chara,  
 Se lhe apresenta assi como ao Trojano  
 Na selva Idea já se apresentára,  
 Se a vira o caçador, que o vulto humano  
 Perdeo, vendo a Diana na agua clara,  
 Nunca os famintos galgos o matáram,  
 Que primeiro desejos o acabáram.

Os crespos fios de ouro se espraziam  
 Pelo colo, que a neve escurecia :  
 Andando, as lacteas tetas lhe tremiam,  
 Com quem amor brincava, e naõ se via.  
 De alva pretina flammæ lhe sabiam,  
 Onde o Menino as almas accendia ;  
 Pelas lisas columnas lhe trepavam  
 Desejos, que como hera se enrolavam.

.....

E mostrando no Angelico semblante  
 Co o riso huma tristeza misturada ;  
 Como dama que foi do incauto amante  
 Em brincos amorosos mal tratada ;

receives her with kindness, and consoles her by assuring her of the future glory of the Portuguese, the great triumphs which they would achieve in the Indian Seas, the foundation of the empire at Goa, the double conquest of Ormuz, and the ruin of Calicut. He then commands Mercury to conduct Vasco de Gama into the kingdom of Melinda, whose inhabitants, although Moors, will receive him with open arms, and provide him with every thing of which he may be in want.

The King of Melinda, struck with wonder at their hardy enterprise, and impressed with the highest opinion of the superior power of the Portuguese, is desirous of entering into an alliance with the strangers. He supplies them with provisions and other accommodations, of which they stood in need, and even consents to embark in order to hold a conference with the admiral, who will not be prevailed upon to land. He then expresses a curiosity to hear the adventures of the Europeans, of which the poet avails himself to give a long recital from the mouth of his hero, not only of his past adventures, but of the general history of his country. This narrative

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Que se queixa, e se ri n'hum mesmo instante,  
E se mostra entre alegre magoada ;  
Desta arte a Deosa, a quem nenhuma iguala  
Mais mimosa que triste ao padre fala.

*Canto ii. str. 33 to 38.*

alone occupies nearly one third of the poem, and though very important, according to the plan laid down by Camoens, is certainly introduced in a much less natural manner than either that of Ulysses, delivered to the Phæacians, or that of Æneas to Dido, both of which he had before him as his models. The Moorish king, to whom it is addressed, having no previous acquaintance with Europe, its laws, its wars, or its religion, must have been at a loss to comprehend the greatest part of a narrative, which, if understood, could only have had the effect of prepossessing him against his guest, an hereditary enemy of the Mahometan religion and of the Moorish race. Considered by itself, however, the whole discourse may be pronounced almost a perfect model of the narrative style.

The hero begins his relation with a description of Europe; that portion of the world whence the conquerors and the instructors of the universe are destined to arise. The passage is noble and poetical; portraying the characteristic features of the various people who occupy these regions of the world. We are told of the inhabitants of the Scandinavian snows, who boast the glory of having first vanquished the Romans; of the Germans; of the Poles, and the Russians, who succeeded the Scythians; of the Thracians subjected to the Ottoman yoke; and of the inha-

bitants of the famed land of valour, genius, and manners; the land that gave birth to the most eloquent hearts and the brightest and most imaginative spirits, who carried arms and letters to a pitch of glory never witnessed in any country but Greece. After the Greeks follow the Italians, formerly so greatly renowned in arms, but whose glory now consists in an implicit submission to the authority of the vicar of Christ. The Gauls, whose fame is coeval with the triumphs of Cæsar, are next noticed; and, at last, the poet arrives at the hills of the Pyrenees, and thus continues:

And now, as head of all the lordly train  
 Of Europe's realms, appears illustrious Spain.  
 Alas, what various fortunes has she known!  
 Yet ever did her sons her wrongs atone:  
 Short was the triumph of her haughty foes,  
 And still with fairer bloom her honours rose.  
 Where, lock'd with land, the struggling currents boil,  
 Famed for the godlike Theban's latest toil.  
 Against one coast the Punic strand extends,  
 And round her breast the midland ocean bends;  
 Around her shores two various oceans swell,  
 And various nations in her bosom dwell;  
 Such deeds of valour dignify their names,  
 Each the imperial right of honour claims.  
 Proud Aragon, who twice her standard rear'd  
 In conquer'd Naples; and for art revered,  
 Galicia's prudent sons; the fierce Navar;  
 And he, far dreaded in the Moorish war,

The bold Asturian : nor Sevilia's race,  
 Nor thine, Granada, claim the second place.  
 Here too the heroes who command the plain  
 By Betis water'd ; here, the pride of Spain,  
 The brave Castilian pauses o'er his sword,  
 His country's dread deliverer and lord.  
 Proud o'er the rest, with splendid wealth array'd,  
 As crown to this wide empire, Europe's head,  
 Fair Lusitania smiles, the western bound,  
 Whose verdant breast the rolling waves surround,  
 Where gentle evening pours her lambent ray,  
 The last pale gleaming of departing day :  
 This, this, O mighty king, the sacred earth,  
 This the loved parent-soil that gave me birth.  
 And oh, would bounteous Heaven my prayer regard,  
 And fair success my perilous toils reward,  
 May that dear land my latest breath receive,  
 And give my weary bones a peaceful grave.

Gama then goes on to describe the formation of the kingdom of Portugal, a recital, we imagine, more interesting to ourselves than to the King of Melinda. The author presents us with the history of his country arrayed in a poetical garb ; and brings before our view every thing calculated to inspire us with the loftiest virtues, or the most touching griefs. Still, however, we must expect to meet with more real instruction than romantic interest in the course of our progress through the *Lusiad*. It was the object of Camoens to exhibit in his epic every incident with which history furnished him, most glorious to the character of his country; and he endeavoured to re-



commend his subject by the charm of verse, as he was aware that his theme could bestow little attraction on his poem. He succeeded in handing down the national records to the notice of posterity, but he could not divest them of the peculiar character attached to them as national records only. The account given by Gama will supply us with the following short abridgment of the history of Portugal.

At the time when King Alfonso VI. by the conquest of Toledo, had drawn together from all parts an army of adventurers ready to consecrate their swords to the cross, and had extended his dominion as far as the shores of the western ocean, he resolved to reward these valiant knights by presenting them with the government of the conquered provinces. For this purpose he made choice of Henry, second son of the King of Hungary, according to Camoens, for their chief, although most genealogists agree that he was the son of Robert le Vieux, grandson to Hugh Capet, and founder of the first house of Burgundy. Alfonso VI. created the same Henry Count of Portugal; presented him with a portion of the territories of the country; and gave him in marriage his own daughter Teresa. Henry, though left to his own resources, soon extended his dominion over fresh provinces, which he wrested from the enemies of the faith.

On his decease, full of years and glory, Henry expected to leave the crown to his son Alfonso. But Teresa, having contracted a second marriage, asserted her claims to the kingdom, on the ground that her father had conferred it on her as a portion, and she excluded her son from all share in the succession. Alfonso, however, refused to submit to these terms, and the Portuguese, impatient of the least dependence upon Castile, ardently embraced his cause. The armies met in the plains of Guimaraens, where, for the first time, in the year 1128, Portuguese blood was shed in a civil war. Victory declared in favour of Alfonso I; his mother and his stepfather fell into his hands; and the whole of their fortresses opened their gates to him. In a paroxysm of anger, he ordered his mother to be thrown into irons, and thus drew down upon himself the vengeance of Heaven, no less than that of the Castilians; who, approaching in great force, laid siege to Guimaraens. Unable to oppose them, Alfonso was compelled to offer complete submission; and pledged for its performance the word of Egaz Moniz, a Portuguese nobleman, his former tutor, and the same individual who is celebrated as the earliest poet of Portugal. But the immediate danger being once removed, Alfonso felt his reluctance to submit to foreign authority, and to pay a foreign tribute, again revive. Egaz Moniz was as unwilling to remain pledged for the word

of a perjured prince, as to contribute, in order to save his own life, to the ruin of his country.

\* When Egas to redeem his faith's disgrace  
 Devotes himself, his spouse, and infant race :  
 In gowns of white, as sentenced felons clad,  
 When to the stake the sons of guilt are led,  
 With feet unshod they slowly mov'd along,  
 And from their necks the knotted halters hung.  
 And now, O king, the kneeling Egas cries,  
 Behold my perjured honour's sacrifice :  
 If such mean victims can atone thine ire,  
 Here let my wife, my babes, myself expire.  
 If generous bosoms such revenge can take,  
 Here let them perish for the father's sake :  
 The guilty tongue, the guilty hands are these,  
 Nor let a common death thy wrath appease ;  
 For us let all the rage of torture burn,  
 But to my prince, thy son, in friendship turn.

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\* E com seus filhos e mulher se parte  
 A levantar com elles a fiança ;  
 Descalços e despidos, de tal arte  
 Que mais move a piedade que a vingança.  
 Se pretendes rei alto, de vingarte  
 Da minha temeraria confiança,  
 Dizia, ves aqui, venho offerecido,  
 A te pagar co a vida o promettido.

Ves aqui, trago as vilas innocentes  
 Dos filhos sem peccado, e da consorte ;  
 Se a peitos generosos, e excellentes  
 Dos fracos satisfaz a fera morte.  
 Ves aqui as mãos et a lingua delinquentes ;  
 Nellas sós exprimenta toda a sorte  
 De tormentos, de mortes, pelo estilo  
 De Scinis, e do touro de Perilo.

He spoke, and bow'd his prostrate body low,  
 As one who waits the lifted sabre's blow,  
 When o'er the block his languid arms are spread,  
 And death, foretasted, whelms the heart with dread.  
 So great a leader thus in humbled state,  
 So firm his loyalty, and zeal so great,  
 The brave Alonzo's kindled ire subdued,  
 And lost in silent joy the monarch stood ;  
 Then gave the hand, and sheath'd the hostile sword,  
 And to such honour honour'd peace restored.

After the civil wars of Alfonso I. Vasco de Gama proceeds to recount the exploits of that prince against the Moors, and, in particular, the victory of Ourique, gained on the twenty-sixth of July, 1139, which first consolidated the foundations of the kingdom of Portugal. Five Moorish kings were vanquished in one battle by Alfonso; and this prince resolving to place himself at least upon an equality with those he had overcome, assumed the title of King instead of that of Count, adopting for the arms of his new kingdom, five escutcheons ranged in the form of a cross, on

Qual diante do algoz o condemnado  
 Que ja na vida a morte tem bebido,  
 Põe no cepo a garganta, e já entregado  
 Espera pelo golpe taõ temido ;  
 Tal diante do principe indignado  
 Egas estava a tudo offerecido.  
 Mas o rey vendo a estranha lealdade,  
 Mais pode em fim que a ira a piedade.

*Canto iii. str. 38.*

which were represented the thirty pieces, the price for which Jesus was betrayed. The strongest places in Portugal, still occupied by the Moors, were reduced to submission after this victory. The city of Lisbon, founded, if we are to believe the Portuguese, by Ulysses, was taken in 1147, with the aid of the knights of England and Germany, forming part of the second crusade; and in the same manner Sylves fell, in the following reign, by the help of the Christian armies of Richard and of Philip Augustus, proceeding on the third crusade. Alfonso pursued his career of success, defeated the Moors in repeated engagements, and possessed himself of their fortresses. He, at last, advanced as far as Badajoz, which he likewise added to his other conquests. But the divine vengeance, though late, overtook the conqueror of Portugal; and the maledictions of his mother, whom he had retained captive, were fulfilled. He had reached his eightieth year at the taking of Badajoz, but his strength seemed still nearly equal to his gigantic size, while neither treaties, nor ties of blood, formed any bar to his ambition. Badajoz ought to have been delivered up, by stipulation, to Ferdinand, King of Leon, his son-in-law and ally, but Alfonso resolved rather to stand a siege, and even attempted to cut his way, sword in hand, through the army of Ferdinand. He was, however, thrown from his horse; his leg was fractured, and he was taken

prisoner. Mistrusting his future fortunes, he then resigned the administration of his kingdom into the hands of his son Don Sancho. But he no sooner learned that the latter was besieged in the town of Santarem by thirteen Moorish kings, and the Emin el Mumenim, than, summoning his veteran troops, the old hero of Portugal hastened to the deliverance of his son, and gained a battle in which the Emperor of Morocco was slain. Nor was it until he had attained his ninety-first year, that the founder of the Portuguese monarchy yielded at last to the combined force of sickness and age, in 1185.\*

Gama next proceeds to relate the victories of Alfonso's son Don Sancho; the capture of Sylves from the Moors, and of Tui from the King of Leon. These are followed by the conquest of Alcazar d'ò Sal, by Alfonso II., and by the weakness and cowardice of Don Sancho II., who, sunk in sloth and pleasure, was deposed, in order to make way for his brother Alfonso III. the conqueror of the kingdom of Algarves. To him suc-

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\* De tamanhas victorias triumphava  
 O velho Afonso, Principe subido;  
 Quando quem tudo em fim vencendo andava,  
 Da larga e muita idade foi vencido.  
 A pallida doença lhe tocava  
 Com fria mão o corpo enfraquecido,  
 E pagaram seus annos deste geito  
 A triste Libitina o seu direito.

ceeded Dionysius, the legislator of Portugal and the founder of the University of Coimbra, a monarch whose declining years were embittered by the restless ambition of his son Alfonso IV. ; who afterwards acquired the surname of *The Brave*, by his exploits during a warfare of twelve years with the Castilians. When, however, the dominions of the Christian princes were threatened by a fresh invasion of the Almoades Moors, conducted by the Emperor of Morocco, Alfonso brought an army of auxiliaries to the assistance of the King of Castile, to whom he had married his daughter, and bore a share in the brilliant victory of Tarifa, obtained on the thirtieth of October, 1340. Towards the close of this reign the fatal incident occurred upon which is founded the episode of the unfortunate Inez de Castro, who, after her death, was proclaimed Queen of Portugal on the accession of her lover to the throne ; an episode the most affecting and beautiful of any in the poem ; and one which affords a fine relief, by its highly dramatic interest, to the historical details in which Camoens so much indulged.

'Twas thou, O love, whose dreaded shafts control  
 The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul ;  
 Thou ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloy'd,  
 'Twas thou thy lovely votary destroy'd.  
 Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,  
 In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow ;  
 The breast that feels thy purest flames divine,  
 With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.

Such thy dire triumphs!—Thou, O nymph, the while,\*  
 Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,  
 In tender scenes by love-sick fancy wrought,  
 By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought,  
 In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers  
 Languish'd away the slow and lonely hours :  
 While now, as terror waked thy boding fears,  
 The conscious stream received thy pearly tears ;  
 And now, as hope revived the brighter flame,  
 Each echo sigh'd thy princely lover's name.  
 Nor less could absence from thy prince remove  
 The dear remembrance of his distant love :  
 Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,  
 And o'er his melting heart endearing flow :  
 By night his slumbers bring thee to his arms,  
 By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms :  
 By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,  
 Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.

\* Estavas, linda Ignez, posta em socego,  
 De teus annos colhendo doce fruto ;  
 Naquelle engano da alma, lédo, e cego,  
 Que a fortuna não deixa durar muto ;  
 Nos saudosos campos do Mondego,  
 De teus formosos olhos nunca enxuto,  
 Aos montes ensinando, e ás hervinhas  
 O nome que no peito escrito tinhas.

Do teu Principe alli te respondiam  
 As lembranças, que na alma lhe moravam ;  
 Que sempre ante seus olhos te traziam,  
 Quando dos teus formosos se apartavam ;  
 De noite em doces sonhos que mentiam,  
 De dia em pensamentos que voavam ;  
 E quanto em fim cuidava, e quanto via  
 Eram tudo memórias de alegria.

*Canto iii. str. 120, 121.*



Though fairest princely dames invok'd his love,  
 No princely dame his constant faith could move :  
 For thee alone his constant passion burn'd,  
 For thee the proffer'd royal maids he scorn'd.  
 Ah, hope of bliss too high—the princely dames  
 Refused, dread rage the father's breast inflames ;  
 He, with an old man's wintry eye, surveys  
 The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs  
 The people's murmurs of his son's delay  
 To bless the nation with his nuptial day.  
 (Alas, the nuptial day was past unknown,  
 Which but when crown'd the prince could dare to own.)  
 And with the fair one's blood the vengeful sire  
 Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.  
 Oh, thou dread sword, oft stain'd with heroes' gore,  
 Thou awful terror of the prostrate Moor,  
 What rage could aim thee at a female breast,  
 Unarm'd, by softness and by love possess'd !

Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian hands,  
 Before the frowning king fair Inez stands ;  
 Her tears of artless innocence, her air  
 So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,  
 Moved the stern monarch ; when with eager zeal  
 Her fierce destroyers urged the public weal ;  
 Dread rage again the tyrant's soul possess'd,  
 And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confess'd :  
 O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread,  
 Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled,  
 Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes,  
 And all the mother in her bosom rose.  
 Her beauteous eyes in trembling tear-drops drown'd,  
 To heaven she lifted, but her hands were bound ;  
 Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,  
 The look of bleeding woe ; the babes advance,

Smiling in innocence of infant age,  
 Unawed, unconscious of their grandsire's rage ;  
 To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,  
 The native heart-sprung eloquence of woe,  
 The lovely captive thus : \*—O monarch, hear,  
 If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,  
 If prowling tygers, or the wolf's wild brood,  
 Inspired by nature with the lust of blood,  
 Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare,  
 Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,  
 As Rome's great founders to the world were given ;  
 Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of heaven,  
 The human form divine, shalt thou deny  
 That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply !  
 O that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,  
 Of human mould, superfluous were my prayer ;  
 Thou could'st not then a helpless damsel slay,  
 Whose sole offence in fond affection lay,  
 In faith to him who first his love confess'd,  
 Who first to love allured her virgin breast—  
 In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,  
 And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me ?  
 Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,  
 Oh, let these infants prove thy pious care !  
 Yet pity's lenient current ever flows  
 From that brave breast where genuine valour glows ;

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\* Para o ceo crystallino alevantando  
 Com lagrimas, os olhos piedosos,  
 Os olhos, porque as maõs lhe estava atando  
 Hum dos duros ministros rigorosos ;  
 E depois nos meninos attentando,  
 Que tão queridos tinha, e tão mimosos.  
 Cujã orphandade como mãi temia,  
 Para o avô cruel assi dizia.

That thou art brave, let vanquish'd Afric tell,\*  
 Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell ;  
 Ah, let my woes, unconscious of a crime,  
 Procure mine exile to some barbarous clime :  
 Give me to wander o'er the burning plains  
 Of Libya's deserts, or the wild domains  
 Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore ;  
 There let me, hopeless of return, deplore.  
 Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,  
 Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale,  
 The lions' roaring, and the tygers' yell,  
 There with mine infant race consign'd to dwell,  
 There let me try that piety to find,  
 In vain by me implored from human kind :  
 There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,  
 Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,  
 For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,  
 The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow :

\* E se vencendo a maura resistencia,  
 A morte sabes dar com fogo e ferro,  
 Sabe tambem dar vida com clemencia  
 A quem para perdela naõ fez erro.  
 Mas se assi merece esta innocencia,  
 Peç-me em perpetuo e misero desterro,  
 Na Scythia fria, ou lá na Lybia ardente,  
 Onde em lagrimas viva eternamente.

Poè-me onde se usa toda a feridade ;  
 Entre leoões e tigres, e verei  
 Se nelles achar posso a piedade  
 Que entre peitos humanos naõ achei.  
 Alli co o amor intrinseco, e vontade  
 Naquelle, por quem mouro criarei  
 Estas reliquias suas que aqui viste,  
 Que refrigerio seyam da mãi triste.

All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear  
 These infant pledges of a love so dear,  
 Amidst my griefs a soothing, glad employ,  
 Amidst my fears a woeful, hopeless joy.

In tears she utter'd: as the frozen snow  
 Touch'd by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,  
 So just began to melt his stubborn soul  
 As mild-ray'd pity o'er the tyrant stole.  
 But destiny forbade: with eager zeal,  
 Again pretended for the public weal,  
 Her fierce accusers urged her speedy doom;  
 Again dark rage diffused its horrid gloom  
 O'er stern Alonzo's brow: swift at the sign,  
 Their swords unsheath'd around her brandish'd shine.  
 Oh, foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,  
 By men of arms an helpless lady slain!

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,\*  
 Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious sire;  
 Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,  
 On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,  
 He rush'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,  
 And dash'd the daughter on the sacred floor;  
 While mildly she her raving mother eyed,  
 Resign'd her bosom to the sword, and died.  
 Thus Inez, while her eyes to heaven appeal,  
 Resigns her bosom to the murdering steel:

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\* Qual contra a linda moça Polixena,  
 Consolação extrema da mãe velha,  
 Porque a sombra de Achilles a condena,  
 Co o ferro o duro Pyrrho se aparelha;  
 Mas ella os olhos, con que o ar serena,  
 (Bem como paciente e mansa ovelha) -  
 Na misera mãe postos, que emloudece,  
 Ao duro sacrificio se offerece.

That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustain'd  
 The loveliest face where all the graces reign'd,  
 Whose charms so long the gallant prince inflamed,  
 That her pale corse was Lisboa's queen proclaim'd ;  
 That snowy neck was stained with spouting gore,  
 Another sword her lovely bosom tore.  
 The flowers that glisten'd with her tears bedew'd,  
 Now shrunk and languish'd with her blood imbrued.  
 As when a rose, erewhile of bloom so gay,  
 Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,  
 Lies faded on the plain, the living red,  
 The snowy white, and all its fragrance fled ;  
 So from her cheeks the roses died away,  
 And pale in death the beauteous Inez lay :  
 With dreadful smiles, and crimson'd with her blood,  
 Round the wan victim the stern murderers stood,  
 Unmindful of the sure, though future hour,  
 Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.

Taes contra Ignez os brutos matadores,  
 No colo de alabastro, que sostinha  
 As obras com que amor matou de amores  
 Aquelle que depois a fez rainha ;  
 As espadas banhando, e as brancas flores,  
 Que ella dos olhos seus regadas tinha,  
 Se encarniçavam férvidos e irosos,  
 No futuro castigo naõ cuidadosos.

Bem puderas o sol, da vista destes,  
 Teus raios apartar aquelle dia,  
 Como da seva mesa de Thyestes,  
 Quando os filhos por maõ de Atreo comia,  
 Vos, o concavos valles, que pudestes  
 A voz extrema ouvir, da boca fria,  
 O nome do seu Pedro que lhe ouvistes  
 Por muito grande espaço repetistes.

O Sun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,  
 Nor veil thine head in darkness, as of old  
 A sudden night unwonted horror cast  
 O'er that dire banquet, where the sire's repast  
 The son's torn limbs supplied!—Yet you, ye vales!  
 Ye distant forests, and ye flowery dales!  
 When pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,  
 You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call;  
 Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,  
 And Pedro! Pedro! mournful, sigh'd around.  
 Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves  
 Bewail'd the memory of her hapless loves:  
 Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill  
 Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs still.  
 To give immortal pity to her woe  
 They taught the riv'let through her bowers to flow,  
 And still through violet beds the fountain pours  
 Its plaintive wailing, and is named Amours.  
 Nor long her blood for vengeance cried in vain:  
 Her gallant lord begins his awful reign.  
 In vain her murderers for refuge fly,  
 Spain's wildest hills no place of rest supply.  
 The injur'd lover's and the monarch's ire,  
 And stern-brow'd justice in their doom conspire:  
 In hissing flames they die, and yield their souls in fire.

---

Assi como a bonina, que cortada  
 Antes do tempo foi, candida e bella  
 Sendo das mãos lascivas maltratada  
 Da menina que a trouxe na capella,  
 O cheiro traz perdido, e a cor murchada;  
 Tal está morta a pallida donzella,  
 Seccas do rosto as rosas, e perdida  
 A branca e viva còr, co a doce vida.

Don Pedro, after the loss of his mistress, giving way to his ferocious feelings, signalized his reign only by acts of cruelty; while his successor, Ferdinand, on the contrary, was of a mild, weak, and even effeminate character. Eleonora, whom he had espoused, after tearing her from the arms of her former husband, dishonoured his reign by her dissipated and abandoned conduct. He left behind him only one daughter, named Beatrice, whom the Portuguese would not consent to acknowledge. Don John, a natural brother of Ferdinand, was in consequence elevated to the throne. The Castilians, upon this, invaded Portugal with a numerous army, in order to establish the claim to the throne of one of their princes, who had espoused Beatrice. Many of the Portuguese were undecided in regard to the party they should adopt; but Don Nuño Alvarez Pereira, by his eloquence in the national council, prevailed upon the nobles

As filhas do Mondego a morte escura  
 Longo tempo chorando memoráram;  
 E por memória eterna, em fonte pura  
 As lagrimas choradas transformáram:  
 O nome lhe pozeram, que ainda dura,  
 Dos amores de Ignez, que alli passáram.  
 Vede que fresca fonte riga as flores,  
 Que lagrimas são agua, e o nome amores.

*Canto iii. str. 131 to 135.*

of the land to rally round their king. The speech attributed to him by Camoens, preserves throughout all that chivalric fire and dignity, together with that bold and masculine tone, which characterized the eloquence of the middle age.\* In the same spirit as he had spoken, Nuño Alvarez

\* Mas nunca foi que este erro se sentisse  
 No forte dom Nun' Alvares : mas antes,  
 Posto que em seus irmãos tão claro o visse,  
 Reprovando as vontades inconstantes ;  
 A quellas duvidosas gentes disse,  
 Com palavras mais duras que elegantes,  
 A mão na espada irado, et não facundo,  
 Ameaçando a terra, o mar, e o mundo.

Como ? da gente illustre Portugueza  
 Ha de aver quem refuse o patrio Marte :  
 Como ? desta provincia, que Princeza  
 Foi das gentes na guerra em toda parte,  
 Ha de sair quem negue ter defeza ?  
 Quem negue a fê, o amor, o esforço e arte,  
 De Portuguez ? e por nenhum respeito,  
 O proprio reino queira ver sujeito ?

Como ? Não sois vós inla os descendentes  
 Daquelles, que debaixo da bandeira  
 Do grande Henriques, feros e valentes,  
 Vencestes esta gente tão guerreira ?  
 Quando tantas bandeiras, tantas gentes,  
 Poseram em fugida, de maneira  
 Que sete illustres Condes lhe trouxeram  
 Presos, afóra a presa que tiveram ?



fought for the independence of his country. In the battle of Aljubarotta, the most sanguinary which had ever taken place between the Portuguese and the Castilians, he found himself opposed to his brothers, who had embraced the party of Castile; and with a handful of men he stood the charge of a numerous body of the enemy. This engagement is described with all the splendour which the poet's art could confer, as the hero was no less a favourite of Camoens than of the whole nation of Portugal. Whilst the king, Don John, remained master of the field of battle at Aljubarotta, Nuño Alvarez followed up his victory, and penetrating as far as Seville, he compelled it to surrender, and dictated the terms of peace to the haughty people of Castile.

After this signal victory over the Castilians, Don John was the first Christian prince who passed into Africa to extend his conquests among the Moors. He seems to have transmitted the same spirit of chivalry to his children. During the reign of his son Edward, the renewed hostilities with the infidels were rendered memorable by the captivity of Don Fernando, the heroic *Inflexible Prince* celebrated by Calderon as the *Regulus* of Portugal. Next follows Alfonso V. distinguished for his victories over the Moors, but vanquished, in his turn, by the Castilians, whom he had attacked in conjunction with Ferdinand of Aragon. He was succeeded

by John II., the thirteenth king of Portugal, who was the first to attempt the discovery of a path to those regions which first meet the beams of the sun. He sent out adventurers on a journey of discovery, by way of Italy, Egypt, and the Red Sea; but the unfortunate travellers, after arriving at the mouth of the Indus, fell victims to the climate, and never regained their native country. Emmanuel, succeeding to the throne of John II., likewise prosecuted his discoveries. We are informed by the poet, that the rivers Ganges and Indus appeared in a vision to the monarch, inviting him to undertake those conquests, which from the beginning of ages had been reserved for the Portuguese. Emmanuel made choice, for this purpose, of Vasco de Gama, who, in the fifth book, commences the recital of his own voyage and discoveries.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Sequel of the *Lusiad*.

ARRIVED, as we now are, at a period when every sea is traversed in every direction, and for every purpose; and when the phenomena of nature, observed throughout the different regions of the earth, are no longer a source of mystery and alarm, we look back upon the voyage of Vasco de Gama to the Indies, one of the boldest and most perilous enterprises achieved by the courage of man, with far less admiration than it formerly excited. The age preceding that of the great Emmanuel, though devoted almost wholly to maritime discoveries, had not yet prepared the minds of men for an undertaking of such magnitude and extent. For a long period Cape Non, situated at the extremity of the empire of Morocco, had been considered as the limits of European navigation; and all the honours awarded by the Infant Don Henry, with the additional hopes of plunder, on a coast purposely abandoned to the cupidity of adventurers, were

necessary to induce the Portuguese to approach the borders of the great desert. Cape Bojador soon presented a new barrier, and excited new fears. Twelve years of fruitless attempts passed away before they summoned resolution to double this Cape, and to proceed farther in the same track. Having explored scarcely sixty leagues of the coast, there yet remained more than two thousand to be traversed before they could attain the Cape of Good Hope. Each step that marked their progress along the line of coast, towards the discovery of Senegal, of Guinea, and of Congo, presented them with new phenomena, with fresh apprehensions, and not unfrequently with fresh perils. Successive navigators, however, gradually advanced along the African shores, whose extent far surpassed every thing known in European navigation, without discovering any traces of civilization or commerce, or entering into any alliances which might enable them, at such a distance from their country, to supply their exhausted magazines, to recruit their strength, and to repair the various disasters of the sea and climate. But at length, in 1486, the vessel of Bartolomeo Diaz was carried by a violent storm beyond the Cape of Good Hope, which he passed without observation. He then remarked that the coast, instead of preserving its direction invariably towards the south, appeared at length to take a northern course;

but with exhausted provisions and companions dispirited and fatigued, he was compelled to abandon to some more fortunate successor the results of a discovery, from which he was aware what great advantages might arise. Such was the degree of information already acquired by the Portuguese relating to the navigation of these seas, when King Emmanuel made choice of Gama to attempt a passage to the Indies by the same route. There still remained a tract of two thousand leagues to be discovered before arriving at the coast of Malabar; an extent of territory as great as that which it had required the whole of the preceding century to explore. The Portuguese were likewise uncertain, whether the distance might not be twice the extent here stated; a consideration to which we must add their inexperience of the winds and seasons most favourable for the navigation. Nor were they without their fears, that, on reaching a country which presented so many difficulties, they might have to encounter new and powerful enemies, equal to themselves in point of civilization and the arts of war, ready to overpower them on their arrival. The whole fleet destined for such an enterprise consisted only of three small vessels of war and a transport, of which the united crews did not exceed more than one hundred and forty-eight hands fit for

service. They were commanded by Vasco de Gama, by Paul de Gama, his brother, and by Nicholas Coelbo; and set sail from the port of Belem, or Bethlehem, about a league distant from Lisbon, on the eighth of July, 1497. The description of the sailing of this little fleet is given in the following terms by Vasco de Gama, in his narration to the King of Melinda :

Where foaming on the shore the tide appears,  
 A sacred fane its hoary arches rears :  
 Dim o'er the sea the evening shades descend,  
 And at the holy shrine devout we bend :  
 There, while the tapers o'er the altar blaze,  
 Our prayers and earnest vows to heaven we raise.  
 " Safe through the deep, where every yawning wave  
 " Still to the sailor's eyes displays his grave ;  
 " Through howling tempests, and through gulfs untried,  
 " O! mighty God! be thou our watchful guide."  
 While kneeling thus before the sacred shrine  
 In holy faith's most solemn rite we join,  
 Our peace with heaven the bread of peace confirms,  
 And meek contrition every bosom warms :  
 Sudden the lights extinguish'd, all around  
 Dread silence reigns, and midnight gloom profound ;  
 A sacred horror pants on every breath,  
 And each firm breast devotes itself to death,  
 An offer'd sacrifice, sworn to obey  
 My nod, and follow where I lead the way.  
 Now prostrate round the hallow'd shrine we lie,  
 Till rosy morn bespreads the eastern sky ;  
 Then, breathing fix'd resolves, my daring mates  
 March to the ships, while pour'd from Lisbon's gates,  
 Thousands on thousands crowding, press along,  
 A woeful, weeping, melancholy throng.

A thousand white-robed priests our steps attend,  
 And prayers and holy vows to heaven ascend.  
 A scene so solemn, and the tender woe  
 Of parting friends, constrain'd my tears to flow.  
 To weigh our anchors from our native shore—  
 To dare new oceans never dared before—  
 Perhaps to see my native coast no more—  
 Forgive, O king, if as a man I feel,  
 I bear no bosom of obdurate steel—  
 (The godlike hero here suppressed the sigh,  
 And wiped the tear-drop from his manly eye;  
 Then thus resuming—) All the peopled shore  
 An awful, silent look of anguish wore;  
 Affection, friendship, all the kindred ties  
 Of spouse and parent languish'd in their eyes:  
 As men they never should again behold,  
 Self-offer'd victims to destruction sold,  
 On us they fixed the eager look of woe,  
 While tears o'er every cheek began to flow;  
 When thus aloud, Alas! my son, my son!\*  
 A hoary sire exclaims; oh, whither run,  
 My heart's sole joy, my trembling age's stay,  
 To yield thy limbs the dread sea-monster's prey?  
 To seek thy burial in the raging wave,  
 And leave me cheerless sinking to the grave?  
 Was it for this I watch'd thy tender years,  
 And bore each fever of a father's fears?

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\* Qual vai dizendo. o' filho, a quem eu tinha  
 Só para refrigerio e doce amparo  
 Desta cansada já velhice minha,  
 Que em choro acabará penoso e amaro;  
 Porque me deixas, misera e mesquinha?  
 Porque de mi te vás, o filho charo?  
 A fazer o funereo enterramento,  
 Onde seias de peixes mantimento?

Alas! my boy!—his voice is heard no more,  
 The female shriek resounds along the shore:  
 With hair dishevell'd, through the yielding crowd  
 A lovely bride springs on, and screams aloud:  
 Oh! where, my husband, where to seas unknown,  
 Where wouldst thou fly me, and my love disown?  
 And wilt thou, cruel, to the deep consign  
 That valued life, the joy, the soul of mine:  
 And must our loves, and all the kindred train  
 Of rapt endearments, all expire in vain?  
 All the dear transports of the warm embrace;  
 When mutual love inspired each raptured face;  
 Must all, alas! be scatter'd in the wind,  
 Nor thou bestow one lingering look behind?

Such the lorn parents' and the spouses' woes,  
 Such o'er the strand the voice of wailing rose;  
 From breast to breast the soft contagion crept,  
 Moved by the woeful sound the children wept;  
 The mountain echoes catch the big-swoln sighs,  
 And through the dales prolong the matron's cries;  
 The yellow sands with tears are silver'd o'er,  
 Our fate the mountains and the beach deplore.

Qual em cabelo: o doce e amado esposo,  
 Sem quem não quiz amor que viver possa;  
 Porque is aventurar ao mar iroso  
 Essa vida, que he minha, e não he vossa?  
 Como, por hum caminho duvidoso,  
 Vos esquece a afleiçãõ taõ doce nossa?  
 Nosso amor, nosão vaõ contentamento  
 Quereis que com as vélas leve o vento?



