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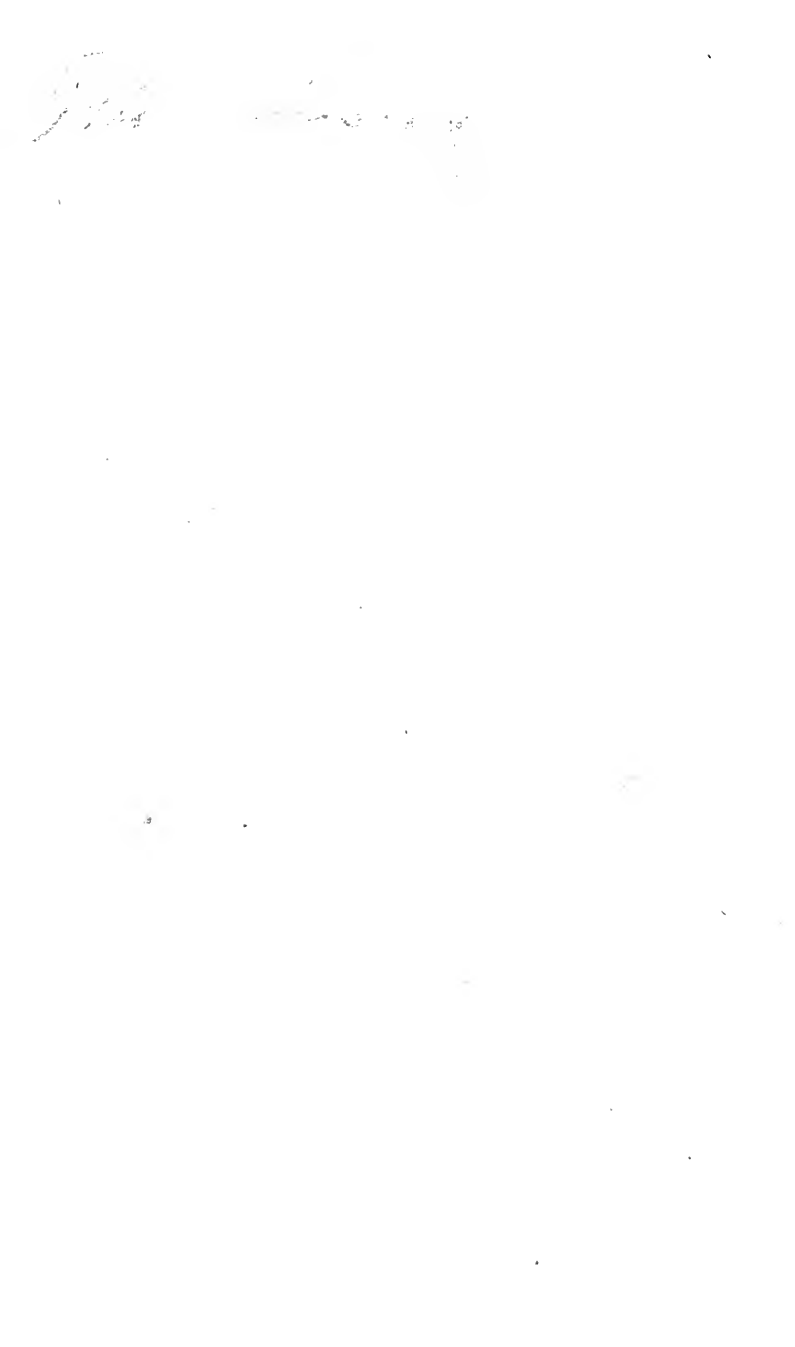
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THE

L U S I A D;

OR,

THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA.

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THE  
L U S I A D;

OR, THE  
DISCOVERY OF INDIA.

AN  
E P I C P O E M.

TRANSLATED FROM THE  
ORIGINAL PORTUGUESE OF LUIS DE CAMOËNS.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

NEC VERBUM VERBO CURABIS REDDERE, FIDUS  
INTERPRES. HOR. DE ART. POET

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VOL. II.  
THE THIRD EDITION.

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THE

L U S I A D.

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BOOK III.

OH now, Calliope, thy potent aid!  
What to the king th' illustrious GAMA said  
Cloath in immortal verse. With sacred fire  
My breast, if e'er it loved thy lore, inspire:  
So may the patron of the healing art,  
The god of day to thee consign his heart;  
From thee, the mother of his darling<sup>a</sup> son,  
May never wandering thought to Daphne run:

VOL. II.

B

May

<sup>a</sup> *Calliope*.—The Muse of Epic Poesy, and mother of Orpheus. Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus, flying from Apollo, was turned into the laurel. Clytia was metamorphosed into the sun-flower, and Leucothoe, who was buried alive by her father for yielding to the solicitations of Apollo, was by her lover changed into an Incense tree. The physical meaning of these fables is obvious.

May never Clytia, nor Leucothoe's pride  
 Henceforth with thee his changeful love divide.  
 Then aid, O fairest nymph, my fond desire,  
 And give my verse the Lusian warlike fire :  
 Fired by the song, the listening world shall know  
 That Aganippe's streams from Tagus flow.  
 Oh, let no more the flowers of Pindus shine  
 On thy fair breast, or round thy temples twine :  
 On Tago's banks a richer chaplet blows,  
 And with the tuneful god my bosom glows :  
 I feel, I feel the mighty power infuse,  
 And bathe my spirit in Aonian dews !

Now silence wooed th' illustrious chief's reply,  
 And keen attention watch'd on every eye ;  
 When slowly turning with a modest grace,  
 The noble Vasco raised his manly face :  
 O mighty king, he cries, at thy<sup>b</sup> command  
 The martial story of my native land  
 I tell ; but more my doubtful heart had joy'd  
 Had other wars my praiseful lips employ'd.  
 When men the honours of their race commend,  
 The doubts of strangers on the tale attend :

Yet

<sup>b</sup> *O mighty king, he cries*—The preface to the speech of Gama, and the description of Europe which follows, are happy imitations of the manner of Homer. When Camões describes countries, or musters an army, it is after the example of the great models of antiquity : by adding some characteristic feature of the climate or people, he renders his narrative pleasing, picturesque, and poetical.

Yet though reluctance faulter on my tongue,  
Though day would fail a narrative so long,  
Yet well assured no fiction's glare can raise,  
Or give my country's fame a brighter praise ;  
Though less, far less, whate'er my lips can say,  
Than truth must give it, I thy will obey.

Between that zone, where endless winter reigns,  
And that, where flaming heat consumes the plains ;  
Array'd in green, beneath indulgent skies,  
The queen of arts and arms fair Europe lies :  
Around her northern and her western shores,  
Throng'd with the finny race old ocean roars ;  
The midland sea, where tide ne'er swell'd the waves,  
Her richest lawns, the southern border, laves.  
Against the rising morn, the northmost bound  
The whirling Tanais parts from Asian ground,  
As tumbling from the Scythian mountains cold  
Their crooked way the rapid waters hold  
To dull Mæotis' lake : her eastern line  
More to the south, the Phrygian waves confine ;  
Those waves, which, black with many a navy, bore  
The Grecian heroes to the Dardan shore ;  
Where now the seaman rapt in mournful joy  
Explores in vain the sad remains of Troy.  
Wide to the north beneath the pole she spreads ;  
Here piles of mountains rear their rugged heads,  
Here winds on winds in endless tempests roll,  
The valleys sigh, the lengthening echoes howl.

On the rude cliffs with frosty spangles grey,  
 Weak as the twilight gleams the solar ray;  
 Each mountain's breast with snows eternal shines,  
 The streams and seas eternal frost confines.  
 Here dwelt the numerous Scythian tribes of old,  
 A dreadful race! by victor ne'er controll'd,  
 Whose pride maintain'd that theirs the sacred earth,  
 Not that of Nile, which first gave man his birth.  
 Here dismal Lapland spreads a dreary wild,  
 Here Norway's wastes where harvest never smil'd,  
 Whose groves of fir in gloomy horror frown,  
 Nod o'er the rocks, and to the tempest groan.  
 Here Scandia's clime her rugged shores extends,  
 And far projected, through the ocean bends;  
 Whose sons dread footsteps yet Ausonia<sup>c</sup> wears,  
 And yet proud Rome in mournful ruin bears.

When

<sup>c</sup> *Whose sons dread footsteps yet Ausonia wears.*—In the year 409, the city of Rome was sacked, and Italy laid desolate by Alaric, king of the Scandian and other northern tribes. In mentioning this circumstance, Camöens has not fallen into the common error of little poets, who on every occasion bewail the outrage which the Goths and Vandals did to the arts and sciences. Those arts and sciences, however, which give vigour to the mind, long ere the irruption of the northern tribes, were in the most languid state. The southern nations of Europe were sunk into the most contemptible degeneracy. The sciences, with every branch of manly literature, were almost unknown. For near two centuries no poet or writer of note had adorned the Roman empire. Those arts only, the abuse of which have a certain and fatal tendency to enervate the mind, the arts of music and cookery, were passionately cultivated in all the refinements of effeminate abuse. The art of war was too laborious for their delicacy, and the generous warmth of heroism and patriotism was incompatible with their effeminacy. Whoever reads the history of the later emperors of Rome will find it hard to explain how minds illuminated, as it is pretended, by letters and science, could at the



When summer bursts stern winter's icy chain,  
 Here the bold Swede, the Pruffian, and the Dane  
 Hoist the white fail, and plough the foamy way,  
 Cheer'd by whole months of one continual day.  
 Between these shores and Tanai's rushing tide  
 Livonia's sons and Ruffia's hords reside.  
 Stern as their clime the tribes, whose fires of yore  
 The name, far dreaded, of Sarmatians bore.

Where,

the same time be so broken as to suffer the basest subjection to such weak and wanton tyrants. That the general mind of the empire did suffer, for several centuries, the weakest and most capricious tyranny is a fact beyond dispute, a fact, which most strongly marks their degenerated character. On these despicable Sybarites <sup>a</sup> the north poured her brave and hardy sons, who, though ignorant of polite literature, were possessed of all the manly <sup>b</sup> virtues of the Scythians in a high degree. Under their conquests Europe wore a new and a vigorous face; and which however rude, was infinitely preferable to that languid, and sickly female countenance, which it had lately worn. Even the ideas of civil liberty were lost. But the rights of mankind were claimed, however rude their laws, by the northern invaders. And however ignorance may talk of their barbarity, it is to them that England owes her constitution, which, as Montefquieu observes, they brought from the woods of Saxony. The spirit of gallantry and romantic attachment to the fair sex, which distinguished the northern heroes, will make their manners admired, while, considered in the same point, the polished ages of Greece and Rome excite our horror and detestation. To add no more, it is to the irruption of these brave barbarians that modern Europe owes those remains of the spirit of liberty, and some other of the greatest advantages, which she may at present possess. They introduced a vigour of mind, which under the consequences of the crusades, and a variety of other causes, has not only been able to revive the arts, and improve every science, but has also investigated and ascertained the political interest and rights of mankind, in a manner unknown to the brightest ages of the ancient world.

<sup>a</sup> *Sybaris*, a city in Grecia Magna, whose inhabitants were so effeminate, that they ordered all the cocks to be killed, that they might not be disturbed by their early crowing.

<sup>b</sup> See Warton's Hist. Eng. Poetry. Dissert. II. p. 3.

Where, famed of old, th' Hircinian forest lour'd,  
Oft seen in arms the Polish troops are pour'd  
Wide foraging the downs. The Saxon race,  
The Hungar dextrous in the wild-boar chase,  
The various nations whom the Rhine's cold wave  
The Elbe, Amafis, and the Danube lave,  
Of various tongues, for various princes known,  
Their mighty lord the German emperor own.  
Between the Danube and the lucid tide  
Where hapless Helle left her name, and died,  
The dreadful god of battles kindred race,  
Degenerate now, possess the hills of Thrace.  
Mount Hæmus here, and Rhodope renown'd,  
And proud Byzantium, long with empire crown'd ;  
Their ancient pride, their ancient virtue fled,  
Low to the Turk now bend the servile head.  
Here spread the fields of warlike Macedon,  
And here those happy lands where genius shone  
In all the arts, in all the muse's charms,  
In all the pride of elegance and arms,  
Which to the heavens refounded Grecia's name,  
And left in every age a deathless fame.  
The stern Dalmatians till the neighbouring ground ;  
And where Antenor anchor'd in the found,  
Proud Venice as a queen majestic towers,  
And o'er the trembling waves her thunder pours.  
For learning glorious, glorious for the sword,  
While Rome's proud monarch reign'd the world's dreadlord,

Here

Here Italy her beauteous landscapes shews ;  
 Around her sides his arms old ocean throws ;  
 The dashing waves the ramparts aid supply ;  
 The hoary Alps, high towering to the sky,  
 From shore to shore a rugged barrier spread,  
 And lour destruction on the hostile tread.  
 But now no more her hostile spirit burns ;  
 There now the faint in humble vespers mourns ;  
 To heaven more grateful than the pride of war,  
 And all the triumphs of the victor's car.  
 Onward fair Gallia opens to the view  
 Her groves of olive, and her vineyards blue :  
 Wide spread her harvests o'er the scenes renown'd,  
 Where Julius proudly strode with laurel crown'd.  
 Here Seyn,—how fair when glistening to the moon !  
 Rolls his white wave ; and here the cold Garoon ;  
 Here the deep Rhine the flowery margin laves ;  
 And here the rapid Rhone impervious raves.  
 Here the gruff mountains, faithless to the vows  
 Of loft Pyrene<sup>d</sup> rear their cloudy brows ;  
 Whence, when of old the flames their woods devour'd,  
 Streams of red gold and melted silver pour'd.

And

—<sup>d</sup> *Faithless to the vows of loft Pyrene, &c.*—She was daughter to Bebryx, a king of Spain, and concubine to Hercules. Having one day wandered from her lover, she was destroyed by wild beasts, on one of the mountains which bear her name. Diodorus Siculus, and others, derive the name of the Pyreneans from  $\pi\tilde{\nu}\rho$ , *fire*. To support which etymology they relate, that by the negligence of some shepherds, the ancient forests on these mountains were set on fire, and burned with such vehemence, that the melted metals spouted out and ran down from the sides of the hills. The allusion to this old tradition is in the true spirit of Homer and Virgil. C.

And now, as head of all the lordly train  
 Of <sup>e</sup> 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 strugling currents boil,  
 Fam'd for the godlike Theban's latest <sup>f</sup> 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 Arragon, who twice her standard reared  
 In conquered Naples ; and for art revered,  
 Galicia's prudent sons ; the fierce Navarre ;  
 And he far dreaded in the Moorish war,  
 The bold Asturian ; nor Sevilla's race,  
 Nor thine, Granada, claim the second place.

Here

<sup>e</sup> *Of Europe's realms.*—It is remarkable, that in this description of Europe, England should be entirely omitted ; of so little consequence in the political scale did she then seem. The time when Camöens wrote this may be estimated from the beginning of the seventh book, which appears to have been written in the reign of Henry VIII. though the *Lusiad* was not published till the fourteenth of Elizabeth.

<sup>f</sup> —*The Theban's latest toil.*—Hercules, says the fable, to crown his labours, separated the two mountains, Calpe and Abyla, the one now in Spain, the other in Africa, in order to open a canal for the benefit of commerce. Upon this opening, the ocean rushed in, and formed the Mediterranean the Egean, and Euxine seas.

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 lov'd 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.

Sublime the honours of my native land,  
 And high in heaven's regard her heroes stand;  
 By <sup>ε</sup> heaven's decree 'twas theirs the first to quell  
 The Moorish tyrants, and from Spain expel;  
 Nor could their burning wilds conceal their flight,  
 Their burning wilds confess the Lusian might.  
 From Lusus famed, whose honour'd name we bear,  
 (The son of Bacchus or the bold compeer,)

The

\* *By heaven's decree*—This boast is according to the truth of history. In the days of Portuguese heroism, this first expulsion of the Moors was esteemed as a mark of the favour with which heaven had crowned their defence of the Catholic faith. See the preface.

The glorious name of Lusitania rose,  
 A name tremendous to the Roman foes,  
 When her bold troops the valiant shepherd led,  
 And foul with rout the Roman eagles fled ;  
 When haughty Rome atchiev'd the treacherous<sup>h</sup> blow,  
 That own'd her terror of the matchless foe.  
 But when no more her Viriatus fought,  
 Age after age her deeper thraldom brought ;  
 Her broken sons by ruthless tyrants spurn'd,  
 Her vineyards languish'd, and her pastures mourn'd ;  
 Till time revolving rais'd her drooping head,  
 And o'er the wondering world her conquests spread.  
 Thus rose her power : the lands of lordly Spain  
 Were now the brave Alonzo's wide domain ;  
 Great were his honours in the bloody fight,  
 And fame proclaim'd him champion of the right.  
 And oft the groaning Saracen's proud crest  
 And shatter'd mail his awful force confess'd.  
 From Calpe's summits to the Caspian shore  
 Loud-tongued renown his godlike actions bore.  
 And many a chief from distant regions<sup>i</sup> came  
 To share the laurels of Alonzo's fame ;

Yet

<sup>h</sup> ——— *The treacherous blow.*—The assassination of Viriatus. See the note on book I. p. 14.

<sup>i</sup> *And many a chief from distant regions came.*—Don Alonzo, king of Spain, apprehensive of the superior number of the Moors, with whom he was at war, demanded assistance from Philip I. of France, and of the duke of Burgundy. According to the military spirit of the nobility of that age, no sooner was his desire known than numerous bodies of troops thronged to his standard. These, in the course of a few years, having shewn signal proofs of

Yet more for holy faith's unspotted cause  
 Their spears they wielded, than for fame's applause.  
 Great were the deeds their thundering arms display'd,  
 And still their foremost swords the battle sway'd.  
 And now to honour with distinguished meed  
 Each hero's worth, the generous king decreed.  
 The first and bravest of the foreign bands  
 Hungaria's younger son brave Henry<sup>k</sup> stands.

To

of their courage, the king distinguished the leaders with different marks of his regard. To Henry, a younger son of the duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Teresa in marriage, with the sovereignty of the countries to the south of Galicia, commissioning him to enlarge his boundaries by the expulsion of the infidels. Under the government of this great man, who reigned by the title of Count, his dominion was greatly enlarged, and became more rich and populous than before. The two provinces of *Entre Minho e Douro*, and *Fra los Montes*, were subdued, with that part of *Beira* which was held by the Moorish king of *Lamego*, whom he constrained to pay tribute. Many thousands of Christians, who had fled to the mountains, took shelter under the protection of Count Henry. Great multitudes of the Moors also chose to submit and remain in their native country under a mild government. These advantages, added to the great fertility of the soil of Henry's dominions, will account for the numerous armies, and the frequent wars of the first sovereigns of Portugal.

\* *Hungaria's younger son*.—Camöens, in making the founder of the Portuguese monarchy, a younger son of the king of Hungary, has followed the old chronologist *Galvan*. The Spanish and Portuguese historians differ widely in their accounts of the parentage of this gallant stranger. Some bring him from Constantinople, and others from the house of Lorraine. But the clearest and most probable account of him is in the chronicle of *Fleury*, wherein is preserved a fragment of French history, written by a Benedictine monk in the beginning of the twelfth century, and in the time of Count Henry. By this it appears, that he was a younger son of Henry, the only son of Robert, the first duke of Burgundy, who was a younger brother of Henry I. of France. Fanshew, having an eye to this history, has taken the unwarrantable liberty to alter the fact as mentioned by his author.

Amongst

To him are given the fields where Tagus flows,  
 And the glad king his daughter's hand bestows;  
 The fair Teresa shines his blooming bride,  
 And owns her father's love, and Henry's pride.  
 With her, besides, the fire confirms in dower  
 Whate'er his sword might rescue from the Moor;  
 And soon on Hagar's race the hero pours  
 His warlike fury—soon the vanquish'd Moors  
 To him far round the neighbouring lands resign,  
 And heaven rewards him with a glorious line.  
 To him is born, heaven's gift, a gallant son,  
 The glorious founder of the Lusian throne.  
 Nor Spain's wide lands alone his deeds attest,  
 Delivered Judah Henry's might<sup>1</sup> confest.  
 On Jordan's bank the victor-hero strode,  
 Whose hallowed waters bathed the Saviour-God;

And

*Amongst these Henry, saith the history,  
 A younger son of France, and a brave prince,  
 Had Portugal in lot.—  
 And the same king did his own daughter tie  
 To him in wedlock, to infer from thence  
 His firmer love.—*

Nor are historians agreed on the birth of Donna Teresa, the spouse of Count Henry. Brandam, and other Portuguese historians, are at great pains to prove that she was the legitimate daughter of Alonzo and the beautiful *Ximena de Guzman*. But it appears from the more authentic chronicle of *Fleury*, that *Ximena* was only his concubine. And it is evident from all the historians, that Donna *Urraca*, the heiress of her father's kingdom, was younger than her half-sister, the wife of Count Henry.

<sup>1</sup> *Deliver'd Judah Henry's might confest.*—His expedition to the Holy Land is mentioned by some monkish writers, but from the other parts of his history it is highly improbable. Camöens, however, shews his judgment in adopting every traditionary circumstance that might give an air of solemnity to his poem.



And Salem's gate her open folds display'd,  
 When Godfrey conquer'd by the hero's aid.  
 But now no more in tented fields oppos'd,  
 By Tagus' stream his honoured age he clos'd;  
 Yet still his dauntless worth, his virtue lived,  
 And all the father in the son survived.  
 And soon his worth was proved; the parent<sup>m</sup> dame  
 Avowed a second hymeneal flame.  
 The low-born spouse assumes the monarch's place,  
 And from the throne expels the orphan race.  
 But young Alphonso, like his fires of yore,  
 (His grandfire's virtues as his name he bore)  
 Arms for the fight, his ravish'd throne to win,  
 And the laced helmet grasps his beardless chin.  
 Her fiercest firebrands, civil discord waved,  
 Before her troops the lustful mother raved;

Loft

<sup>m</sup> ——— *the parent dame.*—Don Alonzo Enriquez, son of Count Henry, was only entered into his third year when his father died. His mother assumed the reins of government, and appointed Don *Fernando Perez de Trabo* to be her minister. When the young prince was in his eighteenth year, some of the nobility, who either envied the power of Don *Perez*, or were really offended with the reports that were spread of his familiarity with the prince's mother, of his intention to marry her, and to exclude the lawful heir, easily persuaded the young Count to take arms, and assume the sovereignty. A battle ensued, in which the prince was victorious. Teresa, it is said, retired into the castle of *Legonasso*, where she was taken captive by her son, who condemned her to perpetual imprisonment, and ordered chains to be put upon her legs. That Don Alonzo made war against his mother, vanquished her party, and that she died in prison about two years after, A. D. 1130, are certain. But the cause of the war, that his mother was married to, or intended to marry Don *Perez*, and that she was put in chains, are uncertain.

Loft to maternal love, and loft to fhame,  
 Unawed ſhe ſaw heaven's awful vengeance flame ;  
 The brother's ſword the brother's boſom tore,  
 And ſad Guimaria's meadows bluſh'd with gore ;  
 With Luſian gore the peaſant's cot was ſtain'd,  
 And kindred blood the ſacred ſhrine profaned.

Here, cruel Progne, here, O Jaſon's wife,  
 Yet reeking with your childrens purple life,  
 Here glut your eyes with deeper guilt than yours ;  
 Here fiercer rage her fiercer rancour pours.  
 Your crime was vengeance on the faithleſs fires,  
 But here ambition with foul luſt conſpires.  
 'Twas rage of love, O<sup>n</sup> Scylla, urged the knife  
 That robb'd thy father of his fated life ;  
 Here groſſer rage the mother's breaſt inflames,  
 And at her guiltleſs ſon the vengeance aims ;  
 But aims in vain ; her ſlaughter'd forces yield,  
 And the brave youth rides victor o'er the field.  
 No more his ſubjects liſt the thirſty ſword,  
 And the glad realm proclaims the youthful lord.  
 But ah, how wild the nobleſt tempers run !  
 His filial duty now forfakes the ſon ;

Secluded

<sup>n</sup> 'Twas rage of love, O Scylla.—The Scylla here alluded to was, according to fable, the daughter of Niſus king of Megara, who had a purple lock, in which lay the fate of his kingdom. Minos of Crete made war againſt him, for whom Scylla conceived ſo violent a paſſion, that ſhe cut off the fatal lock while her father ſlept. Minos on this was victorious, but rejected the love of the unnatural daughter, who in deſpair flung herſelf from a rock, and in the fall was changed into a lark.

Secluded from the day, in clanking chains  
His rage the parent's aged limbs constrains.  
Heaven frown'd—Dark vengeance low'ring on his brows,  
And sheath'd in brags the proud Castilian rose,  
Resolved the rigour to his daughter shewn,  
The battle should avenge, and blood atone.  
A numerous host against the prince he sped,  
The valiant prince his little army led :  
Dire was the shock ; the deep riven helms resound,  
And foes with foes lie grappling on the ground.  
Yet though around the stripling's sacred head  
By angel hands ethereal shields were spread ;  
Though glorious triumph on his valour smiled,  
Soon on his van the baffled foe recoil'd :  
With bands more numerous to the field he came,  
His proud heart burning with the rage of shame.  
And now in turn, Guimaria's lofty wall,  
That saw his triumph, saw the hero fall :  
Within the town immured, distressed he lay,  
To stern Castilia's sword a certain prey.  
When now the guardian of his infant years,  
The valiant Egas, as a god appears ;  
To proud Casteel the suppliant noble bows,  
And faithful homage for his prince he vows.  
The proud Casteel accepts his honour'd faith,  
And peace succeeds the dreadful scenes of death.  
Yet well, alas, the generous Egas knew  
His high-soul'd prince to man would never sue,

Would

Would never stoop to brook the fervile stain,  
To hold a borrow'd, a dependent reign.  
And now with gloomy aspect rose the day,  
Decreed the plighted fervile rites to pay ;  
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 moved 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.

He spoke, and bow'd his prostrate body low,  
As one who waits the lifted fabre'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

Then gave the hand, and sheath'd the hostile sword,  
And to such ° honour honour'd peace restored.

Oh Lusian faith! oh zeal beyond compare!  
What greater danger could the Persian dare,  
Whose prince in tears, to view his mangled woe,  
Forgot the joy for Babylon's P o'erthrow.  
And now the youthful hero shines in arms,  
The banks of Tagus eccho war's alarms:  
O'er Ourique's wide campaign his ensigns wave,  
And the proud Saracen to combat brave.  
Though prudence might arraign his fiery rage  
That dared, with one, each hundred spears engage,  
In heaven's protecting care his courage lies,  
And heaven, his friend, superior force supplies.  
Five moorish kings against him march along,  
Ismar the noblest of the armed throng;  
Yet each brave monarch claim'd the soldier's name,  
And far o'er many a land was known to fame.

VOL. II.

C

In

• *And to such honour.*—The authors of the Universal History having related the story of Egaz, add, “All this is very pleasant and entertaining, but we see no sufficient reason to affirm that there is one syllable of it true.”

But though history afford no authentic document of this transaction, tradition, the poet's authority, is not silent. And the monument of Egaz in the monastery of Paço de Souza, gives it countenance. Egaz and his family are there represented, in bas relief, in the attitude and garb, says Caſtera, as described by Camöens.

P — *Babylon's o'erthrow.*—When Darius laid siege to Babylon, one of his lords, named Zopyrus, having cut off his nose and ears, persuaded the enemy that he had received these indignities from the cruelty of his master. Being appointed to a chief command in Babylon, he betrayed the city to Darius. Vid. Justin.

In all the beauteous glow of blooming years,  
 Beside each king a warrior & Nymph appears ;  
 Each with her sword her valiant lover guards,  
 With smiles inspires him, and with smiles rewards.  
 Such was the valour of the beauteous <sup>r</sup> maid,  
 Whose warlike arm proud Ilion's fate delay'd :  
 Such in the field the virgin warriors shone,  
 Who drank the limpid wave of <sup>s</sup> Thermodon.

'Twas morn's still hour, before the dawning grey  
 The stars bright twinkling radiance died away ;  
 When lo, resplendent in the heaven serene,  
 High o'er the prince the sacred cross was seen ;  
 The godlike prince with faith's warm glow inflamed,  
 Oh, not to me, my bounteous God, exclaim'd,

Oh,

<sup>a</sup> *Beside each king a warrior nymph appears.*—The Spanish and Portuguese histories afford several instances of the Moorish chiefs being attended in the field of battle by their mistresses, and of the romantic gallantry and Amazonian courage of these ladies. Where this is mentioned, the name of George de Sylveyra ought to be recorded. When the Portuguese assisted the king of Melinda against his enemy of Oja, they gave a signal defeat to the Moors in a forest of palm trees. In the pursuit, Sylveyra saw a Moor leading off a beautiful young woman through a bye path of the wood. He pursued, and the Moor perceiving his danger, discovered the most violent agitation for the safety of his mistress, whom he entreated to fly while he fought his enemy. But she with equal emotion refused to leave him, and persisted in the resolution to share his fate. Sylveyra, struck with this tender strife of affection, generously left them, exclaiming, *God forbid that my sword should interrupt such love!*

<sup>r</sup> —the beauteous maid.—Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, who, after having signalized her valour at the siege of Troy, was killed by Achilles.

<sup>s</sup> *Thermodon.*—A river of Scythia in the country of the Amazons.

Oh, not to me, who well thy grandeur know,  
But to the pagan herd thy wonders shew!

The Lusian host, enraptured, mark'd the sign  
That witness'd to their chief the aid divine :  
Right on the foe they shake the beamy lance,  
And with firm strides, and heaving breasts, advance ;  
Then burst the silence, hail, O king, they cry ;  
Our king, our king, the echoing dales reply.  
Fired at the sound, with fiercer ardour glows  
The heaven-made monarch ; on the wareless foes  
Rushing, he speeds his ardent bands along :  
So when the chace excites the rustic throng,  
Roused to fierce madness by their mingled cries,  
On the wild bull the red-eyed mastiff flies :  
The stern-brow'd tyrant roars and tears the ground,  
His watchful horns portend the deathful wound ;  
The nimble mastiff, springing on the foe,  
Avoids the furious sharpness of the blow :  
Now by the neck, now by the gory sides  
Hangs fierce, and all his bellowing rage derides :  
In vain his eye-balls burn with living fire,  
In vain his nostrils clouds of smoke respire ;  
His gorge torn down, down falls the furious prize  
With hollow thundering sound, and raging dies.

C 2

Thus

\* It may, perhaps, be agreeable to the reader to see Homer's description of a bull overpowered, as translated by Pope :

Thus on the Moors the hero rush'd along,  
 Th' astonish'd Moors in wild confusion throng;  
 They snatch their arms, the hafty trumpet sounds,  
 With horrid yell the dread alarm rebounds;  
 The warlike tumult maddens o'er the plain,  
 As when the flame devours the bearded grain:  
 The nightly flames the whistling winds inspire,  
 Fierce through the braky thicket pours the fire:  
 Rous'd by the crackling of the mounting blaze,  
 From sleep the shepherds start in wild amaze;  
 They snatch their cloaths with many a woeful cry,  
 And scatter'd devious to the mountains fly.  
 Such sudden dread the trembling Moors alarms,  
 Wild and confus'd they snatch the nearest arms;  
 Yet flight they scorn, and eager to engage  
 They spur their foamy steeds, and trust their furious rage:  
 Amidst the horror of the headlong shock,  
 With foot unshaken as the living rock  
 Stands the bold Lusian firm; the purple wounds  
 Gush horrible, deep groaning rage resounds;

Reeking

*As when a lion, rusing from his den,  
 Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,  
 (Where num'rous oxen, as at ease they feed,  
 At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)   
 Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes;  
 The trembling herdsman far to distance flies;  
 Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)  
 He singles out, arrests, and lays him dead.  
 Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew  
 All Greece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and flew;  
 Myonia; P. 1166.*



Reeking behind the Moorish backs appear  
 The shining point of many a Lusian spear ;  
 The mail-coats, hauberks, and the harness steel'd,  
 Bruis'd, hackt, and torn, lie scatter'd o'er the field ;  
 Beneath the Lusian sweepy force o'erthrown,  
 Crush'd by their batter'd mails the wounded groan ;  
 Burning with thirst they draw their panting breath,  
 And curse their prophet as they writhe in death.  
 Arms fever'd from the trunks still grasp the <sup>u</sup> steel,  
 Heads gasping roll ; the fighting squadrons reel ;

Fainty

▪ — *still grasp the steel.*—There is a passage in Xenophon, upon which perhaps Camöens had his eye. *Επει δὲ ἔληξεν ἡ μάχη, παρῶν ἴθειν, τὴν μὲν γῆν αἵματι πεφυρμένην, &c.* “ When the battle was over one might behold, “ through the whole extent of the field, the ground purpled with blood, “ the bodies of friends and enemies stretched over each other, the shields “ pierced, the spears broken, and the drawn swords, some scattered on the “ earth, some plunged in the bosoms of the slain, and some yet grasped in “ the hands of the dead soldiers.”

As it was necessary in the preface to give a character of the French translation of the Lusiad, some support of that character is necessary in the notes. To point out every instance of the unpoetical taste of Castera, were to give his paraphrase of every fine passage in Camöens. His management of this battle will give an idea of his manner; it is therefore transcribed: “ *Le Portugais beurte impetueusement les soldats d'Ismar, les renverse et leur ouvre le sein à coups de lance ; on se rencontre, on se choque avec une fureur qui ébranleroit le sommet des montagnes. La terre tremble sous les pas des coursiers fougueux ; l'impitoyable Erinnyis voit des blessures enormes et des coups dignes d'elles : les guerriers de Lusus brisent, coupent, taillent, enfoncent plastrons, armures, boucliers, cuirasses et turbans ; la Parque étend ses ailes affreuses sur les Mauritains, l'un expire en mordant la poussière, l'autre implore le secours de son prophète ; têtes, jambes et bras volent et bondissent à toutes parts, l'œil n'apperoit que visages couverts d'une paleur livide, que corps déchirés et qu'entrailles palpitantes.*” Had Castera seriously intended to burlesque his author he could scarcely have better succeeded. As translation cannot convey a perfect idea of an author's manner, it is therefore not attempted. *The attack was with such fury that it might shake the tops of the mountains:* This bombast,

Fainty and weak with languid arms they close,  
 And staggering grapple with the staggering foes,  
 So when an oak falls headlong on the lake,  
 The troubled waters, slowly settling, shake :  
 So faints the languid combat on the plain,  
 And settling staggers o'er the heaps of slain.  
 Again the Lusian fury wakes its fires,  
 'The terror of the Moors new strength inspires ;  
 The scatter'd few in wild confusion fly,  
 And total rout resounds the yelling cry.  
 Defiled with one wide sheet of reeking gore,  
 The verdure of the lawn appears no more :  
 In bubbling streams the lazy currents run,  
 And shoot<sup>d</sup> red flames beneath the evening sun.  
 With spoils enrich'd, with glorious trophies crown'd  
 The heaven-made sovereign on the battle ground

Three

bombast, and the wretched anticlimax ending with turbans, are not in the original; from which indeed the whole is extremely wide. Had he added any poetical image, any flower to the embroidery of his author, the increase of the richness of the tissue would have rendered his work more pleasing. It was therefore his interest to do so. But it was not in the feelings of Castera, to translate the Lusiad with the spirit of Camoens.

▼ ——— *with glorious trophies crown'd.*—This memorable battle was fought in the plains of *Ourique*, in 1139. The engagement lasted six hours; the Moors were totally routed with incredible slaughter. On the field of battle, Alonzo was proclaimed king of Portugal. The Portuguese writers have given many fabulous accounts of this victory. Some affirm, that the Moorish army amounted to 380,000; others, 480,000, and others swell it to 600,000; whereas Don Alonzo's did not exceed 13,000. Miracles must also be added. Alonzo, they tell us, being in great perplexity, sat down to comfort his mind by the perusal of the Holy Scriptures. Having read the story of *Gideon*, he sunk into a deep sleep, in which he saw a very old man  
 in

Three days encamp't, to rest his weary train,  
 Whose dauntless valour drove the Moors from Spain.  
 And now in honour of the glorious day,  
 When five proud monarchs fell his vanquish'd prey,

On

in a remarkable dress come into his tent, and assure him of victory. His chamberlain coming in, waked him, and told him there was an old man very importunate to speak with him. Don Alonzo ordered him to be brought in, and no sooner saw him than he knew him to be the old man whom he had seen in his dream. This venerable person acquainted him, that he was a fisherman, and had led a life of penance for sixty years on an adjacent rock, where it had been revealed to him, that if the Count marched his army the next morning, as soon as he heard a certain bell ring, he should receive the strongest assurance of victory. Accordingly, at the ringing of the bell, the Count put his army in motion, and suddenly beheld in the eastern sky, the figure of the cross, and Christ upon it, who promised him a complete victory, and commanded him to accept the title of king, if it was offered him by the army. The same writers add, that as a standing memorial of this miraculous event, Don Alonzo changed the arms which his father had given, of a cross azure in a field argent, for five escutcheons, each charged with five bezants, in memory of the five wounds of Christ. Others assert, that he gave in a field argent five escutcheons azure, in the form of a cross, each charged with five bezants argent, placed falterwise, with a point sable, in memory of the five wounds he himself received, and of five Moorish kings slain in the battle. There is an old record, said to be written by Don Alonzo, in which the story of the vision is related upon his majesty's oath. The Spanish critics, however, have discovered many inconsistencies in it. They find the language intermixed with phrases not then in use: it bears the date of the year of our Lord, at a time when that era had not been introduced into Spain; and John, bishop of Coimbra, signs as a witness before John, Metropolitan of Braja, which is contrary to ecclesiastical rule. These circumstances, however, are not mentioned to prove the falsehood of the vision, but to vindicate the character of Don Alonzo from any share in the oath which passes under his name. The truth is, the Portuguese were always unwilling to pay any homage to the king of Castile. They adorned the battle which gave birth to their monarchy, with miracle, and the new sovereignty with a command from heaven, circumstances extremely agreeable both to the military pride, and the superstition of these times. The regal dignity and constitution of the monarchy, however, were not settled till

On his broad buckler, unadorn'd before,  
Placed as a cross, five azure shields he<sup>w</sup> wore,

In

till about six years after the battle of *Ourique*. For mankind, say the authors of the Universal History, were not then so ignorant and barbarous, as to suffer a change of government to be made without any farther ceremony, than a tumultuous huzza. An account of the coronation of the first king of Portugal, and the principles of liberty which then prevailed in that kingdom, are worthy of our attention. The arms of Don Alonzo having been attended with great success, in 1145, he called an assembly of the prelates, nobility, and commons, at *Lamego*. When the assembly opened, he appeared, seated on the throne, but without any other marks of regal dignity. *Laurence de Viegas* then demanded of the assembly, whether, according to the election on the field of battle at *Ourique*, and the briefs of pope Eugenius III. they chused to have Don *Alonzo Enriquez* for their king? To this they answered they were willing. He then demanded, if they desired the monarchy should be elective or hereditary. They declared their intention to be, that the crown should descend to the heirs male of *Alonzo*. *Laurence de Viegas* then asked, "Is it your pleasure that he be invested with the ensigns of royalty?" He was answered in the affirmative; and the archbishop of *Braga* placed the crown upon his head, the king having his sword drawn in his hand. As soon as crowned, Alonzo thus addressed the assembly: "Blessed be God, who has always assisted me, and has enabled me, with this sword, to deliver you from all your enemies. I shall ever wear it for your defence. You have made me a king, and it is but just that you should share with me in taking care of the state. I am your king, and as such let us make laws to secure the happiness of this kingdom." Eighteen short statutes were then framed, and assented to by the people. *Laurence de Viegas* at length proposed the great question, Whether it was their pleasure that the king should go to *Leon*, to do homage, and pay tribute to that prince, or to any other. On this, every man drawing his sword, cried with a loud voice, "We are free, and our king is free; we owe our liberty to our courage. If the king shall at any time submit to such an act, he deserves death, and shall not reign either over us, or among us." The king then rising up, approved this declaration, and declared, That if any of his descendants consented to such a submission, he was unworthy to succeed, should be reputed incapable of wearing the crown, and that the election of another sovereign should immediately take place.

<sup>w</sup> — five azure shields — Fanshaw's translation of this is curious. He is literal in the circumstances, but the debasements marked in Italic are his own:

In

In grateful memory of the heavenly sign,  
The pledge of conquest by the aid divine.

Nor long his faulchion in the scabbard slept,  
His warlike arm increasing laurels reapt :  
From Leyra's walls the baffled Ifmar flies,  
And strong Arroncha falls his conquer'd prize ;  
That honour'd town, through whose Elyfian groves  
Thy smooth and limpid wave, O Tagus, roves.  
Th' illustrious Santarene confess his power,  
And vanquish'd Mafra yields her proudest tower.  
The Lunar mountains saw his troops display  
Their marching banners and their brave array ;  
To him submits fair Cintra's cold domain,  
The soothing refuge of the Nayad train,  
When love's sweet snares the pining nymphs would shun :  
Alas, in vain from warmer climes they run :  
The cooling shades awake the young desires,  
And the cold fountains cherish love's soft fires.

And

In these five shields he paints the recompence

(*Os trinta dinheiros* ; the thirty denarii, says Camöens.)

For which the Lord was sold, in various ink  
Writing his history, who did dispense  
Such favour to him, more than heart could think.

(Writing the remembrance of him, by whom he was favoured, in various colours. *Camöens*.)

In every of the five he paints five-pence  
So sums the thirty by a cinque-fold cinque  
Accounting that which is the center, twice,  
Of the five cinges, which he doth place cross-wisè.

And thou, famed Lisboa, whose embattled wall  
 Rose by the <sup>x</sup> hand that wrought proud Ilion's fall ;  
 Thou queen <sup>y</sup> of cities, whom the seas obey,  
 Thy dreaded ramparts own'd the hero's sway.  
 Far from the north a warlike navy bore  
 From Elbe, from Rhine, and Albion's misty shore,  
 To rescue Salem's long-polluted shrine ;  
 Their force to great Alonzo's force they join :  
 Before Ulysses' walls the navy rides,  
 The joyful Tagus laves their pitchy sides.  
 Five times the moon her empty horns conceal'd,  
 Five times her broad effulgence shone reveal'd,  
 When, wrapt in clouds of dust, her mural pride  
 Falls thundering,—black the smoking breach yawns wide.

As

<sup>x</sup> *Rose by the hand*—The tradition, that Lisbon was built by Ulysses, and thence called *Olyssipolis*, is as common as that (and of equal authority with it) which says, that Brute landed a colony of Trojans in England, and gave the name of Britannia to the island.

<sup>y</sup> *Thou queen of cities*—The conquest of Lisbon was of the utmost importance to the infant monarchy. It is one of the finest ports in the world, and ere the invention of cannon, was of great strength. The old Moorish wall was flanked by seventy-seven towers, was about six miles in length, and fourteen in circumference. When besieged by Don Alonzo, according to some, it was garrisoned by an army of 200,000 men. This, not to say impossible, is highly incredible. That it was strong, however, and well garrisoned, is certain. It is also certain, that Alonzo owed the conquest of it to a fleet of adventurers, who were going to the Holy Land, the greatest part of whom were English. One *Udal ap Rhys*, in his tour through Portugal says, that Alonzo gave them *Almada*, on the side of the Tagus opposite to Lisbon, and that *Villa Franca* was peopled by them, which they called *Cornualla*, either in honour of their native country, or from the rich meadows in its neighbourhood, where immense herds of cattle are kept, as in the English Cornwall.

As when th' imprison'd waters burst the mounds,  
And roar, wide sweeping, o'er the cultured grounds ;  
Nor cot nor fold withstand their furious course ;  
So headlong rush'd along the hero's force.  
The thirst of vengeance the assailants fires,  
The madness of despair the Moors inspires ;  
Each lane, each street resounds the conflict's roar,  
And every threshold reeks with tepid gore.

Thus fell the city, whose unconquer'd \* towers  
Defy'd of old the banded Gothic powers,  
Whose harden'd nerves in rigorous climates train'd  
The savage courage of their souls sustain'd ;  
Before whose sword the sons of Ebro fled,  
And Tagus trembled in his oozy bed ;  
Aw'd by whose arms the lawns of Betis' shore  
The name Vandalia from the Vandals bore.

When Lisboa's towers before the Lusian fell,  
What fort, what rampart might his arms repell !  
Estremadura's region owns him lord,  
And Torres-vedras bends beneath his sword ;  
Obidos humbles, and Alamoer yields,  
Alamoer famous for her verdant fields,  
Whose murmuring rivulets cheer the traveller's way,  
As the chill waters o'er the pebbles stray.

Elva

\*—*Unconquer'd towers.*—This assertion of Camoens is not without foundation, for it was by treachery that Herimeneric, the Goth, got possession of Lisbon.

Elva the green, and Moura's fertile dales,  
 Fair Serpa's tillage, and Alcazar's vales  
 Not for himself the Moorish peasant sows ;  
 For Lusian hands the yellow harvest glows :  
 And you, fair lawns, beyond the Tago's wave,  
 Your golden burdens for Alonzo save ;  
 Soon shall his thundering might your wealth reclaim,  
 And your glad valleys hail their monarch's name.

Nor sleep his captains while the fovereign wars ;  
 The brave Giraldo's sword in conquest shares ;  
 Evora's frowning walls, the castled hold  
 Of that proud Roman chief, and rebel bold,  
 Sertorius dread, whose labours still \* remain ;  
 'Two hundred arches, stretch'd in length, sustain  
 'The marble duct, where, glistening to the sun,  
 Of silver hue the shining waters run.  
 Evora's frowning walls now shake with fear,  
 And yield obedient to Giraldo's spear.  
 Nor rests the monarch while his servants toil,  
 Around him still increasing trophies smile,  
 And deathless fame repays the hapless fate  
 'That gives to human life so short a date.  
 Proud Beja's castled walls his fury storms,  
 And one red slaughter every lane deforms.

The

\* — *whose labours still remain.*—The aqueduct of Sertorius, here mentioned, is one of the grandest remains of antiquity. It was repaired by John III. of Portugal, about A. D. 1540.



The ghosts, whose mangled limbs, yet scarcely cold,  
Heapt sad Trancofo's streets in carnage roll'd,  
Appeas'd, the vengeance of their slaughter see,  
And hail th' indignant king's severe decree.  
Palmela trembles on her mountain's height,  
And sea-laved Zambra owns the hero's might.  
Nor these alone confess his happy star,  
Their fated doom produced a nobler war.  
Badaja's king, an haughty Moor, beheld  
His towns besieged, and hasted to the field.  
Four thousand courfers in his army neigh'd,  
Unnumber'd spears his infantry display'd;  
Proudly they march'd, and glorious to behold,  
In silver belts they shone, and plates of gold.  
Along a mountain's side secure they trod;  
Steep on each hand, and rugged was the road;  
When as a bull, whose lustful veins betray  
The maddening tumult of inspiring May;  
If, when his rage with fiercest ardour glows,  
When in the shade the fragrant heifer lows,  
If then perchance his jealous burning eye  
Behold a careless traveller wander by,  
With dreadful bellowing on the wretch he flies;  
The wretch defenceless torn and trampled dies.  
So rush'd Alonzo on the gaudy train,  
And pour'd victorious o'er the mangled slain;  
The royal Moor precipitates in flight;  
The mountain echoes with the wild affright

Of flying squadrons; down their arms they throw,  
And dash from rock to rock to shun the foe.  
The foe! what wonders may not virtue dare!  
But sixty<sup>b</sup> horsemen waged the conquering war.  
The warlike monarch still his toil renews;  
New conquest still each victory pursues.  
To him Badaja's lofty gates expand,  
And the wide region owns his dread command.  
When now enraged proud Leon's king beheld  
Those walls subdued which saw his troops expell'd;  
Enraged he saw them own the victor's sway,  
And hems them round with battalous array.  
With generous ire the brave Alonzo glows,  
By heaven unguarded, on the numerous foes  
He rushes, glorying in his wonted force,  
And spurs with headlong rage his furious horse;  
The combat burns, the snorting courser bounds,  
And paws impetuous by the iron mounds:  
O'er gasping foes and sounding bucklers trod  
The raging steed, and headlong as he rode  
Dash'd the fierce monarch on a rampire bar—  
Low groveling in the dust, the pride of war,  
The great Alonzo lies. The captive's fate  
Succeeds, alas, the pomp of regal state.  
“ Let iron dash his limbs,” his mother cried,  
“ And steel revenge my chains:” she spoke, and died;

And

<sup>b</sup> *But sixty horsemen*—The history of this battle wants authenticity.

And heaven affented—Now the hour was come,  
And the dire curſe was fallen Alonzo's \* doom.

No more, O Pompey, of thy fate complain,  
No more with ſorrow view thy glory's ſtain ;  
Though thy tall ſtandards tower'd with lordly pride  
Where northern Phafis rolls his icy tide ;  
Though hot Syene, where the ſun's fierce ray  
Begets no ſhadow, own'd thy conquering ſway ;  
Though from the tribes that ſhiver in the gleam  
Of cold Bootes' watery glistening team,  
To thoſe who parch'd beneath the burning line,  
In fragrant ſhades their feeble limbs recline,  
The various languages proclaim'd thy fame,  
And trembling own'd the terrors of thy name ;  
Though rich Arabia, and Sarmatia bold,  
And Colchis, famous for the fleece of gold ;

Though

\* —*Alonzo's doom*—As already obſerved, there is no authentic proof that Don Alonzo uſed ſuch ſeverity to his mother as to put her in chains. Brandan ſays it was reported that Don Alonzo was born with both his legs growing together, and that he was cured by the prayers of his tutor *Egas Nunio* a legendary as this may appear, this however is deducible from it, that from his birth there was ſomething amiſs about his legs. When he was priſoner to his ſon-in-law Don *Fernando* king of Leon, he recovered his liberty ere his leg, which was fractured in the battle, was reſtored to ſtrength, on condition that as ſoon as he was able to mount on horſeback, he ſhould come to *Leon*, and in perſon do homage for his dominions. This condition, ſo contrary to his coronation agreement, he found means to avoid. He would never more mount on horſeback, but on pretence of lameneſs, ever after affected to ride in a caſh. This, his natural, and afterward political, infirmity, the ſuperſtitious of thoſe days aſcribed to the curſes of his mother.

Though Judah's land, whose sacred rites implored  
The one true God, and, as he taught, adored ;  
Though Cappadocia's realm thy mandate sway'd,  
And base Sophenia's sons thy nod obey'd ;  
Though vex'd Cilicias pirates wore thy bands,  
And those who cultured fair Armenia's lands,  
Where from the sacred mount two rivers flow,  
And what was Eden to the pilgrim shew ;  
Though from the vast Atlantic's bounding wave  
To where the northern tempests howl and rave  
Round 'Taurus' lofty brows : though vast and wide  
The various climes that bended to thy pride ;  
No more with pining anguish of regret  
Bewail the horrors of Pharfalia's fate :  
For great Alonzo, whose superior name  
Unequall'd victories consign to fame,  
The great Alonzo fell—like thine his woe ;  
From nuptial kindred came the fatal blow.

When now the hero, humbled in the dust,  
His crime atoned, confess'd that heaven was just,  
Again in splendor he the throne ascends :  
Again his bow the Moorish chieftain bends.  
Wide round th' embattled gates of Santeraen  
Their shining spears and banner'd moons are seen.  
But holy rites the pious king preferr'd ;  
The martyr's bones on Vincent's cape interr'd,

(His fainted name the cape shall ever<sup>d</sup> bear)  
 To Lifboa's walls he brought with votive care.  
 And now the monarch, old and feeble grown,  
 Refigns the faulchion to his valiant fon.  
 O'er Tago's waves the youthful hero paff,  
 And bleeding hofts before him fhunk aghaft :  
 Choak'd with the flain, with moorifh carnage dy'd,  
 Sevilia's river roll'd the purple tide.  
 Burning for victory the warlike boy  
 Spares not a day to thoughtlefs reft or joy.  
 Nor long his wifh unfatisfied remains :  
 With the befiegers' gore he dyes the plains  
 That circle Beja's wall : yet ftill untamed,  
 With all the fiercenefs of defpair inflamed,  
 The raging Moor collects his diftant might ;  
 Wide from the fhores of Atlas' ftarry height,  
 From Amphelufia's cape, and Tingia's bay,  
 Where ftern Antæus held his brutal fway,  
 The Mauritanian trumpet founds to arms,  
 And Juba's realm returns the hoarfe alarms ;  
 The fwarthy tribes in burnifh'd armour fhine,  
 Their warlike march Abeyla's fhepherds join.  
 The great<sup>e</sup> Miramolín on Tago's fhores  
 Far o'er the coaft his banner'd thoufands pours ;

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<sup>d</sup> *Tu quoque littoribus noftris, Æneïa nutrix,  
 Æternam moriens famam, Caiëta, dedifti.*

VIRG. ÆN. VII.

<sup>e</sup> ——— *Miramolin*,—not the name of a perfon, but a title, *quafi, Soldan*.  
 The Arabs call it *Emir-almoumini*, *the emperor of the faithful*.

Twelve kings and one beneath his ensigns stand,  
And wield their fabres at his dread command.  
The plundering bands far round the region haste,  
The mournful region lies a naked waste.  
And now enclosed in Santareen's high towers  
The brave Don Sanco shuns th' unequal powers ;  
A thousand arts the furious Moor pursues,  
And ceaseless still the fierce assault renews.  
Huge clefts of rock, from horrid engines whirl'd,  
In smouldering volleys on the town are hurl'd ;  
The brazen rams the lofty turrets shake,  
And, mined beneath, the deep foundations quake ;  
But brave Alonzo's son, as danger grows,  
His pride inflamed, with rising courage glows ;  
Each coming form of missile darts he wards,  
Each nodding turret, and each port he guards.

In that fair city, round whose verdant meads  
The branching river of Mondego spreads,  
Long worn with warlike toils, and bent with years  
The king reposed, when Sanco's fate he hears.  
His limbs forget the feeble steps of age,  
And the hoar warrior burns with youthful rage.  
His daring veterans, long to conquest train'd ;  
He leads—the ground with Moorish blood is stain'd ;  
Turbans, and robes of various colours wrought,  
And shiver'd spears in streaming carnage float.  
In harness gay lies many a weltering steed,  
And low in dust the groaning masters bleed.

As proud Miramolin in horror fled,  
 Don Sanco's javelin stretch'd him with the dead.  
 In wild dismay, and torn with gushing wounds  
 The rout wide scatter'd fly the Lusian bounds.  
 Their hands to heaven the joyful victors raise,  
 And every voice resounds the song of praise ;  
 " Nor was it stumbling chance, nor human might,  
 " 'Twas guardian heaven," they sung, " that ruled the fight."

This blissful day Alonzo's glories crown'd ;  
 But pale disease gave now the secret wound ;  
 Her icy hand his feeble limbs invades,  
 And pining languor through his vitals spreads.  
 The glorious monarch to the tomb descends,  
 A nation's grief the funeral torch attends.  
 Each winding shore for thee, Alonzo, † mourns,  
 Alonzo's name each woful bay returns ;  
 For thee the rivers sigh their groves among,  
 And funeral murmurs wailing, roll along ;  
 Their swelling tears o'erflow the wide campaign ;  
 With floating heads, for thee, the yellow grain,

D 2

For

† *Each winding shore for thee, Alonzo, mourns.*—In this poetical exclamation, expressive of the sorrow of Portugal on the death of Alonzo, Camüens has happily imitated some passages of Virgil.

———— *Ipsæ te, Tityre, pinus,  
 Ipsæ te fontes, ipsa læc arbuta vocabant.* ECL. I.

———— *Eurydicen vox ipsa et frigida lingua,  
 Ab miseram Eurydicen, anima fugiente, vocabat :*  
*Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.* G. IV.

———— *littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.* ECL. VI.

For thee the willow bowers and copfes weep,  
 As their tall boughs lie trembling on the deep;  
 Adown the streams the tangled vine-leaves flow,  
 And all the landſcape wears the look of woe.  
 Thus o'er the wondering world thy glories ſpread,  
 And thus thy mournful people bow the head;  
 While ſtill, at eve, each dale Alonzo fights,  
 And, Oh, Alonzo; every hill replies;  
 And ſtill the mountain echoes trill the lay,  
 Till bluſhing morn brings on the noiſeful day.

The youthful Sanco to the throne ſucceeds,  
 Already far renown'd for valorous deeds;  
 Let Betis tinged with blood his prowefs tell,  
 And Beja's lawns, where boaftful Afric fell.  
 Nor leſs, when king, his martial ardour glows,  
 Proud Sylves' royal walls his troops encloſe:  
 Fair Sylves' lawns the Moorish peaſant plough'd,  
 Her vineyards cultured, and her valleys ſow'd;  
 But Liſboa's monarch reapt. The winds of heaven  
 Roar'd high—and headlong by the tempeſt driven,  
 In Tago's breaſt a gallant navy fought  
 The ſheltering port, and ſ glad aſſiſtance brought.

The

— and glad aſſiſtance brought—The Portuguese, in their wars with the Moors, were ſeveral times aſſiſted by the Engliſh and German cruſaders. In the preſent inſtance, the fleet was moſtly Engliſh, the troops of which nation were, according to agreement, rewarded with the plunder, which was exceeding rich, of the city of Silves. *Nuniz de Leon as cronicas das Reis de Port.*



The warlike crew, by Frederick the Red,  
 To rescue Judah's prostrate land were led ;  
 When Guido's troops, by burning thirst subdued,  
 To Saladin<sup>b</sup> the foe for mercy sued.

Their vows were holy, and the cause the fame,  
 To blot from Europe's shores the Moorish name.  
 In Sanco's cause the gallant navy joins,  
 And royal Sylves to their force resigns.  
 Thus sent by heaven a foreign naval band  
 Gave Lisbon's ramparts to the fire's command.

Nor Moorish trophies did alone adorn  
 The hero's name ; in warlike camps though born,  
 Though fenced with mountains, Leon's martial race  
 Smile at the battle-sign, yet foul disgrace

To

<sup>b</sup> *To Saladin the foe for mercy sued.*—In the reign of Guido, the last Christian king of Jerusalem, the streams which supplied his army with water were cut off by Saladin, the victorious Mameluke ; by which means Guido's army was reduced to submission. During the crusades, the fountains which supplied the Christians had been often perverted and poisoned ; and it was believed that some lepers, who had been turned out of the Christian camp, afflicted the enemy by magical arts, in thus destroying them. Hence it was also believed, that every wretch afflicted with the leprosy was a magician, and that by magic they held an universal intelligence with one another over the whole world, on purpose to injure the Christian cause. On this opinion, these unhappy objects of compassion were persecuted throughout Europe : Several of them were condemned, and burnt at Paris ; and where they experienced less severity, they were turned out of the hospitals erected for their reception. It stands upon authentic record, that the poor old lepers of St. Bartholomew's hospital in the vicinage of Oxford, were severely persecuted for poisoning the fountains near Jerusalem. Such were the gross opinions of mankind, ere enlightened and civilized by the intercourse of commerce.—Fox, Martyr. p. 364. Annal. Mon. Brinton. Ox. p. 13.

To Leon's haughty fons his fword atchieved ;  
 Proud Tui's neck his fervile yoke received ;  
 And far around falls many a wealthy town,  
 O valiant Sanco, humbled to thy frown.

While thus his laurels flourish'd wide and fair,  
 He dies : Alonzo reigns, his much-loved heir.  
 Alcazar lately conquer'd by the Moor,  
 Reconquer'd, streams with the defenders' gore.

Alonzo dies : another Sanco reigns :  
 Alas, with many a sigh the land complains !  
 Unlike his fire, a vain unthinking boy,  
 His fervants now a jarring fway enjoy.  
 As his the power, his were the crimes of those  
 Whom to difpenfe that facred power he chofe.  
 By various counfels waver'd and confused,  
 By feeming friends, by various arts abufed ;  
 Long undetermined, blindly rafh at laft,  
 Enraged, unmann'd, untutor'd by the paff.  
 Yet not like Nero, cruel and unjuft,  
 The flave capricious of unnatural luft :  
 Nor had he fmiled had flames confumed his Troy ;  
 Nor could his people's groans afford him joy ;  
 Nor did his woes from female manners fpring,  
 Unlike the <sup>i</sup> Syrian, or Sicilia's king.

No

<sup>i</sup> Unlike the Syrian——Sardinapolis.

No hundred cooks his costly meal prepared,  
 As heapt the board when Rome's proud tyrant<sup>k</sup> fared :  
 Nor dared the artist hope his ear to gain,  
 By new-form'd arts to point the<sup>l</sup> stings of pain.  
 But proud and high the Lusian spirit soar'd,  
 And ask'd a godlike hero for their Lord.  
 To none accustom'd but an hero's sway,  
 Great must he be whom that bold race obey.

Complaint, loud murmur'd, every city fills,  
 Complaint, loud echoed, murmurs through the hills.  
 Alarm'd, Bolonia's warlike Earl<sup>m</sup> awakes,  
 And from his listless brother's minions takes

The

<sup>k</sup> ——— *When Rome's proud tyrant far'd.*—Heliogabalus, infamous for his gluttony.

<sup>l</sup> *By new-form'd arts to point the stings of pain.*—Alluding to the story of Phalaris.

<sup>m</sup> ——— *Bolonia's warlike Earl.*—Camöens, who was quite an enthusiast for the honour of his country, has in this instance disguised the truth of history. Don Sancho was by no means the weak prince here represented, nor did the miseries of his reign proceed from himself. The clergy were the sole authors of his and the public calamities. The Roman see was then in the height of its power, which it exerted in the most tyrannical manner. The ecclesiastical courts had long claimed the sole right to try the ecclesiastics; and to prohibit a priest to say mass for a twelvemonth, was by the brethren, his judges, esteemed a sufficient punishment for murder, or any other capital crime. Alonzo II. the father of Don Sancho, attempted to establish the authority of the king's courts of justice over the offending clergy. For this the archbishop of *Braga* excommunicated *Gonzalo Mendez*, the chancellor; and *Honorius* the pope excommunicated the king, and put his dominions under an interdict. The exterior offices of religion were suspended, the vulgar fell into the utmost dissoluteness of manners; Mahommedism made great advances, and public confusion every where prevailed. By this policy the holy church constrained the nobility to urge the king to a full submission

The awful sceptre.—Soon was joy restored,  
 And soon, by just succession, Lifboa's lord,  
 Beloved, Alonzo named the bold, he reigns;  
 Nor may the limits of his fire's domains  
 Confine his mounting spirit. When he led  
 His smiling consort to the bridal bed,  
 Algarbia's realm, he cried, shall prove thy dower,  
 And soon Algarbia conquer'd own'd his power.  
 The vanquish'd Moor with total rout expell'd,  
 All Lufus' shores his might unrivall'd held.  
 And now brave Diniz reigns, whose noble fire  
 Bespoke the genuine lineage of his sire.  
 Now heavenly peace wide waved her olive bough,  
 Each vale display'd the labours of the plough  
 And smiled with joy: the rocks on every shore  
 Resound the dashing of the merchant-oar.  
 Wise laws are form'd, and constitutions weigh'd,  
 And the deep-rooted base of empire laid.

Not

mission to the papal chair. While a negotiation for this purpose was on foot, Alonzo died, and left his son to struggle with an enraged and powerful clergy. Don Sancho was just, affable, brave, and an enamoured husband. On this last virtue faction first fixed its envenomed fangs. The queen was accused of arbitrary influence over her husband, and, according to the superstition of that age, she was believed to have disturbed his senses by an enchanted draught. Such of the nobility as declared in the king's favour, were stigmatized, and rendered odious, as the creatures of the queen. The confusions which ensued were fomented by Alonzo, earl of Bologne, the king's brother, by whom the king was accused as the author of them. In short, by the assistance of the clergy, and pope *Innocent IV.* Sancho was deposed, and soon after he died at Toledo. The beautiful queen, *Donna Mencia*, was seized as a prisoner, and conveyed away by one *Raymond Portocarrero*, and was never heard of more. Such are the triumphs of faction!

Not Ammon's son with larger heart bestow'd,  
 Nor such the grace to him the muses owed.  
 From Helicon the muses wing their way ;  
 Mondego's flowery banks invite their stay.  
 Now Coimbra shines Minerva's proud abode ;  
 And fired with joy, Parnassus' bloomy god  
 Beholds another dear-loved Athens rise,  
 And spread her laurels in indulgent skies ;  
 Her wreath of laurels ever green he twines  
 With threads of gold, and Baccaris<sup>n</sup> adjoins.  
 Here castle walls in warlike grandeur iour,  
 Here cities swell and lofty temples tower :  
 In wealth and grandeur each with other vies ;  
 When old and loved the parent-monarch dies.  
 His son, alas, remifs in filial deeds,  
 But wise in peace and bold in fight, succeeds,  
 The fourth Alonzo : ever arm'd for war  
 He views the stern Castile with watchful care.  
 Yet when the Lybian nations crost the main,  
 And spread their thousands o'er the fields of Spain,  
 The brave Alonzo drew his awful steel  
 And sprung to battle for the proud Castile.

When Babel's haughty queen unsheath'd the sword,  
 And o'er Hydaspes' lawns her legions pour'd ;

When

<sup>n</sup> — *Baccaris* — or lady's glove, an herb to which the druids and ancient poets ascribed magical virtues.

————— *Baccare frontem*  
*Gingite, ne vati noccat mala lingua futuro.*

When dreadful Attila, to whom was • given  
 That fearful name, the Scourge of angry heaven,  
 The fields of trembling Italy o'er-ran  
 With many a Gothic tribe and northern clan ;  
 Not such unnumber'd banners then were seen,  
 As now in fair Tartesia's dales convene ;  
 Numidia's bow and Mauritania's spear,  
 And all the might of Hagar's race was here ;  
 Granada's mongrels join their numerous host,  
 To those who dared the seas from Lybia's coast.  
 Awed by the fury of such ponderous force  
 The proud Castilian tries each hoped resource ;  
 Yet not by terror for himself inspired,  
 For Spain he trembled, and for Spain was fired.  
 His much-loved bride his messenger he <sup>p</sup> sends,  
 And to the hostile Lusian lowly bends.  
 The much-loved daughter of the king implored,  
 Now sues her father for her wedded lord.  
 The beauteous dame approach'd the palace gate,  
 Where her great sire was throned in regal state :  
 On her fair face deep-settled grief appears,  
 And her mild eyes are bathed in glistening tears ;

Her

<sup>o</sup> *When dreadful Attila*—A king of the Huns, surnamed, the Scourge of God. He lived in the fifth century. He may be reckoned among the greatest of barbarous conquerors.

<sup>p</sup> *His much-loved bride*—The princess Mary. She was a lady of great beauty and virtue, but was exceedingly ill used by her husband, who was violently attached to his mistress, though he owed his crown to the assistance of his father-in-law, the king of Portugal.

Her careless ringlets, as a mourner's, flow  
 Adown her shoulders and her breasts of snow:  
 A secret transport through the father ran,  
 While thus, in sighs, the royal bride began:

And know'st thou not, O warlike king, she cry'd,  
 That furious Afric pours her peopled tide,  
 Her barbarous nations o'er the fields of Spain?  
 Morocco's lord commands the dreadful train.  
 Ne'er since the furies bathed the circling coast,  
 Beneath one standard march'd so dread an host:  
 Such the dire fierceness of their brutal rage,  
 Pale are our bravest youth as pallid age:  
 By night our fathers' shades confess their<sup>a</sup> fear,  
 Their shrieks of terror from the tombs we hear:  
 To stem the rage of these unnumber'd bands,  
 Alone, O fire, my gallant husband stands;  
 His little host alone their breasts oppose  
 To the barb'd darts of Spain's innumerable foes:  
 Then haste, O monarch, thou whose conquering spear  
 Has chill'd Malucca's sultry waves with fear;  
 Haste to the rescue of distress'd Castile,  
 (Oh! be that smile thy dear affection's seal!)

And

<sup>a</sup> *By night our fathers shades confess their fear.*—Camöens says, “A mortos faz espanto,” to give this elegance in English required a paraphrase. There is something wildly great, and agreeable to the superstition of that age, to suppose that the dead were troubled in their graves, on the approach of so terrible an army. The French translator, contrary to the original, ascribes this terror to the ghost of only one prince; by which, this stroke of Camöens, in the spirit of Shakespeare, is greatly reduced.

And speed, my father, ere my husband's fate  
 Be fixt, and I, deprived of regal state,  
 Be left in captive solitude forlorn,  
 My spouse, my kingdom, and my birth to mourn.

In tears, and trembling, spoke the filial queen :  
 So lost in grief was lovely Venus <sup>r</sup> seen,  
 When Jove, her sire, the beauteous mourner pray'd  
 To grant her wandering son the promised aid.  
 Great Jove was moved to hear the fair deplore,  
 Gave all she ask'd, and grieved she ask'd no more.  
 So grieved Alonzo's noble heart. And now  
 The warrior binds in steel his awful brow ;  
 The glittering squadrons march in proud array,  
 On burnish'd shields the trembling sun-beams play :  
 The blaze of arms the warlike rage inspires,  
 And wakes from slothful peace the hero's fires.  
 With trampling hoofs Evora's plains rebound,  
 And sprightly neighings echo far around ;  
 Far on each side the clouds of dust arise,  
 The drum's rough rattling rolls along the skies ;  
 The trumpet's shrilly clangor sounds alarms,  
 And each heart burns, and ardent pants for arms.  
 Where their bright blaze the royal ensigns pour'd,  
 High o'er the rest the great Alonzo tower'd ;  
 High o'er the rest was his bold front admired,  
 And his keen eyes new warmth, new force inspired.

Proudly

\* *So lost in grief*——See the first Æneid.



Proudly he march'd, and now in Tarif's plain  
 The two Alonzos join their martial train :  
 Right to the foe, in battle-rank updrawn,  
 They pause—the mountain and the wide-spread lawn  
 Afford not foot-room for the crowded foe :  
 Awed with the horrors of the lifted blow  
 Pale look'd our bravest heroes. Swell'd with pride,  
 The foes already conquer'd Spain divide,  
 And lordly o'er the field the promised victors stride. }  
 So strode in Elah's vale the towering height  
 Of Gath's proud champion ; so with pale affright  
 The Hebrews trembled, while with impious pride  
 The huge-limb'd foe the shepherd boy defy'd :  
 The valiant boy advancing fits the string,  
 And round his head he whirls the founding sling ;  
 The monster staggers with the forceful wound,  
 And his vast bulk lies groaning on the ground.  
 Such impious scorn the Moor's proud bosom swell'd,  
 When our thin squadrons took the battle-field ;  
 Unconscious of the power who led us on,  
 That power whose nod confounds th' infernal throne ;  
 Led by that power, the brave Castilian bared  
 The shining blade, and proud Morocco dared ;  
 His conquering brand the Lusian hero drew,  
 And on Granada's sons resistless flew ;  
 The spear-staffs crash, the splinters hiss around,  
 And the broad bucklers rattle on the ground.

With

With piercing shrieks the Moors their prophet's name,  
 And ours their guardian faint aloud acclaim.  
 Wounds gush on wounds, and blows rebound to blows,  
 A lake of blood the level plain o'erflows ;  
 The wounded gasping in the purple tide,  
 Now find the death the sword but half supplied.  
 Though <sup>s</sup> wove and quilted by their ladies' hands,  
 Vain were the mail-plates of Granada's bands.  
 With such dread force the Lusian rush'd along,  
 Steep'd in red carnage lay the boastful throng.  
 Yet now disdainful of so light a prize,  
 Fierce o'er the field the thundering hero flies,  
 And his bold arm the brave Castilian joins  
 In dreadful conflict with the Moorish lines.

The parting sun now pour'd the ruddy blaze,  
 And twinkling Vesper shot his silvery rays  
 Athwart the gloom, and closed the glorious day,  
 When low in dust the strength of Afric lay.

Such

<sup>s</sup> *Though wove*—It may perhaps be objected, that this is ungrammatical.  
 But

—————Ufus

Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi.

and Dryden, Pope, &c. often use *wove* as a participle in place of the harsh-sounding *woven*, a word almost incompatible with the elegance of versification. The more harmonious word ought therefore to be used ; and use will ascertain its definition in grammar. When the spirit of chivalry prevailed, every youthful warrior had his mistress, to whose favour he laid no claim, till he had distinguished himself in the ranks of battle. If his first addresses were received, it was usual for the lady to present her lover with some weapon or piece of armour, adorned with her own needle-work ; and of the goodness of whose metal and fabric, it was supposed she was confident.

Such dreadful slaughter of the boastful Moor  
 Never on battle-field was heap'd before.  
 Not he whose childhood vow'd eternal hate  
 And desperate war against the Roman state,  
 Though three strong courfers bent beneath the weight  
 Of rings of gold, by many a Roman knight,  
 Erewhile, the badge of rank distinguish'd, worn,  
 From their cold hands at Cannæ's slaughter torn ;  
 Not his dread sword bespread the reeking plain  
 With such wide streams of gore, and hills of slain ;  
 Nor thine, O Titus, swept from Salem's land,  
 Such floods of ghosts roll'd down to death's dark strand ;  
 Though ages ere she fell, the prophets old  
 The dreadful scene of Salem's fall foretold  
 In words that breathe wild horror : Nor the shore,  
 When carnage choak'd the stream, so smok'd<sup>t</sup> with gore,  
 When Marius' fainting legions drank the flood,  
 Yet warm and purpled with Ambronian blood ;  
 Not such the heaps as now the plains of Taris strew'd. }

While glory thus Alonzo's name adorn'd,  
 To Lisboa's shores the happy chief return'd,  
 In glorious peace and well-deserved repose,  
 His course of fame, and honoured age to close.

When

<sup>t</sup> — *so smok'd with gore, when Marius' fainting legions*—When the soldiers of Marius complained of thirst, he pointed to a river near the camp of the Ambrones ; there, says he, you may drink, but it must be purchased with blood. Lead us on, they replied, that we may have something liquid, though it be blood. The Romans forcing their way to the river, the channel was filled with the dead bodies of the slain. Vid. Plut.

When now, O king, a damsel's fate <sup>u</sup> severe,  
 A fate which ever claims the woeful tear,  
 Disgraced his honours—On the nymph's lorn head  
 Relentless rage its bitterest rancour shed:  
 Yet such the zeal her princely lover bore,  
 Her breathless corse the crown of Lisboa wore.  
 '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 cloyed,  
 'Twas thou thy lovely votary destroyed.  
 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

<sup>u</sup> ———a damsel's fate severe———This unfortunate lady, Donna *Inez de Castro*, was the daughter of a *Castilian* gentleman, who had taken refuge in the court of Portugal. Her beauty and accomplishments attracted the regard of Don Pedro, the king's eldest son, a prince of a brave and noble disposition. *La Neufville*, *Le Clede*, and other historians, assert, that she was privately married to the prince, ere she had any share in his bed. Nor was his conjugal fidelity less remarkable than the ardour of his passion. Afraid, however, of his father's resentment, the severity of whose temper he well knew, his intercourse with Donna Inez, passed at the court as an intrigue of gallantry. On the accession of Don *Pedro the Cruel*, to the throne of *Castile*, many of the disgusted nobility were kindly received by Don Pedro, through the interest of his beloved Inez. The favour shewn to these *Castilians*, gave great uneasiness to the politicians. A thousand evils were foreseen from the prince's attachment to his *Castilian* mistress: even the murder of his children by his deceased spouse, the princess *Constantia*, was surmised; and the enemies of Donna Inez, finding the king willing to listen, omitted no opportunity to increase his resentment against the unfortunate lady. The prince was about his twenty-eighth year when his amour with his beloved Inez commenced.

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.  
Though fairest princely dames invoc'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 wintery eye, surveys  
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs  
The peoples' 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 fire  
 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 grandfire's rage ;

To

† *Ad cælum tendens ardentia lumina frustra,  
 Lumina, nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.*

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 !  
 Oh, 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 <sup>w</sup> lay,

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<sup>w</sup> *Whose sole offence in fond affection lay.*—It has been observed by some critics, that Milton on every occasion is fond of expressing his admiration of music, particularly of the song of the nightingale, and the full woodland choir. If in the same manner we are to judge of the favourite taste of Homer, we shall find it of a less delicate kind. He is continually describing the feast, the huge chine, the savoury viands on the glowing coals, and the foaming bowl. The ruling passion of Camöens is also strongly marked in his writings. One may venture to affirm, that there is no poem of equal length, which abounds with so many impassioned encomiums on the fair sex, and the power of their beauty, as the *Lusiad*. The genius of Camöens seems never so pleased as when he is painting the variety of female charms ; he feels all the magic of their allurements, and riots in his descriptions of the happiness and miseries attendant on the passion of love. As he wrote from his feelings, these parts of his works have been particularly honoured with the attention of the world. Tasso and Spenser have copied from his *Island of Bliss*, and three tragedies have been formed from this episode of the

In faith to him who first his love confest,  
Who first to love allured her virgin breast.

In

the unhappy Inez. One in English, named Elvira; the other two are by *M. de la Motte*, a Frenchman, and *Luis Velez de Guevara*, a Spaniard. How these different writers have handled the same subject, is not unworthy of the attention of the critic. The tragedy of *M. de la Motte*, from which *Elvira* is copied, is highly characteristic of the French drama. In the *Lusiad*, the beautiful victim expresses the strong emotions of genuine nature. She feels for what her lover will feel for her; the mother rises in her breast, she implores pity for her children; she feels the horrors of death, and would be glad to wander an exile with her babes, where her only solace would be the remembrance of her faithful passion. This, however, it appears, would not suit the taste of a Paris audience. On the French stage, the stern Roman heroes must be polite *petits-maitres*, and the tender *Inez*, a blustering amazon. *Lee's Alexander* cannot talk in a higher rant. She not only wishes to die herself, but desires that her children and her husband *Don Pedro*, may also be put to death.

Hé bien, seigneur, suivez vos barbares maximes,  
On vous amene encor de nouvelles victimes,  
Immolez sans remords, et pour nous punir mieux,  
Ces gages d'un Hymen si coupable à vos yeux.  
Ils ignorent le sang, dont le ciel les a fit naitre,  
Par l'arrêt de leur mort faites les reconnaître,  
Consummez votre ouvrage, et que les mêmes coups  
Rejoignent les enfans, et la femme, et l'époux.

The Spaniard, however, has followed nature and *Camöens*, and in point of poetical merit, his play is infinitely superior to that of the Frenchman. *Don Pedro* talks in the absence of his mistress with the beautiful simplicity of an Arcadian lover, and *Inez* implores the tyrant with the genuine tenderness of female affection and delicacy. The reader, who is acquainted with the Spanish tongue, will thank me for the following extracts:

*Ines.* A mis hijos me quitais?  
Rey Don Alonso, senor,  
Porque me quereis quitar  
La vida de tantas vezes?  
Advertid, senor mirad,  
Que el coraçon a pedaços  
Dividido me arancais.

*Rey.* Llevaldos, Alvar Gonzalez.

*Ines.*



In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,  
And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me ?

Me,

*Ines.* Hijos mios, donde vais ?  
Donde vais sin vuestra madre ?  
Falta en los hombres piedad ?  
Adonde vais luzes mais ?  
Como, que assi me dexais  
En el mayor desconuelo  
En manos de la crueldad.

*Nino Alphon.* Consuelate madre mia,  
Y a Dios te puedas quedar,  
Que vamos con nuestro abuelo,  
Y no querrá hazernas mal.

*Ines.* Possible es, fenor, Rey mio,  
Padre, que anfi me cerreis  
La puerta para el perdon ?  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Aora, fenor, aora,  
Aora es tiempo de mostrar  
El mucho poder que tiene  
Vuestra real Magestad.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Como, fenor ? vos os vais  
Y a Alvar Gonçalez, y a Coello  
Inhumanos me entregais ?  
Hijos, hijos de mi vida,  
Dexad me los abraçar ;  
Alonso, mi vida hijo,  
Dionis, a mores, tornad,  
Tornad a ver vuestra madre :  
Pedro mio, donde estas  
Que anfi te olvidas de mi ?  
Possible es que en tanto mal  
Me falta tu vista, esposo ?  
Quien te pudiera avisar  
Del peligro en que asfigida  
Dona Ines tu esposa esta.

The drama, from which these extracts are taken, is entitled, *Reynar despues de morir*. And as they are cited for the tenderness of the original expression, a translation of them is not attempted.

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 ;  
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 Lybia'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 tigers 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 :  
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 woful, 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 foul  
 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 unſheathed around her brandiſh'd ſhine.  
 O foul diſgrace, of knighthood laſting ſtain,  
 By men of arms an helpleſs lady flain !

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,  
 Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious fire ;  
 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

\* *O'er ſtern Alonzo's brow*—To give the character of Alphonſo IV. will throw light on this inhuman tranſaction. He was an undutiful ſon, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father ; a great and fortunate warrior, diligent in the execution of the laws, and a *Machiavilian* politician. That good might be attained by villanous means, was his favourite maxim. When the enemies of Inez had perſuaded him that her death was neceſſary to the welfare of the ſtate, he took a journey to *Coimbra*, that he might ſee the lady, when the prince his ſon was abſent on a hunting party. Donna Inez, with her children threw herſelf at his feet. The king was moved with the diſtreſs of the beautiful ſuppliant, when his three counſellors, *Alvaro Gonſalez*, *Diego Lopez Pacheco*, and *Pedro Coello*, reproaching him for his diſregard to the ſtate, he relapſed into his former reſolution. She was dragged from his preſence, and brutally murdered by the hands of his three counſellors, who immediately returned to the king with their daggers reeking with the innocent blood of the princeſs his daughter-in-law. Alonzo, ſays *La Newſville*, avowed the horrid aſſaſſination, as if he had done nothing for which he ought to be aſhamed.

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 :  
 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 proclaimed ;  
 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 imbrew'd.  
 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 dy'd 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.

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 fire's repaſt  
 'The ſon's torn limbs ſupplied !—Yet you, ye vales !  
 Ye diſtant foreſts, and ye flowery dales !

When

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 cry'd 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 injured 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 <sup>z</sup> fire.

Nor

<sup>7</sup> — *Still the fountain pours its plaintive wailing* — At an old royal castle near Mondego, there is a rivulet called the Fountain of Amours. According to tradition, it was here that Don Pedro resided with his beloved Inez. The fiction of Camöens, founded on the popular name of the rivulet, is in the spirit of Homer.

<sup>z</sup> — *and yield their souls in fire*. — When the prince was informed of the death of his beloved Inez, he was transported into the most violent fury. He took arms against his father. The country between the rivers *Minho* and *Doura* was laid desolate: but by the interposition of the queen and the archbishop of *Braga*, the prince was softened, and the further horrors of a civil war were prevented. Don Alonzo was not only reconciled to his son, but laboured

Nor this alone his stedfast soul display'd :  
Wide o'er the land he waved the awful blade

Of

laboured by every means to oblige him, and to efface from his memory the injury and insult he had received. The prince, however, still continued to discover the strongest marks of affection and grief. When he succeeded to the crown, one of his first acts was a treaty with the king of Castile, whereby each monarch engaged to give up such malecontents, as should take refuge in each other's dominions. In consequence of this, *Pedro Coello* and *Alvaro Gonzalez*, who, on the death of *Alonzo*, had fled to Castile, were sent prisoners to Don Pedro. *Diego Pacheco*, the third murderer, made his escape. The other two were put to death with the most exquisite tortures, and most justly merited, if exquisite torture is in any instance to be allowed. After this, the king, Don Pedro, summoned an assembly of the states at *Cantanedes*. Here, in the presence of the pope's nuncio, he solemnly swore on the holy gospels, that having obtained a dispensation from *Rome*, he had secretly, at *Braganza*, espoused the lady *Inez de Castro*, in the presence of the bishop of *Guarda*, and of his master of the wardrobe; both of whom confirmed the truth of the oath. The pope's bull, containing the dispensation, was published; the body of *Inez* was lifted from the grave, placed on a magnificent throne, and with the proper regalia, was crowned queen of Portugal. The nobility did homage to her skeleton, and kissed the bones of her hand. The corpse was then interred at the royal monastery of *Alcobaca*, with a pomp before unknown in Portugal, and with all the honours due to a queen. Her monument is still extant, where her statue is adorned with the diadem and the royal robe. This, with the legitimation of her children, and the care he took of all who had been in her service, consoled him in some degree, and rendered him more conversable than he had hitherto been; but the cloud which the death of his *Inez* brought over the natural cheerfulness of his temper, was never totally dispersed—A circumstance strongly characteristic of the rage of his resentment must not be omitted: When the murderers were brought before him, he was so transported with indignation, that he struck *Pedro Coello* several blows on the face with the shaft of his whip. Some grave writers have branded this action as unworthy of the magistrate and the hero; and those who will, may add, of the philosopher too. Something greater, however, belongs to Don Pedro: A regard which we do not feel for any of the three, will, in every bosom, capable of genuine love, inspire a tender sympathy for the agonies of his heart, when the presence of the inhuman murderers presented to his mind the horrid scene of the butchery of his beloved spouse.

The

Of red-arm'd justice. From the shades of night  
 He dragg'd the foul adulterer to light :  
 The robber from his dark retreat was led,  
 And he, who spilt the blood of murder, bled.  
 Unmoved he heard the proudest noble plead ;  
 Where justice aim'd her sword, with stubborn speed  
 Fell the dire stroke. Nor cruelty inspired,  
 Noblest humanity his bosom fired.  
 The caitiff, starting at his thoughts, repress'd  
 The seeds of murder springing in his breast.  
 His outstretch'd arm the lurking thief withheld,  
 For fixt as fate he knew his doom was seal'd.  
 Safe in his monarch's care the ploughman reapt,  
 And proud oppression coward distance kept.  
 Pedro <sup>a</sup> the Just the peopled towns proclaim,  
 And every field resounds her monarch's name.

Of

The impression left on the philosophical mind by these historical facts, will naturally suggest some reflections on human nature. Every man is proud of being thought capable of love ; and none more so than those who have the least title to the name of lover ; to whom the French call *les hommes de galanterie*, whose only happiness is in variety, and to whom the greatest beauty and mental accomplishments lose every charm after a few months enjoyment. Their satiety they scruple not to confess, but are not aware, that in doing so, they also confess, that the principle which inspired their passion, was gross and selfish. To constitute a genuine love, like that of Don Pedro, requires a nobleness and goodness of heart, totally incompatible with an ungenerous mind. The youthful fever of the veins may, for a while, inspire an attachment to a particular object ; but an affection so unchangeable and sincere as that of the prince of Portugal, can only spring from a bosom possessed of the finest feelings of every virtue.

<sup>a</sup> *Pedro the Just*——History cannot afford an instance of any prince who has a more eminent claim to the title of Just than Pedro. His diligence to correct

Of this brave prince the soft degenerate son,  
 Fernando the remiss, ascends the throne.  
 With arm unnerved the listless soldier lay  
 And own'd the influence of a nerveless sway :  
 The stern Castilian drew the vengeful brand,  
 And strode proud victor o'er the trembling land.  
 How dread the hour, when injur'd heaven in rage,  
 Thunders its vengeance on a guilty age !  
 Unmanly sloth the king, the nation stain'd ;  
 And lewdness, foster'd by the monarch, reign'd :

The

correct every abuse was indefatigable, and when guilt was proved, his justice was inexorable. He was dreadful to the evil, and beloved by the good; for he respected no persons, and his inflexible severity never digressed from the line of strict justice. An anecdote or two will throw some light on his character. A priest having killed a mason, the king dissembled his knowledge of the crime, and left the issue to the ecclesiastical court, where the priest was punished by one year's suspension from saying mass. Pedro upon this, privately ordered the mason's son to revenge the murder of his father. The young man obeyed, was apprehended, and condemned to death. When his sentence was to be confirmed by the king, he enquired, what was the young man's trade. He was answered, that he followed his father's. Well then, said the monarch, I shall commute his punishment, and interdict him from meddling with stone or mortar for a year. After this he fully established the authority of the king's courts over the clergy, whom he punished with death when their crimes were capital. When solicited to refer the causes of such criminals to a higher tribunal, by which they tacitly meant that of the pope, he would answer very calmly, *That is what I intend to do: I will send them to the highest of all tribunals, to that of their Maker and mine.* Against adulterers he was particularly severe, often declaring it his opinion, that conjugal infidelity was the source of the greatest evils, and that therefore to restrain it, was the interest and duty of the sovereign. Though the fate of his beloved Inez chagrined and soured his temper, he was so far from being naturally sullen or passionate, that he was rather of a gay and sprightly disposition; affable and easy of access; delighted in music and dancing; a lover of learning, was himself a man of letters, and an elegant poet. Vide *La Clede, Mariana, Faria.*



The monarch own'd that first of crimes unjust,  
 The wanton revels of adulterous lust:  
 Such was his rage for beauteous<sup>b</sup> Leonore,  
 Her from her husband's widow'd arms he tore:  
 Then with unblest, unhallowed nuptials stained  
 The sacred altar, and its rites profaned.  
 Alas! the splendor of a crown how vain,  
 From heaven's dread eye to veil the dimmest stain!  
 To conquering Greece, to ruin'd Troy, what woes,  
 What ills on ills, from Helen's rape arose!  
 Let Appius own, let banish'd Tarquin tell  
 On their hot rage what heavy vengeance fell.  
 One female ravish'd Gibeah's streets<sup>c</sup> beheld,  
 O'er Gibeah's streets the blood of thousands swell'd  
 In vengeance of the crime; and streams of blood  
 The guilt of Zion's sacred bard<sup>d</sup> pursued.

Yet

<sup>b</sup> — *beauteous Leonore* — This lady, named *Leonora de Tellez*, was the wife of *Don Juan Lorenzo d'Acugna*, a nobleman of one of the most distinguished families in Portugal. After a sham process this marriage was dissolved, and the king privately espoused her, though at that time he was publicly married by proxy to *Donna Leonora of Arragon*. A dangerous insurrection, headed by one *Velasquez*, a taylor, drove the king and his adulterous bride from Lisbon. Soon after he caused his marriage to be publicly celebrated in the province between the *Douro* and *Minho*. Henry, king of Castile, informed of the general discontent that reigned in Portugal, marched a formidable army into that kingdom, to revenge the injury offered to some of his subjects, whose ships had been unjustly seized at Lisbon. The desolation hinted at by Camöens ensued. After the subjects of both kingdoms had severely suffered, the two kings ended the war, much to their mutual satisfaction, by an intermarriage of their bastard children.

<sup>c</sup> — *Gibeah's streets* — See Judges, chap. xix. and xx.

<sup>d</sup> *The guilt of Zion's sacred bard* — David. — See 2 Samuel, chap. iii. 10. "The sword shall never depart from thine house."

Yet love full oft with wild delirium blinds,  
 And fans his basest fires in noblest minds :  
 The female garb the great Alcides wore,  
 And for his Omphale the distaff<sup>e</sup> bore.  
 For Cleopatra's frown the world was lost.  
 The Roman terror, and the Punic boast,  
 Cannæ's great victor, for a harlot's smile,  
 Resign'd the harvest of his glorious toil.  
 And who can boast he never felt the fires,  
 The trembling throbbings of the young desires,  
 When he beheld the breathing roses glow,  
 And the soft heavings of the living snow ;  
 The waving ringlets of the auburn hair,  
 And all the rapturous graces of the fair !  
 Oh ! what defence, if fixt on him, he spy  
 The languid sweetness of the stedfast eye !  
 Ye who have felt the dear luxurious smart,  
 When angel charms oppress the powerless heart,  
 In pity here relent the brow severe,  
 And o'er Fernando's weakness drop the tear.

\* — the great Alcides — *Alcidem lunas nere coëgit amor.*

OID.

To conclude the notes on this book, it may not be unnecessary to observe, that Camöens, in this episode, has happily adhered to a principal rule of the epopeia. To paint the manners and characters of the age in which the action is placed, is as requisite in the epic poem, as it is to preserve the unity of the character of an individual. That gallantry of bravery, and romantic cast of the military adventures, which characterised the Spaniards and Portuguese, during the Moorish wars, is happily supported by Camöens in its most just and striking colours. In history we find surprising victories obtained over the infidels : In the Lusiad, we find the heroes breathing that enthusiasm which led them to conquest, that enthusiasm

of military honours, so strongly expressed by Alonzo V. of Portugal, at the siege of *Arzila*. In storming the citadel, the Count de Marialva, a brave old officer, lost his life. The king leading his only son, the prince Don Juan, to the body of the Count, while the blood yet streamed from his wounds, "Behold, he cried, that great man! May God grant you, my son, to imitate his virtues. May your honour, like his, be complete!"

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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THE  
L U S I A D.

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BOOK IV.

AS the toft vessel on the ocean rows,  
When dark the night, and loud the tempest howls,  
When the lorn mariner in every wave  
That breaks and gleams, forbodes his watery grave ;  
But when the dawn, all filent and ferene,  
With foft-paced ray dispels the shades obfcene,  
With grateful tranfport fparkling in each eye,  
The joyful crew the port of fafety fpy.  
Such darkling tempefts and portended fate,  
While weak Fernando lived, appall'd the ftate ;  
Such when he dy'd, the peaceful morning rofe,  
The dawn of joy, and footh'd the public woes.

As blazing glorious o'er the shades of night,  
 Bright in his east breaks forth the Lord of light,  
 So valiant John with dazzling blaze appears,  
 And from the dust his drooping nation rears.  
 Though sprung from youthful passion's wanton loves,  
 Great Pedro's son in noble soul he proves ;  
 And heaven announced him king by right divine,  
 A cradled infant gave the wondrous <sup>a</sup> sign :  
 Her tongue had never lip'd the mother's name,  
 No word, no mimic found her lips could frame,  
 When heaven the miracle of speech inspired ;  
 She raised her little hands, with rapture fired,  
 Let Portugal, she cried, with joy proclaim  
 The brave Don John, and own her monarch's name.

The burning fever of domestic rage  
 Now wildly raved, and mark'd the barbarous age ;

VOL. II.

F

Through

<sup>a</sup> *A cradled infant gave the wondrous sign.*—No circumstance has ever been more ridiculed by the ancient and modern pedants than Alexander's pretensions to divinity. Some of his courtiers expostulating with him one day on the absurdity of such claim, he replied, " I know the truth of what you say, but these," (pointing to a crowd of Persians) " these know no better." The report that the Grecian army was commanded by a son of Jupiter, spread terror through the east, and greatly facilitated the operations of the conqueror. The miraculous speech of the infant, attested by a few monks, was adapted to the superstition of the age of John I. and as he was a bastard, was of infinite service to his cause. The pretended fact, however, is differently related. By some, thus: When Don John, then regent of Portugal, was going to Coimbra, to assist at an assembly of the states, at a little distance from the city, he was met by a great number of children riding upon sticks, who no sooner saw him than they cried out, " Blessed be Don John, king of Portugal; the king is coming, Don John shall be king." Whether this was owing to art or accident, it had a great effect. At the assembly the regent was elected king.

Through every rank the headlong fury ran,  
 And first red slaughter in the court began.  
 Of spoufal vows, and widow'd bed defiled,  
 Loud fame the beauteous Leonore reviled.  
 The adulterous noble in her presence bled,  
 And torn with wounds his numerous friends lay dead.  
 No more those ghastly deathful nights amaze,  
 When Rome wept tears of blood in Scylla's days;  
 More horrid deeds <sup>b</sup> Ulysses' towers beheld:  
 Each cruel breast where rankling envy swell'd,  
 Accused his foe as minion of the queen;  
 Accused, and murder closed the dreary scene.  
 All holy ties the frantic transport braved,  
 Nor sacred priesthood nor the altar saved.  
 Thrown from a tower, like Hector's son of yore,  
 The mitred <sup>c</sup> head was dashed with brains and gore.  
 Ghastly with scenes of death, and mangled limbs,  
 And black with clotted blood each pavement swims.

With all the fierceness of the female ire,  
 When rage and grief to tear the breast conspire,  
 The queen beheld her power, her honours <sup>d</sup> lost,  
 And ever when she slept th' adulterer's ghost,

All

<sup>b</sup> ——— *Ulysses' towers* ——— See the note <sup>x</sup>, VOL. II. p. 26.

<sup>c</sup> *The mitred head* ——— Don *Martin*, bishop of Lisbon, a man of an exemplary life. He was by birth a Castilian, which was esteemed a sufficient reason to murder him, as of the queen's party. He was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, whither he had fled to avoid the popular fury.

<sup>d</sup> *The queen beheld her power, her honours lost.* — Possessed of great beauty and great abilities, this bad woman was a disgrace to her sex, and a curse to the age

All pale, and pointing at his bloody shroud,  
Seem'd ever for revenge to scream aloud.

F 2

Castile's

age and country which gave her birth. Her sister, Donna Maria, a lady of unblemished virtue, had been secretly married to the infant Don Juan, the king's brother, who was passionately attached to her. Donna Maria had formerly endeavoured to dissuade her sister from the adulterous marriage with the king. In revenge of this, the queen Leonora persuaded Don Juan that her sister was unfaithful to his bed. The enraged husband hasted to his wife, and without enquiry or expostulation, says Mariana, dispatched her with two strokes of his dagger. He was afterwards convinced of her innocence, and was completely wretched. Having sacrificed her honour and her first husband to a king, says *Faria*, Leonora soon sacrificed that king to a wicked gallant, a Castilian nobleman, named Don *Juan Fernandez de Andeyro*. An unjust war with *Castile*, wherein the Portuguese were defeated by sea and land, was the first fruits of the policy of the new favourite. *Andeyro* one day having heated himself by some military exercise, the queen tore her veil, and publicly gave it him to wipe his face. The grand master of *Avis*, the king's bastard brother, afterwards John I. and some others, expostulated with her on the indecency of this behaviour. She disssembled her resentment, but soon after they were seized and committed to the castle of *Evora*, where a forged order for their execution was sent; but the governor suspecting some fraud, shewed it to the king, and their lives were saved. Yet such was her ascendancy over the weak Fernando, that, tho' convinced of her guilt, he ordered his brother to kiss the queen's hand, and thank her for his life. Soon after Fernando died, but not till he was fully convinced of the queen's conjugal infidelity, and had given an order for the assassination of the gallant. Not long after the death of the king, the favourite *Andeyro* was stabbed in the palace by the grand master of *Avis*, and Don *Ruy de Pereyra*. The queen expressed all the transport of grief and rage, and declared she would undergo the trial ordeal in vindication of his and her innocence. But this she never performed: in her vows of revenge, however, she was more punctual. Don Juan, king of Castile, who had married her only daughter and heiress, at her earnest intreaties invaded Portugal, and was proclaimed king. Don John, grand master of *Avis*, was proclaimed by the people protector and regent. A desperate war ensued. Queen Leonora, treated with indifference by her daughter and son-in-law, resolved on the murder of the latter; but the plot was discovered, and she was sent prisoner to Castile. The regent was besieged in Lisbon, and the city reduced to the utmost extremities, when an epidemical distemper broke out in the Castilian army, and made such devastation,

that

Castile's proud monarch to the nuptial bed  
 In happier days her royal daughter led :

To

that the king suddenly raised the siege, and abandoned his views in Portugal. The happy inhabitants ascribed their deliverance to the valour and vigilance of the regent. The regent reproved their ardour, exhorted them to repair to their churches, and to return thanks to God, to whose interposition he solely ascribed their safety. This behaviour increased the admiration of the people; the nobility of the first rank joined the regent's party; and many garrisons in the interest of the king of Castile, opened their gates to him. An assembly of the states met at Coimbra, where it was proposed to invest the regent with the regal dignity. This he pretended to decline. Don John, son of Pedro the Just, and the beautiful Inez de Castro, was by the people esteemed their lawful sovereign, but was, and had been long detained, a prisoner by the king of Castile. If the states would declare the infant Don John their king, the regent professed his willingness to swear allegiance to him; that he would continue to expose himself to every danger, and act as regent, till Providence restored to Portugal her lawful sovereign. The states however saw the necessity that the nation should have an head. The regent was unanimously elected king, and some articles in favour of liberty, were added to those agreed upon at the coronation of Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, the first king of Portugal.

Don John I. one of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs, was the natural son of Pedro the Just, by Donna *Teresa Lorenza*, a Galician lady, and born some years after the death of Inez. At seven years of age he was made grand master of *Avis*, and by his father's particular care he received an excellent education; which, joined to his great parts, produced him early on the political theatre. He was a brave commander, and a deep politician, yet never forfeited the character of candour and honour. To be humble to his friends, and haughty to his enemies, was his leading maxim. His prudence gained him the confidence of the wise, his steadiness and gratitude the friendship of the brave; his liberality the bulk of the people. He was in the twenty-seventh year of his age when declared protector, and in the twenty-eighth when proclaimed king.

The following anecdote is much to the honour of this prince when regent. A Castilian officer having six Portuguese gentlemen his prisoners, cut off their noses and hands, and sent them to Don John. Highly incensed, he commanded six Castilian gentlemen to be treated in the same manner. But before the officer, to whom he gave the orders, had quitted the room, he relented "I have given enough to resentment, said he, in giving such a command. It were infamous to put it in execution. See that the Castilian prisoners received no harm."



To him the furious queen for vengeance cries,  
 Implores to vindicate his lawful prize,  
 The Lusian sceptre, his by spousal right :  
 The proud Castilian arms and dares the fight.  
 To join his standard as it waves along,  
 The warlike troops from various regions throng :  
 Those who possess the lands by Rodrick <sup>e</sup> given,  
 What time the Moor from Turia's banks was driven ;  
 That race who joyful smile at war's alarms,  
 And scorn each danger that attends on arms ;  
 Whose crooked ploughshares Leon's uplands tear,  
 Now cas'd in steel in glittering arms appear,  
 Those arms erewhile so dreadful to the Moor :  
 The Vandals glorying in their might of yore  
 March on ; their helms and moving lances gleam  
 Along the flowery vales of Betis' stream :  
 Nor staid the Tyrian <sup>f</sup> islanders behind,  
 On whose proud ensigns floating on the wind  
 Alcides' pillars tower'd ; nor wonted fear  
 Withheld the base Galician's fordid spear ;  
 Though still his crimson foamy scars reveal  
 The sure-aim'd vengeance of the Lusian steel.  
 Where tumbling down Cuenca's mountain side  
 The murmuring Tagus rolls his foamy tide,

Along

\* ————by *Roderick given*—The celebrated hero of Corneille's tragedy of the Cid.

<sup>f</sup> ————*the Tyrian islanders*—The inhabitants of Cadiz ; of old a Phœnician colony.

Along Toledo's lawns, the pride of Spain,  
Toledo's warriors join the martial train :  
Nor less the furious lust of war inspires  
The Biscayneer, and wakes his barbarous fires,  
Which ever burn for vengeance, if the tongue  
Of hapless stranger give the fancy'd wrong.  
Nor bold Asturia, nor Guispucoa's shore,  
Famed for their steely wealth, and iron ore,  
Delay'd their vaunting squadrons ; o'er the dales  
Cas'd in their native steel, and belted mails,  
Blue gleaming from afar, they march along,  
And join with many a spear the warlike throng.  
As thus, wide sweeping o'er the trembling coast,  
The proud Castilian leads his numerous host,  
The valiant John for brave defence prepares,  
And in himself collected greatly dares :  
For such high valour in his bosom glow'd,  
As Samson's locks by miracle bestow'd :  
Safe in himself resolv'd the hero stands,  
Yet calls the leaders of his anxious bands :  
The council summon'd, some with prudent mien,  
And words of grave advice their terrors screen ;  
By sloth debas'd, no more the ancient fire  
Of patriot loyalty can now inspire ;  
And each pale lip seem'd opening to declare  
For tame submission, and to shun the war ;  
When glorious Nunio, starting from his seat,  
Claim'd every eye, and clos'd the cold debate :

Singling his brothers from the dastard train,  
 His rolling looks, that flash'd with stern disdain,  
 On them he fixt, then snatch'd his hilt in ire,  
 While his bold speech bewray'd the soldier's fire,  
 Bold and <sup>ε</sup> unpolish'd; while his burning eyes  
 Seem'd as he dared the ocean, earth, and skies:

Heavens! shall the Lusian nobles tamely yield!  
 Oh shame! and yield untry'd the martial field!  
 That land whose genius, as the god of war,  
 Was own'd, where'er approach'd her thundering car;  
 Shall now her sons their faith, their love deny,  
 And, while their country sinks, ignobly fly!  
 Ye timorous herd, are ye the genuine line  
 Of those illustrious shades, whose rage divine  
 Beneath great Henry's standards awed the foe,  
 For whom ye tremble, and would stoop so low!  
 That foe, who, boastful now, then basely fled,  
 When your undaunted fires the hero led,  
 When seven bold earls in chains the spoil adorn'd,  
 And proud Castile through all her kindreds mourn'd,  
 Castile, your awful dread—yet, conscious, say,  
 When Dinez reign'd, when his bold son bore sway,  
 By whom were trodden down the bravest bands  
 That ever march'd from proud Castilia's lands?

'Twas

<sup>ε</sup> *Bold and unpolish'd*—This speech in the original has been much admired by the foreign critics, as a model of military eloquence. The critic, it is hoped, will perceive that the translator has endeavoured to support the character of the speaker.

'Twas your brave fires—and has one languid reign  
Fix'd in your tainted souls so deep a stain,  
That now degenerate from your noble fires,  
The last dim spark of Lusian flame expires?  
Though weak Fernando reign'd in war unskill'd,  
A godlike king now calls you to the field—  
Oh! could like his your mounting valour glow,  
Vain were the threatenings of the vaunting foe.  
Not proud Castile, oft by your fires o'erthrown,  
But every land your dauntless rage should own.  
Still if your hands benumb'd by female fear,  
Shun the bold war, hark! on my sword I swear,  
Myself alone the dreadful war shall wage—  
Mine be the fight—and trembling with the rage  
Of valorous fire, his hand half-drawn display'd  
The awful terror of his shining blade—  
I and my vassals dare the dreadful shock;  
My shoulders never to a foreign yoke  
Shall bend; and by my sovereign's wrath I vow,  
And by that loyal faith renounced by you,  
My native land unconquer'd shall remain,  
And all my monarch's foes shall heap the plain.

The hero paused—'Twas thus the youth of Rome,  
The trembling few who 'scaped the bloody doom  
That dy'd with slaughter Cannæ's purple field,  
Assembled stood, and bow'd their necks to yield;

When

When nobly rising with a like disdain  
 The young<sup>h</sup> Cornelius raged, nor raged in vain :  
 On his dread sword his daunted peers he swore,  
 (The reeking blade yet black with Punic gore)  
 While life remain'd their arms for Rome to wield,  
 And but with life their conquer'd arms to yield.  
 Such martial rage brave Nunio's mien inspired ;  
 Fear was no more : with rapturous ardour fired,  
 To horse, to horse, the gallant Lusians cry'd ;  
 Rattled the belted mails on every side,  
 The spear-staffs trembled ; round their heads they waved  
 Their shining faulchions, and in transport raved,  
 The king our guardian—loud their shouts rebound,  
 And the fierce commons echo back the sound.  
 The mails that long in rusting peace had hung,  
 Now on the hammer'd anvils hoarsely rung :  
 Some soft with wool the plummy helmets line,  
 And some the breast-plate's scaly belts entwine :

The

<sup>h</sup> *The young Cornelius*—This was the famous P. Corn. Scipio Africanus. The fact, somewhat differently related by Livy, is this. After the defeat at Cannæ, a considerable body of Romans fled to Cannusum, and appointed Scipio and Ap. Claudius their commanders. While they remained there, it was told Scipio, that some of his chief officers, at the head of whom was Cæcilius Metellus, were taking measures to transport themselves out of Italy. He went immediately to their assembly, and drawing his sword, said, *I swear that I will not desert the commonwealth of Rome, nor suffer any other citizen to do it. The same oath I require of you, Cæcilius, and of all present ; whoever refuses, let him know that this sword is drawn against him.* The historian adds, that they were as terrified by this, as if they had beheld the face of their conqueror Hannibal. They all swore, and submitted themselves to Scipio. Vid. Liv. B. 22. C. 53.

The gaudy mantles fome, and scarfs prepare,  
 Where various lightfome colours gaily flare ;  
 And golden tiffue, with the warp enwove,  
 Difplays the emblems of their youthful love.

'The valiant John, begirt with warlike ftate,  
 Now leads his bands from fair Abrantes' gate ;  
 Whofe lawns of green the infant Tagus laves,  
 As from his fpring he rolls his coolly waves.  
 The daring van in Nunio's care could boast  
 A general worthy of the unnumber'd hoft,  
 Whofe gaudy banners trembling Greece defy'd,  
 When boaftful Xerxes lafh'd the Sefthian tide :  
 Nunio, to proud Caftile as dread a name,  
 As erft to Gaul and Italy the fame  
 Of Atilla's impending rage. The right  
 Brave Roderic led, a chieftain train'd in fight :  
 Before the left the bold Almada rode,  
 And proudly waving o'er the centre nod  
 The royal enfigs, glittering from afar,  
 Where godlike John infpires and leads the war.

'Twas now the time, when from the ftubblly plain  
 The labouring hinds had borne the yellow grain ;  
 The purple vintage heapt the foamy tun,  
 And fierce and red the fun of Auguft fhone ;  
 When from the gate the fquadrons march along :  
 Crowds preft on crowds, the walls and ramparts throng :

Here

Here the sad mother rends her hoary hair,  
While hope's fond whispers struggle with despair:  
The weeping spouse to heaven extends her hands:  
And cold with dread the modest virgin stands;  
Her earnest eyes, suffused with trembling dew,  
Far o'er the plain the plighted youth pursue:  
And prayers and tears and all the female wail,  
And holy vows the throne of heaven assail.

Now each stern host full front to front appears,  
And one joint shout heaven's airy concave tears:  
A dreadful pause ensues, while conscious pride  
Strives on each face the heart-felt doubt to hide:  
Now wild and pale the boldest face is seen;  
With mouth half open and disordered mien  
Each warrior feels his creeping blood to freeze,  
And languid weakness trembles in the knees.  
And now the clangor of the trumpet sounds,  
And the rough rattling of the drum rebounds:  
The sise shrill whistling cuts the gale; on high  
The flourish'd ensigns shine with many a dye  
Of blazing splendor: o'er the ground they wheel  
And chuse their footing, when the proud Castile  
Bids sound the horrid charge; loud bursts the sound,  
And loud Artabro's rocky cliffs rebound:  
The thundering roar rolls round on every side,  
And trembling sinks Guidana's rapid tide:  
The slow paced Durius rushes o'er the plain,  
And fearful Tagus hastens to the main.

Such was the tempest of the dread alarms,  
 The babes that prattled in their nurfes' arms  
 Shriek'd at the found: with sudden cold imprest,  
 The mothers strained their infants to the breast,  
 And shook with horror—now, far round, begin  
 The bow strings whizzing, and the brazen <sup>i</sup> din  
 Of arms on armour rattling; either van  
 Are mingled now, and man opposed to man:  
 To guard his native fields the one inspires,  
 And one the raging lust of conquest fires:  
 Now with fixt teeth, their writhing lips of blue,  
 Their eye-balls glaring of the purple hue,  
 Each arm strains swiftest to impel the blow;  
 Nor wounds they value now, nor fear they know,  
 Their only passion to offend the foe.  
 In might and fury, like the warrior god,  
 Before his troops the glorious Nunio rode:  
 That land, the proud invaders claim'd, he sows  
 With their spilt blood, and with their corpes strews.  
 Their forceful volleys now the cross-bows pour,  
 The clouds are darken'd with the arrowy shower;

The

<sup>i</sup>— *the brazen din*—Homer and Virgil have, with great art, gradually heightened the fury of every battle, till the last efforts of their genius were lavished in describing the superior prowess of the hero in the decisive engagement. Camoëns, in like manner, has bestowed his utmost attention on this his principal battle. The circumstances preparatory to the engagement are happily imagined, and solemnly conducted, and the fury of the combat is supported with a poetical heat, and a variety of imagery, which, one need not hesitate to affirm, would have done honour to an ancient classic.



The white foam reeking o'er their wavy mane,  
 The snorting courfers rage and paw the plain ;  
 Beat by their iron hoofs, the plain rebounds,  
 As distant thunder through the mountains sounds :  
 The ponderous spears crash, splintering far around ;  
 The horse and horsemen flounder on the ground ;  
 The ground groans with the sudden weight oppress'd,  
 And many a buckler rings on many a crest.  
 Where wide around the raging Nunio's sword  
 With furious sway the bravest squadrons gored,  
 The raging foes in closer ranks advance,  
 And his own brothers shake the hostile<sup>k</sup> lance.

Oh !

\* *And his own brothers shake the hostile lance.*—The just indignation with which Camoëns treats the kindred of the brave *Nunio Alvaro de Pereyra*, is condemned by the French translator. “ *Dans le fond, says he, les Pereyras ne meritoient aucune stetriffure, &c.*—The *Pereyras* deserve no stain on their “ memory for joining the king of Castile, whose title to the crown of Portugal, was infinitely more just and solid than that of Don John.” *Castera*, however, is grossly mistaken. *Don Alonzo Enriquez*, the first king of Portugal, was elected by the people, who had recovered their liberties at the glorious battle of Ourique. At the election, the constitution of the kingdom was settled in eighteen short statutes, wherein it is expressly provided, that none but a Portuguese can be king of Portugal ; that if an Infanta marry a foreign prince, he shall not, in her right, become king of Portugal : and a new election of a king, in case of the failure of the male line, is by these statutes declared to be legal. By the treaty of marriage between the king of Castile and Donna *Beatrice*, the heiress of Fernando of Portugal, it was agreed, that only their children should succeed to the Portuguese crown ; and that, in case the throne became vacant ere such children were born, the queen-dowager *Leonora* should govern with the title of regent. Thus, neither by the original constitution, nor by the treaty of marriage, could the king of Castile succeed to the throne of Portugal. And any pretence he might found on the marriage-contract was already forfeited ; for he caused himself and his queen to be proclaimed, added Portugal to his titles, coined Portuguese money with his bust, deposed the queen regent, and afterwards sent

her

Oh! horrid fight! yet not the ties of blood,  
 Nor yearning memory his rage withstood;  
 With proud disdain his honest eyes behold  
 Whoe'er the traitor, who his king has fold.  
 Nor want there others in the hostile band  
 Who draw their fwords againſt their native land;  
 And headlong driven, by impious rage accurſt,  
 In rank were foremoſt, and in fight the firſt.  
 So ſons and fathers, by each other ſlain,  
 With horrid ſlaughter dyed Pharfalia's plain.  
 Ye dreary ghoſts, who now for treaſons foul,  
 Amidſt the gloom of Stygian darkneſs howl;  
 Thou Catiline, and, ſtern Sertorius, tell  
 Your brother ſhades, and ſooth the pains of hell;  
 With triumph tell them, ſome of Luſian race  
 Like you have earn'd the traitor's foul diſgrace.

As waves on waves, the foes increaſing weight  
 Bears down our foremoſt ranks and ſhakes the fight;  
 Yet firm and undiſmay'd great Nunio ſtands,  
 And braves the tumult of ſurrounding bands.  
 So, from high Ceuta's rocky mountains ſtray'd,  
 The raging lion braves the ſhepherd's ſhade;

The

her priſoner to Caſtile. The lawful heir, Don Juan, the ſon of Inez de Caſtro, was kept in priſon by his rival the king of Caſtile; and, as before obſerved, a new election was, by the original ſtatutes, declared legal in caſes of emergency. Theſe facts, added to the conſideration of the tyranny of the king of Caſtile, and the great ſervices which Don John had rendered his country, upon whom its exiſtence as a kingdom depended, fully vindicate the indignation of Camões againſt the traitorous Pereyras.

The shepherds hastening o'er the Tetuan plain,  
 With shouts surround him, and with spears restrain :  
 He stops, with grinning teeth his breath he draws,  
 Nor is it fear, but rage, that makes him pause ;  
 His threatening eye-balls burn with sparkling fire,  
 And his stern heart forbids him to retire :  
 Amidst the thickness of the spears he flings,  
 So midst his foes the furious Nunio springs :  
 The Lusian grasps with foreign gore distain'd,  
 Displays the carnage of the hero's hand.

“ An ample shield the brave Giraldo bore,  
 “ Which from the vanquish'd Perez' arm he tore ;  
 “ Pierced through that shield, cold death invades his eye,  
 “ And dying Perez saw his victor die.  
 “ Edward and Pedro, emulous of fame,  
 “ The same their friendship, and their youth the same,  
 “ Through the fierce Brigians hew'd their bloody<sup>1</sup> way,  
 “ Till in a cold embrace the striplings lay.  
 “ Lopez and Vincent rush'd on glorious death,  
 “ And midst their slaughter'd foes resign'd their breath.  
 “ Alonzo glorying in his youthful might  
 “ Spurr'd his fierce courser through the staggering fight :  
 “ Shower'd from the dashing hoofs the spatter'd gore  
 “ Flies round ; but soon the rider vaunts no more :  
 “ Five Spanish swords the murmuring ghosts atone,  
 “ Of five Castilians by his arms o'erthrown.

“ Transfix'd

<sup>1</sup> *Through the fierce Brigians*——The Castilians, so called from one of their ancient kings, named Brix, or Erigus, whom the monkish fabulists call the grandson of Noah.

“ Transfix’d with three Iberian spears, the gay,  
 “ The knightly lover, young Hilario lay :  
 “ Though, like a rose, cut off in opening bloom,  
 “ The hero weeps not for his early doom ;  
 “ Yet trembling in his swimming eye appears  
 “ The pearly drop, while his pale cheek he rears ;  
 “ To call his loved Antonia’s name he tries,  
 “ The name half utter’d, down he sinks, and <sup>m</sup> dies.”

Now through his shatter’d ranks the monarch strode,  
 And now before his rally’d squadrons rode :  
 Brave Nunio’s danger from afar he spies,  
 And instant to his aid impetuous flies.  
 So when returning from the plunder’d folds,  
 The lions her emptied den beholds,  
 Enraged she stands, and listening to the gale,  
 She hears her whelps low howling in the vale ;  
 The living sparkles flashing from her eyes,  
 To the Massylian shepherd-tents she <sup>n</sup> flies ;  
 She groans, she roars, and echoing far around  
 The seven twin-mountains tremble at the sound :

So

<sup>m</sup> These lines, marked in the text with turned commas, are not in the common editions of Camões. They consist of three stanzas in the Portuguese, and are said to have been left out by the author himself in his second edition. The translator, however, as they breathe the true spirit of Virgil, was willing to preserve them with this acknowledgment. In this he has followed the example of Castéra.

<sup>n</sup> *To the Massylian shepherd tents*—Massyilia, a province of Numidia, greatly infested with lions, particularly that part of it called *Oxíte montes irmaós*, the seven brother mountains.

So raged the king, and with a chosen train  
 He pours resistless o'er the heaps of slain.  
 Oh bold companions of my toils, he cries,  
 Our dear-loved freedom on our lances lies;  
 Behold your friend, your monarch, leads the way,  
 And dares the thickest of the iron fray.  
 Say, shall the Lufian race forsake their king,  
 Where spears infuriate on the bucklers ring!

He spoke; then four times round his head he whirl'd  
 His ponderous spear, and midst the foremost hurl'd;  
 Deep through the ranks the forceful weapon past,  
 And many a gasping warrior sigh'd his <sup>o</sup> last.

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G

With

<sup>o</sup> *And many a gasping warrior sigh'd his last.*—This, which is almost literal from

*Muitos lança-rao o ultimo suspiro—*

and the preceding circumstance of Don John's brandishing his lance four times

*E fopelando a lanca quatro vezes—*

are truly poetical, and in the spirit of Homer. They are omitted, however, by Castera, who substitutes the following in their place, “ *Il dit, et d'un bras, &c.*—He said, and with an arm whose blows are inevitable, he threw his javelin against the fierce Maldonat. Death and the weapon went together. Maldonat fell, pierced with a large wound, and his horse tumbled over him.” Besides Maldonat, Castera has, in this battle, introduced several other names which have no place in Camöens. Carrillo, Robledo, John of Lorca, Salazar of Seville were killed, he tells us: And, “ *Velasques and Sanches, natives of Toledo, Galbes, surnamed the Soldier without Fear, Montanches, Oropefa, and Mondonedo, all six of proved valour, fell by the hand of young Antony, qui porte dans le combat ou plus d'adresse ou plus de bonheur qu'eux*, who brought to the fight either more ad-  
 “ dres

With noble flame inspired, and mounting rage,  
 His bands rush on, and foot to foot engage ;  
 Thick bursting sparkles from the blows aspire ;  
 Such flashes blaze, their swords seem dipt in <sup>p</sup> fire ;  
 The belts of steel and plates of brass are riven,  
 And wound for wound, and death for death is given.

The first in honour of Saint Jago's <sup>a</sup> band,  
 A naked ghost now fought the gloomy strand ;

And

“ dress or better fortune than these.” Not a word of this is in the Portuguese.

The fate of another hero shall conclude the specimens of the manner of Castera. The following is literally translated: “ Guevar, a vain man, nourished in indolence, stained his arms and face with the blood of the dead whom he found stretched on the dust. Under the cover of this frivolous imposture, he pretended to pass himself for a formidable warrior. He published, with a high voice, the number of the enemies he had thrown to the ground. Don Pedro interrupted him with a blow of his sabre: Guevar lost his life; his head, full of fumes of a ridiculous pride, bounded far away from his body, which remained defiled with its own blood; a just and terrible punishment for the lies he had told.” It is almost unnecessary to add, that there is not one word of this in the original.

<sup>r</sup> ———— *Their swords seem dipt in fire.*—This is as literal as the idiom of the two languages would allow. Dryden has a thought like this of Camœns, but which is not in his original:

Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from high,  
 And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.

DRYD. VIRG. ÆN. XII.

<sup>a</sup> *The first in honour of St. Jago's band.*—Grand master of the order of St. James, named Don Pedro Nunio. He was not killed, however, in this battle, which was fought on the plains of *Aljubarota*, but in that of *Valverde*, which immediately followed. The reader may perhaps be surpris'd to find, that every soldier mentioned in these notes is a Don, a *Lord*. The following piece of history will account for the number of the Portuguese nobles. Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, count of Portugal, when saluted king by his army at the battle of *Ourique*; in return, dignified every man in his army with the rank of nobility. Vid the 9th stat. of *Lamego*.

And he, of Calatrave the fovereign knight,  
 Girt with whole troops his arm had flain in fight,  
 Descended murmuring to the shades of night.  
 Blaspheming heaven, and gash'd with many a wound  
 Brave Nunio's rebel kindred gnaw'd the ground,  
 And curst their fate, and dy'd. Ten thousands more  
 Who held no title and no office bore,  
 And nameless nobles who, promiscuous fell,  
 Appeas'd that day the foaming dog of hell.  
 Now low the proud Castilian standard lies  
 Beneath the Lusian flag, a vanquish'd prize.  
 With furious madness fired, and stern disdain,  
 The fierce Iberians to the fight again  
 Rush headlong; groans and yellings of † despair  
 With horrid uproar rend the trembling air.  
 Hot boils the blood, thirst burns, and every breast  
 Pants, every limb with fainty weight oppress'd  
 Slow now obeys the will's stern ire, and flow  
 From every sword descends the feeble blow;

G 2

Till

† —groans and yellings of despair.—The last efforts of rage and despair  
 are thus described in Pope's translation of the fifth battle at the ships. IL. xv.

*Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their fire,  
 No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;  
 As if new vigour from new fights they won,  
 And the long battle was but then begun.  
 Greece yet unconquer'd kept alive the war,  
 Secure of death, confiding in despair.  
 Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main,  
 Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain;  
 Like strength is felt from hope and from despair,  
 And each contends as his were all the war.*

Till rage grew languid, and tired slaughter found  
 No arm to combat, and no breast to wound.  
 Now from the field Castile's proud monarch<sup>s</sup> flies,  
 In wild dismay he rolls his maddening eyes,  
 And leads the pale-lipt flight : swift wing'd with fear,  
 As drifted smoke, at distance disappear  
 The dusty squadrons of the scatter'd rear ;  
 Blaspheming heaven, they fly, and him who first  
 Forged murdering arms, and led to horrid wars accurst.

The festive days by heroes old<sup>t</sup> ordain'd  
 The glorious victor on the field remain'd.

The

<sup>s</sup> *Now from the field Castile's proud monarch flies.*—This tyrant, whose unjust pretensions to the crown of Portugal laid his own and that kingdom in blood, was on his final defeat overwhelmed with all the frenzy of grief. In the night after the decisive battle of *Aljubarota*, he fled upwards of thirty miles upon a mule. Don *Laurence*, archbishop of *Braga*, in a letter written in old Portuguese to Don *John*, abbot of *Alcobaça*, gives this account of his behaviour. “ *O condestabre à me far saber ca o rey de Castella se viera à Santaren como homem tresvaliado, quem maldezia seu viver, è puxava polas barbas ; è à bo fê, bom amigo, melhor e que o faga ca non fagermolo nos, ca homem, quem suas barbas arrepela mao lavor faria das albeas.* i. e. The constable has informed me that he saw the king of Castile at Santaren, who behaved as a madman, cursing his existence, and tearing the hairs of his beard. And in good faith, my good friend, it is better that he should do so to himself than to us; the man who thus plucks his own beard, would be much better pleased to do so to others.” The writer of this letter, though a prelate, fought at the battle of *Aljubarota*, where he received on the face a large wound from a sabre. *Castera* relates this anecdote of him: The flattery of a sculptor had omitted the deep scar: when the archbishop saw the statue, he laid hold of an attendant's sword, with which he disfigured the face. I have now, said he, supplied what it wanted.

<sup>t</sup> *The festive days by heroes old ordain'd.*—As a certain proof of the victory, it was required, by the honour of these ages, that the victor should encamp three days on the field of battle. By this knight-errantry, the advantages which



The funeral rites and holy vows he paid :  
 Yet not the while the restless Nunio staid ;  
 O'er Tago's waves his gallant bands he led,  
 And humbled Spain in every province bled :  
 Sevilia's standard on his spear he bore,  
 And Andalusia's ensigns steeped in gore.  
 Low in the dust distressed Castilia mourn'd,  
 And bathed in tears each eye to heaven was turn'd ;  
 The orphan's, widow's, and the hoary fire's ;  
 And heaven relenting quench'd the raging fires  
 Of mutual hate : from England's happy shore  
 The peaceful seas <sup>u</sup> two lovely sisters bore.  
 The rival monarchs to the nuptial bed  
 In joyful hour the royal virgins led,

And

which ought to have been pursued, were frequently lost. Don John, however, though he complied with the reigning ideas of honour, sent Don Nunio, with a proper army, to reap the fruits of his victory.

<sup>u</sup> ——— *two lovely sisters* ——— Castera's note on this place is literally thus : " They were the daughters of John, duke of Lancaster, son of Edward IV. of England, both of great beauty : the eldest, named Catherine, was married to the king of Castile, the youngest, Isabel, to the king of Portugal." This is all a mistake. John of Portugal, about a year after the battle of *Aljubarota*, married *Philippa*, eldest daughter of *John of Gaunt*, duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III. who assisted the king, his son-in-law, in an irruption into Castile, and at the end of the campaign promised to return with more numerous forces for the next. But this was prevented by the marriage of his youngest daughter *Catalina* with Don *Henry*, eldest son of the king of Castile. The king of Portugal on this entered Galicia, and reduced the cities of Tuy and Salvaterra. A truce followed. While the tyrant of Castile meditated a new war, he was killed by a fall from his horse, and leaving no issue by his queen *Beatrix*, the king of Portugal's daughter, all pretensions to that crown ceased. The truce was now prolonged for fifteen years, and though not strictly kept, yet at last the influence of the English queen *Catalina* prevailed, and a long peace, happy for both kingdoms, ensued.

And holy peace assum'd her blissful reign,  
Again the peasant joy'd, the landscape smiled again.

But John's brave breast to warlike cares inured,  
With conscious shame the sloth of ease endured.  
When not a foe awaked his rage in Spain  
The valiant hero braved the foamy main ;  
The first, nor meanest, of our kings who bore  
The Lusian thunders to the Afric shore.  
O'er the wild waves the victor-banners flow'd,  
Their silver wings a thousand eagles shew'd ;  
And proudly swelling to the whistling gales  
The seas were whiten'd with a thousand sails.  
Beyond the columns by Alcides placed  
To bound the world, the zealous warrior past.  
The shrines of Hagar's race, the shrines of lust,  
And moon-crown'd mosques lay smoking in the dust.  
O'er Abyla's high steep his lance he raised,  
On Ceuta's lofty towers his standard blazed :  
Ceuta, the refuge of the traitor v train,  
His vassal now, ensures the peace of Spain.

But ah, how soon the blaze of glory dies !  
Illustrious w John ascends his native skies.

His

v *Ceuta, the refuge of the traitor train.*—Ceuta is one of the strongest garrisons in Africa ; it lies almost opposite to Gibraltar, and the possession of it was of the greatest importance to the Portuguese, during their frequent wars with the Moors. Before its reduction, it was the asylum of Spanish and Portuguese renegados and traitors.

w *Illustrious John*——The character of this great prince claims a place in these notes, as it affords a comment on the enthusiasm of Camões, who has

His gallant offspring prove their genuine strain,  
And added lands increase the Lusian reign.

Yet not the first of heroes Edward shone ;  
His happiest days long hours of evil own.  
He saw, secluded from the cheerful day,  
His fainted brother pine his years away.  
O glorious \* youth in captive chains, to thee  
What suiting honours may thy land decree !

Thy

has made him the hero of this episode. His birth, excellent education, and masterly conduct when regent, have already been mentioned. The same justice, prudence, and heroism always accompanied him when king. He had the art to join the most winning affability with all the manly dignity of the sovereign. To those who were his friends, when a private man, he was particularly attentive. His nobility dined at his table, he frequently made visits to them, and introduced among them the taste for, and the love of letters. As he felt the advantages of education, he took the utmost care of that of his children. He had many sons, and he himself often instructed them in solid and useful knowledge, and was amply repaid. He lived to see them men, men of parts and of action, whose only emulation was to shew affection to his person, and to support his administration by their great abilities. One of his sons, Don *Henry*, duke of *Viseo*, was that great prince, whose ardent passion for maritime affairs, gave birth to all the modern improvements in navigation. The clergy, who had disturbed almost every other reign, were so convinced of the wisdom of his, that they confessed he ought to be supported out of the treasures of the church, and granted him the church plate to be coined. When the pope ordered a rigorous enquiry to be made into his having brought ecclesiastics before lay tribunals, the clergy had the singular honesty to desert what was stiled the church immunities, and to own that justice had been impartially administered. He died in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and in the forty-eighth of his reign. His affection to his queen *Philippa* made him fond of the English, whose friendship he cultivated, and by whom he was frequently assisted.

\* *O glorious youth*—Camöens, in this instance, has raised the character of one brother at the other's expence, to give his poem an air of solemnity. The siege of *Tangier* was proposed in council. The king's brothers differed in

Thy nation proffer'd, and the foe with joy  
 For Ceuta's towers prepared to yield the boy ;  
 The princely hostage nobly spurns the thought  
 Of freedom and of life so dearly bought,

The

in their opinions: that of Don Fernand, tho' a knight-errant adventure, was approved of by the young nobility. The infants Henry and Fernand, at the head of 7000 men, laid siege to Tangier, and were surrounded by a numerous army of Moors, as some writers say, of six hundred thousand. On condition that the Portuguese should be allowed to return home, the infants promised to restore Ceuta. The Moors gladly accepted of the terms, but demanded one of the infants as an hostage. Fernand offered himself, and was left. The king was willing to comply with the terms to relieve his brother, but the court considered the value of Ceuta, and would not consent. The pope also interposed his authority, that Ceuta should be kept as a check on the infidels, and proposed to raise a crusade for the delivery of Fernand. In the meanwhile, large offers were made for his liberty. These were rejected by the Moors, who would accept of nothing but Ceuta, whose vast importance was superior to any ransom. When negotiation failed, king Edward assembled a large army to effect his brother's release; but just as he was setting out, he was seized with the plague, and died, leaving orders with his queen to deliver up Ceuta for the release of his brother. This, however, was never performed. Don Fernand remained with the Moors till his death. The magnanimity of his behaviour gained him their esteem and admiration; nor is there good proof that he received any extraordinary rigorous treatment; the contrary is rather to be inferred from the romantic notions of military honour, which then prevailed among the Moors. Some, however, whom Castera follows, make his sufferings little inferior to those, without proof likewise, ascribed to Regulus. Don Fernand is to this day esteemed as a saint and martyr in Portugal, and his memory is commemorated on the fifth of June. King Edward reigned only five years and a month. He was the most eloquent man in his dominions, spoke and wrote Latin elegantly, was author of several books, one on horsemanship, in which art he excelled. He was brave in the field, active in business, and rendered his country infinite service by reducing the laws to a regular code. He was knight of the order of the garter, which honour was conferred upon him by his cousin Henry V. of England. In one instance, he gave great offence to the superstitious populace. He despised the advice of a Jew astrologer, who entreated him to delay his coronation, because the stars that day were unfavourable. To this the misfortune of the army at Tangier was ascribed, and the people were always on the alarm while he lived, as if some terrible disaster impended over them.

The raging vengeance of the Moors defies,  
Gives to the clanking chains his limbs, and dies  
A dreary prison death. Let noisy fame  
No more unequall'd hold her Codrus' name ;  
Her Regulus, her Curtius boast no more,  
Nor those the honour'd Decian name who bore.  
The splendor of a court, to them unknown,  
Exchang'd for deathful fate's most awful frown,  
To distant times through every land shall blaze  
The self-devoted Lusian's nobler praise.

Now to the tomb the hapless king descends,  
His son Alonzo brighter fate attends.  
Alonzo ! dear to Lusus' race the name ;  
Nor his the meanest in the rolls of fame.  
His might resistless prostrate Afric own'd,  
Beneath his yoke the Mauritians groan'd,  
And still they groan beneath the Lusian sway.  
'Twas his in victor pomp to bear away  
The golden apples from Hesperia's shore,  
Which but the son of Jove had snatch'd before.  
The palm and laurel round his temples bound,  
Display'd his triumphs on the Moorish ground ;  
When proud Arzilla's strength, Alcazer's towers,  
And Tingia, boastful of her numerous powers,  
Beheld their adamantine walls o'erturned,  
Their ramparts levell'd, and their temples burn'd.  
Great was the day : the meanest sword that fought  
Beneath the Lusian flag such wonders wrought

As from the muse might challenge endless fame,  
Though low their station, and untold their name.

Now stung with wild ambition's madning fires,  
To proud Castilia's throne the king <sup>y</sup> aspires.  
The lord of Arragon, from Cadiz' walls,  
And hoar Pyrene's sides his legions calls;  
The numerous legions to his standards throng,  
And war, with horrid strides, now stalks along.  
With emulation fired, the <sup>z</sup> prince beheld  
His warlike fire ambitious of the field;  
Scornful of ease, to aid his arms he sped,  
Nor sped in vain: The raging combat bled;  
Alonzo's ranks with carnage gored, dismay  
Spread her cold wings, and shook his firm array;  
To flight she hurried; while with brow serene  
The martial boy beheld the deathful scene.  
With curving movement o'er the field he rode,  
Th' opposing troops his wheeling squadrons mow'd:  
The purple dawn and evening sun beheld  
His tents encampt assert the conquer'd field.  
Thus when the ghost of Julius hover'd o'er  
Philippi's plain, appeas'd with Roman gore.

Octavius'

<sup>1</sup> *To proud Castilia's throne the king aspires.*—When Henry IV. of Castile died, he declared that the infanta *Joanna* was his heiress, in preference to his sister, *Donna Isabella*, married to Don Ferdinand, son to the king of Arragon. In hopes to attain the kingdom of Castile, Don Alonzo, king of Portugal, obtained a dispensation from the pope to marry his niece, *Donna Joanna*; but after a bloody war, the ambitious views of Alonzo and his courtiers were defeated.

<sup>2</sup> The prince of Portugal.

Octavius' legions left the field in flight,  
While happier Marcus triumph'd in the fight.

When endless night had seal'd his mortal eyes,  
And brave Alonzo's spirit fought the skies,  
The second of the name, the valiant John,  
Our thirteenth monarch, now ascends the throne.  
To seize immortal fame, his mighty mind,  
What man had never dared before, design'd ;  
That glorious labour which I now pursue,  
Through seas unsail'd to find the shores that view  
The day-star, rising from his watery bed,  
The first grey beams of infant morning shed.  
Selected messengers his will obey ;  
Through Spain and France they hold their vent'rous way :  
Through Italy they reach the port that gave  
The fair Parthenope an honoured grave ;  
That shore which oft has felt the servile chain,  
But now smiles happy in the care of Spain.  
Now from the port the brave advent'urers bore,  
And cut the billows of the Rhodian shore ;  
Now reach the strand where noble Pompey \* bled ;  
And now, repair'd with rest, to Memphis sped ;  
And now, ascending by the vales of Nile,  
Whose waves pour fatness o'er the grateful soil,  
Through

\* ——— *Parthenope* ——— was one of the tyrens. Enraged because she could not allure Ulysses, she threw herself into the sea. Her corpse was thrown ashore, and buried where Naples now stands.

\* ——— *where noble Pompey bled.* — The coast of Alexandria.

Through Ethiopia's peaceful dales they stray'd,  
 Where their glad eyes Messiah's rites <sup>b</sup> survey'd :  
 And now they pass the famed Arabian flood,  
 Whose waves of old in wondrous ridges stood,  
 While Israel's favour'd race the sable bottom trode :  
 Behind them glistening to the morning skies,  
 The mountains named from Izmael's offspring <sup>c</sup> rise ;  
 Now round their steps the blest Arabia spreads  
 Her groves of odour, and her balmy meads,  
 And every breast, inspired with glee, inhales  
 The grateful fragrance of Sabæa's gales :  
 Now past the Persian gulph their route ascends  
 Where Tygris wave with proud Euphrates blends ;  
 Illustrious streams, where still the native shews  
 Where Babel's haughty tower unfinish'd rose :  
 From thence through climes unknown, their daring course  
 Beyond where Trajan forced his way, they <sup>d</sup> force ;  
 Carmanian hordes, and Indian tribes they saw,  
 And many a barbarous rite, and many a law  
 Their search explored ; but to their native shore,  
 Enrich'd with knowledge, they return'd no more.

The

<sup>b</sup> ——— *Messiah's rites survey'd.*—Among the Christians of *Prester John*, or Abyssinia.

<sup>c</sup> *The mountains nam'd from Izmael's offspring*—The Nabathean mountains ; so named from Nabaoth, the son of Ihmael.

<sup>d</sup> *Beyond where Trajan*—The emperor Trajan extended the bounds of the Roman empire in the east, far beyond any of his predecessors. His conquests reached to the river Tigris, near which stood the city of Ctesiphon, which he subdued. The Roman historians boasted that India was entirely conquered by him ; but they could only mean Arabia *Fælix*. Vid. Dion. Cass. *Euseb. Chron.* p. 206.