Yet firm we march, nor turn one glance aside  
On hoary parent or on lovely bride.  
Though glory fired our hearts, too well we knew  
What soft affection and what love could do.  
The last embrace the bravest worst can bear :  
The bitter yearnings of the parting tear  
Sullen we shun, unable to sustain  
The melting passion of such tender pain.

Now on the lofty decks prepared we stand,  
When towering o'er the crowd that veil'd the strand,  
A reverend figure fix'd each wondering eye,  
And beckoning thrice he waved his hand on high,  
And thrice his hoary curls he sternly shook,  
While grief and anger mingled in his look ;  
Then to its height his faltering voice he rear'd,  
And through the fleet these awful words were heard :

O frantic thirst of honour and of fame,  
The crowd's blind tribute, a fallacious name ;  
What stings, what plagues, what secret scourges curst,  
Torment those bosoms where thy pride is nurst!  
What dangers threaten, and what deaths destroy  
The hapless youth, whom thy vain gleams decoy!  
By thee, dire tyrant of the noble mind,  
What dreadful woes are pour'd on human kind ;  
Kingdoms and empires in confusion hurl'd,  
What streams of gore have drench'd the hapless world!  
Thou dazzling meteor, vain as fleeting air,  
What new dread horror dost thou now prepare!  
High sounds thy voice of India's pearly shore,  
Of endless triumphs and of countless store :  
Of other worlds so tower'd thy swelling boast,  
Thy golden dreams, when Paradise was lost,  
When thy big promise steep'd the world in gore,  
And simple innocence was known no more.

And say, has fame so dear, so dazzling charms? \*  
 Must brutal fierceness and the trade of arms,  
 Conquest, and laurels dipp'd in blood, be prized,  
 While life is scorn'd, and all its joys despised?  
 And say, does zeal for holy faith inspire  
 To spread its mandates, thy avow'd desire?  
 Behold the Hagarene in armour stands,  
 Treads on thy borders, and the foe demands:  
 A thousand cities own his lordly sway,  
 A thousand various shores his nod obey.  
 Through all these regions, all these cities, scorn'd  
 Is thy religion and thine altars spurn'd.  
 A foe renown'd in arms the brave require;  
 That high-plumed foe, renown'd for martial fire,  
 Before thy gates his shining spear displays,  
 Whilst thou wouldst fondly dare the watry maze,

\* Já que nesta gostosa vaidade  
 Tanto enlevas a leve phantasia,  
 Já que a bruta crueza, e feridade  
 Pozeste nome, esforço e valentia;  
 Já que prézas em tanta quantidade  
 O desprezo da vida, que devia  
 De ser sempre estimada, pois que já  
 Temeo tanto perdela quem a dá.

Não tens junto contigo o Ismaelita,  
 Com quem sempre terás guerras sobejas?  
 Não segue elle do Arabio a lei maldita,  
 Se tu pela de Christo só peleias?  
 Não tem cidades mil, terra infinita,  
 Se terras, e riqueza mais desejas?  
 Não he elle por armas esforçado,  
 Se queres por victorias ser louvado?

Enfeebled leave thy native land behind,  
 On shores unknown a foe unknown to find.  
 Oh! madness of ambition! thus to dare  
 Dangers so fruitless, so remote a war!  
 That fame's vain flattery may thy name adorn,  
 And thy proud titles on her flag be borne:  
 Thee, lord of Persia, thee, of India lord,  
 O'er Ethiopia vast, and Araby adored!

Whilst the old man was thus speaking, the ves-  
 sels had already set sail:

- \* From Leo now, the lordly star of day,  
 Intensely blazing, shot his fiercest ray;  
 When slowly gliding from our wishful eyes,  
 The Lusian mountains mingled with the skies;

Deixas criar ás portas o inimigo,  
 Por ir a buscar outro de taõ longe,  
 Por quem se despovoe o reino antigo,  
 Se enfraqueça, e se va deitando ao longe?  
 Buscas o incerto e incognito perigo,  
 Porque a fama te exalte, e te lisonge,  
 Clamandote senhor, com larga cópia  
 Da India, Persia, Arabia, e da Ethiopia?

*Canto iv. str. 99, 100, 101.*

- \* Já a vista pouco e pouco se desterra  
 Daquelles patrios montes que ficavam:  
 Ficava o charo Tejo, e a fresca serra  
 De Cintra, e nella os olhos se alongavam:  
 Ficava nos tambem na amada terra.  
 O coração, que as magoas là deixavam:  
 E já despois que toda se escondo  
 Naõ vimos mais em fim que mar e ceo.

*Canto v. str. 3.*

Tago's loved stream, and Cintra's mountains cold  
Dim fading now, we now no more behold ;  
And still with yearning hearts our eyes explore,  
Till one dim speck of land appears no more.  
Our native soil now far behind, we ply  
The lonely dreary waste of seas and boundless sky.

Vasco de Gama next proceeds to relate his voyage along the western coast of Africa. He describes Madeira, the first island peopled by the Portuguese, the burning shores of the Zanhagan desert, the passage of the Tropic, and the cold waters of the dark Senegal. They touch for refreshments at San Jago, where they renew their provisions, pass the rocky precipices of Sierra Leone, the island on which they bestowed the name of St. Thomas, and the kingdom of Congo, watered by the great river Zahir, and already converted to the Christian faith; till at length, having crossed the line, they behold a new pole rising above the horizon, but less richly studded with the constellations of heaven. Gama enumerates the phenomena which they witnessed in these hitherto untraversed seas, and presents us with a very striking and poetical description of the water-spout seen at sea. To whatever shores, however, they direct their course, they in vain seek to obtain information from countries whose savage inhabitants attempt to surprise and cut them off by treachery. At length, after an anxious voyage of five months, they arrive in the latitude of the

Cape of Good Hope, where, enveloped in gathering clouds which foreboded storms, a terrific vision is supposed to meet their eyes :

\* I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air,  
 Appall'd we saw a hideous phantom glare ;  
 High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,  
 And thwart our way with sullen aspect lour'd :  
 An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,  
 Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red ;  
 Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,  
 Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnashing teeth's blue rows ;  
 His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,  
 Revenge and horror in his mien combined ;  
 His clouded front, by withering lightnings scared,  
 The inward anguish of his soul declared.

\* Naõ acabava, quando huã figura  
 Se nos mostra no ar, robusta e valida,  
 De disforme e grandissima estatura,  
 O rosto carregado, a barba esqualida :  
 Os olhos encovados, e a postura  
 Medonha e ma, e a cor terrena e palida ;  
 Checos de terra e crespos os cabelos  
 A boca negra, os dentes amarelhos.

.....

E disse : o gente ousada mais que quanta  
 No mundo cometteram grandes cousas,  
 Tu, que por guerras cruas taes e tantas  
 E por trabalhos vaõs nunca repousas :  
 Pois os vedados terminos quebrantas,  
 E navegar meus longos mares ousas,  
 Que eu tanto tempo ha que guardo e tenho,  
 Nunca arados de estranho ou proprio lenho.

His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves  
 Shot livid fires. Far echoing o'er the waves  
 His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore  
 With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.  
 Cold gliding horrors thrill'd each hero's breast ;  
 Our bristling hair and tottering knees confess'd  
 Wild dread ; the while with visage ghastly wan,  
 His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began :

O you, the boldest of the nations, fired  
 By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,  
 Who scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,  
 Through these my waves advance your fearless prow,  
 Regardless of the lengthening watry way,  
 And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,  
 Who mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore  
 Where never hero braved my rage before ;  
 Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane  
 Have view'd the secrets of my awful reign,  
 Have pass'd the bounds which jealous Nature drew  
 To veil her secret shrine from mortal view ;  
 Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,  
 And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.

With every bounding keel that dares my rage,  
 Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage ;  
 The next proud fleet that through my drear domain,  
 With daring search shall hoise the streaming vane,

Pois vens ver os secretos escondidos,  
 Da natureza e do humido elemento,  
 A nenhum grande humano concedidos  
 De nobre ou de immortal merecimento :  
 Ouve os damnos de mi, que aperecebidos  
 Estaõ a teu sobejo atrevimento,  
 Por todo o largo mar, e pela terra  
 Que inda has de subjugar com dura guerra.

*Canto v. str. 39, &c.*

That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds toss'd,  
 And raging seas, shall perish on my coast :  
 Then He who first my secret reign descried,  
 A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide  
 Shall drive.\* Unless my heart's full raptures fail,  
 O Lusos! oft shalt thou thy children wail ;  
 Each year thy shipwreck'd sons shalt thou deplore,  
 Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.

With trophies plumed behold a hero come ;  
 Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb !  
 Though smiling fortune bless'd his youthful morn,  
 Though glory's rays his laurell'd brows adorn,  
 Full oft though he beheld with sparkling eye  
 The Turkish moons in wild confusion fly,  
 While he, proud victor, thunder'd in the rear,  
 All, all his mighty fame shall vanish here.  
 Quiloo's sons and thine, Mombaze, shall see  
 Their conqueror bend his laurell'd head to me ;  
 While proudly mingling with the tempest's sound,  
 Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.†

\* Bartolomeo Diaz, who discovered the Cape of Good Hope before the time of Gama, and who perished there with three vessels in the expedition of Alvarez Cabral, in the year 1500.

† Francesco d'Almeida, first viceroy of the Indies, who was killed by the Caffres of the Cape in the year 1509.

Aqui espero tomar, se não me engano,  
 De quem me descobrio summa vingança,  
 E não se acabara só nisto o dano  
 De vossa pertinace confiança :  
 Antes, em vossas náos vereis cada anno  
 (Se he verdade o que meu juizo alcança)  
 Naufragios, perdições de toda sorte,  
 Que o menor mal de todos seja a morte.

The howling blast, ye slumbering storms, prepare!  
 A youthful lover and his beauteous fair \*  
 Triumphant sail from India's ravaged land ;  
 His evil angel leads him to my strand.  
 Through the torn hulk the dashing waves shall roar,  
 The shatter'd wrecks shall blacken all my shore.  
 Themselves escaped, despoil'd by savage hands,  
 Shall naked wander o'er the burning sands,  
 Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,  
 Woes even by me acknowledged with a tear.  
 Their infant race, the promised heirs of joy,  
 Shall now no more a hundred hands employ ;  
 By cruel want, beneath the parent's eye,  
 In these wide wastes their infant race shall die.  
 Through dreary wilds where never pilgrim trod,  
 Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,

E do primeiro illustre que a ventura  
 Com fama alta fizer tocar os ceos,  
 Será eterna e nova sepultura,  
 Por juizos incognitos de Deos ;  
 Aqui porá da Turca armada dura  
 Os soberbos e prosperos tropheos :  
 Comigo de seus damnos o ameaça  
 A destruida Quiloa e Mombaça.

\* Manuel de Souza and his wife.

Outro tambem virá de honrada fama,  
 Liberal, cavalleiro, enamorado,  
 E comsigo trará a fermosa dama,  
 Que amor por gran mercé lhe terá dado ;  
 Triste ventura, e negro fado os chama  
 Neste terreno meu, que duro e irado,  
 Os deixara de hum cru naufragio vivos  
 Para verem trabalhos excessivos,



The hapless lover and his bride shall stray,  
 By night unshelter'd, and forlorn by day.  
 In vain the lover o'er the trackless plain  
 Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain.  
 Her tender limbs, and breast of mountain snow,  
 Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow,  
 Parch'd by the sun, and shrivell'd by the cold  
 Of dewy night, shall he, fond man! behold.  
 Thus wandering wide, a thousand ills o'erpast,  
 In fond embraces they shall sink at last ;  
 While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,  
 And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe.

Some few, the sad companions of their fate,  
 Shall yet survive, protected by my hate,  
 On 'Tagus' banks the dismal tale to tell,  
 How blasted by my frown your heroes fell.

Veraõ morrer com fome os filhos charos,  
 Em tanto emor gerados e nascidos :  
 Veraõ os Cafres asperos e avaros  
 Tirar a linda dama os seus vestidos.  
 Os crystallinos membros, e preclaros,  
 A calma, ao frio, ao ar veraõ despídos :  
 Depois de ter pizado longamente  
 Co os delicados pes a arêa ardente.

E veraõ mais os olhos que escaparem  
 De tanto mal, de tanta desventura,  
 Os doces amantes miseros ficarem  
 Na fêrvida e implacabil espessura.  
 Alli, depois que as pedras abrandarem  
 Com lagrimas de dor, de mágoa pura  
 Abraçados, as almas soltaraõ  
 Da formosa e miserrima prisaõ.

*Canto v. str. 46 to 48.*

He paused, in act still farther to disclose  
 A long, a dreary prophecy of woes :  
 When springing onward, loud my voice resounds,  
 And midst his rage the threatening shade confounds :  
 What art thou, horrid form, that rid'st the air ?  
 By heaven's eternal light, stern fiend, declare !  
 His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,  
 And from his breast deep hollow groans arose ;  
 Sternly askance he stood : with wounded pride  
 And anguish torn : In me, behold, he cried,  
 While dark-red sparkles from his eyeballs roll'd,  
 In me the spirit of the Cape behold,  
 That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,  
 By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,  
 When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed. }  
 With wide-stretch'd piles I guard the pathless strand,  
 And Afric's southern mound unmoved I stand :  
 Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar  
 Ere dash'd the white wave foaming to my shore ;  
 Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail  
 On these my seas to catch the trading gale.  
 You, you alone have dared to plough my main,  
 And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign.

He spoke, and deep a lengthen'd sigh he drew,  
 A doleful sound, and vanish'd from the view ;  
 The frighten'd billows gave a rolling swell,  
 And distant far prolong'd the dismal yell ;  
 Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,  
 And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.  
 High to the angel host, whose guardian care  
 Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,  
 And heaven's dread King implore. As o'er our head  
 The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow, fled ;  
 So may his curses by the winds of heaven  
 Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven !

With sacred horror thrill'd, Melinda's lord \*  
 Held up the eager hand, and caught the word :  
 Oh wondrous faith of ancient days, he cries,  
 Conceal'd in mystic lore, and dark disguise !  
 Taught by their sires, our hoary fathers tell,  
 On these rude shores a giant spectre fell,  
 What time from heaven the rebel band were thrown ;  
 And oft the wandering swain has heard his moan.  
 While o'er the wave the clouded moon appears  
 To hide her weeping face, his voice he rears  
 O'er the wild storm. Deep in the days of yore  
 A holy pilgrim trod the nightly shore ;  
 Stern groans he heard ; by ghostly spells controll'd,  
 His fate, mysterious, thus the spectre told :

By forceful Titan's warm embrace compress'd,  
 The rock-ribb'd mother Earth his love confess'd.  
 The hundred-handed giant at a birth  
 And me she bore : nor slept my hopes on earth ;  
 My heart avow'd my sire's ethereal flame :  
 Great Adamastor then my dreaded name.  
 In my bold brother's glorious toils engaged,  
 Tremendous war against the gods I waged :  
 Yet not to reach the throne of heaven I try,  
 With mountain piled on mountain to the sky :  
 To me the conquest of the seas befall,  
 In his green realm the second Jove to quell.  
 Nor did ambition all my passions hold,  
 'Twas love that prompted an attempt so bold.  
 Ah me, one summer in the cool of day  
 I saw the Nereids on the sandy bay  
 With lovely Thetis from the wave advance  
 In mirthful frolic, and the naked dance.

---

\* [The story of Adamastor's metamorphosis, which Mickle here assigns to the King of Melinda, is related in the original by the spectre himself. *Tr.*]

In all her charms reveal'd the goddess trode ;  
With fiercest fires my struggling bosom glow'd ;  
Yet, yet I feel them burning in my heart,  
And hopeless languish with the raging smart.  
For her, each goddess of the heavens I scorn'd,  
For her alone my fervent ardour burn'd.  
In vain I woo'd her to the lover's bed ;  
From my grim form with horror mute she fled.  
Madd'ning with love, by force I ween to gain  
The silver goddess of the blue domain :  
To the hoar mother of the Nereid band  
I tell my purpose, and her aid command :  
By fear impell'd, old Doris tries to move,  
And win the spouse of Peleus to my love.  
The silver goddess with a smile replies :  
What nymph can yield her charms a giant's prize ?  
Yet from the horrors of a war to save,  
And guard in peace our empire of the wave,  
Whate'er with honour he may hope to gain,  
That let him hope his wish shall soon attain.  
The promised grace infused a bolder fire,  
And shook my mighty limbs with fierce desire.  
But ah, what error spreads its dreamful night,  
What phantoms hover o'er the lover's sight !  
The war resign'd, my steps by Doris led,  
While gentle eve her shadowy mantle spread,  
Before my steps the snowy Thetis shone  
In all her charms, all naked, and alone.  
Swift as the wind with open arms I sprung,  
And round her waist with joy delirious clung :  
In all the transports of the warm embrace,  
A hundred kisses on her angel face,  
On all its various charms my rage bestows,  
And on her cheek my cheek enraptured glows.  
When, oh, what anguish while my shame I tell !  
What fix'd despair, what rage my bosom swell !

Here was no goddess, here no heavenly charms ;  
 A rugged mountain fill'd my eager arms,  
 Whose rocky top o'erhung with matted brier,  
 Received the kisses of my amorous fire.  
 Waked from my dream cold horror freezed my blood ;  
 Fix'd as a rock before the rock I stood :\*  
 O fairest goddess of the ocean train,  
 Behold the triumph of thy proud disdain !  
 Yet why, I cried, with all I wish'd decoy,  
 And when exulting in the dream of joy,  
 A horrid mountain to mine arms convey ?—  
 Madd'ning I spoke, and furious sprung away.  
 Far to the south I sought the world unknown,  
 Where I unheard, unscorn'd, might wail alone,  
 My foul dishonour and my tears to hide,  
 And shun the triumph of the goddess' pride.  
 My brothers now by Jove's red arm o'erthrown,  
 Beneath huge mountains piled on mountains groan ;  
 And I who taught each echo to deplore,  
 And tell my sorrows to the desert shore,  
 I felt the hand of Jove my crimes pursue ;  
 My stiffening flesh to earthy ridges grew,  
 And my huge bones, no more by marrow warm'd,  
 To horrid piles and ribs of rock transform'd,  
 Yon dark-brow'd cape of monstrous size became,  
 Where round me still, in triumph o'er my shame,

---

\* Oh que não sei de noja como o conte :  
 Que crendo ter nos braços quem amava,  
 Abraçado me achei co hum duro monte  
 De aspero mato e de espessura brava,  
 Estando co hum penedo fronte a fronte  
 Que eu pelo rosto angelico apertava,  
 Não fiquei homem não, mas mudo e quedo,  
 E junto de hum penedo outro penedo.

*Canto v. str. 56.*

The silvery Thetis bids her surges roar,  
And waft my groans along the dreary shore.\*

I have thus given, in full, two of the finest episodes contained in the whole poem of the *Lusiad*; those of Inez de Castro and of Adamastor. No extracts are sufficient to convey a true feeling of the creative power, and the combination of sublimity and pathos, which characterize a great poet; while a version, unfortunately, is still less calculated to attain such an object. The music of the language, the force and purity of expression, and a thousand beauties of the verse, admit of no imitation; and a slight acquaintance with the native tongue of Camoens will afford the reader more true pleasure in perusing the original, than he could derive from the most perfect translation.

Gama continues the account of his voyage along the eastern side of Africa; his passage beyond the island where Diaz first checked his course; and his arrival, at length, at the spot which they distinguished by the name of the port of *Good Promise*, on account of the Arabic

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\* Convertese me a carne em terra dura,  
Em penedos os ossos se fizeram;  
Estès membros que ves, e esta figura,  
Por estas longas agoas se estendêram:  
Em fim, minha grandissima estatura  
Neste remoto cabo convertêram  
Os Deoses, e por mais dobradas mágoas,  
Me anda Thetis cercando destas agoas.

language being there first understood, the appearance of vessels with sails there in use, and the information they obtained relating to the Indies. These traces of civilization served to revive their hopes at a time they most stood in need of consolation ; as a scorbutic disease had broken out, and was making fatal progress among the crew. The expedition then passes by the ports of Mosambique and Mombaça, and ultimately arrives at Melinda.

Gama's long recital being concluded, the poet resumes the thread of his story, on the opening of the sixth book, in his own person. The Portuguese admiral enters into an alliance, strengthened by the sacred rites of hospitality, with the King of Melinda. He assures him that the vessels of Portugal shall always, in future, cast anchor on his shores, and he receives from the monarch, in return, a faithful pilot to conduct him over the great gulf which separates Africa from the Indies. But Bacchus, foiled in his hopes of arresting the progress of the Portuguese with the assistance of the celestial deities, has recourse to those of the ocean, and visits the palace of Neptune, where the divinities of the sea are assembled. Camoens here takes occasion to describe in very picturesque and striking colours this portion of the old mythology, in a manner not unworthy of the classics of antiquity, as far as an imitation can possibly rival its model. The gods of the sea, excited by Bacchus, consent to let loose the

winds and waves upon the daring navigators who thus venture to explore the secrets of the deep.

Before the council of marine deities had adopted this fatal resolution, the Portuguese adventurers, steering their course in full security, had stationed their watches for the night. The second had already commenced its office; and the men were striving to chase slumber from their eyes by recounting to each other amusing stories; when Leonardo, himself a lover, begged his companions to relate their love-adventures:

Ill timed, alas, the brave Veloso cries,  
The tales of love, that melt the heart and eyes.  
The dear enchantments of the fair I know,  
The fearful transport and the rapturous woe:  
But with our state ill suits the grief or joy;  
Let war, let gallant war our thoughts employ:  
With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inspire  
The scorn of danger, and the hero's fire.

He is then requested to narrate some proud feat of arms, and he recites the history of the Knights of Portugal called the Twelve of England. During the reign of John I. in Portugal, and of Richard II. in England, towards the close of the fourteenth century, several English knights, conceiving themselves insulted by some ladies of the court, ventured to make free with their reputations, and offered to prove by knightly feat of arms, that those by whom they had been offended were no longer entitled to the rank of



honourable dames. None were found in England bold enough to accept their challenge, as they were considered to be the most redoubtable champions of their time. But the Duke of Lancaster, who had fought for the Portuguese in the wars of Castile, and had married his own daughter to King John, advised the ladies, whose honour had been thus aspersed, to look for champions in the kingdom of Portugal, and he recommended to them twelve noble cavaliers from among those whom he best knew. He caused each of the twelve ladies to select by lot the true knight destined for the defence of her honour; after which, the ladies wrote conjointly to King John, and each separately to the cavalier whom she had chosen; while the Duke, on his side, addressed letters to all. This invitation to battle, from these unknown beauties, was considered in the light of a favour by the noble Portuguese; who, after obtaining the sanction of their monarch, equipped themselves with arms and steeds, and took ship at Oporto, on their way to England. One only, of the name of Magriço, wished to go by land as far as the frontiers of La Mancha, but entreated his companions, that in the event of his not joining them on the appointed day, they would boldly maintain his honour with their own, in the same manner as if he had himself been present.

After having passed through Spain and France,

this knight was in fact detained by contrary winds at a port in Flanders, and his eleven compeers entered into the lists without him to engage the twelve English knights. Each of them bore the colours of the lady whose champion he professed to be, and the King presided at the combat. At this moment Magriço rode forward, embraced his companions, and ranged himself by their side. Accustomed to such engagements, and doubtless as weary as his readers of the frequent poetical encounters of the sword and the lance, the author spares us the recital of the particulars of this scene, contenting himself with proclaiming the victory in favour of the twelve knights of Portugal. After enjoying the brilliant festivals given by the Duke of Lancaster and the ladies in honour of their prowess, the champions repair to their own country. On their route, they are supposed to meet with many glorious adventures, which are about to be celebrated in song, when the pilot calls loudly on the ship's crew to stand on their guard, as he observes a violent storm ready to burst upon their heads, from a dark cloud overhanging the horizon. He orders them in vain to take in the main-sail; it is shivered into pieces before he can be obeyed, and the vessel thrown upon her beam-ends, is already filling with water. That of Paul Gama has her main-mast carried away, and Coelho's ship is in little less danger, although the pilot succeeded

in furling her sails before they yielded to the storm. Here, for the first time, we are presented with the picture of a tempest at sea, by a poet, who, having traversed half the circumference of the world, had acquired a real knowledge of the terrific action of the winds and waves, in their stormiest moods. We everywhere trace the hardy navigator, in the truth as well as in the vividness of the images. In this extreme danger, Gama addresses his prayers to the God of the Christians; but in order to preserve the mythology adopted throughout the whole poem, it is not to the Deity that the hero, at last, owes his deliverance. Venus, whose glowing star already rose above the horizon, summons her nymphs to attend her, and to adorn themselves with garlands of the freshest flowers, the better to seduce the boisterous winds. These powers, beguiled by the flattering charm, and by the blandishments of love, soon become calm. The ship-boy at the mast-head raises a joyful cry of land, re-echoed by the whole crew, while the pilot of Melinda informs the Portuguese that they are now approaching the kingdom of Calicut, the object of their voyage.

Nations are very frequently observed to be elated by their magnitude; as if the increased number of their citizens did not detract from the portion of renown due to each individual, in the collective exploits of the people; as if individual

importance were not merged in the overwhelming influence of aggregate bodies; and as if individual existence were of any account among the millions to which it belongs. But the honour which a citizen attaches to the smallness of his native state, is of a far more genuine description, inasmuch as it implies the accomplishment of great designs, with very inadequate means. It is only the inhabitants of circumscribed dominions, who may justly venture to boast of possessing a distinguished share in the fame and achievements of their country. Each man feels that his personal influence has been exerted in deciding the fate of his country; and it is in giving expression to this fine sentiment, that Camoens opens the seventh book of his *Lusiad*:

- \* Hail, glorious chief! where never chief before  
 Forced his bold way, all hail on India's shore!  
 And hail, ye Lusian heroes! far and wide  
 What groves of palm, to haughty Rome denied,  
 For you by Ganges' lengthening banks unfold!  
 What laurel forests on the shores of gold  
 For you their honours ever verdant rear,  
 Proud with their leaves to twine the Lusian spear!

- 
- \* A vos, ogeraçã de Luzo, digo  
 Que tão pequena parte sois no mundo,  
 Não digo inda no mundo, mas no amigo  
 Curral de quem governa o ceo rotundo;  
 Vós, a quem não sómente algum perigo  
 Estorva conquistar o povo immundo,  
 Mas nem cobiça, ou pouca obediença  
 Da madre que nos ceos está em essencia.

Ah heaven! what fury Europe's sons controls!  
 What self-consuming discord fires their souls!  
 'Gainst her own breast her sword Germania turns;  
 Through all her states fraternal rancour burns;  
 Some, blindly wandering, holy faith disclaim,  
 And fierce through all wild rages civil flame.  
 High sound the titles of the English crown,  
 King of Jerusalem, his old renown!  
 Alas, delighted with an airy name,  
 The thin dim shadow of departed fame,  
 England's stern monarch, sunk in soft repose,  
 Luxurious riots mid his northern snows:  
 Or if the starting burst of rage succeed,  
 His brethren are his foes, and Christians bleed;  
 While Hagar's brutal race his titles stain,  
 In weeping Salem unmolested reign,  
 And with their rites impure her holy shrines profane.

Vós Portuguezes poucos, quanto fortes,  
 Que o fraco poder vosso não pezais,  
 Vós que á costa de vossas várias mortes,  
 A lei da vida eterna dilatais;  
 Assi do ceo deitadas saõ as sortes,  
 Que vós, por muito poucos que sejais,  
 Muito façais na sancta Christandade,  
 Que tanto o Christo exalta a humildade.

Vedes os Alemães, soberbo gado,  
 Que por taõ largos campos se apascenta,  
 Do successor de Pedro rebellado,  
 Novo pastor e nova seita inventa;  
 Vedes lo em feas guerras occupado,  
 Que inda co o cego error se não contenta,  
 Naõ contra o superbissimo Othomano,  
 Mas por sahir do jugo soberano.

*Canto vii. str. 2, 3, 4.*

Camoens then describes the English, the French, and the Italians, in a similar way, reproaching them for their profane wars and luxury, while they ought to have been engaged in opposing the enemies of the faith :

Yet sleep, ye powers of Europe, careless sleep !  
 To you in vain your eastern brethren weep ;  
 Yet not in vain their woe-wrung tears shall sue ;  
 Though small the Lusian realms, her legions few,  
 The guardian oft by heaven ordain'd before,  
 The Lusian race shall guard Messiah's lore.  
 When heaven decreed to crush the Moorish foe,  
 Heaven gave the Lusian spear to strike the blow.  
 When heaven's own laws o'er Afric's shores were heard,  
 The sacred shrines the Lusian heroes rear'd ;  
 Nor shall their zeal in Asia's bounds expire,  
 Asia subdued shall fume with hallow'd fire :  
 When the red sun the Lusian shore forsakes,  
 And on the lap of deepest west awakes,  
 O'er the wild plains, beneath unincensed skies  
 The sun shall view the Lusian altars rise.  
 And could new worlds by human step be trod,  
 Those worlds should tremble at the Lusian nod.

Camoens proceeds to describe, with more geographical correctness, perhaps, than poetic colouring, the western peninsula of India, the shores of Malabar, and Calicut, the capital of the Zamorim, where Gama had landed. The Portuguese there met with a Moor of Barbary, named Monçaide, who recognizing the Spanish dress, spoke to them in the Castilian tongue, and gave them a hospitable reception. He seemed to remember only his former

proximity to them, forgetting the numerous injuries which his persecuted race had sustained at their hands. After receiving Gama's messenger in his house, he went himself on board the Portuguese vessel, and gave his guests a particular account of every thing he had learned relating to India. The Zamorim next invites Gama to repair to an audience; who sets out in a palanquin, accompanied by his soldiers on foot. Monçaide acts as an interpreter; requesting in the name of the King of Portugal, the friendship of the Emperor of Calicut, and proposing to grant him the commerce of Europe in exchange for that of India. The emperor, before he returns an answer, wishes to have the opinion of his council; inquires of Monçaide some particulars respecting Portugal, and orders the ships arrived in his port to be visited by his officers. The arrival of the Catual, or minister of the Zamorim, on board the ships, and his examination of the historical portraits which meet his eye, afford occasion for another digression, in which Camoens discusses the antiquities of Portugal. But he first addresses himself to the nymphs of the Tagus, lamenting the many disappointments which he had suffered in the service of the Muses :

\* Where would I speed, as madd'ning in a dream,  
Without your aid, ye Nymphs of Tago's stream !

---

\*

Mas oh cego

Eu! que cometto insano e temerario,

Or yours, ye Dryads of Mondego's bowers!  
 Without your aid how vain my wearied powers!  
 Long yet and various lies my arduous way  
 Through louring tempests and a boundless sea.  
 Oh then, propitious hear your son implore,  
 And guide my vessel to the happy shore.  
 Ah! see how long what per'lous days, what woes  
 On many a foreign coast around me rose,  
 As dragg'd by fortune's chariot wheels along  
 I sooth'd my sorrows with the warlike song;  
 Wide ocean's horrors lengthening now around,  
 And now my footsteps trod the hostile ground;  
 Yet mid each danger of tumultuous war  
 Your Lusian heroes ever claim'd my care:

---

Sem vós, nymphas do Tejo, e do Mondego,  
 Por caminho tão arduo, longo e vano.

.....

Olhai, que a tanto tempo que cantando  
 O vosso Tejo, e os vossos Lusitanos,  
 A fortuna me traz peregrinando,  
 Novos trabalhos vendo e novos danos.  
 Agora o mar, agora experimentando  
 Os perigos Mavorcios inhumanos,  
 Qual Canace, que a morte se condemna,  
 N'huã maõ sempre a espada, e n'outra a penna.

Agora com pobreza aborrecida  
 Por hospícios alheos degradado,  
 Agora da esperança ja adquirida  
 De novo, mais que nunca derribado,  
 Agora as costas escapando a vida,  
 Que de hum fio pendia tão delgado.  
 Que naõ menos milagre foi salvar-se,  
 Que para o re judaico acrescentarse.



As Canace\* of old, ere self-destroy'd,  
 One hand the pen, and one the sword employ'd.  
 Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd,  
 The guest dependent at the lordling's board :  
 Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,  
 Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave  
 For ever lost ; myself escaped alone,  
 On the wild shore all friendless, hopeless, thrown ;  
 My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore,  
 By miracle prolong'd ; yet not the more  
 To end my sorrows : woes succeeding woes  
 Belied my earnest hopes of sweet repose :  
 In place of bays around my brows to shed  
 Their sacred honours, o'er my destined head  
 Foul calumny proclaim'd the fraudulent tale,  
 And left me mourning in a dreary jail.  
 Such was the meed, alas ! on me bestow'd,  
 Bestow'd by those for whom my numbers glow'd,  
 By those who to my toils their laurel honours owed.

Ye gentle nymphs of Tago's rosy bowers,  
 Ah, see what letter'd patron-lords are yours !

.....

Pois logo em tantos males, he forçado  
 Que só vosso favor me naõ falleça,  
 Principalmente aqui, que son chegado  
 Onde feitos diversos engrandeça ;  
 Dai-me vos sós, que eu tenho já jurado  
 Que naõ o empregue em quem o naõ mereça,  
 Nem por lisonja louve algum subido,  
 Sob pena de naõ ser agradecido.

*Canto vii. str. 78.*

\* The daughter of Æolus, whose illegitimate children were condemned to death. Ovid attributes to her one of his *Heroids*.

Dull as the herds that graze their flowery dales,  
 To them in vain the injured muse bewails :  
 No fostering care their barbarous hands bestow,  
 Though to the muse their fairest fame they owe.  
 Ah, cold may prove the future priest of fame  
 Taught by my fate : yet will I not disclaim  
 Your smiles, ye Muses of Mondego's shade,  
 Be still my dearest joy your happy aid !  
 And hear my vow : Nor king, nor loftiest peer  
 Shall e'er from me the song of flattery hear ;  
 Nor crafty tyrant, who in office reigns,  
 Smiles on his king, and binds the land in chains ;  
 His king's worst foe : nor he whose raging ire,  
 And raging wants, to shape his course, conspire ;  
 True to the clamours of the blinded crowd,  
 Their changeful Proteus, insolent and loud :  
 Nor he whose honest mien secures applause,  
 Grave though he seem, and father of the laws,  
 Who, but half-patriot, niggardly denies  
 Each other's merit, and withholds the prize :  
 Who spurns the muse, nor feels the raptured strain,  
 Useless by him esteem'd, and idly vain :  
 For him, for these, no wreath my hand shall twine ;  
 On other brows th' immortal rays shall shine :  
 He who the path of honour ever trod,  
 True to his king, his country, and his God,  
 On his blest head my hands shall fix the crown  
 Wove of the deathless laurels of renown.

The eighth book, which follows this very affecting appeal, will scarcely, we fear, suit our purpose, in the form of extracts. The heroes of Portugal, from the time of Lusus, one of the companions of Bacchus, who conferred his name on Lusitania, and of Ulysses the founder of Lis-

bon, down to the infants Don Pedro and Don Henrique, the conquerors of Ceuta, are all represented in the portraits of Gama, and are likewise characterized by appropriate verses, interesting only to such readers as may possess an intimate acquaintance with the early history and fictions of the country.