The glad completion of the fates' decree,  
 Kind heaven reserved, Emmanuel, for thee.  
 The crown, and high ambition of thy<sup>e</sup> fires,  
 To thee descending, waked thy latent fires;  
 And to command the sea from pole to pole,  
 With restless wish inflamed thy mighty soul.

Now from the sky the sacred light withdrawn,  
 O'er heaven's clear azure shone the stars of dawn,  
 Deep silence spread her gloomy wings around,  
 And human griefs were wrapt in sleep profound.  
 The monarch slumber'd on his golden bed,  
 Yet anxious cares possess'd his thoughtful head;  
 His generous soul, intent on public good,  
 The glorious duties of his birth review'd.  
 When sent by heaven a sacred dream inspired  
 His labouring mind, and with its radiance fired:  
 High to the clouds his towering head was rear'd,  
 New worlds, and nations fierce and strange, appear'd;  
 The purple dawning o'er the mountains flow'd,  
 The forest-boughs with yellow splendor glow'd;  
 High from the steep two copious glassy streams  
 Roll'd down, and glitter'd in the morning beams.  
 Here various monsters of the wild were seen,  
 And birds of plumage, azure, scarlet, green:  
 Here various herbs, and flowers of various bloom;  
 There black as night the forest's horrid gloom,

Whose

\* *The crown, and high ambition of thy fires.*—Emmanuel was cousin to the late king John II. and grandson to king Edward, son of John I.

Whose shaggy brakes, by human step untrod,  
 Darken'd the glaring lion's dread abode.  
 Here as the monarch fix'd his wondering eyes,  
 Two hoary fathers from the streams arise ;  
 Their aspect rustic, yet a reverend grace  
 Appear'd majestic on their wrinkled face :  
 Their tawny beards uncomb'd, and sweepy long,  
 Adown their knees in shaggy ringlets hung ;  
 From every lock the crystal drops distil,  
 And bathe their limbs as in a trickling rill ;  
 Gay wreaths of flowers, of fruitage, and of boughs,  
 Nameless in Europe, crown'd their furrow'd brows.  
 Bent o'er his staff, more silver'd o'er with years,  
 Worn with a longer way, the one appears ;  
 Who now slow beckoning with his wither'd hand,  
 As now advanced before the king they stand ;

O thou, whom worlds to Europe yet unknown,  
 Are doom'd to yield, and dignify thy crown ;  
 To thee our golden shores the fates decree ;  
 Our necks, unbow'd before, shall bend to thee.  
 Wide through the world resounds our wealthy fame ;  
 Hasten, speed thy prows, that fated wealth to claim.  
 From Paradise my hallowed waters spring ;  
 The sacred Ganges I, my brother king  
 Th' illustrious author of the Indian name :  
 Yet toil shall languish, and the fight shall flame ;  
 Our fairest lawns with streaming gore shall smoke,  
 Ere yet our shoulders bend beneath the yoke ;

But

But thou shalt conquer : all thine eyes survey,  
With all our various tribes, shall own thy sway.

He spoke ; and melting in a silvery stream  
Both disappear'd ; when waking from his dream,  
The wondering monarch thrill'd with awe divine,  
Weighs in his lofty thoughts the sacred sign.

Now morning bursting from the eastern sky  
Spreads o'er the clouds the blushing rose's dye ;  
The nations wake, and at the sovereign's call  
The Lusian nobles crowd the palace hall.  
The vision of his sleep the monarch tells ;  
Each heaving breast with joyful wonder swells :  
Fulfil, they cry, the sacred sign obey,  
And spread the canvass for the Indian sea.  
Instant my looks with troubled ardour burn'd,  
When keen on me his eyes the monarch turn'd :  
What he beheld I know not ; but I know,  
Big swell'd my bosom with a prophet's glow :  
And long my mind, with wondrous bodings fired,  
Had to the glorious dreadful toil aspired :  
Yet to the king, whate'er my looks betrayed,  
My looks the omen of success displayed.  
When with that sweetness in his mien express'd,  
Which unresist'd wins the generous breast,  
Great are the dangers, great the toils, he cried,  
Ere glorious honours crown the victor's pride.

If in the glorious strife the hero fall,  
He proves no danger could his soul appall;  
And but to dare so great a toil, shall raise  
Each age's wonder, and immortal praise.  
For this dread toil new oceans to explore,  
To spread the sail where sail ne'er flow'd before,  
For this dread labour, to your valour due,  
From all your peers I name, O VASCO, you.  
Dread as it is, yet light the task shall be  
To you, my GAMA, as perform'd for me.—  
My heart could bear no more—Let skies on fire,  
Let frozen seas, let horrid war conspire,  
I dare them all, I cried, and but repine  
That one poor life is all I can resign.  
Did to my lot Alcides' labours fall,  
For you my joyful heart would dare them all;  
The ghastly realms of death could man invade,  
For you my steps should trace the ghastly shade.

While thus with loyal zeal my bosom swell'd,  
That panting zeal my prince with joy beheld:  
Honour'd with gifts I stood, but honour'd more  
By that esteem my joyful sovereign bore.  
That generous praise which fires the soul of worth,  
And gives new virtues unexpected birth,  
That praise even now my heaving bosom fires,  
Inflames my courage, and each wish inspires.

Moved by affection, and allured by fame,  
 A gallant youth, who bore the dearest name,  
 Paulus my brother, boldly sued to share  
 My toils, my dangers, and my fate in war ;  
 And brave Coello urged the hero's claim  
 To dare each hardship, and to join our fame :  
 For glory both with restless ardour burn'd,  
 And filken ease for horrid danger spurn'd ;  
 Alike renown'd in council or in field,  
 The snare to baffle, or the sword to wield.  
 Through Lisboa's youth the kindling ardour ran,  
 And bold ambition thrill'd from man to man ;  
 And each the meanest of the venturous band  
 With gifts stood honour'd by the sovereign's hand.  
 Heavens ! what a fury swell'd each warrior's breast,  
 When each, in turn, the smiling king address'd !  
 Fired by his words the direst toils they scorn'd,  
 And with the horrid lust of danger fiercely burn'd.

With such bold rage the youth of Mynia glow'd,  
 When the first keel the Euxine surges plow'd ;  
 When bravely venturous for the golden fleece  
 Orac'lous Argo sail'd from wondering <sup>f</sup> Greece.  
 Where Tago's yellow stream the harbour laves,  
 And slowly mingles with the ocean waves,

<sup>f</sup> *Orac'lous Argo*—“ According to fable, the vessel of the Argonauts  
 “ spoke and prophesied. The ancients, I suppose, by this meant to insinuate,  
 “ ate, that those who trust their lives to the caprice of the waves, have need  
 “ of a penetrating foresight, that they may not be surpris'd by sudden tem-  
 “ pests.” *Cassero.*

In warlike pride my gallant navy rode,  
 And proudly o'er the beach my soldiers strode.  
 Sailors and land-men marshall'd o'er the strand,  
 In garbs of various hue around me stand,  
 Each earnest first to plight the sacred vow,  
 Oceans unknown and gulphs untry'd to plow :  
 Then turning to the ships their sparkling eyes,  
 With joy they heard the breathing winds arise ;  
 Elate with joy beheld the flapping fail,  
 And purple standards floating on the gale ;  
 While each prefaged that great as Argo's fame,  
 Our fleet should give some starry band a name.

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 eye displays his grave ;  
 " Through howling tempests, and through gulphs untry'd,  
 " 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

Dread filence 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 fixt resolves, my daring mates  
 March to the ships, while pour'd from Lisboa'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, constrained 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—

H 2

(The

\* *Now prostrate round the hallow'd shrine we lie.*—This solemn scene is according to history: Aberat Olyssipone prope littus quatuor passuum millia templum sanè religiosum et sanctum ab Henrico in honorem sanctissimæ virginis edificatum. . . . In id Gama pridie illius diei, quo erat navem conscensurus, se recepit, ut noctem cum religiosiis hominibus qui in ædibus templo conjunctis habitabant, in precibus et votis consumeret. Sequenti die cum multi non illius tantum gratia, sed aliorum etiam, qui illi comites erant, convenissent, fuit ab omnibus in scaphis deductus. Neque solum homines religiosi, sed reliqui omnes voce maxima cum lacrymis à Deo precabantur, ut benè & prosperè illa tam periculosa navigatio omnibus eveniret, & universi re benè gesta incolumes in patriam redirent.

(The godlike hero here suppress the sigh,  
And wiped the tear-drop from his manly eye ;  
Then thus resum'g—) 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 fold,  
On us they fixt the eager look of woe,  
While tears o'er every cheek began to flow ;  
When thus aloud, Alas ! my son, my son,  
An 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 !  
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 would'st 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 raptur'd 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.  
 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 <sup>h</sup> figure fixt each wondering eye,  
 And beckoning thrice he waved his hand on high,

And

<sup>h</sup> *A reverend figure*——By this old man is personified the populace of Portugal. The endeavours to discover the East Indies by the southern ocean,

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

ocean, for about eighty years, had been the favourite topic of complaint; and never was any measure of government more unpopular than the expedition of Gama. Emmanuel's council were almost unanimous against the attempt. Some dreaded the introduction of wealth, and its attendants, luxury and effeminacy; while others affirmed, that no adequate advantages could arise from so perilous and remote a navigation. Others, with a foresight peculiar to politicians, were alarmed, lest the Egyptian sultan, who was powerful in the east, should signify his displeasure; and others foresaw, that success would combine all the princes of Christendom in a league for the destruction of Portugal. In short, if glory, interest, or the propagation of the gospel, were desired, Africa and Ethiopia, they said, afforded both nearer and more advantageous fields. The expressions of the thousands who crowded the shore when Gama gave his sails to the wind, are thus expressed by Oforius, from whom the above facts are selected:—*A multis tamen interim is sletus atque lamentatio sicbat, ut funus efferre viderentur. Sic enim dicebant: En quo miseros mortales provexit cupiditas et ambitio? Potuitne gravius supplicium hominibus illis constitui, si in se scelestum aliquod facinus admisissent? Est enim illis immensi maris longitudo peragranda, fluctus immanes difficillima navigatione superandi, vitæ discrimen in locis infinitis cbeundum. Non fuit multò tolerabilius, in terra quovis genere mortis absumi, quàm tam procul à patria marinis fluctibus sepeliri. Hæc et alia multa in hanc sententiam dicebant, cùm omnia multò tristiora fingere præ metu cogerentur.*—The tender emotion and fixed resolution of Gama, and the earnest passion of the multitudes on the shore, are thus added by the same venerable historian: *Gama tamen quamvis lacrymas suorum desiderio funderet, rei tamen benè gerendæ fiducia confirmatus, alacriter in navem faustis omnibus conscendit. . . . Qui in littore consistebant, non prius abscedere voluerunt, quàm naves vento secundo plenissimis velis ab omnium conspectu remotæ sunt.*

What stings, what plagues, what secret scourges curst,  
Torment those bosoms where thy pride is nurs't !  
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 dipt 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 watery maze,  
 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's vast, and Araby adored !

Curst be the man who first on floating wood,  
 Forsook the beach, and braved the treacherous flood !  
 Oh! never, never may the sacred Nine,  
 To crown his brows, the hallowed wreath entwine ;  
 Nor may his name to future times resound,  
 Oblivion be his meed, and hell profound !  
 Curst be the wretch, the fire of heaven who stole,  
 And with ambition first debauch'd the soul !  
 What woes, Prometheus, walk the frighten'd earth !  
 To what dread slaughter has thy pride given birth !  
 On proud ambition's pleasing gales upborne,  
 One i boasts to guide the chariot of the morn :

And

<sup>i</sup> *One boasts to guide the chariot of the morn, &c.* Alluding to the fables of Phaeton and Icarus.

And one on treacherous pinions soaring high,  
 O'er ocean's waves dar'd fail the liquid sky :  
 Dash'd from their height they mourn their blighted aim ;  
 One gives a river, one a sea the name !  
 Alas ! the poor reward of that gay meteor fame !  
 Yet such the fury of the mortal race,  
 Though fame's fair promise ends in foul disgrace,  
 Though conquest still the victor's hope betrays,  
 The prize a shadow, or a rainbow blaze,  
 Yet still through fire and raging seas they run  
 To catch the gilded shade, and sink undone !

*The departure of the fleet from the Tagus.*—In no circumstance does the judgment and art of Homer appear more conspicuous, than in the constant attention he pays to his proposed subjects, the wrath of Achilles, and the sufferings of Ulysses. He bestows the utmost care on every incident that could possibly impress our minds with high ideas of the determined rage of the injured hero, and of the invincible patience of the *πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς*. Virgil throughout the *Æneid* has followed the same course. Every incident that could possibly tend to magnify the dangers and difficulties of the wanderings of Æneas, in his long search for the promised Italy, is set before us in the fullest magnitude. But, however, this method of ennobling the epic, by the utmost attention, to give a grandeur to every circumstance of the proposed subject, may have been neglected by Voltaire in his *Henriade*, and by some other moderns, who have attempted the *epopœia*; it has not been omitted by Camões. The Portuguese poet has, with great art, conducted the voyage of Gama. Every circumstance attending it is represented with magnificence and dignity. John II. designs what had never been attempted before. Messengers are sent by land to discover the climate and riches of India. Their route is described in the manner of Homer. The palm of discovery, however, is reserved for a succeeding monarch. Emmanuel is warned by a dream, which affords another striking instance of the spirit of the Grecian poet. The enthusiasm which the king beholds on the aspect of Gama is a noble stroke of poetry; the solemnity of the night spent in devotion; the sudden resolution of the adventurers when going aboard the fleet; the affecting grief of their friends and fellow-citizens, who viewed them

them as self-devoted victims, whom they were never more to behold; and the angry exclamations of the venerable old man, give a dignity and interesting pathos to the departure of the fleet of Gama, unborrowed from any of the classics. In the *Æneid*, where the Trojans leave a colony of invalids in Sicily, nothing of the awfully tender is attempted. And in the *Odyffey*, there is no circumstance which can be called similar.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

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THE

L U S I A D.

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BOOK V.

WHILE on the beach the hoary father stood  
And spoke the murmurs of the multitude,  
We spread the canvases to the rising gales ;  
The gentle winds distend the snowy sails.  
As from our dear-loved native shore we fly  
Our votive shouts, redoubled, rend the sky ;  
“ Success, success,” far echoes o’er the tide,  
While our broad hulks the foamy waves divide.  
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 ;

Tago's loved stream, and Cyntra'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 foil now far behind, we ply  
 The lonely dreary waste of seas and boundless sky.  
 Through the wild deep our venturous navy bore,  
 Where but our Henry plough'd the wave <sup>a</sup> before:  
 The verdant islands, first by him decry'd,  
 We past; and now in prospect opening wide,  
 Far to the left, increasing on the view,  
 Rose Mauritania's hills of paly blue:  
 Far to the right the restless ocean roared,  
 Whose bounding surges never keel explored;  
 If bounding <sup>b</sup> shore, as reason deems, divide  
 The vast Atlantic from the Indian tide.

Named from her woods, with fragrant bowers adorn'd,  
 From fair <sup>c</sup> Madeira's purple coast we turn'd:  
 Cyprus and Paphos' vales the smiling loves  
 Might leave with joy for fair Madeira's groves;

A shore

<sup>a</sup> *Where but our Henry*——Don Henry, prince of Portugal, of whom, see the Preface.

<sup>b</sup> *If bounding shore*——The discovery of some of the West-Indian islands by Columbus, was made in 1492 and 1493. His discovery of the continent of America was not till 1498. The fleet of Gama sailed from the Tagus in 1497.

<sup>c</sup>——*Madeira's purple coast*——Called by the ancients *Insula Purpuraria*. Now *Madeira* and *Porto Santo*. The former was so named by Juan Gonzales and Triflan Vaz, from the Spanish word *Madera*, wood.



A shore so flowery, and so sweet an air,  
 Venus might build her dearest temple there.  
 Onward we pass Massilia's barren strand,  
 A waste of wither'd grass and burning sand;  
 Where his thin herds the meagre native leads,  
 Where not a rivulet laves the doleful meads;  
 Nor herds nor fruitage deck the woodland maze:  
 O'er the wild waste the stupid ostrich strays,  
 In devious search to pick her scanty meal,  
 Whose fierce digestion gnaws the temper'd steel.  
 From the green verge, where Tigitania ends,  
 To Ethiopia's line the dreary wild extends.  
 Now past the limit, which his course divides,  
 When to the north the sun's bright chariot rides,  
 We leave the winding bays and swarthy shores,  
 Where Senegal's black wave impetuous roars;  
 A flood, whose course a thousand tribes furveys,  
 The tribes who blacken'd in the fiery blaze,  
 When Phaeton, devious from the solar height,  
 Gave Afric's sons the fable hue of night.  
 And now from far the Lybian cape is seen,  
 Now by my mandate named the Cape of <sup>c</sup> Green.  
 Where midst the billows of the ocean smiles  
 A flowery sister-train, the happy <sup>d</sup> isles,  
 Our onward prow the murmuring surges lave;  
 And now our vessels plough the gentle wave,

Where

<sup>c</sup> —Cape of Green—Called by Ptolemy, *Caput Asinarium*.

<sup>d</sup> —the happy isles—Called by the ancients, *Insulae Fortunatae*, now the Canaries.

Where the blue islands, named of Hesper old,  
 Their fruitful bosoms to the deep unfold.  
 Here changeful nature shews her various face,  
 And frolics o'er the slopes with wildest grace:  
 Here our bold fleet their ponderous anchors threw,  
 The sickly cherish, and our stores renew.  
 From him the warlike guardian power of Spain,  
 Whose spear's <sup>e</sup> dread lightning o'er th' embattled plain  
 Has oft o'erwhelm'd the Moors in dire dismay,  
 And fixt the fortune of the doubtful day;  
 From him we name our station of repair,  
 And Jago's name that isle shall ever bear.  
 The northern winds now curl'd the blackening main,  
 Our sails unfurl'd we plough the tide again:  
 Round Afric's coast our winding course we steer,  
 Where bending to the east the shores appear.  
 Here <sup>f</sup> Jalofo its wide extent displays,  
 And vast Mandinga shews its numerous bays;

Whose

<sup>e</sup> *Whose spear's dread lightning*—It was common for Spanish and Portuguese commanders to see St. James in complete armour, fighting in the heat of battle at the head of their armies. The general and some of his officers declared they saw the warrior faint beckoning them with his spear to advance; *San Iago, Iago*, was immediately echoed through the ranks, and victory usually crowned the ardour of enthusiasm.

<sup>f</sup> *Here Jalofo*—The province of Jalofo lies between the two rivers, the Gambia and the Zanago. The latter has other names in the several countries through which it runs. In its course it makes many islands, inhabited only by wild beasts. It is navigable 150 leagues, at the end of which it is crossed by a stupendous ridge of perpendicular rocks, over which the river rushes with such violence, that travellers pass under it without any other inconveniency than the prodigious noise. The Gambia, or *Rio Grande*,

Whose  $\S$  mountains' fides, though parch'd and barren, hold,  
 In copious store, the seeds of beamy gold.  
 The Gambea here his serpent journey takes,  
 And through the lawns a thousand windings makes ;  
 A thousand swarthy tribes his current laves,  
 Ere mix his waters with th' Atlantic waves.  
 The <sup>h</sup> Gorgades we pass, that hated shore,  
 Famed for its terrors by the bards of yore ;  
 Where but one eye by Phorcus' daughters shared,  
 The lorn beholders into marble stared ;  
 Three dreadful sisters ! down whose temples roll'd  
 Their hair of snakes in many a hissing fold,  
 And scattering horror o'er the dreary strand,  
 With swarms of vipers sow'd the burning sand.

Still

*Grande*, runs 180 leagues, but is not so far navigable. It carries more water, and runs with less noise than the other, though filled with many rivers which water the country of Mandinga. Both rivers are branches of the Niger. Their waters have this remarkable quality ; when mixed together, they operate as an emetic, but when separate they do not. They abound with great variety of fishes, and their banks are covered with horses, crocodiles, winged serpents, elephants, ounces, wild boars, with great numbers of other animals, wonderful for the variety of their nature and different forms.

*Faria y Sousa.*

$\S$  *Whose mountains' fides*—*Tombetu*, the mart of Mandinga gold was greatly resorted to by the merchants of Grand Cairo, Tunis, Oran, Tremisen, Fez, Morocco, &c.

<sup>h</sup> *The Gorgades*—*Contra hoc promontorium (Hesperionceras) Gorgades insulæ narrantur, Gorgonum quondam domus, bidui navigatione distantes a continente, ut tradit Xenophon Lampfacenus. Penetravit in eas Hanno Pænorum imperator, prodiditque hirta sæminarum corpora viros pernicitate evasisse, duarumque Gorgonum cutes argumenti et miraculi gratia in Junonis templo posuit, spectatas usque ad Carthaginem captam. Plin. Hist. Nat. l. 6. c. 31.*

Still to the south our pointed keels we guide,  
 And through the austral gulph still onward ride.  
 Her palmy forests mingling with the skies,  
 Leona's <sup>i</sup> rugged steep behind us lies:  
 The Cape of Palms that jutting land we name,  
 Already conscious of our nation's fame.  
 Where the vexed waves against our bulwarks roar,  
 And Lusian towers o'erlook the bending shore:  
 Our sails wide swelling to the constant blast,  
 Now by the isle from Thomas named we pass;  
 And Congo's spacious realm before us rose,  
 Where copious Zayra's limpid billow flows;  
 A flood by ancient hero never seen,  
 Where many a temple o'er the banks of green,  
 Rear'd by the Lusian <sup>k</sup> heroes, through the night  
 Of Pagan darkness, pours the mental light.

O'er the wild waves as southward thus we stray,  
 Our port unknown, unknown the watery way;

Each

<sup>i</sup> *Leona's rugged steep*——This ridge of mountains, on account of its great height, was named by the ancients *Θεῶν ἵχθυμα*, *the chariot of the gods*. Camöens gives it its Portuguese name, *Serra Lioa*, *the rock of lions*.

<sup>k</sup> *Rear'd by the Lusian heroes*——During the reign of John II. the Portuguese erected several forts, and acquired great power in the extensive regions of Guinca. *Azambuja*, a Portuguese captain, having obtained leave from *Caramansa*, a Negro prince, to erect a fort on his territories, an unlucky accident had almost proved fatal to the discoverers. A huge rock lay very commodious for a quarry; the workmen began on it; but this rock, as the Devil would have it, happened to be a Negro god. The Portuguese were driven away by the enraged worshippers, who were afterwards with difficulty pacified by a profusion of such presents as they most esteemed.

The

Each night we see, imprest with solemn awe,  
 Our guiding stars and native skies withdraw :  
 In the wide void we lose their cheering beams :  
 Lower and lower still the pole-star gleams,  
 Till past the limit, where the car of day  
 Roll'd o'er our heads, and pour'd the downward ray,  
 We now disprove the faith of ancient lore ;  
 Bootes' shining car appears no more :  
 For here we saw Calisto's star<sup>1</sup> retire  
 Beneath the waves, unawed by Juno's ire.  
 Here, while the sun his polar journeys takes,  
 His visit doubled, double season makes ;

VOL. II.

I

Stern

The Portuguese having brought an ambassador from Congo to Lisbon, sent him back instructed in the faith. By his means, the king, queen, and about 100,000 of the people were baptized; the idols were destroyed, and churches built. Soon after, the prince, who was then absent at war, was baptized by the name of *Alonzo*. His younger brother, *Aquitimo*, however, would not receive the faith, and the father, because allowed only one wife, turned apostate, and left the crown to his Pagan son, who, with a great army, surrounded his brother, when only attended by some Portuguese and Christian blacks, in all only thirty-seven. By the bravery of these, however, *Aquitimo* was defeated, taken, and slain. One of *Aquitimo's* officers declared, they were not defeated by the thirty-seven Christians, but by a glorious army who fought under a shining cross. The idols were again destroyed, and Alonzo sent his sons, grandsons, and nephews, to Portugal to study; two of whom were afterwards bishops in Congo. Extracted from *Faria y Sousa*.

<sup>1</sup>—*Calisto's star*—According to fable, Calisto was a nymph of Diana. Jupiter having assumed the figure of that goddess, completed his amorous desires. On the discovery of her pregnancy, Diana drove her from her train. She fled to the woods, where she was delivered of a son. Juno changed them into bears, and Jupiter placed them in heaven, where they form the constellation of *Ursa major* and *minor*. Juno, still enraged, entreated Thetis never to suffer Calisto to bathe in the sea. This is founded on the appearance of the northern pole-star to the inhabitants of our hemisphere; but when Gama approached the southern pole, the northern, of consequence, disappeared under the waves.

Stern winter twice deforms the changeful year,  
 And twice the spring's gay flowers their honours rear.  
 Now pressing onward, past the burning zone,  
 Beneath another heaven, and stars unknown,  
 Unknown to heroes, and to sages old,  
 With southward prows our pathless course we hold :  
 Here gloomy night assumes a darker reign,  
 And fewer stars emblaze the heavenly plain ;  
 Fewer than those that gild the northern pole,  
 And o'er our seas their glittering chariots roll—  
 While nightly thus the lonely seas we brave  
 Another pole-star rises o'er the wave ;  
 Full to the south a shining cross<sup>m</sup> appears ;  
 Our heaving breasts the blissful omen cheers :  
 Seven radiant stars compose the hallowed sign  
 That rose still higher o'er the wavy brine.  
 Beneath this southern axle of the world,  
 Never, with daring search, was flag unfurl'd ;

Nor

<sup>m</sup> *Full to the south a shining cross appears.*—The constellation of the southern pole was called *the cross* by the Portuguese sailors, from the appearance of that figure formed by seven stars, four of which are particularly luminous. Dante, who wrote before the discovery of the southern hemisphere, has these remarkable lines in the first canto of his *Purgatorio* :

*I' mi volsi a man destra, e posî mente  
 All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle  
 Non vîste mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente.*

Voltaire somewhere observes, that this looked like a prophecy, when, in the succeeding age, these four stars were known to be near the Antarctic pole. Dante, however, spoke allegorically of the four cardinal virtues.

In the southern hemisphere, as Camöens observes, the nights are darker than in the northern, the skies being adorned with much fewer stars.

Nor pilot knows if bounding shores are placed,  
Or if one dreary sea o'erflow the lonely waste.

While thus our keels still onward boldly fray'd,  
Now tost by tempests, now by calms delay'd,  
To tell the terrors of the deep untry'd,  
What toils we suffer'd, and what storms defy'd ;  
What rattling deluges the black clouds pour'd,  
What dreary weeks of solid darkness lour'd ;  
What mountains furies mountains furies lash'd,  
What sudden hurricanes the canvass dash'd ;  
What bursting lightnings, with incessant flare,  
Kindled in one wide flame the burning air ;  
What roaring thunders bellow'd o'er our head,  
And seem'd to shake the reeling ocean's bed :  
To tell each horror on the deep reveal'd,  
Would ask an iron throat with tenfold vigour steel'd :  
Those dreadful wonders of the deep I saw,  
Which fill the sailor's breast with sacred awe ;  
And which the sages, of their learning vain,  
Esteem the phantoms of the dreamful brain.  
That living fire, by sea-men held <sup>n</sup> divine,  
Of heaven's own care in storms the holy sign,

I 2

Which

<sup>n</sup> *That living fire, by seamen held divine.*—The ancients thus accounted for this appearance : The sulphureous vapours of the air, after being violently agitated by a tempest, unite, and when the humidity begins to subside, as is the case when the storm is almost exhausted, by the agitation of their atoms they take fire, and are attracted by the masts and cordage of the ship. Being thus

Which midst the horrors of the tempest plays,  
 And on the blast's dark wings will gaily blaze ;  
 These eyes distinct have seen that living fire  
 Glide through the storm, and round my sails aspire.  
 And oft, while wonder thrill'd my breast, mine eyes  
 To heaven have seen the watery columns rise.  
 Slender at first the subtle fume appears,  
 And writhing round and round its volume rears :  
 Thick as a mast the vapour swells its size ;  
 A curling whirlwind lifts it to the skies :  
 The tube now straitens, now in width extends,  
 And in a hovering cloud its summit ends :  
 Still gulp on gulp in sucks the rising tide,  
 And now the cloud, with cumbrous weight supply'd,

Full-

thus naturally the pledges of the approaching calm, it is no wonder that the superstition of sailors should in all ages have esteemed them divine, and

*Of heaven's own care in forms the holy sign.*

In the expedition of the golden fleece, in a violent tempest these fires were seen to hover over the heads of Castor and Pollux, who were two of the Argonauts, and a calm immediately ensued. After the apotheoses of these heroes, the Grecian sailors invoked those fires by the names of Castor and Pollux, or *the sons of Jupiter*. The Athenians called them *Σωτῆρες*, *Saviours*, and Homer, in his hymn to Castor and Pollux, says,

Ναύταις σήματα καλὰ πόνου σφίσιν, οἳ δὲ ἰδόντες  
 Γήθησαν, πάυσαντο δ' ἰσχυροῦ πόνουιο.

Plin. Nat. Hist. l. 2. Seneca, *Quest. Nat.* c. I. and *Cæsar de Bell. Afr.* c. VI. mention these fires as often seen to alight and rest on the points of the spears of the soldiers. By the French and Spaniards they are called *St. Helme's fires*; and by the Italians, the fires of *St. Peter and St. Nicholas*. Modern discoveries have proved that these appearances are the electric fluid attracted by the spindle of the mast, or the point of the spear.



Full-gorged, and blackening, spreads, and moves, more flow,  
And waving trembles to the waves below.

Thus when to shun the summer's fultry beam

The thirsty heifer seeks the cooling stream,

The eager horse-leech fixing on her lips,

Her blood with ardent throat insatiate sips,

Till the gorged glutton, swell'd beyond her size,

Drops from her wounded hold, and bursting dies.

So bursts the cloud, o'erloaded with its freight,

And the dash'd ocean staggers with the weight.

But say, • ye sages, who can weigh the cause,

And trace the secret springs of nature's laws,

Say,

° *But say, ye sages*——In this book, particularly in the description of Massilia, the Gorgades, the fires called Castor and Pollux, and the water-spout, Camöens has happily imitated the manner of Lucan. It is probable that Camöens, in his voyage to the East-Indies, was an eye-witness of the phænomena of the fires and water-spout. The latter is thus described by Pliny, l. 2. c. 51. *Fit et caligo, belluæ similis nubes dira navigantibus vocatur et columna, cum spissatus humor rigensque ipse se sustinet, et in longam veluti fistulam nubes aquam trahit.* Dr. Priestley, from *signior Beccaria*, thus describes the water-spouts: "They generally appear in calm weather. The sea seems to boil, and send up a smoke under them, rising in a hill towards the spout. A rumbling noise is heard. The form is that of a speaking trumpet, the wider end being towards the clouds, and the narrower towards the sea. The colour is sometimes whitish, and at other times black. Their position is sometimes perpendicular, sometimes oblique, and sometimes in the form of a curve. Their continuance is various; some vanish instantly, and presently rise again; and some continue near an hour." Modern philosophers ascribe them to electricity, and esteem them of the same nature as whirlwinds and hurricanes on land. Camöens says, the water of which they are composed, becomes freshened; which some have thus accounted for: When the violent heat attracts the waters to rise in the form of a tube, the marine salts are left behind by the action of rarefaction, being too gross and fixed to ascend. It is thus, when the overloaded vapour bursts, that it descends

*Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill.*

Say, why the wave, of bitter brine erewhile,  
 Should to the bosom of the deep recoil  
 Robb'd of its salt, and from the cloud distil  
 Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill ?  
 Ye sons of boastful wisdom, famed of yore,  
 Whose feet unwearied wander'd many a shore,  
 From nature's wonders to withdraw the veil,  
 Had you with me unfurl'd the daring sail,  
 Had view'd the wondrous scenes mine eyes survey'd,  
 What seeming miracles the deep display'd,  
 What secret virtues various nature shew'd,  
 Oh ! heaven ! with what a fire your page had glow'd !

And now since wandering o'er the foamy spray,  
 Our brave Armada held her venturous way,  
 Five times the changeful empress of the night  
 Had fill'd her shining horns with silver light,  
 When sudden from the main-top's airy round  
 Land, land, is echoed—At the joyful sound,  
 Swift to the crowded decks the bounding crew  
 On wings of hope and fluttering transport flew,  
 And each strain'd eye with aching sight explores  
 The wide horizon of the eastern shores :  
 As thin blue clouds the mountain summits rise,  
 And now the lawns salute our joyful eyes ;  
 Loud through the fleet the echoing shouts prevail,  
 We drop the anchor, and restrain the sail ;  
 And now descending in a spacious bay,  
 Wide o'er the coast the venturous soldiers stray,

To spy the wonders of the savage shore,  
Where stranger's foot had never trod before.  
I, and my pilots, on the yellow sand  
Explore beneath what sky the shores expand.  
That sage device, whose wondrous use proclaims  
Th' immortal honour of its authors' names,  
The sun's height measured, and my compass scann'd.  
The painted globe of ocean and of land.  
Here we perceived our venturous keels had past,  
Unharm'd, the southern tropic's howling blast ;  
And now approach'd dread Neptune's secret reign,  
Where the stern power, as o'er the austral main  
He rides, with scatters from the polar star  
Hail, ice, and snow, and all the wintry war.  
While thus attentive on the beach we stood,  
My soldiers, hastening from the upland wood,  
Right to the shore a trembling negro brought,  
Whom on the forest-height by force they caught,  
As distant wander'd from the cell of home,  
He suck'd the honey from the porous comb.  
Horror glared in his look, and fear extreme  
In mien more wild than brutal Polypheme :  
No word of rich Arabia's tongue he knew,  
No sign could answer, nor our gems would view :

From

*P That sage device*——The Astrolabium, an instrument of infinite service in navigation, by which the altitude of the sun, and distance of the stars are taken. It was invented in Portugal, during the reign of John II. by two Jew physicians, named Roderic and Joseph. It is asserted by some that they were assisted by Martin of Bohemia, a celebrated mathematician. Partly from Castler. Vid. Barros, Dec. t. 1. 4. c. 2.

From garments fringed with shining gold he turn'd;  
The starry diamond and the silver spurn'd.  
Straight at my nod are worthless trinkets brought;  
Round beads of crystal as a bracelet wrought,  
A cap of red, and dangling on a string  
Some little bells of brass before him ring:  
A wide-mouth'd laugh confess his barbarous joy,  
And both his hands he raised to grasp the toy,  
Pleased with these gifts we set the savage free,  
Homeward he springs away, and bounds with glee.

Soon as the gleamy streaks of purple morn  
The lofty forest's topmost boughs adorn,  
Down the steep mountain's side, yet hoar with dew,  
A naked crowd, and black as night their hue,  
Come tripping to the shore: their wishful eyes  
Declare what tawdry trifles most they prize:  
These to their hopes were given, and, void of fear,  
Mild seem'd their manners, and their looks sincere.  
A bold rash youth, ambitious of the fame  
Of brave adventurer, Veloso his name,  
Through pathless brakes their homeward steps attends,  
And on his single arm for help depends.  
Long was his stay: my earnest eyes explore,  
When rushing down the mountain to the shore  
I mark'd him; terror urged his rapid strides;  
And soon Coëllo's skiff the wave divides.  
Yet ere his friends advanced, the treacherous foe  
Trod on his latest steps, and aim'd the blow.

Moved by the danger of a youth so brave,  
 Myself now snatch'd an oar, and sprung to save:  
 When sudden, blackening down the mountain's height,  
 Another crowd pursued his panting flight;  
 And soon an arrowy and a flinty shower  
 Thick o'er our heads the fierce barbarians pour,  
 Nor pour'd in vain; a feather'd arrow food  
 Fix'd in my leg, and drank the gushing blood.

Vengeance

<sup>a</sup> *Fix'd in my leg*——Camöens, in describing the adventure of *Fernando Velez*, by departing from the truth of history, has shewn his judgment as a poet. The place where the Portuguese landed, they named the bay of *St. Helen*. They caught one of two negroes, says *Faria*, who were busied in gathering honey on a mountain. Their behaviour to this savage, whom they gratified with a red cap, some glasses and bells, induced him to bring a number of his companions for the like trifles. Though some who accompanied Gama were skilled in the various Ethiopic languages, not one of the natives could understand them. A commerce, however, was commenced by signs and gestures. Gama behaved to them with great civility; the fleet was cheerfully supplied with fresh provisions, for which the natives received cloaths and trinkets. But this friendship was soon interrupted by a young rash Portuguese. Having contracted an intimacy with some of the negroes, he obtained leave to penetrate into the country along with them, to observe their habitations and strength. They conducted him to their huts with great good nature, and placed before him, what they esteemed an elegant repast, a sea-calf dressed in the way of their country. This so much disgusted the delicate Portuguese, that he instantly got up and abruptly left them. Nor did they oppose his departure, but accompanied him with the greatest innocence. As fear, however, is always jealous, he imagined they were leading him as a victim to slaughter. No sooner did he come near the ships, than he called aloud for assistance. Coëllo's boat immediately set off for his rescue. The Ethiopians fled to the woods; and now esteeming the Portuguese as a band of lawless plunderers, they provided themselves with arms, and lay in ambush. Their weapons were javelins, headed with short pieces of horn, which they threw with great dexterity. Soon after, while Gama and some of his officers were on the shore, taking the altitude of the sun by the astrolabium, they were suddenly and with great fury attacked by  
 the

Vengeance as sudden every wound repays,  
 Full on their fronts our flashing lightnings blaze ;  
 Their shrieks of horror instant pierce the sky,  
 And wing'd with fear at fullest speed they fly:  
 Long tracks of gore their scatter'd flight betray'd.  
 And now, Velofo to the fleet convey'd,  
 His sportful mates his brave exploits demand,  
 And what the curious wonders of the land :  
 " Hard was the hill to climb, my valiant friend,  
 " But oh ! how smooth and easy to descend !  
 " Well hast thou proved thy swiftnefs for the chace,  
 " And shewn thy matchlefs merit in the race !"  
 With look unmoved the gallant youth reply'd,  
 " For you, my friends, my fleetest speed was try'd ;  
 " 'Twas you the fierce barbarians meant to slay ;  
 " For you I fear'd the fortune of the day ;  
 " Your danger great without mine aid I knew,  
 " And <sup>1</sup> swift as lightning to your rescue flew."

He

the ambush from the woods. Several were much wounded, *multos convulserant, inter quos Gama in pede vulnus accepit*, and Gama received a wound in the foot. The admiral made a speedy retreat to the fleet, prudently chusing rather to leave the negroes the honour of the victory, than to risque the life of one man in a quarrel so foreign to the destination of his expedition; and where, to impress the terror of his arms, could be of no service to his interest. When he came nearer to India, he acted in a different manner. He then made himself dreaded whenever the treachery of the natives provoked his resentment. Collected from *Faria* and *Ossorius*.

<sup>1</sup> *And swift as lightning*——The critics, particularly the French, have vehemently declaimed against the least mixture of the comic, with the dignity of the epic poem. It is needless to enter into any defence of this passage of Camöens, farther than to observe, that Homer, Virgil, and Milton,

have

He now the treason of the foe relates,  
 How soon, as past the mountain's upland straits,  
 They changed the colour of their friendly shew,  
 And force forbade his steps to tread below:

How

have offended the critics in the same manner; and that this piece of raillery in the Lusiad is by much the politest, and the least reprehensible of any thing of the kind in the four poets. In Homer are several strokes of low raillery. Patroclus having killed Hector's charioteer, puns thus on his sudden fall: "*It is a pity he is not nearer the sea! He would soon catch abundance of oysters, nor would the storms frighten him. See how he dives from his chariot down to the sand? What excellent divers are the Trojans!*" Virgil, the most judicious of all poets, descends even to the style of Dutch painting, where the commander of a galley tumbles the pilot into the sea, and the sailors afterward laugh at him, as he sits on a rock spewing up the salt water:

—————*Segnemque Menæten*

*In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab alta.*

*At gravis ut fundo vix tandem redditus imo est*

*Jam senior, manūque fluens in veste Menætes,*

*Summa petit scopuli sicque in rupe resedit.*

*Illum et labentem Teucri, et risere natantem;*

*Et salsos rident revocentem pectore fluctus.*

And though the characters of the speakers (the ingenious defence which has been offered for Milton) may in some measure, vindicate the raillery which he puts into the mouths of Satan and Belial, the lowness of it, when compared with that of Camöens, must still be acknowledged. Talking of the execution of the diabolical artillery among the good angels, they, says Satan,

Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell

As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd

Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps

For joy of offer'd peace.—

To whom thus Belial, in like gamefome mood,

Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,

Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,

And stumbled many——

—————this gift they have beside,

They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

How down the coverts of the steepy brake  
Their lurking stand a treacherous ambush take ;  
On us, when speeding to defend his flight,  
To rush, and plunge us in the shades of night :  
Nor while in friendship would their lips unfold  
Where India's ocean laved the orient shores of gold.

Now prosp'rous gales the bending canvass swell'd ;  
From these rude shores our fearless course we held :  
Beneath the glistering wave the God of day  
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,  
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,  
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head  
A black cloud hover'd : nor appear'd from far  
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star ;  
So deep a gloom the louring vapour cast,  
Transfixt with awe the bravest stood aghast.  
Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,  
As when hoarse furies lash their rocky mounds ;  
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven  
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.  
Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortune's guide,  
Avert this omen, mighty God,—I cried ;  
Or through forbidden climes adventurous stray'd,  
Have we the secrets of the deep survey'd.  
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky  
Were doom'd to hide from man's unhallowed eye ?

Whate'er



Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more  
 Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar,  
 When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore. }

I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air,  
 Appall'd we saw an hideous Phantom glare ;  
 High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,  
 And thwart our way with fullen aspect lour'd :  
 An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,  
 Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red ;  
 Writhing to speak, his fable lips disclose,  
 Sharp and disjoint'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.  
 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  
 Wild dread ; the while with visage ghastly wan,  
 His black lips trembling, thus the fiend<sup>s</sup> began ;

O you,

<sup>s</sup> *The apparition*—The partiality of translators and editors is become almost proverbial. The admiration of their author, is supposed when they undertake to introduce him to the public; that admiration, therefore, may without a blush be confessed; but if the reputation of judgment is valued,  
 all

O you, the boldest of the nations, fired  
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,

Who

all the jealousy of circumspection is necessary, for the transition from admiration to partiality and hypercriticism, is not only easy, but to oneself often imperceptible. Yet however guarded against this partiality of hypercriticism, the translator of Camões may deem himself, he is aware that some of his colder readers, may perhaps, in the following instance, accuse him of it. Regardless, however, of the *sang froid* of those who judge by authority, and not by their own feelings, he will venture to appeal to the few, whose taste, though formed by the classics, is untainted with classical prejudices. To these he will appeal, and to these he will venture the assertion, that the fiction of the apparition of the cape of tempests, in sublimity and awful grandeur of imagination, stands unsurpassed in human composition.—Voltaire, and the foreign critics, have confessed its merit. In the prodigy of the harpies in the *Æneid*, neither the

*Virginei volucrum vultus, fedissima ventris  
Proluvies, unæque manus, et pallida semper  
Ora fame :*

Though Virgil, to heighten the description, introduces it with

—————*nec lævior ulla  
Pestis et ira Deum Stygiis sese extulit undis :*

Nor the predictions of the harpy *Celæno*, can, in point of dignity, bear any comparison with the fiction of Camões. The noble and admired description of Fame, in the fourth *Æneid*, may seem indeed to challenge competition :

*Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum :  
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo :  
Parva metu primò ; mox sese attollit in auras,  
Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit :  
Illic terra parens, ira irritata Decorum,  
Extremam (ut perhibent) Cæo Enceladoque sororem  
Progeniit ; pedibus celerem et pernicibus alis :  
Monsis unum horrendum, ingens ; cui quot sunt corpore plumæ,  
Tot vigiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu)  
Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subriget aures.  
Næve volat cæli medio terræque, per umbram  
Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno :  
Luce sedet castos, aut summi culmine tecti,  
Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes.*

Fame

Who scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,  
 Through these my waves advance your fearless prow,  
 Regardless

Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows;  
 Swift from the first, and every moment brings  
 New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.  
 Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size,  
 Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies:  
 Enraged against the gods, revengeful earth  
 Produced her last of the Titanian birth.  
 Swift in her walk, more swift her winged haste,  
 A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast;  
 As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,  
 So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:  
 Millions of opening mouths to fame belong,  
 And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue,  
 And round with listening ears the flying plague is hung;  
 She fills the peaceful universe with cries,  
 No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes:  
 By day from lofty towers her head she shews.—DRYD.

The *mobilitate viget*, the *vires acquirit eundo*, the *parva metu primo*, &c. the *caput inter nubila condit*, the *plumæ, oculi linguæ, ora, and aures*, the *nocte volat*, the *luce sedet cuflos*, and the *magnas territat urbes*, are all very great, and finely imagined. But the whole picture is the offspring of careful attention and judgment; it is a noble display of the calm majesty of Virgil, yet it has not the enthusiasm of that heat of spontaneous conception, which the ancients honoured with the name of inspiration. The fiction of Camœns, on the contrary, is the genuine effusion of the glow of poetical imagination. The description of the spectre, the awfulness of the prediction, and the horror that breathes through the whole, till the phantom is interrupted by Gama, are in the true spirit of the wild and grand terrific of an Homer or a Shakespeare. But however Camœns may, in this passage, have excelled Virgil, he himself is infinitely surpassed by two passages of holy writ. “*A thing was secretly brought to me,*” says the author of the book of Job, “*and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake: then a spirit appeared before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice: Shall mortal man be more just than God! shall a man be more pure than his maker? Behold, he put no trust in his servants, and his* angels

Regardless of the lengthening watery 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<sup>t</sup> domain,  
 With daring search shall hoise the streaming vane,

That

*angels be charged with folly : how much less in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, and who are crushed before the moth !*

This whole passage, particularly the indistinguishable form and the silence, are as superior to Camöens, in the inimitably wild terrific, as the following, from the apocalypse, is in grandeur of description. “ *And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his head, his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire . . . and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot upon the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth . . . and he lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by him that liveth for ever and ever, . . . that time should be no more.*”

‡ *The next proud fleet*——On the return of Gama to Portugal, a fleet of thirteen sail, under the command of Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, was sent out on the second voyage to India, where the admiral with only six ships arrived. The rest were mostly destroyed by a terrible tempest at the cape of Good Hope, which lasted twenty days. The day-time, says *Faria*, was so dark, that the sailors could scarcely see each other, or hear what was said, for the horrid noise of the winds. Among those who perished, was the celebrated *Earthbolero Diaz*, who was the first modern discoverer of the cape of Good Hope, which he named the Cape of Tempests.

That gallant navy by my whirlwinds tost,  
 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 Lusus ! 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 <sup>u</sup> an hero come,  
 Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb.  
 Though smiling fortune blest his youthful morn,  
 Though glory's rays his laurel'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.  
 Quiloa's sons, and thine, Mombaze, shall see  
 Their conqueror bend his laurel'd head to me ;

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K

While

<sup>u</sup> —*Behold an hero come*—Don Francisco de Almeida. He was the first Portuguese viceroy of India, in which country he obtained several great victories over the Mohammedans and Pagans. He conquered Quiloa, and Mombassa or Mombaze. On his return to Portugal he put into the bay of Saldanna, near the Cape of Good Hope, to take in water and provisions. The rudeness of one of his servants produced a quarrel with the Caffres, or Hottentots. His attendants, much against his will, forced him to march against the blacks. “ Ah, whither (he exclaimed) will you carry the infirm “ man of sixty years.” After plundering a miserable village, on the return to their ships they were attacked by a superior number of Caffres, who fought with such fury in rescue of their children, whom the Portuguese had seized, that the viceroy and fifty of his attendants were slain.

While proudly mingling with the tempest's found,  
Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.

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 an hundred hands employ;  
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,  
In these wide wastes their infant race shall die.  
Through dreary wilds where never pilgrim trod,  
Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,  
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'erpass,  
In fond embraces they shall sink at last;

While

While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,  
And the last sigh shall wail each other's v woe.

K 2

Some

v *And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe.*—This poetical description of the miserable catastrophe of Don Emmanuel de Souza, and his beautiful spouse Leonora de Sâ, is by no means exaggerated. He was several years governor of Diu in India, where he amassed immense wealth. On his return to his native country, the ship in which were his lady, all his riches, and five hundred men, his sailors and domestics, was dashed to pieces on the rocks at the Cape of Good Hope. Don Emmanuel, his lady, and three children, with four hundred of the crew, escaped, having only saved a few arms and provisions. As they marched through the rude uncultivated deserts, some died of famine, of thirst, and fatigue; others, who wandered from the main body in search of water, were murdered by the savages, or destroyed by the wild beasts. The horror of this miserable situation was most dreadfully aggravated to Donna Leonora: her husband began to discover starts of insanity. They arrived at last at a village inhabited by Ethiopian banditti. At first they were courteously received, and Souza, partly stupified with grief, at the desire of the barbarians, yielded up to them the arms of his company. No sooner was this done, than the savages stripped the whole company naked, and left them destitute to the mercy of the desert. The wretchedness of the delicate and exposed Leonora was increased by the brutal insults of the negroes. Her husband, unable to relieve, beheld her miseries. After having travelled about 300 leagues, her legs swelled, her feet bleeding at every step, and her strength exhausted, she sunk down, and with the sand covered herself to the neck, to conceal her nakedness. In this dreadful situation, she beheld two of her children expire. Her own death soon followed. Her husband, who had been long enamoured of her beauty, received her last breath in a distracted embrace. Immediately he snatched his third child in his arms, and uttering the most lamentable cries, he ran into the thickest of the wood, where the wild beasts were soon heard to growl over their prey. Of the whole four hundred who escaped the waves, only six and twenty arrived at another Ethiopian village, whose inhabitants were more civilized, and traded with the merchants of the Red Sea: from hence they found a passage to Europe, and brought the tidings of the unhappy fate of their companions. Jerome de Cortereal, a Portuguese poet, has written an affecting poem on the shipwreck and deplorable catastrophe of Don Emmanuel and his beloved spouse. Vid. *Faria, Barros, &c.*

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.

He paus'd, 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 ridest 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 askaunce 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 <sup>w</sup> spoke, and deep a lengthen'd sigh he drew,  
 A doleful found, 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

<sup>w</sup> *He spoke.*—The circumstances of the disappearance of the spectre are in the same poetical spirit of the introduction. To suppose this spectre the Spirit of that huge promontory the Cape of Tempests, which by night makes its awful appearance to the fleet of Gama, while wandering in an unknown ocean, is a noble flight of imagination. As already observed in the preface, the machinery of Camoens is allegorical: To establish Christianity in the East, is expressly said in the *Lusiad* to be the great purpose of the Hero. By Bacchus, the demon who opposes the expedition, the genius of Mohammedism must of consequence be understood: and accordingly, in the eighth book, the Evil spirit and Bacchus are mentioned as the same personage; where, in the figure of Mohammed, he appears in a dream to a Mohammedan priest. In like manner by Adamastor, the genius of Mohammedism must be supposed to be meant. The Moors, who professed that religion, were, till the arrival of Gama, the sole navigators of the eastern seas, and by every exertion of force and fraud, they endeavoured to prevent the settlements of the Christians. In the figure of the spectre, the French translator finds an exact description of the person of Mohammed, his fierce demeanour and pale complexion; but he certainly carries his *unravelment* too far in several instances: to mention only two; “ Mohammed (says he) was a false prophet, so is Adamastor, who says Emmanuel de Souza “ and his spouse shall die in one another’s arms, whereas the husband was “ devoured by wild beasts in the wood. . . . By the metamorphosis of “ Adamastor into an huge mass of earth and rock, laved by the waves, is “ meant the death and tomb of Mohammed. He died of a dropsy, behold “ the waters which surround him; *voilà les eaux qui l’entourent.*—His tomb “ was exceeding high, behold the height of the promontory.” By such latitude of interpretation, the allegory which was really intended by an author, becomes suspected by the reader. As Camoens, however, has assured us that he did allegorise, one need not hesitate to affirm, that the amour of Adamastor is an instance of it. By Thetis is figured Renown, or true Glory, by the fierce passion of the giant, the fierce rage of ambition, and by the rugged mountain that filled his deluded arms, the infamy acquired by the brutal conqueror Mohammed. The hint of this last circumstance is adopted from *Cassera*.

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 fires, 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 fire's ethereal flame ;  
Great Adamastor then my dreaded name.

In my bold brothers' 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 befel,  
 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.  
 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.  
 Madning with love, by force I ween to gain  
 The silver goddess of the blue domain :  
 To the hoar mother of the Nereid <sup>x</sup> band  
 I tell my purpose, and her aid command :

By

<sup>x</sup> ——— *The hoar mother of the Nereid band.*—Doris, the sister and spouse of Nereus. By Nereus, in the physical sense of the fable, is understood the water of the sea, and by Doris, the bitterness or salt, the supposed cause of its prolific quality in the generation of fishes.

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 fight !  
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,  
An 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 fixt 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 ;  
Fixt 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,  
An horrid mountain to mine arms convey !——  
Madning 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,  
The silvery Thetis bids her surges roar,  
And waft my groans along the dreary shore.

Melinda's monarch thus the tale pursued  
Of ancient faith ; and Gama thus renew'd—  
Now from the wave the chariot of the day  
Whirl'd by the fiery couriers springs away,

When

When full in view the giant Cape appears,  
 Wide spreads its limbs, and high its shoulders rears ;  
 Behind us now it curves the bending side,  
 And our bold vessels plow the eastern tide.  
 Nor long excursive off at sea we stand,  
 A cultur'd shore invites us to the land.  
 Here their sweet scenes the rural joys bestow,  
 And give our wearied minds a lively y glow.  
 The tenants of the coast, a festive band,  
 With dances meet us on the yellow sand ;  
 Their brides on slow-paced oxen rode behind ;  
 The spreading horns with flowery garlands twined,  
 Bespoke the dew-lapt beeves their proudest boast,  
 Of all their bestial store the valued most.

By

‡ *And give our wearied minds a lively glow.*—Variety is no less delightful to the reader than to the traveller, and the imagination of Camöens gave an abundant supply. The insertion of this pastoral landscape, between the terrific scenes which precede and follow, has a fine effect. “Variety,” says Pope, in one of his notes on the *Odyssey*, “gives life and delight ; and “it is much more necessary in epic than in comic or tragic poetry, sometimes to shift the scenes to diversify and embellish the story.” The authority of another celebrated writer offers itself : “*Les Portugais naviguant sur l’océan Atlantique, découvrirent la pointe la plus méridionale de l’Afrique ; ils virent une vaste mer ; elle les porta aux Indes Orientales ; leurs périls sur cette mer, et la découverte de Mozambique, de Melinde, et de Calicut, ont été chantés par le Camoëns, dont le poëme fait sentir quelque chose des charmes de l’Odyssée, et de la magnificence de l’Eneïde.*” i. e. The Portuguese sailing upon the Atlantic ocean discovered the most southern point of Africa : here they found an immense sea, which carried them to the East Indies. The dangers they encountered in the voyage, the discovery of Mozambique, of Melinda, and of Calicut, have been sung by Camöens, whose poem recalls to our minds the charms of the *Odyssey*, and the magnificence of the *Eneid*. Montefquieu, *Spirit of Laws*, b. xxi. c. ci.

By turns the husbands and the brides prolong  
 The various measures of the rural song.  
 Now to the dance the rustic reeds resound ;  
 The dancers' heels light-quivering beat the ground ;  
 And now the lambs around them bleating stray,  
 Feed from their hands, or round them frisking play.  
 Methought I saw the fylvan reign of Pan,  
 And heard the music of the Mantuan swan—  
 With smiles we hail them, and with joy behold  
 The blissful manners of the age of gold.  
 With that mild kindness, by their looks display'd,  
 Fresh stores they bring, with cloth of red repay'd :  
 Yet from their lips no word we knew could flow,  
 Nor sign of India's strand their hands bestow.  
 Fair blow the winds ; again with sails unfurl'd  
 We dare the main, and seek the eastern world.  
 Now round black Afric's coast our navy veer'd,  
 And to the world's mid circle northward steer'd :  
 The southern pole low to the wave declined,  
 We leave the isle of Holy Cross<sup>z</sup> behind ;  
 That isle where erst a Lusian, when he past  
 The tempest-beaten Cape, his anchors cast,  
 And own'd his proud ambition to explore  
 The kingdoms of the morn, could dare no more.

From

<sup>z</sup> *We leave the isle of Holy Cross.*—A small island, named *Santa Cruz* by Bartholomew Diaz, who discovered it. According to *Faria y Sousa*, he went twenty-five leagues farther, to the river *del Infante*, which, till passed by Gama, was the utmost extent of the Portuguese discoveries:

From thence, still on, our daring course we hold  
Through trackless gulphs, whose billows never roll'd  
Around the vessel's pitchy sides before;  
Through trackless gulphs, where mountain surges roar,  
For many a night, when not a star appear'd,  
Nor infant moon's dim horns the darkness cheer'd;  
For many a dreary night, and cheerless day, }  
In calms now fetter'd, now the whirlwind's play, }  
By ardent hope still fired, we forced our dreadful way. }  
Now smooth as glass the shining waters lie,  
No cloud slow moving fails the azure sky;  
Slack from their height the sails unmoved decline,  
The airy streamers form the downward line;  
No gentle quiver owns the gentle gale,  
Nor gentlest swell distends the ready sail;  
Fixt as in ice the flumbering prows remain,  
And silence wide extends her solemn reign.  
Now to the waves the bursting clouds descend,  
And heaven and sea in meeting tempests blend;  
The black-wing'd whirlwinds o'er the ocean sweep,  
And from his bottom roars the staggering deep.  
Driven by the yelling blast's impetuous sway  
Staggering we bound, yet onward bound away.  
And now escaped the fury of the storm,  
New danger threatens in a various form;

Though



Though fresh the breeze the swelling canvass swell'd,  
 A current's headlong sweep our prows withheld:  
 The rapid force imprest on every keel,  
 Backward, o'erpower'd, our rolling vessels reel:  
 When from their southern caves the winds, enraged  
 In horrid conflict with the waves engaged;  
 Beneath the tempest groans each loaded mast,  
 And o'er the rushing tide our bounding navy past.

Now shined the sacred morn, when from the east  
 Three kings the holy cradled babe address,  
 And hail'd him Lord of heaven: that festive day  
 We drop our anchors in an opening bay;  
 The river from the sacred day we name,  
 And stores, the wandering seaman's right, we claim.  
 Stores we received; our dearest hope in vain;  
 No word they utter'd could our ears retain  
 Nought to reward our search for India's found,  
 By word or sign our ardent wishes<sup>b</sup> crown'd.

Behold,

<sup>a</sup> *A current's headlong sweep.*—It was the force of this rushing current which retarded the farther discoveries of Diaz. Gama got over it by the assistance of a tempest. It runs between Cape Corrientes, and the south west of Madagascar. It is now easily avoided.

<sup>b</sup> *Nought to reward our search for India's found.*—The frequent disappointment of the Portuguese, when they expect to hear some account of India, is a judicious imitation of several parts of Virgil; who, in the same manner, magnifies the distresses of the Trojans in their search for the fated seat of empire:

————— *O gens*

*Infelix! cui te exitio fortuna reservat?*

*Septima post Trojæ excidium jam vertitur ætas;*

*Cum freta, cum terras omnes, tot inhospita saxa*

*Sideraque*

Behold, O king, how many a shore we try'd!  
 How many a fierce barbarian's rage defy'd!  
 Yet still in vain for India's shore we try,  
 The long-fought shores our anxious search defy.  
 Beneath new heavens, where not a star we knew,  
 Through changing climes, where poison'd air we drew;  
 Wandering new seas, in gulphs unknown, forlorn,  
 By labour weaken'd, and by famine worn;  
 Our food corrupted, pregnant with disease,  
 And pestilence on each expected breeze;  
 Not even a gleam of hope's delusive ray  
 To lead us onward through the devious way;  
 That kind delusion which full oft has cheer'd  
 The bravest minds, till glad success appear'd;  
 Worn as we were each night with dreary care,  
 Each day with danger that increased despair,  
 Oh! monarch, judge, what less than Lusian fire  
 Could still the hopeless scorn of fate inspire!  
 What less, O king, than Lusian faith withstand,  
 When dire despair and famine gave command  
 Their chief to murder, and with lawless power  
 Sweep Afric's seas, and every coast devour!  
 What more than men in wild despair still bold!  
 These more than <sup>c</sup> men in these my band behold!

Sacred

*Sideraque emensæ ferimur : dum per mare magnum  
 Italiam sequimur fugientem, et volvimur undis.*

ÆN. V.

<sup>c</sup> *These more than men.*—It had been extremely impolitic in Gama to mention the mutiny of his followers to the king of Melinda. The boast of

Sacred to death, by death alone subdued,  
 These all the rage of fierce despair withstood;  
 Firm to their faith, though fondest hope no more  
 Could give the promise of their native shore!

Now the sweet waters of the stream we leave,  
 And the salt waves our gliding prows receive;  
 Here to the left, between the bending shores,  
 Torn by the winds the whirling billow roars,  
 And boiling raves against the founding coast,  
 Whose mines of gold Sofala's merchants boast:  
 Full to the gulph the showery south-winds howl,  
 Aslant against the wind our vessels roll:  
 Far from the land, wide o'er the ocean driven,  
 Our helms resigning to the care of heaven,  
 By hope and fear's keen passions tost, we roam,  
 When our glad eyes beheld the surges foam  
 Against the beacons of a cultured bay,  
 Where floops and barges cut the watery way.  
 The river's opening breast some upward ply'd,  
 And some came gliding down the sweepy tide.

Quick

of their loyalty besides, has a good effect in the poem, as it elevates the heroes, and gives uniformity to the character of bravery, which the dignity of the epopœia required to be ascribed to them. History relates the matter differently. In standing for the Cape of Good Hope, Gama gave the highest proofs of his resolution, "*In illo autem cursu valde Gamæ virtus evituit.*" The fleet seemed now tossed to the clouds, *ut modo nubes contingere*, and now sunk to the lowest whirlpools of the abyss. The winds were insufferably cold, and to the rage of the tempest was added the horror of an almost continual darkness. The crew expected every moment to be swallowed up in the deep. At every interval of the storm, they came round Gama, asserting the impossibility to proceed further, and imploring to return. But this he resolutely refused. See the preface.

Quick throbs of transports heaved in every heart  
 To view the knowledge of the seaman's art ;  
 For here we hoped our ardent wish to gain,  
 To hear of India's strand, nor hoped in vain.  
 Though Ethiopia's fable hue they bore  
 No look of wild surprize the natives wore :  
 Wide o'er their heads the cotton turban swell'd,  
 And cloth of blue the decent loins conceal'd.  
 Their speech, though rude and dissonant of sound,  
 Their speech a mixture of Arabian own'd.  
 Fernando, skill'd in all the copious store  
 Of fair Arabia's speech and flowery lore,  
 In joyful converse heard the pleasing tale,  
 That o'er these seas full oft the frequent sail,  
 And lordly vessels, tall as ours, appear'd,  
 Which to the regions of the morning steer'd,  
 And back returning to the southmost land,  
 Convey'd the treasures of the Indian strand ;  
 Whose cheerful crews, resembling ours, display  
 The <sup>d</sup> kindred face and colour of the day.  
 Elate with joy we raise the glad acclaim,  
 And, <sup>e</sup> river of Good Signs, the port we name :  
 Then, sacred to the angel guide, who led  
 The young Tobiah to the spousal bed,

And

<sup>d</sup> *The kindred face.*—Gama and his followers were at several ports, on their first arrival in the East, thought to be Moors. See the note, VOL. I. p. 28.

<sup>e</sup> *Rio dos bons sinais.*

And safe return'd him through the perilous way,  
We rear a column<sup>f</sup> on the friendly bay.

Our keels, that now had steer'd through many a clime,  
By shell-fish roughen'd, and incas'd with slime,  
Joyful we clean, while bleating from the field  
The fleecy dams the smiling natives yield:  
But while each face an honest welcome shews,  
And big with sprightly hope each bosom glows,  
(Alas! how vain the bloom of human joy!  
How soon the blasts of woe that bloom destroy!)  
A dread disease its rankling horrors shed,  
And death's dire ravage through mine army spread.  
Never mine eyes such dreary sight beheld,  
Ghastly the mouth and gums enormous & swell'd;  
And instant, putrid like a dead man's wound,  
Poisoned with fetid steams the air around.  
No sage physician's ever-watchful zeal,  
No skilful surgeon's gentle hand to heal,  
Were found: each dreary mournful hour we gave  
Some brave companion to a foreign grave:

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L

A grave,

<sup>f</sup> *We rear a column.*—It was the custom of the Portuguese navigators to erect crosses on the shores of the new-discovered countries. Gama carried materials for pillars of stone along with him, and erected six of these crosses during his expedition. They bore the name and arms of the king of Portugal, and were intended as proofs of the title which accrues from the first discovery.

<sup>\*</sup> *Ghastly the mouth and gums enormous swell'd*—This poetical description of the Scurvy is by no means exaggerated above what sometimes really happens in the course of a long voyage, and in an unhealthful climate, to which the constitution is unhabituated.

A grave, the awful gift of every shore!  
Alas! what weary toils with us they bore!  
Long, long endear'd by fellowship in woe,  
O'er their cold dust we give the tears to flow;  
And in their hapless lot forbode our own,  
A foreign burial, and a grave unknown!

Now deeply yearning o'er our deathful fate,  
With joyful hope of India's shore elate,  
We loose the haulfers and the sail expand,  
And upward coast the Ethiopian strand.  
What danger threaten'd at Quiloa's isle,  
Mozambic's treason, and Mombassa's guile;  
What miracles kind heaven, our guardian, wrought,  
Loud fame already to thine ears has brought:  
Kind heaven again that guardian care display'd,  
And to thy port our weary fleet convey'd,  
Where thou, O king, heaven's regent power below,  
Bidst thy full bounty and thy truth to flow:  
Health to the sick, and to the weary rest,  
And sprightly hope revived in every breast,  
Proclaim thy gifts, with grateful joy repay'd,  
The brave man's tribute for the brave man's aid.  
And now in honour of thy fond command,  
The glorious annals of my native land;  
And what the perils of a route so bold,  
So dread as ours, my faithful lips have told.  
Then judge, great monarch, if the world before  
Ere saw the prow such length of seas explore!

Nor fage Ulyffes, nor the Trojan pride,  
 Such raging gulphs, fuch whirling fforms defy'd ;  
 Nor one poor tenth of my dread courfe explored,  
 Though by the mufe as demigods adored.

O thou whofe breaft all Helicon inflamed,  
 Whofe birth feven vaunting cities proudly claim'd ;  
 And thou whofe mellow lute and rural fong,  
 In foftest flow, led Mincio's waves along ;  
 Whofe warlike numbers as a fform impell'd,  
 And Tyber's farges o'er his borders fwell'd ;  
 Let all Parnaffus lend creative fire,  
 And all the Nine with all their warmth inspire ;  
 Your demigods conduâ through every fcene  
 Cold fear can paint, or wildeft fancy feign ;  
 The Syren's guileful lay, dire Circe's fpell,  
 And all the horrors of the Cyclop's cell ;  
 Bid Scylla's barking waves their mates o'erwhelm,  
 And hurl the guardian pilot from the<sup>h</sup> helm ;  
 Give fails and oars to fly the purple fhore,  
 Where love of abfent friend awakes no<sup>i</sup> more ;

L 2

In

<sup>h</sup> And hurl the guardian pilot from the helm.—See *Æn.* V. 833.

<sup>i</sup> —The purple fhore.—The Lotophagi, fo named from the plant Lotus, are thus described by Homer :

Not prone to ill, nor ftrange to foreign gueft,  
 They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feaft;  
 The trees around them all their fruit produce;  
 Lotos the name; divine, neâtareous juice;

(Thence

In all their charms display Calypso's smiles,  
 Her flowery arbours and her amorous wiles ;  
 In skins confined the blustering winds \* control,  
 Or o'er the feast bid loathsome harpies <sup>l</sup> prowl ;  
 And lead your heroes through the dread abodes  
 Of tortur'd spectres and infernal <sup>m</sup> gods ;

Give

(Thence called Lotophagi) which whoſo taſtes  
 Inſatiate riots in the ſweet repaſts,  
 Nor other home nor other care intends,  
 But quits his houſe, his country, and his friends :  
 The three we ſent, from off th' enchanting ground  
 We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound :  
 The reſt in haſte forſook the pleaſing ſhore,  
 Or, the charm taſted, had return'd no more.      POPE, Odyf. ix.

The natural history of the Lotos, however, is very different. There are various kinds of it. The Lybian Lotos is a shrub like a bramble, the berries like the myrtle, but purple when ripe, and about the bigness of an olive. Mixed with bread-corn it was used as food for slaves. They also made an agreeable wine of it, but which would not keep above ten days. See Pope's note *in loco*.

\* *In skins confined the blustering winds control.*—The gift of Æolus to Ulyſſes.

The adverſe winds in leathern bags he brac'd,  
 Compreſs'd their force, and lock'd each ſtruggling blaſt .  
 For him the mighty fire of gods aſſign'd,  
 The tempeſt's lord, the tyrant of the wind ;  
 His word alone the liſt'ning ſtorms obey,  
 To ſmooth the deep, or ſwell the foamy ſea.  
 Theſe in my hollow ſhip the monarch hung,  
 Securely fetter'd by a ſilver thong ;  
 But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales  
 He charg'd to fill, and guide the ſwelling ſails ;  
 Rare gift ! but oh, what gift to fools avails.      POPE, Odyf. x. }

The companions of Ulyſſes imagined that theſe bags contained ſome valuable treaſure, and opened them while their leader ſlept. The tempeſts burſting out drove the fleet from Ithaca, which was then in ſight, and was the cauſe of a new train of miſeries.