In the mean while the Zamorim has recourse to the oracles of his false gods, who, according to the strange mythology sanctioned by Camoens, as well as by all the Spanish poets, do not fail to reveal to him the real truth; for we every where find miraculous powers very inconsistently attributed by them to these false and lying idols. Through these oracles the Emperor of Calicut is made acquainted with the future dominion of the Portuguese over the Indies, and the consequent downfall of his own empire. All the Mahometans throughout his dominions, actuated by either religious or commercial motives, conspire against the Portuguese; and endeavour to irritate the Zamorim, and to corrupt his ministers. In the next audience with Vasco de Gama, the emperor questions the truth of their embassy from the Portuguese king, and cannot be brought to believe that a monarch so remotely situated should really interest himself in the affairs of India. He declares his suspicions that Gama is only the captain of a band of corsairs, and requires him to reveal the real truth.

The hero repels such an accusation with becoming dignity; avowing at the same time that ardent zeal for discovery which had led so many of the Portuguese monarchs to track their way, step by step, along the great coast of Africa; and he then requires the king's permission to re-embark in order to carry back to his country the tidings of an open passage to the Indies. The tone in which Gama speaks convinces the emperor of his sincerity. He consents to his departure; but his ministers, and particularly the Catal, seduced by the presents of the Moors, will not allow the commander to return to his fleet. He is strictly watched, and it is not without difficulty that, by delivering up to the Indians the whole of his merchandize, as surety for his person, he obtains permission once more to re-embark. Nearly all these details have the recommendation of historical truth, as we scarcely find a circumstance anywhere recounted which may not be referred to the fourth book of the first decade of John de Barros. The strange mixture, however, arising from the interference of Venus, who inspires Gama with his eloquent discourse, and the jealousy of Bacchus, who excites a Mahometan priest against the Christians by appearing to him in a dream, gives an air of ridicule and improbability to a fiction so perfectly at variance with all the modern feelings and passions with which it is associated. We have already observed that

Camoens composed a portion of his epic poem at Macao. An exile at the farthest extremity of Asia, he dwelt with poetic enthusiasm only upon the recollections of Europe. The mythology of the Greeks, the object of his studies while at Coimbra, served to revive the delightful impressions of his childhood and his youth. Had he deferred the composition of his work until his return to Europe, his imagination would, perhaps, have luxuriated as fondly amidst the enchanting clime and scenery which he had quitted for ever. He would then have conferred upon his poem a more oriental character, and greater local charms and colouring; he would have opposed the wild fictions of India to the miracles of Christianity, and his genius would have been enriched by his voyages, from which his poetry now appears to have derived but little advantage.

The two factors who had been sent with the Portuguese merchandize to Calicut, remained there a considerable period, without being able to dispose of any; for the Moors wished to defer their departure, until time should have been given for the fleet of Mecca, returning every year to India, to arrive, which they expected would be sufficiently powerful to overwhelm the Christians. But the Moor Monçaide, to whom this project had been confided by his countrymen, moved by compassion for the Portuguese, who had been his guests, informed them of the

approaching danger. He then renounced his religion, and embarked on board one of the vessels, in order to follow them into Portugal. Gama gave orders to the two factors whom he had sent on land, to reship their cargo and join him as secretly as possible. But the Indians did not allow them time, and Gama, in order to obtain their freedom, seized several merchants of Calicut, engaged in selling precious stones on board the fleet, whom he at length consented to exchange for his two companions.\* He then weighed anchor, without delay, to regain the shores of Europe, whither he was desirous of conveying the intelligence of his discoveries.

† The queen of love, by heaven's eternal grace,  
 The guardian goddess of the Lusian race ;  
 The queen of love, elate with joy, surveys  
 Her heroes, happy, plough the watery maze :  
 Their dreary toils revolving in her thought,  
 And all the woes by vengeful Bacchus wrought ;

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\* [In the version of Mickle, this portion of the original is omitted, and the liberation of the factors is effected by a victory obtained by Gama over the Indians. Mickle inserts, for this purpose, about three hundred lines of his own. *Tr.*]

† Porem a Deosa Cypria, que ordenada  
 Era para favor dos Lusitanos,  
 Da Padre eterno, e por bom genio dada,  
 Que sempre os guia já de longos annos ;  
 A gloria por trabalhos alcançada,  
 Satisfação de bem soffridos danos,  
 Lhe andava ja ordenando, e pertendia  
 Dar lhe nos mares tristes alegria.

These toils, these woes her yearning cares employ,  
 To bathe and balsam in the streams of joy.  
 Amid the bosom of the watery waste,  
 Near where the bowers of Paradise were placed,  
 An isle, array'd in all the pride of flowers,  
 Of fruits, of fountains, and of fragrant bowers,  
 She means to offer to their homeward prow,  
 The place of glad repast and sweet repose ;  
 And there before their raptur'd view to raise  
 The heaven-topp'd column of their deathless praise.

It is in this manner that Camoens introduces a very singular, but easy and agreeable episode, recounting the love adventures of his heroes in one of the islands of the ocean.\* The real Deity of Camoens, who had selected Venus to protect the warriors, seems to have approved of the conduct of the goddess in amusing them in her own way. Venus departs in search of her son, throughout

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Alli quer que as aquaticas donzellas  
 Esperem os fortissimos Barões,  
 Todas as que tem titulo de bellas,  
 Gloria dos olhos, dór dos corações ;  
 Com danças e coreas, porque nellas  
 Influida secretas affeições,  
 Para com mais vontade trabalharem  
 De contentar a quem se affeiçoarem.

*Canto ix. str. 18.*

\* It is not improbable that the annual ceremony of the Ascension at Venice, during which the Doge, in the name of the Republic, weds the sea, furnished Camoens with this allegory. Thetis is espoused by the Portuguese commander in the ocean isle, at the moment when the dominion of the seas is transferred from the Republic of Venice to the King of Portugal.

all his realms, to implore his aid; and the truly classical description given of her progress is one of the most seductive of its kind. She arrives, at length, at the place where Love's artillery and arms are forged; a busy scene of little winged boys and nymphs working under his orders :

- Nor these alone, each rank, debased and rude,  
Mean objects, worthless of their love, pursued :  
Their passions thus rebellious to his lore,  
The god decrees to punish and restore.  
The little loves, light hovering in the air,  
Twang their silk bow-strings, and their arms prepare :  
Some on th' immortal anvils point the dart,  
With power resistless to enflame the heart :  
Their arrow heads they tip with soft desires,  
And all the warmth of love's celestial fires ;  
Some sprinkle o'er the shafts the tears of woe,  
Some store the quiver, some steel-spring the bow ;

- Muitos destes meninos voadores  
Estaõ em varias obras trabalhando,  
Hums amolando ferros passadores,  
Outros hasteas de settas delgaçando.  
Trabalhando, cantando estaõ de amores,  
Varios casos em versos modulando :  
Melodia sonora e concertada,  
Suave a letrã, angelica a soada.

Nas fragoas immortaes onde forjavam,  
Para as settas, as pontas penetrantes,  
Por lenha corações ardendo estavam,  
Vivas entranhas inda palpitantes.



Each chanting as he works the tuneful strain  
 Of love's dear joys, of love's luxurious pain :  
 Charm'd was the lay to conquer and refine,  
 Divine the melody, the song divine.

Venus intercedes with her son in favour of the Portuguese, and explains to him her design in the following terms :

- \* Then bend thy bow and wound the Nereid train,  
 The lovely daughters of the azure main ;  
 And lead them, while they pant with amorous fire,  
 Right to the isle which all my smiles inspire :  
 Soon shall my care that beauteous isle supply,  
 Where Zephyr breathing love, on Flora's lap shall sigh.  
 There let the nymphs the gallant heroes meet,  
 And strew the pink and rose beneath their feet :  
 In crystal halls the feast divine prolong,  
 With wine nectarcous and immortal song :

As aguas onde os ferros temperavam,  
 Lagrimas são de míseros amantes :  
 A viva flamma, o nunca morto lume,  
 Desejo e só que queima e não consume.

*Canto ix. str. 30.*

- \* Alli com mil refrescos, e manjares,  
 Com vinhos odoriferos e rosas,  
 Em crystallinos paços singulares,  
 Formosos leitos, e ellas mais formosas,  
 Em fim com mil deleites não vulgares  
 Os esperem as Nymphas amorosas ;  
 De amor feridas, para lhe entregarem  
 Quanto dellas os olhos cobiçarem.

Let every nymph the snow-white bed prepare,  
 And, fairer far, resign her bosom there ;  
 There to the greedy riotous embrace  
 Resign each hidden charm with dearest grace.  
 Thus from my native waves a hero line  
 Shall rise, and o'er the east illustrious shine ;  
 Thus shall the rebel world thy prowess know,  
 And what the boundless joys our friendly powers bestow.

Such is the project of Venus ; and it is executed by Love himself. With them is associated Fame, who, every where bruited forth the glory of the Portuguese, has inspired the sea-nymphs with a passion for her heroes before they have yet beheld them. The island to which they repair, floats, like Delos of old, upon the bosom of the waves, but becomes fixed on the instant the vessel appears in sight. Nothing can surpass the beauty of embowering trees, the clustering fruits and blossoms, the flower-enamelled green, the song of birds bursting from every bough, and the pure transparent waters in

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Quero que haia no reino Neptunino  
 Onde eu nasci, progenie forte e bella,  
 E tome exemplo o mundo vil, malino  
 Que contra tua potencia se rebella ;  
 Porque entendam que muro adamantino  
 Nem triste hypoerisia val contra ella ;  
 Mal haverá na terra quem se guarde,  
 Se teu fogo immortal nas aguas arde.

*Canto ix. str. 41.*

which the love-nymphs bathe their limbs, indulging in voluptuous anticipations of the expected arrival of the heroes. With seductive coquetry they seem to fly at the sight of them, for the sole pleasure of being overtaken. The whole of this magic scene, not inferior to the easiest and happiest touches of Ovid, even in his most glowing mood, suddenly vanishes towards the close of the same canto, to the infinite surprise of the reader, who learns as suddenly that these apparent realities are merely allegorical. The poet develops his mythological meaning in the following words :

The nymphs of ocean, and the ocean's queen,  
 The isle angelic, every raptured scene,  
 The charms of honour and its meed confess,  
 These are the raptures, these the wedded bliss ;  
 The glorious triumph and the laurel crown,  
 The ever blossom'd palms of fair renown,  
 By time unwither'd and untaught to cloy ;  
 These are the transports of the Isle of Joy.

He then adds that all the gods of antiquity were merely mortals like ourselves, on whom Fame conferred such illustrious names, as the recompense of their brilliant actions. But in the opening of the tenth canto Camoens resumes the same allegory. The fair nymphs conduct their lovers to their radiant palaces, where delicious wines sparkle in every cup :

To music's sweetest chords in loftiest vein,  
 An angel Siren joins the vocal strain ;

The silver roofs resound the living song,  
 The harp and organ's lofty mood prolong  
 The hallowed warblings ; listening silence rides  
 The sky, and o'er the bridled winds presides ;  
 In softest murmurs flows the glassy deep,  
 And each lull'd in his shade, the bestials sleep.

Before Camoens describes to us the song of this prophetic Siren, he for the last time addresses himself to the muse ; and there is a tone of sorrow in the lines, which touches us the more deeply when we reflect upon the unhappy situation to which this great poet was at last reduced :

- And thou, my muse, O fairest of the train,  
 Calliope, inspire my closing strain.  
 No more the summer of my life remains,  
 My autumn's lengthening evenings chill my veins ;  
 Down the bleak stream of years by woes on woes  
 Wing'd on, I hasten to the tomb's repose,  
 The port whose deep dark bottom shall detain  
 My anchor never to be weigh'd again,  
 Never on other sea of life to steer  
 The human course——Yet thou, O goddess, hear,

- Aqui minha Calliope te invoco,  
 Neste trabalho extremo, porque em pago  
 Me tornes, dó que escrevo e em vaõ perdendo,  
 O gosto de escrever que vou perdendo.

Vaõ os annos descendo, e já do Estio  
 Ha pouco que passar até o Outono ;  
 A fortuna me faz o engeno frio,  
 Do qual já me nao jacto, nem me abono ;

Yet let me live, though round my silver'd head  
 Misfortune's bitterest rage unpitying shed  
 Her coldest storms ; yet let me live to crown  
 The song that boasts my Nation's proud renown.

The Siren begins by singing the praises of the great men destined to achieve the conquest of the regions discovered by Gama, and to ennoble the Portuguese name in the Indies. In his third and fourth cantos, Camoens had given a complete account of the political history of Portugal, and of that of its royal house ; in the sixth and seventh, he had presented us with every thing which fiction and tradition had attached to the lives and characters of his heroes. A prophetic genius is here supposed to predict the future, from the period of Gama's expedition, down to Camoens's own times ; thus completing an historical view of his country, which renders the *Lusiad* one of the noblest monuments ever offered to the national glory of any people. A succession of future heroes now pass before the eyes of Gama. First is seen the great Pacheco, the Achilles of Portugal, the defender of Cochin, and the conqueror of the Zamorim, whose armies were destined to be seven times defeated

Os desgostos me vão levando ao rio  
 Do negro esquecimento e eterno sono.  
 Mas tu me dá que cumpra o grao Rainha  
 Das Musas, co o que quero á nação minha.

*Canto x. str. 8.*

by him. But these exploits, accomplished with only a few hundred comrades, will prove insufficient to protect him against his country's ingratitude. Neglected by his King, and forgotten by his fellow citizens, he is doomed to terminate his wretched days in a hospital. Next appears the celebrated Alfonso d'Albuquerque, the victor of Ormuz, whose devastating arms extended over the whole Persian Gulf, to the island of Goa, and to Malacca. He is, however, reproached with his severity towards his soldiers. Soarez, Menezes, Mascarenhas, Hector de Silveiras, and others who obtained great names by their exploits in the Indies, all pass in succession, with their characteristic traits and their respective titles to fame. Unhappily for the honour of Portugal, these exhibit little more than a catalogue of slaughter, spoliations, and bloodshed. The most heartless ferocity characterized all the wars of the Europeans carried on in the two Indies during the sixteenth century. Both the Portuguese and the Spaniards possessed almost incalculable advantages in point of strength, arms, and discipline, over the different people of the countries which they had discovered. One hundred European soldiers were, in fact, a strong army when opposed to many thousand Indians; but in order to deprive the latter of any reliance on the superiority of their numbers, and to impress upon them the danger of resistance, millions of un-

resisting victims were put to the sword. It was not until after streams of blood had flowed, that so small a body of troops began to be considered as formidable. It was then that the instinctive ferocity inherent in the vulgar, which animates the soldier drawn from the very dregs of society, and which, increasing by the opposition of a weaker enemy, exults with savage pleasure in its destructive powers, was carried to its highest pitch by the most cruel spirit of fanaticism. All the inhabitants of those rich and civilized realms, whose mild and humane character never permitted them even the shedding of blood; who preferred renouncing the use of flesh to inflicting the least pain upon any thing endued with life; and who professed the most ancient religion in the world, full of mystic and spiritual beauty, were found deserving of nothing, in the eyes of the Portuguese, but death, because they had never heard the doctrines of Christianity. It was invariably held a good work to shed their blood; and though worldly policy sometimes induced the Portuguese commanders to enter into treaties with them for a time, the commands of heaven were far more severe, and permitted no sort of indulgence to be shewn to this most impious sect. Every one that did not receive immediate baptism was delivered up to the stake or the sword. The Turks, who had already established them-

selves, either with commercial or warlike views, in the Indies, so far from being permitted to unite with the Christians, from their knowledge and worship of the same true God, were only the more detested by the Portuguese ; an hereditary line of hatred was drawn between them ; and no treaties, no alliance could lead them to unite. The accounts, indeed, written by foreigners, with the opinions delivered in a succeeding age upon this subject, ought to be received with a great degree of distrust ; and in order to form a correct idea of the destructive character of the Indian wars, it will be necessary to consult the national historians themselves. Every page of the memoirs of Alfonso d'Albuquerque may be said to be stained with blood.\* In his *Asia*,

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\* I feel some compunction in thus bringing forward the name of Albuquerque only for the purpose of accusation. The crime, however, is not his : it wholly rests with the age, the religion, and that ferocious spirit which, I cannot observe without shuddering, some men are now attempting to revive. But the elevation of his mind remains his own, and we recognize the dignity of his character in the letter which he addressed to the King at his death. The founder of the Portuguese empire in India was recalled ; his personal enemy was substituted in his place ; and the wretches whom he had punished for their crimes, were advanced to the government of other places. Instead, however, of complaining or justifying himself, he thus writes :

“ Senhor, esta he a derradeira que com soluços de morte screvo a Vossa Alteza, de quantos com espirito de vida lle



De Barros gives an account of the most atrocious cruelties with the most perfect indifference; and Vasco de Gama himself, in his second voyage, set the example to others. The history of the different Portuguese expeditions, written by Osorius, and that of Lope de Castagneda, are no less revolting in their details. Even the tenth canto of the *Lusiad*, in which it is the author's object to celebrate only the glory of the Portuguese, is throughout imbued with the same character. The destroyers suddenly surprise their victims in one of their remotest retreats: no provocation had ever been offered to them, and no treaty had ever set bounds to their cruel rage. After having persuaded the Moors or the Pagans to deliver up their arms, and to strip themselves of their treasures with their own hands, they committed them to the flames, either in the ships or in the temples, without the least distinction of age or sex. The cries of children were mingled with the groans of aged chiefs; \* and

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tenho escrito, pela ter livre da confusaõ desta derradeira hora, e muito contento na occupaçaõ de seu serviço. Neste reino deixei hum filho por nome Braz d'Abuquerque ao qual peço a Vossa Alteza que faça grande, como lle meus serviços merecem. Quanto as cousas da India, ella fallara por si e por mi."

JOAÕ DE BARROS, *Decad. ii. Lib. viii.*

\* Among many other instances is that of Vasco de Gama burning an Egyptian vessel, with two hundred and fifty soldiers on

when torrents of blood and the agonies of the victims seemed to excite feelings of compassion in the minds of the soldiery, the more ferocious priests rushed forward to renew, with fanatical zeal, their relenting fury. Tribunals of the Inquisition were established at Goa and at Diu, and innumerable victims perished in the most frightful torments. I cannot admit that it is inconsistent with my subject thus to denounce these great political crimes, and to bring them, in all their naked horror, once more to view. The same critics who, in our own times, have attracted attention to the subject of Spanish and Portuguese literature, representing it as the combined result, the finished production of the rich spirit of chivalric manners and romance, have at the same time applauded the religious principle which animated the Christians; the disinterested zeal which led them to these wars, whose sole object was the glory of God; and their impassioned poetical life, which never embraced views of gain. But it is not according to poetical rules that we are permitted to judge of the actions of men. The language of passion may, perhaps, be more energetic, more eloquent, and better suited to poetry; although the pas-

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board, and fifty-one women and children, after they had surrendered themselves to him, and without the least provocation from the Egyptians, with whom he had never been at war.

JOÃO DE BARROS, *Decad.* i. l. vi. cap. 3.

sions are not on that account more sanctioned by moral truth. The actions of impassioned beings may be supposed to be of too high an order to admit of sordid calculations, and yet this apparent disinterestedness may fail to induce a stricter observation of the divine laws. The chief characteristic of the passions being that of always going beyond their object, he who is labouring under their influence appears to act with a disinterested view, if we do not keep in mind that, during this mental malady, the interest first proposed is always that of satisfying ourselves. The firebrand of religious war is, in fact, never kindled on mere calculations of selfishness; but it is both kindled and kept alive by one of the most selfish passions of our nature, by the hatred of every thing that is not as it were a part of ourselves, and of every thing which does not resemble us. Perhaps, in the opinion of individuals, that man will be held excused, who, while he commits an atrocious crime, imagines that he is performing a religious act; but as soon as we begin to reason and to generalize our ideas, the persecutions of fanaticism appear in their genuine colours, and are recognized as the result of a blind and wicked passion, which directly leads to the dissolution of all divine laws and of all social compacts.

As soon as the Siren has concluded her prophetic song on the splendid actions of the Por-

tuguese, Thetis, leading Vasco de Gama by the hand, conducts him to the pinnacle of a mountain, where she shews him a celestial globe of transparent materials, on which she describes to him the whole structure of the heavens, according to the system of Ptolemy. In the centre of the globe, she points out to him the earth, and the different regions he has already traversed, with those that yet remain to be discovered when he shall be no more. Here, likewise, are described the whole of the geographical discoveries made within little more than half a century, already, at that time, astonishing by their vast extent. To these are added the bold enterprises and discoveries of all the Portuguese navigators, up to the time of Magalhaens, who, on being offended by king Emmanuel, abandoned his service to enter into that of Castile, and conducted his Spanish comrades through the Strait which yet bears his name, to the acquisition of the Moluccas, till then in the sole possession of the Portuguese. After having exhibited these astonishing events to the eyes of Gama, Thetis addresses him in a speech, with which, and with the poet's apostrophe to king Sebastian, we shall close our extracts and our remarks on this celebrated poem.

How calm the waves, how mild the balmy gale!  
The halcyons call, ye Lusians, spread the sail!  
Old Ocean now appeased shall rage no more,  
Haste, point the bowsprit to your native shore :

Soon shall the transports of the natal soil  
O'erwhelm in bounding joy the thoughts of every toil.

The goddess spake ; and Vasco waved his hand,  
And soon the joyful heroes crowd the strand.  
The lofty ships with deepen'd burthens prove  
The various bounties of the Isle of Love.  
Nor leave the youths their lovely brides behind,  
In wedded bands, while time glides on, conjoin'd ;  
Fair as immortal fame in smiles array'd,  
In bridal smiles, attends each lovely maid.  
O'er India's sea, wing'd on by balmy gales  
That whisper'd peace, soft swell'd the steady sails :  
Smooth as on wing unmoved the eagle flies,  
When to his eyrie cliff he sails the skies,  
Swift o'er the gentle billows of the tide,  
So smooth, so soft, the prows of Gama glide ;  
And now their native fields, for ever dear,  
In all their wild transporting charms appear ;  
And Tago's bosom, while his banks repeat  
The sounding peals of joy, receives the fleet.  
With orient titles and immortal fame  
The hero band adorn their monarch's name,  
Sceptres and crowns beneath his feet they lay,  
And the wide East is doom'd to Lusian sway.

\* Enough, my muse, thy wearied wing no more  
Must to the seat of Jove triumphant soar.

\* Naõ mais, Musa, naõ mais, que a lyra tenho  
Destemperada, e a voz enrouquecida  
E naõ do canto, mas de ver que venho  
Cantar a gente surda e endurecida.  
O favor com que mais se accende o engenho.  
Naõ o da a patria, naõ, que esta metida  
No gosto da cobiça, e na rudeza  
De huã austera, apagada, e vil tristeza.

Chill'd by my nation's cold neglect, thy fires  
 Glow bold no more, and all thy rage expires.  
 Yet thou, Sebastian, thou, my king, attend;  
 Behold what glories on thy throne descend!  
 Shall haughty Gaul or sterner Albion boast  
 That all the Lusian fame in thee is lost!  
 Oh, be it thine these glories to renew,  
 And John's bold path and Pedro's course pursue:  
 Snatch from the tyrant noble's hand the sword,  
 And be the rights of human-kind restored.

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E não sei por que influxo do destino,  
 Não tem hum lédo orgulho e geral gosto,  
 Que os animos levanta de contino,  
 A ter para trabalhos lédo o rosto.  
 Por isso vós, ó rey, que por divino  
 Conselho, estais no régio solio posto,  
 Olhai que sois, (e vêde as ontras gentes)  
 Senhor só de vassallos excellentes.

Olhai que lédos vão, por varias vias.  
 Quaes rompentes leões, e bravos touros,  
 Dando os corpos a fomes e a vigias,  
 A ferro, a fogo, a sétas, e a pelouros:  
 A quentes regiões, a plagas frias;  
 A golpes de idolâtras e de Mouros,  
 A perigos incognitos do mundo,  
 A naufragios, a peixes, ao profundo.

Por servir vos, a tudo aparelhados,  
 De vos tão longe, sempre obedientes,  
 A quaesquer vossos asperos mandados,  
 Sem dar resposta, prompts e contentes.  
 Só com saber que são de vós olhados,  
 Demonios infernaes, negros e ardentes,  
 Cometterão convoseo, e não duvido  
 Que vencedor vos façam, não vencido

The statesman prelate to his vows confine,  
 Alone auspicious at the holy shrine ;  
 The priest, in whose meek heart heaven pours its fires,  
 Alone to heaven, not earth's vain pomp, aspires.  
 Nor let the muse, great king, on Tago's shore,  
 In dying notes the barbarous age deplore.  
 The king or hero to the Muse unjust  
 Sinks as the nameless slave, extinct in dust.  
 But such the deeds thy radiant morn portends,  
 Awed by thy frown ev'n now old Atlas bends  
 His hoary head, and Ampeluza's fields  
 Expect thy sounding steeds and rattling shields.  
 And shall these deeds unsung, unknown, expire ?  
 Oh, would thy smiles relume my fainting ire !  
 I then inspired, the wondering world should see  
 Great Ammon's warlike son revived in thee ;  
 Revived, unenvied of the Muse's flame  
 That o'er the world resounds Pelides' name.

Mas eu que fallo, humilde, baixo e rudo,  
 De vos naõ conhecido, nem sonhado ;  
 Da boca dos pequenos sei com tudo  
 Que o louvor sahé ás vezes acabado.  
 Nem me falta na vida honesto estudo,  
 Com longa experiencia misturado,  
 Nem engenho, que aqui vereis presente  
 Cousas que juntas se hacam raramente.

Para servir vos, braço as armas feito,  
 Para cantar vos, mente ás Musas dada,  
 Só me fallece ser a vós acceito,  
 De quem virtude deve ser prezada.

*Canto x. str. 159.*

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Miscellaneous Poems of Camoens: Gil Vicente; Rodriguez Lobo; Cortereal; Portuguese Historians of the Sixteenth Century.

WE have now completed our long examination of the great master-piece of Portuguese poetry. The *Lusiad* is a work of a conception so wholly new, and at the same time so lofty and national in its character, that it appeared important to give some account not only of its most celebrated episodes, but also of its general plan and of the objects which the author had in view. We dwelt with pleasure on the union of so many claims to renown advanced by the poet in favour of a nation so little known; and we beheld as it were the completion of Spanish poetry, in the epic, which alone remained to be added to the literature of the two nations. Scarcely any other Portuguese poetry is known beyond the limits of the kingdom, and even the professed students of foreign literature are often unacquainted with the names of the numerous other poets of



Portugal. Their works are, indeed, so rare, that I have with difficulty been enabled to obtain a small number by repeated journeys and researches into all the public and private libraries. The Portuguese themselves, for the most part, are little better acquainted with their own poetic treasures. I have known men who, on their return from Lisbon, were desirous of purchasing a few volumes as a kind of remembrance of their residence in that singular country, but who invariably received the same answer from the booksellers, whose knowledge of the Portuguese poets was confined to Camoens alone.

The species of composition in which the Spaniards most excelled, and with which they are most abundantly supplied, is almost entirely wanting to Portugal. Her dramatic literature presents a barren field. There is only one solitary poet, of any name, who has written in the spirit of his nation. This is Gil Vicente, of whom we shall have occasion to say more hereafter. Their other pieces consist of comedies and classical tragedies, composed rather on the model of the ancients, than with a view to the dramatic wants of the nation. These are rather essays of power by a few distinguished characters, in a career wholly new, than finished productions, calculated to form the elements of a school and to be relished by the public. Their theatrical success was short, and the stage of Lisbon exhibits little else be-

sides Italian operas and Spanish comedies represented in their original form and language.

This, however, will be found to be the only branch of poetic composition which this ingenious nation has not cultivated with success. The same chivalric and romantic spirit which inspired the Spaniards, was felt, perhaps, in a superior degree by the Portuguese, inasmuch as they were called to the performance of great exploits with far inferior means. Engaged in continual combats with enemies, from whom they recovered their country foot by foot; without communication with the rest of Europe, with the single exception of a rival nation in possession of all their frontiers; inclosed between sea and mountain, and compelled to risk upon the ocean that adventurous spirit too closely circumscribed within their own narrow boundaries; habituated to the tempest and to the imposing image of the infinite which boundless seas present to the imagination, the Portuguese, likewise, were familiar with the most delightful and magnificent objects in their own country. Here they found every thing which could develope the powers of imagination, and imbue the very soul with poetry; a land of myrtles and of orange bowers, delicious valleys, and mountains whose wild ranges comprehended all the variety of forms and temperature in the world. If their language

did not possess all the dignity and sonorous harmony of the Spanish ; if it was rather too abundant in vowels and nasal syllables, it was yet equally smooth and sweet as the Italian, and had even something more affecting in its tone, and more suited to exhibit the passion of love. Its richness and suppleness supplied it with the most brilliant ornaments and with the boldest figures, while the variety and freedom of its structure enabled it, far beyond that of the French, to produce a very striking effect by a happy combination and position of the words. Poetry was considered in Portugal, more than in any other country, as the relaxation of warriors, rather than as a source of exclusive glory. The glowing passions of the South were poured forth with perfect ease in strains which seemed to spring fresh from the soul, and to which the harmony of the language and the variety of terminations gave an unrivalled facility of execution. The poet felt satisfied in having given expression to the feeling that oppressed him ; and his hearers scarcely bestowed any attention on it. They seemed to discover in his effusions only the developement of their own ideas ; and the highest degree of talent procured little celebrity. Camoens lived in obscurity, and died in wretchedness ; though from his earliest years, before his departure for the Indies, he had given decisive proofs of his astonish-

ing powers of poetry. The publication of the *Lusiad*, of which two editions were given in 1572, equally failed to draw the attention of his countrymen, and the encouragement of his prince; and during the last seven years of his life he supported his existence by alms, not granted to the celebrity of the poet who had conferred honour upon his nation, but to the importunity of a friendless servant wandering through the streets, without a recommendation or a name. We have noticed the complaints in which he frequently indulged in his poem, of the neglect evinced by his countrymen towards the literature of his country, and the national glory, which he supposed to be blended with it. The minority of the king Sebastian, only ten years of age at the period of the publication of the *Lusiad*, may likewise serve to account for the slight attention bestowed by the government upon the great poet of Portugal. The subsequent misfortunes of the monarchy commencing during the life of Camoens, the death of Don Sebastian in Africa, in 1578, and the subjection of Portugal to Spain in the year 1580, destroyed all the beneficial effects which so noble an example might have produced on the national spirit of the people.

In the poems of Camoens alone we discover examples of almost every different kind of verse. The first portion of his works consists of sonnets,

and in the most correct editions of this great bard they amount to no less than three hundred. But in the edition of 1633, which I have now before me, they do not exceed one hundred and five. Camoens never made any collection of his own productions; and it was only by degrees that his noblest and best pieces were united in a regular work. In many of these sonnets he dwells upon his passion for a lady, whose name he no where mentions; nor do they contain any circumstances which might serve to throw light upon his private life. They are, for the most part, full of studied ideas, antithesis, and conceits, in which they bear too great a resemblance to those of the Italian muse. A few, however, are inspired with a bolder and richer feeling, bearing the impression of the author's wild and agitated career. They are evidently the efforts of a man who had nourished great designs; who had traversed both hemispheres in pursuit of honour and of fortune; who, during his whole life, failed to acquire them; who yet struggled firmly against his calamities; and who approached the termination of his career, cruelly disappointed in all his hopes. In the three editions of Camoens, of which I have availed myself, I have found neither historical preface, notes, nor any kind of chronological information, insomuch that the obscurity of events, united to the obscurity which must

occasionally perplex the reader of a foreign language, enable me to form only a doubtful judgment on the subject. Yet the impression which the perusal of Camoens has made upon my mind is by no means, on that account, of a less melancholy character. In a few of these sonnets there is a wild tone of sorrow, which seems to strike my ear like wailings heard through the gloom of midnight darkness. We know not whence they spring, or by what calamity they are called forth; but it is the voice of grief, and it awakens an answering throb within my breast.

## SONNET C.

- Few years I number ; years of anxious care,  
     Sad hours and seasons of unceasing woe ;  
     My fifth short lustre saw my youth laid low ;  
 So soon was overcast life's morning fair :  
 Far lands and seas I roam'd, some hope to share  
     Of solace, for the cares that stamp'd my brow :  
     But they, whom fortune fails, in vain bestow  
 Stern toils, and imminent hazards vainly dare.

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\* We here subjoin two sonnets, which, in an edition of Camoens in my possession, are the hundredth and hundred and first of the series :

No mundo, poucos annos e cansados  
 Vivi, cheos de vil miseria dura,  
 Fome taõ cedo a luz do dia escura,  
 Que naõ ví cinco lustros acabados.

Beside Alanquer, first my painful breath  
 I drew, 'midst pleasant fields of fruits and flowers ;  
 But fate hath driven me on, and dooms that here  
 These wretched limbs be render'd up to death,  
 A prey to monsters of the sea, where lowers  
 The Abyssinian steep, far from my country dear.

This sonnet appears to have been written in the year 1553, while the fleet of Ferdinand Alvarez Cabral, in which Camoens had sailed in the month of March of the same year, was coasting the shores of Africa, where it was surprised by a tempest, in which three of the vessels perished. We ought to add, that the biographers of Camoens are agreed that these lines were intended merely for an epitaph on one of his companions, in whose name the poet is supposed to speak. The following sonnet, written doubtless at a later period, is, we think, little inferior to the preceding in its passionate flow of tenderness, drawn from the deepest sources of the breast:

Corrí terras e mares apartados,  
 Buscando á vida algum remedio ou cura,  
 Mas aquillo qu'em fim naõ quer ventura,  
 Naõ o alcançaõ trabalhos arriscados.

Criou me Portugal, na verde e chara  
 Patria minha Alanquer, mas ar corrupto,  
 Que neste meu terreno vaso tinha,

Me fez manjar de peixes, em ti bruto  
 Mar que bates na Abassia fera e avara,  
 Taõ longe da ditosa patria minha.

## SONNET CI.

- \* Ah! vain desires, weak wishes, hopes that fade!  
 Why with your shadowy forms still mock my view?  
 The hours return not; nor could Time renew,  
 Though he should now return, my youth decay'd:  
 But lengthen'd years roll on in deepening shade,  
 And warn you hence. The pleasures we pursue  
 Vary, with every fleeting day, their hue;  
 And our frail wishes alter soon as made.  
 The forms I loved, all once most dear, are fled,  
 Or changed, or no more the same semblance wear,  
 To me, whose thoughts are changed, whose joys are dead:  
 For evil times and fortunes, what small share  
 Of bliss was mine, with daily cares consume,  
 Nor leave a hope to gild the hours to come!
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- \* Que me quereis perpetuas saudades?  
 Con que esperança ainda m'enganais?  
 Que o tempo que se vai, naõ torna mais,  
 E se torna, naõ tornaõ as idades.

Rezaõ he ja ó annos que vos vades;  
 Porqu'estes taõ ligeiros que passais,  
 Nem todos para hum gosto saõ iguais,  
 Nem sempre saõ conformes as vontades.

Aquillo a que já quis, he taõ mudado  
 Que quasi he outra cousa, porque os dias  
 Tem o primeiro gosto ja danado.

Esperanças de novas alegrias  
 Naõ mas deixa a fortuna, e o tempo errado,  
 Que do contentamento saõ espias.



Let me here add a third sonnet, which bears equal evidence of the sufferings which fortune heaped upon the head of this truly great man :

## SONNET XCII.

- \* What is there left in this vain world to crave,  
 To love, to see, more than I yet have seen ?  
 Still wearying cares, disgusts and coldness, spleen,  
 Hate and despair, and death, whose banners wave  
 Alike o'er all ! Yet, ere I reach the grave,  
 'Tis mine to learn, no woes nor anguish keen  
 Hasten the hour of rest ; woes that have been ;  
 And worse to come, if worse, 'tis mine to brave.  
 I hold the future frowns of fate in scorn ;  
 Against them all hath death a stern relief  
 Afforded, since my best loved friend was torn  
 From this sad breast. In life I find but grief ;  
 By death, with deepest woe, my heart was riven ;  
 For this alone I drew the breath of heaven !

- \* Que poderei do mundo ja querer ?  
 Que naquillo é que pus tamanho amor ?  
 Naõ ví senaõ desgosto e desamor,  
 E morte em fim, que mais naõ pode ser.  
 Pois vida me naõ farta de viver,  
 Pois ja sei que naõ mata grande dór,  
 Se cousa há que magoa dé mayor,  
 Eu a verei, que tudo posso ver.\*  
 A morte a meu pesar me assegurou  
 De quanto mal me vinha, ja perdi  
 O que perder o medo m'ensinou.  
 Na vida, desamor sómente ví,  
 Na morte, a grande dór que me ficou,  
 Parece que para isto só naci.

These are followed in the order of Camoens's works, by the *Canções*, or canzoni, composed chiefly on the model of those of Petrarch. The first of these canzoni consist of love-songs, in one of which he revives the recollections of his youthful days spent at Coimbra, and upon the delightful borders of the Mondego. The ninth of them was written in sight of Cape Guardafú, the utmost boundary of Africa, opposite to the Arabian coast. The poet describes the mournful aspect of the wild and precipitous mountains overhanging the stormy deep; and there is something so peculiarly striking in contemplating a character, gifted with such lofty genius, exiled thus far from Europe, from the land of letters and of arts, that, independent of its own merits, a poem written amidst such scenes cannot fail to be unusually interesting. It appears as if the unfortunate passion which first led Camoens to encounter his many perilous adventures, continued afterwards to embitter them :

- Ah! might I dream that in some softer hour,  
Those sweet bright eyes, on which I madly gazed,  
O'er all my toils pour'd one reviving shower  
Of pitying tears, for memories ne'er erased,

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- Se, de tantos trabalhos, só tirasse  
Saber inda por certo, qu'algum hora  
Lembrava a lus claros olhos que ja vi;  
E se esta triste voz, rompendo fora,

Though bent on mine no more their gentle rays,  
 'Twould soothe my worn heart with a magic power ;  
 Or might my sad voice, in these broken lays,  
 But reach her, in whose sight alone I liv'd,  
 And bid her muse on times for ever gone,  
 Days of long passionate errors past,  
 And cherish'd ills, and hopes that could not last,  
 But pangs that did, and borne for her alone ;  
 Then would she, late, repent her that I grieved,  
 And with her gentle sighs repair  
 Those griefs, and say, I should no more despair.

So let me dream, for in that thought alone  
 Is rest and solace for my suffering breast  
 Through life's last hours. Such, lady, is your power  
 So far away, with thoughts in fiction dress'd,  
 To cheat my woes ; for woes and fears are flown

As orelhas angelicas tocasse,  
 Da quella, em cuja vista, já vivi :  
 A qual tornada hum pouco sobse si.  
 Rebolvendo na mente presurosa  
 Os tempos ja passados,  
 De meus doces errores,  
 De meus suaves males, e furores,  
 Por ella padecidos e buscados,  
 Tornada, (inda que tarde) piadosa,  
 Hum pouco lhe pesasse,  
 E consigo por dura se julgasse.

Isto só que soubesse, me seria  
 Descanso, para á vida que me fica ;  
 Com isto afagaria o sofrimento :  
 Ah senora, senora, e que tam rica  
 Estais, que câ, taõ longe d'alegria,  
 Me sustentais c'hum doce fingimento.

When your bright image thus bursts on the hour  
 Of anguish, like the rainbow through the shower,—  
 Promise of brighter days I deem'd were ever gone.  
 Only your smiles, and voice, and look,  
 Then fill my soul ; fresh memories thron'  
 That bid me scorn my fate, and I belong  
 To love and you : no more the dark clouds lower ;  
 No more you seem to shun my glad return ;  
 And fiercer pangs within my breast  
 Resume their sway no more : the sweet illusions rest.

Here pause, my Muse! and ask the amorous wind  
 That lately clasp'd her, and the birds around,  
 Where last they saw her ; on what flowery ground  
 She walk'd ; with whom conversed, what day, what hour ?  
 Now with new hope I nerve my wearied mind ;  
 No more I mourn ; with soul refresh'd I rise

Em vos affigurando o pensamento,  
 Foge todo o trabalho, e toda a pena :  
 Só com vossas lembranças,  
 M' acho seguro e forte  
 Contra o rosto feroz da fera morte.  
 E logo se m' ajuntaõ as esperanças,  
 Com qu'a fronte tornada mais serena  
 Torna os tormentos graves  
 Em saudades brandas e suaves.

Aqui com elles fico, preguntando  
 Aos ventos amorosos que respiraõ  
 Da parte donde stais, por vos senhora ;  
 As aves que alli volaõ, se vos viraõ ;  
 Que fazieis, que staveis praticando :  
 Onde, como, com que, que dia, e qu'hora.  
 Alli a vida causada se melhora,

To wrestle yet with fortune, toil, and pain ;  
 So I may love, and serve, and once again  
 Bask in the beauty of her sunny eyes ;  
 And Time such bliss might bring, but Love denies,  
 And waking in my breast fierce passion's glow  
 Opens afresh each half-heal'd wound of woe.

But the tenth of these canzoni is by far the most beautiful and affecting of the whole. It is, indeed, an eloquent outpouring of poetic feeling ; a gush of living grief on the misfortunes of his life, pursuing him from the cradle to the tomb. Impelled by undefined wishes, and by distant hopes, incessantly agitated by ardent passions, engaged in restless pursuits, and destitute of the means by which to attain his object, his existence was the sport of disappointment and pain. In his earliest years, when slumber failed to visit his infant eyes, it is said that some old love-ditties alone were found effectual in pacifying his childish griefs. Love seemed to continue the ruling star of his youthful destiny, and its influence was only made known through years of bitterness and tears. Love impelled him to embrace a military life, where he lost an eye while serving against the Moors ; and the same

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Toma spiritos novos, com que vença  
 A fortuna e trabalho,  
 So por tornar a vervos,  
 So por ir a servirvos e querervos.

passion led him to volunteer his services in the Indian fleet.

- 'Tis done! by human hopes and human aid  
 Abandon'd, and unpitied left to mourn,  
 I weep o'er all my wrongs; o'er friends fast sworn,  
 Whose friendship but betray'd,  
 But whose firm hatred not so soon decay'd.  
 The land that witness'd my return,  
 The land I loved above all lands on earth,  
 Twice cast me like a weed away;  
 And the world left me to the storm a prey:  
 While the sweet air I first drank at my birth,  
 My native airs, once round me wont to blow,  
 No more were doom'd to fan the exile's feverish brow.

O strange unhappy sport of mortal things!  
 To live, yet live in vain,  
 Bereft of all that Nature's bounty brings,  
 That life to sweeten or sustain;  
 Doom'd still to draw my painful breath,  
 Though borne so often to the gates of death.

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- A piedade humana me faltava,  
 A gente amiga, ja contraria via,  
 No primeiro perigo, e no segundo  
 Terra em que pór os pés me fallecía,  
 Ar para respirar se me negava,  
 E faltavame em fim o tempo e o mundo.  
 Que segredo taõ arduo e taõ profundo  
 Nacer para vivir, e para á vida  
 Faltar-me quanto o mundo tem para ella.  
 E non poter perdella,  
 Estando tantas vezes ja pèrdida!...

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Naõ conto tantos males, como aquelle  
 Que despois da tormenta procellosa,

For, ah, not mine, like the glad mariner  
 To his long wish'd-for home restor'd at last,  
 Telling his chances to his babes, and her  
 Whose hope had ceased, to paint misfortunes past :  
 Through the dread deep my bark, still onwards borne,  
 As the fierce waves drive o'er it tempest-torn,  
 Speeds midst strange horrors to its fatal bourne.

Yet shall not storms or flattering calms delude  
 My voyage more ; no mortal port is mine :  
 So may the sovereign ruler of the flood  
 Quell the loud surge, and with a voice divine  
 Hush the fierce tempest of my soul to rest—  
 The last dear hope of the distress'd,  
 And the lost voyager's last unerring sign.  
 But man, weak man ! will ever fondly cast  
 A forward glance on beckoning forms of bliss ;  
 And when he deems the beauteous vision his,  
 Grasps but the painful memory of the past.  
 In tears my bread is steep'd ; the cup I drain  
 Is fill'd with tears, that never cease to flow,  
 Save when with dreams of pleasure short and vain  
 I chase the conscious pangs of present woe.

Os casos della conta em porto ledo ;  
 Qu'ind'agora a fortuna fluctuosa  
 A tamanhas miserias me compelle,  
 Que de dar hum sò passo tenho medo.  
 Já de mal que me venha não m'arredo,  
 Nem bem que me falleça ja pretendo,  
 Que para mi não val astucia humana,  
 De forza soberana ;  
 Da providencia emfim divina pendo.  
 Isto que cuido e vejo, às vezes tomo,  
 Para consolação de tantos dannos ;  
 Mas a fraqueza humana, quando lança  
 Os olhos na que corre, e não alcança  
 Senão memoria dos passados annos.

After the canzoni, a sort of lyric song in the romantic form, follow the odes of Camoens, to the number of ten or twelve, which may be considered as lyric songs in a classical dress. The strophes are shorter, being only of five, six, or seven verses; but very sweet, and full of inspiration. Some of these are of a mythological, and others of an impassioned character. The eighth is addressed to one of the viceroys of India, to remind him of the ancient alliance between chivalry and letters, and to solicit his aid in behalf of one of his friends, the naturalist Orta, who produced a work on the plants of the Indies. Camoens was himself but too frequently exposed to the cravings of necessity, though he never requested assistance on his own account; and we no where, throughout all his writings, meet with any traces of a venal or adulatory muse. In asking sympathy for his sufferings, he did not forget that his benefactor was only his equal.

Camoens also wrote some sextine pieces, of which I am acquainted only with one. We might be led to suppose that he wished to shew how well he could preserve an air of freedom under the extreme constraint imposed by such a form of verse, which his good taste soon led him to

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As agoas que entã bebo, e o paõ que como,  
 Lágrimas tristes são, qu'en nunca domo,  
 Senãõ com fabricar na fantasia  
 Fantasticas pinturas d'alegria.



abandon. To these we have to add twenty-one elegies. I am only in possession of three of them, which are written in *terza rima*, and in a style rather approaching that of the epistle than the elegy. They have preserved for us more of the particulars of the private life of the poet, and seem to give us a nearer view of his virtues and misfortunes. His satirical pieces will be found to consist only of a few octave stanzas addressed to Antonio de Noronha, on the abuses of the world; and some verses written in June, 1555, under the title of *Disparates na India*, on the misconduct of the government. His early biographers, however, attribute to him a satirical disposition; a charge which M. de Sousa repels, as if it were the imputation of a crime. The latter of these little poems, together with a satire published about the same time, partly in prose and partly in verse, and falsely attributed to Camoens, the object of which was to ridicule the citizens of Goa, afforded Barrito a pretext for banishing him to the Moluccas, from whence he proceeded to Macao. I have perused with attention the stanzas entitled *Disparates na India*; but it must be admitted that their meaning is extremely obscure; and there is, perhaps, nothing in any language more difficult to be understood, than the ridicule attaching to subjects of a satirical nature. Both the persons and their actions are here unknown to us; belonging to a country

whose manners and customs are so widely different from our own, as to afford no clue to a discovery. The sentence, however, of the viceroy appears uncommonly severe. The abuses satirized by Camoens were altogether of a general nature; no person was designated by name, nor was any degree of blame endeavoured to be fixed upon any individual. We find only general reflections upon the venality, extortion, and wickedness of mankind, and upon the dissipation and follies of women; and the same remarks might be made on every country, without giving just cause of offence to a single individual.

It was on the return of Camoens from Macao, after his exile, that the vessel in which he sailed struck upon the coast of Cambodia near the mouth of the river Mecon, where he escaped only by swimming, in one hand bearing his poem amidst the fury of the waves. During his solitude on the shores of Cambodia, he gave vent to his regrets for his country; and the attachment which he continued to feel is strongly expressed in a paraphrase of the 137th Psalm: *By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down.* This is rendered in the Portuguese in the form of redondilhas, which enjoy a high reputation:

Beside the streams of Babylon,  
The worn and weary exile wept;  
He thought on Sion's grandeur gone,  
And all the lofty state she kept  
When 'neath her high-arch'd golden domes he slept.

Near him a fountain springing fresh,  
 With tears for Babylon seem'd to flow ;  
 In hers he mourn'd his own distress,  
 While Sion like past scenes of woe  
 Came o'er his soul, bidding fresh sorrows flow.

There, too, the memory of delights  
 Mingled with tears return'd again ;  
 Sweet social days, and pleasant nights,  
 Warm as ere yet they turn'd to pain,  
 And all their music fled, and all their love was vain !

The version of Camoens, however, appears very inferior, on the whole, to the lofty poetry of the Hebrew hymn. It is much too long : thirty-seven strophes, of ten lines each, are ill suited to the expression of one simple sentiment ; and many general ideas are required to fill up the intervals between those strophes in which the tears shed by the rivers of Babylon are best described. I select some lines of a very pleasing character, on the influence of music :

\* All sing ; the joyous traveller,  
 Along his morning way,  
 Through painful paths and forests, sings  
 A merry roundelay.

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\* Canta o caminhante ledo  
 No caminho trabalhoso,  
 Por entre o espesso arvoredo :  
 E de noite o temeroso  
 Cantando refrea o medo.  
 Canta o preso docemente,

And when at night beneath the star  
 His lonely way he wends,  
 To banish fear and care, he sings  
 Aloud till darkness ends.

More lowly the poor prisoner  
 Attunes his voice, to try  
 To drown the sound of bars and chains,  
 In hymns of liberty.

And when the mellow seasons call  
 The reaper to the field,  
 With happy songs his toil he cheers ;  
 To song the wretched yield.

Both the Portuguese and the Spaniards sometimes exhibited in their poetry the pedantic spirit of the schools ; and whilst the paraphrase was the favourite task imposed upon them by the masters of their colleges, they contrived at the same time to produce their *voltas*, their *notes*, and *notes glosados* ; a sort of commentary in verse, either upon devices or couplets. Each verse of the text is intended to form the subject of a strophe in the gloss or comment, and to be reproduced without any alteration. Of these Camoens has given us a considerable number. They are, however, too often guilty of a twofold affectation in their pedantic turn, and in their attempted wit. Our poet has, besides, left a

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Os duros grillhões tocando ;  
 Canta o segador contente,  
 E o trabalhador contando  
 O trabalho menos sente.

considerable number of national pieces, in the ancient trochaic measure, in which he seems to aim at shewing, by the ease with which he could apply the ancient Castilian prosody, that it was as familiar to him as the modern Italian verse\*.

Camoens made choice of the latter metre for the composition of his eclogues, of which he composed a considerable number, though only eight have fallen into my hands. Perhaps none of his poems exhibit more ease and smoothness of versification. His shepherds are always those of the river Tagus, and not of Arcady; and they often express sentiments of a patriotic description, as far at least as truth of feeling can be admitted in a composition altogether of a conventional kind. The first of these consists of a lament on the decease of Don John, son of King John III. and the father of Don Sebastian; as well as on that of Antonio de Noronha, who was killed in Africa. Two shepherds, Umbrano and Frondelio, are introduced, lamenting the changes in the face of nature every where taking place around them, from which they are led to predict still more fatal revolutions, and even the return of the Moors among the pleasant fields whence the valour of

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\* They are given in his works with no other title than that of *Rcdondilhas* or *Endechas*. The Spanish word *redondilla* is the *redondilha* of the Portuguese; the *h* being always added after the *l* or the *n*, in order to give the language a softer tone.

their ancestors had driven them. Umbrano speaks :

From this I trust our shepherds sage and bold,  
 Chiefs of our flock, will guard the Lusian fold ;  
 That ancient flame which fired our heroes' blood,  
 When foremost in the world their banners stood :  
 Each shepherd's hand would grasp a warrior's sword,  
 And glut our plains with the fierce Islam horde.  
 Fear not, Frondelio, that our necks shall bend  
 To the worst yoke that foreign foe can send.

Umbrano, in the mean while, requests Frondelio to sing the funeral song recited by him on the day of Tionio's death, the assumed name of Noronha ; and in this pastoral strain are disguised the high exploits of the African war under rustic images. He has scarcely concluded, when they hear a voice of celestial sweetness, mingled at times with sighs and moans. It is that of Joanna of Austria, the widow of Don John, introduced by Camoens under the name of Aonia, who is weeping for the death of her lord ; and her lament, forming a part of a Portuguese eclogue, is expressed in Castilian verse :

Sole life and love of my unwidow'd breast,  
 Ere yet thy spirit sought yon realms above ;  
 Light of my days, while Heaven shone on us ; best,  
 Noblest of hearts ! this heart's first, latest love !

I would not weep now thy blest shade is gone  
 To seek its native home, whence first it sprung !  
 Yet, if some earthly memories there of one  
 Long loved avail, these tears to thee belong.

These eyes that dwelt too fondly on thee here,  
 Now offer up their bitter sacrifice ;  
 Receive it there ; since on the same sad bier  
 I might not lie, and seek with thee the skies.

Though for the starry lustre of thy deeds  
 Heaven snatch'd thee to a bliss not mine to share ;  
 Yet may my memory live with thine : those weeds  
 On earth you wore, my highest boast and care

To cherish in my thoughts through after years,  
 Unchang'd as when those mortal spoils were bright  
 With the full soul ; and pour unceasing tears  
 While life endures, o'er Love's long faded light.

For thee Heaven's azure fields are open'd wide,  
 Blest spirit ranging other scenes ! where spring  
 Flowers for thy feet, of other fragrant pride  
 Than these on earth ; where other minstrels sing :

There shalt thou see that virgin Queen supreme,  
 Who reigns on earth, in the dear might of Him  
 Who bade the great sun shed his glowing stream  
 Round every sphere, down to this earth-spot dim :

Where, should such wondrous works not quite efface  
 A mortal's memory, weeping vainly long  
 By thy cold urn, O come with saint-like grace ;  
 See all my love, in faith and fondness strong.

And if to tears and sorrows such as these,  
 'Tis given to pierce yon saintly bright abode,  
 I yet shall join thee ; for the kind decrees  
 Of Heaven grant death, to mourners seeking God.

And last of all, Camoens, who seems to have essayed his talents in almost every species of poetical composition, in order to complete the national literature, produced likewise several dra-

matic pieces. Three of these, in all appearance written at an early period of life, before his departure to the East Indies, are still in existence. One of them, entitled the *Amphitryons*, a piece in imitation of Plautus, is executed with considerable wit and spirit. The *Seleucus* is rather a farce of the mock-heroic stamp, the subject of which turns upon the sovereign yielding his own consort to his son. *Filodemo* is a little drama of a mixed pastoral and romantic character. But none of these can be pronounced worthy of the genius and reputation of their author; nor is it just to attract longer attention to the imperfect attempts of a poet who produced masterpieces of another kind.

In his dramatic attempts, Camoens followed the example of his contemporary Gil Vicente, who, during the time the former was employed upon his comedies, was in possession of the Portuguese theatre without a rival, and who has had no successor. In point of time, Gil Vicente must be considered anterior to Camoens; and still more so in regard to the critical rules which he followed. But I have thought it unnecessary to make any distinction in the age of these poets, who were both employed in introducing a taste for the rules of Italian metre. The only dramatic poet of his nation, having had neither instructors nor imitators, Gil Vicente may be allowed to stand alone, removed from his rank, without causing any confusion.



We are not acquainted with the exact period of the birth of Gil Vicente, who is considered the Plautus of the Portuguese; but it must have occurred previous to the last ten years of the fifteenth century. In accordance with the views of his family, he at first devoted himself to the law, which he soon abandoned, in order to give his whole attention to the theatre. He appears likewise to have attached himself to the court, for which he laboured with great assiduity, in providing occasional pieces suitable to civil and religious solemnities. His earliest dramas were represented at the court of the great Emmanuel; but he enjoyed a still higher degree of reputation in the reign of John III., who even insisted upon performing a part in one of his best comedies. In all probability Vicente was also an actor; and he is known to have educated for the theatre his own daughter Paula, who was one of the ladies of honour to the Princess Maria, and who obtained equal celebrity as an actress, a poetess, and a musician. But though Gil Vicente preceded the great dramatic poets both of Spain and England, as well as those of France, and acquired an universal reputation, his honours, nevertheless, were not lasting. Erasmus, learning most likely from the Portuguese Jews, who had fled to Rotterdam, the high esteem in which the restorer of the modern theatre was held, applied himself to the language of Portugal for the sole purpose of reading the

comedies of a man so enthusiastically admired. We have little further information respecting the private life of the Portuguese Plautus. He died at Evora, in 1557; and about five years after his death, his son, Luis Vicente, presented the world with a complete collection of his works in one volume folio.

Gil Vicente may be considered in some measure as the founder of the Spanish theatre, and the earliest model upon which Lope de Vega and Calderon proceeded to form a yet more perfect drama. He preceded both these authors almost a whole century, as there is still extant a religious piece, written by him in 1504 to celebrate the birth-day of Prince John, afterwards King John III. It is composed in the Spanish tongue, and the Castilians have preserved nothing of so early a date. We may observe in the earlier effort of Gil Vicente almost all the defects and peculiarities, which are so strikingly exemplified in the romantic drama of the Castilians, though it is rarely that the former is redeemed by those beauties which abound in the latter. The Portuguese author did not possess the same fertility of invention. He could not pursue the thread of his romantic adventures into its minutest windings, exciting interest and awakening curiosity by a crowd of incidents; nor did his muse revel in the light of those brilliant images and sparkling fancies, which, though charged with exuberance, never fail to rivet

the attention of readers of Lope and Calderon. His religion was neither more wise nor more moral; his mythology was not more exempt from absurdity than theirs; yet there was a certain exuberance of invention manifested in his rude attempts, which had not, up to that period, been equalled among the moderns. Add to this, that he displayed great probability in the dialogue, much animation, and a poetical smoothness of language which justified the high character enjoyed by him both in his own country and abroad.

The productions of Gil Vicente were arranged by his son in four separate classes, divided into *autos*, comedies, tragi-comedies, and farces. The *autos*, or religious pieces, amount in number to sixteen, and were chiefly written for the purpose, of solemnizing the Christmas festival, as those of Spain celebrated the feast of the Holy Sacrament. The shepherds had always an important part assigned to them, inasmuch as it was thought requisite by the Portuguese that even into the drama a portion of pastoral spirit should be introduced. They have all, however, Spanish or Portuguese names, and language lively and simple, though, at times, too careless and trivial, is ascribed to them. The most familiar scenes are frequently interrupted by the appearances of spirits, of angels, of the devil, and of the Holy Virgin, besides several allegorical

personages. The mysteries of faith form the great bond of union between all celestial and terrestrial things, and the intended effect of the whole spectacle is to impress the beholder with the belief inculcated by the Spanish and Italian clergy, that the age of miracles is not passed, and that religion is still supported by supernatural events.

The following is an extract given by Bouterwek from one of these *autos*, which may be considered sufficiently characteristic of its kind. During the first scene, Mercury, who is the representative of the planet of the same name, is introduced; and he explains, agreeably to the authority of Johannes Regiomontanus, the theory of the system of the planets, and the circles of the sphere, in a long discourse, written in *redondilhas*. Next appears a seraph sent by the Deity, at the request of Time, down to earth; who announces, as a public crier, a grand fair to be held in honour of the Holy Virgin, and invites all who hear to hasten thither to obtain bargains. The proclamation is expressed in verse of the dactyl measure :

\* To the fair, to the fair ! now, good priests, all repair ;  
Plump pastors of souls, drowsy popes, bishops all ;

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\* Aa feyra, aa feyra, ygrejas, mosteyros,  
Pastores das almas, papas adormidos,

Of all churches apply, new vestments to buy ;  
Change your lawns for hair jerkins, like Saints John and Paul.

'Trappings off, and remember, what made each a member  
Of Christ, in old times, was a pure holy life ;  
And you, kings, come buy bright reversions on high,  
From the Virgin, with gold, without stinting or strife.

She 's the Princess of Peace ; Heaven's flocks never cease  
To their shepherdess bright, the world's mistress, to pray ;  
Of Heaven's stars the star--O then hasten from far,  
Ye virgins and matrons, no longer delay !  
For, know, at this fair you will find all that's rare,  
And charms that will last when your beauties decay.

The devil appears in his turn as a pedlar, and  
he insists, in an argument with the seraph, that  
he knows how to obtain customers for his mer-

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Compray aqui panos, muday os vestidos,  
Buscay as camarras dos outros primeyros :  
Os antecessores,  
Feiray o caram que trazeis dourado.  
Oo presidentes do crucificado,  
Lembray vos da vida dos sanctos pastores,  
Do tempo passado.  
Oo principes altos, imperio facundo,  
Guardayvos da yra do Senhor dos ceos,  
Compray grande soma do temor de Deos,  
Na feyra da Virgem senhora do mundo,  
Exemplo da paz,  
Pastora dos anjos, e luz das estrelas.  
Aa feyra da Virgem, donas et donzellas,  
Porque este mercado sabey que aqui tras  
As cousas mais belas.

chandize among mankind much better than his opponent, in the following words :

Rogues, you see, there are more than good men by the score  
 Who will buy my choice wares, glad to learn all my skill ;  
 How they best may forget what their duty has set,  
 And juggle with justice and truth as they will.

For the merchant who knows how best to dispose  
 Of his goods, will select them with judgment and care,  
 Will suit his supply to the persons who buy,  
 And on a bad customer palm his bad ware.

Mercury, on his part, summons Rome, who soon appears as the representative of the church, offering various precious merchandizes, among which is to be found the peace of the soul. But at this Lucifer takes offence, and Rome makes her retreat. Next arrive two Portuguese peasants ; one of whom is very anxious to dispose of his better half, who had turned out a bad housewife. Countrywomen, on the other hand, appear ; and one of them advances very amusing complaints against her husband, who, it seems, only attends market to sell pears and cherries, and then returns home to sleep till he sets out again. These are, in fact, the two complaining spouses, who immediately recognise each other. Lucifer proceeds to offer his merchandize to the countrywomen ; the most pious of whom, doubtless suspecting some kind of sorcery in the case, cries, " Jesus ! Jesus ! true God and true Man !" at which words the devil takes wing, and returns

no more. The seraph mingles with the crowd, still augmenting by the arrival of countrymen and women, with baskets on their heads, containing the produce of the fields and of the poultry-yard. The seraph offers them an assortment of virtues to buy, but can no where meet with a purchaser. The young girls assure him that in their village gold is more in request than virtue, more especially in the choice of a wife. One of them, however, declares that she had great pleasure in coming to the fair, because it was the festival of the Mother of God; and that she, instead of vending her wares, will no doubt bestow them out of pure grace. This, indeed, is the moral of the piece, which concludes with a popular hymn in honour of the Virgin.

Perhaps the most indifferent pieces from the pen of Gil Vicente are those which he has entitled *comedies*; a sort of novels in dialogue, similar to those of Spain, embracing the whole history of an individual's life; but the incidents are ill connected together, and equally devoid of plot and development. The tragi-comedies are nothing more than rude outlines, which afterwards led the way to the heroic comedy of the Spaniards: a few of them are not destitute of pathetic scenes, but not a single one is historical. Decidedly the best portion of the collection consists of some pieces given under the name of farces, but which, in fact, approach much nearer to the style of the

true comedy than such plays as Gil Vicente published under that name. There are eleven of these in the whole collection; and they exhibit much spirit, much discrimination of character, but no invention in the plot. It is, indeed, not a little singular, that while the intrigue was considered as the very soul of the Spanish drama, the Portuguese should have totally neglected it.

However rude and imperfect were these first attempts to form the national drama, no nation ever set out with greater advantages than the Portuguese. At the period when Gil Vicente wrote, and even at that in which Camoens flourished, there existed no dramatic productions in any other language, received by the public and in possession of any theatre, which had exhibited more striking powers of invention, a greater degree of nature, or more splendour of colouring. The loss of the independence of Portugal, during sixty years of Spanish domination, had probably great influence in producing a neglect of the dramatic art; though it may be also in part accounted for by the introduction of a false taste in literature, which, owing to its long continuance, seems to form a permanent feature in the character of the people. The Portuguese were desirous of cultivating only two species of poetical composition, the epic and the pastoral; and they attached themselves to the last of these



with remarkable pertinacity. In order to give a poetical colouring to human life, they conceived it necessary to apply themselves to the composition of idyls, and to transfer the thoughts and actions of the existing world to that of nymphs and shepherds. But nothing could be more contrary to dramatic life and action, than the affected languor, the sentimental tenderness, and the monotony, peculiar to the pastoral. Gil Vicente, who possessed little of a bucolic genius, has nevertheless introduced shepherds into all his theatrical pieces, that he might render them agreeable to the taste of his nation. And Camoens, infected by the same prejudice, greatly weakened the effect of his dramatic powers by introducing this mistaken style into his *Filodemo*. After his death, the taste for pastoral composition became still more prevalent; and a poet whom the Portuguese place in a degree of competition with him, further contributed by his works to its universal reception. The name of this poet is Rodriguez Lobo; of whose history little is known beyond his having been born about the middle of the sixteenth century at Leiria, in the province of Estramadura. He early distinguished himself in the university by his talents, but passed the subsequent part of his life chiefly in the country, where he courted the smiles of the rural muse, in all his poetical

effusions. He was unfortunately drowned in passing over the Tagus, whose waters he had so often celebrated in his verses.

His works are distributed into three separate classes, consisting of a book on philosophy, of pastoral romances, and of fugitive poems. The first of these, entitled *Corte na Aldea, e Noites de Inverno*: the Court in the Village, or Winter Nights; had a marked influence on the prose compositions of the Portuguese, by introducing the Ciceronian style, and a taste for long and measured periods. Like his contemporary Pietro Bembo among the Italians, Lobo seems to have paid more attention to the forms of language, to the choice of the words, and to the harmony of the sentences, than to the ideas; and to have aimed at infusing into his own, the character, the cadence, and even the inversions, of the ancient languages. He resembles the Italian, likewise, in the light and elegant, though somewhat pedantic turn of his writings, as well as in attempting to diffuse a similar taste amongst his contemporaries. His *Winter Nights* are philosophical conversations, much in the same taste as the Tusculan dialogues of Cicero, the *Cortigiano* of Count Castiglione, or the *Asolani* of Bembo. Each dialogue is preceded by an historical preface; the characters of the speakers are well drawn; and the conversation on subjects of literature, fashion, elegance, and good manners, is extremely lively

and graceful, notwithstanding the length and affected harmony of the periods. We must not at the present day, however, expect to meet with much novelty in the precepts and observations; though if we recur to the state of the sixteenth century, we shall find sufficient reason to admire the elegance of manner, the polish, and the literary research, necessary to the composition of a work of this nature. In consequence of the great number of anecdotes and tales which it contains, it is also considered by the Portuguese as a model for succeeding novelists.

The pastoral romances written by Lobo were considered by him only as a kind of frame in which he might embody his bucolic productions. The rage, indeed, for this last species of composition had arrived at such a height in Portugal, that its language was chosen as the vehicle of almost every sentiment and every passion: and it is quite necessary to bear this fact in mind, to excuse the insufferable tediousness which prevails throughout the romances of Rodriguez Lobo. No reader of the present age will have the resolution, we think, to wade through one-fourth part of the mass; more particularly when we add, that the only variety of action they afford consists in the arrival of one shepherd, who departs to make room for another; and of one or sometimes two shepherdesses, who meet each other on their entrance, converse or

sing for a few moments, and separate as before. No degree of interest is felt in the opening of the plot, and not a single character leaves an impression on the mind; yet the elegance of the language, the refinement of sentiment, and the smoothness of the verse, are no less striking than in the *Diana* of Montemayor. The first of these romances, entitled *Primavera*, Spring, is somewhat whimsically divided into forests, and these again are distributed into sections named after the different rivers found in Portugal. The second, which is merely a continuation of the other, under the name of *O Pastor Peregrino*, is distributed into *jornadas*, or days, as is customary in the Spanish comedy. The third, which is a further continuation of the two preceding, is called *O Desenganado*, the Disenchanted Lover, and is arranged in the form of dialogues. Perhaps the most remarkable portions of these compositions are the poetic effusions with which they are interspersed. Thus the romance of the Spring opens with a hymn in celebration of that season, which may well rank with some of Metastasio's: it has all the same ease and originality, and every where displays that intimate acquaintance with nature, which is one of the characteristics of Portuguese poetry\*. Several of the *canzoni*

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\* *Ja nasce o bello dia,  
Principio do verao feroso e brando,*

are very pleasing; they are distinguished by all that tenderness and harmony, and at times by that abundance of epithets and that repetition of the same images and ideas, which form one of the peculiar characteristics of romantic poetry, and would be apt to render its version too fatiguing to the ear. I shall, therefore, merely attempt to give a single example, contained in a sonnet written upon a waterfall, which to me appears to possess considerable beauty.

---

Que com nova alegria  
 Estaõ denunciando  
 As aves namoradas,  
 Dos floridos raminhos penduradas.

Ja abre a bella Aurora,  
 Com nova luz, as portas do Oriente;  
 E mostra a linda Flora  
 O prado mais contente,  
 Vestido de boninas  
 Aljofradas de gotas cristalinas.

Já o sol mais fermoso  
 Está ferindo as agoas prateadas,  
 E Zefiro queyxoso,  
 Hora as mostra encrespadas  
 A vista dos penedos,  
 Hora sobre ellas move os arvoredos.

De reluzente area  
 Se mostra mais fermosa a rica praya,  
 Cujá riba se arrea  
 De alenco e da faya,  
 Do freyxo, et do salgueyro,  
 Do ulmo, do aveleyra, et do loureyro.

## SONNET.

- Ye waves, that from yon steep o'erhanging height  
 Plunge in wild falls to seek the cliffs below,  
 Dashing in whirling eddies as ye flow,  
 Most beauteous in your strange aerial flight,  
 And never weary of your stern delight,  
 Waking eternal music as ye go,  
 Raving from rock to rock! Yet why bestow  
 These charms on scenes so rude and wild, when bright  
 And soft and flowery meads a gentler way,  
 Through sun-lit banks, would softly lead you on  
 To your far bourne, in some wish'd sea-nymph's caves?  
 But, ah, your wanderings, like mine own, betray  
 Love's mysteries sad. Our hapless fate is one;  
 Unchang'd flow on my thoughts, and headlong rush your  
 waves.