<sup>l</sup> — *harpies prowl* — See the third Æneid.

<sup>m</sup> *Of tortur'd ſpectres* — See the ſixth Æneid, and the eleventh Odyſſey.



Give every flower that decks Aonia's hill  
To grace your fables with divinest skill;  
Beneath the wonders of my tale they fall,  
Where truth all unadorn'd and pure exceeds them all.

While thus illustrious GAMA charm'd their ears,  
The look of wonder each Melindian wears,  
And pleas'd attention witness'd the command  
Of every movement of his lips or hand.  
The king enraptur'd own'd the glorious fame  
Of Lisboa's monarchs, and the Lusian name;  
What warlike rage the victor-kings inspired,  
Nor less their warriors loyal faith admired.  
Nor less his menial train, in wonder lost,  
Repeat the gallant deeds that please them most,  
Each to his mate; while fixed in fond amaze  
The Lusian features every eye surveys;  
While present to the view, by fancy brought,  
Arise the wonders by the Lusians wrought;  
And each bold feature to their wondering sight  
Displays the raptur'd ardour of the fight.

Apollo now withdrew the cheerful day,  
And left the western sky to twilight grey;  
Beneath the wave he sought fair Thetis' bed,  
And to the shore Melinda's sovereign sped.

What boundless joys are thine, O just renown,  
 Thou hope of virtue, and her noblest crown;  
 By thee the seeds of conscious worth are sown,  
 Hero by hero, fame by fame inspired:  
 Without thine aid how soon the hero dies!  
 By thee upborne his name ascends the skies.  
 This Ammon knew, and own'd his Homer's lyre  
 The noblest glory of Pelides' ire.  
 'Tis knew Augustus, and from Mantua's shade  
 To courtly ease the Roman bard convey'd;  
 And soon exulting flow'd the song divine,  
 The noblest glory of the Roman line.  
 Dear was the muse to Julius: ever dear  
 'To Scipio; though the ponderous conquering spear  
 Roughen'd his hand, th' immortal pen he knew,  
 And to the tented field the gentle muses drew.  
 Each glorious chief of Greek or Latian line  
 Or barbarous race<sup>n</sup>, adorn'd th' Aonian shrine;  
 Each glorious name, e'er to the muse endear'd,  
 Or wooed the muses, or the muse revered.  
 Alas, on Tago's hapless shores alone  
 The muse is slighted, and her charms unknown;

For

<sup>n</sup> *Or barbarous race*——We have already observed that Camöens was not misled by the common declamations against the Gothic conquerors. “Theodoric, the second king of the Ostrogoths, a pious and humane prince, restored in some degree the study of letters. . . . He adopted into his service Boethius, the most learned and almost only Latin philosopher of that period. Cassiodorus, another eminent Roman scholar, was his grand secretary. . . . Theodoric's patronage of learning is applauded by Claudian, &c. Many other Gothic kings were equally attached to the works of peace. Warton, Hist. Eng. Poetry.

For this, no Virgil here attunes the lyre,  
 No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.  
 On Tago's shores are Scipios, Cæſars born,  
 And Alexander's Liſboa's clime adorn.  
 But heaven has ſtampt them in rougher mould,  
 Nor gave the poliſh to their genuine gold.  
 Careleſs and rude or to be known or know,  
 In vain to them the ſweeteſt numbers flow ;  
 Unheard, in vain their native poet ſings,  
 And cold neglect weighs down the muſe's wings.  
 Even he ° whoſe veins the blood of GAMA warms,  
 Walks by, unconſcious of the muſe's charms :  
 For him no muſe ſhall leave her golden loom,  
 No palm ſhall bloſſom, and no wreath ſhall bloom ;  
 Yet ſhall my P labours and my cares be paid  
 By fame immortal, and by GAMA's ſhade :

Him

° *Even he whoſe veins*—Don Fran. de Gama, grandſon of the hero of the Luſiad. For his insignificant and worthleſs character, ſee the life of Camöens.

† *Yet ſhall my labours*—Ariſtotle has pronounced, that the works of Homer contain the perfect model of the epic poem. Homer never gives us any digreſſive declamation ſpoken in the perſon of the poet, or interruptive of the thread of his narration. For this reaſon, Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindneſs has been cenſured as a violation of the rules of the epopœia. But it may be preſumed there is an appeal beyond the writings of Homer, an appeal to the reaſon of theſe rules. When Homer laid the plan of his works, he felt that to write a poem like an hiſtory, whoſe parts had no neceſſary dependence and connexion with each other, muſt be uninterreſting and tireſome to the reader of real genius. The unity of one action adorned with proper collateral epiſodes, therefore preſented itſelf in its progreſſive dependencies of beginning, middle, and end ; or in other words, a deſcription of certain circumſtances, the actions which theſe produce, and the catastrophe. This unity of conduct, as moſt interreſting, is indiſpenſably neceſſary

Him shall the song on every shore proclaim,  
 'The first of heroes, first of naval fame.  
 Rude and ungrateful though my country be,  
 This proud example shall be taught by me,  
 "Where'er the hero's worth demands the skies,  
 "To crown that worth some generous bard shall rise!"

cessary to the epic poem. But it does not follow, that a declamation in the person of the poet, at the beginning or end of a book, is properly a breach of the unity of the conduct of the action; the omission therefore, of such declamations by Homer, as not founded on the nature of the epic poem, is no argument against the use of them. If this, however, will not be allowed by the critic, let the critic remember, that Homer has many digressive histories, which have no dependence on, or connexion with the action of the poem. If the declamation of Camoens in praise of poetry, must be condemned, what defence can be offered for the long story of Maron's wine in the ninth *Odyssy*, to which even the numbers of a Pope could give no dignity! Yet however, a *Bossu* or a *Rapin*, may condemn the digressive exclamations of Camoens, the reader of taste, who judges from what he feels, would certainly be unwilling to have them expunged. The declamation with which he concludes the seventh *Lusiad*, must please, must touch every breast. The feelings of a great spirit, in the evening of an active and military life, sinking under the pressure of neglect and dependence, yet the complaint expressed with the most manly resentment, cannot fail to interest the generous, and, if adorned with the dress of poetry, to plead an excuse for its admission with the man of taste. The declamation which concludes the present book, has also some arguments to offer in its defence. As the fleet of Gama have now safely conquered many difficulties, and are promised a pilot to conduct them to India, it is a proper contrast to the murmurings of the populace, expressed by the old man, at the end of the fourth *Lusiad*, and is by no means an improper conclusion to the episode which so highly extols the military fame of the Lusian warriors.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

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THE  
L U S I A D.

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BOOK VI.

WITH heart sincere the royal pagan joy'd,  
And hospitable rites each hour employ'd ;  
For much the king the Lusian band admired,  
And much their friendship and their aid desired ;  
Each hour the gay festivity prolongs,  
Melindian dances, and Arabian songs ;  
Each hour in mirthful transport steals away,  
By night the banquet, and the chace by day :  
And now the bosom of the deep invites,  
And all the pride of Neptune's festive rites ;  
Their filken banners waving o'er the tide,  
A jovial band, the painted galleys ride ;

The net and angle various hands employ,  
 And Moorish timbrels found the notes of joy.  
 Such was the <sup>a</sup> pomp, when Egypt's beauteous queen  
 Bade all the pride of naval shew convene,  
 In pleasure's downy bosom to beguile  
 Her love-sick warrior : o'er the breast of Nile  
 Dazzling with gold the purple ensigns flow'd,  
 And to the lute the gilded barges row'd,  
 While from the wave, of many a shining hue,  
 The anglers' lines the panting fishes drew.

Now from the west the founding breezes blow,  
 And far the hoary flood was yet to plow :  
 The fountain and the field bestow'd their store,  
 And friendly pilots from the friendly shore,  
 Train'd in the Indian deep, were now aboard,  
 When Gama, parting from Melinda's lord,  
 The holy vows of lasting peace renew'd,  
 For still the king for lasting friendship sued ;

That

<sup>a</sup> *Such was the pomp*—Every display of eastern luxury and magnificence was lavished in the fishing parties on the Nile, with which Cleopatra amused Mark Antony, when at any time he shewed symptoms of uneasiness, or seemed inclined to abandon the effeminate life which he led with his mistress. At one of these parties, Mark Antony having procured divers to put fishes upon his hooks while under the water, he very gallantly boasted to his mistress of his great dexterity in angling. Cleopatra perceived his art, and as gallantly outwitted him. Some other divers received her orders, and in a little while Mark Antony's line brought up a fried fish, in place of a live one, to the vast entertainment of the queen and all the convivial company.—Octavius was at this time on his march to decide who should be master of the world.

That Lufus' heroes in his port fupplied,  
 And tafted reft, he own'd his deareft pride,  
 And vow'd that ever while the feas they roam,  
 The Lufian fleets fhould find a bounteous home,  
 And ever from the generous fhore receive  
 Whate'er his port, whate'er his land could <sup>b</sup> give.  
 Nor lefs his joy the grateful chief declared ;  
 And now to feize the valued hours prepared.  
 Full to the wind the fwelling fails he gave,  
 And his red prows divide the foamy wave :  
 Full to the rifing fun the pilot fteers,  
 And far from fhore through middle ocean bears.  
 The vaulted fky now widens o'er their heads,  
 Where firft the infant morn' his radiance fheds.  
 And now with tranfport fparkling in his eyes  
 Keen to behold the Indian mountains rife,  
 High on the decks each Lufian hero fmiles,  
 And proudly in his thoughts reviews his toils.  
 When the ftern dæmon, burning with difdain,  
 Beheld the fleet triumphant plow the main :  
 The powers of heaven, and heaven's dread Lord he knew,  
 Refolved in Lifboa glorious to renew  
 The Roman honours—raging with defpair  
 From high Olympus' brow he cleaves the air,  
 On earth new hopes of vengeance to devife,  
 And fue that aid deny'd him in the fkies :

Blafpheming

<sup>b</sup> — *Whate'er his land could give* — The friendship of the Portuguefe and Melindians was of long continuance. See the preface.

Blaspheming heaven, he pierced the dread abode  
Of ocean's lord, and fought the ocean's god.  
Deep where the bases of the hills extend,  
And earth's huge ribs of rock enormous bend,  
Where roaring through the caverns roll the waves  
Responsive as the aerial tempest raves,  
The ocean's monarch, by the Nereid train,  
And watery gods encircled, holds his reign.  
Wide o'er the deep, which line could ne'er explore,  
Shining with hoary fands of silver ore,  
Extends the level, where the palace rears,  
Its crystal towers, and emulates the spheres;  
So starry bright the lofty turrets blaze,  
And vie in lustre with the diamond's rays.  
Adorn'd with pillars and with roofs of gold,  
The golden gates their massy leaves unfold:  
Inwrought with pearl the lordly pillars shine;  
The sculptured walls confess an hand divine.  
Here various colours in confusion lost,  
Old Chaos' face and troubled image boast.  
Here rising from the mass; distinct and clear,  
Apart the four fair elements appear.  
High o'er the rest ascends the blaze of fire,  
Nor fed by matter did the rays aspire,  
But glow'd ætherial, as the living flame,  
Which, stolen from heaven, inspired the vital frame.  
Next, all-embracing air was spread around,  
Thin as the light, incapable of wound;



The subtle power the burning south pervades,  
 And penetrates the depth of polar shades.  
 Here mother earth, with mountains crown'd, is seen,  
 Her trees in blossom, and her lawns in green ;  
 The lowing bees adorn the clover vales,  
 The fleecy dams bespread the sloping dales ;  
 Here land from land the silver streams divide ;  
 The sportive fishes through the crystal tide,  
 Bedropt with gold their shining sides display :  
 And here old ocean rolls his billows gray ;  
 Beneath the moon's pale orb his current flows,  
 And round the earth his giant arms he throws.  
 Another scene display'd the dread alarms  
 Of war in heaven, and mighty Jove in arms :  
 Here Titan's race their swelling nerves distend  
 Like knotted oaks, and from their bases rend  
 And tower the mountains to the thundering sky,  
 While round their heads the forky lightnings fly :  
 Beneath huge *Ætna* vanquish'd *Typhon* lies,  
 And vomits smoke and fire against the darken'd skies.  
 Here seems the pictured wall possess'd of life ;  
 Two gods contending in the noble strife,  
 The choicest boon to human kind to give,  
 Their toils to lighten, or their wants relieve :

While

\* ——— *Their wants relieve*—According to fable, Neptune and Minerva disputed the honour of giving a name to the city of Athens. They agreed to determine the contest by a display of their wisdom and power, in conferring the most beneficial gift on mankind. Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and produced the horse whose bounding motions are emblematical

While Pallas here appears to wave her <sup>d</sup> hand,  
 'The peaceful olive's silver boughs expand :  
 Here, while the ocean's god indignant frown'd,  
 And raised his trident from the wounded ground,  
 As yet intangled in the earth appears  
 The warrior horse, his ample chest he rears,  
 His wide red nostrils smoke, his eye-balls glare,  
 And his fore-hoofs, high pawing, smite the air.

Though <sup>e</sup> wide and various o'er the sculptured stone  
 The feats of gods, and godlike heroes shone,

On

tical of the agitation of the sea. Minerva commanded the olive tree, the symbol of peace and of riches, to spring forth. The victory was adjudged to the goddess, from whom the city was named Athens. As the Egyptians and Mexicans wrote their history in hieroglyphics, the taste of the ancient Grecians clothed almost every occurrence in mythological allegory. The founders of Athens, it is most probable, disputed whether their new city should be named from the fertility of the soil, or from the marine situation of Attica. The former opinion prevailed, and the town received its name in honour of the goddess of the olive tree.

<sup>d</sup> *While Pallas here appears to wave her hand*—As Neptune struck the earth with his trident, Minerva, says the fable, struck the earth with her lance. That she waved her hand while the olive boughs spread, is a fine poetical attitude, and varies the picture from that of Neptune, which follows it.

<sup>e</sup> *Though wide and various o'er the sculptured stone*—The description of palaces is a favourite topic several times touched upon by the two great masters of epic poetry, in which they have been happily imitated by their three greatest disciples among the moderns, Camöens, Tasso, and Milton. The description of the palace of Neptune has great merit. Nothing can be more in place than the picture of Chaos and the four elements. The war of the gods, and the contest of Neptune and Minerva, are touched with the true boldness of poetical colouring. But perhaps it deserves censure thus to point out what every reader of taste must perceive. To shew to the mere English reader that the Portuguese poet is, in his manner, truly classical, is the intention of many of these notes.

On speed the vengeful dæmon views no more:  
 Forward he rushes through the golden door,  
 Where ocean's king, enclosed with nymphs divine,  
 In regal state receives the king of wine:  
 O Neptune! instant as he came, he cries,  
 Here let my presence wake no cold surprisè,  
 A friend I come, your friendship to implore  
 Against the fates unjust, and fortune's power;  
 Beneath whose shafts the great celestials bow,  
 Yet ere I more, if more you wish to know,  
 The watery gods in awful senate call,  
 For all should hear the wrong that touches all.  
 Neptune alarm'd, with instant speed commands  
 From every shore to call the watery bands:  
 Triton, who boasts his high Neptunian race,  
 Sprung from the god by Salace's embrace,  
 Attendant on his sire the trumpet sounds,  
 Or through the yielding waves, his herald, bounds;  
 Huge is his bulk deform'd, and dark his hue;  
 His bushy beard and hairs that never knew  
 The smoothing comb, of sea-weed rank and long,  
 Around his breast and shoulders dangling hung,  
 And on the matted locks black mussels clung;  
 A shell of purple on his head he bore,  
 Around his loins no tangling garb he wore,

But

<sup>5</sup> A shell of purple on his head he bore.—In the Portuguese,

*Na cabeça por gorra tinha posta*

*Huma mui grande casca de lagosta.*

Thus

But all was cover'd with the flimy brood,  
 The snaily offspring of the unctuous flood.  
 And now obedient to his dreadful fire,  
 High o'er the wave his brawny arms aspire ;  
 To his black mouth his crooked shell applied,  
 The blast rebellows o'er the ocean wide :  
 Wide o'er their shores, where'er their waters flow,  
 The watery powers the awful summons know ;  
 And instant darting to the palace hall,  
 Attend the founder of the Dardan s wall.

Old

Thus rendered by Fanshaw,

He had (for a \*montera) on his crown  
 The shell of a red lobster overgrown.

The description of Triton, who, as Fanshaw says,

Was a great nasty clown——

is in the style of the classics. His parentage is differently related. Hesiod makes him the son of Neptune and Amphitrité. By Triton, in the physical sense of the fable, is meant the noise, and by Salacé, the mother, by some ascribed to him, the salt of the ocean. The origin of the fable of Triton, it is probable, was founded on the appearance of a sea animal, which, according to some ancient and modern naturalists, in the upward parts resembles the human figure. Pausanias relates a wonderful story of a monstrously large one, which often came ashore on the meadows of Boetia. Over his head was a kind of finny cartilage, which, at a distance, appeared like hair, the body covered with brown scales; and nose and ears like the human, the mouth of a dreadful width, jagged with teeth like those of a panther; the eyes of a greenish hue; the hands divided into fingers, the nails of which were crooked, and of a shelly substance. This monster, whose extremities ended in a tail like a dolphin's, devoured both men and beasts as they chanced in his way. The citizens of Tanagra, at last, contrived his destruction. They set a large vessel full of wine on the sea shore. Triton got drunk with it, and fell into a profound sleep, in which condition the Tanagrians beheaded him, and afterwards, with great propriety, hung up his body in the temple of Bacchus; where, says Pausanias, it continued a long time.

\* Neptune.

\* Montera, the Spanish word for a huntsman's cap.

Old father ocean, with his numerous race  
 Of daughters and of fons, was first in place.  
 Nereus and Doris, from whose nuptials sprung  
 The lovely Nereid train for ever young,  
 Who people every sea on every strand  
 Appear'd, attended with their filial band;  
 And changeful Proteus, whose prophetic<sup>h</sup> mind  
 The secret cause of Bacchus' rage divined,  
 Attending, left the flocks, his scaly charge,  
 To graze the bitter weedy foam at large  
 In charms of power the raging waves to tame,  
 The lovely spouse of Ocean's sovereign<sup>i</sup> came:  
 From Heaven and Vesta sprung the birth divine;  
 Her snowy limbs bright through the vestments shine.  
 Here with the dolphin, who persuasive<sup>k</sup> led  
 Her modest steps to Neptune's spousal bed  
 Fair Amphitrite moved, more sweet, more gay,  
 Than vernal fragrance and the flowers of May;  
 Together with her sister spouse she came,  
 The same their wedded lord, their love the same;

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M

The

<sup>h</sup> *And changeful Proteus, whose prophetic mind*—The fullest and best account of the fable of Proteus is in the fourth Odysey.

<sup>i</sup> Thetis.

<sup>k</sup> *Here with the Dolphin*—Castera has a most curious note on this passage. "Neptune, (says he) is the vivifying spirit, and Amphitrite the humidity of the sea, which the Dolphin, the divine intelligence, unites for the generation and nourishment of fishes. Who says, he, cannot but be struck with admiration to find how consonant this is to the sacred scripture; *Spiritus Domini fertur super aquas; the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.*"

The fame the brightnefs of their fparkling eyes,  
 Bright as the fun and azure as the skies.  
 She who the rage of Athamas to <sup>l</sup> fhun  
 Plunged in the billows with her infant fon ;  
 A goddefs now, a god the fmiling boy  
 Together fped ; and Glaucus loft to <sup>m</sup> joy,  
 Curft in his love by vengeful Circe's hate,  
 Attending wept his Scylla's haplefs fate.

And now affembled in the hall divine,  
 The ocean gods in folemn council join ;  
 The goddeffes on pearl embroidery fate,  
 The gods on fparkling cryftal chairs of ftate ;  
 And proudly honour'd on the regal throne,  
 Befide the ocean's lord, Thyoneus <sup>n</sup> fhone.

High

<sup>l</sup> *She who the rage of Athamas to fhun*—Ino, the daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, and fecond fpoufe of Athamas, king of Thebes. The fables of her fate are various. That which Camöens follows is the moft common. Athamas, feized with madnefs, imagined that his fpoufe was a lionefs, and her two fons young lions. In this frenzy he flew Learchus, and drove the mother and her other fon Melicertus into the fea. The corpe of the mother was thrown afhore on Megaria, and that of the fon at Corinth. They were afterwards deified, the one as a fea Goddefs, the other as the God of harbours.

<sup>m</sup> —and *Glaucus loft to joy*—A fifherman, fays the fable, who, on eating a certain herb, was turned into a fea God. Circe was enamoured of him, and in revenge of her fliighted love, poifoned the fountain where his miftrefs ufually bathed. By the force of the enchantment the favoured Scylla was changed into an hideous monfter, whofe loins were furrounded with the ever barking heads of dogs and wolves. Scylla, on this, threw herfelf into the fea, and was metamorphofed into the rock which bears her name. The rock Scylla at a diftance appears like the ftatue of a woman : The furious dafhing of the waves in the cavities which are level with the water, refembles the barking of wolves and dogs. Hence the fable.

<sup>n</sup> Thyoneus, a name of Bacchus.

High from the roof the living amber ° glows,  
 High from the roof the stream of glory flows,  
 And richer fragrance far around exhales  
 Than that which breathes on fair Arabia's gales.

Attention now in listening silence waits :  
 The power, whose bosom raged against the fates,  
 Rising, casts round his vengeful eyes, while rage  
 Spread o'er his brows the wrinkled seams of age ;  
 O thou, he cries, whose birthright sovereign sway,  
 From pole to pole, the raging waves obey ;  
 Of human race 'tis thine to fix the bounds,  
 And fence the nations with thy watery mounds :  
 And thou, dread power, O father ocean, hear,  
 Thou, whose wide arms embrace the world's wide sphere,  
 'Tis thine the haughtiest victor to restrain,  
 And bind each nation in its own domain :  
 And you, ye gods, to whom the seas are given,  
 Your just partition with the Gods of heaven ;  
 You who, of old unpunish'd never bore  
 The daring trespass of a foreign oar ;  
 You who beheld, when Earth's dread offspring strove  
 To scale the vaulted sky, the feat of Jove :

M 2

Indignant

° *High from the roof the living amber glows—*

—————From the arched roof,  
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
 Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed  
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light  
 As from a sky

MILTON.

Indignant Jove deep to the nether world  
 The rebel band in blazing thunders hurl'd.  
 Alas! the great monition loft on you,  
 Supine you flumber, while a roving crew,  
 With impious search, explore the watery way,  
 And unresisted through your empire stray:  
 To seize the sacred treasures of the main  
 Their fearless prowls your ancient laws disdain:  
 Where far from mortal fight his hoary head  
 Old ocean hides, their daring sails they spread,  
 And their glad shouts are echoed where the roar  
 Of mounting billows only howl'd before.  
 In wonder, silent, ready Boreas sees  
 Your passive languor, and neglectful ease;  
 Ready with force auxiliar to restrain  
 The bold intruders on your awful reign;  
 Prepared to burst his tempests, as of old,  
 When his black whirlwinds o'er the ocean roll'd,  
 And rent the Mynian<sup>p</sup> sails, whose impious pride  
 First braved their fury, and your power defied.  
 Nor deem that, fraudulent, I my hope deny;  
 My darken'd glory sped me from the sky.  
 How high my honours on the Indian shore!  
 How soon these honours must avail no more!  
 Unless these rovers, who with double shame  
 To stain my conquests, bear my vassal's<sup>q</sup> name,

Unless

<sup>p</sup> *And rent the Mynian sails.*—The sails of the Argonauts of Mynia.

<sup>q</sup> See the first note on the first book of the *Lusiad*.



Unless they perish on the billowy way—  
Then rouse, ye gods, and vindicate your sway.  
The powers of heaven in vengeful anguish see  
The tyrant of the skies, and fate's decree;  
The dread decree, that to the Lusian train  
Consigns, betrays your empire of the main:  
Say, shall your wrong alarm the high abodes?  
Are men exalted to the rank of gods,  
O'er you exalted, while in careless ease  
You yield the wrested trident of the seas,  
Usurp'd your monarchy, your honours stained,  
Your birth-right ravish'd, and your waves profaned!  
Alike the daring wrong to me, to you,  
And shall my lips in vain your vengeance sue!  
This, this to sue from high Olympus bore—  
More he attempts, but rage permits no more.  
Fierce bursting wrath the watery gods inspires,  
And their red eye-balls burn with livid fires:  
Heaving and panting struggles every breast,  
With the fierce billows of hot ire oppress.  
Twice from his seat divining Proteus rose,  
And twice he shook enraged his sedge brows:  
In vain; the mandate was already given,  
From Neptune sent, to loose the winds of heaven:  
In vain; though prophecy his lips inspired,  
The ocean's queen his silent lips required.  
Nor less the storm of headlong rage denies,  
Or council to debate, or thought to rise.

And

And now the god of tempests swift unbinds  
From their dark caves the various rushing winds :  
High o'er the storm the power impetuous rides,  
His howling voice the roaring tempest guides ;  
Right to the dauntless fleet their rage he pours,  
And first their headlong outrage tears the shores ;  
A deeper night involves the darken'd air,  
And livid flashes through the mountains glare :  
Up-rooted oaks, with all their leafy pride,  
Rowl thundering down the groaning mountains side ;  
And men and herds in clamorous uproar run,  
The rocking towers and crashing woods to shun.

While thus the council of the watery state,  
Enraged, decree the Lufian heroes fate :  
The weary fleet before the gentle gale  
With joyful hope displayed the steady fail ;  
Thro' the smooth deep they plough'd the lengthening way ;  
Beneath the wave the purple car of day  
To fable night the eastern sky resign'd,  
And o'er the decks cold breath'd the midnight wind.  
All but the watch in warm pavilions slept ;  
The second watch the wonted vigils kept ;  
Supine their limbs, the mast supports the head,  
And the broad yard-sail o'er their shoulders spread  
A grateful cover from the chilly gale,  
And sleep's soft dews their heavy eyes assail.

Languid against the languid power they strive,  
 And sweet discourse preserves their thoughts alive.  
 When Leonardo, whose enamoured thought  
 In every dream the plighted fair-one fought,  
 The dews of sleep what better to remove  
 Than the soft, woeful, pleasing tales of love?  
 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.  
 His mates with joy the brave VELOSO hear,  
 And on the youth the speaker's toil confer.  
 The brave VELOSO takes the word with joy,  
 And truth, he cries, shall these slow hours decoy.  
 The warlike tale adorns our nation's fame;  
 The twelve of England give the noble theme.

When Pedro's gallant heir, the valiant John,  
 Gave war's full splendor to the Lusian throne,  
 In haughty England, where the winter spreads  
 His snowy mantle o'er the shining meads,

The

† In haughty England where the winter spreads  
 His snowy mantle o'er the shining meads.

The feeds of strife the fierce Erynnis fows ;  
 The baleful strife from court diffention rose.  
 With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,  
 That spreads its magic o'er the female face,  
 Twelve ladies shined the courtly train among,  
 The first, the fairest of the courtly throng :  
 But envy's breath reviled their injured name,  
 And stain'd the honour of their virgin fame.  
 Twelve youthful barons own'd the foul report,  
 The charge at first, perhaps, a tale of sport.  
 Ah, base the sport that lightly dares defame  
 The sacred honour of a lady's name !  
 What <sup>s</sup> knight-hood asks the proud accusers yield,  
 And dare the damsels champions to the field.

“ There

In the original,

*Là na grande Inglaterra, que de neve  
 Boreal sempre abunda——*

That is, “ In illustrious England, always covered with northern snow.”  
 Though the translator was willing to retain the manner of Homer, he  
 thought it proper to correct the error in natural history fallen into by Ca-  
 möens. Fanshaw seems to have been sensible of the mistake of his author,  
 and has given the following, uncountenanced by the Portuguese, in place of  
 the eternal snows ascribed to his country.

In merry England, which (from cliffs that stand  
 Like hills of snow) once Albion's name did git.

*\* What knight-hood asks the proud accusers yield,  
 And dare the damsels champions to the field.*

The translator, either by his own researches, or by his application to  
 some gentlemen who were most likely to inform him, has not been able to  
 discover the slightest vestige of this chivalrous adventure in any memoirs of  
 the English history. It is probable, nevertheless, that however adorned  
 with romantic ornament, it is not entirely without foundation in truth.  
 Castéra, who unhappily does not cite his authority, gives the names of the  
 twelve Portuguese champions ; Alvaro Vaz d'Almada, afterwards count  
 d'Avranches

“ There let the cause, as honour wills, be tried,

“ And let the lance and ruthless sword decide.”

The

d'Avranches in Normandy; another Alvaro d'Almada, surnamed the Juster, from his dexterity at that warlike exercise; Lopez Fernando Pacheco; Pedro Homen D'Acofta; Juan Auguttin Pereyra; Luis Gonzalez de Malafay; the two brothers Alvaro and Rodrigo Mendez de Cerveyra; Ruy Gomez de Sylva; Soueyro d'Acofta, who gave his name to the river Acofta in Africa; Martin Lopez d'Azevedo; and Alvaro Gonzalez de Coutigno, surnamed Magicio. The names of the English champions and of the ladies, he confesses are unknown, nor does history positively explain the injury of which the dames complained. It must however, he adds, have been such as required the atonement of blood; *il falloit qu'elle fût sanglante*, since two sovereigns allowed to determine it by the sword. “ Some critics, says Castera, may perhaps condemn this episode of Camoens; but for my part (he continues) I think the adventure of Olindo and Sophronia, in Tasso, is much more to be blamed. The episode of the Italian poet is totally exuberant, *il est tout-à-fait positif*, whereas that of the Portuguese has a direct relation to his proposed subject; the wars of his country, a vast field, in which he has admirably succeeded, without prejudice to the first rule of the epopœia, the unity of the action.” To this may be added the suffrage of Voltaire, who acknowledges that Camoens artfully interweaves the history of Portugal. And the severest critic must allow that the episode related by Veloso, is happily introduced. To one who has ever been at sea, the scene must be particularly pleasing. The fleet is under sail, they plough the smooth deep, .

And o'er the decks cold breath'd the midnight wind,

All but the second watch are asleep in their warm pavilions; the second watch sit by the mast, sheltered from the chilly gale by a broad sail-cloth; sleep begins to overpower them, and they tell stories to entertain one another. For beautiful picturesque simplicity, there is no sea-scene equal to this in the *Odyssey* or *Æneid*. And even the prejudice of a Scaliger must have confessed, that the romantic chivalrous narrative of Veloso,

With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inspire

The scorn of danger, and the hero's fire—

is better adapted to the circumstances of the speaker and his audience, than almost any of the long histories, which on all occasions, and sometimes in the heat of battle, the heroes of the *Iliad* relate to each other. Pope has been already cited, as giving his sanction to the fine effect of variety in the epic poem. The present instance, which has a peculiar advantage, in agreeably suspending

The lovely dames implore the courtly train,  
 With tears implore them, but implore in vain:  
 So famed, so dreaded tower'd each boastful knight,  
 The damsels lovers shunn'd the proffer'd fight.  
 Of arm unable to repel the strong,  
 The heart's each feeling conscious of the wrong,  
 When robb'd of all the female breast holds dear,  
 Ah heaven, how bitter flows the female tear!  
 To Lancaster's bold duke the damsels sue;  
 A down their cheeks, now paler than the hue  
 Of snowdrops trembling to the chilly gale,  
 The slow-paced crystal tears their wrongs bewail.  
 When down the beauteous face the dew-drop flows,  
 What manly bosom can its force oppose!  
 His hoary curls th' indignant hero shakes,  
 And all his youthful rage restored awakes:  
 Though loth, he cries, to plunge my bold compeers  
 In civil discord, yet appease your tears:  
 From Lusitania—for on Lusian ground  
 Brave Lancaster had strode with laurel crown'd;  
 Had mark'd how bold the Lusian heroes shone,  
 What time he claim'd the proud Castilian throne,

How

suspending the mind of the reader after the storm is raised by the machinations of Bacchus, may be cited as a confirmation of the opinion of that judicious poet.

\* *What time he claim'd the proud Castilian throne.*—*John of Gaunt*, duke of Lancaster, claimed the crown of Castile in the right of his wife, *Donna Constantia*, daughter of *Don Pedro*, the late king. Assisted by his son-in-law, *John I.* of Portugal, he entered Galicia, and was proclaimed king of Castile at the city of *St. Jago de Compostella*. He afterwards relinquished his pretensions on the marriage of his daughter *Catalina*, with the infant *Don Henry* of Castile. See the note, BOOK IV. p. 85.

How matchless pour'd the tempest of their might,  
When thundering at his side they ruled the fight:  
Nor less their ardent passion for the fair,  
Generous and brave, he view'd with wondering care,  
When crown'd with roses to the nuptial bed  
The warlike John his lovely daughter led—  
From Lusitania's clime, the hero cries,  
The gallant champions of your fame shall rise:  
Their hearts will burn, for well their hearts I know,  
To pour your vengeance on the guilty foe.  
Let courtly phrase the heroes worth admire,  
And for your injured names that worth require:  
Let all the soft endearments of the fair,  
And words that weep your wrongs, your wrongs declare,  
Myself the heralds to the chiefs will send,  
And to the king, my valiant son, commend.  
He spoke; and twelve of Lusian race he names,  
All noble youths, the champions of the dames.  
The dames by lot their gallant champions ' chuse,  
And each her hero's name exulting views.  
Each in a various letter hails her chief,  
And earnest for his aid relates her grief:  
Each to the king her courtly homage sends,  
And valiant Lancafter their cause commends.

Soon

\* *The dames by lot their gallant champions chuse.*—The ten champions, who, in the fifth book of the *Jerusalem*, are sent by Godfrey for the assistance of Armida, are chosen by lot. Tasso, who had read the *Lusiad*, and admired its author, undoubtedly had the Portuguese poet in his eye.

Soon as to Tagus' shores the heralds came,  
 Swift through the palace pours the sprightly flame  
 Of high-foul'd chivalry ; the monarch glows  
 First on the lifted field to dare the foes ;  
 But regal state withheld. Alike their fires,  
 Each courtly noble to the toil aspires :  
 High on his helm, the envy of his peers,  
 Each chosen knight the plume of combat wears.  
 In that proud port half circled by the <sup>u</sup> wave,  
 Which Portugallia to the nation gave,  
 A deathless name, a speedy floop receives  
 The sculptured bucklers, and the clasping greaves,  
 The swords of Ebro, spears of lofty size,  
 And breast-plates flaming with a thousand dyes,  
 Helmets high plumed, and, pawing for the fight,  
 Bold steeds, whose harness shone with silvery light  
 Dazzling the day. And now the rising gale  
 Invites the heroes, and demands the sail,  
 When brave Magricio thus his peers address :  
 Oh, friends in arms, of equal powers confest,  
 Long have I hoped through foreign climes to stray,  
 Where other streams than Douro wind their way ;  
 To note what various shares of bliss and woe  
 From various laws and various customs flow.  
 Nor deem that artful, I the fight decline ;  
 England shall know the combat shall be mine.

By

<sup>u</sup> *In that proud port half circled by the wave,  
 Which Portugallia to the nation gave,  
 A deathless name——*

Oporto, called by the Romans *Calle*. Hence Portugal.



By land I speed, and should dark fate prevent,  
 For death alone shall blight my firm intent,  
 Small may the sorrow for my absence be,  
 For yours were conquest, though unshared by me.  
 Yet something more than human warms my <sup>x</sup> breast,  
 And sudden whispers, in our fortunes blest,  
 Nor envious chance, nor rocks, nor whelmy tide,  
 Shall our glad meeting at the list divide.

He said; and now the rites of parting friends  
 Sufficed, through Leon and Castile he bends.  
 On many a field enrapt the hero stood,  
 And the proud scenes of Lusian conquest viewed.  
 Navarre he past, and past the dreary wild,  
 Where rocks on rocks o'er yawning gyls are piled;  
 The wolf's dread range, where to the evening skies  
 In clouds involved the cold Pyrenians rise.  
 Through Gallia's flowery vales and wheaten plains  
 He strays, and Belgia now his steps detains.  
 There, as forgetful of his vow'd intent,  
 In various cares the fleeting days he spent:  
 His peers the while direct to England's strand,  
 Plough the chill northern wave; and now at land,  
Adorn'd

\* Yet something more than human warms my breast,  
 And sudden whispers——

In the Portuguese,

*Mas se a verdade o espirito me advinha.*

Literally, "But if my spirit truly divine." Thus rendered by Fanshaw.

*But in my aug'ring ear a bird doth sing.*

Adorn'd in armour, and embroidery gay,  
 To lordly London hold the crowded way.  
 Bold Lancaster receives the knights with joy ;  
 The feast and warlike song each hour employ.  
 The beauteous dames attending wake their fire,  
 With tears enrage them, and with smiles inspire.  
 And now with doubtful blushes rose the day,  
 Decreed the rites of wounded fame to pay.  
 The English monarch gives the list'd bounds,  
 And, fixt in rank, with shining spears furrounds.  
 Before their dames the gallant knights advance,  
 Each like a Mars, and shake the beamy lance :  
 The dames, adorn'd in silk and gold, display  
 A thousand colours glittering to the day :  
 Alone in tears, and doleful mourning, came,  
 Unhonour'd by her knight, Magricio's dame.  
 Fear not our prowess, cry the bold eleven,  
 In numbers, not in might, we stand uneven,  
 More could we spare, secure of dauntless might,  
 When for the injured female name we fight.

Beneath a canopy of regal state,  
 High on a throne the English monarch fate ;  
 All round, the ladies and the barons bold,  
 Shining in proud array, their stations hold.  
 Now o'er the theatre the champions pour,  
 And facing three to three, and four to four,  
 Flourish their arms in prelude. From the bay  
 Where flows the Tagus, to the Indian sea,

The sun beholds not in his annual race  
A twelve more fightly, more of manly grace  
Than tower'd the English knights. With frothing jaws  
Furious each steed the bit restrictive gnaws ;  
And rearing to approach the rearing foe,  
Their wavy manes are dash'd with foamy snow :  
Cross-darting to the sun a thousand rays  
The champions helmets as the crystal blaze.  
Ah now, the trembling ladies cheeks how wan !  
Cold crept their blood ; when through the tumult ran  
A shout loud gathering : turn'd was every eye  
Where rose the shout, the sudden cause to spy.  
And lo, in shining arms a warrior rode,  
With conscious pride his snorting courser trod ;  
Low to the monarch and the dames he bends,  
And now the great Magricio joins his friends.  
With looks that glow'd, exulting rose the fair,  
Whose wounded honour claim'd the hero's care :  
Aside the doleful weeds of mourning thrown,  
In dazzling purple and in gold she shone.  
Now loud the signal of the fight rebounds  
Quivering the air ; the meeting flock resounds  
Hoarse crashing uproar ; griding splinters spring  
Far round ; and bucklers dash'd on bucklers ring :  
Their swords flash lightning ; darkly reeking o'er  
The shining mail-plates flows the purple gore.  
Torn by the spur, the loosened reins at large,  
Furious the steeds in thundering plunges charge ;

Trembles

Trembles beneath their hoofs the solid ground,  
 And thick the fiery sparkles flash around,  
 A dreadful blaze ! with pleasing horror thrill'd  
 The crowd behold the terrors of the field.  
 Here stunn'd, and staggering with the forceful blow,  
 A bending champion grasps the saddle-bow ;  
 Here backward bent a falling knight reclines,  
 His plumes dishonour'd lash the courser's loins.  
 So tired and stagger'd toil'd the doubtful fight,  
 When great Magricio kindling all his might  
 Gave all his rage to burn : with headlong force,  
 Conscious of victory, his bounding horse  
 Wheels round and round the foe ; the hero's spear  
 Now on the front, now flaming on the rear,  
 Mows down their firmest battle ; groans the ground,  
 Beneath his courser's smiting hoofs ; far round  
 The cloven helms and splinter'd shields resound. }  
 Here, torn and trail'd in dust the harness gay,  
 From the fall'n master springs the steed away ;  
 Obscene with dust and gore, flow from the ground  
 Rising, the master rolls his eyes around,  
 Pale as a spectre on the Stygian coast,  
 In all the rage of shame confused and lost.  
 Here low on earth, and o'er the riders thrown,  
 The wallowing coursers and the riders groan :  
 Before their glimmering vision dies the light,  
 And deep descends the gloom of death's eternal night.  
 They now who boasted, " Let the sword decide,"  
 Alone in flight's ignoble aid confide :

Loud to the sky the shout of joy proclaims  
The spotless honour of the ladies' names.

In painted halls of state and rosy bowers,  
The twelve brave Lusians crown the festive hours.  
Bold Lancafter the princely feast bestows,  
The goblet circles, and the music flows ;  
And every care, the transport of their joy,  
To tend the knights the lovely dames employ ;  
The green-boughed forests by the lawns of Thames  
Behold the victor-champions and the dames  
Rouse the tall roe-buck o'er the dews of morn,  
While through the dales of Kent resounds the bugle-horn.  
The sultry noon the princely banquet owns,  
The minstrel's song of war the banquet crowns ;  
And when the shades of gentle evening fall,  
Loud with the dance resounds the lordly hall :  
The golden roofs, while Vesper shines, prolong  
The trembling echoes of the harp and song.  
Thus past the days on England's happy strand,  
Till the dear memory of their natal land  
Sigh'd for the banks of Tagus. Yet the breast  
Of brave Magricio spurns the thoughts of rest :  
In Gaul's proud court he fought the list'd plain,  
In arms an injured lady's knight again.  
As Rome's *Corvinus* o'er the field he strode,  
And on the foe's huge cuirass proudly trod.

\* *As Rome's Corvinus*—Valerius Maximus, a Roman tribune, who fought and slew a Gaul of enormous stature, in single combat. During the duel a  
raven

No more by tyranny's proud tongue reviled,  
 The Flandrian countess on her hero <sup>z</sup> smiled.  
 The Rhine another pass, and proved his <sup>a</sup> might,  
 A fraudulent German dared him to the fight;

Strain'd

raven perched on the helm of his antagonist, sometimes pecked his face and hand, and sometimes blinded him with the flapping of his wings. The victor was thence named Corvinus. Vid. Liv. l. 7. c. 26.

<sup>\*</sup> *The Flandrian countess on her hero smiled.*—“The princess, for whom Magricio signalized his valour, was Isabella of Portugal, and spouse to Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, and earl of Flanders. Some Spanish chronicles relate, that Charles VII. of France, having assembled the states of his kingdom, cited Philip to appear with his other vassals. Isabella, who was present, solemnly protested that the earls of Flanders were not obliged to do homage. A dispute arose, on which she offered, according to the custom of that age, to appeal to the fate of arms. The proposal was accepted, and Magricio, the champion of Isabella, vanquished a French chevalier, appointed by Charles. Though our authors do not mention this adventure, and though Emmanuel de Faria, and the best Portuguese writers treat it with doubt, nothing to the disadvantage of Camões is thence to be inferred. A poet is not obliged always to follow the truth of history. *Cassera.*”

<sup>a</sup> *The Rhine another pass, and prov'd his might.*—“This was Alvaro Vaz d'Almada. The chronicle of Garibay relates, that at Basil he received from a German a challenge to measure swords, on condition that each should fight with his right side unarmed; the German by this hoping to be victorious, for he was left-handed. The Portuguese, suspecting no fraud, accepted. When the combat began he perceived the inequality. His right side unarmed was exposed to the enemy, whose left side, which was nearest to him, was defended with half a cuirass. Notwithstanding all this, the brave Alvaro obtained the victory. He sprung upon the German, seized him, and grasping him forcibly in his arms, strangled and crushed him to death; imitating the conduct of Hercules, who in the same manner slew the cruel Anteus. Here we ought to remark the address of our author; he describes at length the injury and grief of the English ladies, the voyage of the twelve champions to England, and the prowess they there displayed. When Veloso relates these, the sea is calm; but no sooner does it begin to be troubled, than the soldier abridges his recital: we see him follow by degrees the prelude of the storm, we  
 “perceive

Strain'd in his grasp the fraudulent boaster fell—  
 Here sudden stopt the youth ; the distant yell  
 Of gathering tempest founded in his ears,  
 Unheard, unheeded by his listening peers.  
 Earnest at full they urge him to relate  
 Magricio's combat, and the German's fate.  
 When shrilly whistling through the decks resounds  
 The master's call, and loud his voice rebounds :  
 Instant from converse and from slumber start  
 Both bands, and instant to their toils they dart.  
 Aloft, Oh speed, down, down the topfails, cries  
 The master, sudden from my earnest eyes  
 Vanish'd the stars, slow rolls the hollow sigh,  
 The storm's dread herald.—To the topfails fly  
 The bounding youths, and o'er the yard-arms whirl  
 The whizzing ropes, and swift the canvass furl ;  
 When from their grasp the bursting tempests bore  
 The sheets half-gathered, and in fragments tore—  
 Strike, strike the mainfail, loud again he rears  
 His echoing voice ; when roaring in their ears,  
 As if, the starry vault by thunders riven,  
 Rush'd downward to the deep the walls of heaven :

N 2

With

“ perceive the anxiety of his mind on the view of the approaching danger,  
 “ hastening his narration to an end. *Voilà ce que s'appelle des coups de maître.*  
 “ Behold the strokes of a master.” *Cæfers.*

Joam Franco Barreto, whose short nomenclator is printed as an index to the Portuguese editions of the *Lusiad*, informs us, that Magricio was son of the marischal Conçalo Coutinho, and brother to Don Vasco Coutinho, the first count de Marialva

With headlong weight a fiercer blast descends,  
And with sharp whirring crash the main-sail rends ;  
Loud shrieks of horror through the fleet resound,  
Bursts the torn cordage, rattle far around  
The splinter'd yard-arms ; from each bending mast,  
In many a shred, far streaming on the blast  
The canvass floats ; low sinks the leeward side,  
O'er the broad vessels rolls the swelling tide ;  
O strain each nerve, the frantic pilot cries,  
Oh now—and instant every nerve applies,  
Tugging what cumbrous lay with strainful force ;  
Dash'd by the ponderous loads the surges hoarse  
Roar in new whirls : the dauntless soldiers ran  
To pump, yet ere the groaning pump began  
'The wave to vomit, o'er the decks o'erthrown  
In groveling heaps the stagger'd soldiers groan :  
So rolls the vessel, not the boldest three,  
Of arms robustest, and of firmest knee,  
Can guide the starting rudder ; from their hands  
The helm bursts ; scarce a cable's strength commands  
The staggering fury of its starting bounds,  
While to the forceful beating surge resounds  
The hollow crazing hulk : with kindling rage  
The adverse winds the adverse winds engage :  
As from its base of rock their banded power  
Strove in the dust to strew some lordly tower,  
Whose dented battlements in middle sky  
Frown on the tempest and its rage defy ;



So roar'd the winds : high o'er the rest upborne  
On the wide mountain-wave's flant ridge forlorn,  
At times discover'd by the lightnings blue,  
Hangs GAMA's lofty vessel, to the view  
Small as her boat ; o'er Paulus' shatter'd prore  
Falls the tall main-mast prone with crashing roar ;  
Their hands, yet grasping their uprooted hair,  
The sailors lift to heaven in wild despair ;  
The Saviour God each yelling voice implores :  
Nor less from brave Coello's war-ship pours  
The shriek, shrill rolling on the tempest's wings :  
Dire as the bird of death at midnight sings  
His dreary howlings in the sick man's ear,  
The answering shriek from ship to ship they hear.  
Now on the mountain-billows upward driven,  
The navy mingles with the clouds of heaven ;  
Now rushing downward with the sinking waves,  
Bare they behold old ocean's vaulty caves.  
The eastern blast against the western pours,  
Against the southern storm the northern roars :  
From pole to pole the flashy lightnings glare,  
One pale blue twinkling sheet enwraps the air ;  
In swift succession now the volleys fly,  
Darted in pointed curvings o'er the sky,  
And through the horrors of the dreadful night,  
O'er the torn waves they shed a ghastly light ;  
The breaking furies flame with burning red,  
Wider and louder still the thunders spread,

As if the solid heavens together crush'd,  
 Expiring worlds on worlds expiring rush'd,  
 And dim-brow'd chaos struggled to regain  
 The wild confusion of his ancient reign.  
 Not such the volley when the arm of Jove  
 From heaven's high gates the rebel Titans drove;  
 Not such fierce lightnings blazed athwart the flood,  
 When, saved by heaven, Deucalion's vessel rode  
 High o'er the deluged hills. Along the shore  
 The halcyons, mindful of their fate,<sup>b</sup> deplore;  
 As beating round on trembling wings they fly,  
 Shrill through the storm their woeful clamours die.  
 So from the tomb, when midnight veils the plains,  
 With<sup>c</sup> shrill, faint voice, th' untimely ghost complains.

The

<sup>b</sup> *The halcyons, mindful of their fate, deplore*—Ceyx, king of Trachinia, son of Lucifer, married Alcyone, the daughter of Eolus. On a voyage to consult the Delphic oracle, he was shipwrecked. His corpse was thrown ashore in the view of his spouse, who, in the agonies of her love and despair, threw herself into the sea. The gods, in pity of her pious fidelity, metamorphosed them into the birds which bear her name. The halcyon is a little bird, about the size of a thrush, its plumage of a beautiful sky blue, mixed with some traits of white and carnation. It is vulgarly called the king, or martin fisher. The halcyons very seldom appear but in the finest weather, whence they are fabled to build their nests on the waves. The female is no less remarkable than the turtle, for her conjugal affection. She nourishes and attends the male when sick, and survives his death but a few days. When the halcyons are surpris'd in a tempest, they fly about as in the utmost terror, with the most lamentable and doleful cries. To introduce them therefore in the picture of a storm, is a proof both of the taste and judgment of Camöens.

<sup>c</sup> *With shrill faint voice th' untimely ghost complains*—It may not perhaps be unentertaining to cite *Madam Duacir*, and *Mr. Pope*, on the voices of the

The amorous dolphins to their deepest caves  
 In vain retreat to fly the furious waves ;  
 High o'er the mountain-capes the ocean flows,  
 And tears the aged forests from their brows :

The

the dead. It will, at least, afford a critical observation, which appears to have escaped them both. “ The shades of the suitors (observes *Dacier*) “ when they are summoned by *Mercury* out of the palace of *Ulysses*, emit a “ feeble, plaintive, inarticulate sound, *τηζουσι*, *strident* : whereas *Agamen-  
 non*, and the shades that have been long in the state of the dead, speak  
 “ articulately. I doubt not but *Homer* intended to shew, by the former  
 “ description, that when the soul is separated from the organs of the body,  
 “ it ceases to act after the same manner as while it was joined to it ; but  
 “ how the dead recover their voices afterwards is not easy to understand.  
 “ In other respects *Virgil* paints after *Homer* :

—————*Pars tollere vocem*

*Exiguam : ineptus clamor frustratur hiantes.”*

To this *Mr. Pope* replies, “ But why should we suppose with *Dacier*,  
 “ that these shades of the suitors (*of Penelope*) have lost the faculty of speak-  
 “ ing ; I rather imagine that the sounds they uttered were signs of com-  
 “ plaint and discontent, and proceeded not from an inability to speak.  
 “ After *Patroclus* was slain, he appears to *Achilles*, and speaks very articu-  
 “ lately to him ; yet to express his sorrow at his departure, he acts like  
 “ these suitors : for *Achilles*

Like a thin smoke beholds the spirit fly,  
 And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

“ *Dacier* conjectures, that the power of speech ceases in the dead, till they are  
 “ admitted into a state of rest ; but *Patroclus* is an instance to the contrary  
 “ in the *Iliad*, and *Elpenor* in the *Odyssey*, for they both speak before their  
 “ funereal rites are performed, and consequently before they enter into a  
 “ state of repose amongst the shades of the happy.”

The critic, in his search for distant proofs, often omits the most material  
 one immediately at hand. Had *Madam Dacier* attended to the episode of  
 the souls of the suitors, the world had never seen her ingenuity in these  
 mythological conjectures ; nor had *Mr. Pope* any need to bring the case of  
*Patroclus* or *Elpenor* to overthrow her system. *Amphimedon*, one of the sui-  
 tors, in the very episode which gave birth to *Dacier's* conjecture, tells his  
 story

The pine and oak's huge finewy roots uptorn,  
 And from their beds the dusky sands, upborne  
 On the rude whirlings of the billowy sweep,  
 Imbrown the surface of the boiling deep.  
 High to the poop the valiant GAMA springs,  
 And all the rage of grief his bosom wrings,  
 Grief to behold, the while fond hope enjoy'd  
 The meed of all his toils, that hope destroyed.  
 In awful horror lost the hero stands,  
 And rolls his eyes to heaven, and spreads his hands,  
 While to the clouds his vessel rides the swell,  
 And now her black keel strikes the gates of hell;  
 Oh thou, he cries, whom trembling heaven obeys,  
 Whose will the tempest's furious madness sways,

Who,

story very articulately to the shade of *Agamemnon*, though he had not received the funereal rites :

Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,  
 Cold and neglected spread the marble floor :  
 No friend to bathe our wounds ! or tears to shed  
 O'er the pale corpse ! the honours of the dead. ODYSS. XXIV.

On the whole, the defence of *Pope* is almost as idle as the conjectures of *Dacier*. The plain truth is, poetry delights in personification : every thing in it, as *Aristotle* says of the *Iliad*, has manners ; poetry must therefore personify according to our ideas. Thus in *Milton* :

Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth—

And thus in *Homer*, while the suitors are conducted to hell ;

Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive vent  
 Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent :

and, unfetter'd with mythological distinctions, either shriek or articulately talk, according to the most poetical view of their supposed circumstances.

Who, through the wild waves, led'st thy chosen race,  
While the high billows stood like walls of brass :  
Oh thou, while ocean bursting o'er the world  
Roar'd o'er the hills, and from the sky down hurl'd  
Rush'd other headlong oceans : Oh, as then  
The second father of the race of men  
Safe in thy care the dreadful billows rode,  
Oh ! save us now, be now the favour God !  
Safe in thy care, what dangers have we past !  
And shalt thou leave us, leave us now at last  
To perish here—our dangers and our toils  
To spread thy laws unworthy of thy smiles ;  
Our vows unheard—Heavy with all thy weight,  
Oh horror, come ! and come, eternal night !

He paused ;—then round his eyes and arms he threw  
In gesture wild, and thus : Oh happy you !  
You, who in Afric fought for holy faith,  
And, pierced with Moorish spears, in glorious death  
Beheld the smiling heavens your toils reward,  
By your brave mates beheld the conquest shared ;  
Oh happy you, on every shore renown'd !  
Your vows respected, and your wishes crown'd.

He spoke ; redoubled raged the mingled blasts ;  
Through the torn cordage and the shatter'd masts  
The winds loud whistled, fiercer lightnings blazed,  
And louder roars the doubled thunders raised,

The sky and ocean blending, each on fire,  
Seem'd as all nature struggled to expire.  
When now the silver star of love appear'd,  
Bright in her east her radiant front she rear'd;  
Fair through the horrid storm the gentle ray  
Announced the promise of the cheerful day;  
From her bright throne celestial love beheld  
The tempest burn, and blast on blast impell'd:  
And must the furious dæmon still, she cries,  
Still urge his rage, nor all the past suffice!  
Yet as the past, shall all his rage be vain—  
She spoke, and darted to the roaring main;  
Her lovely nymphs she calls, the nymphs obey,  
Her nymphs the virtues who confess her sway;  
Round every brow she bids the rose-buds twine,  
And every flower adown the locks to shine,  
The snow-white lily and the laurel green,  
And pink and yellow as at strife be seen.  
Instant amid their golden ringlets strove  
Each flowret, planted by the hand of love;  
At strife, who first th' enamour'd powers to gain,  
Who rule the tempests and the waves restrain:  
Bright as a starry band the Nereids shone,  
Instant old Eolus' sons their presence own;  
The winds die faintly, and in softest sighs  
Each at his fair one's feet desponding lies.

The

\* For the fable of Eolus, see the tenth *Odyssy*.

The bright Orithia, threatening, sternly chides  
 The furious Boreas, and his faith derides ;  
 The furious Boreas owns her powerful bands :  
 Fair Galatea, with a smile commands  
 The raging Notus, for his love, how true,  
 His fervent passion and his faith, she knew.  
 Thus every nymph her various lover chides ;  
 The silent winds are fetter'd by their brides ;  
 And to the goddesses of celestial loves,  
 Mild as her look, and gentle as her doves  
 In flowery bands are brought. Their amorous flame  
 The Queen approves, and ever burn the same,  
 She cries, and joyful on the nymphs' fair hands,  
 Th' Eolian race receive the Queen's commands,  
 And vow, that henceforth her armada's sails  
 Should gently swell with fair propitious<sup>d</sup> gales.

Now

<sup>d</sup> *And vow, that henceforth her armada's sails,  
 Should gently swell with fair propitious gales—*

In innumerable instances, Camões discovers himself a judicious imitator of the ancients. In the two great masters of the epic, are several prophecies oracular of the fate of different heroes, which give an air of solemn importance to the poem. The fate of the armada thus obscurely anticipated, resembles in particular the prophecy of the safe return of Ulysses to Ithaca, foretold by the shade of *Tiresias*, which was afterwards fulfilled by the Phæacians. It remains now to make some observations on the machinery used by Camões in this book. The necessity of machinery in the epopœia, and the perhaps insurmountable difficulty of finding one unexceptionably adapted to a poem where the heroes are christians, or, in other words, to a poem whose subject is modern, have already been observed in the preface. The descent of Bacchus to the palace of Neptune in the depths of the sea, and his address to the watery gods, are noble imitations of Virgil's Juno in the first *Æneid*. The description of the storm is also masterly. In both instances the conduct of the *Æneid* is joined with the descriptive

Now morn, serene in dappled grey, arose  
O'er the fair lawns where murmuring Ganges flows ;

Pale

descriptive exuberance of the *Odyssey*. The appearance of the star of Venus through the storm is finely imagined, the influence of the nymphs of that goddess over the winds, and their subsequent nuptials, are in the spirit of the promise of Juno to *Æolus* :

*Sunt mihi bis septem præstanti corpore nymphæ :*  
*Quarum, quæ forma pulcherrima, Deïpoïam*  
*Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo :*  
*Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos*  
*Exigat, & pulchra faciat te prole parentem.*

And the fiction itself is an allegory exactly in the manner of Homer. *Orithia*, the daughter of *Erekteus*, and queen of the *Amazons*, was ravished and carried away by *Boreas*. Her name, derived from *ὄρος*, bound or limit, and *θύα*, violence, implies, says *Cætera*, that she moderated the rage of her husband. In the same manner, *Galatea*, derived from *γάλα*, milk, and *θεῖα*, a goddess, signifies the goddess of candour or innocence.

“ If one would speak poetically, says *Bossu*, he must imitate *Homer*. *Homer* will not say that salt has the virtue to preserve dead bodies, or that the sea presented *Achilles*, a remedy to preserve the corpse of *Patroclus* from putrefaction: He makes the sea a goddess, and tells us that *Thetis*, to comfort *Achilles*, promised to perfume the body with an ambrosia, which should keep it a whole year from corruption.—All this is told us poetically, the whole is reduced into action, the sea is made a person who speaks and acts, and this *προσώποπαία* is accompanied with passion, tenderness, and affection.”

It has been observed by the critics, that Homer, in the battle of the gods, has, with great propriety, divided their auxiliary forces. On the side of the *Greeks* he places all the gods who preside over the arts and sciences. Mars and Venus favour the adultery of Paris; and Apollo is for the Trojans, as their strength consisted chiefly in the use of the bow. Talking of the battle, “ With what art, says *Eusebius*, as cited by *Pope*, does the poet engage the gods in this conflict! *Neptune* opposes *Apollo*, which implies, that things moist and dry are in continual discord. *Pallas* fights with *Mars*, which signifies that rashness and wisdom always disagree: *Juno* is against *Diana*, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage state, than celibacy: *Vulcan* engages *Xanthus*, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the reader conceives a double satisfaction at the same time, from the beautiful  
verses



Pale shone the wave beneath the golden beam ;  
 Blue o'er the silver flood Malabria's mountains gleam :  
 The sailors on the main-top's airy round,  
 Land, land, aloud, with waving hands, resound ;  
 Aloud the pilot of Melinda cries,  
 Behold, O chief, the shores of India rise !  
 Elate the joyful crew on tip-toe tread,  
 And every breast with swelling raptures glow'd ;  
 GAMA's great soul confess'd the rushing swell,  
 Prone on his manly knees the hero fell,  
 Oh bounteous heaven, he cries, and spreads his hands  
 To bounteous heaven ! while boundless joy commands  
 No farther word to flow. In wonder lost,  
 As one in horrid dreams through whirlpools tost,  
 Now snatch'd by dæmons rides the flaming air,  
 And howls, and hears the howlings of despair ;

Awaked,

verses and an instructive moral." And again, " The combat of *Mars* and *Pallas* is plainly allegorical. Justice and wisdom demanded, that an end should be put to this terrible war : the god of war opposes this, but is worsted.—No sooner has our reason subdued one temptation, but another succeeds to reinforce it, thus *Venus* succours *Mars*.—*Pallas* retreated from *Mars*, in order to conquer him ; this shews us that the best way to subdue a temptation is to retreat from it."

These explications of the manner of Homer, ought, in justice, to be applied to his imitator ; nor is the moral part of the allegory of Camöens less exact than the mythological. In the present instances, his allegory is peculiarly happy. The rage and endeavours of the evil dæmon, to prevent the interests of christianity, are strongly marked. The storm which he raises is the tumult of the human passions ; these are most effectually subdued by the influence of the virtues, which more immediately depend upon celestial love ; and the union which the confirms between the virtues and passions, is the surest pledge of future tranquillity.

Awaked, amazed, confus'd with transport glows,  
And, trembling still, with troubled joy o'erflows ;  
So, yet affected with the sickly weight  
Left by the horrors of the dreadful night,  
The hero wakes in raptures to behold  
The Indian shores before his prows unfold :  
Bounding he rises, and with eyes on fire  
Surveys the limits of his proud desire.

O glorious chief, while storms and oceans raved,  
What hopeless toils thy dauntless valour braved !  
By toils like thine the brave ascend to heaven ;  
By toils like thine immortal fame is given.  
Not he, who daily moves in ermine gown,  
Who nightly flumbers on the couch of down ;  
Who proudly boasts through heroes old to trace  
The lordly lineage of his titled race ;  
Proud of the smiles of every courtier lord,  
A welcome guest at every courtier's board ;  
Not he, the feeble son of ease, may claim  
Thy wreath, O GAMA, or may hope thy fame.  
'Tis he, who nurtured on the tented field,  
From whose brown cheek each tint of fear expell'd,  
With manly face unmoved, secure, serene,  
Amidst the thunders of the deathful scene,  
From horror's mouth dares snatch the warrior's crown,  
His own his honours, all his fame his own :

Who

Who proudly juſt to honour's ſtern commands,  
The dogſtar's rage on Afric's burning ſands,  
Or the keen air of midnight polar ſkies,  
Long watchful by the helm, alike deſies :  
Who on his front, the trophies of the wars,  
Bears his proud knighthood's badge, his honeſt ſcars ;  
Who cloath'd in ſteel, by thirſt, by famine worn,  
Through raging ſeas by bold ambition borne,  
Scornful of gold, by nobleſt ardour fired,  
Each wiſh by mental dignity inſpired,  
Prepared each ill to ſuffer or to dare,  
To bleſs mankind, his great his only care ;  
Him whom her ſon mature experience owns,  
Him, him alone heroic glory crowns.

Once more the tranſlator is tempted to confeſs his opinion, that the contrary practice of Homer and Virgil affords in reality no reaſonable objection againſt the exclamatory exuberances of Camões. Homer, though the father of the epic poem, has his exuberances, as has been already obſerved, which violently treſpaſs againſt the firſt rule of the epopœia, the unity of the action : a rule which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, is not outraged by the digreſſive exclamations of Camões. The one now before us, as the ſevereſt critic muſt allow, is happily adapted to the ſubject of the book. The great dangers which the hero had hitherto encountered, are particularly deſcribed. He is afterwards brought in ſafety to the Indian ſhore, the object of his ambition, and of all his toils. The exclamation therefore on the grand hinge of the poem, has its propriety, and diſcovers the warmth of its author's genius. It muſt alſo pleaſe, as it is ſtrongly characteriſtical of the temper of our military poet. The manly contempt with which he ſpeaks of the luxurious inactive courtier, and the delight and honour with which he talks of the toils of the ſoldier, preſent his own active life to the reader of ſenſibility. His campaigns in Africa, where in a gallant attack he loſt an eye; his dangerous life at ſea, and the military fatigues, and the battles in which he bore an honourable ſhare in India, rich to our idea, and  
poſſeſs

possess us with an esteem and admiration of our martial poet, who thus could look back with a gallant enthusiasm, though his modesty does not mention himself, on all the hardships he had endured: who thus could bravely esteem the dangers to which he had been exposed, and by which he had severely suffered, as the most desirable occurrences of his life, and the ornament of his name.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

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THE  
L U S I A D.

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BOOK VII.

**H**AIL, glorious chief! where never chief before  
Forced his bold way, all hail on India's shore!  
And hail, ye Lusian heroes! fair and wide  
What groves of palm, to haughty Rome deny'd,  
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!

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 <sup>a</sup> disclaim,  
 And fierce through all wild rages civil flame.  
 High found the titles of the English crown,  
 King of Jerufalem, his old <sup>b</sup> renown !  
 Alas, delighted with an airy name,  
 The thin dim shadow of departed fame,  
 England's stern monarch, sunk in foft repose,  
 Luxurious riots mid his northern fnows :  
 Or if the starting burft of rage fucceed,  
 His brethren are his foes, and christians bleed ;  
 While Hagar's brutal race his titles ftain,  
 In weeping Salem unmolefted reign,  
 And with their rites impure her holy fhines profane. }  
 And thou, O Gaul, with gaudy trophies plumed,  
 Moft christian named ; alas, in vain affumed !

What

<sup>a</sup> *Some, blindly wandering, holy faith disclaim*—The constitution of Germany, observes Puffendorf, may be said to verify the fable of the Hydra, with this difference, that the heads of the German state bite and devour each other. At the time when Camöens wrote, the German empire was plunged into all the miseries of a religious war, the catholics using every endeavour to rivet the chains of popery, the adherents of Luther as strenuously endeavouring to shake them off.

<sup>b</sup> *High found the titles of the English crown, king of Jerufalem*—This is a mistake. The title of king of Jerufalem was never assumed by the kings of England. Robert, duke of Normandy, son of William the conqueror, was elected king of Jerufalem by the army in Syria, but declined it in hope of ascending the throne of England, which attempt was defeated. Regnier, Count d'Anjou, father of Margaret, queen of Henry VI. was flattered with the mock royalty of Naples, Cyprus, and Jerufalem ; his armorial bearing for the latter, Luna, a cross potent, between four crosses Sol.—Hen. VIII. filled the throne of England when our author wrote this part of the Lusiad : his gothic luxury and conjugal brutality amply deserved the censure of the honest poet.

What impious lust of empire steals thy e breast  
 From their just lords the christian lands to wrest!  
 While holy faith's hereditary foes  
 Possess the treasures where Cynifio <sup>d</sup> flows;  
 And all secure, behold their harvests smile  
 In waving gold along the banks of Nile.  
 And thou, O lost to glory, lost to fame,  
 Thou dark oblivion of thy ancient name,  
 By every vicious luxury debased,  
 Each noble passion from thy breast erased,  
 Nerveless in sloth, enfeebling arts thy boast,  
 Oh! Italy, how fallen, how low, how e lost!

O 2

In

<sup>c</sup> *What impious lust of empire steals thy breast*—The French translator very cordially agrees with the Portuguese poet in the strictures upon Germany, England, and Italy. But when his own country is touched upon; "*Malgré l'estime, says he, que j'ai pour mon auteur, je ne craindrai pas de dire qu'il tombe ici dans une grande injustice:*" "For all the regard I have for my author, I will not hesitate to say, that here he has committed an enormous injustice." All Europe besides, however, will witness the truth of the assertion, which stigmatizes the French politics with the lust of extending their monarchy.

<sup>d</sup> —where Cynifio flows—A river in Africa.

<sup>e</sup> *Oh! Italy, how fallen, how low, how lost!*—However these severe reflections on modern Italy may displease the admirers of Italian manners, the picture on the whole is too just to admit of confutation. Never did the history of any court afford such instances of villainy and all the baseness of intrigue, as that of the popes. The faith and honour of gentlemen banished from the politics of the vatican, every public virtue must of consequence decline among the higher ranks; while the lower, broken by oppression, sink into the deepest poverty, and its attendant vices of meanness and pusillanimity. That this view of the lower ranks in the pope's dominions is just, we have the indubitable testimony of an Addison, confirmed by the miserable depopulation of a province, which was once the finest and most populous of the Roman empire. It has long been the policy of the court of Spain, to encourage the luxury and effeminate dissipation of the Neapolitan

In vain to thee the call of glory founds,  
Thy sword alone thy own soft bosom wounds.

Ah,

litan nobility; and those of modern Venice resemble their warlike ancestors only in name. That Italy can boast many individuals of a different character, will by no means overthrow these general observations founded on the testimony of the most authentic writers. Our poet is besides justifiable in his censures, for he only follows the severe reflections of the greatest of the Italian poets. It were easy to give fifty instances, two or three however shall suffice. Dante, in his sixth Canto, del Purg.

*Abi, serua Italia, di dolore estello,  
Nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta,  
Non donna di provincie, ma bordello——*

“ Ah, slavish Italy, the inn of dolour, a ship without a pilot in a horrid tempest, not the mistress of provinces, but a brothel.

Ariosto, Canto 17.

*O d'ogni vitio fetida sentina  
Dormi Italia imbricac——*

“ O inebriated Italy, thou sleepest the sink of every filthy vice.”

And Petrarch;

*Del' empia Babilonia, ond' è fuggita  
Ogni vergogna, ond' ogni bene è fuori,  
Albergo di dolor, madre d' errori  
Son fuggit' io per allungar la vita.*

“ From the impious Babylon (*the papal court*) from whence all shame and all good are fled, the inn of dolour, the mother of errors, have I hastened away to prolong my life.”

A much-admired sonnet from the same author shall close these citations:

SONNETTO.

*La gola, e' l' sonno, e l' otioso piume  
Hanno del mondo ogni virtù sbandita;  
Ond' è dal corso suo quasi snarrita  
    ofra natura vinta dal costume:  
Ed è sì spento ogni benigno lume  
Del ciel; per cui s'informa humana vita  
Che per cosa mirabile s'addita  
Chi vuol far d' Helicon nascere fiume*

Quai



Ah, Europe's sons, ye brother-powers, in you  
The fables old of Cadmus now are <sup>f</sup> true :

Fierce

*Qual vaghezza di lauro, qual di mirto?  
Povera e nuda vai Filisofia,  
Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa.  
Pochi compagni havrai per l'alta via;  
Tanto ti prego più; gentile spirito,  
Non lassar la magnanima tua impresa.*

Though this elegant little poem is general, yet as the author and the friend to whom he addresses it, were Italians, it must be acknowledged that he had a particular regard to the state of their own country. His friend, it is supposed, was engaged on some great literary work, but was discouraged by the view of the dissipation and profligacy of his age. I have thus attempted it in English :

SONNET.

Ah! how, my friend, has foul-gorged luxurie,  
And bloated slumbers on the slothful down,  
From the dull world all manly virtue thrown,  
And flaved the age to custom's tyrannie!

The blessed lights so lost in darkness be,  
Those lights by heaven to guide our minds bestown,  
Mad were he deem'd who brought from Helicon  
The hallowed water or the laurel tree.

Philosophy, ah! thou art cold and poor,  
Exclaim the crowd, on fordid gain intent;  
Few will attend thee on thy lofty road:  
Yet I, my friend, would fire thy zeal the more;  
Ah, gentle spirit, labour on unspent,  
Crown thy fair toils, and win the smile of God.

\* *The fables old of Cadmus*—Cadmus having slain the dragon which guarded the fountain of Dirce in Bœotia, sowed the teeth of the monster. A number of armed men immediately sprung up, and surrounded Cadmus, in order to kill him. By the counsel of Minerva, he threw a precious stone among them, in striving for which they slew one another. Only five survived, who afterwards assisted him to build the city of Thebes. Vid. Ovid. Met. IV.

The

Fierce rose the brothers from the dragon teeth,  
 And each fell crimson'd with a brother's death.  
 So fall the bravest of the Christian's name,  
 While dogs unclean Messiah's lore blaspheme,  
 And howl their curses o'er the holy tomb,  
 While to the sword the Christian race they doom.  
 From age to age, from shore to distant shore,  
 By various princes led, their legions pour;  
 United all in one determined aim,  
 From every land to blot the Christian name.  
 Then wake, ye brother-powers, combined awake,  
 And from the foe the great example take.  
 If empire tempt ye, lo, the east expands,  
 Fair and immense, her summer-garden lands:  
 There boastful wealth displays her radiant store;  
 Pactol and Hermus' streams o'er golden ore

Roll

The foundation of this fable appears to be thus: Cadmus having slain a famous freebooter, who infested Bœotia, a number of his banditti, not improperly called his teeth, attempted to revenge his death, but quarrelling about the presents which Cadmus sent them to distribute among themselves, they fell by the swords of each other.

*Terrigenæ percunt per mutua vulnera fratres.*

\* So fall the bravest of the Christian name, while dogs unclean——Imitated from this fine passage in Lucan:

*Quis furor, O cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri,  
 Gentibus invisis Latium præbere cruorem?  
 Cumque superba foret Babylon spolianda trophæis  
 Ausoniis, umbraque erraret Cræsus inulta,  
 Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos?  
 Heu, quantum potuit terræ pelagique parari  
 Hoc, quem civiles hauserunt, sanguine, dextræ!*

Roll their long way ; but not for you they flow ;  
 Their treasures blaze on the stern Soldan's brow :  
 For him Assyria plies the loom of gold,  
 And Afric's sons their deepest mines unfold  
 To build his haughty throne. Ye western powers,  
 To throw the mimic bolt of Jove is yours,  
 Yours all the art to wield the arms of fire ;  
 Then bid the thunders of the dreadful tire  
 Against the walls of proud Byzantium roar,  
 Till headlong driven from Europe's ravish'd shore  
 To their cold Scythian wilds, and dreary dens,  
 By Caspian mountains, and uncultured fens,  
 Their father's feats beyond the Wolgian <sup>h</sup> lake,  
 The barbarous race of Saracen betake.  
 And hark, to you the woeful Greek exclaims,  
 The Georgian fathers and th' Armenian dames,  
 Their fairest offspring from their bosoms torn,  
 A dreadful tribute ! loud imploring <sup>i</sup> mourn.  
 Alas, in vain ! their offspring captive led,  
 In Hagar's son's unhallow'd temples bred,

To

<sup>h</sup> — *Beyond the Wolgian lake*—The Caspian sea, so called from the large river Voiga or Wolga, which empties itself into it.

<sup>i</sup> *Their fairest offspring from their bosoms torn, a dreadful tribute !* By this barbarous policy the tyranny of the Ottomans has been long sustained. The troops of the Turkish infantry and cavalry, known by the name of janizaries and spahis, are thus supported, and the scribes in office called mufti, says Sandys, “ are the sons of christians (and those the most completely furnished by nature) taken in their childhood from their miserable parents, “ by a levy made every five years, or oftner or seldomer, as occasion requires.”

To rapine train'd, arise a brutal host,  
The Christian terror, and the Turkish boast.

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 <sup>k</sup> rear'd.  
Nor shall their zeal in Asia's bounds expire,  
Asia subdued shall fume with hallowed fire:  
When the red sun the Lusian shore forsakes,  
And on the lap of deepest west <sup>l</sup> awakes,  
O'er the wild plains, beneath unincens'd 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 <sup>m</sup> nod.

And

<sup>k</sup> ———— *O'er Afric's shores* ————

*The sacred shrines the Lusian heroes rear'd.*—See the note, BOOK V.

p. 112.

<sup>l</sup> ———— *Of deepest west* ———— Alludes to the discovery and conquest of the Brazils by the Portuguese.

<sup>m</sup> ———— *At the Lusian nod* ———— If our former defences of the exuberant declamations of Camöens, are allowed by the critic, we doubt not but the digression, now concluded, will appear with peculiar propriety. The poet having brought his heroes to the shore of India, indulges himself with a re-  
view

And now their ensigns blazing o'er the tide  
On India's shore the Lusian heroes ride.

High

view of the state of the western and eastern worlds; the latter of which is now, by the labour of his heroes, rendered accessible to the former. The purpose of his poem is also strictly kept in view. The west and the east, he considers as two great empires, the one of the true religion, the other of a false. The professors of the true, disunited and destroying each other; the professors of the false religion, all combined to extirpate the adherents of the other. He upbraids the professors of the true religion for their vices, particularly for their disunion, and for deserting the interests of holy faith. His countrymen, however, he boasts, have been its defenders and planters, and, without the assistance of their brother-powers, will plant it in Asia. This, as it is the purpose of his hero, is directly to the subject of the poem, and the honour, which heaven, he says, vouchsafed to his countrymen, in chusing them to defend and propagate its laws, is mentioned in the genuine spirit of that religious enthusiasm, which breathes through the two great epic poems of Greece and Rome, and which gives an air of the most solemn importance to the Gierusalemme of Tasso.

Yet whatever liberties a poet may be allowed to take when he treats of the fabulous ages, any absurdity of opinion, where authentic history, and the state of modern nations afford the topic, must to the intelligent reader appear ridiculous, and therefore a blemish in a solemn poem. There are many, the translator is aware, to whom a serious and warm exhortation to a general crusade, will appear as an absurdity, and a blemish of this kind. "The crusaders," according to what M. Voltaire calls their true character, "*des brigands ligués pour venir*, &c. were a band of vagabond thieves, who had agreed to ramble from the heart of Europe, in order to desolate a country they had no right to, and massacre, in cold blood, a venerable prince more than fourscore years old, and his whole people, against whom they had no pretence of complaint."

Yet however confidently, Voltaire and others may please to talk, it will be no difficult matter to prove that the crusades were neither so unjustifiable, so impolitical, nor so unhappy in their consequences, as the superficial readers of history are habituated to esteem them.

Were the aborigines of all America to form one general confederacy against the descendants of those Europeans, who massacred upwards of forty millions of Mexicans, and other American natives, and were these confederates totally to dispossess the present possessors of an empire so unjustly acquired, no man, it is presumed, would pronounce that their combination and hostilities,

High to the fleecy clouds resplendant far  
 Appear the regal towers of Malabar,

Imperial

lities, were against the law of nature or nations. Yet, whatever Voltaire may please to assert, this supposition is by no means unapplicable to the confederacy of the crofs. A party of wandering Arabs are joined by the Turks or Turcomans, who inhabited the frozen wilds of mount Caucafus, and whose name fignifies wanderers; these, incorporated with other banditti, from the deserts of Scythia, now called Tartary, over-run the regions of Syria, to which they had no title, whose inhabitants had given them no offence. They profess that they are commissioned by heaven to establish the religion of Mohammed by violence and the sword. In a few ages they subdue the finest countries around the Euphrates, and the christian inhabitants, the rightful possessors, are treated with the most brutal policy and all its attendant cruelties. Bound by their creed to make war on the christians, their ambition neglects no opportunity to extend their conquests; and already possessed of immense territory, their acknowledged purpose and their power threaten destruction to the christian empire of the Greeks.

Having conquered and profelyted Africa, from the Nile to the straits of Gibraltar, the princes of that country, their tributaries and allies, combining in the great design to extirpate christianity, turn their arms against Europe, and are successful: they establish kingdoms in Spain and Portugal; and France, Italy, and the western islands of the Mediterranean, suffer by their excursions; while Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and Italy itself, from its vicinage to Dalmatia, are immediately concerned in the impending fate of the Grecian empire. While such dangers threatened, it is impossible the princes of Europe could have been unconcerned. Nor were present injuries wanting to stimulate them to arms. Cosmas, a writer of the sixth century, mentions the considerable trade which the Franks carried on with Syria through the Levant. He himself travelled to India, and he informs us that in his time, Justinian sent two monks to China. In the ninth century, says M. de Guignes, an association of French merchants went twice a year to Alexandria, from whence they brought to Europe the commodities of India and Arabia. *Kalif Haroun* made a formal cession of the holy sepulchre to Charlemagne, and allowed the Franks to build houses of hospitality for the reception of pilgrims, in various places of Syria. Nor was devotion the only motive of pilgrimage. The emoluments of commerce were also attended to, and the houses of hospitality possessed by the Franks, Italians, and Venetians in the east, were of the nature of factories. But these were seized and plundered by the Saracens, and the eastern commerce which flowed to Europe through the Levant, was almost totally interrupted. To these

Imperial Calicut, the lordly feat  
Of the first monarch of the Indian state.

Right

these considerations let it also be added, that several eastern christians fled to Europe, and begging as pilgrims from country to country, implored the assistance of the christian powers to dispossess the cruel and unjust usurpers of their lands. At this period the crusades commence. To suppose that the princes of Europe were so insensible to the danger which threatened them, as some modern writers who have touched upon that subject, appear to be, is to ascribe a degree of stupidity to them, by no means applicable to their military character. Though superstition inflamed the multitude, we may be assured however, that several princes found it their political interest to fan the flames of that superstition; and accordingly, we find that the princes of Spain and Portugal greatly availed themselves of it. The immense resources which the Turks received from Egypt and the neighbouring countries, which had not been attempted by Godfrey and the first crusaders, determined their successors to alter the plan of their operations. They began their hostilities in Spain and Portugal, and proceeded through Barbary to Egypt. By this new route of the crosses, the Spaniards and Portuguese were \* enabled, not only to drive the Moors from Europe, but to give a fatal blow to their power in Africa. Nor was the safety of the Greek empire less necessary to Italy and the eastern kingdoms of Europe. Injuries, however, offered by the crusaders, who even seized the throne of Constantinople, upon which they placed an earl of Flanders, excited the resentment of the Greeks; and their aversion † to the papal supremacy rendered them so jealous of the crusaders, that the successors of Godfrey, for want of auxiliary support, after about ninety years possession, were totally driven from their new-erected kingdom in the Holy Land. By the fall of the Greek empire, an event which followed, and which had been long foreseen, the Venetians, the Austrians, the Poles, and the Russians, became the natural enemies of the Turks; and many desperate wars, attended with various success, have been continued to the present time. Not much above fifty years ago, their formidable efforts to possess themselves of the Venetian dominions alarmed all the christian powers; and had it not been for the repeated defeats they received from prince Eugene, a great part of  
the

\* Lisbon itself was taken from the Moors by the assistance of an English fleet of crusaders.

† A patriarch of Constantinople declared publicly to the pope's legate, "That he would much rather behold the turban than the triple crown upon the great altar of Constantinople."

Right to the port the valiant GAMA bends,  
With joyful shouts a fleet of boats attends;

Joyful

the Austrian territories must have yielded to their yoke. However overlooked, it requires but little political philosophy to perceive the security which would result to Europe, were there a powerful and warlike kingdom on the western side of the Turkish empire. The western conquests of that fierce warrior Bajazet I. were interrupted by Tamerlane, and by the enemy they found in Kouli Khan, the enraged porte was prevented from revenging the triumphs of Eugene. A few years ago, we beheld them trample on the law of nations, send an ambassador to prison, and command the Russian empress to desert her allies. And however the foresight of the narrow politician may dread the rising power of the Rus's, it is to be wished that the arms of Muscovy may fix such barriers to the Turkish empire as will forever prevent their long meditated and often attempted design, to possess themselves of the Venetian dominions, or to extend their conquests on the west, conquests which would render them the most dangerous power to the peace of Europe.

In a word, the crusades, a combination which tended to support the Greek empire, for the security of the eastern part of Europe, and to drive the enemy from the southern, whatever the superstition of its promoters and conductors might have been, can by no means deserve to be called a most singular monument of human folly. And however the inutility and absurdity of their professed aim, to rescue the tomb of Christ, may excite the ridicule of the modern philosopher, it was a motive admirably adapted to the superstition of the monkish ages; and where it is necessary that an enemy should be restrained, an able politician will avail himself of the most powerful of all incitements to hostility, the superstitious or religious fervour of his army. And by thus resting the war on a religious motive, the English, who were most remote from Mohammedan depredation, were induced to join the confederacy, to which, at various times, they gave the most important assistance.

It is with peculiar propriety therefore, that Camöens upbraids his age for negligently permitting the aggrandizement of the Mohammedan power. Nor is the boast that his countrymen will themselves effect this great purpose, unfounded in truth. As already observed in the introduction, the voyage of Gama saved the liberties of mankind. The superiority of the Asiatic seas in the hands of Europeans, the consequence of that voyage, is the most effectual and most important completion of the crusades.

It will be found, therefore, that Camöens talks of the political reasons of a crusade, with an accuracy in the philosophy of history, as superior to that  
of



Joyful their nets they leave, and finny prey,  
 And crowding round the Lusians, point the way.  
 A herald now, by Vasco's high command  
 Sent to the monarch, treads the Indian strand;  
 The sacred staff he bears, in gold he shines,  
 And tells his office by majestic signs.  
 As to and fro, recumbent to the gale,

The

of Voltaire, as the poetical merit of the *Lusiad*, surpasses that of the *Henriade*. And the critic in poetry must allow, that, to suppose the discovery of Gama, the completion of all the former endeavours to overthrow the great enemies of the true religion, gives a dignity to the poem, and an importance to the hero, similar to that which Voltaire, on the same supposition, allows to the subject of the *Jerusalem* of Tasso.

Having entered so far into the history of the crusades, it may not be improper to take a view of the happy consequences which flowed from them. "To these wild expeditions," says Robertson, "the effect of superstition or folly, we owe the first gleams of light which tended to dispel barbarity and ignorance, and introduce any change in government or manners." Constantinople, at that time the seat of elegance, of arts and commerce, was the principal rendezvous of the European armies. The Greek writers of that age, speak of the Latins as the most ignorant barbarians; the Latins, on the other hand, talk with astonishment of the grandeur, elegance, and commerce of Constantinople. The most stupid barbarians, when they have the opportunity of comparison, are sensible of the superiority of civilized nations, and, by an acquaintance with them, begin to resemble their manners, and emulate their advantages. The fleets which attended the crosses introduced commerce and the freedom of commercial cities into their mother countries. This, as Robertson observes, proved destructive to the feudal system, which had now degenerated into the most gloomy oppression, and introduced the plans of regular government. "This acquisition of liberty," says the same most ingenious historian, "made such a happy change in the condition of all the members of communities, as roused them from that stupidity and inaction into which they had been sunk by the wretchedness of their former state. The spirit of industry revived, commerce became an object of attention, and began to flourish. Population increased. Independence was established, and wealth flowed into cities which had long been the seat of poverty and oppression."

The harvest waves along the yellow dale,  
 So round the herald press the wondering throng,  
 Recumbent waving as they pour along ;  
 And much his manly port and strange attire,  
 And much his fair and ruddy hue admire :  
 When speeding through the crowd with eager haste,  
 And honest smiles, a son of Afric prest :  
 Enrapt with joy the wondering herald hears  
 Castilia's manly tongue salute his ears.  
 What friendly angel from thy Tago's shore  
 Has led thee thither ? cries the joyful Moor.  
 'Then hand in hand, the pledge of faith, conjoined,  
 O joy beyond the dream of hope to find,  
 To hear a kindred voice, the Lusian cried,  
 Beyond unmeasured gulphs and seas untry'd ;  
 Untry'd before our daring keels explored  
 Our fearless way—Oh heaven, what tempests roared,  
 While round the vast of Afric's southmost land  
 Our eastward bowsprits fought the Indian strand !  
 Amazed, o'erpower'd, the friendly stranger stood ;  
 A path now open'd through the boundless flood !

The

<sup>n</sup> ————— *the herald bears*

*Castilia's manly tongue salute his ears.—*

This is according to the truth of history. While the messenger, sent ashore by Gama, was borne here and there, and carried off his feet by the throng, who understood not a word of his language, he was accosted in Spanish by a Moorish merchant, a native of Tunis, who, according to Oforius, had been the chief person with whom king John II. had formerly contracted for military stores. He proved himself an honest agent, and of infinite service to Gama, with whom he returned to Portugal, where, according to Faria, he died in the christian communion. He was named Monzaïda.

The hope of ages, and the dread despair,  
 Accomplish'd now, and conquer'd—stiff his hair  
 Rose thrilling, while his labouring thoughts pursued  
 The dreadful course by GAMA's fate subdued.  
 Homeward, with generous warmth o'erflow'd, he leads  
 The Lusian guest, and swift the feast succeeds:  
 The purple grape and golden fruitage smile;  
 And each choice viand of the Indian soil  
 Heapt o'er the board, the master's zeal declare;  
 The social feast the guest and master share;  
 The sacred pledge of eastern faith ° approved,  
 By wrath unalter'd, and by wrong unmoved.  
 Now to the fleet the joyful herald bends,  
 With earnest pace the heaven-sent friend attends:  
 Now down the river's sweepy stream they glide,  
 And now their pinnace cuts the briny tide:  
 The Moor, with transport sparkling in his eyes,  
 The well-known make of GAMA's navy spies,

The

° *The sacred pledge of eastern faith*—To eat together was in the east looked upon as the inviolable pledge of protection. As a Persian nobleman was one day walking in his garden, a wretch in the utmost terror, prostrated himself before him, and implored to be protected from the rage of a multitude who were in pursuit of him, to take his life. The nobleman took a peach, eat part of it, and gave the rest to the fugitive, assuring him of safety. As they approached the house, they met a crowd, who carried the murdered corse of the nobleman's beloved son. The incensed populace demanded the murderer, who stood beside him, to be delivered to their fury. The father, though overwhelmed with grief and anger, replied, "We have eaten together, and I will not betray him." He protected the murderer of his son from the fury of his domestics and neighbours, and in the night facilitated his escape.

The bending bowsprit, and the mast so tall,  
 The sides black frowning as a castle wall,  
 The high-tower'd stern, the lordly nodding prore,  
 And the broad standard slowly waving o'er  
 The anchor's moony fangs. The skiff he leaves,  
 Brave GAMA's deck his bounding step receives ;  
 And, hail, he cries : in transport GAMA sprung,  
 And round his neck with friendly welcome hung ;  
 Enrapt so distant o'er the dreadful main  
 To hear the music of the tongue of Spain.  
 And now beneath a painted shade of state  
 Beside the admiral the stranger fate :  
 Of India's clime, the natives, and the laws,  
 What monarch sways them, what religion awes ?  
 Why from the tombs devoted to his fires  
 The son so far ? the valiant chief enquires.  
 In act to speak the stranger waves his hand,  
 The joyful crew in silent wonder stand,  
 Each gently pressing on with greedy ear,  
 As erst the bending forests stoop to hear  
 In Rhodope<sup>p</sup>, when Orpheus' heavenly strain,  
 Deplored his lost Eurydice in vain ;

While

<sup>p</sup> *In Rhodope*—The well-known fable of the descent of Orpheus to hell, and the second loss of his wife, is thus explained : Aëdonus, king of Thesprotia, whose cruelty procured him the name of Pluto, tyrant of hell, having seized Eurydice, as she fled from his friend Aristæus, detained her as a captive. Orpheus having charmed the tyrant with his music, his wife was restored, on condition that he should not look upon her, till he had conducted her out of Thesprotia. Orpheus, on his journey, forfeited the condition, and irrecoverably lost his spouse.

While with a mien that generous friendship won  
From every heart, the stranger thus begun :

Your glorious deeds, ye Lusians, well I know,  
To neighbouring earth the vital air I owe ;  
Yet though my faith the Koran's lore revere ;  
So taught my fires ; my birth at proud Tangier,  
An hostile clime to Lisboa's awful name,  
I glow enraptured o'er the Lusian fame ;  
Proud though your nation's warlike glories shine,  
These proudest honours yield, O chief, to thine ;  
Beneath thy dread achievements low they fall,  
And India's shore, discovered, crowns them all.  
Won by your fame, by fond affection sway'd,  
A friend I come, and offer friendship's aid.  
As on my lips Castilia's language glows,  
So from my tongue the speech of India flows :  
Mozaide my name, in India's court beloved,  
For honest deeds, but time shall speak, approved.  
When India's monarch greets his court again,  
For now the banquet on the tented <sup>a</sup> plain  
And sylvan chase his careless hours employ ;  
When India's mighty lord, with wondering joy,

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Shall

<sup>a</sup> For now the banquet on the tented plain,  
And sylvan chase his careless hours employ—

The Great Mogul and other eastern sovereigns, attended with their courtiers, spend annually some months of the finest season in encampments in the field, in hunting parties, and military amusements.

Shall hail you welcome on his spacious shore  
 Through oceans never plough'd by keel before,  
 Myself shall glad interpreter attend,  
 Mine every office of the faithful friend.  
 Ah! but a stream, the labour of the oar,  
 Divides my birth-place from your native shore;  
 On shores unknown, in distant worlds, how sweet  
 The kindred tongue the kindred face to greet!  
 Such now my joy; and such, O heaven, be yours!  
 Yes, bounteous heaven your glad success secures.  
 Till now impervious, heaven alone subdued  
 The various horrors of the trackless flood;  
 Heaven sent you here for some great work divine,  
 And heaven inspires my breast your sacred toils to join.

Vast are the shores of India's wealthy soil;  
 Southward sea-girt she forms a demi-isle:  
 His cavern'd cliffs with dark-brow'd forests crown'd,  
 Hemodian Taurus frowns her northern bound:  
 From Caspia's lake th' enormous mountain<sup>r</sup> spreads,  
 And bending eastward rears a thousand heads;  
 Far to extremest sea the ridges thrown,  
 By various names through various tribes are known:  
 Here down the waste of Taurus' rocky side  
 Two infant rivers pour the crystal tide,

Indus

<sup>r</sup> ————*th' enormous mountain*——— Properly an immense chain of mountains, known by various names, Caucasus, Taurus, Hemodus, Paropamisus, Orontes, Imaus, &c. and from Imaus extended through Tartary to the sea of Kamtschatka.

Indus the one, and one the Ganges named,  
 Darkly of old through distant nations famed :  
 One eastward curving holds his crooked way,  
 One to the west gives his swollen tide to stray :  
 Declining southward, many a land they lave,  
 And widely swelling roll the sea-like wave,  
 Till the twin offspring of the mountain fire  
 Both in the Indian deep ingulph'd expire.  
 Between these streams, fair smiling to the day,  
 The Indian lands their wide domains display,  
 And many a league, far to the south they bend,  
 From the broad region where the rivers end,  
 Till where the shores to Ceylon's isle<sup>s</sup> oppose,  
 In conic form the Indian regions close.  
 To various laws the various tribes incline,  
 And various are the rites esteemed divine :

P 2

Some

\* —to Ceylon's isle— One captain Knox, who published an account of Ceylon, in 1681, has the following curious passage : “ This for certain, says he, I can affirm, that oftentimes the devil doth cry with an audible voice in the night : It is very shrill, almost like the barking of a dog. This I have often heard myself, but never heard that he did any body any harm. Only this observation the inhabitants of the land have made of this voice, and I have made it also, that either just before, or very suddenly after this voice, the king always cuts off people. To believe that this is the voice of the devil, these reasons urge ; because there is no creature known to the inhabitants that cries like it, and because it will on a sudden depart from one place, and make a noise in another, quicker than any fowl can fly, and because the very dogs will tremble when they hear it ; and it is so counted by all the people.” Knox, Hist. Ceyl. p. 78. We need not have recourse to the devil, however, for this quick transition of sound. Birds which are by situation in marshy grounds, the bittern in particular, often set up an hideous screaming cry by night, and instantly answer one another at the distance of several miles.

Some as from heaven receive the Koran's lore,  
 Some the dread monsters of the wild adore ;  
 Some bend to wood and stone the prostrate head,  
 And rear unhallowed altars to the dead.  
 By Ganges' banks, as wild traditions <sup>t</sup> tell,  
 Of old the tribes lived healthful by the smell ;  
 No food they knew, such fragrant vapours rose  
 Rich from the flowery lawns where Ganges flows :  
 Here now the Delhian, and the fierce Patan  
 Feed their fair flocks ; and here, an heathen clan,  
 Stern Decam's sons the fertile valleys till,  
 A clan, whose hope to shun eternal ill,  
 Whose trust from every stain of guilt to save,  
 Is fondly placed in Ganges' holy wave ;  
 If to the stream the breathless corpse be given  
 They deem the spirit wings her way to heaven.  
 Here by the mouths, where hallowed Ganges ends,  
 Bengala's beauteous Eden wide extends ;  
 Unrivall'd smile her fair luxurious vales :  
 And here Cambaya spreads her palmy <sup>w</sup> dales ;  
 A warlike realm, where still the martial race  
 From Porus famed of yore their lineage trace.

Narfinga

<sup>t</sup> —as wild traditions tell.—Pliny, imposed upon by some Greeks, who pretended to have been in India, relates this fable. Vid. Nat. Hist. lib. 12.

<sup>w</sup> And here Cambaya—Now called Gazarate. The inhabitants are ingenious, cultivate letters, and are said to be particularly happy in the agreeable romance. According to ancient tradition, Porus was sovereign of this country. His memory is still preserved with an eclat, worthy of that valour and generosity which attracted the esteem of the great Alexander. *Ussera*. This country was known to the ancients by the name of Gedrosia.



Narfinga \* here displays her spacious line ;  
Her fon's in native gold and ruby shine :

Alas,

\* *Narfunga*.—The laws of Narfinga oblige “ the women to throw themselves into the funeral pile, to be burnt with their deceased husbands. An infallible secret to prevent the desire of widowhood.” *Coftera* from *Barros*, Dec. 4.

There are many accounts in different travellers of the performance of this most barbarous ceremony. The two following are selected as the most picturesque of any in the knowledge of the translator.

“ At this time (1710) died the Prince of Marata, aged above eighty years. The ceremony of his funeral, where his forty-seven wives were burned with his corpse, was thus : a deep circular pit was digged in a field without the town : in the middle of the trench was erected a pile of wood, on the top of which, on a couch richly ornamented, lay the body of the deceased prince in his finest robes. After numberless rituals performed by the Bramins, the pile was set on fire, and immediately the unhappy ladies appeared, sparkling with jewels and adorned with flowers. These victims of this diabolical sacrifice walked several times about the burning pile, the heat whereof was felt at a considerable distance. The principal lady then, holding the dagger of her late husband, thus addressed herself to the prince his successor : here, said she, is the dagger which the king made use of, to triumph over his enemies : beware never to employ it to other purpose, never to embroe it with the blood of your subjects. Govern them as a father, as he has done, and you shall live long and happy, as he did. Since he is no more, nothing can keep me longer in the world ; all that remains for me is to follow him. With these words, she resigned the dagger into the prince's hands, who took it from her without shewing the least sign of grief or compassion. The princess now appeared agitated. One of her domestics, a christian woman, had frequently talked with her on religion, and though she never renounced her idols, had made some impressions on her mind. Perhaps these impressions now revived. With a most expressive look she exclaimed, alas ! what is the end of human happiness ! I know I shall plunge myself headlong into hell. On these words, a horror was visible on every countenance ; when resuming her courage, she boldly turned her face to the burning pile, and calling upon her gods, flung herself into the midst of the flames. The second lady was the sister of a prince of the blood, who was present, and assisted at the detestable sacrifice. She advanced to her brother, and gave him the jewels wherewith she was adorned. His passion gave way, he burst into tears, and fell upon her neck in the  
most

Alas, how vain ! these gaudy sons of fear  
 Trembling, bow down before each hostile spear.  
 And now behold ;—and while he spoke he rose ;  
 Now with extended arm the prospect shews,—

Behold

most tender embraces. She, however, remained unmoved, and with a resolute countenance, sometimes viewed the pile, and sometimes the assistants. Then loudly exclaiming, *Chiva, Chiva*, the name of one of her idols, she precipitated herself into the flames, as the former had done. The other ladies soon followed after, some decently composed, and some with the most bewildered, down-cast, sorrowful looks. One of them, shocked above the rest, ran to a christian soldier, whom she beheld among the guards, and hanging about his neck, implored him to save her. The new convert, stunned with surprize, pushed the unfortunate lady from him ; and shrieking aloud she fell into the fiery trench. The soldier, all shivering with terror, immediately retired, and a delirious fever ended his life in the following night. Though many of the unhappy victims, discovered at first the utmost intrepidity, yet no sooner did they feel the flames, than they roared out in the most dreadful manner ; and, weltering over each other, strove to gain the brim of the pit ; but in vain : the assistants forced them back with their poles, and heaped new fuel upon them. The next day the *Bramins* gathered the bones, and threw them into the sea. The pit was levelled, a temple built on the spot, and the deceased prince and his wives were reckoned among the deities. To conclude, this detestable cruelty has the appearance of the free choice of the women. But that freedom is only specious ; it is almost impossible to avoid it. If they do, they must lie under perpetual infamy, and the relations, who esteem themselves highly disgraced, leave no means untried to oblige them to it. Princesses, and concubines of princes, however, are the only persons from whom this species of suicide is expected. When women of inferior rank submit to this abominable custom, they are only urged to it by the impulse of a barbarous pride and vanity of ostentation." Extracted from a letter from father Martin, on the mission of Coromandel, to father de Villette, of the society of Jesus, published at Paris, in 1719.

Mr. Holwell, the advocate and warm admirer of the Gentoos, has taken great pains to vindicate the practice of this horrid sacrifice, and the principles upon which, he says, it is established. These we have given in the enquiry at the end of this Lusiad. His narrative is as follows :

“ We

Behold these mountain-tops of various size  
Blend their dim ridges with the fleecy skies ;

Nature's

“We have been present, says he, at many of these sacrifices: in some of the victims we have observed a pitiable dread, tremour and reluctance, that strongly spoke repentance for their declared resolution, but it was now too late to retract or retreat; *Bisnoo* was waiting for the spirit. If the self-doomed victim discovers want of courage and fortitude, she is with gentle force obliged to ascend the pile, where she is held down with long poles, held by men on each side of the pile, until the flames reach her; her screams and cries in the mean time being drowned amidst the deafening noise of loud music, and the acclamations of the multitude.—Others we have seen go through this fiery trial, with most amazing steady, calm resolution, and joyous fortitude. It will not we hope be unacceptable, if we present our readers with an instance of the latter, which happened some years past at the *East India* company's factory at *Coffimburzaar*, in the time of Sir *Francis Ruffel's* chiefship; the author, and several other gentlemen of the factory were present, some of whom are now (1765) living.

“At five of the clock on the morning of Feb. 4, 1742-3, died Rhaam Chund Pundit of the *Mababrattor* tribe, aged twenty-eight years; his widow, (for he had but one wife) aged between seventeen and eighteen, as soon as he expired, disdaining to wait the term allowed her for reflection, immediately declared to the *Bramins* and witnesses present, her resolution to burn.”—*Lady Ruffel*, says Mr. H. all the merchants, and the victim's own relations, used every endeavour to dissuade her, but in vain. When urged to live on account of her three infant children, she replied, *He that made them would take care of them*; and when told she would not be permitted to burn, she affirmed that *she would starve herself*.”

“The body of the deceased was carried down to the water-side early the following morning, the widow followed about ten o'clock, accompanied by three very principal *Bramins*, her children, parents, and relations, and a numerous concourse of people. The order of leave\* for her burning did not arrive until after one, and it was then brought by one of the *Soubab's* own officers, who had orders to see that she burnt voluntarily. The time they waited for the order was employed in praying with the *Bramins*, and washing in the *Ganges*: as soon as it arrived she retired, and stayed for the space

\* On this Mr. H. has the following note: “The *Gentons* are not permitted to burn, without an order from the *Mahomedan* government, and this permission is commonly made a perquisite of.”

Nature's rude wall, against the fierce Canar  
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar.

Here

space of half an hour in the midst of her female relations, among whom was her mother; she then divested herself of her bracelets and other ornaments, and tied them in a cloth which hung like an apron before her, and was conducted by her female relations to one corner of the pile; on the pile was an arched arbour, formed of dry sticks, boughs and leaves, open only at one end to admit her entrance; in this the body of the deceased was deposited, his head at the end opposite to the opening. At the corner of the pile to which she had been conducted, the *Bramin* had made a small fire, round which she and the three *Bramins* sat for some minutes; one of them gave into her hand a leaf of the bale tree (the wood commonly consecrated to form part of the funeral pile) with sundry things on it, which she threw into the fire, one of the others gave her a second leaf, which she held over the flame, whilst he dropped three times some ghee on it, which melted and fell into the fire (these two operations were preparatory symbols of her approaching dissolution *by fire*) and whilst they were performing this, the third *Bramin* read to her some portions of the *aughtorrah bhade*, and asked her some questions, to which she answered with a steady and serene countenance; but the noise was so great, we could not understand what she said, although we were within a yard of her: these over, she was led with great solemnity *three times* round the pile, the *Bramins* reading before her; when she came the third time to the small fire, she stopped, took her rings off her toes and fingers, and put them to her other ornaments; here she took a solemn, majestic leave of her children, parents, and relations; after which, one of the *Bramins* dipped a large wick of cotton in some ghee, and gave it ready lighted into her hand, and led her to the open side of the arbour; there all the *Bramins* fell at her feet—after she had blessed them they retired weeping. By two steps she ascended the pile, and entered the arbour; on her entrance she made a profound reverence at the feet of the deceased, and advanced and seated herself by his head; she looked, in silent meditation, on his face for the space of a minute, then set fire to the arbour in *three places*; observing that she had set fire to leeward, and that the flames blew from her, instantly seeing her error, she rose and set fire to windward, and resumed her station; *ensign Doniel* with his cane, separated the grass and leaves on the windward side, by which means we had a distinct view of her as she sat. With what dignity and undaunted a countenance she set fire to the pile the last time, and assumed her seat, can only be conceived, for words cannot convey a just idea of her.—The pile being

Here from the mountain to the surgy main,  
 Fair as a garden spreads the smiling plain:  
 And lo, the empress of the Indian powers,  
 There lofty Calicut resplendent towers;  
 Hers every fragrance of the spicy shore,  
 Hers every gem of India's countless store:  
 Great Samoreem, her lord's imperial style,  
 The mighty lord of India's utmost soil:  
 To him the kings their duteous tribute pay,  
 And at his feet confess their borrowed sway.  
 Yet higher tower'd the monarchs ancient boast,  
 Of old one sovereign ruled the spacious coast.  
 A votive train, who brought the Koran's lore,  
 What time great Perimal the sceptre bore,  
 From blest Arabia's groves to India came:  
 Life were their words, their eloquence a flame  
 Of holy zeal: fired by the powerful strain  
 The lofty monarch joins the faithful train,

And

being of combustible matters, the supporters of the roof were presently consumed, and it tumbled upon her.

“There have been instances known, when the victim has, *by Europeans*, been forcibly rescued from the pile; it is currently said and believed (how true we will not aver) that the wife of Mr. *Job Clarnock* was by him snatched from this sacrifice; be this as it may, the outrage is considered by the *Gen- toos*, as an atrocious and wicked violation of their sacred rites and privileges.”

† *Of old one sovereign ruled the spacious coast.*—“Whatever *Monzaida* relates of the people and their manners, is confirmed by the histories of India, according to *Barros*, *Castaneda*, *Maffeus*, and *Osbrius*. Our author, in this, imitates *Homer* and *Virgil*, who are fond of every opportunity to introduce any curious custom or vestige of antiquity.” *Castera*.

And vows, at fair Medina's shrine, to clofe  
His life's mild eve in prayer and sweet repose.  
Gifts he prepares to deck the prophet's tomb,  
The glowing labours of the Indian loom,  
Orixa's spices and Golconda's gems ;  
Yet, ere the fleet th' Arabian ocean stems,  
His final care his potent regions claim,  
Nor his the transport of a father's name ;  
His servants now the regal purple wear,  
And high enthroned the golden sceptres bear.  
Proud Cochim one, and one fair Chalé sways,  
The spicy isle another lord obeys :  
Coulam and Cananoor's luxurious fields,  
And Cranganore to various lords he yields.  
While these and others thus the monarch graced,  
A noble youth his care unmindful past :  
Save Calicut, a city poor and small,  
Though lordly now, no more remain'd to fall :  
Grieved to behold such merit thus repay'd,  
The sapient youth the king of kings he made,  
And honour'd with the name, great Samoreem,  
The lordly titled boast of power supreme.  
And now great Perimal resigns his reign,  
The blissful bowers of paradise to gain :  
Before the gale his gaudy navy flies,  
And India sinks for ever from his eyes.  
And soon to Calicut's commodious port  
The fleets, deep-edging with the wave, resort :

Wide o'er the shore extend the warlike piles,  
And all the landscape round luxurious smiles.  
And now her flag to every gale unfurl'd,  
She towers the empress of the eastern world :  
Such are the blessings sapient kings bestow,  
And from thy stream such gifts, O commerce, flow.

From that sage youth, who first reign'd king of kings,  
He now who sways the tribes of India springs.  
Various the tribes, all led by fables vain,  
Their rites the dotage of the dreamful brain.  
All, save where nature whispers modest care,  
Naked they blacken in the fultry air.  
The haughty nobles and the vulgar race  
Never must join the conjugal embrace ;  
Nor may the stripling, nor the blooming maid,  
Oh lost to joy, by cruel rites betray'd !  
To spouse of other than their father's art,  
At love's connubial shrine unite the heart :  
Nor may their sons, the genius and the view  
Confined and fetter'd, other art pursue.  
Vile were the stain, and deep the foul disgrace,  
Should other tribe touch one of noble race ;  
A thousand rites, and washings o'er and o'er,  
Can scarce his tainted purity restore.  
Poleas the labouring lower clans are named ;  
By the proud Nayres the noble rank is claimed ;

The toils of culture, and of art they scorn,  
 The warrior's plumes their haughty brows adorn ;  
 The shining falchion brandish'd in the right,  
 Their left arm wields the target in the fight ;  
 Of danger scornful, ever arm'd they stand  
 Around the king, a stern barbarian band.  
 Whate'er in India holds the sacred name  
 Of piety or lore, the Brahmins claim :  
 In wildest rituals, vain and painful, lost,  
 Brahma their founder as a god they boast.  
 To crown their meal no meanest life expires,  
 Pulse, fruit, and herbs alone their board requires :  
 Alone in lewdness riotous and free,  
 No spousal ties withhold, and no degree :  
 Lost to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms  
 The willing husband yields his spouse's charms :  
 In unendear'd embraces free they blend ;  
 Yet but the husband's kindred may ascend  
 The nuptial couch : alas, too blest, they know  
 No jealousy's suspense, nor burning woe ;  
 The bitter drops which oft from dear affection flow.  
 But should my lips each wondrous scene unfold,  
 Which your glad eyes will soon amazed behold,  
 Oh, long before the various tale could run,  
 Deep in the west would sink yon eastern sun.  
 In few, all wealth from China to the Nile,  
 All balsams, fruit, and gold on India's bosom smile.

While



While thus the Moor his faithful tale reveal'd,  
Wide o'er the coast the voice of rumour swell'd;  
As first some upland vapour seems to float  
Small as the smoke of lonely shepherd cot,  
Soon o'er the dales the rolling darkness spreads,  
And wraps in hazy clouds the mountain heads,  
The leafless forest and the utmost lea;  
And wide its black wings hover o'er the sea:  
The tear-dropt bough hangs weeping in the vale,  
And distant navies rear the mist-wet fail.  
So fame increasing, loud and louder grew,  
And to the sylvan camp resounding flew;  
A lordly band, she cries, of warlike mien,  
Of face and garb in India never seen,  
Of tongue unknown, through gulphs undared before,  
Unknown their aim, have reach'd the Indian shore.  
To hail their chief the Indian lord prepares,  
And to the fleet he sends his banner'd Nayres:  
As to the bay the nobles press along,  
The wondering city pours th' unnumber'd throng.  
And now brave GAMA and his splendid train,  
Himself adorn'd in all the pride of Spain,  
In gilded barges slowly bend to shore,  
While to the lute the gently-falling oar  
Now breaks the surges of the briny tide,  
And now the strokes the cold fresh stream divide.  
Pleased with the splendor of the Lusian band,  
On every bank the crowded thousands stand.

Begirt with high-plumed nobles, by the flood  
The first great minister of India stood,  
The Catual his name in India's tongue ;  
To GAMA swift the lordly regent sprung :  
His open arms the valiant chief enfold,  
And now he lands him on the shore of gold :  
With pomp unwonted India's nobles greet  
The fearless heroes of the warlike fleet.  
A couch on shoulders borne, in India's mode,  
With gold the canopy and purple glow'd,  
Receives the Lusian captain ; equal rides  
The lordly Catual, and onward guides,  
While GAMA's train, and thousands of the throng  
Of India's sons, encircling pour along.  
To hold discourse in various tongues they try ;  
In vain ; the accents unremember'd die  
Instant as utter'd. Thus on Babel's plain  
Each builder heard his mate, and heard in vain.  
GAMA the while, and India's second lord,  
Hold glad responses, as the various word  
The faithful Moor unfolds. The city gate  
They pass, and onward, tower'd in sumptuous state,  
Before them now the sacred temple rose ;  
The portals wide the sculptured shrines disclose.  
The chiefs advance, and, entered now, behold  
The gods of wood, cold stone, and shining gold ;  
Various of figure, and of various face,  
As the foul Demon will'd the likeness base.

Taught to behold the rays of godhead shine  
 Fair imaged in the human face divine,  
 With sacred horror thrill'd, the Lusians viewed  
 The monster forms, chimera-like, and <sup>z</sup> rude.  
 Here spreading horns an human visage bore ;  
 So frown'd stern Jove in Lybia's fane of yore.  
 One body here two various faces rear'd ;  
 So ancient Janus o'er his shrine appear'd.  
 An hundred arms another brandish'd wide ;  
 So Titan's son the race of heaven <sup>a</sup> defy'd.  
 And here a dog his snarling tusks display'd :  
 Anubis thus in Memphis' hallowed shade  
 Grinn'd horrible. With vile prostrations low  
 Before these shrines the blinded Indians <sup>d</sup> bow.

And

<sup>\*</sup> *The monster forms, chimera-like, and rude.* Chimera, a monster slain by Bellerophon.

First, dire chimera's conquest was enjoin'd,  
 A mingled monster of no mortal kind ;  
 Behind a dragon's fiery tail was spread,  
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head ;  
 Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire,  
 Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

POPE'S II. vi.

<sup>z</sup> *So Titan's son.*—Briareus.

<sup>b</sup> *Before these shrines the blinded Indians bow.*—In this instance, Camöens has with great art deviated from the truth of history. As it was the great purpose of his hero to propagate the law of heaven in the east, it would have been highly absurd to have represented Gama and his attendants as on their knees in a Pagan temple. This, however, was the case. “Gama, who had been told, says Oforius, that there were many christians in India, conjectured that the temple, to which the Catual led him, was a christian church. At their entrance they were met by four priests, who seemed to  
 make

And now again the splendid pomp proceeds ;  
 To India's lord the haughty regent leads.  
 To view the glorious leader of the fleet  
 Increasing thousands swell o'er every street ;  
 High o'er the roofs the struggling youths ascend,  
 The hoary fathers o'er the portals bend,  
 The windows sparkle with the glowing blaze  
 Of female eyes, and mingling diamonds' rays.  
 And now the train with solemn state and flow,  
 Approach the royal gate, through many a row  
 Of fragrant wood walks, and of balmy bowers,  
 Radiant with fruitage, ever gay with flowers.  
 Spacious the dome its pillar'd grandeur spread,  
 Nor to the burning day high tower'd the head ;  
 The citron groves around the windows glow'd,  
 And branching palms their grateful shade bestow'd ;  
 The mellow light a pleasing radiance cast ;  
 The marble walls Dædalian sculpture graced.

Here

make crosses on their foreheads. The walls were painted with many images. In the middle was a little round chapel, in the wall of which, opposite to the entrance, stood an image which could hardly be discovered ; *Erat enim locus ita ab omni solis radio seclusus, ut vix aliquis maligne lucis splendor in eum penetraret.* The four priests ascending, some entered the chapel by a little brass door, and pointing to the benighted image, cried aloud, *Mary, Mary.* The Catual and his attendants prostrated themselves on the ground, while the Lusians on their bended knees adored the blessed virgin. "*Virginemque Dei matrem more nostris iustato venerantur.*" Thus Oso-rius. Another writer says, that a Portuguese sailor, having some doubt, exclaimed, *If this be the devil's image, I bow never worship God.*

Here India's fate, from darkeſt times of e'old,  
 The wondrous artiſt on the ſtone inroſt<sup>l</sup>;  
 Here o'er the meadows, by Hydaspes' ſtream,  
 In fair array the marſhall'd legions ſeem:  
 A youth of gleeful eye the ſquadrons led,  
 Smooth was his cheek, and glow'd with pureſt red;

VOL. II.

Q

Around

\* *Here India's fate*—The deſcription of the palace of the Zamorim, ſituated among aromatic groves, is according to hiſtory; the emblemiſhment of the walls is in imitation of Virgil's deſcription of the palace of king Latinus:

*Tectum anguſtum, ingens, centum ſublime columnis,  
 Urbe ſuit ſumma, &c.*

The palace built by Picus, vaſt and proud,  
 Supported by an hundred pillars ſtood }  
 And round encompaſs'd with a riing wood.  
 The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the ſight,  
 Surpriſed at once with reverence and delight. . . .  
 Above the portal, carved in cedar wood,  
 Placed in their ranks their godlike grandfires ſtood.  
 Old Saturn, with his crooked ſcythe on high;  
 And Italus, that led the colony:  
 And ancient Janus with his double face,  
 And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.  
 There ſtood Sabinus, planter of the vines,  
 On a ſhort pruning hook his head reclines; }  
 And ſtudiouſly ſurveyſ his generous wines.  
 Then warlike kings who for their country fought,  
 And honourable wounds from battle brought,  
 Around the poſts hung helmets, darts, and ſpears;  
 And captive chariots, axes, ſhields, and bars; }  
 And broken benches of ſhips, the trophies of their wars.  
 Above the reſt, as chief of all the band }  
 Was Picus placed, a buckler in his hand;  
 His other waved a long divining wand. }  
 Girt in his gabin gown the hero ſate—

DRYD. EN. VII.

Around his spear the curling vine-leaves waved ;  
 And, by a streamlet of the river laved,  
 Behind her founder, Nyfa's walls were rear'd ;  
 So breathing life the ruddy god appear'd,  
 Had Semele beheld the smiling boy,  
 The mother's heart had proudly heav'd with joy.  
 Unnumber'd here were seen th' Assyrian throng,  
 That drank whole rivers as they march'd along ;  
 Each eye seem'd earnest on their warrior queen,  
 High was her port, and furious was her mien ;  
 Her valour only equal'd by her lust ;  
 Fast by her side her courser paw'd the dust,  
 Her son's a vile rival ; reeking to the plain  
 Fell the hot sweat-drops as he champ't the rein.  
 And here display'd, most glorious to behold,  
 The Grecian banners opening many a fold,  
 Seen'd trembling on the gale ; at distance far  
 The Ganges laved the wide-extended war.

Here

*\* Behind her founder Nyfa's walls were rear'd—*

*-----at distance far*

*The Ganges laved the wide-extended war—*

This is in the perspective manner of the beautiful descriptions of the figures on the shield of Achilles. LI. XVIII.

*\* Had Semele beheld the smiling boy—*The Theban Bacchus, to whom the Greek fabulists ascribed the Indian expedition of Sesostris or Oöris king of Egypt.

*† Her son's vile rival—*“The infamous passion of Semiramis for a horse, has all the air of a fable invented by the Greeks to signify the extreme boldness of that queen. Her incestuous passion for her son Ninyas, however, is confirmed by the testimony of the best authors. Shocked at such an horrid amour, Ninyas ordered her to be put to death.” *Cassero.*

Here the blue marble gives the helmet's gleam,  
 Here from the cuirass shoots the golden beam.  
 A proud-cy'd youth, with palms unnumber'd gay,  
 Of the bold veterans led the brown array;  
 Scornful of mortal birth enshrined he rode,  
 Call'd Jove his father<sup>i</sup>, and assumed the god.

While dauntless GAMA and his train survey'd  
 The sculptured walls, the lofty regent said:  
 For nobler wars than these you wondering see  
 That ample space th' eternal fates decree:  
 Sacred to these th' unpictured wall remains,  
 Unconscious yet of vanquish'd India's chains.  
 Assured we know the awful day shall come,  
 Big with tremendous fate, and India's doom.  
 The sons of Brahma, by the god their fire  
 Taught to illumine the dread divining fire,  
 From the drear mansions of the dark abodes  
 Awake the dead, or call th' infernal gods;  
 Then round the flame, while glimmering ghastly blue,  
 Behold the future scene arise to view.  
 The sons of Brahma in the magic hour  
 Beheld the foreign foe tremendous lour;  
 Unknown their tongue, their face, and strange attire,  
 And their bold eye-balls burn'd with warlike ire:

Q 2

They

<sup>i</sup> *Call'd Jove his father.*—The *bon mot* of Olympias on this pretension of her son Alexander, was admired by the ancients. "This hot-headed youth, forsooth, cannot be at rest unless he embroil me in a quarrel with Juno." QUINT. CURT.

They saw the chief o'er prostrate India rear  
 The glittering terrors of his awful spear.  
 But swift behind these wintry days of woe  
 A spring of joy arose in liveliest glow,  
 Such gentle manners leagued with wisdom reign'd  
 In the dread victors, and their rage restrain'd:  
 Beneath their sway majestic, wise, and mild,  
 Proud of her victors' laws thrice happier India smiled.  
 So to the prophets of the Brahmin train  
 The visions \* rose, that never rose in vain.

The

\* *The visions rose*.—The pretensions to, and belief in divination and magic, are found in the history of every nation and age. The sources from whence those opinions sprung, may be reduced to these: the strong desire which the human mind has to pry into futurity. The consciousness of its own weakness, and the *instinctive* belief, if it may be so called, in invisible agents. On these foundations it is easy for the artful to take every advantage of the simple and credulous. A knowledge of the virtues of plants, and of some chemical preparations, appeared as altogether supernatural to the great bulk of mankind in former ages. And such is the proneness of the ignorant mind, to resolve, what it does not comprehend, into the marvellous, that even the common medicinal virtues of plants were esteemed as magical, and dependent upon the incantation which was muttered over the application of them. But we must not suppose that all the professors of magical knowledge were determined cheats, and conscious impostors. So far from such idea of the utility of their pretended art, they themselves were generally the dupes of their own prejudices, of prejudices imbibed in their most early years, and to which the veneration of their oldest age was devoutly paid. Nor were the priests of savage tribes the only professors and students of enchantment. The very greatest names of Pagan antiquity, during the first centuries of the christian era, firmly believed in divination, and were earnestly devoted to the pursuit of it. If Cicero, once or twice in his life, consulted the flight of birds, or the manner in which chickens picked up their corn; the great philosopher Marcus Aurelius Antoninus carried his veneration for the occult sciences much farther. When he  
 might



The regent ceased ; and now with solemn pace  
 The chiefs approach the regal hall of grace.  
 The tapstried walls with gold were pictured <sup>l</sup> o'er,  
 And flowery velvet spread the marble floor.  
 In all the grandeur of the Indian state,  
 High on a blazing couch the Monarch fate,  
 With starry gems the purple curtains shined,  
 And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined  
 Around the silver pillars : high o'er head  
 The golden canopy its radiance shed :  
 Of cloth of gold the sovereign's mantle shone,  
 And his high turban flamed with precious stone.  
 Sublime and awful was his sapient mien,  
 Lordly his posture, and his brow serene.  
 An hoary sire submits on bended knee,  
 (Low bow'd his head) in India's luxury,  
 A leaf <sup>m</sup>, all fragrance to the glowing taste,  
 Before the king each little while replaced.

The

might have attacked the Quadi and Marcomanni with every prospect of success, he delayed to do it, till the magical sacrifice prescribed by Alexander of Pontus, the magician, could be performed. But when this was performed, the barbarians happened to be greatly reinforced, and Antoninus was defeated, with the loss of 20,000 men. Yet his devout observation of such rites never suffered the least abatement. And the enlarged, and philosophical mind of the accomplished Julian, by some called the Apostate, was amid all his other great avocations, most assiduously devoted to the study of magic.

<sup>l</sup> *The tapstried walls with gold were pictured o'er,  
 And flowery velvet spread the marble floor—*

According to Olorius.

<sup>m</sup> *A leaf.*—The Betel. This is a particular luxury of the east. The Indians powder it with the fruit of *Areca*, or *drunken date tree*, and chew it, swallowing

The patriarch Brahmin, soft and slow he rose,  
 Advancing now to lordly GAMA bows,  
 And leads him to the throne: in silent state  
 The monarch's nod assigns the captain's feat;  
 The Lusian train in humbler distance stand:  
 Silent the monarch eyes the foreign band  
 With awful mien; when valiant GAMA broke  
 The solemn pause, and thus majestic spoke:

From where the crimson sun of evening laves  
 His blazing chariot in the western waves,  
 I come, the herald of a mighty king,  
 And holy vows of lasting friendship bring  
 To thee, O monarch, for refounding fame  
 Far to the west has borne thy princely name,  
 All India's sovereign thou! nor deem I sue,  
 Great as thou art, the humble suppliant's due.  
 Whate'er from western Tagus to the Nile,  
 Inspires the monarch's wish, the merchant's toil,  
 From where the north-star gleams o'er seas of frost,  
 To Ethiopia's utmost burning coast,

Whate'er

swallowing the juice. Its virtues, they say, preserve the teeth, strengthen the stomach, and incite to venery. It is so esteemed in India, that its origin is derived from heaven. *Dogafiri*, one of the wives of the celestial spirits, carried *Angisum*, an Indian, one day to heaven, from whence he stole the *betel*, and planted it on earth. And for this reason, he who cultures the *betel*, must, as necessary to its thriving, steal the stock which he plants. The leaf is so like our common ivy, that some Indian ambassadors at Lisbon have used the latter mixed with the Cypress apples instead of the arca, and have said, that in virtue it was much the same with the Indian plant. Our dictionaries call the betel, the bastard pepper.

Whate'er the sea, whate'er the land bestows,  
In my great monarch's realm unbounded flows.  
Pleased thy high grandeur and renown to hear,  
My sovereign offers friendship's bands sincere:  
Mutual he asks them, naked of disguise,  
Then every bounty of the smiling skies  
Shower'd on his shore and thine, in mutual flow,  
Shall joyful commerce on each shore bestow.  
Our might in war, what vanquish'd nations fell  
Beneath our spear, let trembling Afric tell;  
Survey my floating towers, and let thine ear,  
Dread as it roars, our battle thunder hear.  
If friendship then thy honest wish explore,  
That dreadful thunder on thy foes shall roar.  
Our banners o'er the crimson field shall sweep,  
And our tall navies ride the foamy deep,  
Till not a foe against thy land shall rear  
Th' invading bowsprit, or the hostile spear;  
My king, thy brother, thus thy wars shall join,  
The glory his, the gainful harvest thine.

Brave GAMA spake: the pagan king replies,  
From lands which now behold the morning rise,  
While eve's dim clouds the Indian sky enfold,  
Glorious to us an offer'd league we hold.  
Yet shall our will in silence rest unknown,  
Till what your land, and who the king you own,

Our council deeply weigh. Let joy the while,  
 And the glad feast the fleeting hours beguile.  
 Ah! to the wearied mariner, long toft  
 O'er briny waves, how sweet the long-fought coast!  
 The night now darkens; on the friendly shore  
 Let soft repose your wearied strength restore,  
 Assured an answer from our lips to bear,  
 Which, not displeas'd, your sovereign lord shall hear.  
 Meantime now we add not—from the hall of state  
 Withdrawn, they now approach the regent's gate;  
 The sumptuous banquet glows; all India's pride  
 Heap'd on the board the royal feast supplied.  
 Now o'er the dew-drops of the eastern lawn  
 Gleamed the pale radiance of the star of dawn,  
 The valant GAMA on his couch reposed,  
 And balmy rest each Lusian eye-lid clos'd;  
 When the high Catal, watchful to fulfil  
 The cautious mandates of his sovereign's will,  
 In secret converse with the Moor retires,  
 And, earnest, much of Lusus' sons enquires;  
 What laws, what holy rites, what monarch sway'd  
 The warlike race? When thus the just Mozaide:

The land from whence these warriors, well I know,  
 (To neighbouring earth my hapless birth I owe)

Illustrious

\* *More now we add not*—The tenor of this first conversation between the Zamorim and Gama, is according to the truth of history.

Illustrious Spain, along whose western shores  
 Grey-dappled eve the dying twilight pours.—  
 A wondrous prophet gave their holy lore,  
 The godlike seer a virgin-mother bore,  
 Th' eternal spirit on the human race,  
 So be they taught, bestow'd such awful grace.  
 In war unmatched they rear the trophied crest :  
 What ° terrors oft have thrill'd my infant breast,  
 When their brave deeds my wondering fathers told ;  
 How from the lawns, where crystalline and cold,  
 The Guadiana rolls his murmuring tide ;  
 And those where, purple by the Tago's side,  
 The lengthening vineyards glisten o'er the field ;  
 Their warlike fires my routed fires expell'd.  
 Nor paused their rage ; the furious seas they braved ;  
 Nor loftiest walls, nor castled mountains saved ;  
 Round Afric's thousand bays their navies rode,  
 And their proud armies o'er our armies trod.  
 Nor less, let Spain through all her kingdoms own,  
 O'er other foes their dauntless valour shone :

Let

° *What terrors oft have thrill'd my infant breast*—The enthusiasm with which Monzaida, a Moor, talks of the Portuguese, may perhaps to some appear unnatural. Camoens seems to be aware of this by giving a reason for that enthusiasm in the first speech of Monzaida to Gama :

*Heaven sent you here for some great work divine,  
 And heaven inspires my breast your sacred toils to join.*

That this Moor did conceive a great affection for Gama, whose religion he embraced, and to whom he proved of the utmost service, is according to the truth of history.

Let Gaul confess, her mountain ramparts wild,  
Nature in vain the hoar Pyrenians piled.  
No foreign lance could e'er their rage restrain,  
Unconquer'd still the warrior race remain.  
More would you hear, secure your care may trust  
The answer of their lips, so nobly just,  
Conscious of inward worth, of manners plain,  
Their manly souls the gilded lie disdain.  
Then let thine eyes their lordly might admire,  
And mark the thunder of their arms of fire :  
The shore with trembling hears the dreadful sound,  
And rampired walls lie smoking on the ground.  
Speed to the fleet ; their arts, their prudence weigh,  
How wise in peace, in war how dread, survey.

With keen desire the craftful pagan burn'd ;  
Soon as the morn in orient blaze return'd,  
To view the fleet his splendid train prepares ;  
And now attended by the lordly nayres,  
The shore they cover, now the oar-men sweep  
The foamy surface of the azure deep :  
And now brave PAULUS gives the friendly hand,  
And high on GAMA'S lofty deck they stand.  
Bright to the day the purple sail-cloaths glow,  
Wide to the gale the silken ensigns flow ;  
The pictured flags display the warlike strife ;  
Bold seem the heroes as inspired by life.  
Here arm to arm the single combat strains  
Here turns the battle on the tented plains

General

General and fierce; the meeting lances thrust,  
 And the black blood seems smoking on the dust.  
 With earnest eyes the wondering regent views  
 The pictured warriors, and their history fues.  
 But now the ruddy juice, by Noah <sup>p</sup> found,  
 In foaming goblets circled swiftly round,  
 And o'er the deck swift rose the festive board;  
 Yet smiling oft, refrains the Indian lord:  
 His faith forbade with other <sup>q</sup> tribe to join  
 The sacred meal, esteem'd a rite divine.  
 In bold vibrations, thrilling on the ear,  
 The battle sounds the Lusian trumpets rear;  
 Loud burst the thunders of the arms of fire,  
 Slow round the sails the clouds of smoke aspire,  
 And rolling their dark volumes o'er the day,  
 The Lusian war, in dreadful pomp, display.  
 In deepest thought the careful regent weigh'd  
 The pomp and power at GAMMA's nod bewray'd,  
 Yet seem'd alone in wonder to behold  
 The glorious heroes and the wars half-told  
 In silent poesy—Swift from the board  
 High crown'd with wine, uprose the Indian lord;

Both

<sup>p</sup>—*the ruddy juice by Noah found*—Gen. ix. 20. *And Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine, &c.*

<sup>q</sup> *His faith forbade with other tribe to join  
 The sacred meal, esteem'd a rite divine—*

The opinion of the sacredness of the table is very ancient in the east. It is plainly to be discovered in the history of Abraham and the Hebrew patriarchs.

Both the bold GAMAS, and their generous peer,  
 The brave COELLO, rose, prepared to hear,  
 Or, ever courteous, give the meet reply:  
 Fixt and enquiring was the regent's eye:  
 The warlike image of an hoary fire,  
 Whose name shall live till earth and time expire,  
 His wonder fixt; and more than human glow'd  
 The hero's look; his robes of Grecian mode;  
 A bough, his ensign, in his right he waved,  
 A leafy bough——But I, fond man depraved!  
 Where would I speed, as mad'ning in a dream,  
 Without your aid, ye nymphs of Tago's stream!  
 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 foot'd my forrows with the warlike<sup>r</sup> song;  
 Wide ocean's horrors lengthening now around,  
 And now my footsteps trod the hostile ground;

Yet

<sup>r</sup> ——*the warlike song*——Though Camoens began his Lusiad in Portugal, almost the whole of it was written while on the ocean, while in Africa, and in India. See his life.



Yet amid each danger of tumultuous war  
 Your Lusian heroes ever claim'd my care :  
 As Canace of old, ere <sup>†</sup> 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 <sup>‡</sup> 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 <sup>‡</sup> 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 <sup>‡</sup> jail.

Such

<sup>†</sup> *As Canace*—Daughter of Eolus. Her father having thrown her incestuous child to the dogs, sent her a sword, with which she slew herself. In Ovid she writes an epistle to her husband-brother, where she thus describes herself :

*Dextra tenet calamus, sinistra tenet altera ferrum.*

<sup>‡</sup> *Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave  
 For ever lost*—See the life of Camões.

<sup>‡</sup> *My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore*—Hezekiah. See Isaiah xxxviii.

<sup>‡</sup> *And left me mourning in a dreary jail*—This, and the whole paragraph from

*Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd*—

alludes

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!  
 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 laud 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

alludes to his fortunes in India. The latter circumstance relates particularly to the base and inhuman treatment he received on his return to Goa, after his unhappy shipwreck. See his life.

Who † spurns the muse, nor feels the raptur'd 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:

For

† *Who spurns the muse*——Similarity of condition has produced similarity of sentiment in Camoëns and Spenser. Each was the ornament of his country and of his age; and each was cruelly neglected by the men of power, who, in truth, were incapable to judge of their merit, or to relish their writings. We have seen several of the strictures of Camoëns on the barbarous nobility of Portugal. The similar complaints of Spenser will shew that neglect of genius, however, was not confined to the court of Lisbon.

O grief of griefs; O gall of all good hearts!  
 To see that virtue should despis'd be  
 Of such as first were rais'd for virtue's parts,  
 And now broad spreading like an aged tree,  
 Let none shoot up that nigh them planted be.  
 O let not those of whom the muse is scorn'd,  
 Alive or dead be by the muse adorned.

*Ruins of Time.*

It is thought Lord Burleigh, who withheld the bounty intended by queen Elizabeth, is here meant. But he is more clearly stigmatized in these remarkable lines, where the misery of dependence on court-favour, is painted in colours which must recall several strokes of the *Lusiad* to the mind of the reader.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,  
 What hell it is, in suing long to bide;  
 To lose good days, that might be better spent,  
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent;  
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,  
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;  
 To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers;  
 To have thy asking, yet wait many years;  
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,  
 To eat thy heart thro' comfortless despairs;  
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,  
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.—*Mother Hubbard's Tale.*

These lines exasperated still more the indignant, the illiberal Burleigh. So true is the observation of Mr. Hughes, that, *even the jobs of a rival's man are sometimes resented as an affront by him that is the occasion of them.*

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 arrival of Gama in India.*—In several parts of the *Lusiad*, the Portuguese poet has given ample proof that he could catch the genuine spirit of Homer and Virgil. The seventh *Lusiad* throughout bears a striking resemblance to the seventh and eighth *Æneid*. Much of the action is naturally the same; *Æneas* lands in Italy, and *Gama* in India; but the conduct of Camões, in his masterly imitation of his great model, particularly demands observation. Had Statius or Ovid described the landing or reception of *Æneas*, we should undoubtedly have been presented with pictures different from those of the pencil of Virgil. We should have seen much bustle and fire, and perhaps much smoke and false dignity. Yet if we may judge from the *Odyssey*, Homer, had he written the *Æneid*, would have written as the Roman poet wrote, would have presented us with a calm majestic narrative, till every circumstance was explained, and then would have given the concluding books of hurry and fire. In this manner has Virgil written, and in this manner has Camões followed him, as far as the different nature of his subject would allow. In Virgil, king Latinus is informed by prodigies and prophecy of the fate of his kingdom, and of the new-landed strangers. *Æneas* enters Latium. The dinner on the grass, and the prophecy of famine turned into a jest. He sends ambassadors to Latinus, whose palace is described. The embassy is received in a friendly manner. Juno, enraged, calls the assistance of the fiends, and the truce is broken. *Æneas*, admonished in a dream, seeks the aid of Evander. The voyage up the Tyber, the court of Evander, and the sacrifices in which he was employed, are particularly described. In all this there is no blaze of fire, no earnest hurry. These are judiciously reserved for their after and proper place. In the same manner, Camões lands his hero in India; and though in some circumstances, the resemblance to Virgil is evident, yet he has followed him as a free imitator, who was conscious of his own strength, and not as a copyist. He has not deserved that shrewd satire which Mr. Pope, not unjustly, throws on Virgil himself. “Had the galley of *Æneas* been broken, says he, if the chariot of *Eumelus* had not been demolished? Or *Æneas* been cast from the helm, had not the other been thrown from his seat?” In a word, that calm dignity of poetical narrative which breathes through the seventh and eighth *Æneid*, is judiciously copied, as most proper for the subject; and with the hand of a master characteristically sustained throughout the seventh book of the poem which celebrates the discovery of the eastern world.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

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# E N Q U I R Y

INTO THE

RELIGIOUS TENETS AND PHILOSOPHY

OF THE

B R A H M I N S.

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**A**N account of the celebrated sect of the Brahmins, and an enquiry into their theology and philosophy, are undoubtedly requisite in the notes of a poem which celebrates the discovery of the eastern world; of a poem where their rites and opinions are necessarily mentioned. To place the subject in the clearest and most just view, as far as his abilities will serve him, is the intention of the translator. If he cannot be so warm in his admiration of the religious philosophy of the Hindoos, as some late writers have been, some circumstances of that philosophy, as delivered by themselves, it is hoped, will very fully exculpate his coolness.