Many romantic effusions, indeed, are interspersed throughout this production, a few speci-

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- Agoas que penduradas desta altura,  
 Calis sobre os penedos descuydadas,  
 Aonde em branca escuma levantadas,  
 Offendidas, mostrais mais fermosura,  
 Se achais essa dureza tam segura,  
 Para que porfiaes, agoas cansadas?  
 Ha tantos annos ja desenganadas,  
 E esta rocha mais aspera e mais dura.  
 Voltay atraz, por entre os arvoredos,  
 Aonde os caminharcis com libertade,  
 Até chegar ao fim tam desejado.  
 Mas ay que são de amor estes segredos,  
 Que vos não valera propria vontade,  
 Como a mim não valco, no meu cuidado.

mens of which may be found subjoined.\* They will serve to shew that the incomplete rhymes, or

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\* The romance of Lerenó is here given entire: *Primavera*, Flor. 3, p. 279. Edit. de Lisboa, 12mo. 1651.

De cima de este penedo,  
 Aonde combatendo, as oudas  
 Mostraõ sempre mais segura,  
 A firmeza desta rocha,  
 Cou os olhos tras de hum barco,  
 Que o vento leva por força,  
 Vendo que tem força o vento  
 Pera atallar muitas obras,  
 Me representa a ventura  
 Quaõ pouco contra ella monta,  
 Firmeza, vontade e fé,  
 Desejo esperença e forças.  
 Por hum mar taõ sem caminho,  
 Morada tam perigosa,  
 Pera as mudanças do tempo,  
 Dando sempre a vella toda  
 O leme na maõ de hum cego.  
 Que quando vai vento a popa  
 Da sempre em baixos d'area,  
 Aonde em vivas pedras toca.  
 Que farci pera valerme?  
 Pois a terra venturosa  
 Aonde aspira meu desejo  
 He cabo que naõ se dobra.  
 Se quero voltar ao porto,  
 Naõ ha vento pera a volta,  
 Em fim, que o fim da jornada  
 He dar no fundo ou na costa.

the verses termed *assonancias*, hitherto supposed both by Bouterwek and Schlegel to be the pe-

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Pensamentos e esperanças,  
 Julgay quanto melhor fora  
 Naõ vos ter para perdervos,  
 Que sustentarvos agora.  
 Pois naõ custa tanto a pena,  
 Como doe perder a gloria ;  
 E he mais sustentar cuidados,  
 Do que he conquistar vitorias.  
 Só males saõ verdadeiros,  
 Porque os bês todos saõ sombras  
 Representadas na terra,  
 Que abarcadas naõ se tomaõ.  
 Mar empeçado e revoltado,  
 Navegaçaõ perigosa,  
 Porto que nunca se alcança,  
 Agoa que sempre çoçohra ;  
 Estreitos naõ navegados,  
 Bayxos, ilhas, syrtes, rocas,  
 Sereas que em meus ouvidos  
 Sempre achastes livres portas.  
 A Deos que aqui lanço ferro ;  
 E por mais que o vento corra,  
 Para saber da ventura,  
 Naõ quero fazer mais provas.

The following is the beginning of another romance, in the *Pastor Peregrino*, Jornad. viii. p. 143.

Enganadas esperanças,  
 Quantos dias ha que espero  
 Ver o fim de meus cuidados,  
 E sempre paro em começos.



cular distinction of the Castilian, have been also employed in Portuguese poetry; as well as to exhibit the marked difference that exists in the national poetic spirit, even in those species of composition which have the greatest apparent resemblance. The imaginative faculty of the Castilian requires the excitement of incidents, and the glow of active life; while that of the Portuguese seeks its sweetest solace and support in contemplation alone. In the former, romance has been principally directed to the task of engraving the characters of the national annals upon the me-

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Nacendo crecestes logo,  
 E veo o fruto nacendo  
 Na flor, que de anticipado  
 Conheci que era imperfeito.  
 De principio tam ditoso  
 Tornastes logo a ser menos,  
 Que bem se engana com o fim  
 Quem tem principio d'estremos.  
 Confuso contemplo agora  
 Desde vosso nascimento,  
 Quantas mudanças fizestes  
 Em pouco espaço de tempo.  
 Pouco ha que me vi sem vida,  
 E nesta que agora vejo,  
 Perdido o medo das oudas  
 Me parece que vos perdo.  
 Se agora determinais  
 Rebentar de hum tronco seco,  
 Sobre ao qual ao desengano  
 Levautai ja meus trofeos, &c.

mory of a whole people, of celebrating its real or fictitious heroes, and of reviving the recollection of its greatest sufferings and of its proudest exploits; while in the same form of verse and imperfect rhymes, and with the same ease and simplicity of language, that of Portugal has been simply devoted to soothing pleasures, and to dreams of amorous delight, such as we may feel in dwelling on the invariable motion of the billows breaking against the shore, where we see shepherds with their flocks leading a life nearly as monotonous as the waves. The images of Portuguese poetry are almost wholly borrowed from this brilliant pastoral picture; and the shepherds are supposed to be as much familiarized with all the perils of navigation as with the care of their flocks. During their hours of indolence, they may, in fact, be said, like Lerenó in this romance, to seek "the rock overhanging the waves, while their eyes wander on all sides; by turns over the smiling and verdant shore where their sheep lie scattered abroad, and over the watery waste where the boat lies anchored at their feet, tossed to and fro by the surges of the deep."

It was the ambition of Lobo to extend his genius beyond the limits of pastoral composition, to which it was alone adapted, by presenting his country with an epic poem, founded on the achievements of its hero Nuño Alvarez Pereira

grand constable of Portugal, for whom the people evince the same degree of enthusiasm as is shewn by the Castilians towards the Cid. With this view, he selected all the actions and incidents relating to the life of this distinguished chief, and arranging them in a chronological series, produced an immense work consisting of twenty cantos, divided into octave verse. But the author so completely failed in attaining the object he had in view, that his production is totally destitute of poetical spirit and invention; no flashes of genius relieve the dulness of its pages, and, with a very few scattered beauties, it may be considered a mere chronological account in rhyme.

In the opinion of Rodriguez Lobo, there was no kind of poetry that might not with propriety enter into pastoral composition. He viewed rural life and scenery as the source of those poetic images and ornaments which the imagination delights to employ. He produced a variety of eclogues solely with this view, in which he treated of morality, of philosophy, and of other important subjects, rendered by no means more attractive by being exhibited in this affected and unsuitable dress. To these we must add about a hundred romances, the greatest part written in Spanish. The Portuguese writers appear to have considered their own language as little adapted to compositions of a nature at once simple and heroic; a species of writing in which their Cas-

tilian neighbours afforded so many specimens, and took so much delight.

Among the most distinguished of the contemporaries or immediate followers of Camoens, after Rodriguez Lobo, is Jeronymo Cortereal, who flourished indeed during the same period, but whose literary career may be said to have commenced only towards the close of that of the poet of the *Lusiad*. Like all the great poets of Spain, he was desirous of combining the profession of arms with that of letters, and had spent some of his early years in India, engaged in combating against the infidels. On his return to Portugal, he followed Don Sebastian in his fatal expedition to Africa, in which he was made prisoner at the battle of Alcacer; and was deprived, by the same event, of his sovereign, and of his house's heir, who fell under the victorious arms of the Moors. When he again recovered his liberty, after long and extreme sufferings, he found the independence of his country overthrown, and Philip II. of Spain occupying the throne of Portugal. On this he immediately retired to his family estate, and sought to relieve his disappointment by engaging in the composition of historical epics, consecrated to the glory of his country, and animated with a fine poetic spirit, although they are not to be placed in competition with the productions of the first masters. We shall not here dwell upon his poem

written in the Spanish tongue, in fifteen cantos, founded on the battle of Lepanto : but the second of the series, relating to the misfortunes of Manuel de Sousa Sepulveda, which furnished Camoens with his beautiful episode, is deserving of more particular examination.

It was Cortereal's object in this poem to relate the tragical adventures and death of this unfortunate Portuguese, with that of his lady, Leonora de Sa, of the same family as the author's own wife. Cast away with a numerous crew upon the shores of Africa, near the Cape of Good Hope, this unhappy couple perished in their attempt to cross the deserts in order to reach some other of the Portuguese establishments along the coast. This occurrence, though destitute of the importance and heroic grandeur required in a national epic, afforded room for interest of a very touching and romantic kind. There is something in the efforts of this band of unfortunates to proceed along the immense line of coast until they should reach the factories of the kingdom of Mozambique, so nobly resolute and heroic, though so truly unhappy in the result, as to call forth our mingled admiration and pity. We behold a fond lover and a tender parent hanging over a cherished wife, and infants perishing from want ; a picture of such a heart-rending nature, that a simple description of this terrific journey must necessarily be highly interesting

from its mere truth, independent of the genius of the historian or of the poet.

In common with all his contemporaries, Cortereal had imbibed the mistaken opinion that there could exist no epic action, even as applied to modern subjects, which was not built upon the mythology of the Greeks. The pedantic jargon of the schools, and a puerile imitation of the ancient writers, had at this period, indeed, induced men more distinguished than our author, to fall into the same error. Educated in India, with an imagination sublimed by the grand poetic landscapes that surrounded him, and gifted with talent to depict them with a degree of local truth and beauty equalled by few of the poets of Europe, Cortereal, nevertheless, destroyed the whole charm and effect of his poetry by introducing into it the absurdities of Grecian fable.

Manuel de Sousa became attached to Leonora de Sà, but was unable to obtain the consent of her father, who had already promised her hand to Luis Falcaõ, captain of Diu. He is supposed to invoke the God of Love, who at the request of Venus, effects the destruction of Falcaõ, in order to deliver Sousa from a hated rival. We are next introduced into the palace of Venus, and into that of Vengeance, and we behold the triumphant march of the gods of Europe towards India; all described with much poetic power. But the intervention of Love, for the sole purpose

of committing a murder, is far too revolting to our feelings. It is a poor and palpable allegory, intended to conceal the real assassination of which Sousa was himself guilty. The father of Leonora being released from his promise, by the death of Falcaō, no longer refuses to confer his daughter's hand upon her lover. The celebration of their marriage, and the rejoicings of the Portuguese and the Malabars on the occasion, occupy the space of nearly two cantos\*. After a period of four years, embellished by all the charms of wedded love, Sousa and his Leonora, with two pledges of their early affection, set sail in the vessel Saint John, from Cochin, on their return to Europe. The incidents of their voyage are described in the most brilliant and poetic colours; but as if neither the phenomena of an unknown world, nor the marvels ascribed to his own religion, were deemed sufficient to adorn the poetry of our author, he has continual recourse to the Grecian fables, in order to account for the simplest and most natural events in the world. He thus describes the appearance of Proteus:

† Such was the season Proteus chose to lead  
His dripping flocks, a thousand monstrous forms,

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\* These are the fourth and fifth cantos of the poem.

† Andava em tal sazaō Protheo pastando  
Alli rebanhos mil de humedo gado,

To pasture forth, when suddenly shone out  
 The glorious vessel, sailing in her pomp ;  
 And starting back, he view'd with glad surprise  
 The chiefs of Portugal : from out the wave  
 He raised his rude and hoary head deform,  
 Crown'd with green limes. He shook his flowing beard  
 And savage tresses, white as mountain snow.  
 The ancient man marks how the big waves beat  
 Against that proud ship's side ; observes the pomp  
 And pride of dress, habits and manners strange,  
 Of those that crowd upon the vessel's side  
 To catch the uncouth sight. Then rose a cry,  
 Cleaving the air unto the very clouds ;  
 While the vast monster gave no signs of fear,  
 Nor shew'd less savage joy in his rude face.  
 But Leonora, as she heard the shout,  
 All faint and weary from her late long voyage,

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E vendo a poderosa nao, parouse,  
 Alegre, por ver gente Portuguesa.  
 A disforme cabeça sobre as ondas  
 Alça, de verdes limos abraçada ;  
 Sacode a barba inculta, e os cabellos  
 Irto e duro, mais que a neve brancos.  
 Olha o antigo velho, como as ondas  
 Arrebentaõ na nao alta e soberba ;  
 Olha os diversos trajos, olha e gente,  
 Que pello vêr, a bordo se ajuntava.  
 Alçaõ da poderosa nao aos ares  
 Humna grita, que chega as altas nuves :  
 Não se espanta o marinho fero monstro,  
 Nem deixa de mostrar ledo sembrante.  
 Lianor, que já do mar vai enfadada,  
 Do prolixo caminho avorrecida,



Advancing, ask'd what caused that strange alarm ;  
 And the next moment cast her wondering eye  
 Where Proteus old, upon two scaly fins  
 Large as swoln sails, far overlook'd the waves,  
 Surprised and pleased at the fair form he saw.  
 She would have spoken, but mute fear half choked  
 The unutter'd words.

The surprise of Proteus is supposed to be succeeded by the most violent passion for the beautiful Leonora, which he expresses in very tender and harmonious verses. The work is chiefly composed in blank verse, interspersed with occasional dialogues and songs, sometimes in the *terza rima*, sometimes in the octave measure. The strophes, which Cortereal puts into the mouth of the sea-god, have the languishing tone and character so very prevalent in descriptions of the passion of love, in the sixteenth century. Indeed they have a much stronger resemblance to the gentle sorrows of an Arcadian shepherd, than to those impassioned expressions which

Ó supito alvoroço et grita ouvindo  
 Assomase por ver o que os espanta.  
 O velho Protheo vio, que em duas asas  
 Espinhosas et grandes se sustenta,  
 Atonito et pasmado. Mas de vello  
 Ela fria ficou, et quasi muda.

*Naufragio de Sepulveda, Canto vi.*

we should naturally attribute to the most formidable monster of the deep :

- \* Ah! who withholds thee from my longing arms,  
 Sole hope and solace of my anxious breast?  
 Is there a wretch one touch of pity feels,  
 Would snatch thee from my love? Canst thou forget,  
 And canst thou see thy Proteus' wild alarms?  
 Bright Leonora, hasten to my arms!  
 O come to one who will adore, obey,  
 And love thee ever! Wilt thou then reward  
 Such love with frowns? Think of some happier way!  
 Approach, approach, and soon the placid deep  
 With brighter charms and lovelier hues shall glow:  
 Here shalt thou see the beauteous nymphs that sleep  
 In coral caves, and our rich realms below;

- \* Remedio de meu mal, quem te detem?  
 Quem te faz que não venhas dar-me vida?  
 Quem é o que me atalha tanto bem?  
 Como estas do teu Protheo assi esquecida?  
 Vem fermosa Lianor, ah Lianor vem!  
 Alegre est' alma triste a ti rendida,  
 Não pages tanto amor com crueldade,  
 Que não se espera tal, de tal beltade.

Chega, veras o mar assossegado,  
 Ornado de bellissima pintura;  
 De Neptuno veras taõ celebrado  
 A escamosa et horrida figura;  
 Veras do reino liquido, salgado,  
 O bando da marinha fermosura,  
 Que toda junta vem obedecerte,  
 E aqui aguarda toda, só por verte.

Great Neptune's self, tremendous to behold,  
 With sea-shells cover'd, keeping splendid state  
 With all his subjects. These shall hail thee queen,  
 All gather'd round. Come to thy sea-green bowers!  
 There may'st thou witness with a pitying eye  
 Thy sorrowing lover ever at thy feet,  
 With burning tears, ask no returns of love,  
 And hoping but at thy fair feet to die.  
 There in one form thou wondering shalt desery  
 Strange accidents; shalt see new sufferings seize  
 His breast; while in each thought, still link'd to pain,  
 He lives his love and torment o'er again.

Proteus might certainly have employed more persuasive entreaties, and a language somewhat more in character than this. But whilst he thus fills the air with his lamentations, Amphitrite, accompanied by all the nymphs of the ocean, jealous of the surpassing beauty of the lady, excites a terrific storm to engulf the vessel, which is at length lost upon a rock near the Cape of Good Hope. The shipwreck is described, in the seventh and eighth cantos, with considerable truth and poetic effect. It is here that Cortereal enters

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Veras arder huma alma em triste peito,  
 No meyo deste mar, por ti gritando;  
 Veras hum coração todo desfeito  
 Em lagrimas mil vās, nada esperando;  
 Veras varios effeitos num sogeito,  
 Veras amor, cada hora acrecentando  
 A minha grave dor, novo tormento  
 Fiado a penas só do pensamento.

upon the province of nature and of the human heart; and the reader feels interested as the story proceeds. We behold about one hundred and fifty-four Portuguese, capable of bearing arms, and two hundred and thirty slaves, carrying some sick and wounded, landing from the ship *Saint John*. They are unfortunately enabled to save only a very small portion of provisions, and they find themselves cast away upon a shore with no appearance of produce or cultivation. Some Caffres are observed at a distance, who refuse, however, to engage in any kind of traffic with them; and hasten, on the contrary, from their huts to despatch the arrow, their symbol of war, from tribe to tribe, calling the hordes of the desert to their assistance.

Reduced to this extremity, Manuel de Sousa hastily summons his companions in arms to counsel, and addresses them in a confident tone in the following language:

Dear friends and comrades of my toils! too well  
You see the peril, the approaching fate  
That threatens us; yet my trust is still in Heaven:  
For Heaven alone can aid us; and we suffer  
But what the all-powerful Will on high permits.  
Yet, thou Omniscient Ruler of the skies,  
Let thy just vengeance fall where it should fall,  
Only on me; and spare these little ones,  
Guiltless of all! He raised his eldest born,  
A lovely boy, whose beauty won all eyes,  
In his fond arms among his sorrowing friends,

And turn'd his eyes, fill'd with a father's tears,  
On Heaven : Ye powers, he cried, look kindly down  
On this poor little one, that ne'er offended !  
To you I trust him ! Lo, I yield him up  
With one still feebler, to your guardian care.  
O let them expiate—let them plead for us  
And our offences !—Ye have heard us once ;  
Already hath your mercy shielded us  
Amid the raging terrors of the deep,  
Snatching us from the waves when death appear'd  
In every fearful shape.

After this, Sousa informs the soldiers that he no longer considers himself as their chief, but as their companion, requiring of them only to pledge their mutual promise, that they will continue united together; and that they will accommodate their progress to the strength of their sick and wounded companions, and of his Leonora and her infants. On receiving their individual oath to this effect, he immediately arranges his followers in order of march ready for battle, and penetrates into the desert. Soon, however, the progress of this little band is delayed for want of information; and woods and mountains, and the winding course of rivers, obstruct their path. They had already, to the best of their calculation, travelled about eighty leagues, though they had proceeded scarcely thirty in a direct line parallel with the shore. Their small stock of provisions was gone, and the earth offered little to supply the cravings of hunger: many, overpowered by the

burning sun, by clouds of sand, and by hunger, thirst, and sickness, throw themselves upon the ground; and permitting their companions to pass on, await their destiny from the jaws of savage beasts that shortly rush upon their prey:

- Fixing their weeping eyes on those who now  
Prepare to leave them, feeble sighs and groans  
Declare the fearful pangs that rend their breasts.  
With dying looks they take a last farewell:  
“Haste, haste, dear friends, and Heaven avert the ills  
That here await us!” Sinking on the ground,  
They pour vain sighs o’er their unhappy end;  
And soon the famish’d monsters of the woods,  
Fierce wolves and tigers, rush upon their prey,  
And rend their reeking limbs.

But hunger does not continue long their only foe. After fourteen days’ painful march, worn down by so many sufferings, the Portuguese have to encounter the Caffres, whom they repulse with their accustomed valour, though not without the loss of several of their brave companions. They

- Alguns se rendem já, já de cansados  
Se deixaõ ser de tigres mantimento.  
Os olhos nos que vaõ, gemem sospiraõ,  
Em lagrimas banhados se despedem,  
Dizendo: ivos, amigos, Deos vos livre  
Deste passo espantoso em que ficamos.  
Apos estas palavras, reclinando  
Os lassos membros, choraõ seu fim triste.  
Alli de bravos tigres, et outras feras  
Em breve espaço saõ feitos pedaços.

afterwards resume their unfortunate march, persevering during more than three months to contend with the various evils of their fate. The tender Leonora and her babes traversed a tract of more than three hundred leagues, supported by wild herbs and roots, the scanty produce of the chase, and sometimes even by the half-putrid carcasses of animals found dead in the desert. To vary this picture of terrific realities, Cortereal has again recourse to the mythology of the ancients, occasionally exhibiting to our view the god Pan, sporting in one of his consecrated valleys, through which the Portuguese are to pass. We hear him sighing for the beautiful Leonora; and, dazzled by her charms, he pours forth plaintive strains of love. Again, he introduces us, in one of his hero's dreams, into the palace of Truth, and afterwards into that of Falsehood; one of these he fills with the patriarchs of the Old, and the saints of the New Testament; and the other is the receptacle of heretics, whom he passes in review before him, pronouncing on each his malediction.

In the two following cantos, the thirteenth and fourteenth, the poet conducts one of the companions of Sousa, Pantaleon de Sà, into a mysterious cavern, where an enchanter presents him with the portraits and explains the history of the celebrated characters of Portugal, from the very commencement to the close of the

monarchy; for Cortereal, having survived the fatal defeat of King Sebastian, had witnessed the fall of his country's independence. He had himself likewise been a soldier, been made a prisoner at the battle of Alcacer-Kibir, and one of the heroes of his own name, over whose grave he offers the tribute of a few flowers, is probably the son whom he lost in that engagement. The picture of the field of battle, after the defeat of the Portuguese, is so much the more striking, as the poet himself, doubtless, surveyed it, a captive with the wreck of his countrymen:

Behold! (the enchanter cried, and cast his eyes  
 Away, as dreading his own art to view,)  
 Behold the sad funereal forms arise,  
 That freeze the blood, and blanch with death-like hue  
 The quivering lips. Hark! what wild moans and cries  
 On every side! what streams of blood imbue  
 The glutted plains, where, 'mid the deep rank grass,  
 Moulders th' unburied corpse, o'er which the living pass.  
 See where, borne down the whirlpool of the war,  
 Sink man and horse, whelm'd in those murky waves!  
 O'er yon precipitous banks driven on from far  
 By the fierce foe, all find their watery graves.  
 And see the plains, ere yet the evening star  
 Hath shone, are darken'd with the bird that craves  
 Its human feast, shrouding with dismal wings  
 The warrior's corpse; and hark! the hateful dirge it sings!

This long episode is here, perhaps, somewhat out of place; neither is it introduced in a sufficiently easy and natural manner. It diverts the



attention from the principal topic at the very instant of the catastrophe, to create an interest wholly new. But the subject here was the funereal pomp of the Portuguese power; and the fall of a great nation, that had so rapidly advanced to such a height of poetical and military glory, was surely deserving of record in the annals of poetic art.

Manuel de Sousa had halted his little troop in the territories of one of the Negro kings, who had received him with generous kindness and hospitality, the Portuguese having rendered important services to this prince in a war in which he was then engaged with one of his neighbours. He ardently desired to retain such very valiant soldiers in his service; but, notwithstanding the fatigues and perils they had encountered, the weary travellers longed for nothing so much as to return to their native land. They were not without hopes of meeting with some vessels belonging to their own nation, if they could reach the mouth of the river Laurence Marquez. They were already on the banks of that river, without being aware of it. Deaf, however, to the entreaties of the Negro king, they resolve to prosecute their pilgrimage across the desert, in order to reach the port, where they had, in fact, already arrived, and from which their ignorance now leads them astray. It is in the midst of dangers, and nearly overpowered with toil, that they arrive at

the second branch of the same river, which throws itself by three large mouths into the adjacent sea of Mozambique. The fortitude of Sousa at length yields at the sight of his wife's and children's sufferings; terrific presentiments now haunt his imagination; and the shade of Luis Falcaõ, his murdered rival, rises before him, crying for retribution on the heads of the Portuguese, whose reason Heaven has already permitted it to disturb. The Caffre king, into whose dominions they have just entered, though he offers them an asylum and provisions, refuses to permit a foreign army to traverse the country, insisting that the Portuguese shall deliver up their arms and divide their company. After having braved a thousand perils, Pantaleon de Sà has the good fortune to reach a Christian vessel, and is restored to his country; but the greater part of the soldiers are devoured by beasts of prey, and perish in the deserts of Africa. Manuel de Sousa, abandoned by his companions, remains with his wife and two infants, together with seventeen of his own slaves, until, having consumed the whole of his resources, he is compelled by the Caffre king to resume his journey at all hazards. He again prepares to enter the desert with his little band of followers, reduced to a few individuals, unprovided with arms, and equally destitute of hope and courage. He had just arrived, however, at the borders of the ocean; when,

about sunset, he is suddenly attacked by a troop of Caffres, who deprive the wanderers, without pity, even of their wretched habiliments. But here again the author unfortunately destroys the interest which so deplorable a situation was calculated to excite, by recurring to the mythological loves of the ancients. On this occasion, Phœbus, returning along the edge of the horizon, observes with surprise the beautiful Leonora seated upon the sands, with her fine tresses thrown loose, the only veil she had left to conceal her naked charms. He immediately approaches her in the disguise of a shepherd, and addresses her in some very tender and flattering verses, which, contrasted with the surrounding images of desolation and death, leave by no means an agreeable impression on the mind.

We are soon, however, carried back to the dreadful realities of the story. Whilst the wretched Leonora remained in this situation, Sousa penetrates into the woods to collect roots, wild herbs, or berries, the only nourishment he could find to support his wife and infants. Thither he is still pursued by the most gloomy presentiments, and the approaching fate both of himself and of those he holds most dear is darkly predicted to him. When at length he returns :

- \* With feeble step he labours to approach  
 The scene of all his fears, and trembling thinks  
 He finds them true ; and then the cruel thought  
 Seems to deprive him of the little strength  
 Now left him. Scarce he draws his painful breath ;  
 His sad sunk eyes are charged with bitter tears,  
 That ceaseless flow. At length he gains the spot  
 Where Leonora, hovering on the verge  
 Of fate, prepares to take a last farewell.  
 She casts her wild and troubled looks around,  
 Seeking the long-loved object of her soul.  
 He comes, and seems to wake her to fresh life ;  
 She struggles for one farewell word, one glance,  
 To tell him all her love ; though now stern Death  
 Would hide the truth her speaking eyes betray :  
 With long and rapturous gaze still fix'd on his,  
 She would have said, " Adieu, my only friend !"

- \* Com trabalho se appressa, por acharse  
 Presente ao mal, que teme, et já vê certo ;  
 E da penosa dor affadigado,  
 Quasi arrastando vay os lassos membros.  
 Hum difficil hanelito lhe seca  
 A boca já mortal, et os tristes olhos  
 Sumidos de fraqueza, em vivas fontes  
 De lagrimas piedosas se convertem.  
 Chega a donde Lianor ao passo forte  
 E termo tão temido estava entregue ;  
 Ve que a turvada vista rodeando,  
 A elle só demanda, a elle só busca ;  
 E vendo que he chegado, esforça hum pouco  
 O animo, et procura despedirse ;  
 Levanta com trabalho os mortaes olhos ;  
 Quer lhe fallar, a morte a lingua impide.  
 Firmaos cada vez mais no triste rosto

But as she strove to speak in vain, despairing,  
 She fell in mortal swoon upon the earth.  
 Smit with fierce anguish long De Sousa stood ;  
 With tears and throbbing breast then took his way.  
 Choosing a spot among the bleak blanch'd sands,  
 He scoop'd with his own hands a narrow grave ;  
 And then returning, in his feeble arms  
 Bore his sad burden, follow'd by his slaves,  
 Who, as they went, raised loud funereal shrieks :  
 And there they laid her in her silent home.  
 With shriller cries surrounding then the dead,  
 With mingling tears they bade their last farewell.  
 Peace to her ashes ! Here she doth not rest

Daquelle unico amigo, que jà deixa ;  
 Trabalha agasalhalo, e naõ podendo,  
 Com dór mortal, na terra se reclina.

.....  
 Depois que hum grande espaço esta pasmado,  
 Opprimido de dór o peito enfermo,  
 Alevantase, e vay mudo et choroso,  
 Onde a praya se vê mais opportuna.  
 Apartando coas maos a branca areia,  
 Abre nella huma estreita sepultura.  
 Tornase atras, alçando nos cansados  
 Braços, aquelle corpo lasso et frio.  
 Ajudaõ as criadas as funestas  
 Derradeiras exequias, com mil gritos.

.....  
 Na perpetua morada tenebrosa  
 A deixaõ, levantando alto allarido.  
 Com salgado liquor banhando a terra,  
 Aquelle ultimo vale todas dizem.  
 Naõ fica só Lianor na casa ãfausta,  
 Que de hum tenro fillinho se acompanha,

Alone; for near her lies her beauteous boy,  
 Who hath not play'd five seasons in the sun.

As soon as Sousa had thus rendered the last offices to the unhappy partner of his toils, seizing his second son in his arms, he plunged into the thickest forests that surrounded him. A holy resignation still supported him, sufficient to prevent an attempt upon his own life; but the wild beasts of Africa in a short time delivered him from the torments he endured.

This extensive work, richly imbued with a romantic interest, which the subject very fully supplied, and displaying beauties of a superior order, obscured by as great defects, is not, however, the only epic poem written by Cortereal in Portuguese. There exists another specimen of his genius in this species of composition, founded upon the siege of Diù, a place very valiantly defended by the governor Mascarenhas. Indeed it would appear to have been always in India, in countries where Portugal had carried her arms to such a pitch of glory, that her poets also lavished all the pomp of their surpassing genius. It was there, too, that the importance of the events, and the chivalric character of the heroes who directed them, added to the national pride of combining the qualities of the warrior and

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Que a luz vital gozou quatro perfeitos  
 Annos, ficando o quinto interrompido.

*Canto xvii.*

the poet, gave a glowing spirit and a vivacity to their compositions, which we in vain seek for either in the epic productions of the Spaniards, or in those of the Italians of the second order. In many respects, Cortereal may be said to have adopted Trissino as his model; his poetry, like that of the Italian, being composed in iambic measure without rhyme, and, like his, the dignity of his style being far from sufficiently sustained to dispense with the harmonious movement of the strophe and the richness of rhyme. But in the interest of his story, in splendour of imagination, and in force of poetic colouring, he is very superior to the author of the *Italia Liberata*. We feel that his heart is always in unison with the exercise of his talents, while the emotions of Trissino were never awakened by his artful and pedantic compositions.

Perhaps the most striking features in the poem of the *Siege of Diù*, are the fragments of verse which are scattered throughout its pages, consisting of descriptions of battle scenes, in the midst of which the poet passed his life, and which give an air of fearful reality to the whole. Of this we have an instance in the sixteenth canto; where, after having recounted the fall and sacking of Ançote, upon the gulf of Cambay, he depicts in a very striking manner the disturbed slumbers of the victorious Portuguese, and the recollection of the recent scenes of

carnage in which they had been engaged, still haunting them in their dreams :

- Now from their many toils of the past day,  
The soldiers stretch themselves upon the decks,  
With welcome sleep renewing their worn frames.  
Some, as they slumber, raise their brawny arms,  
Striking the empty air with idle blows ;  
Others are heard murmuring wild words and threats :  
“ Forward!—no quarter!—let not one escape!  
“ The Moors, the Moors!—ye heretic villains, die!  
“ Fire, death, and ruin!” echoed all around:  
And ever as they moan'd, with heavy heads  
They tried to shake off slumbers nursed in blood ;  
Their souls being steep'd in the fierce dream of death,  
And haunted with the phantoms of past deeds  
Of strife and terror. Soon the drowsy god

- Todos tomam repouso do continho  
Trabalho, emque o passado dia andaram.  
Estendemse pos bancos, pos convezes ;  
Dam repouso aos cançados lassos membros,  
Entregando os a hum brando e doce sonho.  
Dormindo movem hums os fortes braços,  
Dando com muita força mil vaõs golpes.  
Outros com vozes mal distintas murmuram :  
“ Aqui ; matem os estes que nos fogem !  
Sus! sus a estes abominaveis Mouros !  
Fogo! fogo! sangue! sangue! e ruina!”...  
E murmurando assim, levam pezadas  
As cabeças, em sonho sepultadas ;  
Mostrando com sinaes de furor grande,  
Que de imagens e espectros eram envoltos.  
Mas o profundo sonho torna logo,



Lulling them to fresh sleep, they stretch'd their limbs,  
 O'erpower'd with recent carnage, and each sense  
 Was closed; a fearful picture of that mute  
 And solemn death themselves were born to act!

Among those specimens of the Portuguese epic which still retain a degree of celebrity, it would be unfair not to mention the *Ulysses* of Castro, and the *Malacca Conquistada* of Francisco de Sa y Menesez. In the opinion of the natives, these are the two poems which approach nearest to the elevated character ascribed to Camoens.

These epics had likewise the merit of being founded on the national history, and of inviting the Portuguese to the study of the glorious annals of their country, as well as to the art of narrating them to others. Thus Lobo, Cortereal, and a variety of other distinguished names, availed themselves of the most poetical portions of Portuguese history; though by his romances, Rodriguez Lobo contributed still more essentially to the formation of the historians of Portugal. He was the first to shew to what a degree of elegance, of harmony, and of refinement, the prose compositions of the Portuguese might be carried;

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Render os corpos da carnagem fera;  
 Liga os sentidos, e enfim representa  
 Em todos huma imagem muda e triste  
 Da mesma morte immovel.

and they who were engaged in applying the language to subjects of a more serious nature, learned from him the best method of adapting it to their purpose. The age of heroic enterprise had only just declined in Portugal, and that of history was still in its infancy. It is to the historical writers who flourished during the times of Ferreira, of Camoens, and of Lobo, that Portugal is indebted for a new branch of her literature. They were the first who made the exploits and conquests of their fellow-countrymen in the Indies the subject of history. The talents peculiar to the writer of travels and to the geographical inquirer were not unfrequently found united with those of the historian; and an interest is produced of a kind altogether unique, by the recital of events with which nothing on record can be placed in competition, and which have no points of resemblance with any contained in ancient history.

At the head of these historians must be ranked John de Barros, esteemed by his fellow-countrymen the Livy of Portugal. He sprang from a noble family, and was born in the year 1496. While yet of very tender years, he was placed among the king's pages at the court of Don Emmanuel; or rather in the school for the young nobility, which the Portuguese princes were desirous of forming in their own palace. He early distinguished himself there by his taste for works of history, and in particular by his assi-

duous devotion to the writings of Livy and of Sallust. It was during his service at court, while in the situation of page of the bed-chamber, and before he had completed his twenty-fourth year, that he employed himself in writing a romance entitled *The Emperor Clarimond*; which, though it discovers little interest or invention, is at the same time remarkable for the beauty and perspicuity of its style. This work has nothing of an imaginative or romantic character attached to it, although it is founded upon fictitious events, and has little title to our regard, beyond that of having exercised the author in the art of narration, and of animating him to the nobler task of recording the discoveries and conquests of Portugal in the regions of the East. When he succeeded to the throne, John III. advanced Barros to the governorship of the Portuguese establishments situated on the coast of Guinea. On his return thence, he was made treasurer-general of the colonies, and subsequently agent-general of the same countries; an important post, nearly equivalent to that of minister of state, which Barros preserved for a period of eight-and-thirty years. While these public employments engaged the time and attention of the historian, they provided him, at the same time, with the most effectual means of obtaining an intimate knowledge of the countries he had undertaken to describe; and, in truth, he devoted himself with equal diligence to fulfil his

official duties, and to complete the important work which has been consigned to posterity. His design, in the outset, appears to have been to preserve and to commemorate, for the glory of his countrymen, all the heroic exploits achieved by them in different parts of the world. With this view, his labours were intended to be completed in four several portions. Under the title of Portuguese Europe, he meant to comprehend the domestic history of the monarchy from its earliest period; under that of Africa, to describe the wars of the Portuguese in the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco; and under the head of America, or rather of Santa-Croce, to comprise the history of the colony of the Brazils, in which he had an individual interest, inasmuch as the king had conferred upon him, in the year 1539, the province of Marenham, under the stipulation of founding establishments there; by which, however, far from reaping any advantage, he lost a considerable portion of his wealth. But though Barros makes frequent allusion to these three proposed works which have no existence, a long life was barely sufficient for the completion of his *Portuguese Asia*; a work divided into four decades, or forty books, comprehending the history of the Portuguese conquests, not only in the Indies, but in the African seas, which first led to their discovery. The first portion of this work appeared in 1552, one year previous to the

departure of Camoens for the Indies, who seems to have made use of it in his poem; while the concluding part was published only a short time before the author's decease, which took place on his estate of Alitem, whither he had retired during the last three years of his life, in the year 1571.