But before we endeavour to trace the religion and philosophy of the Brahmins by the lights of antiquity, and the concurrent testimony of the most learned travellers who have visited India since the discovery of that country by the hero of the *Lusiad*, it will not be improper to pay particular attention to the *systematical* accounts of the doctrines of the Gentoos, which have lately been given to the public by Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow. A particular attention is due to these gentlemen: each of them brands all the received accounts of the Gentoos as most ignorantly fallacious, and each of them claims an opportunity of knowledge enjoyed by no traveller before himself. Each of them has been in Asia, in the East India company's service, and each of them assures us that he has conversed with the most learned of the Brahmins.

Mr. Holwell's system, we have endeavoured with the utmost exactness thus to abridge. "It is an allowed truth, (says he, ch. viii. p. 3.) "that there never was yet any system of theology "broached to mankind, whose first professors and propagators "did not announce *its descent from God*; and God forbid we "should doubt of, or impeach the divine origin of any of them; "for such eulogium they possibly all merited in their primitive "purity, could they be traced up to that state."

Again in p. 50. "The religions which manifestly carry the "divine stamp of God, are, first, that which *Bramah* was appointed to declare to the ancient *Hindoos*; secondly, that law "which *Moses* was destined to deliver to the ancient *Hebrews*; "and thirdly, that which *Christ* was delegated to preach to the "latter *Jews* and *Gentiles*, or the *Pagan* world."

The divine œconomy of these different revelations is thus accounted for by our author. “ Let us see how far the similitude of doctrines, (p. 72.) preached first by *Bramah*, and afterwards *Christ*, at the distinct period of above 3000 years, corroborate our conclusions ; if they mutually support each other, it amounts to proof of the authenticity of both. *Bramah* preached the existence of ONE ONLY, ETERNAL GOD, his first created angelic being, *BIRMAH*, *Bisnuo*, *Sieb*, and *Moisafoor* ; the pure gospel dispensation teaches ONE ONLY ETERNAL GOD, his first begotten of the father *CHRIST* ; the angelic beings *Gabriel*, *Michael*, and *Satan*, all these corresponding under different names minutely with each other, in their respective dignities, functions and characters. *Birmah* is made prince and governor of all the angelic bands, and the occasional vicegerent of the *eternal one* ; *Christ* is invested with *all power* by the *Father* ; *Birmah* is destined to works of power and glory, so is *Christ* ; *Bisnuo* to acts of benevolence, so is *Gabriel* ; *Sieb* to acts of terror and destruction, so is *Michael*—*Moisafoor* is represented as a prime angel, and the instigator and leader of the revolt in heaven, so is the *Satan* of the gospel.”—After much more in this strain our author adds, “ It is no violence to faith (p. 80.) if we believe that *Birmah* and *Christ* is one and the same individual cœlestial being, the first begotten of the *Father*, who had most probably appeared at *different* periods of time, in *distant* parts of the earth, under *various* mortal forms of humanity and denominations.”—Having thus seen who *Birmah* is, we now proceed to our author’s account of the scriptures which he delivered to mankind. *Christ*, he tells us, (p. 80.) styled *Birmah*

by the Easterns, delivered the great primitive truths to man at his creation : but these truths being effaced by time and the industrious influence of Satan, a written record became necessary, and Bramah accordingly gave the *Shastab*. This we are told, (ch. iv. p. 12.) was at the beginning of the present age (or world) when Bramah having assumed the human form, and the government of Indostan, translated the *Chatab Bhade Shastab* from the language of angels, into the *Sanscrit*, a tongue at that time universally known in India. “ These *scriptures*, says our author, (ch. viii. p. 71.) contain, to a moral certainty the original doctrines, and terms of restoration, delivered from God himself by the mouth of his first created Birmah to mankind at his first creation in the *form of man*. And in p. 74. tell us that, “ the *mission of Christ* is the strongest confirmation of the authenticity and divine origin of the *Chatab Bhade Shastab of Bramah* ; the doctrines of both, according to our author, being originally the same.

We now proceed to give an account of the system which Mr. H. has laid before the public as the pure and sublime doctrine of the Brahmins.

God is one ; the creator of all that is ; he governs by a general providence, the result of fixed principles : it is vain and criminal to enquire into the nature of his existence, or by what laws he governs. In the fulness of time he resolved to participate his glory and essence with beings capable of feeling and sharing his beatitude, and of administering to his glory. He willed, and they were—he formed them in part of his own essence ; capable of perfection, but with the powers (as Mr. Holwell



Holwell terms it) of imperfection, both depending on their voluntary election. God has no prescience of the actions of free agents, but he knows the thought of every being the moment it is conceived. He first created *Birmah*; then *Bistnoo*, *Sieb* and *Moisafoor*, then all the ranks of angelic beings. He made *Birmah* his vicegerent and prince of all spirits, whom he put in subjection under him; *Bistnoo* and *Sieb* were his coadjutors—Over every angelic band he placed a chief. *Moisafoor*, chief of the first band, led the song of praise and adoration to the Creator, and the song of obedience to *Birmah*, his first created. Joy compassed the throne of God for millions of years. Envy and jealousy at last took possession of *Moisafoor*, and *Rhaabon*, the angel next to him in dignity. They withheld their obedience from God: denied submission to his vicegerent, and drew a great part of the angelic host into their rebellion. God sent *Birmah*, *Bistnoo* and *Sieb*, to admonish and persuade them to return to their duty, but this mercy only hardened them. The eternal One then commanded *Sieb* to go armed with his omnipotence, to drive them from heaven, and plunge them into intense darkness for ever. Here they groaned 426,000,000 years. (See ch. iv. p. 47. and 119.) *Birmah*, *Bistnoo*, *Sieb*, and the faithful angels never ceased imploring the Eternal One for their pardon and restoration. By their intercession he at length relented. He declared his gracious intentions, and having given his power to *Birmah*, he retired into himself and became invisible to all the angelic host for the space of 5000 years. At the end of this period he again appeared, and resuming his throne, proposed the creation of the material universe, which was to consist of fifteen regions, or planets. In these the delinquent spirits were to be united to mortal bodies, in which they were to undergo a state

of purgation, probation, and purification, and to suffer natural evils, according to the degrees of their original guilt. *Bishnoo* by God's command created the material universe, and united the fallen spirits to mortal bodies. Eighty-nine transmigrations form the term of purgation and trial. Eighty-seven of these are through various animals, according to the original degree of turpitude. The less criminal spirits animate bees, singing birds, and other innocent creatures; while those of deeper guilt become wolves and tygers. "And it shall be (says Mr. H.'s version of that part of the *Shastab*) "that when the rebellious *Debtah* "*(spirit)* shall have accomplished and passed through the eighty-  
 "seven transmigrations, they shall, from my abundant favour "*(it is the Deity who speaks)*, animate a new form; and thou, "*Bishnoo*, shalt call it *Ghoij* (i. e. the *Cow*.) And it shall be, "  
 "that when the mortal body of the *Ghoij* shall by a natural de-  
 "cay become inanimate, the delinquent *Debtah* shall, from my  
 "more abundant favour, animate the form of *MHURD* (i. e.  
 "*Man*), and in this form I will enlarge their intellectual pow-  
 "ers, even as when I first created them free; and in this form  
 "shall be the chief state of their trial and probation." In the next sentence the cow is ordered to be deemed sacred and holy\*.

Of

\* Mr. H. tells us that when a Cow suffers death by accident or violence, or through the neglect of the owner, it is esteemed a sign of God's wrath against the spirit of the proprietor, and as a warning that at the dissolution of his human form, he shall be obliged to undergo anew all the eighty-nine transmigrations. "Hence it is," says Mr. H. "that not only mourn-  
 "ing and lamentation ensue on the violent death of either cow or calf—  
 "but the proprietor is frequently enjoined, and oftner voluntarily under-  
 "takes, a three years pilgrimage in expiation of his crime. Forlaking his  
 "friends, family and relations, he subsists during his pilgrimage on cha-  
 "rity

Of the fifteen planets made for the reception of the rebel spirits, seven are called lower, and seven higher than the earth. The lower ones are the regions of punishment and purgation; our earth, the principal seat of probation; and the higher ones are the regions of purification, from whence the approved spirits are again received into the divine presence in the highest heaven. Mr. Holwell's Shaftah says, that God, "although he could not foresee the effect of his mercy on the future conduct of the delinquents, yet unwilling to relinquish the hopes of their repentance, he declared his will."—The principal terms of acceptance were, that they should do all good offices to, and love one another. Unnatural lust and self-murder are declared as crimes for which no more probation shall be allowed, but the spirit who offends in these is to be plunged into the *Onderah*, or *intense darkness* for ever. What pity is it that these crimes, against which "*Th' Eternal has fixt his cannon*," should be mentioned together with the absurdities which follow! Whatever animal destroys the mortal form of another, be it that of gnat, bee, cow, or man, its spirit shall be plunged into the *Onderah* for a space †, and

"rity and alms.—It is worthy remark, that the penitent thus circumstanced ever meets with the deepest commiseration, as his state is deemed truly pitiable; two instances have fallen within our own knowledge where the penitents have devoted themselves to the service of God, and a pilgrimage during the term of their life."

† "The obvious construction of the mouth and digestive faculties of man, says Mr. H. mark him destined to feed on fruits, herbage and milk." Anatomists, however, assert the very contrary. And the various allotment of food in various countries implies the approbation of nature. In the warmer climates the most cooling oily fruits, &c. are in the greatest abundance. Where colder regions require the *nutritive strength* of animal food, beeves and sheep, &c. are in the greatest plenty and perfection; and sea fish, of all

and from thence shall begin anew the eighty-nine transmutations, notwithstanding whatever number it may have formerly completed.

The time which the purgation and trial of the rebel spirits is to continue, is also ascertained. It is divided into four *Jogues*, or ages, which in reality are now creations of the universe. Three of these are past—The *Suttce Jogue*, or age of *truth*, lasted 3,200,000 years. In this period the life of man was 100,000 years. The *Tirta Jogue* continued 1,600,000 years, in which the life of man consisted of 10,000 years. The *Devapaar Jogue* was shortened to 800,000, and the human life to 1000 years. The last, the *Kolee Jogue*, or age of *pollution*, is to expire after a period of 400,000 years. In this, human life is reduced to 100 years, and the man is deemed to hasten his exit who dies under that number. In the present A. D. 1777, 4877 years of this age have only elapsed, and therefore 359,123 are yet to come.

When *Bisnoo* proposed the terms of mercy to the fallen spirits in the *Onderab*, all, except *Moisifoor*, *Rbaabon* and the other leaders of the rebellion, accepted, with the utmost joy, of the divine favour. *Moisifoor* and his party were permitted to range through the earth and the lower regions of punishment, and to continue their temptations\*. *Bisnoo*, and the other  
good

all ailments the sharpest and hottest in their salts, are profusely thrown around the cold shores of the North. The Gentoos who live solely upon rice and vegetables, are of all mankind the feeblest, most short-lived, and pusillanimous.

\* "When we peruse some portions of *Milton's* account of the rebellion and expulsion of the angels," says Mr. H. "we are almost led to imagine,  
" on

good angels, petitioned for permission to undergo the 89 transmigrations, and particularly to become men. It is these benevolent spirits,

“ on comparison, that *Bramah* and he were both instructed by the same spirit; had not the soaring, ungovernable, inventive genius of the latter, instigated to him to illustrate his poem with scenes too gross and ludicrous, as well as manifestly repugnant to, and inconsistent with, sentiments we ought to entertain of an omnipotent being (as before remarked) in which we rather fear he was inspired by one of those malignant spirits (alluded to in the *Shastah* and elsewhere) who have, from their original defection, been the declared enemies of God and man. For however we are astonished and admire the sublimity of *Milton's* genius, we can hardly sometimes avoid concluding his conceits are truly diabolical.”— The former remark Mr. H. refers to, is, the supposition that angels opposed God in battle; any other than an instant act of expulsion being unworthy of omnipotence. *Milton*, however, needs no defence. In the true spirit of poetry he opposes angel to angel; but these strictures of our author lead us to some obvious observations on his account of the *Gentoo* system. God, he tells us, previous to the creation, fought 5000 years with *Madoo* and *Kytoo*; but this is excused by *allegory*, and these are only *discord* and *tumult*; and an instant act of omnipotence, it seems, was not here necessary. According to Mr. H.'s *divine* system of the *Gentoo's*, God has no prescience of the actions of free agents. To strip the supreme being of prescience gives a severe shock to reason; and most assuredly it is the highest presumption in a finite mind, to deny an attribute essential to omnipotence and omniscience, because its confined ideas cannot † conceive the manner of that attribute's operation.

† To reconcile the divine prescience with the liberty of volition, has vainly employed many philosophers. Freedom of choice has been denied, and the gross impiety of fatalism has by many been adopted, to avoid the gross absurdity which would limit the powers of the eternal mind. Yet nothing, we presume, is easier than to satisfy sound reason on this subject. Let us remember our intellectual powers are very limited; let us remember we cannot form the faintest idea of the act of creation. God said let there be light, and there was light, is an expression most truly sublime; but it conveys not the least idea of the *modus* how his power either acted upon that which was not, or upon that which afterwards was. Yet, we know we exist, and that we did not create ourselves. In this case we rest satisfied that we cannot comprehend the manner how the Deity acts. To deny prescience to omnipotent omniscience is just as reasonable as to deny the creation. As we readily resolve the one, let us also resolve the other, into an attribute peculiar to the existence of the Deity. This solution is not only perfectly easy, but the power of creation stamps the highest authority of analogy upon it. Each of the other two solutions, fatalism and negation of divine prescience, are founded upon, and end in, the most impious absurdity.

spirits, say the *Gentoo*s, who at different times, under the various characters of kings, generals, philosophers, lawgivers and prophets, have given shining examples of fortitude, virtue and purity. Many of these incarnations took place in the former *Jogues*, but in the present one they are very rare †; the good angels, however, are permitted invisibly to assist the penitent, and to afford them support and protection. When the 359,123 years

ration. But the grossest impiety still remains. The restoration of the fallen spirits, according to Mr. Holwell's *Gentoo* system, flowed not from God. He is not *there* the fountain of mercy. The compassion of the good angels alone produced this divine favour, after the solicitation of 426 millions of years. In Milton we have no such absurdities, no such impieties, as these suppositions, and assertions contain.

† The devil and his chiefs, according to Mr. H. have often, as well as the good angels, taken the human form, and appeared in the character of tyrants; and corrupters of morals, or *philosophers*; who, according to Mr. H. are the devil's *faithful deputies*. The great engines of satan's temptations, says Mr. H. (p. 160. ch. viii.) are the use of animal food, and vinous and spirituous potations. "To give the devil his due, says he, it must in justice be acknowledged that the introduction of these two *first rate vices* was a masterpiece of politics in *Misifoor* or *Satan*, who alone was capable of working so diabolical a change in rational intellectual beings." The system by which satan effected this change, says Mr. H. was thus: "He began with the *priesthood*. He suggested the religious use of animal sacrifices, and of vinous libations. The priests soon began to taste, and the laity followed their example. And these *two vices*, says he, are the roots from which all moral evils sprang, and continue to flourish in the world." And, indeed, Mr. H. is serious; nay, he hopes the time is near, when animal food will be totally disused, and very earnestly he advises the butchers to turn bakers; an occupation, which he assures them, will be much more agreeable to their *humanity* of disposition. And here we must remark that Mr. H. tells us, "it is more than probable that *Moses* himself was the very identical spirit," deputed "in an earlier age" to deliver God's will, "under the file and title of *Bramah*." But whence then the bloody sacrifices of the *Mosaic*al law? Why, the answer is perfectly easy on Mr. H.'s scheme—As St. Peter by his sanction to *kill and eat* corrupted the pure doctrine of *Christ* or *Birmah*, so Aaron the high-priest by his bloody sacrifices corrupted the pure doctrine of *Moses* or *Bramah*.

years yet remaining of the present *Jogue* are expired, all the obdurate spirits who have not attained the first region of purification, shall be thrown into the *Onderab* for ever. The eight regions of probation shall be then destroyed. And when the spirits in the seven planets of purification shall have attained the highest heaven, these regions shall also be no more. A long time after this, says the *Shastab*, there shall be another creation, but of what kind, or upon what principles the *eternal one* only knows.

Such are the terms of salvation offered by the *Shastab* as given by Mr. Holwell. Almost innumerable are the wild, fanciful accounts of the creation contained in the sacred books of India. Some of them are most horribly impure, (See *Faria y Sousa*, tom. II. p. 4. c. i.) and almost all of them have a whimsical meanness, or grossness of idea. The account given by Mr. H. as that of the genuine, inspired *Shastab* is thus: “When the eternal ONE first began his intended new creation of the universe, he was opposed by two mighty *Offsoors* (i. e. *giants*) which proceeded from the *æææ* of *Brum’s* (i. e. *Birmab’s* ear); and their names were *Modoo*, and *Kytoo*. And the eternal ONE, contended and fought with *Modoo* and *Kytoo* five thousand years; and he smote them on his thigh, and they were lost and assimilated with *Murto* (*earth*).

*Birmab* is then appointed to create, *Biftnoo* to preserve, and *Sieb* to change or destroy—Mr. H. thus proceeds, “And when *Brum* (*Birmab*) heard the command, which the mouth of the eternal ONE had uttered, he straightways formed a *leaf of beetle*, and he floated on the *beetle leaf* over the surface of the waters, and the children of *Modoo* and *Kytoo* fled from be-

“fore

“ fore him, and vanished from his presence : and when the agitation of the waters had subsided by the powers of the spirit of *Brum*, *Biftnoo* straightways transformed himself into a mighty boar, and descending into the abyfs of waters, brought up the *Murto* on his tusks. Then spontaneously issued from him a mighty tortoise and a mighty snake. And *Biftnoo* put the snake erect upon the back of the tortoise, and placed *Murto* upon the head of the snake. And all things were created and formed by *Birmah*.”—Mr. Holwell informs us, that all this is sublime allegory ; that *Modoo* and *Kytoo* signify discord and confusion ; that the boar is the *Gentoos* symbol of strength ; the tortoise, of stability ; and the serpent, of wisdom. And thus the strength of God placed wisdom on stability, and the earth upon wisdom. But what the *beetle leaf*, and the *wax* of *Brum*’s ear signifying, Mr. H. has not told us.

As an account of the doctrines of the Brahmins is a necessary illustration of the seventh Lusiad, some observations on their opinions are also requisite. Mr. Holwell talks in the highest terms of these philosophers ; he calls them “ a people, who, from the earliest times, have been an ornament to the creation.” At the same time he confesses, “ that, unless we dive into the mysteries of their theology, they seem below the level of the brute creation.” Our first remarks shall therefore be confined to that system which is given by Mr. H. as the pure and primary revelation which God gave to the rebellious spirits by *Christ*, at that time named *Birmah*.

“ The creation and propagation of the human form, according to the scriptures of *Bramah*, says Mr. H. are clogged with



“no difficulties, no ludicrous unintelligible circumstances, or inconsistencies. God previously constructs mortal bodies of both sexes for the reception of the angelic spirits—these were all doomed to pass through many successive transmigrations in the mortal prisons, as a state of punishment and purgation, before they received the grace of animating the human form, which is their chief state of probation and trial.” This, however, without hesitation, (the reader, we fear, will smile at the pains we take,) we will venture to call highly unphilosophical. Nature has made almost the whole creation of fishes to feed upon each other. Their purgation therefore is only a mock trial; for, according to Mr. H. whatever being destroys a mortal body must begin its transmigrations anew; and thus the spirits of the fishes would be just where they were, though millions of the four Jogues were repeated. Mr. H. is at great pains to solve the reason why the fishes were not drowned at the general deluge, when every other species of animals suffered death. The only reason for it, he says, is that they were more favoured of God, as more innocent. Why then are these less guilty spirits united to bodies whose natural instinct precludes them the very possibility of salvation. There is not a bird perhaps but eats occasionally insects and reptiles. Even the Indian philosopher himself, who lets vermin overrun him, who carefully sweeps his path ere he tread upon it, lest he should dislodge the soul of an insect, and who covers his mouth with a cloth, lest he should suck in a gnat with his breath; even he, in every salad which he eats, and in every cup of water which he drinks, causes the death of innumerable living creatures.—His salvation, therefore, according to Mr. H.’s Gentoo system, is as impossible as that of the fishes.

Nor

Nor need we scruple to pronounce the purgation of spirits, by passing through brutal forms, as *ludicrously unintelligible*. The young of every animal has most innocence. An old vicious ram has made a strange retrograde purgation, when we consider that he was once a lamb, the mildest and most innocent of creatures.

The attentive reader, no doubt, has ere now been apt to enquire, how is the person and revelation of *Christ* and of *Birmah* one and the same. Mr. H. thus solves the difficulty: the doctrine of *Christ*, as it is delivered to us, is totally corrupted. Age after age has disfigured it. Even the most ancient record of its history, the N. T. is grossly corrupted. St. Paul by *his reveries*, as Mr. H. says, and St. Peter by his sanction to *kill and eat*, began this woeful declension, and perversion of the doctrines of *Christ*.

A traveller, says Mr. H. who describes the religious tenets of any nation, but does not dive into the mysteries of their theology, “dishonestly imposes his own reveries on the world, and “does the greatest injury and violence to letters and the cause of “humanity.” And here it must be again repeated, that Mr. H. assures us, that he received his instructions from some of the most learned Brahmins, an opportunity which he deems superior to whatever had been enjoyed by any former enquirer.

A few years after Mr. Holwell's treatises were given to the public, Mr. Dow, who had also been in India, published also his account of the religion and philosophy of the Brahmins. The  
superior

superior opportunities of knowledge enjoyed by Mr. Dow are thus mentioned by himself.

Talking of the whole body of modern travellers, he says, “ They have prejudiced Europe against the Brahmins, and by a very *unfair* account, have thrown disgrace upon a system of religion and philosophy which they did *by no means* investigate.” After this he tells us, (Dissert. p. xxii.) “ that conversing *by accident* one day with a noble and learned Brahmin, he perceived the error of Europeans ; and having resolved to acquire some knowledge of the *Sanscrita* language, the grand repository of the religion, philosophy, and history of the Hindoos, his noble friend the Brahmin procured him a pundit (or *teacher*) from the university of *Benaris*, well versed in the *Sanscrita*, and master of all the knowledge of that learned body.”—— Mr. Dow however, confesses, that he had not time to acquire the *Sanscrita* ; but his pundit, he says, procured *some* of the principal *Shasters*, and “ explained to him as many passages of those curious books, as served to give him a *general* idea of the doctrine which they contain.”

Such an opportunity of *superior* knowledge as this, is *certainly singular*. But though it is thus confessedly *partial*, and entirely dependent on the truth of his pundit, the claims of authenticity alleged by other travellers (p. xxxvii.) are thus reprobated—— “ They affirm, that they derived their information from the Hindoos themselves. This may be the case, but they *certainly* conversed upon that subject only with the inferior tribes, or with the unlearned part of the Brahmins : and it would be as ridiculous to hope for a true state of the religion and philosophy

“ phy of the *Hindoos* from those illiterate casts, as it would be  
 “ in a *Mahomedan* in London, to rely upon the accounts of a  
 “ parish beadle, concerning the most abstruse points of the chris-  
 “ tian faith ; or, to form his opinion of the principles of the  
 “ Newtonian philosophy, from a conversation with an English  
 “ carman.”

Having thus established his own authority, our author proceeds to a view of the religion and philosophy of the Brahmins. But here it is proper to observe, that having mentioned Mr. Holwell, Mr. Dow informs his reader, that he “ *finds himself*  
 “ *obliged to differ almost in every particular, concerning the religion*  
 “ *of the Hindoos, from that gentleman.*”

The *Bedang* or sacred book of the Brahmins, says Mr. Dow, contains various accounts of the creation, one philosophical, the others allegorical. The philosophical one is contained in a dialogue between *Brimba* and his son *Narud*. God is here thus defined, “ Being immaterial, he is above all conception ; being  
 “ invisible he can have no form ; but from what we behold in his  
 “ works, we may conclude that he is eternal, omnipotent, know-  
 “ ing all things, and present every where.” This, Mr. Dow informs us in a note, is literally translated, and, “ whether we, says  
 “ he, who profess Christianity, and call the *Hindoos* by the de-  
 “ testable names of pagans and idolaters, have higher ideas of the  
 “ supreme divinity, we shall leave to the unprejudiced reader to  
 “ determine.” Yet surely God is not above *all* conception. Nor is his invisibility to his creatures a philosophical proof that he *can*  
 have no form.

Narud's

Narud's enquiries into the nature of the soul or intellect, are thus answered:—It is a portion of the GREAT SOUL, breathed into all creatures to animate them for a certain time; after death it either animates other bodies, or is absorbed into the divine essence. The wicked are not at death disengaged from the elements, but clothed with bodies of fire, air, &c. and for a time are punished in hell; and the good are absorbed “in a participation of the divine nature, where all passions are utterly unknown, and where consciousness is lost in bliss.” Mr. Dow confesses that a state of unconsciousness is in fact the same with annihilation; and indeed it is, though he says that the Shaster “*seems* here to imply a kind of delirium of joy.” By this unintelligible sublimity we are put in mind of some of the reveries of a Shaftesbury or a Malebranche, and that wild imaginations are the growth of every country.

Narud then enquires into the continuance and dissolution of the world. And here we have a legend much the same with Mr. Holwell's four jogues or ages; after which the world shall be destroyed by fire, matter be annihilated, and God exist alone. Our year, according to the Brahmins, says Mr. Dow, makes one planetary day. The first *jug*, or *age of truth* contained four, the second three, the third two, and the present *jug*, or *age of pollution*, is to contain one thousand of these planetary years. According to Mr. Dow, at the end of these periods, there is not only a dissolution of all things, but between the dissolutions and renovations of the world, a period of 3,720,000 of our years. In the note on the Ptolemaic system in Lusiad X. we trust we have investigated the source of these various ages of the Brahmins, and traced the origin of that idea into a natural planetary appearance.

In Mr. Dow's, or rather his *Pundit's* translation of the sacred Shafter, we have the following account of the creation. It is contained in what our author, p. xlvi. calls the *philosophical catechism*. Narud enquires, How did God create the world? and is answered; "Affection dwelt with God, from all eternity. It was of three different kinds, the creative, the preserving, and the destructive. The first is represented by *Brimba*, the second by *Bisben*, and the third by *Shibab*. You, O Narud, are taught to worship all the three, in various shapes and likenesses, as the creator, the preserver, and the destroyer. The affection of God then produced power, and power, at a proper conjunction of time and *fitte*, embraced goodness, and produced matter. The three qualities then acting upon matter, produced the universe in the following manner: From the opposite actions of the creative and destructive quality in matter, self-motion first arose. Self-motion was of three kinds; the first inclining to plasticity, the second to discord, and the third to rest. The discordant actions then produced the akash, which invisible element possessed the quality of conveying sound; it produced air, a palpable element; fire, a visible element; water, a fluid element; and earth, a solid element."

Such is the *philosophical* cosmogony, placed by Mr. Dow, but for what reason we cannot discover, in opposition to the *allegorical* accounts which the Brahmins give of the creation.

The Shasters, according to Mr. Dow, are divided into four *bedas*, (i. e. *the bhades of Mr. H.*) The first, he says, treats principally of the science of divination; the second, of religious and moral duties; the third, of the rites of religion, sacrifices, penances,

penances, &c. and the fourth, of the knowledge of the good being, and contains the whole science of theology and metaphysical philosophy.

And thus the Brahmins avow, and their sacred books contain, that most despicable of all pretensions to learning, judicial astrology; that mother of superstition in every country, that engine of villany, by which the philosophers of India, and the gypsies of England, impose on the credulous and ignorant. “When a child is born, says Mr. Dow, p. xxxiii. some of the Brahmins are called; they pretend, from the horoscope of his nativity, to foretell his future fortune, by means of some astrological talents of which they are possessed.” They then tie a string, called the zinar, round his neck, which all the Hindoos wear, says our author, by way of charm or amulet.

That the Gentoos are divided into two great sects is confessed, though differently accounted for, by both Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow. By the latter they are distinguished as the followers of the Bedang, the most ancient; and the *Neadirfen*, a later *Shafter*. This, which by its followers is held as sacred, is said to have been written, says our author, by a philosopher, called Goutam, near 400 years ago.” As a specimen of this most abstruse metaphysician, take the following:—Five things must of necessity be eternal, first, the *pirrum attima*, or the *great soul*, which is immaterial, omniscient, &c. the second, the *jive attima*, or the *vital soul*; the third, time or duration; the fourth, space or extension; the fifth, the akash, or heavenly element, “which fills up the vacuum or space, and is compounded of *purmans* or quantities infinitely  
S 2 “small,

“small, indivisible, and perpetual. God, says he, can neither  
 “make nor annihilate these atoms, on account of the love which  
 “he bears to them, and the necessity of their existence; but they  
 “are in other respects totally subservient to his pleasure.”

Not to be tedious, we shall only look into this metaphysical labyrinth. Goutam supposes the vital soul is material, says Mr. D. by giving it the following properties, *number, quantity*, motion, contraction, extension, *divisibility*, perception, pleasure, pain, desire, aversion, accident and power. How Mr. D. discovers that Goutam supposes perception, desire, &c. as the characteristics of matter, we know not; neither can we conceive the *number, quantity*, or *divisibility* of a *living* soul. The akash, or atoms, which God can neither make nor destroy, were formed by him into the seeds of all productions, when *jive attima*, or the vital soul associating with them, animals and plants were produced. And thus the greatest act of creation is ascribed to *jive attima*, a principle or quality which God did not produce. “The same vital soul, says Goutam, which before associated with the *atom* of an animal, may afterwards associate with the *atom* of a man;” the superiority of man consisting only in his finer organization. “The followers of the Bedang,” says Mr. Dow, “affirm, that there is no soul in the universe but God; the sect of *Neadirsen* strenuously hold that there is, as they cannot conceive that God can be subject to such affections and passions as they feel in their own minds, or that he can possibly have a propensity to evil.” That is, in plain words, some do, and some do not, think themselves to be God. Wherefore, according to Goutam, the author of the humbler sect, the vital soul is the source of evil, and is of necessity,  
 coeternal



coeternal with the eternal mind. But the *necessity* of the coeternity of the *vital soul*, is as unphilosophical, we apprehend, as the much-*superior* agency ascribed to it by Goutam, in the work of creation, is blasphemous and absurd. Yet Mr. D. has told us, p. lxxvi. that the Hindoo doctrine, while it teaches the purest morals, is systematically formed on philosophical opinions.

Goutam, says Mr. Dow, admits a particular providence. But, “though he cannot deny the possibility of its existence,” says our author, “without divesting God of his omnipotence, he supposes that the Deity never exerts that power, but that he remains in eternal rest, taking *no* concern, *neither* in human affairs, *nor* in the course of the operations of nature.”

This may be called philosophy, but surely this article in the creed of Goutam, is incompatible with the idea of religion, the philosophical definition of which is certainly thus: *A filial dependence on the Creator, similar to that of a child who sincerely wishes to render himself acceptable to his father.*

“The learned Brahmins, says Dow, with one voice, deny the existence of inferior divinities. Their polytheism is only a symbolical worship of the divine attributes, and it is much to be doubted, whether the want of revelation and philosophy, those necessary purifiers of religion, ever involved any nation in gross idolatry, as many *ignorant zealots* have pretended.”  
 . . . . “Under the name of Brimha, they worship the wisdom and creative power of God; under the appellation of Bishen, his providential and preserving quality; and under that of Shibah, that attribute which tends to destroy.”

“Shibah,

“ Shibah, says the same author, among many others, is known  
 “ by the names of Mahoiffur, the Great Dæmon; Bamdebo, the  
 “ Frightful Spirit; and Mohilla, the Destroyer.”

The same authority also informs us, that they erect temples to Granesh, or Policy, whom they worship at the commencement of any design, represented with the head of an elephant with only one tooth: That they have many figurative images of Brahma, one of which represents him riding on a goose, the emblem of simplicity among the Hindoos: That they worship Kartic, or Fame; Cobere, or Wealth; Soorage, or the Sun; Chunder, or the Moon; the deities of water, fire, &c. besides an innumerable herd of local divinities. In another place, our author confesses that there are two religious sects in India: “ The one,  
 “ says he, look up to the divinity through the medium of reason  
 “ and philosophy; while the others receive as an article of their  
 “ belief, every holy legend and allegory which have been transf-  
 “ mitted down from antiquity.” He confesses also, the grossness of the vulgar of all countries, who cannot comprehend abstract subjects. Nay, he says, it cannot be denied, p. xlix. but that the more ignorant Hindoos do believe in the existence of their inferior divinities, “ in the same manner that Christians do in angels.” Yet, along with all this, Mr. D. is several times offended with the charge of idolatry brought against the Brahmins. Fearless, however, of the name of *ignorant zealot*, we will not scruple to assert, that the refined opinions of a very few, ought by no means to fix the characteristic of the religion of any country. To call the obvious idolatry of India only a symbolical worship of the Divine attributes, is only to present to us a specious shadow which  
 will

will difperfe and evanifh, as foon as the light of juft examination fhines upon it.

That the polytheifm of Egypt, the worship of dogs, crocodiles, and onions, was only a fymbolical worship of the divine attributes, has been often faid, and with equal juftice. For our part we can diftinguifh no difference between the worship of Janus with two faces, or of Brahma with four. The philofophers of Rome were as able to allegorife as thofe of India. The apology for the idolatry of the Brahmins is applicable to that of every nation, and, as an argument, falls nothing fhort of that of a learned Arab, who about the eleventh century, wrote a treatife to prove that there never was fuch a thing as idolatry in the world; for, every man, he faid, intended to worship fome attribute of the divinity, which he believed to refide in his idol.

Nor is a fentiment of Mr. Dow inapplicable to this: “ Let us  
 “ reft affured, fays he, that whatever the *external ceremonies* of re-  
 “ ligion may be, the felf-fame infinite Being is the object of uni-  
 “ verfal adoration.” Yet whatever the metaphyfician may think  
 of this ingenious refinement, the moral philofopher will be little  
 pleafed with it, when he confiders that the vulgar, that is, ninety-  
 nine of every hundred, are utterly incapable of praftifing their  
 idolatry, according to this philofophical definition. That the  
*learned* Brahmins with one voice affert there is but one fupreme  
 God, has been acknowledged by almoft all modern travellers.  
 Xavier himfelf confeffes this. But be their hidden religion what  
 it will, the Brahmins, in public, worship and teach the worship  
 of idols. To give an account both of the popular, and what is  
 called

called the philosophical religion of India, is the purpose of this essay. To abstract our view, therefore, from the popular practice of the country, and to indulge the spirit of encomium on the enlarged tenets of the learned few, is just the same as if a traveller should tell us there is no popery at Rome, or that the divine mission of Mohammed is denied at Constantinople; because at the one place he conversed with a deistical bishop, or at the other with a philosophical mufti. However pleased, therefore, the metaphysician may be with ingenious refinement, the moralist will consider, that the question is not, how the philosopher may refine upon any system, but how the people will, of consequence, practise under its influence. And on this view alone, he will pronounce it reprehensible or commendable. That the religion of the Brahmins is highly reprehensible, every moralist must allow, when he considers, that the most unworthy ideas of the divinity, ideas destructive of morality, naturally arise from idol worship; and the vulgar, it is every where confessed, cannot avoid the abuse. What can he think of the piety of a poor superstitious Indian, when he worships the great dæmon, the destroyer, and frightful spirit? Does he love what he worships? And can piety exist where the object of adoration is hated? Nor can we stop here: The futility of our refined apology for idolatry will still appear in a stronger light. What will the definition avail in the balance of morality, when all the inhuman, impure, and immoral rites of idolatry are laid in the other scale? Palestine, Tyre, and Carthage, made their children “pass through the fire unto Moloch;” and human sacrifices have prevailed at one time or other in every land. The human sacrifices of Mexico, (of which, see the introduction) afford the

most

most dreadful example of human depravity. Yet the Mexicans in this most detestable, most criminal superstition, in *their own way*, worshipped God. No philosophers ever entertained sublimer ideas of the divinity, and of the human soul, than the ancient druids. Yet what shall we think of the *Wicker Man*! A gigantic figure; the body, each leg and arm was a mast, to which an hundred or more human victims were bound with wicker. When there was a deficiency of malefactors or prisoners of war, the innocent helpless were seized, that the horrid sacrifice might be complete. When all the rites were performed, the sublime druids gave the hecatomb to the flames, as an offering grateful to their gods, as the most acceptable insurance of the divine protection \*. In the most polished ages of ancient Greece and Rome, the rites of religion were often highly immoral, basely impure. To mention any particular would be an insult to the scholar. Impurities which make the blood recoil, which, like Swift make one detest the *Tahoo* species, are a part of the religious *externals* of many barbarous tribes. A citation from Baumgarten's Travels, as quoted by Mr. Locke, here offers itself. " *Infuper sanctum illum, quem eo loco [in*  
*" Egypt] vidimus, publicitus apprimé commendari, eum esse*  
*" hominem*

\* Had the great author of the *Paradise Lost*, continued the visions of the eleventh, in place of the far inferior narrative of the twelfth book, what a dreadful display of the consequences of his disobedience might the angel have given to Adam, had he presented him with a view of the horrid sacrifices of Mexico, or the *Wicker Man*? What horror must the parent of mankind have felt, had Michael shewed him his adversary, *Satan*, seated on a neighbouring mountain, delighted with the yells and the steam of these terrible hecatombs. But what even deeper horror must Adam have felt, had the devil conjured up a philosopher to desire him to " *rest assured that whatever the external ceremonies of religion may be, the self-same infinite being is the object of universal adoration.*"

“hominem sanctum, divinum à integritate præcipuum; eo quod, nec scæminarum unquam esset, nec puerorum, sed tantummodo scællarum concubitor atque mularum.” Decency will allow no translation of this. In a word, where idolatry is practised, whether in the churches of Rome, or in the temples of Brahma, the *consequences* are felt, and a *remedy* is wanted: the vulgar are gross idolaters; the wiser part see the cheat, and, as the human mind has a woeful propensity to overstep the *golden-mean*, they become almost indifferent to every tie of religion.

Though Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow most essentially disagree in their systems of Indian philosophy, yet they most cordially coincide in their opinion of the high antiquity and unadulterated sameness of the Gentoo philosophy and religion, an antiquity and sameness to which they ascribe about 4000 years. Conscious that the accounts which the Greek and Roman writers have given of the *Brachmanes*, most effectually refute this sameness, Mr. H. denies the authority of these authors, though he acknowledges the invasion of *Alexander*. His reasons are these:

“The *Greek* and *Latin* construction and termination of the names and places, of the princes and kingdoms of *Indostan*, said by *Alexander*’s historians to be conquered by him, bear not the least analogy or idiom of the Gentoo language, either ancient or modern.” Vid. c. iv. p. 3.

But if this will prove what Mr. H. intends, the Greeks and Romans were unacquainted with the opinions of every nation they visited, for they always gave their own idiomatic construction

struction and termination to the proper names of every place where they came.

Mr. H. denies that *Porus* ever existed. The Gentoo annals, he says, make not the least mention of him. Camöens, however, who lived many years in the east, and was *no duped enquirer*, assures us (Luf. VII.) that the warlike kingdom of Cambaya claimed *Porus*. And Ferishta's History of Hindostan, as translated by Mr. Dow, tells us that *Foor*, the father of *Porus*, was overthrown and killed in battle, by Alexander.

Mr. H.'s third and last argument, is the shortness of time employed in *Alexander's* expedition, and the vast difficulty of acquiring the Gentoo tongue. "Can it be possibly believed," says he, that any of *Alexander's* followers could in this short space acquire such perfection in the Gentoo language, as could enable them justly to transmit down the religious system of a nation with whom they can scarcely be said to have had any communication."

But Mr. H. ought to have known, that the Greeks were well acquainted with the Persian, and the Persians with the Indian language; and that Alexander found many thousands in the east who talked Greek, who were the descendants of those bands of invalids who had been left by Xenophon. And that, thus Alexander's followers had, from these various and numerous interpreters, the best opportunity, perhaps, which ever existed, of acquainting themselves with the Indian philosophy.

Having

Having thus proved that some credit is due to the ancients, we proceed to the various accounts they have given, in which we hope the credible will easily be distinguished, from the misapprehended and fabulous. Pliny talks of men in India with dogs heads ; others with only one leg, yet *Achilleses* for swiftness of foot ; of a nation of pigmies ; of some who lived by the smell ; of tribes who had only one eye in their forehead ; and of some whose ears hung down to the ground.

*Ctesias*, as cited by *Photius*, talks in the same stile, of fountains of liquid gold, and of men with tails in India. Even in Horace's time it appears, that the *faith* of Indian travellers was proverbial :

— *Que loca fabulosus*  
*Lambit Hydaspes.*

Yet we ought to remember, that *Fernando Alarchon*, a Spanish voyager of undoubted credit, saw men with tails on the coast of *California* ; and that several others have seen men with dogs heads. But let not a certain living author rejoice in *Alarchon's* authority, as a proof of the truth of his opinion, that the human form had originally the appendix of a posterior tail ; for *Alarchon* tells us, that the tails which he saw, were discovered to be fictitious. And we are also assured, that the dog-headed men were found to wear vizards. The Indian fountains of gold will also be found a very easy, though ignorant error. We need only to suppose, that the Indian legends of worlds made of silver and gold, with fountains of milk and oil, were mistaken for the natural history of India.



If these wild tales of Pliny and others, the misapprehensions of weak and ignorant travellers, have discredited the authority of the ancients; other circumstances will prove their better intimacy with the Indian opinions and manners.

All the ancients \* concur in their accounts of the dreadful penances of the Brachmanes; these they say, consist of sitting naked in all changes of weather, of most painful postures, of fixing the eye all day unalterably on the sun or some other object; with several other circumstances, which are all most literally confirmed by *every* modern traveller who has written of these philosophers.

The metempsychosis of the Indians was also well known to the ancients. All the Gentoolegends mentioned by the ancients, are in the same wild spirit, and some even the same in circumstances, with those acknowledged by Holwell and Dow. Calanus, celebrated by the historians of Alexander, told Onesicritus the philosopher, says Strabo, that there had been a world of gold, where the fountains streamed with milk, honey, wine and oil; and where the wheat was as plentiful as dust. But that God, in punishment of human wickedness, had altered it, and had imposed a life of labour and misery on men. Onesicritus was desirous to hear more; but a Brahmin penance was imposed by Calanus as the condition, and the Greek philosopher was contented with what he had heard.

Here

\* See Cic. Tusc. Quest. l. 5. and all Alexander's historians. Plin. l. vii. c. 2. Also Clemens Alexandrinus, Strom. l. 3. Jerome, and other fathers also, often mentions these penances.

Here we have indubitable proof that the ancients were well acquainted with the Indian philosophers. Jerome, (*Adv. Jovian. l. I.*) mentions not only the burning of widows, but their ardent desire of giving this testimony of affection. This custom still continues as a rite performed *upon principle*, but the self-murder of the Brahmin philosophers is not now, as formerly, by fire; or at all common: yet we have the concurrent testimony of the ancients, that on the approach of disease, the infirmities of age, and even in the mere dread of calamity, the Indian upon principle, made his exit in the flames. Cicero, *Tusc. Quest. l. 5.* And Lucan, *l. 3.* mention this custom as universally known.

Several ambassadors were sent by a king of India, a king of six hundred kings, to Augustus Cæsar. (*Sueton. c. 21.*) One of these, a Brahmin philosopher, burned himself at Athens. His life had been extremely prosperous, and he took this method, he said, to prevent a reverse of fortune. Amid a great concourse of people, he entered the fire naked, anointed, and laughing. The epitaph which he desired might be inscribed on his tomb, was, “Here rests *Xarmanochagas*, the Indian of Bargofa, who, according to the *custom* of his country, made himself immortal.” And it was on the advances of a distemper, that Calanus amused Alexander with this exhibition of Indian philosophy. And from hence we have certain proof that the customs of the Brahmins have underwent most considerable alterations. This will farther appear by the testimony which antiquity gives of the simplicity of their worship. The Indians who had any idols, are mentioned by the  
ancients

ancients as few in number and gross barbarians. The Brachmanes on the contrary, are commended for the simplicity of their worship. The laborious philosopher Porphyry, though possessed of all the knowledge of his age, though he mentions their metempsychosis and penances, has not a word of any of their idols, or the legends of Brahma or his brothers. On the contrary, he represents their worship as extremely pure and simple. Strabo's account of them is similar. And Eusebius has assured us they worshipped no images †.

With these weighty evidences of the *principled* self-murder, and simplicity of the worship of the *Brachmanes*, antiquity closes her account of these philosophers. Eusebius lived in the fourth century; Gama at the end of the fifteenth, and those who followed him in the beginning of the sixteenth, found their innumerable temples filled with innumerable idols of the most horrid figures. The adoration of these was so complex and various, and their religious rites so multiplied, that, as Mr. Holwell confesses, a priest became necessary in every family. The wild absurdities of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, fall infinitely short of those of the innumerable mythological legends of India; and human depravity, in no quarter of the globe, ever produced such detestable fictions of impurity, as are contained in the legendary histories of the deities of the Brahmins.

Camöens,

† — χιλιάδες πολλὰι τῶν λεγομένων Βραχμάνων, αἵτινες κατὰ παραδοσὶν τῶν πρεσβύτων καὶ νέων ἕτε φονεύουσιν, ΟΥΤΕ ΕΘΑΝΑ ΣΕΒΟΝΤΑΙ——

Euseb. Præp. Evan. lib. 6. c. 10. p. 275. Ed. Paris. 1628.

Camöens, whose depth of observation rendered him greatly superior to the imposition of the most specious Brahmin, and who was long in the east, gives us, in the preceding book, a very unfavourable idea of the religious worship and manners of India. The state in which the first discoverers of the east found the religion and philosophy of the Brahmins, deserves very particular attention : and *Faria y Souza* has been careful to give us a full and comprehensive view of the opinions which prevailed when his countrymen landed in India.

According to *Faria*, their system of the universe is thus : The heaven rests on the earth : the sun and moon move like fishes in the water, from east to west by day, and by night run northward along the edge of the horizon, to the place of their rising. And the earth is supported by the snake *Ananta*. They hold an eternal succession of worlds. Every thing at the end of these periods is destroyed, except *Ixoreta* or the Deity, which is then reduced to the size of a dew drop ; when, having chirped like a cricket, the divine substance in itself produces the five elements, (for what they call the heavenly matter they esteem the fifth) and then dividing itself, the heavens and the earth are formed. In terra, simulac formata est, apparet mons argenteus, cujus in vertice conspiciuntur τὰ ἀϊδῶνα, quæ verum *Ixoreta* sive Numen appellat, et causam causarum. These, which are worshipped in their temples, first produce *Ixora*, *Bramah*, and *Vishnu*, the three primary deities. Some most ludicrous impurities follow in *Faria*. A female named *Chati* is produced by magical words from *Ixora's* back, and these two burning themselves into different animals, beget the different kinds of all living creatures,

men,

men, beasts, devils, and the heavenly spirits. The amours of *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, and *Isora* are innumerable. Their offspring have the heads of elephants, goats, monkeys, &c. and they are always killing each other and springing up in some new *chimera*-form, but the greater deity is always outwitted\*. *Brahma*, *Vishnu* and *Isora* pass through many transmigrations, and are born as the filthiest of animals, monkeys, hogs, snakes, &c. *Vishnu* being spawned a fish, recovers the law or *Shastab* from the bottom of the sea, whither it had been carried by *Breniacxem*, who stole it from the heavenly † spirits. While *Vishnu's* mother *Axoda* was big with him, the diviners told his father that the child would kill him. Hence his youth resembles the labours of Hercules. At seven years of age he deflowers all his mother's maids, is whipped for it, and is revenged by a repetition of his offence. *Vishnu's* exploits are innumerable. But what is esteemed his greatest action in all his transmigrations, is one day's labour of the same kind of that for which he was whip-

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ped ;

\* This is exactly in the spirit of the Talmudical legends. In these the prophet or Rabbi invariably outwits his god, and the devil the prophet. E. g. David having performed an action agreeable to heaven, Nathan is sent to order him to make what request he pleased. He desires to die on a Sabbath evening at sun-set. Again Nathan comes on a like occasion, and he desires he may never die while he is reading the law. From this time David was always sure to be reading the law on the Sabbath evening. By his life thus prolonged, religion flourished, and the devil was piqued. The love of some pears that grew under his window was now David's ruling passion. Just at sun-set, one Sabbath eve, the devil shakes the pear-tree and cries thieves, thieves. David starts up from the book of the law, sees the thieves running away, and a rope-ladder at the window. David with the sword of Goliath thinks to pursue them from the window, but the ladder was an illusion, and David fell down and broke his neck. One would think a Brahmin had been the inventor of this legend.

† For this same legend see Dow.

ped ; but which extended to sixteen thousand one hundred and eight. *Viſhnu* is ſometimes represented as the greateſt god. In this character he lies ſleeping on his back in a ſea of milk ; yet in this condition he governs the whole world. He lies on the ſnake *Ananta*. At other times *Ixora* is the greateſt god.

If ſome of theſe legends outrage the bounds of allegory, part of the following is obvious. *Brahma* and *Viſhnu* envying *Ixora's* greatneſs, he promiſed, that if they could find his beginning or end, they ſhould become his ſuperiors. *Viſhnu* turned himſelf into a hog, and with his ſnout dug up the earth in ſearch of *Ixora's* feet, till he was deterred by a ſnake. *Brahmin* went in ſearch of his head, but at laſt was diſſuaded to deſiſt by roſes. Theſe, however, he bribed to teſtify that he had ſeen *Ixora's* head. *Ixora* conſcious of the fraud, ſtrikes off one of *Brahma's* five heads ; and in penance for this crime, *Ixora* travels as a pilgrim. He meets with men who throw wild beaſts at him ; ſome he fleas, and cloaths himſelf with their ſkins ; he is at laſt overcome. *Viſhnu* in the ſhape of a beautiful virgin relieves him. *Ixora* gets her with child, and *Viſhnu* bears a ſon. They quarrel who ſhall have the infant, but are reconciled by a heavenly ſpirit who takes it to himſelf and breeds it an expert archer, on purpoſe to guard him againſt the giant with 500 heads, and 1000 hands who ſprung from the head of *Brahma* when cut off by *Ixora*.

In *Favia* we find the ſevere penances, the ſeas of milk and oil, and the fanciful legends mentioned by the ancients. Theſe, and what mythological reveries he gives us, are in the part the ſame,

fame, and all in the true ſpirit of what is told us by our two late writers. As *Viſſnu* lies in the ſea of milk, a roſe ſprings from his navel. Through the hollow ſtalk of this roſe *Bramab* deſcends into *Viſſnu*'s belly. Here he ſees the ideas of all things, and from looking on theſe, he creates the world.

In Faria we find *Brahma* the creator of the world; *Ixora* the prefeſter, and *Viſſnu* the governor of all things. We find theſe deities alſo, with different numbers of heads and hands †. *Ixora* holds in his ſixteen hands, a deer, a chair, a fiddle, a bell, a baſon, a trident, a rope, a hook, an ax, fire, a drum, beads, a ſtaff, a wheel, a ſnake, and a horned moon towards his forehead. All this is exactly ſimilar to the accounts of Holwell and Dow.

By the concurrent teſtimony of all the travellers on the 16th and 17th centuries, that vileſt of beaſts, the monkey, is held in high veneration. Various are the legends which relate the reaſon of this. Faria ſays that *Ixora* and *Chati*, having turned

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themselves

† *Patrocoli*, *Ixora*'s daughter, has eight faces and ſixteen arms, has boars teeth, her hair of peacocks tails, is cloathed with ſnakes, and carries two elephants in her ears for pendants. *Ixora* has a ſon with an elephant's head, has four arms, is of enormous bulk, and rides upon a mouſe. We are told, however, that theſe fictions do not eſcape ridicule even in India. The writers who have treated of the miſſion of Xavier, relate, that there are extant in India the writings of a Malabar poet, who wrote nine hundred epigrams, each conſiſting of eight verſes, in ridicule of the worſhip of the Brahmins, whom he treats with great aſperity and contempt. This poet is named *Palegnar* by Faria. Would any of our diligent enquirers after oriental learning favour the public with an authentic account of the works of this poet of Malabar, he would undoubtedly confer a ſingular favour on the republic of letters.

themselves into apes produced one named *Anuman* on whom they bestowed great power. Near the city of Prefeti was a wood full of apes, esteemed of a divine race, and of the household of Perimal, in whom some thousands of the gods had taken refuge. In the city of Cidambaram, says Linschoten, was a stately temple erected to one of these apes, named HANIMANT : (*probably Anuman. Such variations are common in Indian mythology.*) Being threatened with some danger, Hanimant put himself at the head of many thousands of his brother gods, and led them to the sea side ; where finding no ship, he took a leap into the ocean, and an island immediately rose under his feet. At every leap the miracle was repeated, and in this manner he brought his divine brotherhood all safe to the island of Ceylon. A tooth of Hanimant was kept there as a sacred relick, and many pilgrimages were made to visit it. In 1554, the Portuguese made a descent on that island, and among other things seized the holy tooth. The Indian princes offered 700,000 ducats in ransom, but by the persuasion of the archbishop, Don Constantine de Braganza, the Portuguese viceroy, burned it in the presence of the Indian ambassadors. A BANIAN, however, had the art to persuade his countrymen that he was invisibly present when the Portuguese burnt the tooth, that he had secreted the holy one, and put another in its place, which was the one committed to the flames. His story was believed, says our author, and the king of Bijnagar gave him a great sum for a tooth which he produced as the sacred relick. The striking resemblance which this fable of the apes bears to the Egyptian mythology, which tells us that their gods had taken refuge in dogs, crocodiles,



crocodiles, onions, frogs, and even *in cloacis*, is worthy of observation\*.

According to Joannes Oranus, the Brahmins of Agra say, that the world shall last four ages or worlds, three whereof are past. The first continued one million seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand years. Men in that world lived ten thousand years,

\* Both Camöens and Faria assert that several of the Indian idols resemble those of the Grecian fable :

Here spreading horns an human visage bore ;  
 So frown'd stern Jove in Lybia's fane of yore.  
 One body here two various faces rear'd ;  
 So ancient Janus o'er his shrine appear'd.  
 An hundred arms another brandish'd wide ;  
 So Titan's son the race of heaven defy'd.  
 And here a dog his snarling tusks display'd ;  
 Anubis thus in Memphis hallowed shade  
 Grinn'd horrible——

In the temple of the Elephant, says Faria, is the Giant Briareus with his hundred hands; Pasiphae and the Bull, and an angel turning a male and a female out of a delicious grove. This he esteems the expulsion of Adam and Eve from paradise. In the same temple, says he, is an idol called *Mabamuret*; with one body and three faces; on his head a triple marble crown of admirable workmanship, exactly resembling the papal mitre. According to the same authority Vishnu having metamorphosed himself into his younger brother Siri Christna, overcame the serpent Caliga, of nine leagues in length, which lived in a lake made by its own venom. This, and the origin of Chati, afford some obvious hints to the investigators of mythology. Tavernier's travels into India ought also here to be cited: Bistnoo, he was told, had been nine times incarnate; had been a lion, a swine, a tortoise, &c. In the eighth time he was a man, born of a virgin at midnight. At his birth the angels sung, and the sky showered flowers. In his manhood he fought and killed a great giant who flew in the air, and darkened the sun. In this conflict he was wounded in the side, and fell; but by his fall overcame, and ascended into heaven.

years, were of enormous stature, and of great integrity. Thrice in that period did God visibly appear upon the earth. First in the form of a fish, that he might recover the book of Brahma, which one *Causacar* had thrown into the sea. The second time in the form of a snail, (*See Dow's account of the symbolical representations of Brahma*) that he might make the earth dry and solid. The other time like a hog, to destroy one who called himself God, or as others say, to recover the earth from the sea, which had swallowed it. The second world lasted one million ninety-two thousand and six years, in which period men were as tall as before, but only lived a thousand years. In this, God appeared four times, once as a monstrous lion, with the lower parts of a woman, to repress the wickedness of a pretender to deity. Secondly, like a poor Brahmin, to punish the impiety of a king who had invented a method to fly to heaven. Thirdly, he came in the likeness of a man called *Parcaram*, to revenge the death of a poor religious man. And lastly in the likeness of one *Ram*, who slew *Parcaram*. The third world continued eight hundred and four thousand years, in which time God appeared twice. The fourth world shall endure four hundred thousand years, whereof only four thousand six hundred and ninety-two are elapsed. In this period God is to appear once, and some hold that he has already appeared in the person of the emperor *Echebar*.

The accounts of the god Brahma, or Brimha, and their whole mythology, are inconceivably various. According to father *Bobours*, in his life of *Xavier*, the Brahmins hold, that the great God having a desire to become visible, became man. In  
this

his fate he produced three fons, Mayfo, Viftnu, and Brahma ; the first, born of his mouth, the second of his breast, the third, of his belly. Being about to return to his invisibility, he assigned various departments to his three fons. To Brahma he gave the third heaven, with the superintendence of the rites of religion. Brahma having a desire for children, begot the Brahmins, who are the priests of India, and who are believed by the other tribes to be a race of demi-gods, who have the blood of heaven running in their veins. Other accounts say, that Brahma produced the priests from his head, the more ignorant tribes from his breast, thighs, and feet.

According to the learned Kircher's account of the theology of the Brahmins, the sole and supreme god Viftnou, formed the secondary god Brahma, out of a flower that floated on the surface of the great deep before the creation. And afterwards, in reward of the virtue, fidelity, and gratitude of Brahma, gave him power to create the universe.

According to the Danish missionaries \*, the first Being, say the Brahmins, begat eternity, eternity begat *Tschinen*, *Tschinen* begat *Tschaddy*, *Tschaddy* begat *Putady*, or the elementary world, *Putady* begat Sound, Sound begat Nature, Nature begat the great god *Tschatatfchinen*, from whom Brahma was the fourth in a like descent. Brahma produced the soul, the soul produced the visible heaven, the heaven produced the air, the air the fire, the fire the water, and the water the earth. What Mr. Dow  
calls

\* See Phillips's collection of their letters published at London in 1717.

calls the *philosophical catechism* seems only a refinement of this legend.

This genealogical nonsense, however, is not confined to India. Hesiod's genealogy of the gods, though refined upon by the schools of Plato, is of the same class. The Jewish fables, foolish questions and genealogies, reproved by Saint Paul, (epist. Tit.) were probably of this kind, for the Talmudical legends were not then sprung up. *Binah*, or understanding, said the cabalists, begat *Cochma*, or wisdom, &c. till at last comes *Milcach*, the kingdom, who begat *Skekinah*, the divine presence. In the same manner the christian Gnostics, of the sect of Valentinus, held their *Πλήρωμα*, and their thirty ages. *Ampsiu* and *Auraan*, they tell us, i. e. profundity and silence, begat *Bacua* and *Thar-thuu*, mind and truth; these begat *Ubucua* and *Thardeadie*, word and life, and these *Merexa* and *Atarbarba*, man and church. The other conjunctions of their thirty *Æones* are of similar ingenuity. The prevalence of the same spirit of mythological allegory in such different nations, affords the philosopher a worthy field of speculation.

*Faria y Sousa*, as if conscious that he had tired his reader with Indian legends, adds that, a concise view of this monstrous medley ought to be given by a writer who treats of Indian manners.

The Centoo religion has a principal peculiar to itself; it admits of no profelytes.

God,

God, they say, has appointed different religions for different tribes and countries, is with the Brahmin in the temple, with the christian in the church, and with the Jew in the synagogue.

They have many feasts and fasts which they celebrate with many extravagant rites. In commemoration of the death of a martyr, says Mr. Dow, “Some of the *vulgar* on the fast of “Ouposs, suspend themselves on iron hooks, by the flesh of the “shoulder blade, to the end of a beam. This beam runs round “with great velocity, upon a pivot, on the head of a high pole. “The enthusiast not only seems insensible of pain, but very often “blows a trumpet as he is whirled round above, and at certain “intervals sings a song to the gaping multitude below, who very “much admire his fortitude and devotion.”

The Gentoos have a particular veneration, says Mr. Holwell, for the numbers *one* and *three*. But of this see a note in *Lusiad* X.

The *Brahmin* idea of a future state of retribution is strangely ambiguous. Of the human soul they say, that after various transmigrations and purifications, it shall be absorbed in the deity and consciousness lost in bliss. By this unintelligible sublimity, we are put in mind of some of the reveries of a Shaftesbury or a Malebranche; but wild imaginations are the growth of every country.

The dreadful penances of the Brahmins still continue. These they esteem as the certain means of purification from sin. Many rituals

rituals are also believed to confer holiness. Of these, immersion in the river Ganges, and sprinklings of cow dung, are venerated as peculiarly efficacious. Yet alteration of heart, repentance, or abhorrence of moral turpitude, appear to be no conditions of this purification. However a few individuals, whose ideas have been improved by conversation with Europeans, may gloss and refine; that gross ignorance of moral philosophy, which has no idea of moral turpitude, is the just character of Brahmin piety. Nor has their grossness been able to perceive the immorality of killing oxen, and of committing self-murder as the certain passport to heaven. What can the true moralist think of the Indian, who, upon religious principles, drowns himself in the Ganges, or throws himself under the wheels of his pagod's chariot, to be crushed to death by the holy load? The duties we owe to our relatives in particular, and to society in general, the author of nature has imposed upon us by an indispensable canon. Yet these duties by the pious suicide are refused on the principles of the weakest superstition. Nor can the moralist view the dreadful austerities to which the Brahmin philosophers submit themselves in any other light. He who fixes his eyes on his nose till he can see in no other direction; he who clenches his fist till the nails grow out at the back of his hand; and he who twists his neck about, till his face is fixed unalterably backward; (three modes of penance mentioned by Mr. Dow) and he who drowns himself at once, equally incapacitate themselves for the duties of society.

And not only the millions who thus do idle penance, but numerous sects of pilgrims also, are mere burdens upon the industrious.

trious. The Fakiers are very numerous. These, according to Mr. Dow, are a set of sturdy beggars, who admit any ruffian of good parts, to join them; and, under pretence of religious pilgrimages, ramble about in armies of ten or twelve thousand men. The country people fly before them, leaving their goods and their wives, (who esteem it a holiness to be embraced by a Fakier) to the mercy and lust of these villians. The prayers of a Fakier are highly esteemed, and often implored, in cases of sterility. The wife and the Fakier retire together to prayer, a signal is left that the Fakier is with the lady, and a sound drubbing is the reward should the husband dare to interrupt their devotions\*.

The city of Benaris is the great seminary of the Brahmin learning. Modern travellers have called it an university. Here the Gentoos study *divination*, and *such kind of philosophy*, as Messrs. H. and D. have laid before us.

Postellus (de Orig. c. 13. et 15.) fancies that the Brahmins are descended of Abraham by Keturah, and named Brachmanes, *quasi Abrahames*.

Every

\* When the Portuguese admiral, Pedro de Cabral, discovered the Brazils, he found a sect of religionists called *Pages*, who were venerated in the same manner as the Fakiers of India. “*Illi quocunque veniunt, says Oñorius, summo omnium plausa recipiuntur, &c.*” Wherever these come, they are received with the loudest acclamations, the ways are crowded, verses sung to the music of the country, and dances are performed before them. The most beautiful women, whether virgins or wives, are submitted to their embraces. *Opinantur enim miseri, si illos placatos habuerint, omnia sibi feliciter eventura*; for these wretched ignorants believe, that if they can please these men, every thing will happen well to them.” Such is the vast similarity which obtains among all barbarous nations.

Every traveller who has visited the east, Messrs. Holwell and Dow not excepted, represent the great multitude of the Indians as the most superstitious, and most abandoned of people. The most striking particulars may be thus summed up: the innumerable superstitions performed on the banks of the Ganges, afford a pitiable picture of the weakness of humanity. As mentioned by Camöcns, (Lusiad VII. and X.) not only dead corpses are conveyed from distant regions to be thrown into the sacred water, but the sick are brought to the river side, where

*On beds and litters o'er the margin laid,  
The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave  
Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave:  
Thus heaven, they deem, tho' vilest guilt they bore  
Unwept, unchanged, will view that guilt no more.*

And hence it is no uncommon scene for the English ships to be furrounded with the corpses which come floating down this hallowed stream.

In consequence of their belief in the transmigration of souls, many of the Brahmins abstain from all animal food. Yet however austere in other respects, they freely abandon themselves to every species of lechery, some of them esteeming the most unnatural abominations as the privilege of their sanctity.

The Gentoo mythology provides every deity with a spouse. A god without a wife, being, according to them, as preposterous and unaccomplished as a fire without heat, or a bird without wings.

Every



Every devil or infernal spirit has also his wife. Like the ancient Jews, the Brahmins ascribe every disease to a devil. The gout, says Faria, they attribute to she-devils in the shape of swine.

A species of the ancient manicheism of Persia is mixed with their religion, and the destroyer, or the frightful demon, as already observed, is worshipped by the authority of their sacred books. The first thing they meet in the morning, be it ass, hog, or dog, they worship during the course of the day. Scarcely more stupid were the Pelusians: *Crepitus ventris inflati*, says Hierome, *Pelusiaca religio est*.

The horrid sacrifice of the widows burnt along with the corpse of the deceased husband, is peculiar to India. The opinion that it was instituted to prevent them from poisoning their husbands, must be false, for the sacrifice must be voluntary. “The Brahmins, says Mr. H. take unwearied pains to encourage, promote, and confirm in the minds of the *Gentoo* wives, this “spirit of burning.” And the origin of it, according to our author, is thus. At the demise of *Bramah’s* mortal part, his wives (*so it seems our angel kept a seraglio*) inconsolable for his loss, offered themselves voluntary victims on his funeral pile. All the good wives of the *Rajabs* and the *Gentooos*, unwilling to be thought deficient in affection, followed the heroic example, and the Brahmins gave it the stamp of religion, and pronounced, “that the delinquent spirits of these heroines, immediately ceased from their transigrations, and entered the first boboon of purification.” The Brahmins, says our author, strained some obscure passages of *Bramah’s Shastah*, to countenance this their declared sense; instituted

stituted the ceremonials that were to accompany the sacrifice, and foisted it into the *Ghatab* and *Aughtorrah Bhades*.

Mr. Dow gives a very different account of this sacrifice. His words are these, “The extraordinary custom of the women  
 “burning themselves with their deceased husbands, has, for the  
 “most part, fallen into *disuetude* in India; nor was it ever rec-  
 “koned a religious duty, as has been very erroneously supposed  
 “in the west.” Whence then this *late* alteration? The begin-  
 ning of an assimilation to European ideas can only account for  
 it. For surely it did not proceed from any text of their *sacred*  
 scriptures. Nay, a text of the sacred Shaster, as cited by Mr.  
 D. plainly encourages the horrid practice. “The woman who  
 “dies with her husband, shall enjoy life eternal with him in hea-  
 “ven.” Feeble minds, says he, misinterpreted this into a pre-  
 cept. To those, however, who are unskilled in glossing casuistry,  
 no admonition can be more obvious.

And nothing can be more evident than that this sacrifice is a  
 priestly institution; the priests and their scriptures, encourage,  
 direct and attend it: it is therefore a religious ceremony.

Yet amid all this gross superstition, it cannot be supposed but  
 that some virtues, however \* obliquely, are occasionally taught.

They

\* A very pretty allegory from *Faria's* account of the Brahmin legends, will be here in place. “*Darmaputrem* being favoured with a view of hell, saw a man encompassed with immense treasure, yet miserably perishing with hunger. He enquired the reason, and was answered, that upon earth the miser had enjoyed these treasures, but had never given any alms; only  
 that

They particularly inculcate the comprehensive virtue of humanity, which is enforced by the opinion, that divine beings often assume the habit of mendicants, in order to distinguish the charitable from the inhuman. The Malabrians have several traditions of the virtuous on these happy trials, being translated into heaven; the best designed incitement to virtue, perhaps, which their religion contains. Besides the Brahmins, the principal sect of that vast region called India, there are several others, who are divided and subdivided, according to innumerable variations, in every province. In Cambaya, the Banians, a sect who strictly abstain from all animal food, are numerous.

From their religion and philosophy, these pilots of human manners, we now proceed to the peculiar characteristics of the Gentoos.

As the Gentoos never intermarry, India may properly be said to contain four different nations. They will neither eat together, nor drink out of the same vessel. The Brahmins are allowed to eat nothing but what is cooked by themselves: If they trespass in these or in many other similar points, they are held as polluted, rejected from their tribe, and are obliged to herd with a despised crew, called the Hallachores, who are the lowest of the community, the rabble of India.

This

that one time by pointing with his finger, he had directed a poor man to the house where the rice given away in charity was kept. *Darmaputren* bade him put the finger with which he pointed into his mouth. The feeder did so, and immediately was refreshed by the taste of the most excellent viands. *Darmaputren* on his return to the earth gave great alms, and afterward for his charity was received into paradise.