The *Asia* of John de Barros is the first great work which contains authentic information relating to those rich and extensive countries, separated from Europe by such an immense expanse of waters, and of which, previous to the inquiries of our author, we possessed such very vague and contradictory accounts. He is still considered as the chief authority and foundation for subsequent writers, not only in their history of all Portuguese discoveries and of the earliest communications of Europe with the East, but in all geographical and statistical knowledge relative to the Indies. Long and indefatigable labours, united to earnest inquiries to ascertain the truth, and extensive credit and authority continued during forty years, in the countries which were the object of his researches, had indeed fully enabled him to acquire the most accurate information regarding the events, the inhabitants, and the situation of those regions. It is true, he was prejudiced in favour of the Portuguese, though perhaps not more so than a national historian ought to be, in order to interest us in the achievements of his

country. What motive, it may be asked, could have induced him to undertake the task, had he not designed to raise a monument of glory to his nation? And would he not have betrayed her cause, if, when consulted in the character of an advocate, he had pronounced the condemnation of a judge? Could he have warmed his readers with that enthusiasm which produced the great actions recorded by him, if he had analysed them with the view of underrating their value; if he had eagerly sought out despicable motives for virtuous deeds; if he had extinguished our emotions by doubts; and if he had communicated through the medium of his work the indifference which might have possessed his own heart? We are in fact made more intimately acquainted with the truth by writers partial to the glory of their country, than by those of an opposite character, who may be said to feel for nothing. The former, at least, possess the elements of truth in the warmth of their feelings; while the latter, deprived of the very source whence they spring, are incapable of appreciating any events with justness and precision. To Barros, even in his partiality, we may grant our confidence with the less reserve, when we consider that he was actuated by the same prejudices and passions as his fellow-countrymen, and would not himself have scrupled to act as they had done in the circumstances which he delights to commemorate. It is thus

that he has drawn, almost involuntarily, and with a pen of powerful reality, the whole character of the Portuguese conquerors of India, including himself at the same time in the picture. Their undaunted courage, their ardour for heroic enterprise, for novelty, and even for perils, are no less strikingly displayed, than are their insatiable cupidity, their ferocity, and their blind fanaticism. If any individual, or any commander, commits a base or perfidious action, he is condemned without hesitation; but if the crime is of a public nature, and approved in the eyes of his nation, the author likewise records it with exultation. Negroes torn from the bosom of their family, and from their peaceful labours, enslaved, or massacred without provocation; the distant Moors pursued into the interior of unknown regions, to be destroyed by fire and sword; the wretched Indians engulfed by thousands in the seas of Calicut and Cochin; what were these but infidels, Musulmans, or idolaters, whose lives were too worthless to be taken into account? Besides, was it not fulfilling divine judgment upon their heads? Were only one converted to the true faith, was not his redemption an ample recompense for the innumerable souls which were, on the other hand, consigned to eternal punishments? We have to add, that there is a wide distinction to be made in the detestation borne by Barros and his countrymen towards

the Pagans and towards the Mahometans ; the former of whom frequently challenge the author's regard, on account of their being only idolaters, however various the objects of their adoration may be. Of this we may judge from the discourse of Vasco de Gama, delivered to the Zamorim of Calicut, to the following effects : \*

“ Throughout the four thousand eight hundred leagues of coast discovered by his royal master and by his immediate predecessors, were found many kings and princes of the race of the Gentiles. The only favour which his King had ever required of them was, that they would permit him to instruct them in a knowledge of the faith of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world and Lord of heaven and earth, whom he confessed and adored as the true God, and for whose glory and service he had undertaken these distant enterprises. Besides the benefit of the salvation of souls, which the king Don Manuel procured for these sovereigns, and for their people whom he had recently discovered, he had moreover sent them vessels filled with all kind of things of which they had need ; such as horses, silver, silks, stuffs, and other merchandise : in exchange for which his captains obtained other articles in which the country abounded ; as ivory, gold,

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\* Vide Decad. I. Book iv. Chap. 9.



and peppers; a kind of spice as valuable and useful to Europe, as was the pepper itself in the kingdom of Calicut. It was by this traffic that the kingdoms which accepted his friendship became civilized instead of barbarous; the weak powerful, and the poor rich; and all owing to the exertions and industry of the Portuguese. In labours like these, the King, his lord and master, was only desirous of having the glory of accomplishing great things for the service of God and the reputation of the Portuguese. For the same reason, his conduct towards the Moors, who were his enemies, was just the contrary. In the countries of Africa inhabited by them, he had deprived them, by force of arms, of four of their principal fortresses and sea-ports in the kingdom of Fez. On this account, wherever they appeared, they not only defamed the name of the Portuguese, but, by their intrigues, they endeavoured to compass their death; not daring to meet them face to face, because they had learned by experience the power of their swords. Proofs of this might be seen in what had taken place at Mozambique and at Mombaça, as the Zamorim might have heard from the pilot Cana. Such instances of deceit and treason the King had never met with in all the Gentile territories which he had discovered. For these were naturally very friendly to the Christian people, as being descended from the same race, with great resemblance in

many of their customs; especially in their temples, as far as he had already seen them in this kingdom of Calicut. In their religion, likewise, they resembled the Bramins, who worshipped a Trinity of three persons in one God; a circumstance which among Christians is the foundation of their whole faith, however differently understood. But the Moors refused to admit this dogma; and as they were well aware of the uniformity existing between the Gentiles and the Christians, they wished to render the Portuguese odious and suspected in the mind of his Royal Highness."

The above speech will serve as a fair specimen of the manner in which Barros occasionally intersperses the course of his narrative with harangues; a method which he derived from his admiration of Livy, his favourite author and his model. He makes use of it, however, very sparingly, with great regard to truth of character and sentiment; and most probably on the authority of original documents, though, at the same time, with too little real eloquence. We find a constant affectation of employing long periods, which he attempts to render harmonious; and of connecting them with each other, to a degree of which the translation conveys no idea, most of them having been there separated. This defect renders his style heavy, more particularly in the speeches, if not frequently difficult and obscure. The respective relations of the person who speaks,

of him to whom the speech is addressed, and of him of whom it makes mention, are repeatedly confounded together. Barros is, nevertheless, highly esteemed by the Portuguese, who consider him as one of the chief founders of their language; and his style, for the most part, displays much purity of diction, elegance, and harmony; while his pictures of the scenery and situations, and occasionally of the fields of battle, are drawn with a bold and vivid pencil, and are full of life and action.

The history undertaken by Barros was afterwards continued by Couto. In the original edition of the *Asia Portuguesa*, between 1552 and 1615, in fourteen volumes, folio, they were in fact published together. Fernand Lopez de Castenheda and Antonio Bocarro likewise produced their respective histories of the Portuguese conquests in India. One of the most distinguished characters of that astonishing age, Alfonso d'Albuquerque, also wrote his *Commentaries*, which were published by his son of the same name; while numerous other documents relating to the extraordinary incidents of the times were drawn up in the Portuguese tongue. About the same period, Damiaõ de Goez compiled a chronological account of the reign of Emanuel; and it often happened, that the same men who in various regions of the earth astonished the world by their conquests, sought to transmit the

memory of their deeds to posterity. It was towards the close of this heroic age that Bernardo de Brito, born in 1570, undertook the task of giving us an universal history of Portugal. Receiving his education at Rome, where he acquired many of the modern languages, he entered early into a monastery; and it was there that he composed, as chronicler of his own religious body, the *Monarchia Lusitana*, to which he is indebted for his reputation. From the title which this very voluminous history bears, the author was bound to have commenced his work only from the epoch at which his country was elevated to the rank of an independent state; but he was ambitious, on the contrary, of comprehending in his account the history of Portugal from the creation of the world. The first folio volume brings him down only to the Christian era; the second concludes with the rise of the Portuguese monarchy; and the death of the author, which happened in the forty-seventh year of his age, in 1617, actually surprised him before he had reached the epoch where he ought to have commenced his labours.

The work of Brito is necessarily deficient in unity and interest of subject; his country not being yet advanced to the dignity of an European power, and appearing only incidentally in the relation of foreign affairs, during the whole period of which he treats. In other respects,

the boldness and dignity of his style, his freedom from all studied ornament and affectation, and the originality of his manner, place him far above the mere chroniclers who furnished him with the facts out of which he wrought his details and descriptions. Wherever the interest of events gives weight to his method of describing them, his historical representations are always of an attractive character, such as we might expect from a worthy student of the ancient classic models. It is more particularly from the second portion of his work that we ought fairly to appreciate his merits; in which, having to rely solely upon sources derived from barbarous nations, the whole merit of the arrangement must be ascribed to himself. Of this we have an example in the third chapter of the seventh book, where he describes the closing misfortunes of Roderic, the last king of the Visigoths. After the battle of Xeres, which he lost against the Arabs, he had taken refuge in the church of an abandoned convent:

“ Having arrived at this spot, in the hope of obtaining some degree of consolation, the king met only with fresh cause for grief, and with renewed difficulties: for the monks, alarmed by the tidings they had received a few days before, and eager to save the sacred vessels and other ornaments of the church, had already fled; some into

Merida, and others into the interior of the country, seeking an asylum in distant monasteries. The small remaining number, buried in the cloister, awaited the issue of events, resolved to perish in this last sanctuary in the defence and in honour of the holy Catholic faith. The king entered the church, and beholding it despoiled of all its ornaments and deserted by its priests, he prostrated himself in prayer in such grief and anguish of spirit, that bursting into tears, he forgot he might chance to be overheard by some one to whom the very excess of his despair might betray his name. Worn down with hunger of many days' continuance, exhausted with want of rest, and harassed with long and toilsome marches on foot, his strength was completely broken; and his spirits at last giving way, he fell fainting upon the ground, where he remained in a lifeless state, until an old monk happening to pass that way, at last drew near."

The remarkable epoch in which John de Barros, Bernard de Brito, and Jerome Osorio, of whom we shall make mention in the following chapter, produced their several histories, was one, indeed, which we might naturally expect would give birth to the greatest historians of Portugal. The most important revolutions had not only then commenced, but had been accomplished during the lifetime of the existing generation. Kings began to conceive fresh views of aggran-

disement; characters endowed with rare talent, arising out of all ranks of society, suddenly opened upon a new career; and events beyond the reach of human calculation had no less deceived the general expectations of the world, than the more confident views and penetration of ordinary policy. The military art, navigation, and commerce, had in every way made such rapid and unexpected progress as nearly to alter their character; while the nation itself had been separated as it were from its former habitudes, and thrown into another range of action in a new world, alive to other fears, to other hopes, and with another destiny in view. There is a strong disposition in the human mind to believe that the events of the past day will likewise be those of the morrow; a kind of indolence seated in the soul seems to reduce mankind rapidly to a level with the order of things under which they happen to live; and this it is that leads them, in judging of their own times, to substitute the routine of practice or custom in the place of reflection. As the course of political events, for the most part, only reaches them to inure them to suffering; as their fortunes, their hopes, and their domestic relations, are alternately torn asunder, either by treaties, by wars, or by revolutions, they most frequently endeavour to banish unhappy reflections; and shunning them with a

sort of alarm, prefer submission to public calamities of whatever kind, yielding as if to an irresistible fatality which lies hidden from their view. For this reason, a long-established government, grown old, and rooted in its customs, has rarely produced good historians. To give birth to such, it is requisite either that a country should be in possession of liberty sufficient to lead men to occupy themselves with its interests, or that some kind of convulsion, overthrowing the foundations of its time-worn institutions, should compel individuals, from motives of suffering, from anxiety and fear, if not from happier views of the future, to inquire into the nature of those proposed to be substituted in their place. The great historians of Greece all belong to the era of the Peloponnesian war; an era so fertile in revolutions; whilst those of Rome did not become celebrated until the more advanced epoch, when the Roman empire, under its despotism, was already tottering to its fall. But the oppression of the human race, under a few sanguinary monsters, compelled people at that period to reflect upon the strange destiny of individuals and of nations. The chief historians of Italy, all of whom were contemporary with Machiavelli, lived to witness the ruin of their country, dating its origin from the invasion of Charles VIII. Those of Portugal ought to be referred, as in truth they do all of them belong, to the



time when the conquest of Asia had been completed by a mere handful of warriors; when these conquests had been followed by the most profligate and boundless corruption; and when the prodigious aggrandisement of the empire, equally without proportion and without any kind of natural relations with its head, already seemed to threaten, in the opinion of all who had learned to reflect, some strange approaching ruin, attended by a series of calamities unheard of before.

## CHAPTER XL.

Continuation of the Literature of Portugal. Conclusion.

THE various eras that distinguish the literature of the Portuguese are by no means of so marked a character as those belonging to the Spanish. The progress of the former was extremely uniform; and innovations were introduced into it very gradually, extending rarely beyond mere forms, and producing no revolution in taste. Notwithstanding the influence of ages, traces of the same spirit which breathed in the poetry of the earliest Troubadours of Portugal may yet be discovered in the pastoral poets of the present day. But in common with the literature of all other countries, it has not escaped the effect of political changes, and the influence of the government; insomuch, that to appreciate truly its elevation and its decline, we must keep in view, as we have done on other occasions, the successive revolutions of the state. With the Portuguese, as with other nations, we shall have occasion to observe the same phenomenon to which

we have repeatedly directed the attention of the reader. Their most shining period of literary distinction was likewise that of the greatest corruption of laws and manners; and oppression commenced its reign at the auspicious moment when genius prepared to give full developement to all its pristine freedom and powers. That genius was indebted for its progress to the wisdom and virtue of a preceding government; but as if to convince us that in this world nothing excellent is destined to be durable, no sooner were the fruits of order and liberty about to reward the efforts of the human intellect, than order and liberty were themselves extinguished. The best Troubadour poets flourished about the period of the struggles of the Albigenses; Ariosto and Tasso ornamented the age which witnessed the subjection of Italy; in the time of Garcilaso and Cervantes the liberties of their country were subverted; while Camoens died of a broken heart, because the Portuguese monarchy ceased to exist. Yet in each of these nations the successors of those celebrated characters appear only in the light of pigmies by the side of giants.

One great change, and of a fatal tendency to the religious liberties of the country, was introduced into the Portuguese laws and manners as early as the reign of the great Emanuel. We have noticed the light in which the inhabitants of all the provinces of Spain had been accustomed

to consider the Moors during the period of their protracted wars; that in the event of their conquest they had retained them as tributaries and subjects; and that, accustomed to render obedience to the same laws, they had uniformly regarded with indulgence their differences of religious opinions. The same toleration was extended also to the Jews, who were very numerous in the several kingdoms of Spain. These Jews maintained that they were the genuine children of the tribe of Judah; and their descendants still consider themselves very superior to the rest of that people in other parts of the world. The town of Lisbon, one of the most commercial and populous of all the Spains, contained, up to the close of the fifteenth century, an immense number of Moors and Jews, who greatly contributed to the flourishing condition of its manufactures and arts. The bigotry of Isabella of Castile, and the policy of her consort Ferdinand of Aragon, were directed towards the spoliation and banishment from their territories of all those who refused to profess the Christian religion. It was they who established, upon principles of legislation unknown before, the tribunal of the Inquisition, widely differing from that formerly instituted by the Popes against the Albigenses. They persecuted the Moors, and in 1482 they exiled all the Jews from their dominions, with the exception of those that chose or that feigned to embrace the

Christian religion. But the greater number preferring their religion to their country, their property, and all the enjoyments of life, arrived by thousands upon the frontiers of Portugal, bearing with them the little money and effects they had been enabled to snatch out of the ruin of their fortunes. King John II., who then occupied the throne, was induced, less from humanity than from motives of avarice, to offer them an asylum, for which they were compelled to pay sufficiently dear. After levying upon them the sum of eight crowns a head, he granted permission to all the refugee Jews to reside ten years in Portugal, engaging at the expiration of that term to give them every facility to leave the kingdom, with the whole of their property, in whatever way they should think proper. The entrance, however, of an entire nation, a nation long proscribed by barbarous prejudices, and whose laws and manners compelled them to separate themselves from the people in the midst of whom they resided, soon awakened the superstitious alarms of the inhabitants. The superior ability of the Jews in their commercial transactions, and in all lucrative employments, equally excited the jealousy of the citizens. The Spaniards, who had recently expelled them, were desirous that their example should be followed by neighbouring states; and Castilian monks were sent upon a mission to Portugal for the

sole purpose of rousing the fanaticism of the people. The Jews, in the mean time, eager to profit by the ten years' residence which had been accorded them, with the view of afterwards transporting their families and property, with the least possible loss, into some more friendly asylum, had the misfortune to find Europe closed against them, and saw themselves reduced, in order to avoid the persecutions of the priests, to submit to the milder oppression and spoliations of the Pachas of Turkey. They successively entered into terms with the captains of Portuguese vessels, to convey them into the East; while these, subject to the authority of the priests, became daily more harsh and unjust towards the unfortunate refugees. So far from reflecting that every man, who submits to the dictates of his conscience in preference to all worldly advantages, deserves our respect, they despised and hated the Jews, for the very reason of their remaining faithful to the religion under which they were born. Thus, after demanding an unreasonable price for their passage, they detained them prisoners on board their vessels until their provisions were consumed, in order to sell them more at the most extravagant rate, and until they had succeeded in extorting their last crown. They even carried off their wives and daughters, believing they were merely fulfilling the duties of their fanatical religion when they subjected them

to the worst of outrages. Far from repenting afterwards of the extent to which they had carried their violence and extortions, they recounted them with pride, and exhorted each other to still more outrageous acts. There was not the least hope of obtaining justice for the unfortunate Jews; every tribunal was shut against them; and the few regulations made by John II. in their favour were never put into force. Such as had been fortunate enough to remain in Portugal, learning that there was no safety either for their persons or their fortunes on board these fatal vessels, determined to stay in the kingdom, rather than rush into dangers which they could not foresee. In fact, they continued there during the rest of the ten years which had been granted to them. During this period, however, John II. died, in the year 1495; and as he had considered himself bound by his word, he had always prevented them from falling into complete subjection. But Emanuel, on ascending the throne, considered himself free from engagements entered into by his father. Ferdinand and Isabella eagerly interfered, to excite his animosity against a people whom they had made their perpetual enemies. In 1496, Emanuel published an edict, by which he accorded to the Jews the term of only a few months to quit his dominions, under pain of impending slavery if they did not depart previous to its expiration. But before

this took place, the king, if we are to believe the Portuguese historian Osorio, “unwilling to behold so many millions of souls precipitated into eternal punishment, in order to save at least the children of the Jews, fixed upon an expedient, which, however harsh and unjust it might appear in the execution, was directed by the kindest intentions to the most pious end. For he gave orders, that all the male children of the Jews that had not yet reached their fourteenth year should be taken from their parents, and never allowed to see them more, in order that they might be educated in the Christian faith. But this could not be effected without much trouble; for it was a piteous sight to see these children torn from the bosom of their mothers; pulling along their fathers, who held them fast in their arms, and were separated only by heavy blows which constrained them to loose their hold. The most piercing cries were heard on every side; and those of the women, above all, filling the air with lamentations. Some, to avoid such wretched indignity, threw their children into deep wells; while others, transported with rage, put them to death with their own hands. To add to the dreadful sufferings of this unhappy people, after having been thus outraged, they were not permitted to embark for Africa; as the king had such a desire to convert the Jews to Christianity, that he believed



it to be incumbent upon him to effect his object partly by kindness, and partly by force. Thus, though according to his declaration, the Jews ought to have been permitted to embark, it was delayed from day to day, in order to give them time to change their opinions. In the same manner, three ports had been mentioned from which they might set sail; but royal orders were issued that no port should now be open to them except that of Lisbon, which brought a great number of Jews to the place. In the mean time, the day fixed in the edict expired; and those who had been unable to take to flight were immediately led away into captivity.”\*

We may gather from this extract, and more particularly from the reflections which follow it, that the virtuous historian of the reign of Emanuel, Jerome Osorio, did not partake the prejudices of his countrymen, and that he was disgusted with their cruelty. Osorio was born in 1506; and died bishop of Sylvez, situated in the kingdom of Algarves, in the year 1580. But the spirit of toleration apparent in his work became, after his death, nearly extinct in Portugal. It is nevertheless to this very violence and persecution that the Portuguese trace the singular mixture of the Jewish blood with that of their chief

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\* See Jerome Osorio's *History of King Emanuel*, Book I. chap. viii.

nobility. The greater number of the captives recovered their liberty by a simulated conversion to the faith of their persecutors. To these their children were restored, and some were even adopted into the families which had presented them at the baptismal fount, and were permitted at the same time to assume their name. Those who refused to adopt this plan perished wretchedly at the stake or by famine, and the very name of such among the Jews entirely disappeared. The former, however, though they did not venture to face the terrors of martyrdom, were not, in truth, faithless to the God of their fathers. On the contrary, we are assured that they continue to bring up their children in the tenets of the Catholic faith, without acquainting them with their real origin; but as soon as they have attained the age of fourteen years, the age fixed upon in the barbarous edict of Emanuel, they are suddenly introduced into a religious assembly of their own nation, where their real birth and the laws which condemn them are revealed to them. They are then required to choose between the God of their fathers and that of their persecutors; a sword is placed in their hands; and in case of their remaining Catholics, the sole favour and regard expected from them towards the blood from which they sprang is to sacrifice their fathers on the spot with their own hands, rather than deliver them over, as their faith exacts, to the

Inquisition, where they would perish in the severest torments. Should they refuse to do this, they are then required to enter into a solemn national engagement, to serve the Creator of the universe according to the worship of the patriarchs, the pristine fathers of the human race; and we are informed, there has not been a single example, in this impressive ceremony, in which the young man has not embraced the most generous alternative.

It is painful to contemplate with what rapidity fanaticism and intolerance, when once excited amongst the people, exceed the views even of their promoters. On the occasion of a newly converted Jew, in the year 1506, who had appeared to disbelieve in some miracle, the people of Lisbon rose, and having assassinated him, burnt his dead body in the public square. A monk, in the midst of the tumult, addressed the populace, exhorting them not to rest satisfied with so slight a vengeance, in return for such an insult offered to Our Lord. Two other monks then raising the crucifix, placed themselves at the head of the seditious mob, crying aloud only these words: "Heresy! heresy! Exterminate! exterminate!" And during the three following days, two thousand of the newly converted, men, women, and children, were put to the sword, and their reeking limbs, yet warm and palpitating, burnt in the public places of the city.

The same fanaticism extending to the armies, converted Portuguese soldiers into the executioners of infidels and the tyrants of the East. At length, in the year 1540, John III. succeeded in establishing the Inquisition, which the progress of superstition had been long preparing, throughout all his dominions; and the national character underwent a complete change. The defeat of King Sebastian, at Alcacer el Kibir, in 1578, was only an accidental occurrence; but the submission of the Portuguese to the loss of their independence, under the yoke of Spain, was the consequence of the degradation of the old national spirit of the people. They had formerly shewn on many occasions, but in particular under Alfonso I. and John I. that they scorned to trust their national existence to the rights or pretended rights of a woman; and that they preferred a bastard, their own countryman, for a sovereign, rather than a foreign legitimate king. The two ancient heroes of Portugal, Egaz Moniz, and the constable Pereira, had rendered themselves dear to the nation for having supported this very cause at two distinct periods. But on the death of the cardinal Henry, in 1580, the Portuguese submitted, without making any resistance, to the arms of Philip II; and the nation was shortly after oppressed with the weight of a two-fold despotism, both civil and religious. During a space of sixty years, Portugal con-

tinued thus subjected to a foreign yoke. The three Philips (II. III. IV.) who succeeded each other on the throne, and whose characters we have already described, in reference both to the kingdom of Naples and the Spains, treated with a still greater degree of harshness and negligence their Portuguese subjects, whom they were led to consider as their former rivals. The latter were afflicted with all the calamities which overtook the Spanish monarchy. The Dutch gradually deprived them of the largest portion of their East-Indian possessions, and the sources of their riches became thus dried up. The same nation erased the monuments of their glory, and made them doubly feel their own weakness and degeneracy, and that of their monarch. The revolution of 1640, which advanced John IV. of the house of Braganza to the throne, was less a proof of the energies of the Portuguese, than of the extreme feebleness of the Spaniards. The former sustained, during twenty-eight years, a war in support of their independence, but without recovering the character which had constituted the glory and the power of their ancestors. John IV. was a prince of very indifferent talents; and his son Alfonso VI. was an extravagant madman, and was deposed by means of an intrigue carried on between his queen and his own brother. After the peace concluded with the Spanish in 1668, the nation again sunk into abject sloth and superstition.

The profligacy of private manners, and the indifference of the citizens, were in exact relation with this corruption of the public character. Labour was esteemed a disgrace, commerce a state of degradation, and agriculture too fatiguing an employment for the indolence of the peasants. The Portuguese of the present age, who form a large portion of the population of the Indies, pass their lives in a state of utter uselessness, equally despising the natives of the country and the Europeans, and fearful of debasing themselves by labour, but not by mendicity. It is thus they have dispossessed themselves of their noblest establishments; and thus Macao, a Portuguese town in China, is now nothing more than an English factory. It is of no avail that its sovereignty belongs to Portugal; that its isthmus is impregnable, its climate delicious, and its situation unequalled for the advantages of commerce. There is no instance there of a Portuguese exercising any profession, or entering into the public offices. This state of apathy, and these absurd prejudices fostered against industry, have altogether deprived the people of Portugal of their former commerce, of their population, and of their glory; yet these consequences are not to be attributed to their relations or treaties with foreign states. The Inquisition, and the apathy by which it is followed, have thus consigned them over to poverty.

In the midst of the national decline, the Por-

tuguese boasted a great abundance of poets, during the seventeenth century; but none of these were deserving of any real reputation. Innumerable sonnets, bucolics and eclogues invariably dull, and more affected and insipid than those that preceded them, vied with, without excelling each other; and the most tedious monotony prevailed through every branch of their poetical compositions.

The most remarkable character belonging to this last epoch is a voluminous author, whose writings are often consulted with regard to the ancient literature, the history, and the statistics of Portugal. His taste, however, was much inferior to his industry; and his poetry scarcely possesses any attractions to reward the reader for its perusal. Yet Manuel de Faria y Sousa enjoyed a very brilliant reputation. As in the case of Lope de Vega, the production of an immense mass of compositions during the course of his life was considered as investing him with a just title to fame. His dissertations on the art of poetry have long been esteemed by the Portuguese as the basis of all sound criticism; while his six cantos of sonnets and his eclogues have been held up as models in their style. The influence which he exercised over the taste of the age was considerable. He was born in the year 1590; and at so early an age as fifteen, he was introduced into public affairs by one of his relations, who retained

him as secretary in the office to which he himself belonged. In fact, Manuel de Faria shortly discovered great capacity and facility in conducting business; though his talents were of little use in advancing his fortune. He repaired to the court of Madrid, whose sovereignty at that time extended likewise over Portugal, and afterwards passed to Rome in the suite of some embassy, but without reaping the reward due to his exertions, or improving his situation in life. On his return to Madrid, he renounced his engagements with public affairs, in order to devote himself altogether to composition; and he applied himself with extreme diligence to the completion of his *History of Portugal*, or *Portuguese Europe*, as well as to his *Fountain Aganippe*, and his *Commentary upon Camoens*; boasting of having written, every day of his life, twelve sheets of paper, each page consisting of thirty lines, until the time of his death; which happening in the year 1649, put a period to his unparalleled industry.

The chief part of Manuel de Faria's productions are written in the Castilian tongue, and cannot correctly be said to be exclusively of a literary nature. His *Portuguese Europe* is nevertheless more deserving of attention with regard to its style, and the talent which it displays for narrative and oratorical composition, than for its his-



torical merits, the exactness of its researches, or the soundness of its criticism. In combining the entire history of Portugal, from the origin of the world, in three volumes folio, published at Lisbon in 1675, it appears to have been the design of Faria to preserve the interest of his subject by brilliancy of idea and by the charm of language, and to attract the attention of the reader by the spirit that breathes in every line, and even by the force of antithesis and conceit. The taste prevalent at that period in Spain, among such writers as Gongora, Gracian, and Quevedo himself, extended likewise over Portugal. Besides, the Portuguese Europe, being written in Castilian, is altogether to be referred to the Spanish school. We should doubtless consider history in a very mistaken point of view, if we should suppose with our author, that the serious and dignified tone, together with the lucid order and simplicity, which it requires, are to be made subservient to a continual desire of shining, and to a crowd of promiscuous ideas and daring images. But it is only a man of superior talents who is likely to fall into such an error; and in fact while we peruse the work of Faria, we cannot help regretting, at every line, the unfortunate misapplication of the talents with which he was endowed. I shall here endeavour to convey an example of his style of composition, taken at hazard from

the work ;\* as far, at least, as its peculiarities can be transmitted into another tongue. The subject turns upon the continual wars carried on between Castile and Portugal, which fatigue the historian by their monotony, and escape the most tenacious memory. Faria, however, constantly relieves their tediousness, no less by the striking turn which he gives to his narrative, than by the choice of his expressions :

“ Perpetual struggles for superiority,” he observes, “ the most grasping avarice, the desire of depriving each other of what in fact belonged to both, and the folly of never being satisfied with what they possessed, plunged Portugal and Castile into fresh wars, during the reign of the Emperor Don Alonzo, in the year 1135. Discord led to spoliations, and these again gave rise to fresh discord ; and the party which had obtained the advantage in committing injuries, easily forgot the losses it had itself sustained, in the superior pleasure of having inflicted them upon its rival. To produce evil, though without reaping any advantage from it, was pronounced a victory ; and blood inundated, and fire devoured the villages of the two nations, each of whom escaped from the recollection of their own extended sufferings and ruin, in the reflection that they had subjected their enemy to the same calamities.”

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\* See vol. II. part I. cap. iii. p. 39, of the *Europa Portuguesa*.

In such detached passages as these, perhaps, little can be perceived except the force and vivacity of their style; but when such qualities as these are continued throughout three folio volumes, we become wearied with the continual display of antithesis and research, and we recognise in this misapplication of genius the symptoms of its approaching decline.

The remainder of Faria's works in prose have obtained less celebrity; the same defects are every where apparent with the addition of others, but without the same ornamented and brilliant style. His Commentary upon Camoens, in which he expresses the strongest admiration for that great poet, is remarkable for its total deficiency in appreciating that which constitutes the chief beauty of the poem. The mythological pedantry, which is too often the fault of Camoens, is the very quality for which he is most conspicuous in the eyes of Faria. The commentator also, in his turn, overpowers the reader with a parade of useless erudition; taste, judgment, refinement, are all equally wanting; and the commentary is valuable only inasmuch as it contains particulars relative to the lives of Camoens, and of the Portuguese navigators. The same author likewise undertook to write the life of the poet of the *Lusiad*; to put it into the shape of an eclogue; and to compile that eclogue from various scattered lines of the poet himself. It would be difficult to

point out a work more truly tedious, more destitute of interest and of poetry, and comprehending so much long and puerile labour. A large body of notes serve to exhibit the licences which the author permitted himself in this species of mosaic work, changing sometimes a word and sometimes a syllable in the verse on which he was employed; yet, after all, he was perhaps right in these alterations, as both the word and syllable so substituted may be met with in the works of Camoens.

Out of a far greater number of sonnets which he had composed, Faria selected only six hundred to present to the public, four hundred of which are in Castilian, and the rest in Portuguese. In these we may observe, in general, most of the defects of Marini, of Lope de Vega, and of Gongora, exemplified by turns; a singular degree of affectation and research, forced and inflated images, besides considerable hyperbole and pedantry of style. There are, however, a few exceptions; and these are by no means deficient in real feeling and grace. The ideas are not sufficiently striking to call for translation into another tongue, but I shall subjoin in a note two poems which Bouterwek has already pointed out.\*

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\* Ninfas, ninfas do prado, tam fermosas,  
Que nelle cada qual mil flores gera,

Both in his eclogues, and in his discourse upon pastoral poetry, it was the object of this author to shew, from examples and arguments

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De que se tece a humana primavera,  
Com cores, como bellas, delectosas ;

Bellezas, o bellezas luminosas,  
Que sois abono da constante esfera ;  
Que todas me acudisseys, bem quisera,  
Com vossas luzes, e com vossas rosas.

De todas me trazey maes abundantes,  
Porque me importa, neste bello dia,  
A porta ornar da minlia Albania bella.

Mas vós, de vosso culto vigilantes,  
O adorno me negays, que eu pretendia,  
Porque bellas nam soys diante della.

---

Sempre que torno a ver o bello prado  
Onde, primeira vez, a soberana  
Divindade encontrey, con forma humana,  
Ou humano esplendor deificado :

E me acordo do talhe delicado,  
Do riso donde ambrosia e nectar mana,  
Da fala, que dà vida quando engana,  
Da branca maõ, e do cristal rosado.

Do menceo soave, que fazia  
Crer, que de brando zefiro tocada,  
A primavera toda se movia,

De novo torno a ver a alma abrazada,  
E em desejar sómente aquelle dia,  
Vejo a gloria real toda cifrada.

which he adduced, that all the passions, and all the occupations of mankind, could only be treated poetically in proportion as they took a pastoral form. He himself arranged his bucolics in the following order: viz. amatory eclogues, those on the chase, piscatory, rural, funereal, judiciary, monastic, critical, genealogical, and fantastic. We may readily form an idea of the nature of the poetry to be found in the idyls which under this disguise proceeded from his pen.

Next to Manuel de Faria y Sousa, the first rank among the Portuguese poets of this age must be awarded to Antonio Barbosa Bacellar, who lived between the years 1610 and 1663, and who, by a somewhat rare choice among men of letters, forsook the regions of poetry, where he had distinguished himself, for the courts of jurisprudence. His poems were published before he had reached his twenty-fifth year; but the reputation which he acquired by his defence of the rights of the house of Braganza to the throne, at the period of the revolution, induced him to abandon the Muses for a more lucrative career. He was the first, however, who conferred on the poetry of Portugal that kind of elegy which is distinguished by the name of *Saudades*; verses intended to convey amorous complaints and wishes expressed in solitude. Our modern taste will no longer countenance these love-sick lamentations, eternally repeated

with scarcely any variation of sentiments, notwithstanding their graceful and harmonious language, and the beauty and variety of their imagery. Jacinto Freire de Andrade is likewise esteemed one of the best poets of this period, as well as the most distinguished writer of prose. His poems are almost wholly of a burlesque cast. He treated, in a very happy vein of wit and ridicule, the florid style and pretensions of the imitators of Gôngora; of those who flattered themselves that they were giving proofs of their poetic genius, in the pomp of their tiresome mythology and of their disproportioned imagery. With this view, Andrade produced a short poem upon *The Loves of Polyphemus and Galatea*, which may be considered in the light of a parody on that of Gôngora. But the ridicule which it was his object to throw on this composition did not discourage his countrymen; for at no distant period, several more poems of Polyphemus, no less absurd than that which he had thus exposed, made their appearance.

But Andrade acquired still more reputation by his *Life of Don Juan de Castro*, fourth Viceroy of the Indies. This was, at one time, esteemed a masterpiece of biographical composition, and was translated into several languages. The Portuguese themselves held it up as their model of elegance and purity in historical narration; not offended, as we now are, by the laborious and stu-

died conceit of the thoughts, and by the affectation with which they are expressed. Juan de Castro flourished at the epoch so glorious for the Portuguese arms, when they founded that extensive empire which soon traced its ruin to the sloth and luxury of its conquerors in the following age. Andrade, however, appears to be inspired by a sense of their ancient virtues; and he recounts the exploits of his hero with equal dignity and simplicity. It is he who has rendered so celebrated the story of the mustachio given as a pledge by the viceroy of the Indies. De Castro, after having sustained the memorable siege of Diú against the arms of the king of Cambaya, and triumphed over forces which appeared irresistible, resolved to rebuild that fortress from its foundations, in order to prepare himself for another siege. Unfortunately, the royal finances were exhausted; there were no precious articles, nor any means of paying the labourers and soldiers employed. The Portuguese merchants at Goa having been frequently deceived by the promises formerly made, were no longer willing to give credit to De Castro. His son Ferdinand had been killed during the siege. He was desirous of disinterring his bones, to send them as a pledge to the merchants of Goa, that he would perform his engagements with them, for the money which he wished them to advance. But they were no longer to be found; the fiery climate having already reduced them to dust. He



then cut off one of his mustachios, which he sent as a gage of honour that he would fulfil the conditions. "I have no pledge which I can now call mine," he thus addressed them, "except my own beard, which I now send you by Rodriguez de Azevedo; for you must be aware that I no longer possess gold, silver, or effects, nor any thing else of any value, to obtain your confidence, except a short and dry sincerity, which the Lord my God has given me." Upon this glorious gage, Juan de Castro in fact obtained the money of which he was in want; and his mustachio, afterwards redeemed by his family from the hands of his creditors, is still preserved as a monument of his loyalty and devotion to the interests of his country.

Among the imitators of Gongora, in the seventeenth century, are reckoned Simaõ Torezaõ Coelho, Doctor of Laws, attached to the Inquisition, who likewise produced some *Saudades*; Duarte Ribeiro de Macedo; Fernam Correa de la Cerda, who died Bishop of Oporto; and a lady who had taken the veil, Sister Violante do Ceo. We shall give one sonnet from the pen of the last of these writers, were it only to afford a single specimen from the Portuguese, of that affectation and research, arising from a desire of exhibiting brilliancy of talent, which we have observed at particular periods more or less infesting the literature of every people; when poets, finding

the various departments of their art already filled by their predecessors, are desirous of opening an original career for themselves, and of giving a new direction to the art, though destitute of that vigour of imagination and true feeling which can alone give fresh existence to poetry. The sister *Violante do Ceo* was a Dominican recluse, and esteemed, in her own time, a model of piety as well as of poetic taste. She lived between the years 1601 and 1693, and left behind her a very considerable number of poems, both upon sacred and profane subjects. The sonnet of which we subjoin a version, as far as such affected phraseology is capable of translation, was addressed to her friend *Mariana de Luna*, and upon that name the equivoque turns :

## SONNET.

- Muses, that 'mid Apollo's gardens straying,  
     With your sweet voices catch the enamour'd airs!  
     Muses divine, sweet solacers of cares!  
 Nurses of tender thoughts! fresh flowers displaying  
 Most sweet to the young god of day, delaying  
     His steeds to gaze; yet leave his gaudy spheres!  
     A Luna, lo! most like a sun appears,  
 Young flowers of song in charms of love arraying:

- 
- Musas que no jardim do rey do dia,  
     Soltando a doce voz, prendeis o vento;  
     Deidades que admirando o pensamento,  
     As flores augmentais que Apollo cria;

She will prepare a garden fairer far,  
 Full of harmonious sweets; and should you doubt  
 Lest such delights lose by inconstancy,  
 Their pure light drawn from Luna's waning star—  
 Know, Grace divine that garden fenced about  
 With the eternal walls of immortality.

Those who may be more expert than I dare venture to profess myself at similar interpretations, will decide whether Mariana de Luna was in possession of a beautiful garden, or was preparing to give a concert, which Violante addresses as the garden of harmony, or had really written a poem. Strange infatuation of the human mind, which could be led to believe that any real ingenuity and fancy is displayed in the expression of absurdities like these!

Another poet belonging to the same age and school is Jeronymo Bahia, who once enjoyed a considerable degree of reputation, which now

Deixai deixai do sol a companhia,  
 Que fazendo inveioso o firmamento,  
 Huma Lua que he sol, e que he portento,  
 Hum jardim vos fabrica de harmonia.

E porque não cuideis que tal ventura  
 Póde pagar tributo à variedade,  
 Pelo que tem de Lua a luz mais pura,

Sabey, que por mercé da Divindade,  
 Este jardim canoro se assegura  
 Com o muro immortal da eternidade.

no longer exists. He is the author of one of the numerous poems on the Loves of Polyphemus and Galatea, and opens his colossal eclogue in the following stanza full of antitheses, which may enable us to form a pretty accurate idea of the rest.

- Where Lilybæus' giant-foot is bound  
     By the surrounding Neptune's silver chain,  
 Pride of the sky, the torment of the ground  
     On which he rests, Jove's glory, Typhon's pain;  
 Within a plain upon that mountain found,  
     (Colossal mount and Colysseal plain)  
 To a cold cave a rock obstructs the way,  
 Where dwells old Night, nor ever enters Day.

Among the poems of the same author, we meet with a romance addressed to Alfonso VI. congratulating both that monarch and the country on having devised an expedient to consolidate the independence of the Portuguese monarchy, and to insure victory to his arms. Saint Anthony of Padua, born at Lisbon in 1195, and regarded as the patron saint of the Portuguese, had just been

- 
- Donde Neptuno cō grilhões de argento  
       Prende o robusto pé do Lilibeo,  
       Que ao ceo dá gosto, á terra dá tormento,  
       Gloria de Jove, inferno de Tyfeo,  
       Entre hum campo que tem no monte assento,  
       Colosso o monte, o campo Colysseo,  
       Cerra hum penhasco huma caverna fria,  
       Donde a noite não sahe, nem entra o dia.

solicited by the most solemn prayers and supplications to accept a rank in the army; and the priests assured the people that the celestial inhabitant had signified his consent. From that time the Saint enjoyed the elevated rank, though the church in his name received the pay, of Generallissimo of the Portuguese armies: "Henceforward," exclaims Bahia to the King, "cease to enrol your subjects in the army; Saint Anthony himself has assumed a command in your ranks, and he who delivered his father will likewise insure the freedom of his country."\*

The Portuguese colonies, since the seventeenth century, have added some names to the list of poets who flourished in the mother-country. Francisco de Vasconcellos, one of those authors of sonnets whom we may consider most free from affectation and bad taste, was born at Madeira. He was guilty, however, of treating, in imitation of Gongora, the old fable of Polyphemus and Galatea, so constant a favourite with the Spanish and Portuguese poets. Andrea Nuñez de Sylva was a poet of the Brazils, where he was born and educated, though he died in Portugal, in the order of the Theatine monks. His devotional pieces may be reckoned among the best

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\* Deixai mais listas, pois ja  
Santo Antonio se alistou,  
Que como suo pay livrou  
Sua patria livrará.

productions of the age. It is thus that a new nation, apparently destined to inherit the genius of the ancient Portuguese, already commenced its career, and prepared the elements of a mighty empire beyond the European seas. The productions of these different poets of the seventeenth century, whose names are so seldom heard beyond the limits of their own country, have been collected together, under titles which of themselves sufficiently indicate the false taste which then prevailed. One of these is entitled *The Phoenix Revived*; another, *The Postilion of Apollo*; both of which titles prepare us for the degree of critical discretion exercised in the selection of the contents.\*

The political state of Portugal during the seventeenth century led to the downfall of its theatre. The country had been united to the crown of Spain before any great dramatic genius had appeared, or the art had properly developed itself. Lope de Vega, and afterwards Calderon, ennobled the Spanish scene under the reign of the Philips. But the court of Lisbon ceased

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\* These, however, are merely an abridgment of the fantastic titles of the originals. The first and the least despicable is perhaps the work of Mathias Pereira da Silva, entitled, *A Fenix renascida, or Obras Poeticas dos Melhores engenhos Portugueses*. Lisboa, 1746. 5 vols. 8vo.; and the other, *Eccos que o clarm da Fama dá. Postilhao de Apollo, &c.* 2 vols. Lisboa, 1761.

to exist; and the Spanish comedians, invited thither by the different viceroys, exhibited only the pieces of the Spanish dramatists. The very small number of early Portuguese dramas written by Gil Vicente and by Miranda were inadequate to the supply of sufficient materials for the Portuguese theatre. The high reputation of Spanish literature at that period, throughout all Europe, induced the poets of Portugal to compose not more frequently in their own than in the Castilian tongue; and those who possessed dramatic talents devoted them to the theatre of Madrid, leaving their own national stage altogether deserted.

It was not until after the peace of 1668, when the independence of Portugal was recognized, that it was perceived how far the national spirit had deteriorated. The people appeared to have fallen into a general lethargy; which, towards the close of the seventeenth century, seemed to extend not only to the literature but to the military and naval energies of the state, which were equally destroyed. The national industry and finances declined together; while a weak and imbecile government was ignorant alike of the means which conduced to its own interests and to those of the people. At the commencement of the war of the succession in Spain, the government was even undetermined respecting its own wishes and intentions; sometimes joining the French and sometimes the English party, as circumstances

seemed to direct. Portugal thenceforward, in its literary no less than in its political relations, was swayed alternately by the influence of these two rival nations.

During the protracted reign of John V. between the years 1705 and 1750, the government made several efforts to revive the literary character of the nation, with a view of conferring upon the throne that degree of lustre of which the rest of the European sovereigns of the time were ambitious. The Portuguese Academy of Languages was thus formed in 1714; that of History in 1720; but neither of these establishments have fulfilled the expectations generally entertained of them. The strict relations maintained by the government with England was the only circumstance that diminished in some measure the violence of its persecuting spirit.

The reign of Joseph Emanuel, which continued from the year 1750 until 1777, appears to have been more favourable to the national character. The savage despotism of his minister the Marquis of Pombal, though it probably stifled the rising talents of individuals, roused the nation at length from its protracted slumbers. The reform of the administration and the progress of knowledge were fortunately combined with the other views of this formidable tyrant. He loosened the yoke of superstition; he expelled the Jesuits, who held the minds of the people in



subjection; and when he had arrived at the close of his despotic career, it was observed with astonishment, that not only the ancient bonds of oppression, but those which he had himself imposed, were alike broken. It was during the short reign of Peter III, between 1777 and 1786, that Portugal reaped the fruits of this newly acquired liberty; nor were all the efforts made by the last queen, Mary, to restore superstition and the priests to their former influence, successful in impeding the new impulse which the nation had received, and which a more frequent intercourse with the rest of Europe was calculated to promote. A Royal Academy of Sciences was founded by the Prince Regent; and, since 1792, it has published its memoirs, relating as well to literature as to science; annual prizes are distributed; and it continues to exercise a steady influence over the taste, the critical spirit, and the drama of the nation.

The first poet, and the most remarkable character of the eighteenth century in Portugal, is Francisco Xavier de Meneses, Count of Ericeyra. He was born in 1673, and had already distinguished himself by the extent of his acquirements and by his various talents, at twenty years of age. During the war of the succession, he served in many campaigns, and attained the rank of general, and of *mestre do campo*. In the year 1714, he was chosen patron and secretary

of the Portuguese Academy; and in 1721, one of the directors of the Academy of History. His reputation had then extended throughout Europe; and he preserved a regular correspondence with the most distinguished men of letters of his time. Boileau, whose Art of Poetry he had rendered into Portuguese verse at a very early age, maintained an epistolary intercourse with him until the time of his death. Ericeyra, a true disciple of the father of French criticism, exerted himself to introduce his principles into Portugal. He died in 1744, two years after having published his *Henriquéide*, an epic poem, which he had undertaken early in life, and to which he attached his chief hopes of celebrity.

The natives of the South, the people of Italy, of Spain, and of Portugal, are certainly gifted with a fertility of imagination, a tenderness and a vivacity, together with a richness of colouring in their poetry, beyond the sphere of Boileau's art; yet, perhaps, for this very reason, a perusal of his works would have been attended with greater advantage to them than to the French themselves. In general, his criticism is wholly of a negative cast: he detects faults, he prohibits licences; but he conceives nothing deeply and vividly; he inspires neither elevation nor enthusiasm, and he never dreams of rousing the imagination. His writings are by no means adapted to inspire the French nation with that poetic fire

which is found in the productions of other nations, and in which the French are certainly deficient. Possessing a singular degree of judgment and discrimination, he is an author, nevertheless, whose rules, applied to the literature of other nations, might teach their writers what to avoid, and how to retrench what is superfluous. In fact it was French criticism, introduced among the people of the South, which first led them to perceive the imposition and absurdity of the school of Marini, no less than that of Gongora. From the same source, the writings of Ignacio de Luzan in Spain, and those of Count d'Ericeyra in Portugal, are to be esteemed far more correct, and of a far higher character, than any of those which had before appeared on the art of criticism, in either of those languages. And if the promulgation of these principles was not followed by the production of any masterpieces, or even of any works equal to those which had preceded them, it must not be attributed to the new laws of composition derived from France, but to the exhaustion of the nation, which, after the destruction of its hopes and the loss of its glory, was divested of all originality.

The promoters of French taste in Italy, in Spain, and in Portugal, were far however from confining themselves, in a strict sense, to the exactness, the sobriety of ornament, and the somewhat prosaic good sense, which are the characteristics of

the authors whom they took for their model. Yet those, we imagine, who embraced with so much ardour a poetical creed foreign to the prejudices and education of their country, could not be very deeply penetrated with a feeling of the national character, nor very susceptible of the influence of the national poetry. Their literary attempts must have been pretty strongly tinged with the individual character which led them to make choice of such a system; and we must attribute the frigid character of their compositions rather to the authors themselves, than to the rules which they adopted. A certain period of time, indeed, must be allowed to elapse, after the introduction of a new poetical code, when the spirit of controversy has died away, and its most essential principles are no longer contested, before its influence can be fairly felt and appreciated. It will then serve to restrain the ardour of those who at its first introduction would have rejected it with disdain, and will be of still greater advantage to them than to others, inasmuch as the vivacity of their imagination, or the impetuosity of their passions, would without its assistance have carried them beyond the proper bounds.

The Count d'Ericeyra was ambitious of presenting his country with a national epic on a more correct and regular plan than that of Camoens. It was easy to point out in the latter the

impropriety and perpetual contradiction which strike us in his two rival mythologies, and to censure the long oblivion into which he plunges Vasco de Gama, the apparent hero of his story, while he diverges into historical narrations too often dry and fatiguing. But the advice and directions of Boileau failed to inspire Ericeyra with that national fervour which was felt by the soldier-poet, to endow him with the same dreaming melancholy, or to invest him with that golden halo of love and glory, which gave its colours to all the objects that Camoens beheld through the medium of its beams. The *Henriquéide* is a recital of events planned and executed with judgment and taste, but expressed in a tone little elevated above that of prose. The hero, Henry of Burgundy, was the founder of the Portuguese monarchy, son-in-law of Alfonso VI. of Castile, and the father of Alfonso Henriquez. The action is founded on the Portuguese conquests over the Moors, which are recounted throughout twelve cantos in stanzas of octave verse. All the poetical rules are carefully observed, as well as the historical probability of the work. A slight mixture of the marvellous is borrowed from the Sibyls and from magic, and the interest is tolerably well sustained.

On the opening of the poem, the Christian army is discovered in presence of the Moors, commanded by their sovereign Muley. Henry

is informed that a Sibyl, possessing the gift of prophecy, dwells in a cavern in the neighbourhood, and he secretly quits his troops to discover her residence, which he reaches after passing through a series of appalling dangers. The Sibyl is, however, a Christian, and warmly interests herself in the fate of his armies: she directs him how to proceed, reveals the future, and permits him to contemplate the approaching grandeur of his country. The Christian army is attacked in the mean time by Muley; the soldiers are thunder-struck at the absence of their chief; they begin to despair, they falter, and are about to take to flight, when the arrival of Henry changes the fortune of the day. After this event, which attaches the epic interest of the poem entirely to his hero, follow a series of battles, duels, sieges, and victories, intermingled with a few love adventures, and lastly, the capture of Lisbon, which completes the work.

We are informed by Ericeyra himself, in his preface, that he sought to avail himself of the beauties of all the epic poets, of Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, Tasso, Lucan, and Silius Italicus. And, in truth, we very frequently meet with classical imitations in his lines; but, unfortunately, the fire and feeling which dictated those exquisite works, and which render them so worthy of imitation, are not discoverable in his composition. The whole poem is in fact chilled with an intole-

rable coldness; and the beauty of the versification and of the narratives is not sufficient to atone for the absence of the living soul and fire of the genuine poet.\*

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\* The ensuing stanzas from the *Henriquíde*, are given as a specimen of its style: the manner in which the poem opens is as follows :

Eu canto as armas, e o varaõ famoso,  
 Que deo a Portugal principio regio ;  
 Conseguindo por forte e generoso  
 Em guerra e paz, o nome mais egregio ;  
 E animado de espirito glorioso,  
 Castigou dos infieis o sacrilegio,  
 Deixando por prudente, e por ousado  
 Nas virtudes, o imperio eternizado.

Europa foy da espada fulminante  
 Teatro illustre, victima gloriosa,  
 Asia vio no seu braço a cruz brilhante,  
 E ficou do seu nome temerosa,  
 De Africa a gente barbara, e triunfante,  
 Se lhe postrou rendida e reccosa,  
 Para ser fundador de hum quinto imperio  
 Que do mundo domine outro Emisferio.

The arrival of Henry at the grot of the Sibyl :

Da horrenda gruta a entrada defendiaõ  
 Agudas follias da arvore do Averno,  
 E enlaçadas raizes, que se uniaõ  
 Mais que de Gordio no embaraço eterno :  
 Penhascos desde a terra ao ceo sobiaõ,  
 Lubricos os fez tanto o frio inverno,  
 Que Henrique vio, subindo resolutos  
 Precipitarse os mais velozes brutos.

About the epoch of Ericeyra, some promise of a Portuguese drama began to dawn in Lisbon. During the whole seventeenth century that city had to boast only of a Spanish theatre; and such of the Portuguese as cultivated the dramatic art adopted the Castilian tongue. Added to which, John V. patronized an Italian opera in

O mare a terra em horrida disputa  
 Gritavaõ, com clamores desmedidos :  
 Que naõ entrassem na funesta gruta  
 Os que assim o intentavaõ, presumidos ;  
 A constancia mais forte, e resoluta,  
 De ondas et rochas tragicos bramidos,  
 Temia vendo unirse em dura guerra  
 Contra hum só coraçãõ o mar e a terra.

And lastly, the combat between Henry and Ali.

Torrente de cristal que arrebatada  
 Inunda os valles, e supèra os montes,  
 Exhalaçaõ sulfúrea, que inflamada  
 Fulmina as torres, rasga os orizontes,  
 Vento setentrional, que em furia irada  
 Agita os mares, e congela as fontes,  
 De Deucalion o rapido diluvio,  
 Chamas do Ethna, ardores do Vesuvio,

Ainda que com seus rapidos effeitos  
 Causem no mundo estragos e terrores,  
 A tanto impulso de cair desfeitos  
 Toda a izeuçaõ dos globos superiores,  
 Naõ sey se excedem dos valentes peitos  
 As nobres iras, e inclitos ardores,  
 Com que se vio ao impeto iracundo  
 Parar o ceo, atremecerse o mundo.

*Canto xii.*



Lisbon, which, supported by his munificence, soon appeared to flourish; and this new example gave rise to another species of mixed spectacle. This consisted of comic operas played without the recitative, and composed probably with borrowed music, in the manner of the French *vaudevilles*, accompanied at the same time with all the attractions and display of the Italian opera. The pieces were written by a Jew of the name of Antonio José, an illiterate and obscure individual, whose coarseness both of style and imagination betrayed the vulgar rank to which he had belonged. A genuine vein of humour and familiar gaiety, however, gave life to the Portuguese stage for the first time; there was a certain vigour as well in the subjects as in the style; and from the period of 1730 to 1740, the people rushed in crowds to the theatre. The nation seemed on the point of possessing its own drama; when Antonio José, the Jew, was seized and burnt by order of the Inquisition, at the last *auto-da-fé*, which took place in the year 1745. The managers were then, perhaps, alarmed lest their faith should become suspected by continuing the representation of the unfortunate Jew's productions, and the theatre was in consequence closed. There are extant two collections of these Portuguese operas, dated 1746 and 1787, in two volumes octavo, which appeared without the author's name. The eight or ten pieces which they contain are all

equally rude in point of language and construction, but are by no means deficient in sprightliness and originality. One of these, of which Esop is made the hero, and in which the brilliant exploits of the Persian war are whimsically enough included, in order to exhibit battles and evolutions of cavalry upon the stage, gives to the character of Esop all the ridicule and gaiety of a true harlequin.\*

But though Portugal was in possession of no real theatre, many highly gifted characters attempted, from time to time, to fill up this vacancy in their national literature, by devoting themselves to the only branch of poetry in which it appeared to be deficient. Antonio Correa Garção,

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\* A Portuguese poet of our own day has addressed some lines to the memory of this victim of the Inquisition, in a style of extreme boldness and severity. After passing in review several other human sacrifices, no less disgraceful and atrocious than those which bathed the altars of Mexico in blood, he exclaims :

O' Antonio Jose dōce e faceto,  
 Tu que fostes o primeiro que pizaste  
 Com mais regular sono a scena luza!  
 O povo da Lisboa mais sensivel  
 Foi no Theatro aos teus jocosos ditos  
 Que no Rocio à voz de humanidade.  
 Que infame horrenda pompa, que fogueire  
 Te vejo preparada!

The Rocio is the public place in Lisbon provided for the exhibition of the *autos-da-fc*.

whose works were published in 1778, and who, by his assiduous study of Horace, and by his efforts to introduce the lyric style and metre of the Roman poet into Portugal, acquired the name of the second Portuguese Horace, attempted likewise to reform the stage, and to present his country with some pieces written in the manner of Terence. The first of these, entitled *Théatro Novo*, is rather a sketch of his principles on the dramatic art, and a critical account of such works as had till then appeared, than a comedy intended to rest upon its own merits. Another specimen of his pen, under the title of *Assemblea*, or *Partida*, is a satire upon the fashionable world, nearly of the same kind as the *Cercle* of Poinset.

The Academy of Sciences, having proposed a prize for the best Portuguese tragedy, on the thirteenth of May, 1788, conferred the laurel crown on *Osmia*, a tragedy which proved to be the production of a lady, the Countess de Vimieiro. On opening the sealed envelope accompanying the piece, which usually conveys the name of the author, there was found only a direction, in case *Osmia* should prove successful, to devote the proceeds to the cultivation of olives, a species of fruit from which Portugal might derive great advantages. It was with some difficulty that the name of the modest writer of this work, published in 1795, in quarto, was made known to the world. Bouterwek has erroneously

attributed it to another lady, very justly celebrated in Portugal, Catharina de Sousa, the same who singly ventured to oppose the violence of the Marquis de Pombal, whose son she refused in marriage. From the family of this illustrious lady, I learned that the tragedy of *Osmia* was not really the production of her pen.

In this line of composition, so rarely attempted by female genius, the Countess de Vimieiro displays a singular purity of taste, an exquisite delicacy of feeling, and an interest derived rather from passion than from circumstances; qualities, indeed, which more peculiarly distinguish her sex. The scene is laid in Portugal, at a distant period, before the existence of the monarchy, about the time of the Turditani; when that people, then inhabiting the country, revolted against the Romans. Rindacus, their prince, had espoused the heroine, *Osmia*, who had never been really attached to him. The Turditani, however, are beaten, Rindacus is wounded, and the fair *Osmia* made a prisoner. *Lælius*, the Roman prætor, conceives the most violent passion for his beautiful captive, to which she is far from being insensible; and the whole interest of the piece depends upon the ensuing struggle between love and duty in the soul of *Osmia*. She is desirous of shewing herself worthy of her high birth and name; the pride of her country shares her heart with the victorious Roman's love; and

while she strives to hate him, his noble generosity makes a powerful impression on her mind. Her character assumes a tinge of softness mingled with her heroism, which renders her more and more interesting as the scene draws to a close. The beauty of her character is heightened by the contrast in which she is placed with a prophetess of her own country, who, like herself, a prisoner, is at once inflamed by her national pride and by her hatred against the Romans. These passions, indeed, lead to the events which prepare the catastrophe of the action, and the tragic interest is so contrived as to increase as it approaches the close. The death of Osmia is related to us; but her consort is carried wounded and dying upon the stage. In the catastrophe as well as in the rest of the piece, the Countess de Vimieiro appears to have studied the laws of the French theatre; and in the vivacity of her dialogue, Voltaire, rather than Corneille or Racine, would seem to have been kept in view. The whole is composed in iambic verse, free from rhyme; and we are perhaps justified in asserting that this tragedy is the only one which the Portuguese theatre can properly be said to possess.

The new Portuguese empire, on which depend all the hopes of the future independence and prosperity of that country, has on its part likewise commenced the cultivation of letters, and given birth in the present age to an author celebrated

for his lyric effusions. Claudio Manuel da Costa was born in the department of Minas Geraes at the Brazils. He received, however, an European education, during five years, at Coimbra, where the school of Gongora was still in repute; and it was Da Costa's own taste which led him to adopt, as his models, the ancient Italian poets and Metastasio. On his return to the Brazils, he pursued his poetical studies in the gold and diamond mines, whose splendid wealth appears, nevertheless, to have had few attractions for him. In these mountains, he observes, we find no streams of Arcady, whose gentle murmurs awake harmonious sounds; the fall of wild and precipitous torrents here only calls to mind the savage avidity of man, who has rendered the very waters subject to his sway, and who, in his search for treasures, stains and pollutes their waves.

His sonnets, which betray the follower of Petrarch, are extremely easy and harmonious, and there is a piquancy in their turn of expression which we do not often meet with in romantic poetry\*. Da Costa produced also several ele-

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\* The following are the two sonnets of Da Costa mentioned by Bouutterwek:

Onde eston? este sitio desconhéço :  
 Quem fez taõ differente aquelle prado!  
 Tudo outra natureza tem tomado,  
 E em contemplallo tímido esnuoreço.

gies in unrhymed iambic or blank verse, a kind of metre seldom made use of before his time in Portugal, and which would appear to have deprived him of a portion of his poetic splendour and warmth of colouring; as if the

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Huma fonte aqui houve; eu não me esqueço  
 De estar a ella hum dia reclinado;  
 Alli em valle hum monte está mudado,  
 Quanto póde dos annos o progresso!

Arvores aqui ví taõ florescentes  
 Que faziaõ perpetua a primavera:  
 Nem troncos vejo agora decadentes.

Eu me engano; a regiaõ esta não era.  
 Mas que venho a estranhar, se estaõ presentes  
 Meus males, com que tudo degenera.

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Nize, Nize? onde estas? Aonde espera  
 Achar-te huma alma, que por ti suspira?  
 Se quanto a vista se dilata e gira,  
 Tanto mais de encontrar-te dezespera!

Ah se ao menos teu nome ouvir pudéra,  
 Entre esta aura suave que respira!  
 Nize, cuido que diz; mas he mentira;  
 Nize, cuidei que ouvia; e tal não era.

Grutas, troncos, penhascos da espesura,  
 Se o meu bem, se a minha alma em vós se esconde,  
 Mostray, mostray-me a sua fermozura.

Nem ao menos o ecco me responde!  
 Ah como he certa a minha desventura!  
 Nize, Nize? onde estas? Aonde? aonde?

more rich and flowing languages of the South always required the agreeable addition of rhyme to engage the ear. He conferred upon these the singular title of *Epiccedios*. He produced likewise about twenty eclogues, written almost entirely upon occasional subjects, in which pastoral phrases are introduced as a sort of veil under which the ideas of the author are conveyed. It is impossible to observe without surprise how this unreasonable predilection for pastoral poetry has infected the Portuguese from the twelfth century to the present day, from the banks of the Tagus to the distant shores of both the Indies, and has thrown over their whole literature an air of childish and affected monotony. There is a higher degree of merit, as it appears to me, in a few of Da Costa's other effusions, in imitation of Metastasio, and in the manner of the old Italian school. They consist chiefly of songs and airs, composed for the purpose of being set to music. We have subjoined a few couplets, in which he takes a farewell of his lyre; and they are such as lead us to wish we could hear more of its plaintive tones\*.

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• Amei-te, eu o confesso,  
E fosse noite ou dia,  
Jamai tua harmonia  
Me viste abandonar.

Qualquer penozo excesso  
Que atormentasse esta alma,



Yes! I have loved thee, O my lyre!  
 My day, my night-dream, loved thee long!  
 When thou wouldst pour thy soul of song,  
 When did I turn away?

'Tis thine, with thy bewitching wire  
 To charm my sorrow's wildest mood,  
 To calm again my feverish blood,  
 Till peace resumes her sway.

A teu obsequio em calma  
 Eu pude serenar.

Ah quantas vezes, quantas  
 Do somno despertando,  
 Doce instrumento brando  
 Te pude temperar!

Só tu, disse, me encantas,  
 Tu só, bello instrumento,  
 Tu es o meu alento,  
 Tu o meu bem serás.

Vê, de meu fogo ardente,  
 Qual he o activo imperio ;  
 Que em todo este emisferio  
 Se attende respirar.

O coração que sente  
 Aquelle incendio antigo,  
 No mesmo mal que sigo  
 Todo o favor me dá.

I shall here also extract, as given by *Boutterwek*, two other fragments from the works of *Da Costa*. The first is taken from a little canzone, entitled *The Farewell*, (*Fileno a Nize*,

How oft with fond and flattering tone  
 I wooed thee through the still midnight,  
 And chasing slumbers with delight,  
 Would vigils hold with thee ;

Would tell thee I am all thine own,  
 That thou, sweet lyre, shalt rule me still ;  
 My love, my pride through every ill,  
 My world of bliss to me.

*despedida,*) which he most probably wrote on quitting Europe for the Brazils :

Sentado junto ao rio,  
 Me lembro, fiel pastora,  
 Da quella feliz hora  
 Que n'alma impressa està.

Que triste eu tinha estado,  
 Ao ver teu rosto irado !  
 Mas quando he, que tu viste  
 Hum triste  
 Respirar!

De Filis, de Lizarda,  
 Aqui entre desvelos,  
 Me pede amantes zelos,  
 A causa de meu mal.

Alegre o seu semblante  
 Se muda a cada instante :  
 Mas quando he, que tu viste  
 Hum triste  
 Respirar!

Aqui colhendo flores  
 Mimosa a ninfa cara,  
 Hum ramo me prepara  
 Talvez por me agradar.

Thine are these quenchless thoughts of fire,  
 The beamings of a burning soul,  
 That cannot brook the world's control,  
 Or breathe its sickening air ;  
 And thine the raptures that inspire  
 With antique glow my trembling frame,  
 That bid me nurse the wasting flame,  
 And court my own despair.

Anarda alli se agasta  
 Dalizo aqui se affasta,  
 Mas quando be, que tu viste  
 Hum triste  
 Respirar !

The last is one of the shortest airs of Da Costa :

Naõ vejas, Nize amada,  
 A tua gentileza  
 No cristal dessa fonte. Ella te engana,  
 Pois retrata o suave  
 E encobre o rigoroso ; os olhos beilos  
 Volta, volta a meu peito :  
 Verás, tyranna, em mil pedaços feito,  
 Gemer hum coração : veras huma alma  
 Anciosa suspirar : veras hum rosto  
 Chego de pena, chego de desgosto.  
 Observa bem, contempla  
 Toda a misera estampa, retratada  
 Em huma copia viva ;  
 Veras distincta e pura  
 Nize cruel, a tua fermosura.

Naõ te engane, ò bella Nize,  
 O cristal da fonte amena  
 Que essa fonte he muy serena,  
 He muy brando esse cristal.

The more recent poets of Portugal, belonging to the conclusion of the last and the beginning of the present century, are but slightly noticed by *Boutterwek*; and it is singular that the very names which are distinguished by his notice should altogether have escaped my researches. On the other hand, my attention has been attracted to some whom I have heard highly commended by their countrymen, and of whom the German writer makes no mention. Among these, *Francisco Manoel*, whose lyric productions were printed at Paris in 1808, occupies the first rank. He was born at Lisbon, on the twenty-third day of December, 1734; lived in very easy circumstances, and arrived at an early age to some degree of celebrity; but his philosophical pursuits, and his intimate correspondence with French and English individuals, subjected him to the suspicions of the priests, and to the notice of the Inquisition. He was on the point of being arrested on the fourteenth of July, 1778, when, by his courage and his presence of mind, he contrived to elude the visit of the familiar of the Holy Office, who came to surprise him; and at length, with the utmost difficulty, succeeded in taking ship, and arrived in safety in France. He there attained a very advanced

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Se assim como vez teu rosto,  
Viras Nize, os seus effeitos,  
Pode ser, que em nossos peitos  
O tormento fosse igual.

age, always foiling the snares laid for him by the Inquisition, which aimed at having him brought back to Portugal. I am acquainted only with his odes written in metres, imitated from those of Horace. They almost invariably discover elevation and dignity of expression, and the thoughts have more boldness and freedom than we are accustomed to meet with in the writers of the South.\*

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\* As a short example of this kind of writing, we add some stanzas from his ode to the Knights of Christ. Don Juan de Silva is supposed to speak to a candidate for the honours of the order :

Por feitos de valor, duras fadigas,  
 Se ganha a fama honrada,  
 Naõ por branduras vis, do ocio amigaõ.  
 Zonas fria e queimada  
 Viraõ do Cancero, a ursa de Calixto,  
 Cavalleros da roxa cruz de Christo.  
 Eu já a Fé, e os teus reis, e a patria amada,  
 Na guérria te ensinei  
 A defender, com a tingida espada.  
 Co a morte me affrontei  
 Pela fé, pelo rey, e patria. A vida  
 Se assim se perde—A vida e bem perdida.  
 Já com esta, (e arrancou a espada inteira)  
 Ao reino vindiquei  
 A cróa, que usurpou maõ estrangeira.  
 Fiz ser rei o meu rei,  
 Com accões de valor, feitos preclaros,  
 Nas linhas d'Elvas, e nos Montes-Claros †.