This prohibition of intermarriage gives us a very mean idea of Indian policy. The bent of genius and affection, as Camoens observes, are thus barbarously sacrificed. If a nobleman, says our poet, should touch or be touched by one of another tribe,

*A thousand rites, and washings o'er and o'er,  
Can scarce his tainted purity restore.*

Nothing, says Oforius, but the death of the unhappy commoner can wipe off the pollution. Yet we are told by the same author, that Indian nobility (and in Europe it is too much the same) cannot be forfeited, or even tarnished, by the basest and greatest of crimes; nor can one of mean birth become great or noble by the most illustrious actions. But what above all may be called the characteristic of the Indian, is his total insensibility to the passion of love:

*Loft to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms  
The willing husband yields his spouse's charms.  
In unendear'd embraces free they blend;  
Yet but the husband's kindred may ascend  
The nuptial couch——*

Sentiment, or the least delicacy of affection, have no share in the intercourse of the sexes in India. This grossness of their ideas is indisputably proved by the very spirit of their laws, which suppose that female chastity cannot exist. Conjugal fidelity is neither enjoined, nor hoped for; and the right of succeffion

sion by law devolves to the sister's children, it being esteemed impossible for any man to know which is his own son; whereas the affinity of the female line is by nature certain. To some perhaps, the feebleness of the constitutions of the Gentoos may account for this wretched apathy; and to several circumstances may their feebleness be attributed. The men marry before fourteen, and the women at about ten or eleven. Rice, their principal food, affords but little nourishment, and they are extremely averse to any manly exercise. It is better to sit than to walk, they say, to lie down than to sit, to sleep than to wake, and death is better than all. The unparalleled pusillanimity with which they have long submitted to the oppressions of a few Arabs, their Mohammedan masters, likewise shews their deadness to every manly resentment: 100 millions enslaved by 10 millions, (the number according to Mr. Orme, of the Gentoos and their Mohammedan masters) is a deep disgrace to human nature. Yet, notwithstanding all this dormancy of the nobler passions, though incapable of love, they prove the position, (for which physicians can easily account) that debility and the very fever of the vilest lechery go hand in hand\*. Many of the

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Brahmins

\* Montesquieu, in enumerating his reasons why christianity will never prevail in the east, advances as one, the prohibition of polygamy, which he mentions as the appointment of nature, and necessary in these climates. Tristram Shandy tells us, that his father was a most excellent system-builder, was sure to make his theory look well, though no man ever crucified the truth at such an unmerciful rate. With all due deference to the great genius of Montesquieu, his philosophy here, is exactly contrary to experience. In every country, the births of males and females are nearly proportioned to each other. If in any country, polygamy is the appointment of nature, the more athletic nations of Europe have the best claim. But the warlike independent spirit of the northern tribes, who viewed their  
princes

Brahmins are merchants; and by every authority they are described as the most artful, most hypocritical, and most fraudulent of traders. To sum up their character, let it be added, that the freedom with which their friends ascend the nuptial bed, is, in matters of love, perhaps, the least of their unsentimental indelicacy. The best Portuguese authors assure us, that the women of every tribe, the wives of princes not excepted, were free to the embraces of the sanctified Brahmins; and the Fakiers, at this day, under the sanction of privilege, spread pollution when they please, over every virgin or marriage bed among the Gentoos.

And surely the warmest admirer of Indian philosophy and manners, cannot dispute the picture we have drawn, when he is referred to Messrs. Holwell and Dow, for the fullest virtual confirmation of the truth of every feature. At the entrance upon his work, Mr. H. calls the Brahmins, “ a people, who from the  
 “ earliest times have been an ornament to the creation, if so  
 “ much can with propriety be said of any known people upon  
 “ earth.” But at the end of his VIIth chapter, after having  
 necessarily

princes as their companions in war, would never allow their leaders to appropriate eight hundred or a thousand of the finest women, each for his own particular luxury. Their natural ideas of liberty forbade it; while on the other hand, the slavish Asiatics, who viewed their *rajahs* as beings of a superior rank submitted to the lust of these masters, whose *debility* prompted the desire of unbounded variety. This history of polygamy will be found to be just. Polygamy is not the child of nature, it is the offspring of tyranny, and is only to be found where the most absolute tyranny subsists. Neither to the genial vigour of passion, but to raging, irritated debility, both the philosopher and physician will attribute the unblushing prevalence of some crimes.—crimes which disgrace human nature, and which particularly characterise the depraved manners of the enfeebled east.

necessarily confessed many circumstances which speak loudly against them, he thus characterises the *Gentoo*s : “ In general, “ says he, they are as degenerate, crafty, superstitious, litigious, “ and wicked a people, as any race of beings in the known world, “ if not *eminently more so*, especially the common run of the “ *Brahmins* ; and we can truly aver, that during almost five “ years that we presided in the judicial Cutcherry Court of “ Calcutta, never any murder or atrocious crime, came before “ us, but it was proved in the end, a *Brahmin* was at the “ bottom of it :” But then, adds our author, “ the *remnant* “ of *Brahmins* (whom we have before excepted) who seclude “ themselves from the communications of the busy world, in a “ philosophic and religious retirement, and strictly pursue the tenets and true spirit of *Chartab Bhade* of *Bramah*, we may “ with equal truth and justice pronounce, *are the purest models of* “ *genuine piety that now exist, or can be found on the face of the* “ *earth.*”

This latter sentence sounds very high ; but every liberal mind, who has conversed with the world, is convinced that worthy men are to be found in every sect, that of the Indian Fakier, perhaps alone excepted ; men whose natural sagacity and strong native goodness of heart, are preservatives against the *full influence* of the most pernicious tenets. And thus Mr. Holwell, if we make a little allowance for his most evident partiality, ends his superlative encomiums on the *Brahmins*, in a compliment by no means peculiar, in a mere nothing.

The most important question relative to the Gentoos, the very distant and superior antiquity of their scriptures, remains yet unconsidered. Messrs. Holwell and Dow, however opposite in their accounts of the Shaftah and its doctrines, most perfectly agree in ascribing to that work, an antiquity more remote than that of any known writings. But the testimony of other travellers, ere we proceed farther, requires an impartial examination. “The Bedang or Shaftah, the sacred book of the Brahmins, says Dow, contains various accounts of the creation, one philosophical, the others allegorical. These latter, says he, have afforded ample field for the invention of the Brahmins. From the many allegorical systems of creation contained in the Shaftahs, many different accounts of the cosmogony of the Hindoos, have been promulgated in Europe, some travellers adopting one system, some another.” By this confession, the jarring accounts of other travellers are accounted for, and we have already seen that every striking feature of the pictures they have given, is most effectually confirmed by Messrs. H. and D. And thus, the accounts of the superstition and idolatry of the Brahmins, which, till lately, were unquestioned, were by no means without foundation. And indeed it were an unparalleled circumstance, were the concurrent testimony of the most authentic writers and intelligent travellers of the 16th and 17th centuries, to deserve no credit. Many of these were men of profound, of *superior* learning, and of unblemished candour; and for a superior number of years than either Mr. H. or D. conversed with the most learned, and we have no reason to doubt, with the most honest of the Brahmins.



One of these, Abraham Roger, lived fifteen years among the Brahmins, and was in intimate friendship with one of them, named *Padmanaba*. He returned to Holland in 1647, where he published his writings, which prove him to have been a learned man, and a diligent enquirer. Of his good sense, let one passage bear testimony: "Can we believe, says he, that there is a  
 "generous spirit residing in a people who for two or three thou-  
 "sand years, have placed the greatest degree of sanctity and  
 "prudence in half-starving themselves, and in depriving them-  
 "selves of the lawful conveniences of life? Yet such austerities  
 "were the chief employments of the ancient *Brachmana*, and  
 "are now of the modern *Brahmins*." The sentiment here contained, in value of just observation, true philosophy, true piety, and good common sense, is worth all that our late travellers, for these thirty years past, have written on the philosophy and religion of India.

Mr. Holwell candidly owns that *Baldeus* resided thirty years among the Brahmins; that his translation of the *Viedam* (*the Malabar word for Shaftab*) is literal, and that it is a monster (ch. iv. p. 33.) that shocks reason and probability; and this happened, he says, by his not attending to the allegory. The errors of other travellers, he owns, did not proceed from misinformation, but from not drawing the veil, from not penetrating by the help of allegory, into the true doctrines of India. But this we presume, in plain English, will run thus: Former travellers gave us a true picture of the popular religion of India, but they did not attend to the *gloss* and *refinement* of the *recluse remnant* of the *Brahmins*.

And

And for this very reason, we judge them just so much the more worthy of credit. No man needs to take a voyage to India, or to study the sacred Shanferita, on purpose to discover how the *few* either gloss or philosophize. He is an idle traveller who gives us the refinements of a learned jesuit as the religion of Rome. He who displays the true character of it, will tell us what superstition possesses the general mind; will tell us, that supreme veneration for the authority of the pope and holy church, is the only religious principle which has any fixed hold on the belief or practice of the multitude.

And according to the concurrent testimony of all former travellers, *who did not allegorise*, the date of the first appearance of the Brahmin Shasters, is involved in the utmost uncertainty. Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow, are the two great champions of the opinion, that the sacred books of India, are of higher antiquity than the writings of any other nation, and that the Jewish Scriptures are founded upon, and borrowed from them. As each of these writers decries, with no small contempt, the testimony of every traveller except himself, the accounts which these gentlemen have given of the origin of the Shasters requires our attention.

Mr. Holwell well knew that the books held sacred in India, contain many of the grossest impieties. He therefore owns, that the *Shoflab* had underwent two remarkable innovations; and that the Brahmins “in process of time lost sight of their *divine original*, and in its place substituted new and strange doctrines.” —“The steadfast faith of the Gentoos touching the antiquity of  
“ their

“ their scriptures,” he tells us (ch. iv. p. 22.) is thus,—“ they date the birth of the tenets and doctrines of the Shaftah, from the expulsion of the angelic beings from the heavenly regions.” That 4877 years ago, these tenets were reduced into a written body of laws by *Pramab*, and published to the people of Indoftan. That one thousand years after, they underwent a remarkable innovation in the publication of the *Shatabh Bhade Shaftah*; and that 3377 years ago, (computed from the present year 1777) these original scriptures again underwent a second and last change or innovation in the publication of the *Aughtorrah Bhade Shaftah*; which occasioned the first and only schism amongst the *Gentoos*, that subsists to this day, namely between the followers of the *Aughtorrah Bhade Shaftah* and the followers of the *Viedam*.”

These changes of their Scriptures, our author ascribes to the craft of the priests, who by these means enslaved the people to their own authority. The first innovation was a paraphrase on the Shaftah, in which the original was retained. At this time the Brahmins appropriated the *Sanscrit* character to themselves, and introduced that which is now the common one of Hindoftan. In the second innovation, says our author, “ the original text was in a manner, sunk or alluded to only.” In these commentaries mythology was first introduced; the history of their princes, numberless ceremonies, and new divinities were added, and “ the whole enveloped in impenetrable obscurity by fable and allegory, beyond the comprehension even of the common tribe of Brahmins themselves.” Again, says our author, “ the Brahmins having tasted the sweets of priestly power by the first of their innovations, determined

“ to enlarge and establish it by the promulgation of the *last*.—  
 “ In this the exterior modes of worship were so multiplied, and  
 “ such a numerous train of new divinities created—the daily  
 “ obligations of religious duties, which were by these new in-  
 “ stitutes imposed on every *Gentoo*, from the highest to the lowest  
 “ rank of the people, were of so intricate and alarming a nature,  
 “ as to require a *Brahmin* to be at hand, to explain and officiate  
 “ in the performance of them.—From this period, superstition,  
 “ the sure support of priestcraft, took fast possession of the  
 “ people—every head of a family was obliged to have a house-  
 “ hold Brahmin,—and in fact they became mere machines, ac-  
 “ tuated and moved, as either the good or evil intentions of their  
 “ household tyrant dictated.”

The schism produced by the last innovation of the *Shastab*  
 is thus mentioned by our author. “ The *Brahmins* of *Corman-*  
 “ *dell* and *Maliabar*, finding their brethren upon the course of  
 “ the *Ganges*, had taken this bold step to enslave the laity, set up  
 “ for themselves, and formed a scripture of their own, founded,  
 “ as they said, upon the *Chatah Bhade* of *Bramah*; this  
 “ they called the *Viedam*”—or the *divine words of the mighty*  
*spirit.*

Thus, the *Gentoo* scriptures were translated from the lan-  
 guage of angels, and first reduced to writing by *Brahma*, 4877  
 years ago; that is, when *Methuselah* was a boy. They under-  
 went a great change 1000 years after, which was near 200 years  
 before *Abraham* was born; and a still greater change 500 years  
 after, which was before *Jacob* went into *Egypt*. Since which  
 time

time they have continued unchanged, and esteemed by their different sects as sacred.

Mr. Dow on the other hand, assures us, (Differt. p. XXVII.) “The Brahmins *maintain* that the Bedas (Mr. H’s. *Bhades*) are “the divine laws, which *Brimba*, at the creation of the world, “delivered for the instruction of mankind. But they affirm “that their meaning was perverted in the first age, by the ignorance and wickedness of some princes, whom they represent “as evil spirits who then haunted the earth. They call those “evil genii, *Devatas*, and tell many strange allegorical legends “concerning them; such as, that the Bedas being lost, were “afterwards recovered by *Bijben*, in the form of a fish, who “brought them up from the bottom of the ocean, into which “they were thrown by a deo or dæmon.” Here we are told that the Brahmins *maintain* that *Brimba* was the author of their scriptures. Yet in the next page, Mr. D. tells us, the Brahmins deny that any such person as *Brimba* ever existed.

“The first credible account we have of the Bedas (says Mr. “D.) is, that about the commencement of the *Cal Jug*, of “which æra the present year (1768) is the 4886th year, they “were written, or rather collected by a great philosopher and “reputed prophet called Beafs Muni, or Beafs the inspired. “The Brahmins do not give to Beafs Muni the merit of being “the author of the Bedas. They however acknowledge that he “reduced them into the present form, dividing them into four “distinct books, after having collected the detached pieces of  
“ which

“ which they are composed from every part of India. It is,  
 “ upon the whole, probable, that they are not the work of one  
 “ man, on account of their immense bulk.” And for the same  
 reason it is also probable that all the British acts of parliament  
 are not the work of one man.

These four Bedas Mr. D. distinguishes by the name of the  
*Bedang Shaster*. Of Goutam the author of the *Neadirsen Shaster*  
 we have already given a sufficient account. By what we have  
 already cited Mr. Dow's most cordial acquiescence in the high  
 antiquity of the Shasters is evident. In the following it is brought  
 to a point, “ Whether the Hindoos (says he, pref. p. vii.)  
 “ possess any true history of greater antiquity than other nations,  
 “ *must altogether rest upon the authority of the Brahmins*, till we shall  
 “ become better acquainted with their records. They give a  
 “ very particular account of the origin of the Jewish religion in  
 “ records of *undoubted* antiquity. Raja Tura, say they, who is  
 “ placed in the first ages of the *Cal Jug*, had a son who apostat-  
 “ ized from the Hindoo faith, for which he was banished by his  
 “ father to the west. The apostate fixed his residence in a coun-  
 “ try called Mohgod, and propagated the Jewish religion, which  
 “ the impostor Mahommed further corrupted. The *Cal Jug*  
 “ commenced about 4885 years ago, and whether the whole  
 “ story may not relate to Terah and his son Abraham, is a  
 “ point, which (*after our undoubted hints have decided, Mr. D.*  
 “ *might have said,*) we leave others to determine.

“ There is one circumstance, he continues, which *goes far*  
 “ *to prove* that there is some connection between the Brahmin  
 “ Bedas

“ Bedas and the doctrines contained in the Old Testament. Ever  
 “ since the promulgation of the religion of Mahommed, which is  
 “ *founded upon Moses and the prophets*, the Brahmins have totally  
 “ rejected their fourth Beda, called the *Obatar Bab*, as the  
 “ schism of Mahommed, according to them, has been founded  
 “ upon that book. However extraordinary this reason is for  
 “ rejecting the fourth part of their religious records, it can scarcely  
 “ be doubted, as it is in the mouth of every Brahmin.”

Having now ascertained Mr. Holwell's and Mr. Dow's opinion of the superior antiquity of the Brahmin records, we shall proceed to examine the merits of this claim. But we shall by no means, *altogether rest upon the authority of the Brahmins*. This, we presume, would be as unworthy of a man of common sense, as it would be weak in an historian to rest altogether with implicit belief on the characters of men and events, which an exiled tyrant may have been pleased to give, when for his own consolation he wrote the memoirs of his own merited fall. Nor will we suspend our opinion of the Brahmin records, *till we shall become better acquainted with them*. For we have already most ample matter even from Mess. Holwell and Dow themselves, from which, by every criterion of analogy and of collateral and internal evidence, we may be fully enabled to form our judgment.

We shall begin with the two last sentences from Mr. Dow. And surely it cannot escape the slightest attention, that he sets out with begging a point, (a point never to be granted) and that immediately upon such begged authority, he slips upon us, what he calls an *undoubted* authority. Mr. Dow strenuously insists that

*all*

all the *learned* Brahmins assert the unity of the Deity. And nothing is more certain than that this, and not the great body of the rituals of the Jewish religion, was the principal doctrine which the Jews received from Abraham. And surely the following reasoning will never bear the touch. The imposture of Mohammed is founded upon Moses and the *prophets*; that imposture is also so certainly founded upon the fourth Beda, that the Gentoos for that reason have rejected that part of their scripture: therefore this *goes far to prove* that Moses and the prophets are connected with, or (as the hint implies) derived from the Bedas. This is the fair analysis of our author's reasoning: but unhappily for his whole argument, Mahomedism is not *founded* on Moses and the *prophets*. Let him again peruse *his Koran*, and he will find that it indeed contains a strange *perversion* of Moses and the New Testament. But surely Mr. D. will not pretend that the historical passages of the O. and N. T. which thus fill the *Koran*, are founded upon the *Obatar Bab*. The duty of prayer, and the worship of one God were borrowed by Mahomed, who was bred a pagan, from Moses and the prophets. But surely Mr. Dow will not persist to insinuate, that these, the doctrines of the *apostate* Abraham, were borrowed from those who banished him for *apostacy*; or that a *sameness* in these doctrines will prove the superior antiquity of the *Obatar Bab*. Yet to these circumstances, for no other can be supposed, must his observations be reduced. But who has ever read this \* *Obatar Bab*? Why truly Mr. D. tells us, p. xxix. that "the language of the *Obatar*

" *Bab*

\* It is curious to observe that the *Obatar Bab*, so ancient according to Mr. D. that hardly any body can read it, is nevertheless execrated by Mr. H. as the most modern, and most corrupted of all the Gentoos scriptures. Mr. D. himself mentions this disagreement.



“ *Bab* is now become obsolete, so that very few Brahmins pretend “ to read it with propriety.” And this in our opinion goes far to prove that the Brahmins know little or nothing about the contents of it. In discussing an argument repetition is often necessary: both Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow assure us that they received their information from some of the most learned of the Brahmins. And an equal credit is certainly due to each of these gentlemen. But this affords us a clear demonstration that the Brahmins contradict each other in the most essential circumstances, in matters of no less importance, than in the question, who were the authors, and what are the contents of their sacred scriptures.

Nothing can be more evident than that both Mess. Holwell and Dow have endeavoured to give sanction to their favourite systems, by the authority of their admired Gentoos. Mr. Holwell’s system is a *species* of christianity. And Mr. Dow surely cannot be offended, if we call his, radically the reverse of every such species. And whatever deference we willingly pay to the veracity of both these gentlemen, yet we must observe that, *one* of their learned Brahmins must have been amazingly erroneous. And one of these gentlemen has perhaps given a deeper attention to his subject than the other. If we can determine whether Mr. Holwell or Mr. Dow are most authentic, some light will from thence be thrown on the fabrication of the Gentoos scriptures. Nor will we hesitate one moment to pronounce, that, in our opinion, Mr. Holwell’s account, upon the whole, is the most authentic. Our reasons are these: Mr. Dow confesses that he had neither time nor leisure to acquire the Sanscrita language, the  
tongue

tongue in which the sacred books of India are written, but that he trusted entirely to his *Pundit* or interpreter. Mr. Holwell tells us that he read and understood the Sanscrit. Mr. Dow tells us, “the Mahomedans know nothing of the Hindoo learning,” and that it is utterly inaccessible to any but those of their own *cast*. His words are these, “The Bedas are, by the Brahmins, held to sacred that they permit no other sect to read them . . . . they would deem it an unpardonable sin to satisfy their curiosity in that respect, were it even within the compass of their power. The Brahmins themselves are bound by such strong ties of religion, to confine those writings to their own tribe, that were any of them known to read them to others, he would be immediately excommunicated. This punishment is worse than even death itself among the Hindoos. The offender is not only thrown down from the noblest order to the most polluted cast, but his posterity are rendered for ever incapable of being received into his former dignity.” (See *Differt.* p. xxiv.) And Mr. D. adds, “Not all the authority of Akbar could prevail with the Brahmins to reveal the principles of their faith †.” p. xxv. And all this does very well when brought as an argument against the accounts which every other writer has  
given

† So strict in this are they, says Mr. Dow, that only one Mussulman was ever instructed in it, and his knowledge was obtained by fraud. Mahummud Akbar, emperor of India, though bred a Mohammedan, studied several religions. In the christian he was instructed by a Portuguese. But finding that of the Hindoos inaccessible, he had recourse to art. A boy of parts, named Feizi, was, as the orphan of a Brahmin, put under the care of one of the most eminent of these philosophers, and obtained full knowledge of their hidden religion. But the fraud being discovered, he was laid under the restraint of an oath, and it does not appear that he ever communicated the knowledge thus acquired.

given of the Brahmins. But surely Mr. Dow ought to have paid some respect to his reader's power of memory, ought to have told him by what means it happened that he was the only man who ever overleapt the dreadful fences which guard the Gentoo faith in impenetrable darkness. Excommunication, that punishment worse than death itself, was, it seems, disregarded on his account; and, what the great emperor Akbar could never obtain, the principles of the Brahmin faith were laid open to him. In the very page preceding the above quotation of the impossibility of getting a Brahmin to read his scriptures to one of another cast, Mr. Dow, without the least hint how the dread difficulty was overcome, simply tells us that he "prevailed upon his noble friend" "the Brahmin, to procure for him a pundit from the university of Benaris, well versed in the Sanscrita, and master of all the knowledge of that learned body." And this pundit or interpreter, thus openly procured from an university, read to Mr. Dow, as he assures us, the sacred books of the Brahmins, and explained to him the principles of their faith.

On this we shall make no farther remark; but proceed to some other reasons why we prefer the authority of Mr. Holwell. Mr. D. has in some instances discovered rather a partial acquaintance with his subject; and even a desire to suppress what he did not like. He undertakes to give us an account of the religious rites and principles of the Brahmins: he laments that the classics have given us such imperfect accounts of the Druids; and hints that his account of the Brahmins, will leave posterity no room to complain of a like defect. Yet how unkind to future ages has he been! He says not one word of the holiness of the Gentoo cows.

cows. He says not one word of the remission of sin, and subsequent holiness which they ascribe to the sprinkling of cow-piss and cow-dung; though no fact can be better ascertained than the supreme veneration which the Brahmins pay to the cow and to her sacred excrements; for no doctrine was ever more generally received in any country than this in India. His total omission therefore of the most popular religious ceremony of the Gentoos is quite unpardonable.

“ It is an allowed truth, says Mr. Holwell, that there never  
 “ was yet any system of theology broached to mankind, whose  
 “ first professors and propagators, did not announce *its descent*  
 “ *from God.*” Yet though this observation be universally and  
 incontestably just, and though no people lay bolder claims to various revelations than the Gentoos, though such is the very spirit of every legend, yet all this will be quite unknown to future ages; for Mr. Dow passes over all these pretensions in the slightest manner. The existence of *Brimba*, he says, is not believed. *Beäfs Muni*, the author of the *Bedang*, was a reputed prophet; and Goutam the founder of the other sect was only a philosopher. And thus the Gentoos’ pretension to divine revelations, a fact as notorious as the Gentoos’ veneration of cow dung, is also very handsomely suppressed.

Mr. Holwell, on the other hand, has also his foibles. His system, and all the arguments he has brought in support of it, are *pretty well spiced with insanity*. Yet whenever he was so happy as to lose sight of his favourite system, Mr. Holwell’s accounts of Gentoos’ opinions and manners bear every mark of authenticity, and are fully confirmed by the most intelligent of  
 former

former travellers. Mr. Holwell's account therefore, of the origin of the Gentoo scriptures, deserves some regard.

According to Mr. Dow, *beäfs muni*, or the inspired, the collector of the *Bedang*, lived about 4000 years ago, and some ages after him his *Bedang* was revised by one *Sirider Swami*. "Since which," he says, "it has been reckoned sacred, and not subject to any further alterations." And Goutam, the author of the other sect, lived near 4000 years ago. Mr. Holwell, on the other hand, affirms that there were two great corruptions of the Brahmin doctrine. And his manner of accounting for it, That the priests of one half of India, and those of the other half, vied with each other in inventing wild and monstrous legends, on purpose to raise their power by means of the deepest superstition; is infinitely more credible, than that these huge volumes of absurd metaphysics, and numberless contradictory fables, the *Bedang* and *Neadirfin* Shasters, were collected and compiled by two or three profound philosophers.

Both Mr. H. and Mr. D. agree, that since the innovations and compilings which they mention, the Shasters have remained unaltered, and have been held by their followers as sacred. That there should be such a number of commentators upon the scriptures of Bramah, about 4000 years ago, and none since that time, appears to us highly incredible: that the priests of that period, found it their interest to invent new legends, but that the priests of succeeding ages added nothing, appears to us as the weakest of suppositions. By a succession of commentators, other countries trace the antiquity of their books of reli-

gion and philofophy to certain periods. Nothing is more natural than that this kind of proof fhould arife. Yet nothing of this kind is offered to afcertain the high antiquity of the books of Hindoftan.

The confequence therefore is, that like the legends of the Romifh faints, thefe Shafters are the accumulated fuperftition of many ages, fome of which were very diftant from each other, and fome of them not very diftant from our own times. Not to mention the authority \* of Ferifhta, the Perfian hiftorian of Hindoftan, who denies the high antiquity of the Gentoo writings; certain it is, from internal evidence, that the doctrines of the pure Shaftah of Mr. Holwell, were unknown or unregarded by the Brahmins who lived about 2000 years ago. When a religious  
rite

\* Ferifhta afferts that the Hindoos have no hiftory of better authority than the Mahaberit, which is a legendary poems efteemed by the *prefent* Brahmins of a much later date than the Shafters. Mr. Dow, however, fetts this authority afide. "The Mohammedans, he fays, know nothing of the Hindoo learning" And Ferifhta collected his accounts from Perfian authors, being "altogether unacquainted with the Shanferita, or learned language of the Brahmins, in which the internal hiftory of India is comprehended." In invalidating the authority of the Hiftory which he gave to the Public, Mr. Dow might have added one circumftance which moft effectually would have ferved his purpofe; a circumftance which makes the whole of Ferifhta's hiftory appear as a meer fabrication. This Hiftorian, though he treats of that particular period, has not one word of the arrival, or of the wars of the Portuguefe in India. Though they reigned lords of all the Afatic feas; though this native country Perfia, and every prince of India, were, at different times, for almoft a whole century, haraffed by their wars; though the politics of every court of Hindoftan were influenced by the conquefts and neighbourhood of thefe warlike and powerful ftangers, honeft Ferifhta, in his hiftory of that very period as tranflated by Mr. Dow, appears never to have heard one word about the matter. What pity is it that Mr. Dow, who fhews fuch good will to condemn his author's authority, fhould have omitted this conclufive and moft extraordinary circumftance.

rite is in direct opposition to a cardinal injunction, we must give up the antiquity of the one or the other. Mr. Holwell tells us that the pure *Shaftah* of Brahma prohibits self-murder under the dreadful penalty of eternal damnation; that the soul which commits it shall never have another state of probation in a mortal body. Yet no fact in ancient history is more certain than that the Indian philosophers about 2000, and 1500 years ago, usually and ostentatiously in public, committed self-murder, in the belief that it would convey them immediately to heaven. Did these philosophers know or believe what the *pure* Shaftah of Brahma says of suicide? Or did Brahma's wives, and the priests who instituted the rites of the horrid self-murder of widows, did they know of this dreadful prohibition?

Mr. Holwell assures us (ch. viii. p. 15.) that the angelic fall, and its consequent metempsychosis, the one the crime, the other the punishment of these unhappy free agents, form the *sine* † *quanon* of the Gentoos, but Mr. Dow says not one word of the angelic fall; so far from it, his Brahmin system excludes such supposition. From hence, and from numberless other irrefragable proofs, certain it is that the Brahmins are irreconcilably divided among themselves upon what are the doctrines of the Shaftah. Different sects of all religions give different interpretations to their

† Yet in ch. vii. p. 151. he tells us that the Gentoos have lost sight of their *original sin*, or defection, “(i. e. the angelic fall) and that the whole “conduct of the drama of the *Chatab* and *Aughtorrah Bbades*—has not the “smallest retrospect to their first transgression, or the means of atoning for “it.—This, adds he, is the situation of the bulk of the people of *Indostan*, “as well as of the modern *Brahmins*; amongst the latter, if we except one: “in a thousand, (i. e. *velo can allegorise*;) we give them over-measure.”

records held sacred. But it is peculiar to the religious of India to contradict each other in the most essential historical circumstances.

This disagreement, peculiar to the *learned* Brahmins, is easily accounted for. They have a great multiplicity of Shasters †; as many perhaps as there were fanatic sermons in the days of Cromwell. And to this let it be added, they are written in a dead language, in a tongue and character different from those of common use in India; and their contents are concealed with the most jealous care. The Brahmins are the sole masters of them; and to read and explain them to the man of another cast incurs the most dreadful of all the Gentoo punishments. On account of this secrecy some may venerate the wisdom and sacredness of their doctrines. For our part we cannot help being led, by this very cue, to suspect that there is something extremely absurd, frivolous, and childish, in what is thus religiously enveloped in the veil of darkness.

In the course of this enquiry, we have seen some most striking alterations in the Brahmin tenets and character. These philosophers do not now upon principle die by fire. Sixteen hundred years ago they had no idols. Yet on the arrival of the modern Europeans in India, all the superstition of ancient  
Egypt,

† Mr. Dow says, (p. xxxviii. in a note) "There are many Shasters among the Hindoos, so that those writers who affirmed, that there was but one Shaster in India, which, like the bible of the christians, or Koran of the followers of Mahommed, contained the first principles of the Brahmin faith, have deceived themselves and the public."



Egypt, in the adoration of animals and vegetables, seemed more than revived by the Brahmins. Two hundred years ago, the Gentoo princes offered immense sums for the sacred tooth of the monkey, *Hanimant*. We are assured by gentlemen of observation who have been long in India, that there is not now a Gentoo of fortune who would give a farthing for it. And both Mr. H. and D. found such able philosophers and allegorisers among the Brahmins, as never any former traveller conversed with in India.

“ *Sieb*, says Mr. H. literally signifies a *destroyer*, an *avenger*, a *punisher*, and is the object of great dismay and terror to the *Gentoo*s; but *modern* expounders of *Bramah's Shastab*, have softened the rigour of his character, by giving him names and attributes of a very different nature from that of *Sieb*. They call him *Moisoor*, (a contraction of *Mabahsoor*, the most mighty *destroyer of evil*) and under this soothing title he is worshipped, not as *Sieb* the destroyer, but as *the destroyer of evil*. The other epithet they have given to him is *Moidéb*, (a contraction of *Mabahdebtab*, the most mighty angel) in this sense he is worshipped as the avenger of evil, and under this character he has the most altars erected to him.”

After this most egregious instance of *modernising*, nothing need be added in proof that the present are very different from the ancient doctrines of India. In a word, the rabbinical pretensions that Adam, Seth, and Enoch wrote great part of the Talmud, and that Abraham taught astronomy and mathematics in the plains of Mamre, are not more absurdly ridiculous than

the

the Gentoo pretensions to a similar antiquity of their sacred books. Every one, who is acquainted with the history of the human mind, knows what an alteration in the manners of that most bigotted people the Jews, was introduced by the Babylonian captivity. Before that period amazingly dull and stupid, after their return from Assyria, they began to philosophize. The superstition and idolatry of the modern Brahmins have certainly, in the same manner, received great improvement of features from the conversation of Europeans, whose example, however otherwise vicious, could not fail to convince them of the absurdity of such mental weakness. Nor can we pass unobserved the rejection of the fourth Beda. By its subject, the knowledge of the good being, it seems to be the most valuable of the whole, except the second, which treats of the religious and moral duties. Yet the Brahmins, says Mr. Dow, have long rejected it, because the Mohammedan religion, they say, is borrowed from it. On the supposition, which they pretend, that their sacred books were dictated by divine authority, the rejection of any part is as unwarrantable, as the reason for rejecting the fourth Beda, is submissive and ridiculous. The rejection of a part of their sacred scriptures thus openly confessed, and yet the whole most carefully concealed from the eyes of every enquirer; the alterations of their tenets and character; the propensity the human mind has to improve when under long and favourable opportunities, all concur in demonstrating that not only the systems of Mess. H. and D. are widely different from those of the ancient Gentoos, but that whatever in future may be given by the most learned Brahmins, as their genuine and ancient tenets, OUGHT by no means to be DEPENDENT UPON AS SUCH. While the

Brahmins

Brahmins continue a sect, those leading principles of human nature, zeal for what is esteemed sacred, and partiality to national honour, will ever influence them, when they lay their philosophy before the eyes of strangers, particularly where the boasted secrecy of near 4000 years, promises the impossibility of detection. Shall we believe that the glosses and refinements of the modern learned Brahmins, contain the genuine ideas and principles of the ancient Hindoos? We may as well believe that the popish priests on the Indian mission, will give the Brahmins a faithful history of the detestable tyranny and abominable wickedness of the popes and their holy church, during the monkish ages. Who that considers these striking facts, and their certain consequences, can withhold his contempt, when he is told of the religious care with which the Brahmins have these four thousand years preserved their sacred rites? An absurdity only equal to that of those who tell us, that God instructed Adam in the mysteries of free masonry, and that Noah every new moon held a mason's lodge in the ark.

And yet all this is nothing to the ridicule of what follows: Where does the pure Shaftah of Brahma exist? Mr. D.'s *learned pundit* seems never to have heard a word about it. Why truly, the original text of Brahma is preserved, says Mr. H. ch. iv. p. 13. in the *Chatab Bhade, or six scriptures of the mighty spirit*. This work, he says, is a paraphrase on the pure Shaftah, which consisted only of four scriptures; therefore, the original text must be only interspersed. And this paraphrase Mr. H. reprobates as the infamous work of priestcraft, and the original cause of the polytheism of the Gentoos. And this pure text is not  
only

only to be picked \*, at discretion and pleasure, out of this mother of idolatry, but the ability so to do is confined to a very few families. “The original, plain, pure, and simple tenets, “ (says Mr. H. p. 15.) of the *Chatab Bhade* of *Bramah* (1500 “ years after its first promulgation) became by degrees utterly “ lost ; except to *three* or *four* Goseyn families, who at this day “ are *only capable* of reading and expounding it, from the “ *Sanscrít* character ; to these may be added a few others of the “ tribe of *Batteezaaz Brahmins*, who can read, and expound “ from the *Chatab Bhade* which *still preserved* the text of the “ original, as before remarked.”

Can pretensions to the most remote antiquity be more completely ridiculous ! By these three or four families who only can discover, read, and expound the pure *Shaftah* of *Brahma*, we must understand those Brahmins with whom Mr. H. conversed, and whom, in the utmost probability he taught to say as he said ; and then (like those who have been to the *cunning man*, on enquiry after *stolen goods* or a *sweetheart*) came home highly satisfied with having his own hints repeated to him in other words.

And thus, from the concurrent testimony of all former travellers, most virtually confirmed by Messrs. H. and D. we have displayed the wild, capricious, and gross spirit of the Gentoo theology ; the endless confusion of their legends ; the impiety and puerility of their metaphysics ; their ignorance of natural  
philosophy ;

\* The absurdity of this arbitrary selection of the pure *Shaftah*, is demonstrated, undesignedly, by Mr. H. himself. He says the pure *Shaftah* of *Brahma* contained no mythology ; and yet what he has selected as the pure *Shaftah*, as the quotations already given, evince, is mythological.

philosophy; the immorality of their penances and idolatry; the general turpitude and baseness of the Hindoo character; the alteration of their principles and manners in various ages; the utter uncertainty of the various dates of their writings held sacred; and, above all, the absurdity of those who have maintained that these writings have remained unaltered almost these 4000 years, and are of superior antiquity to the records of any other nation.

It is an observation founded on experience, that the zealot of any sect, in giving an account of his religion to one who knows nothing about it, will give every circumstance the best gloss, and strain every feature, as much as possible, to a conformity to the ideas of his intelligent friend †. And from the contradictory accounts of Mr. H. and Mr. D. let future travellers beware how they obtrude upon Europe, the opinions of two or three Brahmins, as the only genuine doctrines of the Gentoos. The irreconcilable contradictions of these philosophers

† In this manner Josephus, a man of great abilities, wrote his history of the Jews. He has altered, suppressed, glossed, and falsified, on purpose to adapt the manners and opinions of his countrymen, as much as possible, to the taste of the Greek and Roman philosophers. In the same manner, we believe, it may be asserted, that every Jesuit behaves, when he defends popery in conversation with an intelligent dissenter from the church of Rome, who has the art to appear ignorant of the doctrines of the papacy, and of the writers of that communion. One may often meet with a sensible papist, who either from ignorance of the history of his own religion, or from prejudice in its favour, will very confidently deny the horrid cruelties, superstitions, and villainous arts of holy church; those intrigues and transactions which form the principal part of the history of Europe during six or seven moneth centuries. Yet what wise man will upon such evidence reject the testimony of ages? The allusion is apt, and the inference is the same.

phers have been demonstrated. And these contradictions evidently appear to have thus arisen: The philosophy and mythology of the Gentoos, form such a boundless chaos of confusion and contradictions, that no two of these philosophers, unacquainted with each other, can possibly give the same or a consistent account of their tenets: And whenever one of superior ingenuity vamps up a fine philosophical theory out of the original mass, another, perhaps equally ingenious, comes and puts one in mind of the fable of the bee and the spider in Swift's battle of the books. The spider had with great pains just finished his web to catch flies, when the bee blundered that way, and demolished it. "A plague split you, (saith the spider) for a giddy whoreson, is it you, with a vengeance, have made all this litter . . . . and do you think I have nothing else to do, in the devil's name, but to mend and repair after your a———?"

And verily, verily, in this strain may the most learned of the modern Brahmins exclaim to each other.

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THE

L U S I A D.

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BOOK VIII.

WITH eye unmoved the silent CATUAL view'd  
The pictured fire with seeming life endued;  
A verdant vine-bough waving in his right,  
Smooth flowed his sweepy beard of glossy white;  
When thus, as swift the Moor unfolds the word,  
The valiant Paulus to the Indian lord:

Bold though these figures frown, yet bolder far  
These godlike heroes shined in ancient war.  
In that hoar fire, of mien serene, august,  
Lusus behold, no robber-chief unjust;

His

His cluster'd bough, the same which Bacchus <sup>a</sup> bore,  
 He waves, the emblem of his care of yore;  
 'The friend of savage man, to Bacchus dear,  
 The son of Bacchus, or the bold compeer,  
 What time his yellow locks with vine-leaves curl'd,  
 The youthful god subdued the savage world,  
 Bade vineyards glisten o'er the dreary waste,  
 And humanized the nations as he past.  
 Lusus, the loved companion of the god,  
 In Spain's fair bosom fixt his last abode,  
 Our kingdom founded, and illustrious reign'd  
 In those fair lawns, the blest Elysium <sup>b</sup> feign'd,

Where

<sup>a</sup> *His cluster'd bough, the same which Bacchus bore*—Camöens immediately before, and in the former book, calls the ensign of Lusus a bough; here he calls it the green thyrsus of Bacchus,

*O verde tyrsu foi de Baccho usado.*

The thyrsus however, was a javelin twisted with ivy-leaves, used in the sacrifices of Bacchus.

<sup>b</sup> *In those fair lawns the blest Elysium feign'd*—In this assertion, our author has the authority of Strabo, a foundation sufficient for a poet. Nor are there wanting several Spanish writers, particularly *Barboza*, who seriously affirm that Homer drew the fine description of Elysium, in his fourth *Odysey*, from the beautiful valleys of Spain, where, in one of his voyages, it is said he arrived. Egypt, however, seems to have a better title to this honour. The fable of Charon, and the judges of the poetical hell, are evidently borrowed from the Egyptian rites of burial, and are older than Homer. After a ferryman had conveyed the corpse over a lake, certain judges examined the life of the deceased, particularly his claim to the virtue of loyalty, and, according to the report, decreed or refused the honours of sepulture. The place of the catacombs, according to *Diodorus Siculus*, was surrounded with deep canals, beautiful meadows, and a wilderness of groves. And it is universally known that the greatest part of the Grecian

fables



Where winding oft the Guadiana roves,  
 And Douro murmurs through the flowery groves.  
 Here with his bones he left his deathless fame,  
 And Lusitania's clime shall ever bear his name.  
 That other chief th' embroidered silk displays,  
 Toft o'er the deep whole years of weary days,  
 On Tago's banks at last his vows he paid :  
 To wisdom's godlike power, the Jove-born maid,  
 Who fired his lips with eloquence divine,  
 On Tago's banks he reared the hallowed shrine :

Ulyffes

fables were fabricated from the customs and opinions of Egypt. Several other nations have also claimed the honour of affording the idea of the fields of the blessed. Even the Scotch challenge it. Many Grecian fables, says an author of that country, are evidently founded on the reports of the Phœnician sailors. That these navigators traded to the coasts of Britain is certain. In the middle of summer, the season when the ancients performed their voyages, for about six weeks there is no night over the Orkney islands; the disk of the sun during that time scarcely sinking below the horizon. This appearance, together with the calm which usually prevails at that season, and the beautiful verdure of the islands, could not fail to excite the admiration of the Tyrians; and their accounts of the place naturally afforded the idea that these islands were inhabited by the spirits of the just. This, says our author, is countenanced by Homer, who places his islands of the Happy, at the extremity of the ocean. That the fables of Scylla, the Gorgades, and several others, were founded on the accounts of navigators, seems probable; and on this supposition the insulæ fortunatæ, and purpurariæ, now the Canary and Madeira islands, also claim the honour of giving colours to the description of Elysium. The truth however appears to be this: That a place of happiness is reserved for the spirits of the good, is the natural suggestion of that anxiety and hope concerning the future, which animates the human breast. All the barbarous nations of Africa and America agree in placing their heaven in beautiful islands at an immense distance over the ocean. The idea is universal, and is natural to every nation in the state of barbarous simplicity.

Ulyſſes he, though fated to deſtroy  
 On Aſian ground the heaven-built towers of <sup>c</sup> Troy,  
 On Europe's ſtrand, more grateful to the ſkies,  
 He bade th' eternal walls of Liſboa <sup>d</sup> riſe.

But who that godlike terror of the plain,  
 Who ſtrews the ſmoaking field with heaps of ſlain ?  
 What numerous legions fly in dire diſmay,  
 Whoſe ſtandards wide the eagle's wings diſplay ?  
 The pagan aſks ; the brother <sup>e</sup> chief replies,  
 Unconquer'd deem'd proud Rome's dread ſtandard flies.  
 His crook thrown by, fired by his nation's woes,  
 The hero-ſhepherd, Viriatus roſe ;  
 His country ſaved proclaim'd his warlike fame,  
 And Rome's wide empire trembled at his name.

That

<sup>c</sup> — *The heaven-built towers of Troy*—Alluding to the fable of Neptune, Apollo, and Laomedon.

<sup>d</sup> *On Europe's ſtrand more grateful to the ſkies,  
 He bade th' eternal walls of Liſboa riſe*—

For ſome account of this tradition, ſee the note, BOOK III. p. 26. Ancient traditions, however fabulous, have a good effect in poetry. Virgil has not ſcupled to inferſe one, which required an apology.

— *Prisca fides facta, ſed fama perennis.*

Spencer has given us the hiſtory of Brute and his deſcendants at full length in the *Faerie Queen* ; and Milton, it is known, was ſo fond of that abſurd legend, that he intended to write a poem on the ſubject ; and by this fondneſs was induced to mention it as a truth in his introduction to the hiſtory of England.

<sup>e</sup> — *The brother chief*—Paulus de Gama.

That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus <sup>f</sup> bore,  
 To him they shew'd not ; for they fear'd him more.  
 Not on the field o'ercome by manly force ;  
 Peaceful he slept, and now a murdered corse  
 By treason slain he lay. How stern, behold,  
 That other hero, firm, erect, and bold :  
 The power by which he boasted he divin'd,  
 Beside him pictur'd stands, the milk-white hind :  
 Injured by Rome, the stern Sertorius fled  
 To Tago's shore, and Lusus' offspring led ;  
 Their worth he knew ; in scatter'd flight he drove  
 The standards painted with the birds of Jove.  
 And lo, the flag whose shining colours own  
 The glorious founder of the Lusian throne !  
 Some deem the warrior of Hungarian <sup>g</sup> race,  
 Some from Lorraine the godlike hero trace.  
 From Tagus' banks the haughty Moor expell'd,  
 Galicia's sons, and Leon's warriors quell'd,  
 To weeping Salem's ever-hallowed meads,  
 His warlike bands the holy Henry leads,  
 By holy war to sanctify his crown,  
 And to his latest race auspicious waft it down.

And

<sup>f</sup> *That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus bore*—When Pyrrhus, king of Epirus was at war with the Romans, his physician offered to poison him. The senate rejected the proposal, and acquainted Pyrrhus of the designed treason. Florus remarks on the infamous assassination of Viriatus, that the Roman senate did him great honour ; *ut videretur aliter vinci non potuisse* ; it was a confession that they could not otherwise conquer him. Vid. Flor. l. 17. For a fuller account of this great man, see the note, BOOK I. p. 14.

<sup>g</sup> *Some deem the warrior of Hungarian race*—See the note, BOOK III. p. 11.

And who this awful chief? aloud exclaims  
 The wondering regent, o'er the field he flames  
 In dazzling steel, where'er he bends his course  
 The battle sinks beneath his headlong force;  
 Against his troops, though few, the numerous foes  
 In vain their spears and towery walls oppose.  
 With smoking blood his armour sprinkled o'er,  
 High to the knees his courser paws in gore;  
 O'er crowns and blood-stain'd ensigns scatter'd round  
 He rides; his courser's brazen hoofs resound.  
 In that great chief, the second GAMA cries,  
 The first <sup>h</sup> Alonzo strikes thy wondering eyes.  
 From Lusus' realm the pagan Moors he drove;  
 Heaven, whom he loved, bestow'd on him such love,  
 Beneath him, bleeding of its mortal wound,  
 The Moorish strength lay prostrate on the ground.  
 Nor Ammon's son, nor greater Julius dared  
 With troops so few, with hosts so numerous warr'd:  
 Nor less shall fame the subject heroes own:  
 Behold that hoary warrior's rageful frown!  
 On his young pupil's flight his burning <sup>i</sup> eyes  
 He darts, and, turn thy flying host, he cries,

Back

<sup>h</sup> *The first Alonzo*—King of Portugal. See the note, BOOK III. p. 22.

<sup>i</sup> *On his young pupil's flight*—“Some, indeed, most writers say, that the queen (*of whom, see* BOOK III. p. 17.) advancing with her army towards Guimaraez, the king, without waiting till his governor joined him, engaged them and was routed: but that afterwards the remains of his army being joined by the troops under the command of Egaz Munitz, engaged the army of the queen a second time and gained a complete victory. Univ. Hist.

Back to the field-- The veteran and the boy  
 Back to the field exult with furious joy :  
 Their ranks mow'd down, their boastful foe recedes,  
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victor bleeds.  
 Again that mirror of unshaken faith,  
 Egaz behold, a chief self-doom'd to <sup>k</sup> death.  
 Beneath Castilia's sword his monarch lay ;  
 Homage he vow'd his helpless king should pay ;  
 His haughty king reliev'd, the treaty spurns,  
 With conscious pride the noble Egaz burns ;  
 His comely spouse and infant race he leads,  
 Himself the same, in sentenced felon's weeds ;  
 Around their necks the knotted halters bound,  
 With naked feet they tread the flinty ground ;  
 And prostrate now before Castilia's throne  
 Their offer'd lives their monarch's pride atone.  
 Ah Rome ! no more thy generous consul ! boast,  
 Whose lorn submission saved his ruin'd hoist :  
 No father's woes assail'd his stedfast mind ;  
 The dearest ties the Lusian chief resign'd.

'There, by the stream, a town besieged, behold,  
 The Moorish tents the shatter'd walls infold.

VOL. II.

Y

Fierce

<sup>k</sup> *Egaz behold, a chief self-doom'd to death.*—See the same story, BOOK III. p. 19.

<sup>l</sup> *Ah Rome ! no more thy generous consul ! boast.*—Sp. Posthumus, who, overpowered by the Samnites, submitted to the indignity of passing under the yoke or gallows.

Fierce as the lion from the covert springs,  
 When hunger gives his rage the whirlwind's wings ;  
 From ambush, lo, the valiant Fuaz pours,  
 And whelms in sudden rout th' astonish'd Moors.  
 The Moorish king in captive chains he sends ;  
 And low at Lisboa's throne the royal captive bends.  
 Fuaz again the artist's skill displays ;  
 Far o'er the ocean shine his ensign's rays :  
 In crackling flames the Moorish galleys fly,  
 And the red blaze ascends the blushing sky :  
 O'er Avila's high steep the flames aspire,  
 And wrap the forests in a sheet of fire :  
 There seem the waves beneath the prows to boil ;  
 And distant far around for many a miie  
 The glassy deep reflects the ruddy blaze ;  
 Far on the edge the yellow light decays,  
 And blends with hovering blackness. Great and dread  
 Thus shone the day when first the combat bled,  
 The first our heroes battled on the main,  
 The glorious prelude of our naval reign,  
 Which now the waves beyond the burning zone,  
 And northern Greenland's frost-bound billows own.

Again

<sup>m</sup> *The Moorish king*——The Alcaides, or tributary governors under the Miramolin or emperor of Morocco, are often by the Spanish and Portuguese writers stiled kings. He was surpris'd and taken prisoner by Don Fuaz Roupinho, was named *Gama*. Fuaz, after having gained the first naval victory of the Portuguese, also experienced their first defeat. With one and twenty sail, he attacked fifty-four large galleys of the Moors. The sea, says Brandan, which had lately furnished him with trophies, now supplied him with a tomb.

Again behold brave Fuaz dares the fight !  
 O'erpower'd he sinks beneath the Moorish might ;  
 Smiling in death the martyr-hero lies,  
 And lo ! his soul triumphant mounts the skies.  
 Here now behold, in warlike pomp pourtray'd,  
 A foreign navy brings the pious <sup>a</sup> aid.  
 Lo, marching from the decks the squadrons spread,  
 Strange their attire, their aspect firm and dread.  
 The holy cross their ensigns bold display,  
 To Salem's aid they plough'd the watery way ;  
 Yet first, the cause the same, on Tago's shore  
 They dye their maiden swords in Pagan gore.  
 Proud stood the Moor on Lisboa's warlike towers ;  
 From Lisboa's walls they drive the Moorish powers :  
 Amid the thickest of the glorious fight,  
 Lo ! Henry falls, a gallant German knight,  
 A martyr falls ; that holy tomb behold,  
 There waves the blossom'd palm the boughs of gold :  
 O'er Henry's grave the sacred plant arose,  
 And from the leaves, heaven's gift, gay health redundant<sup>o</sup> flows.

Y 2

Aloft,

<sup>a</sup> *A foreign navy brings the pious aid*—A navy of crusaders, mostly English. See BOOK III. p. 26.

<sup>o</sup> *And from the leaves*—This legend is mentioned by some ancient Portuguese chronicles. Homer would have availed himself, as Camoens has done, of a tradition so enthusiastic, and characteristic of the age. Henry was a native of Bonneville near Cologne. His tomb, says Castera, is still to be seen in the monastery of St. Vincent, but without the palm.

Aloft, unfurl; the valiant Paulus cries;  
 Infant new wars on new-spread ensigns rise.  
 In robes of white behold a priest † advance!  
 His sword in splinters smites the Moorish lance:  
 Arronchez won revenges Lira's fall:  
 And lo! on fair Savilia's batter'd wall,  
 How boldly calm amid the crashing spears,  
 That hero-form the Lusian standard rears.  
 There bleeds the war on fair Vandalia's plain;  
 Lo, rushing through the Moors o'er hills of slain  
 The hero rides, and proves by genuine claim  
 The son of Egas ‡, and his worth the fame.  
 Pierced by his dart the standard-bearer dies;  
 Beneath his feet the Moorish standard lies:  
 High o'er the field, behold the glorious blaze!  
 The victor-youth the Lusian flag displays.  
 Lo, while the moon through midnight azure rides,  
 From the high wall adown his spear-staff glides  
 The dauntless Gerald: in his left he † bears  
 Two watchmen's heads, his right the faulchion rears:

The

† *In robes of white behold a priest advance*—“Theotonius, prior of the Regulars of St. Augustine of Conymbra. Some ancient chronicles relate this circumstance as mentioned by Camões. Modern writers assert, that he never quitted his breviary.” *Castora*.

‡ *The son of Egas*—He was named Mem Moniz, and was son of Egas Moniz, celebrated for the surrender of himself and family to the king of Castile, as already mentioned.

† *The dauntless Gerald*—“He was a man of rank, who, in order to avoid the legal punishment to which several crimes rendered him obnoxious, put himself



The gate he opens; swift from ambush rise  
 His ready bands, the city falls his prize :  
 Evora still the grateful honour pays,  
 Her banner'd flag the mighty deed displays :  
 There frowns the hero ; in his left he bears  
 The two cold heads, his right the faulchion rears.  
 Wrong'd by his king, and burning for <sup>s</sup> revenge,  
 Behold his arms that proud Castilian change ;  
 The Moorish buckler on his breast he bears,  
 And leads the fiercest of the Pagan spears.  
 Abrantes falls beneath his raging force,  
 And now to Tago bends his furious course.  
 Another fate he met on Tago's shore,  
 Brave Lopez from his brows the laurels tore ;  
 His bleeding army strew'd the thirfty ground,  
 And captive chains the rageful leader bound.  
 Resplendent far that holy chief behold !  
 Aside he throws the sacred staff of gold,

And

himself at the head of a party of freebooters. Tiring however, of that life, he resolved to reconcile himself to his sovereign by some noble action. Full of this idea, one evening he entered Evora, which then belonged to the Moors. In the night he killed the centinels of one of the gates, which he opened to his companions, who soon became masters of the place. This exploit had its desired effect. The king pardoned Gerald, and made him governor of Evora. A knight with a sword in one hand, and two heads in the other, from that time became the armorial bearing of the city." *Castera*.

• *Wrong'd by his king*—Don Pedro Fernando de Castro, injured by the family of *Lara*, and denied redress by the king of Castile, took the infamous revenge of bearing arms against his native country. At the head of a Moorish army he committed several outrages in Spain; but was totally defeated in Portugal.

And wields the spear of steel. How bold advance  
 The numerous Moors, and with the rested lance  
 Hem round the trembling Lusians! Calm and bold  
 Still towers the priest, and lo! the skies unfold:  
 Cheer'd by the vision brighter than the day  
 The Lusians trample down the dread array  
 Of Hagar's legions: on the reeking plain  
 Low with their slaves four haughty kings lie slain.  
 In vain Alcazar rears her brazen walls,  
 Before his rushing host Alcazar falls.  
 There, by his altar, now the hero shines,  
 And with the warrior's palm his mitre twines.  
 That chief behold: though proud Castilia's host  
 He leads, his birth shall Tagus ever boast:  
 As a pent flood bursts headlong o'er the strand,  
 So pours his fury o'er Algarbia's land:  
 Nor rampired town, nor castled rock afford  
 The refuge of defence from Payo's sword.  
 By night-veil'd art proud Sylves falls his prey,  
 And Tavila's high walls at middle day

Fearless

\* —and lo! the skies unfold—“ According to some ancient Portuguese histories, Don Matthew, bishop of Lisbon, in the reign of Alonzo I. attempted to reduce Alcazar, then in possession of the Moors. His troops being suddenly surrounded by a numerous party of the enemy, were ready to fly, when, at the prayers of the bishop, a venerable old man, clothed in white, with a red cross on his breast, appeared in the air. The miracle dispelled the fears of the Portuguese; the Moors were defeated, and the conquest of Alcazar crowned the victory.” *Casiera*.

Fearless he scales : her streets in blood deplore  
 The seven brave hunters murdered by the <sup>u</sup> Moor.  
 These three bold knights how dread ! thro' Spain and <sup>v</sup> France  
 At just and tourney with the titled lance  
 Victors they rode : Castilia's court beheld  
 Her peers o'erthrown ; the peers with rancour swell'd :  
 The bravest of the three their swords surround ;  
 Brave Ribeir frews them vanquish'd o'er the ground.  
 Now let thy thoughts, all wonder and on fire,  
 That darling son of warlike fame admire !  
 Prostrate at proud Castilia's monarch's feet  
 His land lies trembling : lo ! the nobles meet :  
 Softly they seem to breathe, and forward bend  
 The servile neck ; each eye distrusts his friend ;

Fearful

<sup>u</sup> — *her streets in blood deplore*

*The seven brave hunters murder'd by the Moor.*

— “ During a truce with the Moors, six cavaliers of the order of St. James were, while on a hunting party, surrounded and killed by a numerous body of the Moors. During the fight, in which the gentlemen sold their lives dear, a common carter, named Garcias Rodrigo, who chanced to pass that way, came generously to their assistance, and lost his life along with them. The poet, in giving all seven the same title, shews us that virtue constitutes true nobility. Don Payo de Corea, grand master of the order of St. James, revenged the death of these brave unfortunates, by the sack of Tavila, where his just rage put the garrison to the sword.” *Ciferri.*

<sup>v</sup> *These three bold knights how dread!*—Nothing can give us a stronger picture of the romantic character of their age, than the manners of these champions, who were gentlemen of birth ; and who, in the true spirit of knight-errantry, went about from court to court in quest of adventures. Their names were, Gonçalo Ribeiro ; Fernando Martinez de Santarém ; and Vasco Anes, foster-brother to Mary, queen of Castile, daughter of Alonzo IV. of Portugal.

Fearful each tongue to speak; each bosom cold :  
 When colour'd with stern rage, erect and bold  
 The hero rises; here no foreign throne  
 Shall fix its base; my native king alone  
 Shall reign—Then rushing to the fight he leads;  
 Low vanquish'd in the dust Castilia bleeds.  
 Where proudest hope might deem it vain to dare,  
 God led him on, and crown'd the glorious war.  
 'Though fierce as numerous are the hosts that dwell  
 By Betis' stream, these hosts before him fell.  
 The fight behold: while absent from his bands,  
 Press'd on the step of flight his army stands,  
 To call the chief an herald speeds away:  
 Low on his knees the gallant chief survey!  
 He pours his soul, with lifted hands implores,  
 And heaven's assisting arm, inspired, adores.  
 Panting and pale the herald urges speed:  
 With holy trust of victory decreed,  
 Careless he answers, nothing urgent calls:  
 And soon the bleeding foe before him falls.  
 To Numa thus the pale Patricians fled;  
 The hostile squadron's o'er the kingdom spread,  
 They cry; unmoved the holy king replies,  
 And I, behold, am offering<sup>w</sup> sacrifice!

Earnest

*" And I, behold am offering sacrifice—*This line, the simplicity of which, I think, contains great dignity, is adopted from Fanshaw,

And I, ye see, am offering sacrifice.—

who

Earnest I see thy wondering eyes enquire,  
 Who this illustrious chief, his country's fire?  
 The Lusian Scipio well might speak his <sup>x</sup> fame,  
 But nobler Nunio shines a greater name:  
 On earth's green bosom, or on ocean grey,  
 A greater never shall the sun survey.

Known by the silver cross and fable y shield,  
 Two knights of Malta there command the field;  
 From Tago's banks they drive the fleecy prey,  
 And the tired ox lows on his weary way:  
 When, as the falcon through the forest glade  
 Darts on the leveret, from the brown-wood shade,

Darts

who has here caught the spirit of the original :

*A quem lbe a dura nova estava dando,  
 Pois eu, e responde, estou sacrificando.*

i. e. To whom when they told the dreadful tidings. "And I, he replies, am sacrificing." The piety of Numa was crowned with victory. Vid. Plut. in vit. Num.

\* *The Lusian Scipio well might speak his fame,  
 But nobler Nunio shines a greater name—*

Castéra justly observes the happiness with which Camöens introduces the name of this truly great man. *Il va, says he, le nommer tout à l'heure, avec une adresse et une magnificence digne d'un si beau sujet.*

† *Two knights of Malta*—These knights were first named knights hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards knights of Rhodes, from whence they were driven to Messina, ere Malta was assigned to them, where they now remain. By their oath of knighthood they are bound to protect the holy sepulchre from the profanation of infidels; and immediately on taking this oath, they retire to their colleges, where they live on their revenues in all the idleness of monkish luxury. Their original habit was black with a white cross; their arms gules, a cross, argent.

Darts Roderick on their rear; in scatter'd flight  
 They leave the goodly herds the victor's right.  
 Again, behold, in gore he bathes his sword;  
 His captive friend, to liberty <sup>2</sup> restored,  
 Glows to review the cause that wrought his woe,  
 The cause, his loyalty as taintless snow.  
 Here, <sup>2</sup> treason's well-earn'd meed allures thine eyes,  
 Low groveling in the dust the traitor dies;  
 Great Elvas gave the blow: again, behold,  
 Chariot and steed in purple slaughter roll'd:  
 Great Elvas triumphs; wide o'er Xeres' plain  
 Around him recks the noblest blood of Spain.

Here

<sup>1</sup> *His captive friend*—Before John I. mounted the throne of Portugal, one Vasco Porcallo was governor of Villaviciosa. Roderic de Landroal and his friend Alvarez Cuytado, having discovered that he was in the interest of the king of Castile, drove him from his town and fortress. On the establishment of king John, Porcallo had the art to obtain the favour of that prince, but no sooner was he re-instated in the garrison, than he delivered it up to the Castilians; and plundered the house of Cuytado, whom, with his wife, he made prisoner; and under a numerous party, ordered to be sent to Olivença. Roderic de Landroal hearing of this, attacked and defeated the escort, and set his friend at liberty. *Castera*.

<sup>2</sup> *Here treason's well-earn'd meed allures thine eyes*—While the kingdom of Portugal was divided, some holding with John the newly elected king, and others with the king of Castile, Roderic Marin, governor of Campo-Maior, declared for the latter. Fernando d'Elvas endeavoured to gain him to the interest of his native prince, and a conference, with the usual assurances of safety, was agreed to. Marin, at his meeting, seized upon Elvas, and sent him prisoner to his castle. Elvas having recovered his liberty, a few days after met his enemy in the field, whom in his turn he made captive; and the traitorous Marin, notwithstanding the endeavours of their captain to save his life, met the reward of his treason from the soldiers of Elvas. *Partly from Castera*.

Here, Lisboa's spacious harbour meets the view;  
 How vast the foe's, the Lusian fleet how few!  
 Castile proud war-ships, circling round, enclose  
 The Lusian galleys; through their thundering rows,  
 Fierce pressing on, Pereira fearless rides,  
 His hooked irons grasp the Ammiral's sides;  
 Confusion maddens; on the dreadful knight  
 Castilia's navy pours its gather'd might:  
 Pereira dies, their self-devoted prey,  
 And safe the Lusian galleys speed<sup>b</sup> away.

Lo! where the lemon-trees from yon green hill  
 Throw their cool shadows o'er the crystal rill;  
 There twice two hundred fierce Castilian foes  
 Twice eight, forlorn, of Lusian race enclose:  
 Forlorn they seem; but taintless flow'd their blood  
 From those three hundred who of old withstood,  
 Withstood, and from a thousand Romans tore  
 The victor-wreath, what time the<sup>c</sup> shepherd bore  
 The leader's staff of Lusus: equal<sup>d</sup> flame  
 Inspired these few, their victory the same.

Though

<sup>b</sup> *And safe the Lusian galleys speed away.*—A numerous fleet of the Castilians being on their way to lay siege to Lisbon, Ruy Percyra, the Portuguese commander, seeing no possibility of victory, boldly attacked the Spanish admiral. The fury of his onset put the Castilians in disorder, and allowed the Portuguese galleys a safe escape. In this brave piece of service the gallant Percyra lost his life. *Castora.*

<sup>c</sup> —the shepherd—Viriatius.

<sup>d</sup> —equal flame inspired these few—The Castilians having laid siege to Almada, a fortress on a mountain near Lisbon, the garrison, in the utmost distress

Though twenty lances brave each single spear,  
 Never the foes superior might to fear  
 Is our inheritance, our native right,  
 Well tried, well proved in many a dreadful fight.

That dauntless earl behold; on Libya's coast,  
 Far from the succour of the Lusian<sup>e</sup> host,  
 Twice hard besieged he holds the Ceutan towers  
 Against the banded might of Afric's powers.  
 That<sup>f</sup> other earl;—behold the port he bore;  
 So trod stern Mars on Thracia's hills of yore.

What groves of spears Alcazar's gates surround!  
 There Afric's nations blacken o'er the ground.  
 A thousand ensigns glittering to the day  
 The waning moon's flant silver horns display.

In

distress for water, were obliged at times to make sallies to the bottom of the hill in quest of it. Seventeen Portuguese thus employed, were one day attacked by four hundred of the enemy. They made a brave defence and happy retreat into their fortrefs. *Castera.*

<sup>e</sup> *Far from the succour of the Lusian host*—When Alonzo V. took Ceuta, Don Pedro de Menezes, was the only officer in the army who was willing to become governor of that fortrefs; which, on account of the uncertainty of succour from Portugal, and the earnest desire of the Moors to regain it, was deemed untenable. He gallantly defended his post in two severe sieges.

<sup>f</sup> *That other earl*—He was the natural son of Don Pedro de Menezes. Alonzo V. one day having rode out from Ceuta with a few attendants, was attacked by a numerous party of the Moors, when De Vian, and some others under him, at the expence of their own lives, purchased the safe retreat of their sovereign.



In vain their rage; no gate, no turret falls,  
 The brave De Vian guards Alcazar's walls.  
 In hopeless conflict lost his king appears;  
 Amid the thickest of the Moorish spears  
 Plunges bold Vian: in the glorious strife  
 He dies, and dying saves his sovereign's life.

Illustrious, lo! two brother-heroes shine,  
 Their birth, their deeds, adorn the royal line;  
 To every king of princely Europe † known,  
 In every court the gallant Pedro shone.  
 The glorious ‡ Henry—kindling at his name  
 Behold my sailors' eyes all sparkle flame!  
 Henry the chief, who first, by heaven inspired,  
 To deeds unknown before, the sailor fired;  
 The conscious sailor left the sight of shore,  
 And dared new oceans, never ploughed before.

The

† ————*two brother-heroes shine*———The sons of John I. Don Pedro was called the Ulisses of his age, on account both of his eloquence and his voyages. He visited almost every court of Europe, but he principally distinguished himself in Germany, where, under the standards of the emperor Sigismund, he signalized his valour in the war against the Turks. *Cajera*.

‡ *The glorious Henry*———In pursuance of the reasons assigned in the preface, the translator has here taken the liberty to make a transposition in the order of his author. In Camöens, Don Pedro de Menezes, and his son De Vian, conclude the description of the pictured ensigns. Don Henry, the greatest man perhaps that ever Portugal produced, has certainly the best title to close this procession of the Lusitan heroes. And as he was the father of navigation, particularly of the voyage of Gama, to sum up the narrative with his encomium, it may be hoped has even some critical propriety. It remains now to make a few observations on this seeming episode

The various wealth of every distant land

He bade his fleets explore, his fleets command.

The

of Camöens. The shield of Achilles has had many imitators, some in one degree, others in another. The imitation of Ariosto, in the xxxiii. canto of his Orlando Furioso, is most fancifully ingenious; and on this undoubtedly the Portuguese poet had his eye. Pharamond, king of France, having resolved to conquer Italy, desires the friendship of Arthur, king of Britain. Arthur sends Merlin the magician to assist him with advice. Merlin, by his supernatural art, raises a sumptuous hall, on the sides of which all the future wars, unfortunate to the French in their invasions of Italy, are painted in colours exceeding the pencils of the greatest masters. A description of these pictures, an episode much longer than this of Camöens, is given to the heroine Bradamant, by the knight who kept the castle of Sir Trifram, where the enchanted hall was placed. But though the poetry be pleasing, the whole fiction, unless to amuse the warlike lady, has nothing to do with the action of the poem. Unity of design, however, is neither claimed by Ariosto, in the exordium of his work, nor attempted in the execution. An examination therefore, of the conduct of Homer and Virgil, will be more applicable to Camöens. To give a landscape of the face of the country which is the scene of action, or to describe the heroes and their armour, are the becoming ornaments of an epic poem. Milton's beautiful description of Eden, and the admirable painting of the shield of Achilles, are like the embroidery of a suit of cloaths, a part of the subject, and injure not the gracefulness of the make; or in other words, destroy not the unity of the action. Yet let it be observed, that admirable as they are, the pictures on the shield of Achilles, considered by themselves, have no relation to the action of the Iliad. If six of the apartments may be said to rouse the hero to war, the other six may with equal justice be called an obvious admonition, or a charge to turn husbandman. In that part of the Æneid, where Virgil greatly improves upon his master, in the visions of his future race which Anchises gives to Æneas in Elysium, the business of the poem is admirably sustained, and the hero is inspired to encounter every danger on the view of so great a reward. The description of the shield of Æneas, however, is less connected with the *conduct* of the fable. Virgil, indeed, intended that his poem should contain all the honours of his country, and has therefore charged the shield of his hero, with what parts of the Roman history were omitted in the vision of Elysium. But so foreign are these pictures to the war with Turnus, that the poet himself tells us Æneas was ignorant of the history which they contained.