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† These are the places where De Silva twice triumphed over the Spaniards, and by that means insured the independence of Portugal and the succession of the house of Braganza to the throne.

Another of the most distinguished among the living poets is Antonio Diniz da Cruz e Silva, whose works were published at Lisbon in the year 1807. One volume consists of imitations of English poetry, which would appear to be gaining numerous admirers in Portugal, and may probably at some future period give a new and unexpected direction to the literature of a people whose taste has hitherto preserved an oriental cast. Amongst other pieces imitated by Diniz is Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, a poem which has met with equal success in Italy. In his light satires upon the polite world, we are told, the Portuguese poet has displayed much elegance and acquaintance with human life, though the very truth of his pictures detracts in some degree from their merit in the eyes of foreigners. They are, indeed, too faithfully drawn to be fully appreciated by those who are unacquainted with the originals, and the great number of allusions renders them difficult to be understood. The other volume, which is the first, is written, on the contrary, in the ancient style of the Italian school, and contains three hundred sonnets, throughout which Diniz, under the Arcadian name of Elpino, deploras the cruelty of the beautiful Ionia, and the torments of love, with a languor and monotony which have deservedly lost much of their charm in the present day. It almost exceeds belief, that a man of real talent should venture to publish together three hundred

sonnets, on the most exhausted subject imaginable; and it is still more surprising, that they should boast of modern readers. As an instance, however, of the manner in which the same taste has prevailed throughout all the South, from the days of Petrarch to our own, I shall venture to extract one of his sonnets, which appears to me to be one of the most striking, inasmuch as it contains a pleasing fiction, in the manner of Anacreon, clothed in a romantic dress :

## SONNET X.

- \* From his celestial parent wandering wide,  
 Young Love was lost amid those blooming plains  
 Where Tagus fondly roves. Loud he complains,  
 And running, asks each shepherd, while he cried,  
 Where Venus is? Those arrows, once his pride,  
 Fall from his golden quiver, that remains  
 Unheeded, while with bribes he tempts the swains  
 To guide him back to his fair mother's side.  
 When fair Ionia, tending in that place  
 Her fleecy charges, soothed his infant cries,  
 And sweetly promised with an angel's grace  
 To lead him to her—"Fairest maid," replies  
 The God, and fluttering kiss'd her lovely face,  
 "I reckon not Venus, when I see thine eyes!"

- \* Da bella mãi, perdido amor errava,  
 Pelos campos que corta o Tejo brando,  
 E a todos quantos via, suspirando,  
 Sem descanso por ella procurava.  
 Os farpões lhe cahiaõ de aurea aljava ;  
 Mas elle de arco e setas naõ curando,  
 Mil glórias prometia, soluçando,  
 A quem á Deosa o leve que buscava.

The odes addressed by Antonio Diniz to the grandees of Portugal are esteemed above the rest. I have likewise in my possession a little poem, entitled *O Hyssope: The Holy Water Sprinkler*: by the same author, published at Paris in 1817. It appears to have been written on occasion of a quarrel which took place in the church of Elvas, between the bishop and the dean of the chapter, on account of the presentation of the instrument used for sprinkling the holy water. Like Boileau in his *Lutrin*, the poet turns into ridicule the ecclesiastical absurdities and the animosities to which they give rise among the priests, which he touches with a freedom of remark little agreeable, we should conceive, to the Inquisition. The prelates, who are represented as almost wholly devoted to the pleasures of gambling and good living, and as at the same time requiring all the external marks of respect from the people, would certainly, had it been in their power, have made Antonio Diniz repent of his audacity: yet this satire appeared for the first time in Portugal in the year 1802.\*

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Quando Ionia que alli seu gado passe  
 Enxugando-lhe as lagrimas que chora,  
 A Venus lhe mostrar leda se offerece,  
 Mas amor dando hum vóo a linda face,  
 Beijando a lhe tornou: "Gentil pastora,  
 Quem os teus olhos vê Venus esquece."

\* For the benefit of those who read Portuguese, I shall here



An eminent place is also accorded among the poets of the age to J. A. Da Cunha, whose

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extract a few passages, in order to give an idea of the author's manner in this little work :

Tu, jocosa Thalia, agora diza  
 Qual seu espanto foi, sue *surpresa*  
 Quando á pórtã chegádo costumada,  
 Nella o Deaõ no viu, naõ viu o hyssope.  
 Tanto foi da discordia o fero influxo !  
 Caminhante que vê subito rayo,  
 Ante seus pés cahir, ferindo a terra,  
 Taõ suspenso naõ fica, taõ confuso,  
 Como o grave Prelado : a côr mudando,  
 Um tempo immóvel fica ; mas a ráiva  
 Succedendo ao desmaio, entra escumando  
 Na grande sacrestia, e d'alli passa  
 Para o Altar mór, aonde se revéste,  
 Onde como costuma, em contrabaixo,  
 Sem saber o que diz, a missa canta.  
 To da aquella manhãa, uma só bençaõ  
 Sobre o Povo naõ lança, antes confuso  
 Em profundo silencio à casa torna.

*Canto iii. v. 12.*

We have a very amusing account in the seventh canto, of the resuscitation of an old cock, after it had been roasted for the Dean's table, to make him predict the future to the Chapter assembled at dinner :

O vélho Gallo que n'um prato estava  
 Entre frangaõs e pombos lardeado,  
 Em pé se levantou, e as nuãs azas  
 Tres vezes sacudindo, estas palavras  
 Em voz articulou triste mas clara.

mathematical labours would equally have entitled him to distinction, and who is remembered with the most grateful feelings by the distinguished scholars whom he formed and left behind him. His poetical productions, collected in 1778, have never, it appears, been yet presented to the public. The manuscripts have been in my possession; and so far from detecting in them any traces of that tameness or want of vigour and imagination which might be supposed to result from a long application to the exact sciences, I was surprised by their tender and imaginative character, and in particular by that deep tone of melancholy which seems peculiar to the Portuguese poetry above that of all the languages of the South. The following stanzas, produced under the impression that the malady with which the poet was struggling was of a fatal nature, are perhaps equally characteristic of his talents and of his sensibility:

\* Oh! grief, beyond all other grief,  
 Com'st thou the messenger of death?  
 Then come! I court thy wish'd relief,  
 And pour with joy this painful breath.

But thou, my soul, what art thou? Where  
 Wing'st thou thy flight, immortal flame?  
 Or fadest thou into empty air,  
 A lamp burnt out, a sigh, a name?

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\* Pesado alfange, golpe fero,  
 Es da doenca, ou es da morte?  
 Eu me resigno, e firme espero  
 O derradeiro fatal corte.

I reckon not life, nor that with life  
 The world and the world's toys are o'er :  
 But, ah ! 'tis more than mortal strife  
 To leave the loved, and love no more.

To leave her thus !—my fond soul torn  
 From hers, without e'en time to tell  
 Hers are these tears and sighs that burn,  
 And hers this last and wild farewell.

Yes ! while upon the awful brink  
 Of fate, I look to worlds above,  
 How happy, did I dare to think  
 These last faint words might greet my love !

“ Oh ! ever loved, though loved in vain,  
 With such a pure and ardent truth  
 As grows but once, and ne'er again  
 Renews the blossom of its youth !

Tu leve sopra, entendimento,  
 Alma immortal, por onde andavas ?  
 Qual luz de vela exposta ao vento,  
 Me pareceu que te apagavas.

Se a vida só vira extinguir—!  
 Ah, que he a vida e o mundo ? nada.  
 Mas verse huma alma dividir,  
 Mais que de si, da sua amada !

Morrer, e sem ao meu encanto  
 Poder mostrar o affecto meu !  
 Ah sem poder mostrarlhe, o quanto  
 Son todo inteiramente seu !

Ah Ceos ! . . . porem,—eu me resigno ;  
 Mas se aqui findo os dias meus,  
 Oh ! algum Zefiro benigno  
 Ao meu amor leve este adeus !

To breathe the oft repeated vow,  
 To say my soul was always thine,  
 Were idle here. Live happy thou,  
 As I had been, hadst thou been mine."

Now grief and anguish drown my voice,  
 Fresh pangs invade my breast ; more dim  
 Earth's objects on my senses rise,  
 And forms receding round me swim.

Shroud me with thy dear guardian wings,  
 Father of universal love !  
 Be near me now, with faith that springs  
 And joys that bloom in worlds above !

A mourner at thine awful throne,  
 I bring the sacrifice required,  
 A laden heart, its duties done,  
 By simple truth and love inspired :

Adeus objecto idolatrado

Do mais intenso e puro amor.  
 De amor taõ doce, acerbo fado  
 A gentil planta sega em flor.

Adeus, adeus ! sabe que em quanto  
 O espirito ou corpo existe, he teu ;  
 Vive feliz, taõ feliz quanto,  
 Se foras minha ou fora eu.

Mas para mim o agudo estoque  
 Furiosa a dór torna a apontar,  
 Desfeito em sombra ao fino toque,  
 Tudo de mim vejo affastar.

E tu essencia incomprehensivel,  
 Tu do universo ou alma ou rey,  
 Patente em tudo e invisivel,  
 E em quem hum pai, creio, acharei.

Love, such as Heaven may well approve,  
 Delighting most in others' joy,  
 Though mix'd with errors such as love  
 May pardon, when no crimes alloy.

Come, friendship, with thy last sad rite,  
 Thy pious office now fulfil ;  
 One tear and one plain stone requite  
 Life's tale of misery and ill.

And thou, whose name is mingled thus  
 With these last trembling thoughts and sighs,  
 Though love his fond regrets refuse,  
 Let the soft voice of friendship rise,

And gently whisper in thine ear,  
 " He loves no more who loved so well "  
 And when thou wanderest through those dear  
 Delicious scenes, where first to tell

Levo a teus pes, qual me entregaste,  
 Simples e humano o coração.  
 Amor ao bem, qual me inspiraste ;  
 Fraquezas e erros, crimes não.

Pia a amizade acaba em tanto  
 O triste officio derradeiro ;  
 E as libações me faz de pranto  
 Na pedra rasa e sem letreiro.

Torna a amizade (se sentido  
 O não tiver no peito amor)  
 Te hira dizer manso ao ouvido :  
 Ia não he vivo o teu pastor.

E quando a praia e a espessura  
 Que absorto ao pé de ti me via,  
 Minha afeição tão terna e pura,  
 Te dibuxar na fantasia.

The secrets of my glowing breast,  
 I led thee to the shadiest bower,  
 And at thy feet, absorb'd, oppress'd,  
 With faltering tongue confess'd thy power,

Then own no truer, holier vow  
 Was ever breathed in woman's ear ;  
 And let one gush of tears avow  
 That he who loved thee once was dear.

Yet weep not bitterly, but say,  
 " He loved me not as others love ;  
 Mine, only mine, ere call'd away,  
 Mine, only mine in heaven above."

Among the other poets of Portugal of the same time, is cited by Boutterwek, the minister for foreign affairs, Araujo de Azavedo, who has presented his countrymen with a version of several of the productions of Gray, Dryden, and other English poets, and who was one of the first of those who broke through the tedious monotony of pastoral composition. To the name of this minister we have to add those of Manuel de Barbosa du Boecage, Francisco Diaz Gomez, Francisco Cardoso, Alvarez de Robrega, Xa-

Brandos suspiros não engeito  
 Nem gentil lagrima, que amor  
 Verter do mais que amado peito,  
 Com saudade, mas sem dor.

E dize então matiosamente :  
 " Raro e leal foi o amor seu,  
 " Meu foi, meu todo, inteiramente :  
 " E se inda existe, a inda he meu.

vier de Matos, Valladares, and Nicolas Tolentiuo de Almeida. The revolutions which have taken place in Spain, and the complete separation of France from Portugal, will long prevent us from acquiring a knowledge of the existing state of literature in a nation which has run so splendid a career. It is not unlikely that the reign of the Portuguese language is about to terminate in Europe. The immense possessions of the mother-country in the Indies have already disappeared; and out of all her tributary states there remain only two half-deserted cities, where a languishing commerce is carried on. The extensive kingdoms of Africa, of Congo, of Loango, of Angora, and of Benin, in the West; those of Mombaza, of Quiloa, and of Mozambique, in the East, where they had introduced their religion, their laws, and their language, have all been gradually detached from the Portuguese government; and the empire of the Brazils alone remains subject to it.\* In the finest climate, and the most fertile soil in the world, a colony is growing up which in

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\* [This is no longer the case. That great colony has declared itself independent under a prince of the house of Portugal. At this moment its obedience is reclaimed by the mother-country, under the government of the absolute King, and the balance yet trembles with the fate of this constitutional empire, and of all the republics of the West, against which it is but too probable that the united violence and intrigues of the despots of Europe will soon be directed. *Tr.*]

point of surface, is more than twelve times the extent of the mother-country. Thither have been transferred the seat of government, the marine and the army; while events which could not possibly have been predicted are producing a fresh youth and fresh energies throughout the nation; nor is the time, perhaps, far distant, when the empire of the Brazils will give birth, in the language of Camoens, to no despicable inheritors of his fame.

We have thus far completed our view of the semicircle which we originally traced out, considering France as the centre; and we have witnessed the successive rise, progress, and decline of the whole of the Romance literature, and of its different languages and poetry, springing from the union of the Latins with the Goths, of the nations of the North with those of the South. The Italian, the Provençal, the Spanish, and the Portuguese, have not only been considered as several dialects of the same tongue, but have appeared to us likewise, in many respects, as mere modifications of the same character and spirit. We have found occasion throughout all the South of Europe to notice the mixture of love, of chivalry, and of religion, which led to the formation of what are termed the romantic manners, and which gave to poetry a character wholly new. It may probably occur that, in order to complete the object of this work, we



ought here to comprise a view of French literature, and trace the manner in which the most distinguished of all the Romance tongues, taking altogether an opposite direction, reproduced the classic literature of Greece and Rome, and voluntarily submitted to regulations with which other nations of the same origin were unacquainted, or which they despised. But the study of our own national literature is of itself far too important and extensive to be united with that of other countries. It would require more accurate and profound information, and more extensive reading, and it has been treated by critical writers of the present age in works very generally read and admired; nor is it a subject which can be advantageously brought before the reader in an abstract form.

Numerous writers, indeed, have engaged in the task of displaying the merit of that correctness of design, that accuracy of expression, that precision of ideas, and that skilful proportion of the whole work, which will be found to constitute the excellence of French poetry. The poetical beauties, which we have had occasion to submit to the judgment and examination of the reader in the course of the present work, are quite of an opposite character, and the author would esteem himself happy if he has succeeded in conveying a proper feeling of their excellence. Imagination and harmony are the two leading

qualities of romantic poetry; and it has been my lot to present the reader, in the least impassioned of the modern languages, with a sketch of the boldest flights of the imaginative faculty, and to discourse in prose, and in a language that cannot boast of possessing a prosody, of the highest effects of harmony. I have frequently directed his attention to the construction of such verses as were brought under my view, much with the same result as if, in order to give a deaf man an idea of music, I were to exhibit a piano-forte to his view, and point out the ingenious construction by which each touch draws from the strings tones of which he can form no conception. Then I might address him in the words which I now address to the French reader: "You ought to believe that when men of superior talent employ means so ingenious to arrive at some unknown end, that end is one worthy of their powers. If they speak with rapture of the ethereal pleasure they experience from its tones, believe that music has in reality a power over the mind which you have never been able to feel; and without arguing upon the subject, without requiring the intellect to account for the sensations of the heart, believe that this harmony, whose mechanism you perceive without recognising its power, is a wonderful revelation of the secrets of nature, a mysterious association of the soul with its Creator."

The harmony of language is in fact, as much as that of any instrument, a secret power, of which those who may not have extended their knowledge beyond the French are incapable of forming any idea. Monotonous and dead, without dignity in its consonants, as without melody in its vowels, the French language appeals powerfully only to the understanding. It is the most clear, logical, and striking, perhaps, of any tongue; but it exercises no influence over the senses; and that enjoyment which we receive from the Italian, the Spanish, the Portuguese, or the Provençal poetry, is of a sensual cast, though proceeding, perhaps, from the most ethereal portion of our physical nature. It is, in fine, music; for nothing can convey the delightful impression of its tones but the tones themselves. We yield ourselves to its charm before we can comprehend it; we listen, and the pleasure is in the voice, and in the order of the words, and not in the meaning they may contain. We seem to rise by degrees above ourselves and the objects that surround us; our griefs become calm, our cares die away for a moment, a dream appears to suspend our very existence, and we feel as if we were borne into the precincts of a happier world.

Approaching the close of our enquiries into the beautiful language of the South, we must likewise bid farewell to its rich and bright imagi-

nations. We find music and painting every where combined in romantic poetry. Its writers do not attempt to engage our attention with ideas, but with images richly coloured, which incessantly pass before our view. Neither do they ever name any object that they do not paint to the eye. The whole creation seems to grow brighter around us, and the world always appears to us through the medium of this poetry as when we gaze on it near the beautiful waterfalls of Switzerland, while the sun is upon their waves. The landscape suddenly brightens under the bow of heaven, and all the objects of nature are tinged with its colours. It is quite impossible for any translation to convey a feeling of this pleasure. The romantic poet seizes the most bold and lofty image, and is little solicitous to convey its full meaning, provided it glows brightly in his verse. In order to translate it into another language, it would first of all be requisite to soften it down, in order that it might not stand forward out of all proportion with the other figures; to combine it with what precedes and follows, that it might neither strike the reader unexpectedly, nor throw the least obscurity over the style; and to express, perhaps, by a periphrasis, the happiest and most striking word, because the French language, abounding in expressions adapted for ideas, is but scantily furnished with such as are proper for imagery. At

every word we must study to change, to correct, to curtail; the rich and glowing imagination of the South is no longer an object of interest, and may be compared to an artificial fire-work, of which we are permitted to see the preparation, while the ignition is unfortunately withheld.

I have in the preceding pages conducted my reader only to the vestibule of the temple, if I may so express myself, of the romantic literatures of the South. I have pointed out to him at a distance the extent of their riches, enclosed within a sanctuary into which we have not as yet been permitted to penetrate; and it henceforward remains with himself to initiate himself further into its secrets, if he resolve to pursue the task. Let me exhort him not to be daunted. These southern languages, embracing such a variety of treasures, will not long delay his progress by their trifling difficulties. They are all sisters of the same family, and he may easily vary his employment by passing successively from one to the other. The application of a very few months will be found sufficient to acquire a knowledge of the Spanish or the Italian; and after a short period, the perusal of them will be attended only with pleasure. Should I be permitted at some future time to complete a work similar to the present, relating to the literature of the North, it will then become my duty to bring into view poetical beauties of

a severer character, of a nature more foreign to our own, and the knowledge of which is not to be attained, without far more painful and assiduous study. Yet in this pursuit the recompense will be proportioned to the sacrifices made; and the Muses of other lands have always shewn themselves grateful for the worship which strangers have offered up at their shrine.

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## I N D E X.

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- ALARCON, Don Juan Ruys de, 207.
- Albuquerque, Alfonso d', 414. his Commentaries, 497.
- Aleman Matteo, author of *Gusman d'Alfarache*, 97.
- Alfonso IV. of Portugal, his poems, 263.
- Almeida, Nicolas Tolentino de, 565.
- Andrade Caminha, Pedro de, 310.
- Andrade, Jacinto Freire de, his burlesque poems, 525. his *Life of Don Juan de Castro*, 526.
- Apontes, Fernandez de, his edition of the plays of Calderon, 188.
- Argensola, Lupercio Leonardo de, 57.
- , Bartolomeo Leonardo de, *ibid.*
- Argote y Molina, Gonzales de, 71.
- Armesto, Don Manuel Francisco de, his two religious plays, 212.
- Arteaga, Felix, 61.
- Autos-da-fé, the last celebrated, 213.
- Azavedo, Araujo de, his translations from English poetry, 564.
- Bacellar, Antonio Barbosa, 524.
- Bahia, Jeronymo, 529. Translation from, 530.
- Barros, John de, 488. His Romance *The Emperor Clarimond*, 489. His *Portuguese Asia*, 490.
- Bernardes, Diego, 311. His Eclogues, 312.
- Bocarro, Antonio, his History of the Portuguese Conquests in India, 497.
- Bocage, Manuel de Barbosa du, 564.
- Borja, Francisco de, Prince of Esquillace, 95.
- Brito, Bernardo de, his History of Portugal, 498.
- Calderon de la Barca, Don Pedro de, 102. Estimate of his genius, 115. His plays, *Nadie fié su secreto*, 118. *Amar despues de la Muerte*, 119, 178. *Coriolanus*, 123. The Poet of the Inquisition, 125. His fanaticism; play of *The Devotion of the Cross*, 125. Analysis of *El secreto a voces*, 127. of *The Inflexible Prince*, 138. Play of *La Aurora en Copacazana*, 155. of *The Origin, Loss, and Restoration of the Virgin of the Sanctuary*, 159. *Purgatory of Saint Patricius*, 163. *L'Alcaide de si mismo*; *La Dama Duende*;

- Lances de Amor y Fortuna*, 172. *Alcaide de Zamalea*; *El Medico de su Honra*, 173. Editions of his Works, by Vil-laroel, 104. by Apontes, 188. His *Autos Sacramentales*; *A Dios por razon de Estado*, 189.
- Camoens, Luis de, 317. His *Lusiad*, 324. Episode of *Inez de Castro*, 357. Episode of *Adamastor*, 379. Episode and Allegory of the Island of Joy, 405. Conclusion of the *Lusiad*, 421. His miscellaneous poems, 422. His Sonnets, 427. Translations of, 428, 430, 431. Translations from his *conçaõs* or canzoni, 432, 436. His odes, 438. His elegies and satirical pieces, 439. His paraphrase of the 137th Psalm, 440. His eclogues, 443. Translations from, 444, 445. His dramatic works, 446.
- Cancioneiro, Portuguese, written in the fifteenth century, 270. of Reysende, more frequently met with, 270.
- Cancer, Don Hieronymo, 207.
- Cañizarez, Don Joseph, his plays, 206. His *Picarillo en España*, 207.
- Cardoso, Francisco, 564.
- Castenheda, Fernand Lopez de; his History of the Portuguese Conquests in India, 497.
- Castro, Guillen de, 207.
- Castro, Estevan Rodriguez de, 314.
- Ceo, Violante de, 527. Translation of sonnet from, 528.
- Cerda, Fernam Correa de la, 527.
- Charles II., reign of, epoch of the last decline of Spain, 209.
- Charles III. prohibits religious plays, 212.
- Coelho, Simão Forezaõ, 527.
- Comella, Don Luciano Francisco, 234.
- Cortereal, Jeronymo, 466. His poem on the misfortunes of Manuel de Sousa, 467. Translation from, 469, &c. His poem on the Siege of Diu, 484.
- Costa, Claudio Manuel da, 548. His sonnets, *ib.* His *Epiccedios*, 550. Translation from, 551.
- Conto, continues the work of de Barros, 497.
- Cruz e Sylva, Antonio Diniz da, 556. His imitations of English poetry, *ib.* Translation of sonnet from, 557. His odes, 558.
- Cruzycano, Don Ramon de la, an author of the new school, his comedies and other works, 234. *El saruo* and *El divorzio feliz*, 236.
- Cubillo, Don Alvaro, 207.
- Cunha, J. A. da, 559. Translation from, 560.
- Dionysius, King of Portugal, his poems, 262.
- Drama, conclusion of the Spanish, 195. Its decline and ob-livion, 196. Encouraged by Philip IV. 103, 199. Of Portugal, 423.



- Ericeyra, Francisco Xavier de Meneses, Count of, 535. His *Henriqueide*, an epic poem, 536, 539. Extracts from, 541.
- Espinel, Vincenzo, 71. His *Life of the Squire Marco de Obregon*, 96.
- Falçam, Christoval, 279. His Eclogues, extract from, 280.
- Faria y Sousa, Manuel de, 517. His Portuguese Europe, 518. His commentary on Camoens, 521. His sonnets, 522. His Bucolics, 524.
- Ferreira, Antonio, 296. His sonnets, 298. His tragedy of *Inez de Castro*, 300.
- Figueroa, the three lyric poets, 71.
- Don Lope de, 173.
- Garçao, Antonio Correa, 544. His *Teatro novo*, and his *Assemblea*, 545.
- Gerund, Friar, Life of, 218.
- Goez, Damiaõ de, 497.
- Gomez, Francisco Diaz, 564.
- Gongora, Luis, 52. His sonnets, 53. His *soledades*, 55. His Polyphemus, 56.
- Gracian, Balthasar, 101.
- Hermiguez, Gonzalo, an early Portuguese poet, 262.
- Hoz, Don Juan de, his play of *El Castigo de la Misericordia*, 206.
- Huerta, Vincent Garcias de la, attacks the French style, 230. His poems and tragedy of *Rachel*, 231. His *Teatro Español*, 233.
- Inquisition, Calderon the poet of the, 125. No longer allowed to destroy its victims in public, 213.
- , Spanish, introduced into Portugal, 282, 514.
- Jose, Antonio, his dramatic works, 543. Is burnt by the Inquisitors, *ib.*
- Isla, Father de P, his *Life of Friar Gerund*, 218. Is discovered under his assumed name of Lobon de Salazar, and persecuted by the Clergy, 239.
- Leyra, Don Francisco de, 207.
- Literature of Spain, estimate of, 242.
- of Portugal, state of, until the middle of the sixteenth century, 249.
- Lobo, Rodriguez, 455. His *Winter Nights*, 456. His pastoral romances, 457. His canzoni, 458. Translation of sonnet from, 460. His epic poem, 464. His eclogues, 465.
- Lodesma, Alonzo de, 61.
- Luzan, Ignazio de, 213. His celebrated treatise on poetry, 214.

- Macedo, Duarte Ribeiro de, 527.
- Macias, called L'Enamorado, 265. His adventures and singular death, 266. Stanzas by him, 267. His numerous followers, 269.
- Manoel, Francisco, 554. Extract from, 555.
- Mariana, Juan de, 97. His *History of Spain*, 98.
- Matos Fragoso, Don Juan de, 207.
- Matos, Xavier de, 565.
- Mesa, Christoval de, 71.
- Miranda, Saa de, account of, 283. His Portuguese compositions, 285. Sonnets by him, 286, 287. His eclogues, 288. His epistles, 290. His two comedies, 294.
- Moniz, Egaz, an early Portuguese poet, 262.
- Monroy y Sylva, Don Christoval de, 207.
- Montalvan, Juan Perez de, 45.
- Montemayor, his Portuguese poetry in the *Diana*, 295.
- Montiano y Luyando, Augustin de, his two tragedies of Virginia and Ataulpho, 215.
- Morales, Juan de, 71.
- Moratin, Leandro Fernandez de, a comic author, 234.
- Moratin, Nicolas Fernandez de, a tragic author, 234.
- Moreto, Augustin, the rival of Calderon, 201. His play of *El Marquesd el Cigarral*. His comedy of *No puede ser*, 202; imitated by Moliere, 203.
- Morillo, Gregorio, 71.
- Oratory, Spanish, confined to the pulpit, 216. The first public sermon of Friar Gerund, 225. Sermons composed for the Monks by an Italian barber, 228.
- Osorio, Jerome, his historical work, 511.
- Philip IV. King, his encouragement of Calderon, 103. His supposed dramatic works, under the title of *De un Ingenio de esta corte*, 103, 199. Comedy of *El Diablo predicador, y mayor contrario amigo*, 200.
- Philip V., his influence on the literature of Spain, 210.
- Poetry, lyric, of Spain, 47.
- of Spain, under the three Philips, 207. Under Charles II. 209. Under Philip V. 210.
- Portugal, literature of, 249. Its character distinct from the Castilian, 251.
- language of, a sort of contracted Spanish, 252. Inquiry into the early origin of, 253. Fragment of an early poem, 254. Early history of Portugal, 256. View of its history as contained in the *Lusiad*, 351. Poetry of, 262. Historians of, 488. Admission of the Jews into, by

- John II. 507. Their persecution, 510. The Inquisition established in, 514. Its subjection to Spain, 515. Its apathy and degradation, attributed to the Inquisition, 516. Foundation of Academies of Languages and of History, 534. Of Sciences, 535.
- Quevedo y Villegas, Francisco de, 72. His *Kingdom of God, and government of Christ*, 77. His treatises on moral philosophy, 81. His Visions, 83. His poems, 86. His life, by the Abbé de Tarsia, 100.
- Rebolledo, Bernardino, Count de, 96.
- Reynoso y Quiñones, Don Bernard Joseph de, 211. His two religious plays, *The Sun of Faith at Marsilles*, and *The Sun of the Magdalen*, *ib.*
- Ribeyro, Bernardim, one of the earliest and best poets of Portugal, 271. His eclogues, 272. Extract from his third eclogue, 274. from one of his *Cantigas*, 276. His *Menina e Moza*, 278.
- Robrega, Alvarez de, 564.
- Roxas, Don Francisco de, 205. Imitated by the French; his *Entre bobos anda el juego*, 205. His play, entitled *The Patroness of Madrid, our Lady of Atocha*, 206.
- Sa y Menesez, Francisco de, his *Malacca Conquistada*, 487.
- Salazar, Don Francisco Lobon de, (Father de l'Isle,) his *Life of Friar Gerund*, 218.
- Schlegel, Augustus William, his strictures on Calderon, 104.
- Sedano, Don Juan Joseph Lopez de, his *Parnaso Español*, 233.
- Solis, Antonio de, his *History of the conquest of Mexico*, 98.
- Soropita, Fernando Rodriguez Lobo de, 314.
- Soto, Luis Barahona de, a rival of Garcilaso, 71.
- Sylva, Andrea Nuñez de, 531.
- Tarsia, Paul-Antonio de, his *Life of Quevedo*, 100.
- Texada, Augustino de, 71.
- Valdez, Juan Melendes, his poems, 241. Idyl and sonnet by him, 241, 243.
- Valladarez, 565.
- Vasconcellos, Jorge Ferreira de, 314.
- Vasconcellos, Miguel de Cabedo de, 314.
- Vasconcellos, Francisco de, 531.
- Vega, Lope de, (continued,) 1. His play of the *Life of the valiant Cespedes*, 8. His *Arauco domado*, 18. His sacred comedies, 33; and *Autos Sacramentales*, 39. His epic poems, 44.

- Velasquez, Luis Joseph, the historian of Spanish poetry, 215.
- Vera Tassis y Villaroel, Juan de, his edition of Calderon's works, 104.
- Vicente, Gil; 446. The founder of the Spanish theatre, 448. Division of his works, 449. Translations from, 450, 452.
- Villegas, Estevan Manuel de, the Anacreon of Spain, 92. His poem of *The Nightingale*, 94.
- Vimieiro, Countess de, her tragedy of *Osmia*, 545.
- Xauregui, Juan de, translation of the Pharsalia of Lucan, 95.
- Yriarte, Tomas de, his *Fabulas Litterarias*, 236. Fable of *El Borrico y la Flauta*, 237. *L'Oso y la Mona*, 239. His didactic poem on music, 241.
- Zalazar y Torres, Don Augustino de, 207.
- Zamora, Lorenzo de, his *Mystic Monarchy of the Church*, 62. *Redondillas* in honour of St. Joseph, 63.
- Zarate, Don Fernando de, his piece of *La Presumida y la Hermosa*, 203.

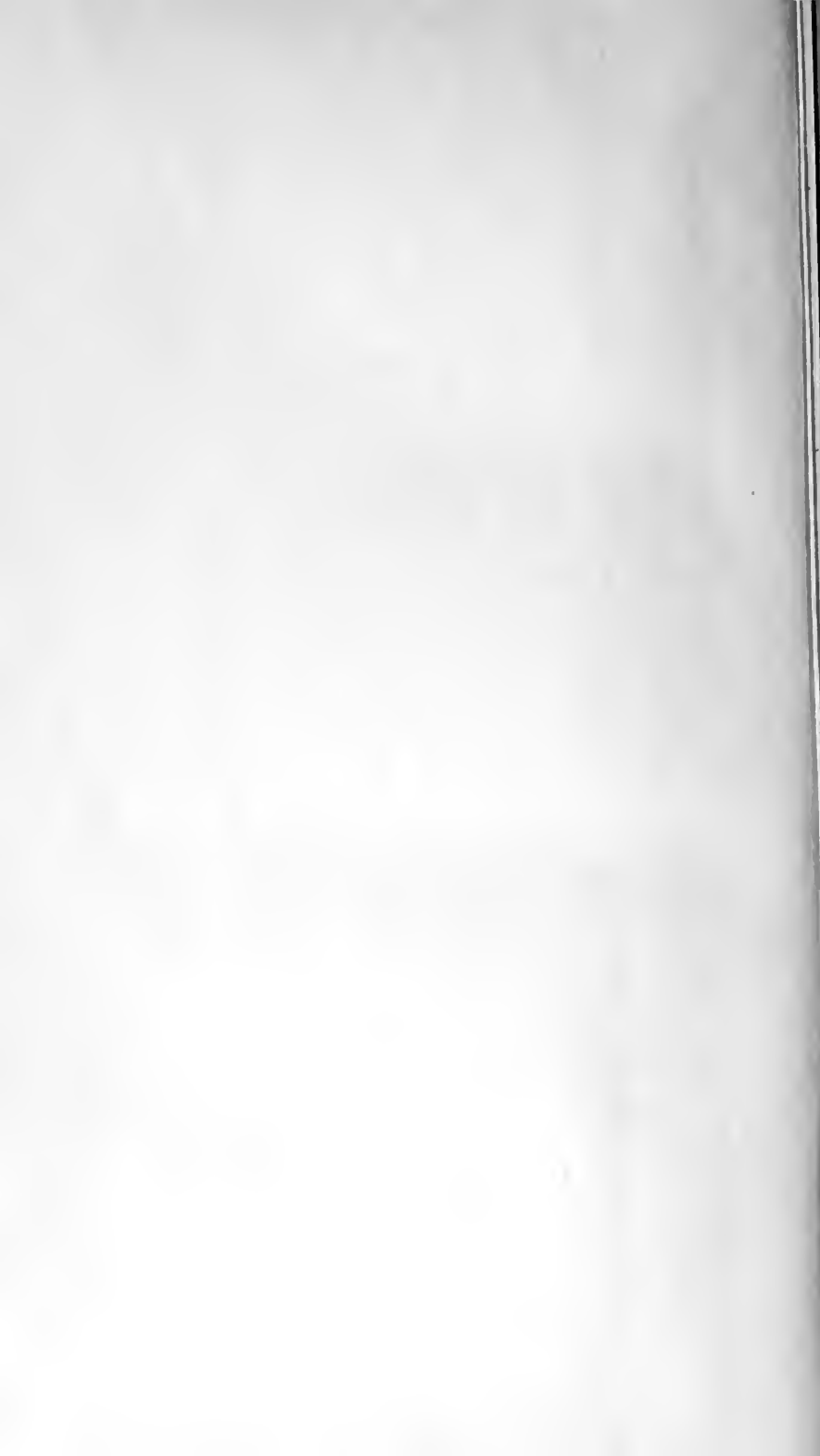
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