Talia,

The ocean's great discoverer he shines ;  
Nor less his honours in the martial lines :

The

*Talia, per clypeum Fulcani, dona parentis  
Mirator: rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet.*

These observations, which the translator believes have escaped the critics, were suggested to him by the conduct of Camões, whose design, like that of Virgil, was to write a poem which might contain all the triumphs of his country. As the shield of Æneas supplies what could not be introduced in the vision of Elysium, so the ensigns of Gama complete the purpose of the third and fourth Lusiads. The use of that long episode, the conversation with the king of Melinda, and its connection with the subject, have been already observed. The seeming episode of the pictures, while it fulfils the promise,

*And all my country's wars the song adorn——*

is also admirably connected with the conduct of the poem. The Indians naturally desire to be informed of the country, the history, and power of their foreign visitors, and Vasco sets it before their eyes. In every progression of the scenery, the business of the poem advances. The regent and his attendants are struck with the warlike grandeur and power of the strangers, and to accept of their friendship, or to prevent the forerunners of so martial a nation from carrying home the tidings of the discovery of India, becomes the great object of their consideration. And from the passion of the Indians and Moors, thus agitated, the great catastrophe of the Lusiad is both naturally and artfully produced.

As every reader is not a critic in poetry, to some perhaps the expressions,

And the tired ox lows on his weary way——  
———loud shouts assound the car——

And the abrupt speech of an enraged warrior, ascribed to a picture;

———Here no foreign throne  
Shall fix its base, my native king alone  
Shall reign——

may appear as unwarrantable. This however, let them be assured, is the language of the genuine spirit of poetry, when the productions of the sister muse are the object of description. Let one very bold instance of this appear in the picture of the dance of the youths and maidens on the shield of Achilles, thus faithfully rendered by Mr. Pope :

Now

The painted flag the cloud-wrapt siege displays ;  
 There Ceuta's rocking wall its trust betrays.  
 Black yawns the breach ; the point of many a spear  
 Gleams through the smoke ; loud shouts astound the ear.  
 Whose step first trod the dreadful pass ? whose sword  
 Hew'd its dark way, first with the foe begored ?  
 'Twas thine, O glorious Henry, first to dare  
 The dreadful pass, and thine to close the war.  
 Taught by his might, and humbled in her gore  
 The boastful pride of Afric tower'd no more.

Numerous though these, more numerous warriors shine  
 Th' illustrious glory of the Lusian line.

But

Now all at once they rise, at once descend,  
 With well-taught feet : now shape, in oblique ways,  
 Confus'dly regular, the moving maze :  
 Now forth at once, too swift for sight they spring,  
 And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring :  
 So whirls a wheel, in giddy circles tost,  
 And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.  
 The gazing multitudes admire around :  
 Two active tumblers in the center bound ;  
 Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend :  
 And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end.—IL. XVIII.

Sometimes when describing a picture, poetry will say, the figures *seem* to move, to tremble, or to sing. Homer has once or twice, on the shield of his hero, given this hint how to understand him. But often to repeat the qualification were quite opposite to the bold and free spirit of poetry, which delights in personification, and in giving life and passion to every thing it describes. It is owing to the superior force of this spirit, together with the more beautiful colouring of its landscape-views, that the shield of Achilles, in poetical merit, so greatly excels the buckler of Æneas, though the divine workman of the latter, had the former as a pattern before him.

But ah, forlorn, what shame to barbarous<sup>h</sup> pride !  
 Friendless the master of the pencil died ;  
 Immortal fame his deathless labours gave ;  
 Poor man, he sunk neglected to the grave !

The gallant Paulus faithful thus explain'd  
 The various deeds the pictured flags retain'd.  
 Still o'er and o'er, and still again untired,  
 The wondering regent of the wars enquired ;  
 Still wondering heard the various pleasing tale,  
 Till o'er the decks cold sigh'd the evening gale :  
 The falling darkness dimm'd the eastern shore,  
 And twilight hover'd o'er the billows hoar  
 Far to the west, when with his noble band  
 'The thoughtful regent fought his native strand.

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O'er

<sup>h</sup> *But ah, forlorn, what shame to barbarous pride*—In the original,

*Mas faltamhes pincel, faltamhes cores,  
 Honra, premio, favor, que as artes crião.*

“ But the pencil was wanting, colours were wanting, honour, reward, favour, the nourishers of the arts.” This seemed to the translator as an impropriety, and contrary to the purpose of the whole speech of Paulus, which was to give the Casual, a high idea of Portugal. In the fate of the imaginary painter, the Lusian poet gives us the picture of his own, and repentment wrung this impropriety from him. The spirit of the complaint, however, is preserved in the translation. The couplet,

Immortal fame his deathless labours gave ;  
 Poor man, he sunk neglected to the grave !

is not in the original. It is the sigh of indignation over the unworthy fate of the unhappy Camöens.

O'er the tall mountain-forest's waving boughs  
 Aflant the new moon's slender horns arose ;  
 Near her pale chariot shone a twinkling star,  
 And, save the murmuring of the wave afar,  
 Deep-brooding silence reign'd ; each labour clos'd,  
 In sleep's soft arms the sons of toil repos'd.  
 And now no more the moon her glimpses shed,  
 A sudden black-wing'd cloud the sky o'erspread,  
 A fallen murmur through the woodland groan'd,  
 In woe-swoln sighs the hollow winds bemoan'd ;  
 Borne on the plaintive gale a pattering shower,  
 Increased the horrors of the evil hour.  
 Thus when the god of earthquakes rocks the ground,  
 He gives the prelude in a dreary sound ;  
 O'er nature's face a horrid gloom he throws,  
 With dismal note the cock unusual crows,  
 A shrill voiced howling trembles thro' the air,  
 As passing ghosts were weeping in despair ;  
 In dismal yells the dogs confess their fear,  
 And shivering own some dreadful presence near.  
 So lower'd the night, the fullen howl the same,  
 And mid the black-wing'd gloom stern Bacchus came ;  
 The form and garb of Hagar's son he took,  
 The ghost-like aspect, and the threatening <sup>i</sup> look,

Then

<sup>i</sup> *The ghost-like aspect, and the threatening look.*—Mohammed, by all historians, is described as of a pale livid complexion, and *trux aspectus et vox terribilis*, of a fierce threatening aspect, voice, and demeanour.

Then o'er the pillow of a furious priest,  
Whose burning zeal the Koran's lore profest,  
Revealed he stood conspicuous in a dream,  
His semblance shining as the moon's pale gleam:  
And, Guard, he cries, my son, O timely guard,  
Timely defeat the dreadful snare prepared:  
And canst thou careless, unaffected sleep,  
While these stern lawless rovers of the deep  
Fix on thy native shore a foreign throne,  
Before whose steps thy latest race shall groan!  
He spoke; cold horror shook the Moorish priest;  
He wakes, but soon reclines in wonted rest:  
An airy phantom of the slumbering brain  
He deem'd the vision; when the fiend again,  
With sterner mien and fiercer accent spoke:  
Oh faithless! worthy of the foreign yoke!  
And knowest thou not thy prophet sent by heaven,  
By whom the Koran's sacred lore was given,  
God's chiefest gift to men: And must I leave  
The bowers of Paradise, for you to grieve,  
For you to watch, while thoughtless of your woe  
Ye sleep, the careless victims of the foe;  
The foe, whose rage will soon with cruel joy,  
If unopposed, my sacred shrines destroy.  
Then while kind heaven th' auspicious hour bestows,  
Let every nerve their infant strength oppose.

When softly ushered by the milky <sup>k</sup> dawn  
The sun first rises o'er the daised lawn,

His

<sup>k</sup> *When softly usher'd by the milky dawn  
The sun first rises——*

“ I deceive myself greatly, (says Castera) if this simile is not the most noble  
“ and the most natural that can be found in any poem. It has been imi-  
“ tated by the Spanish comedian, the illustrious Lopez de Vega, in his co-  
“ medy of Orpheus and Eurydice, act 1. scene 1.

*Como mirar puede ser  
El sol al amanecer,  
I quando se enciende, no.”*

Castera adds a very loose translation of these Spanish lines in French verse. The literal English is, *As the sun may be beheld at his rising, but when illustriously kindled, cannot.* Naked, however, as this is, the imitation of Camöens is evident. As Castera is so very bold in his encomium of this fine simile of the sun, it is but justice to add his translation of it, together with the original Portuguese, and the translation of Fanshew. Thus the French translator :

*Les yeux peuvent soutenir la clarté du soleil naissant, mais lorsqu'il s'est avancé dans sa carrière lumineuse, & que ses rayons répandent les ardeurs du midi, on techerait en vain de l'envifager ; un prompt aveuglement seroit le prix de cette audace.*

Thus elegantly in the original :

Em quanto he fraca a força dessa gente,  
Ordena como em tudo se resistia,  
Porque quando o sol sae, facilmente  
Se pôde nelle por a aguda vista :  
Porem depois que sobe claro, & ardente,  
Se a agudeza dos olhos o conquista  
Tao cega fica, quando ficareis,  
Se raizes criar lhe nao tolheis.

And thus humbled by Fanshew :

Now whilst this people's strength is not yet knit,  
Think how ye may resist them by all ways,  
For when the sun is in his nonage yit,  
Upon his morning beauty men may gaze ;  
But let him once up to his zenith git,  
He strikes them blind with his meridian rays  
So blind will ye be, if ye look not too't,  
If ye permit these *a. lars* to take root.



His silver lustre, as the shining dew  
 Of radiance mild, unhurt the eye may view :  
 But when on high the noon-tide flaming rays  
 Give all the force of living fire to blaze,  
 A giddy darkness strikes the conquered fight  
 That dares in all his glow the lord of light.  
 Such, if on India's foil the tender shoot  
 Of these proud cedars fix the stubborn root,  
 Such shall your power before them sink decay'd,  
 And India's strength shall wither in their shade.

He spoke ; and instant from his vot'ry's bed  
 Together with repose, the dæmon fled ;  
 Again cold horror shook the zealot's frame,  
 And all his hatred of Messiah's name  
 Burn'd in his venom'd heart, while veil'd in night  
 Right to the palace sped the dæmon's flight.  
 Sleepless the king he found in dubious thought ;  
 His conscious fraud a thousand terrors brought :  
 As gloomy as the hour, around him stand  
 With haggard looks the hoary Magi<sup>1</sup> band ;

To

<sup>1</sup> ————— *Around him stand*

*With haggard looks the hoary magi band*——

Or the Brahmins, the diviners of India. Ammianus Marcellinus, l. 23. says, that the Persian Magi derived their knowledge from the Brachmanes of India. And Arrianus, l. 7. expressly gives the Brahmins the name of Magi. The Magi of India, says he, told Alexander, on his pretensions to divinity, that in every thing he was like other men, except that he took less rest, and did more mischief. The Brahmins are never among modern writers called Magi.

We

To trace what fates on India's wide domain  
Attend the rovers from unheard of Spain,

Prepared

We have already observed that the wonderful virtues peculiar to some plants very naturally contributed to establish the belief in magic. And certain it is that many of the unlettered natives of Asia and South-America, have a knowledge of several drugs most powerful in their effects, either as poison, antidotes of poison, or as disturbers of the imagination. Their ignorance makes them esteem these virtues as *magical*, and their revenge against all Europeans prompts them to the most religious concealment. In the voyage of James Neccius, a Dutchman, in 1602, we have the account of a strange delirium which seized all those of his crew, who, near the kingdom of Siam, had eaten of a certain fruit like a plum. Some imagined the ship was overpowered by enemies, and boldly defended their cabins; others danced and sung, and thought themselves on shore at a drunken banquet with their friends. And while some chanted *hallelujahs*, and believed they saw God and his angels, others lay howling on the decks, and imagined themselves among the damned in hell. (*Vide Navig. Jacobi Neccii.*) This delirium appears to take possession of whatever temperament of mind happens at the time to be predominant; but happily it is cured by a sound sleep. It is a fact well attested, that the *Brabmin* pretenders to magic have a method of affecting the phantasies of those who apply to them. This is done by some intoxicating potion, administered with the solemnities of witchcraft: While it begins to operate, the magician's conversation fixes the imagination on the objects he wishes to raise; and after a recovering sleep, these objects are remembered as the clearest visions. In the approaches of natural madness, the imagination is intensely fixed upon some particular object or affection. This indicates a particular alliance between this species of intoxication, and that most dreadful disease. The Portuguese authors mention other kinds of *natural magic*, as known to the Indians. When Albuquerque was on the way to Malacca, he attacked a large ship, but just as his men were going to board her, she suddenly appeared all in flames, which obliged the Portuguese to bear off. Three days afterward the same vessel sent a boat to Albuquerque, offering an alliance, which was accepted. The flames, says Oforius, were only artificial, and did not the least damage. Another wonderful adventure immediately happened. The admiral soon after sent his long boats to attack a ship commanded by one Nehoada Beeguea. The enemy made an obstinate resistance. Nehoada himself was pierced with several mortal wounds, but lost not one drop of blood, till a bracelet was taken off his arm, when immediately the blood gushed out, and he expired. According to Oforius,

Prepared in dark futurity to prove  
 The hell-taught rituals of infernal Jove :  
 Muttering their charms and spells of dreary sound,  
 With naked feet they beat the hollow ground ;  
 Blue gleams the altar's flame along the walls,  
 With dismal hollow groans the victim falls ;  
 With earnest eyes the priestly band explore  
 The entrails throbbing in the living gore.  
 And lo ! permitted by the power divine,  
 The hovering dæmon gives the dreadful<sup>m</sup> sign.

Here

this was said to be occasioned by the virtue of a stone in the bracelet taken out of an animal called Cabrisia, which when worn on the body could prevent the effusion of blood from the most grievous wounds. It was natural for the Portuguese soldiers to magnify any appearance of a styptic, which they did not understand. And certain it is that many barbarous tribes are possessed of some natural secrets which the learned of Europe do not yet know. It is not long since an eminent disciple of Newton esteemed the discovery of electricity as the dream of a disordered brain. *Barbosa* relates that one *Machamut*, who expelled the king of Guzarat and seized the throne, had so accustomed himself to poisons, that he could kill whoever offended him by spitting at them. His concubines never survived a second evening. This perhaps may be thought to confirm what is said of *Mitribridates*, but both stories are undoubtedly somewhat exaggerated.

<sup>m</sup> *The hovering dæmon gives the dreadful sign.*—This has an allusion to the truth of history. Barros relates, that an augur being brought before the Zamorim, “ *Em hum vaso de agua l'he mostrara lunas naos, que vin ham de muy longe para a India, e que a gente d'ellas seria total destruiçam dos Mouros de aquellas partes.* In a vessel of water he shewed him some ships which from a great distance came to India, the people of which would effect the utter subversion of the Moors.” Camoens has certainly chosen a more poetical method of describing this divination, a method in the spirit of Virgil; nor in this is he inferior to his great master. The supernatural flame which seizes on Lavinia, while assisting at the sacrifice, alone excepted, every other part of the augury of Latinus, and his dream in the Albunian forest, whither he went to consult his ancestor the god *Faunus*, in dignity and poetical colouring cannot come in comparison with the divination of the Magi, and the appearance of the dæmon in the dream of the Moorish priest.

Here furious war her gleamy faulchion draws ;  
 Here lean-ribb'd famine writhes her falling jaws ;  
 Dire as the fiery pestilential star  
 Darting his eyes, high on his trophied car  
 Stern tyranny sweeps wide o'er India's ground,  
 On vulture wings fierce rapine hovers round ;  
 Ills after ills, and India's fetter'd might,  
 Th' eternal yoke—loud shrieking at the<sup>n</sup> fight  
 The starting wizards from the altar fly,  
 And silent horror glares in every eye :  
 Pale stands the monarch, lost in cold dismay,  
 And now impatient waits the lingering day.

With gloomy aspect rose the lingering dawn,  
 And dropping tears flow'd slowly o'er the lawn ;  
 The Moorish priest with fear and vengeance fraught,  
 Soon as the light appear'd his kindred fought ;  
 Appall'd and trembling with ungenerous fear,  
 In secret council met, his tale they hear ;

As

▪ *Th' eternal yoke*—This picture, it may perhaps be said, is but a bad compliment to the heroes of the *Lusiad*, and the fruits of their discovery. A little consideration however will vindicate Camoens. It is the dæmon and the enemies of the Portuguese who procure this divination ; every thing in it is dreadful, on purpose to determine the Zamorim to destroy the fleet of Gama. In a former prophecy of the conquest of India, (when the *Catual* describes the sculpture of the royal palace) our poet has been careful to ascribe the happiest effects to the discovery of his heroes :

Beneath their sway majestic, wife, and mild,  
 Proud of her victor's laws thrice happier India smiled.

As check'd by terror or impell'd by hate  
 Of various means they ponder and debate,  
 Against the Lusian train what arts employ,  
 By force to slaughter, or by fraud destroy ;  
 Now black, now pale, their bearded cheeks appear,  
 As boiling rage prevails or boding fear ;  
 Beneath their shady brows their eye-balls roll,  
 Nor one soft gleam bespeaks the generous soul :  
 Through quivering lips they draw their panting breath,  
 While their dark fraud decrees the works of death :  
 Nor unresolv'd the power of gold to try  
 Swift to the lordly CATUAL's gate they hie—  
 Ah, what the wisdom, what the sleepless care  
 Efficient to avoid the traitor's snare !  
 What human power can give a king to know  
 The smiling aspect of the lurking foe !  
 So let the tyrant<sup>o</sup> plead—the patriot king  
 Knows men, knows whence the patriot virtues spring ;  
 From inward worth, from conscience firm and bold,  
 Not from the man whose honest name is sold,  
 He hopes that virtue, whose unalter'd weight  
 Stands fixt, unveering with the storms of state.

Lured

• *So let the tyrant plead*—In this short declamation, a seeming excrecence, the business of the poem in reality is carried on. The Zamorim, and his prime minister, the Catual, are artfully characterised in it; and the assertion

*Lured was the regent with the Moorish gold,*

is happily introduced by the manly declamatory reflections which immediately precede it.

Lured was the regent with the Moorish gold,  
 And now agreed their fraudulent course to hold,  
 Swift to the king the regent's steps they tread;  
 The king they found o'erwhelm'd in sacred dread.  
 The word they take, their ancient deeds relate,  
 Their ever faithful service of the <sup>r</sup> state;

For

<sup>r</sup> *The Moors*—*their ancient deeds relate,*  
*Their ever faithful service of the state—*

An explanation of the word *Moor* is here necessary. When the east afforded no more field for the sword of the conqueror, the Saracens, assisted by the Moors, who had embraced their religion, laid the finest countries in Europe in blood and desolation. As their various embarkations were from the empire of Morocco, the Europeans gave the name of *Moors* to all the professors of the Mohammedan religion. In the same manner the eastern nations blended all the armies of the crusaders under one appellation, and the *Franks*, of whom the army of Godfrey was mostly composed, became their common name for all the inhabitants of the west. The appellation even reached China. When the Portuguese first arrived in that empire, the Chinese softening the <sup>r</sup> into *l*, called both them and their cannon, by the name of *Falanks*, a name which is still retained at Canton, and other parts of the Chinese dominions. Before the arrival of Gama, as already observed, all the traffic of the east, from the Ethiopian side of Africa to China, was in the hands of Arabian Mohammedans, who, without incorporating with the Pagan natives, had their colonies established in every country commodious for commerce. These the Portuguese called *Moors*; and at present the Mohammedans of India, are called the *Moors of Hindostan* by the latest of our English writers. The intelligence which these *Moors* gave to one another, relative to the actions of Gama, the general terror with which they beheld the appearance of Europeans, whose rivalry they dreaded as the destruction of their power; the various frauds and arts they employed to prevent the return of one man of Gama's fleet to Europe; and their threat to withdraw from the dominions of the Zamorim; are all according to the truth of history. The speeches of the Zamorim and of Gama, which follow, are also founded in truth. They are only poetical paraphrases of the speeches ascribed by Oforius, to the Indian sovereign and the Portuguese admiral. Where the subject was so happily adapted to the epic muse, to neglect it would have been reprehensible: and Camoens, not unjustly,

For ages long, from shore to distant shore  
For thee our ready keels the traffic bore :  
For thee we dared each horror of the wave ;  
Whate'er thy treasures boast our labours gave.  
And wilt thou now confer our long-earn'd due,  
Confer thy favour on a lawless crew ?  
The race they boast, as tigers of the wold  
Bear their proud sway by justice uncontroll'd.  
Yet for their crimes, expell'd that bloody home,  
These, o'er the deep rapacious plunderers roam.  
Their deeds we know ; round Afric's shores they came,  
And spread, where'er they past, devouring flame ;  
Mozambic's towers, enroll'd in sheets of fire,  
Blazed to the sky, her own funereal pyre.  
Imperial Calicut shall feel the fame,  
And these proud state-rooms feed the funeral flame ;  
While many a league far round, their joyful eyes  
Shall mark old ocean reddening to the skies.  
Such dreadful fates, o'er thee, O king, depend,  
Yet with thy fall our fate shall never blend :  
Ere o'er the east arise the second dawn  
Our fleets, our nation from thy land withdrawn,

In

unjustly, thought, that the reality of his hero's adventures gave a dignity to his poem. When Gama, in his discourse with the king of Melinda, finishes the description of his voyage, he makes a spirited apostrophe to Homer and Virgil ; and asserts, that the adventures which he had actually experienced, greatly exceeded all the wonders of their fables. Camoens also, in other parts of the poem, avails himself of the same assertion.

In other climes, beneath a kinder reign  
Shall fix their port : yet may the threat be vain !  
If wiser thou with us thy powers employ  
Soon shall our powers the robber-crew destroy,  
By their own arts and secret deeds o'ercome  
Here shall they meet the fate escaped at home.

While thus the priest detain'd the monarch's ear,  
His cheeks confess the quivering pulse of fear.  
Unconscious of the worth that fires the brave,  
In state a monarch, but in heart a slave,  
He view'd brave VASCO and his generous train,  
As his own passions stamp'd the conscious stain :  
Nor less his rage the fraudulent regent fired ;  
And valiant GAMA's fate was now conspired.

Ambassadors from India GAMA fought,  
And oaths of peace, for oaths of friendship brought ;  
The glorious tale, 'twas all he wish'd, to tell ;  
So Ilium's fate was seal'd when Hector fell.

Again convoked before the Indian throne,  
The monarch meets him with a rageful frown ;  
And own, he cries, the naked truth reveal,  
Then shall my bounteous grace thy pardon seal,  
Feign'd is the treaty thou pretend'st to bring,  
No country owns thee, and thou own'st no king.

Thy



Thy life, long roving o'er the deep, I know,  
 A lawless robber, every man thy foe.  
 And think'st thou credit to thy tale to gain?  
 Mad were the sovereign, and the hope were vain,  
 Through ways unknown, from utmost western shore,  
 To bid his fleets the utmost east explore.  
 Great is thy monarch, so thy words declare;  
 But sumptuous gifts the proof of greatness bear:  
 Kings thus to kings their empire's grandeur shew;  
 Thus prove thy truth, thus we thy truth allow.  
 If not, what credence will the wife afford?  
 What monarch trust the wandering seaman's word?  
 No sumptuous gift thou'st bring'st—Yet, though some crime  
 Has thrown thee banish'd from thy native clime,  
 (Such oft of old the hero's fate has been)  
 Here end thy toils, nor tempt new fates unseen:  
 Each land the brave man nobly calls his home:  
 Or if, bold pirates, o'er the deep you roam,

Skill'd

\* *No sumptuous gift thou bring'st*—“As the Portuguese did not expect to find any people but savages beyond the Cape of Good Hope, they only brought with them some preserves and confections, with trinkets of coral, of glass, and other trifles. This opinion however deceived them. In Melinda and in Calicut they found civilized nations, where the arts flourished; who wanted nothing; who were possessed of all the refinements and delicacies on which we value ourselves. The king of Melinda had the generosity to be contented with the present which Gama made; but the Zamorim, with a disdainful eye, beheld the gifts which were offered to him. The present was thus: four mantles of scurle; six hats adorned with feathers, four chaplets of coral beads, twelve Turkey carpets, seven drinking cups of brass, a chest of sugar, two barrels of oil, and two of honey.” *Castera*.

Skill'd the dread storm to brave, O welcome here!  
 Fearless of death or shame confess sincere:  
 My name shall then thy dread protection be,  
 My captain thou, unrival'd on the sea.

Oh now, ye muses, sing what goddesses fired  
 GAMA's proud bosom, and his lips inspired.  
 Fair ACIDALIA, love's celestial<sup>t</sup> queen,  
 The graceful goddess of the fearless mien,  
 Her graceful freedom on his look bestow'd,  
 And all collected in his bosom glow'd.  
 Sovereign, he cries, oft witness'd, well I know  
 The rageful falshood of the Moorish foe;  
 Their fraudulent tales, from hatred bred, believed,  
 Thine ear is poison'd, and thine eye deceived.  
 What light, what shade the courtier's mirror gives,  
 That light, that shade the guarded king receives.  
 Me hast thou view'd in colours not mine own,  
 Yet bold I promise shall my truth be known.  
 If o'er the seas a lawless pest I roam,  
 A blood-stain'd exile from my native home,  
 How many a fertile shore and beauteous isle,  
 Where nature's gifts unclaim'd, unbounded smile,  
 Mad have I left, to dare the burning zone,  
 And all the horrors of the gulphs unknown,

That

<sup>t</sup> *Fair Acidalia, love's celestial queen*—Castera derives Acidalia from ἀκιδίς, which, he says, implies to act without fear or restraint. Acidalia, is one of the names of Venus, in Virgil; derived from Acidalus, a fountain sacred to her in Bœotia.

That roar beneath the axle of the world,  
 Where ne'er before was daring fail unfurl'd !  
 And have I left these beauteous shores behind,  
 And have I dared the rage of every wind,  
 That now breathed fire, and now came wing'd with frost,  
 Lured by the plunder of an unknown coast ?  
 Not thus the robber leaves his certain prey  
 For the gay promise of a nameless day.  
 Dread and stupendous, more than death-doom'd man  
 Might hope to compass, more than wisdom plan,  
 To thee my toils, to thee my dangers rise :  
 Ah ! Lisboa's kings behold with other eyes.  
 Where virtue calls, where glory leads the way  
 No dangers move them, and no toils dismay.  
 Long have the kings of Lusus' daring race  
 Resolved the limits of the deep to trace,  
 Beneath the morn to ride the farthest waves,  
 And pierce the farthest shore old ocean laves :  
 Sprung from the <sup>u</sup> prince, before whose matchless power  
 The strength of Afric wither'd as a flower  
 Never to bloom again, great Henry shone,  
 Each gift of nature and of art his own ;  
 Bold as his fire, by toils on toils untired,  
 To find the Indian shore his pride aspired.  
 Beneath the stars that round the Hydra shine,  
 And where fam'd Argo hangs the heavenly sign,

Where

<sup>u</sup> Sprung from the Prince.—John I.

Where thirft and fever burn on every gale  
 The dauntlefs Henry rear'd the Lulian fail.  
 Embolden'd by the meed that crown'd his toils,  
 Beyond the wide-fpread fhores and numerous ifles,  
 Where both the tropics pour the burning day,  
 Succeeding heroes forced th' exploring way:  
 That race which never view'd the Pleiad's car,  
 That barbarous race beneath the fouthern ftar,  
 Their eyes beheld—Dread roar'd the blaft—the wave  
 Boils to the fky, the meeting whirlwinds rave  
 O'er the torn heavens; loud on their awe-ftruck ear  
 Great Nature feem'd to call, Approach not here——  
 At Lifboa's court they told their dread efcape,  
 And from her raging tempefts, named the <sup>v</sup> Cape.  
 “Thou fouthmoft point,” the joyful king exclaim'd,  
 “Cape of Good Hope, be thou for ever named!  
 “Onward my fleets fhall dare the dreadful way,  
 “And find the regions of the infant day.”  
 In vain the dark and ever-howling blaft  
 Proclaimed, 'This ocean never fhall be paff—  
 Through that dread ocean, and the tempefts' roar,  
 My king commanded, and my courfe I bore.  
 The pillar thus of deathlefs <sup>w</sup> fame, begun  
 By other chiefs, beneath the rifing fun

In

<sup>v</sup> *And from her raging tempefts named the Cape—See the preface.*

<sup>w</sup> *The pillar thus of deathlefs fame, begun  
 By other chiefs, &c.*

Till I now ending what thofe did begin,  
 The furtheft pillar in thy realm advance;  
 Breaking the element of molten tin,  
 Through horrid forms I lead to thee the dance.

In thy great realm now to the skies I raise,  
The deathless pillar of my nation's praise.  
Through these wild seas no costly gift I brought;  
Thy shore alone and friendly peace I fought.  
And yet to thee the noblest gift I bring  
The world can boast, the friendship of my king.  
And mark the word, his greatness shall appear  
When next my course to India's strand I steer,  
Such proofs I'll bring as never man before  
In deeds of strife or peaceful friendship bore.  
Weigh now my words, my truth demands the light,  
For truth shall ever boast, at last, resistless might.

Boldly the hero spake with brow severe,  
Of fraud alike unconscious as of fear:  
His noble confidence with truth imprest  
Sunk deep, unwelcome, in the monarch's breast;  
Nor wanting charms his avarice to gain  
Appear'd the commerce of illustrious Spain.  
Yet as the sick man loaths the bitter draught,  
Though rich with health he knows the cup comes fraught;  
His health without it, self-deceiv'd, he weighs,  
Now hastes to quaff the drug, and now delays;  
Reluctant thus as wavering passion veer'd,  
The Indian Lord the dauntless GAMA heard:  
The Moorish threats yet founding in his ear,  
He acts with caution, and is led by fear.

With solemn pomp he bids his lords prepare  
 The friendly banquet, to the regent's care  
 Commends brave GAMA, and with pomp retires :  
 The regent's hearths awake the social fires ;  
 Wide o'er the board the royal feast is spread,  
 And fair embroidered shines DE GAMA's bed.  
 The regent's palace high o'erlook'd the bay  
 Where GAMA's black-ribb'd fleet at anchor lay.

Ah, why the voice of ire and bitter woe  
 O'er Tago's banks, ye nymphs of Tagus, flew ;  
 The flowery garlands from your ringlets torn,  
 Why wandering wild with trembling steps forlorn  
 The Dæmon's rage you saw, and markt his flight  
 To the dark mansions of eternal night :  
 You saw how howling through the shades beneath  
 He waked new horrors in the realms of death.  
 What trembling tempests shook the thrones of hell,  
 And groan'd along her caves, ye muses, tell.  
 The rage of baffled fraud, and all the fire  
 Of powerless hate, with tenfold flames conspire ;  
 From every eye the tawny lightnings glare,  
 And hell, illumined by the ghastly flare,  
 (A drear blue gleam) in tenfold horror shews  
 Her darkling caverns ; from his dungeon rose  
 Hagar's stern son, pale was his earthy hue,  
 And from his eye-balls flash'd the lightnings blue ;

Convulsed

Convulsed with rage the dreadful shade demands  
 The last assistance of the infernal bands.  
 As when the whirlwinds, sudden bursting, bear  
 Th' autumnal leaves high floating through the air ;  
 So rose the legions of th' infernal state,  
 Dark Fraud, base art, fierce rage, and burning hate :  
 Wing'd by the furies to the Indian strand  
 They bend ; the dæmon leads the dreadful band,  
 And in the bosoms of the raging Moors  
 All their collected living strength he pours.  
 One breast alone against his rage was steel'd,  
 Secure in spotless truth's celestial shield.

One evening past, another evening closed,  
 The regent still brave GAMA's suit opposed ;  
 The Lusian chief his guarded guest detain'd,  
 With arts on arts, and vows of friendship feign'd.  
 His fraudulent art, though veil'd in deep disguise,  
 Shone bright to GAMA's manner-piercing eyes.  
 As in the sun's bright <sup>i</sup> beam the gamefome boy  
 Plays with the shining steel or crystal toy,

A a 2

Swift

<sup>i</sup> *As in the sun's bright beam*—Imitated from Virgil, who, by the same simile, describes the fluctuation of the thoughts of Æneas, on the eve of the Latian war :

—Laomedontius heros

Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat æstu,  
 Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,  
 In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat.  
 Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis

Swift and irregular, by sudden starts,  
The living ray with viewless motion darts,

Swift

Sole repercussum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,  
Omnia pervolitat late loca : jamque sub auras  
Erigitur, summiq; fecit laquearia tecti.  
This way and that he turns his anxious mind,  
Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd ;  
Explores himself in vain, in every part,  
And gives no-rest to his distracted heart :  
So when the sun by day or moon by night  
Strike on the polish'd bras their trembling light,  
The glitt'ring species here and there divide,  
And cast their dubious beams from side to side ;  
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,  
And to the cieling flash the glaring day.

Ariosto has also adopted this simile in the eighth book of his *Orlando Furioso* :

Qual d'acqua chiara il tremolante lume  
Dal Sol percossa, o da' notturni rai,  
Per gli ampli tetti vâ con lungo salto  
A destra, ed a sinistra, e basso, ed alto.  
So from a water clear, the trembling light  
Of Phœbus, or the silver ray of night,  
Along the spacious rooms with splendor plays,  
Now high, now low, and shifts a thousand ways.      HOOLE.

But the happiest circumstance belongs to Camoens. The velocity and various shiftings of the sun-beam, reflected from a piece of crystal or polished steel in the hand of a boy, give a much stronger idea of the violent agitation and sudden shiftings of thought, than the image of the trembling light of the sun or moon reflected from a vessel of water. The brazen vessel however, and not the water, is only mentioned by Dryden. Nor must another inaccuracy pass unobserved. That the reflection of the moon *shined the glaring way* is not countenanced by the original. The critic however, who, from the mention of these, will infer any disrespect to the name of Dryden, is, as critics often are, ignorant of the writer's meaning. A very different influence is intended : If so great a master as Dryden has erred, let the reader remember, that other translators are liable to fail, and that a few inaccuracies



Swift o'er the wall, the floor, the roof, by turns  
 The sun-beam dances, and the radiance burns.  
 In quick succession thus a thousand views  
 The sapient Lusian's lively thought pursues ;  
 Quick as the lightning every view revolves,  
 And, weighing all, fixt are his dread resolves.  
 O'er India's shore the fable night descends,  
 And GAMA, now, secluded from his friends,  
 Detain'd a captive in the room of state,  
 Anticipates in thought to-morrow's fate ;  
 For just Mozaide no generous care delays,  
 And VASCO's trust with friendly toils repays.

accuracies ought, by no means, to be produced as the specimens of any composition.

We have already seen the warm encomium paid by Taffo to his cotemporary, Camoëns. That great poet, the ornament of Italy, has also testified his approbation by several imitations of the Lusiad. Virgil, in no instance, has more closely copied Homer, than Taffo has imitated the appearance of Bacchus, or the evil dæmon, in the dream of the Moorish priest. The enchanter Ismeno thus appears to the sleeping Solyman.

Soliman' Solimano, i tuoi silenti  
 Riposi à miglior tempo homai riserva :  
 Che sotto il giogo de straniere genti  
 La patria, ove regnasti, ancor' e ferva.  
 In questa terra dormi, e non rammenti,  
 Ch' insepolti de tuoi l'ossa conserva ?  
 Ove si gran' vestigio e del tuo scorno,  
 Tu neghittoso aspetti il novo giorno ?

Thus elegantly translated by Mr. Hoole.

Oh! Solyman, regardless chief, awake!  
 In happier hours thy grateful slumber take :

Beneath a foreign yoke thy subjects bend,  
And strangers o'er thy land their rule extend.  
Here dost thou sleep? here close thy careless eyes,  
While uninterr'd each lov'd associate lies?  
Here where thy fame has felt the hostile scorn,  
Canst thou, unthinking, wait the rising morn?

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

---

THE  
L U S I A D.

---

BOOK IX.

RED rose the dawn; roll'd o'er the low'ring sky,  
The scattering clouds of tawny purple fly.  
While yet the day-spring struggled with the gloom,  
The Indian monarch fought the regent's dome.  
In all the luxury of Asian state  
High on a gem-starr'd couch the monarch fate;  
Then on th' illustrious captive bending down  
His eyes, stern darken'd with a threatening frown:  
Thy truthless tale, he cries, thy art appears,  
Confest inglorious by thy cautious fears.  
Yet still if friendship, honest, thou implore,  
Yet now command thy vessels to the shore:

Generous

Generous as to thy friends thy fails resign,  
 My will commands it, and the power is mine :  
 In vain thy art, in vain thy might withstands,  
 Thy fails, and rudders too, my will <sup>a</sup> demands :  
 Such be the test, thy boasted truth to try,  
 Each other test despis'd, I first deny.  
 And has my regent sued two days in vain !  
 In vain my mandate, and the captive chain !  
 Yet not in vain, proud chief, ourself shall sue  
 From thee the honour to my friendship due :  
 Ere force compel thee, let the grace be thine,  
 Our grace permits it, freely to resign,  
 Freely to trust our friendship, ere too late  
 Our injured honour fix thy dreadful fate.

While thus he spake his changeful look declared,  
 In his proud breast what starting passions warr'd.  
 No feature mov'd on GAMA's face was seen,  
 Stern he replies, with bold yet anxious mien :  
 In me my sovereign represented see,  
 His state is wounded, and he speaks in me ;  
 Unawed by threats, by dangers uncontroll'd,  
 The laws of nations bid my tongue be bold.  
 No more thy justice holds the righteous scale,  
 The arts of falsehood and the Moors prevail ;

I see

<sup>a</sup> *Thy fails, and rudders too, my will demands*—According to history. See the preface.

I see the doom my favour'd foes decree,  
 Yet, though in chains I stand, my fleet is free.  
 The bitter taunts of scorn the brave disdain;  
 Few be my words, your arts, your threats are vain.  
 My sovereign's fleet I yield not to your <sup>b</sup> sway;  
 Safe shall my fleet to Lisboa's strand convey  
 The glorious tale of all the toils I bore,  
 Afric surrounded, and the Indian shore  
 Discovered—These I pledged my life to gain;  
 These to my country shall my life maintain.  
 One wish alone my earnest heart desires,  
 The sole impassion'd hope my breast respire;  
 My finish'd labours may my sovereign hear!  
 Besides that wish, nor hope I know, nor fear.  
 And lo, the victim of your rage I stand,  
 And bare my bosom to the murderer's hand.

With lofty mien he spake. In stern disdain,  
 My threats, the monarch cries, were never vain:  
 Swift give the sign—Swift as he spake, appear'd  
 The dancing streamer o'er the palace rear'd;

Instant

<sup>b</sup> *My sovereign's fleet I yield not to your sway*—The circumstance of Gama's refusing to put his fleet into the power of the Zamorim, is thus rendered by Fanshaw:

The Malabar protests that he shall rot  
 In prison, if he send not for the *ships*.  
*He constant*, (and with noble *anger* hot)  
 His haughty *menace* weighs not at *two chips*.

Instant another ensign distant rose,  
Where, jutting through the flood, the mountain throws  
A ridge enormous, and on either side  
Defends the harbours from the furious tide.  
Proud on his couch th' indignant monarch fate,  
And awful silence fill'd the room of state.  
With secret joy the Moors, exulting, glow'd,  
And bent their eyes where GAMA's navy rode ;  
Then, proudly heaved with panting hope, explore  
The wood-crown'd upland of the bending shore.  
Soon o'er the palms a mast's tall pendant flows,  
Bright to the sun the purple radiance glows ;  
In martial pomp, far-streaming to the skies,  
Vanes after vanes in swift succession rise,  
And through the opening forest-boughs of green  
The sails' white lustre moving on is seen ;  
When sudden rushing by the point of land  
The bowsprits nod, and wide the sails expand ;  
Full pouring on the fight, in warlike pride,  
Extending still the rising squadrons ride :  
O'er every deck, beneath the morning rays,  
Like melted gold the brazen spear-points blaze ;  
Each prore surrounded with an hundred oars,  
Old ocean boils around the crowded prores :  
And five times now in number GAMA's might,  
Proudly their boastful shouts provoke the fight ;  
Far round the shore the echoing peal rebounds,  
Behind the hill an answering shout refounds :

Still by the point new-spreading sails appear,  
Till seven times GAMA's fleet concludes the rear.  
Again the shout triumphant shakes the bay;  
Form'd as a crescent, wedg'd in firm array,  
Their fleet's wide horns the Lusian ships inclasp,  
Prepared to crush them in their iron grasp.  
Shouts echo shouts——with stern disdainful eyes  
The Indian king to manly GAMA cries,  
Not one of thine on Lisboa's shore shall tell  
The glorious tale, how bold thy heroes fell.  
With alter'd visage, for his eyes flash'd fire,  
God sent me here, and God's avengeful ire  
Shall smite thy perfidy, great Vasco cried,  
And humble in the dust thy withered pride.  
A prophet's glow inspired his panting breast;  
Indignant smiles the monarch's scorn confest.  
Again deep silence fills the room of state,  
And the proud Moors, secure, exulting wait:  
And now inclasping GAMA's in a ring,  
Their fleet sweeps on——loud whizzing from the string  
The black-wing'd arrows float along the sky,  
And rising clouds the falling clouds supply.  
The lofty crowding spears that bristling stood  
Wide o'er the galleys as an upright wood,  
Bend sudden, levell'd for the closing fight;  
The points wide-waving shed a gleamy light.  
Elate with joy the king his aspect rears,  
And valiant GAMA, thrill'd with transport, hears

His drums bold rattling raise the battle sound ;  
Echo deep-toned hoarse vibrates far around ;  
The shivering trumpets tear the shrill-voiced air,  
Quivering the gale, the flashing lightnings flare,  
The smoke rolls wide, and sudden bursts the roar,  
The lifted waves fall trembling, deep the shore  
Grows ; quick and quicker blaze embraces blaze  
In flashing arms ; louder the thunders raise  
Their roaring, rolling o'er the bended skies  
The burst incessant ; awe-struck echo dies  
Faltering and deafen'd ; from the brazen throats,  
Cloud after cloud, inroll'd in darkness, floats,  
Curling their sulph'rous folds of fiery blue,  
Till their huge volumes take the fleecy hue,  
And roll wide o'er the sky ; wide as the fight  
Can measure heaven, slow rolls the cloudy white :  
Beneath the smoky blackness spreads afar  
Its hovering wings, and veils the dreadful war  
Deep in its horrid breast ; the fierce red glare  
Chequering the rifted darkness, fires the air,  
Each moment lost and kindled, while around,  
The mingling thunders swell the lengthen'd sound.  
When piercing sudden through the dreadful roar  
The yelling shrieks of thousands strike the shore.  
Prefaging horror through the monarch's breast  
Crept cold ; and gloomy o'er the distant east,

Through



Through Gata's hills the whirling tempest <sup>d</sup> figh'd,  
 And westward sweeping to the blacken'd tide,  
 How'd o'er the trembling palace as it past,  
 And o'er the gilded walls a gloomy twilight cast ;  
 Then, furious rushing to the darken'd <sup>e</sup> bay,  
 Resistless swept the black-wing'd night away,  
 With all the clouds that hover'd o'er the fight,  
 And o'er the weary combat pour'd the light.

As by an Alpine mountain's pathless side  
 Some traveller strays, unfriended of a guide ;  
 If o'er the hills the fable night descend,  
 And gathering tempest with the darkness blend,  
 Deep from the cavern'd rocks beneath, aghast  
 He hears the howling of the whirlwind's blast ;  
 Above resounds the crash, and down the steep  
 Some rolling weight groans on with foundering sweep ;  
 Aghast he stands amid the shades of night,  
 And all his soul implores the friendly light :  
 It comes ; the dreary lightnings quivering blaze,  
 The yawning depth beneath his lifted step betrays ;  
 Instant unmann'd, aghast in horrid pain,  
 His knees no more their sickly weight sustain ;

Powerless

<sup>d</sup> *Through Gata's hills*——The hills of Gata or Gate, mountains which form a natural barrier on the eastern side of the kingdom of Malabar.

Nature's rude wall, against the fierce Canar  
 They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar.—LUSIAD VII.

<sup>e</sup> *Then furious rushing to the darken'd bay*—For the circumstances of the battle, and the tempest which then happened, see the preface.

Powerless he sinks, no more his heart-blood flows :  
So sunk the monarch, and his heart-blood froze ;  
So sunk he down, when o'er the clouded bay  
The rushing whirlwind pour'd the sudden day :  
Disaster's giant arm in one wide sweep  
Appear'd, and ruin blacken'd o'er the deep ;  
The sheeted masts drove floating o'er the tide,  
And the torn hulks roll'd tumbling on the side ;  
Some shatter'd plank each heaving billow tost,  
And by the hand of heaven dash'd on the coast  
Groan'd prores ingulph'd, the lashing furies rave  
O'er the black keels upturn'd, the swelling wave  
Kisses the lofty mast's reclining head ;  
And far at sea some few torn galleys fled.  
Amid the dreadful scene triumphant rode  
The Lusian war-ships, and their aid bestow'd :  
Their speedy boats far round assisting ply'd,  
Where plunging, struggling, in the rolling tide,  
Grasping the shatter'd wrecks, the vanquished foes  
Rear'd o'er the dashing waves their haggard brows.  
No word of scorn the lofty GAMA spoke,  
Nor India's king the dreadful silence broke.  
Slow past the hour, when to the trembling shore  
In awful pomp the victor-navy bore :  
Terrific, nodding on, the bowsprits bend,  
And the red streamers other war portend :  
Soon bursts the roar ; the bombs tremendous rise,  
And trail their blackening rainbows o'er the skies ;

O'er

O'er Calicut's proud domes their rage they pour,  
 And wrap her temples in a sulph'rous shower.  
 'Tis o'er——In threatening silence rides the fleet:  
 Wild rage and horror yell in every street;  
 Ten thousands pouring round the palace † gate,  
 In clamorous uproar wail their wretched fate:  
 While round the dome with lifted hands they kneel'd,  
 Give justice, justice to the strangers yield——  
 Our friends, our husbands, sons, and fathers slain!  
 Happier, alas, than these that yet remain——  
 Curst be the counsels, and the arts unjust——  
 Our friends in chains——our city in the dust——  
 Yet, yet prevent——

—————The silent Vasco saw  
 The weight of horror and o'erpowering awe  
 That shook the Moors, that shook the regent's knees  
 And sunk the monarch down——By swift degrees  
 The popular clamour rises. Lost, unmann'd,  
 Around the king the trembling council stand;  
 While wildly glaring on each other's eyes  
 Each lip in vain the trembling accent tries;  
 With anguish sicken'd, and of strength bereft,  
 Earnest each look enquires, What hope is left!  
 In all the rage of shame and grief aghast,  
 The monarch, faltering, takes the word at last:

By

† *Ten thousands pouring round the palace gate,  
 In clamorous uproar——*See the history in the preface.

By whom, great chief, are these proud war-ships sway'd,  
 Are there thy mandates honour'd and obey'd ?  
 Forgive, great chief, let gifts of price restrain  
 Thy just revenge—Shall India's gifts be vain !——  
 Oh spare my people and their doom'd abodes——  
 Prayers, vows, and gifts appease the injured gods :  
 Shall man deny——Swift are the brave to spare :  
 The weak, the innocent, confess their care——  
 Helpless as innocent of guile to thee,  
 Behold these thousands bend the suppliant knee——  
 Thy navy's thundering sides black to the land  
 Display their terrors—yet mayst thou command——

O'erpower'd he paused. Majestic and serene  
 Great Vasco rose, then pointing to the scene  
 Where bled the war : Thy fleet, proud king, behold  
 O'er ocean and the strand in carnage roll'd !  
 So shall this palace smoking in the dust,  
 And yon proud city weep thy arts unjust.  
 The Moors I knew, and for their fraud prepared,  
 I left my first command my navy's guard :  
 Whate'er from shore my name or seal convey'd  
 Of other weight, that first command forbade ;  
 Thus, ere its birth destroy'd, prevented fell  
 What fraud might dictate, or what force compel.

This

*2 I left my first command my navy's guard—  
 Unmindful of my fate——*

This most magnanimous resolution, to sacrifice his own safety or his life for the safe return of the fleet, is strictly true. See the preface.

This morn the sacrifice of fraud I stood,  
But hark, there lives the brother of my blood,  
And lives the friend, whose cares conjoin'd control  
These floating towers, both brothers of my soul.  
If thrice, I said, arise the golden morn,  
Ere to my fleet you mark my glad return,  
Dark fraud with all her Moorish arts withstands,  
And force or death withholds me from my bands :  
Thus judge, and swift unfurl the homeward sail,  
Catch the first breathing of the eastern gale,  
Unmindful of my fate on India's shore :  
Let but my monarch know, I wish no more——  
Each, panting while I spoke, impatient cries,  
The tear-drop bursting in their manly eyes,  
In all but one thy mandates we obey,  
In one we yield not to thy generous sway :  
Without thee never shall our sails return ;  
India shall bleed, and Calicut shall burn——  
Thrice shall the morn arise ; a flight of bombs  
Shall then speak vengeance to their guilty domes :  
Till noon we pause ; then shall our thunders roar,  
And desolation sweep the treacherous shore——  
Behold, proud king, their signal in the sky,  
Near his meridian tower the sun rides high.  
O'er Calicut no more the evening shade  
Shall spread her peaceful wings, my wrath untaid ;  
Dire through the night her smoking dust shall gleam,  
Dire thro' the night shall shriek the female scream.

Thy worth, great chief, the pale-lipt regent cries,  
Thy worth we own; Oh, may these woes suffice!  
To thee each proof of India's wealth we send;  
Ambassadors, of noblest race, attend——  
Slow as he falter'd, GAMA catch'd the word,  
On terms I talk not, and no truce afford:  
Captives enough shall reach the Lusian shore:  
Once you deceived me, and I treat no more.  
Even now my faithful sailors, pale with rage,  
Gnaw their blue lips, impatient to engage;  
Ranged by their brazen tubes, the thundering band  
Watch the first movement of my brother's hand;  
E'en now, impatient, o'er the dreadful tire  
They wave their eager canes betipt with fire;  
Methinks my brother's anguish'd look I see,  
The panting nostril and the trembling knee,  
While keen he eyes the sun: On hasty strides,  
Hurried along the deck, Coello chides  
His cold flow lingering, and impatient cries,  
Oh, give the sign, illumine the sacrifice,  
A brother's vengeance for a brother's blood——

He spake; and stern the dreadful warrior stood;  
So seem'd the terrors of his awful nod,  
The monarch trembled as before a god;  
The treacherous Moors sunk down in faint dismay,  
And speechless at his feet the council lay:

Abrupt,

Abrupt, with out-stretch'd arms, the monarch <sup>h</sup>cries,  
 What yet—but dared not meet the hero's eyes,  
 What yet may save!—Great VASCO stern rejoins,  
 Swift, undisputing, give th' appointed signs:  
 High o'er thy loftiest tower my flag display,  
 Me and my train swift to my fleet convey:  
 Instant command—behold the sun rides high——  
 He spake, and rapture glow'd in every eye;  
 The Lusian standard o'er the palace flow'd,  
 Swift o'er the bay the royal barges row'd.  
 A dreary gloom a sudden whirlwind threw,  
 Amid the howling blast, enraged, withdrew  
 The vanquish'd dæmon—Soon in lustre mild,  
 As April smiles, the sun auspicious smiled:  
 Elate with joy, the shouting thousands trod,  
 And GAMA to his fleet triumphant rode.

Soft came the eastern gale on balmy wings:  
 Each joyful failor to his labour springs;  
 Some o'er the bars their breasts robust recline,  
 And with firm tugs the <sup>i</sup>rollers from the brine,

B b 2

Reluctant

<sup>h</sup> Abrupt——the monarch cries—  
 What yet may save——

Gama's declaration, that no message from him to the fleet could alter the orders he had already left, and his rejection of any farther treaty, have a necessary effect in the conduct of the poem. They hasten the catastrophe, and give a verisimilitude to the abrupt and full submission of the Zamorim.

<sup>i</sup> ——the rollers——The capstone.—The capstone is a cylindrical wind-lafs, worked with bars, which are moved from hole to hole as it turns round.

Reluctant dragg'd, the slime-brown'd anchors raise ;  
 Each gliding rope some nimble hand obeys ;  
 Some bending o'er the yard-arm's length on high  
 With nimble hands the canvass wings untie,  
 The flapping fails their widening folds distend,  
 And measured echoing shouts their sweaty toils attend.  
 Nor had the captives lost the leader's care,  
 Some to the shore the Indian barges bear ;  
 The noblest few the chief detains to own  
 His glorious deeds before the Lusian throne,  
 'To own the conquest of the Indian shore ;  
 Nor wanted every proof of India's store :  
 What fruits in Ceylon's fragrant woods abound,  
 With woods of cinnamon her hills are crown'd :  
 Dry'd in its flower the nut of Banda's grove,  
 The burning pepper and the fable clove ;  
 The clove, whose odour on the breathing gale  
 Far to the sea Malucco's plains exhale :  
 All these provided by the faithful Moor,  
 All these, and India's gems, the navy bore :

The

It is used to weigh the anchors, raise masts, &c. The name *roller*, describes both the machine and its use, and it may be presumed, is a more poetical word than capstone. The verification of this passage in the original, affords a most noble example of imitative harmony :

Mas ja nas nuos os bons trabalhadores  
 Vovem o cabrestante, & repartidos  
 Pello trabalho, huns puxao pella amarra,  
 Outros quebrao co pcito duro a barra.



The Moor attends, Mozaide, whose zealous care  
 To GAMA's eyes unveil'd each treach'rous i snare:  
 So burn'd his breast with heaven-illumined flame,  
 And holy reverence of Messiah's name.  
 Oh, favoured African, by heaven's own light  
 Call'd from the dreary shades of error's night;  
 What man may dare his seeming ills arraign,  
 Or what the grace of heaven's designs explain!  
 Far didst thou from thy friends a stranger roam,  
 There wast thou call'd to thy celestial k home.

With

<sup>i</sup> ———— *Mozaide, whose zealous care*

*To Gama's eyes unveil'd each treach'rous snare—*

Had this been mentioned sooner, the interest of the catastrophe of the poem must have languished. Though he is not a warrior, the unexpected friend of Gama bears a much more considerable part in the action of the Lusiad, than the faithful Achates, the friend of the hero, bears in the business of the Æneid.

\* *There wast thou call'd to thy celestial home.*—This exclamatory address to the Moor Monzaida, however it may appear digressive, has a double propriety. The conversion of the eastern world, is the great purpose of the expedition of Gama, and Monzaida is the first fruits of that conversion. The good characters of the victorious heroes, however neglected by the great genius of Homer, have a fine effect in making an epic poem interest us and please. It might have been said, that Monzaida was a traitor to his friends, and who crowned his villany with apostacy. Camões has therefore wisely drawn him with other features, worthy of the friendship of Gama. Had this been neglected, the hero of the Lusiad might have shared the fate of the wise Ulysses of the Iliad, against whom, as Voltaire justly observes, every reader bears a secret ill will. Nor is the poetical character of Monzaida unsupported by history. He was not an Arab Moor, so he did not desert his countrymen. By force, these Moors had determined on the destruction of Gama: Monzaida admired and esteemed him, and therefore generously revealed to him his danger. By his attachment to Gama, he lost all his effects in India, a circumstance which his prudence and knowledge of affairs must have certainly foreseen. By the known dangers he encountered, by the loss he thus voluntarily sustained, and by his after constancy, his sincerity is undoubtedly proved.

With rustling 'ound now swell'd the steady sail ;  
 The lofty masts reclining to the gale  
 On full spread wings the navy springs away,  
 And far behind them foams the ocean grey :  
 Afar the lessening hills of Gata fly,  
 And mix their dim blue summits with the sky :  
 Beneath the wave low sinks the spicy shore,  
 And roaring through the tide each nodding proré  
 Points to the Cape, great nature's southmost bound,  
 The Cape of Tempests, now of Hope renown'd.  
 Their glorious tale on Lisboa's shore to tell  
 Inspires each bosom with a rapt'rous swell ;  
 Now through their breasts the chilly tremors glide,  
 To dare once more the dangers dearly try'd——  
 Soon to the winds are these cold fears resign'd,  
 And all their country rushes on the mind ;  
 How sweet to view their native land, how sweet  
 The father, brother, and the bride to greet !  
 While listening round the hoary parent's board  
 The wondering kindred glow at every word ;  
 How sweet to tell what woes, what toils they bore,  
 The tribes and wonders of each various shore !  
 These thoughts, the traveller's loved reward, employ,  
 And swell each bosom with unutter'd <sup>1</sup> joy.

The

<sup>1</sup> *The joy of the fleet on the homeward departure from India.*—We are now come to that part of the *Lusiad*, which, in the conduct of the poem, is parallel to the great catastrophe of the *Iliad*, when on the death of Hector, Achilles thus addresses the Grecian army,

The queen of love, by heaven's eternal grace,  
 The guardian goddess of the Lusian race ;  
 The queen of love, elate with joy, survey  
 Her heroes, happy, plow the watery maze :  
 Their dreary toils revolving in her thought,  
 And all the woes by vengeful Bacchus wrought ;  
 These toils, these woes her yearning cares employ,  
 To bathe and balm in the streams of joy.  
 Amid the bosom of the watery waste,  
 Near where the bowers of paradise were <sup>m</sup> 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

—Ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring  
 The corpse of Hector, and your *peans* sing :  
 Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,  
 " *Hector* is dead, and *Ilium* is no more."

Our Portuguese poet, who in his machinery, and many other instances, has followed the manner of Virgil, now forsakes him. In a very bold and masterly spirit he now models his poem by the steps of Homer. What of the *Lusiad* yet remains, in poetical conduct, though not in an imitation of circumstances, exactly resembles the latter part of the *Iliad*. The games at the funeral of Patroclus, and the redemption of the body of Hector, are the completion of the rage of Achilles. In the same manner, the reward of the heroes, and the consequences of their expedition, complete the unity of the *Lusiad*. I cannot say it appears that Milton ever read our poet (though Fanthaw's translation was published in his time) ; yet no instance can be given of a more striking resemblance of plan and conduct, than may be produced in two principal parts of the poem of Camoens, and of the *Paradise Lost*. Of this however hereafter in its proper place.

<sup>m</sup> *Near where the bowers of paradise were placed*.—According to the opinion of those who place the garden of Eden near the mountains of Imaus, from whence the Ganges and Indus derive their source.

And there before their raptur'd view to raise  
The heaven-topt column of their deathless praise.

The goddess now ascends her silver car,  
Bright was its hue as love's translucent star;  
Beneath the reins the stately birds, that sing  
Their sweet-toned death-song, spread the snowy wing;  
The gentle winds beneath her chariot sigh,  
And virgin blushes purple o'er the sky:  
On milk white pinions borne, her cooing doves  
Form playful circles round her as she moves;  
And now their beaks in fondling kisses join,  
In amorous nods their fondling necks entwine.  
O'er fair Idalia's bowers the goddess rode,  
And by her altars fought Idalia's god:  
The youthful bowyer of the heart was there;  
His falling kingdom claim'd his earnest<sup>n</sup> care.

His

<sup>n</sup> *His falling kingdom claim'd his earnest care*—This fiction, in poetical conduct, bears a striking resemblance to the digressive histories, with which Homer enriches and adorns his poems, particularly to the beautiful description of the feast of the gods with the blameless Ethiopians. It also contains a masterly commentary on the machinery of the *Lusiad*. The divine love conducts Gama to India. The same divine love is represented as preparing to reform the corrupted world, when its attention is particularly called to bestow a foretaste of immortality on the heroes of the expedition which discovered the eastern world. Nor do the wild phantastic loves, mentioned in this little episode, afford any objection against this explanation, an explanation which is expressly given in the episode itself. These wild phantastic amours signify, in the allegory, the wild sects of different enthusiasts, which spring up under the wings of the best and most rational institutions; and which, however contrary to each other, all agree in deriving their authority from the same source.

His bands he musters, through the myrtle groves  
 On buxom wings he trains the little loves.  
 Against the world, rebellious and astray,  
 He means to lead them, and resume his sway:  
 For base-born passions, at his shrine 'twas told,  
 Each nobler transport of the breast controll'd.  
 A young Actæon, scornful of his <sup>o</sup> lore,  
 Morn after morn pursues the foamy boar,

In

\* *A young Actæon*—The French translator has the following characteristic note: “This passage is an eternal monument of the freedoms taken by Camões, and at the same time a proof of the imprudence of poets; an authentic proof of that prejudice which sometimes blinds them, notwithstanding all the light of their genius. The modern Actæon, of whom he speaks, was king Sebastian. He loved the chase; but that pleasure, which is one of the most innocent, and one of the most noble we can possibly taste, did not at all interrupt his attention to the affairs of state, and did not render him savage as our author pretends. On this point the historians are rather to be believed. And what would the lot of princes be, were they allowed no relaxation from their toils, while they allow that privilege to their people? Subjects as we are, let us venerate the amusements of our sovereigns; let us believe that the august cares for our good, which employ them, follow them often even to the very bosom of their pleasures.”

Many are the strokes in the Lusiad which must endear the character of Camões to every reader of sensibility. The noble freedom and manly indignation with which he mentions the foible of his prince, and the flatterers of his court, would do honour to the greatest names of Greece or Rome. While the shadow of freedom remained in Portugal, the greatest men of that nation, in the days of Lusian heroism, thought and conducted themselves in the spirit of Camões. A noble anecdote of this brave spirit offers itself. Alonzo IV. surnamed *the brave*, ascended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleasures of the chase engrossed all his attention. His confidants and favourites encouraged, and allured him to it. His time was spent in the forests of *Cintra*, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their sovereign in ignorance. His presence, at last, being necessary at Lisbon,

he

In desert wilds devoted to the chase :  
 Each dear enchantment of the female face  
 Spurn'd and neglected : him enraged he sees,  
 And sweet, and dread his punishment decrees.  
 Before his ravish'd fight, in sweet surprize,  
 Naked in all her charms shall Dian rise ;  
 With love's fierce flames his frozen heart shall burn,  
 Coldly his suit, the nymph, unmoved, shall spurn.

Of

he entered the council with all the brisk impetuosity of a young sportsman, and with great familiarity and gaiety entertained his nobles with the history of a whole month spent in hunting, in fishing, and shooting. When he had finished his narrative, a nobleman of the first rank rose up : Courts and camps, said he, were allotted for kings, not woods and deserts. Even the affairs of private men suffer when recreation is preferred to business. But when the charms of pleasure engross the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is consigned to ruin. We came here for other purposes than to hear the exploits of the chase, exploits which are only intelligible to grooms and falconers. If your majesty will attend to the wants and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects ; if not—— The king, starting with rage, interrupted him, if not, what—— If not, resumed the nobleman, in a firm tone, they will look for another and a better king. Alonzo, in the highest transport of passion, expressed his resentment, and hasted out of the room. In a little while however he returned, calm and reconciled. I perceive, said he, the truth of what you say. He who will not execute the duties of a king, cannot long have good subjects. Remember, from this day, you have nothing more to do with Alonzo the sportsman, but with Alonzo the king of Portugal. His majesty was as good as his promise, and became as a warrior and politician, one of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

¶ *With love's fierce flames his frozen heart shall burn*——“ It is said, that “ upon the faith of a portrait, Don Sebastian fell in love with Margaret of “ France, daughter of Henry II. and demanded her in marriage, but was “ refused. The Spaniards treated him no less unfavourably, for they also “ rejected his proposals for one of the daughters of Philip II. Our author “ considers these refusals as the punishment of Don Sebastian's excessive at-  
 “ tachment

Of these loved dogs that now his passions sway,  
 Ah, may he never fall the hapless prey!

Enraged

“ tachment to the chace; but this is only a consequence of the prejudice  
 “ with which he viewed the amusements of his sovereign. The truth is,  
 “ these princesses were refused for political reasons, and not with any re-  
 “ gard to the manner in which he filled up his moments of leisure.”

Thus Castera, who, with the same spirit of sagacity, starts and answers  
 the following objections: “ But here is a difficulty: Camoens wrote du-  
 “ ring the life of Don Sebastian, but the circumstance he relates (*the return*  
 “ *of Gama*) happened several years before, under the reign of Emmanuel.  
 “ How therefore could he say that Cupid then saw Don Sebastian at the  
 “ chace, when that prince was not then born? the answer is easy: Cupid  
 “ in the allegory of this work, represents the love of God, the Holy  
 “ Spirit, who is God himself. Now the divinity admits of no distinction of  
 “ time; one glance of his eye beholds the past, the present, and the fu-  
 “ ture; every thing is present before him.”

This defence of the fiction of Actæon, is not more absurd than useless.  
 The free and bold spirit of poetry, and in particular the nature of allegory,  
 defend it. The poet might easily have said, that Cupid *forsook*; but had  
 he said so his satire had been much less genteel. As the sentiments of Cas-  
 tera on this passage are extremely characteristical of the French ideas, ano-  
 ther note from him will perhaps be agreeable. “ Several Portuguese wri-  
 “ ters have remarked, says he, that one wish

Of these loved dogs that now his passions sway,  
 Ah! may he never fall the hapless prey!

“ Had in it an air of prophecy; and fate, in effect, seemed careful to ac-  
 “ complish it, in making the presaged woes to fall upon Don Sebastian. If  
 “ he did not fall a prey to his pack of hounds, we may however say that  
 “ he was devoured by his favourites, who misled his youth and his great  
 “ soul. But at any rate our poet has carried his similitude too far. It was  
 “ certainly injurious to Don Sebastian, who nevertheless had the bounty  
 “ not only not to punish this audacity, but to reward the just eulogies  
 “ which the author had bestowed on him in other places. As much as the  
 “ indiscretion of Camoens ought to surprise us, as much ought we to ad-  
 “ mire the generosity of his master.”

This foppery, this slavery in thinking, cannot fail to rouse the indigna-  
 tion of every manly breast, when the facts are fairly stated. Don Sebas-  
 tian,

Enraged he sees a venal herd, the <sup>9</sup> shame  
 Of human race, assume the titled name ;  
 And each, for some base interest of his own,  
 With flattery's manna'd lips assail the throne.  
 He sees the men, whom holiest fancies bind  
 To poverty, and love of human kind ;  
 While soft as drop the dews of balmy May,  
 Their words preach virtue and her charms display,  
 He sees their eyes with lust of gold on fire,  
 And every wish to lordly state aspire ;  
 He sees them trim the lamp at night's mid hour,  
 To plan new laws to arm the regal power ;

Sleepless

tian, who ascended the throne when a child, was a prince of great abilities and great spirit, but his youth was poisoned with the most romantic ideas of military glory. The affairs of state were left to his ministers (*for whose character see the next note*), his other studies were neglected, and military exercises, of which he not unjustly esteemed the chace a principal, were almost his sole employ. Camöens beheld this romantic turn, and in a genteel allegorical satire foreboded its consequences. The wish, that his prince might not fall the prey of his favourite passion, was in vain. In a rash, ill-concerted expedition into Africa, Don Sebastian lost his crown in his twenty-fifth year, an event which soon after produced the fall of the Portuguese empire. Had the nobility possessed the spirit of Camöens, had they, like him, endeavoured to check the quixotry of a young generous prince, that prince might have reigned long and happy, and Portugal might have escaped the Spanish yoke, which soon followed the defeat at Alcazar; a yoke which sunk Portugal into an abyss of misery, from which, in all probability, she will never emerge in her former splendor.

<sup>9</sup> *Enraged he sees a venal herd, the shame*

*Of human race, assume the titled name——*

"After having ridiculed all the pleasures of Don Sebastian, the author now proceeds to his courtiers, to whom he has done *no injustice*. Those who are acquainted with the Portuguese history, will readily acknowledge "this." *C. f. e. r. a.*



Sleepless at night's mid hour to raze the laws,  
 The sacred bulwarks of the peoples' cause,  
 Fram'd ere the blood of hard-earn'd victory  
 On their brave fathers' helm-hack't swords was dry.

Nor these alone, each rank, debas'd 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 inflame 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  
 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.

Already now began the vengeful war,  
 The witness of the god's benignant care;  
 On the hard bosoms of the stubborn <sup>r</sup> crowd  
 An arrowy shower the bowyer train bestow'd;

Pierced

<sup>r</sup> *On the hard bosoms of the stubborn crowd*—There is an elegance  
 in

Pierced by the whizzing shafts deep sighs the air,  
 And answering sighs the wounds of love declare.  
 'Though various featured and of various hue,  
 Each nymph seems loveliest in her lover's view;  
 Fired by the darts, by novice archers sped,  
 'Ten thousand wild fantastic loves are bred:  
 In wildest dreams the rustic hind aspires,  
 And haughtiest lords confess the humblest fires.

The snowy swans of love's celestial queen  
 Now land her chariot on the shore of green;  
 One knee display'd she treads the flowery strand,  
 The gather'd robe falls loosely from her hand;  
 Half-teen her bosom heaves the living snow,  
 And on her siniles the living roses glow.  
 The boyer god whose subtle shafts ne'er fly  
 Mistaim'd, in vain, in vain on earth or sky,  
 With rosy siniles the mother power receives;  
 Around her climbing, thick as ivy leaves,  
 The vassal loves in fond contention join  
 Who first and most shall kiss her hand divine.  
 Swift in her arms she caught her wanton boy,  
 And, oh, my son, she cries, my pride, my joy,

Against

in the original of this line, which the English language will not admit;

*Nos duros coragoens de plebe dura.*—

In the hard hearts of the hard vulgar.——

Against thy might the dreadful Typhon fail'd,  
Against thy shaft nor heaven, nor Jove prevail'd ;  
Unless thine arrow wake the young desires,  
My strength, my power, in vain each charm expires :  
My son, my hope, I claim thy powerful aid,  
Nor be the boon, thy mother sues, delay'd :  
Wher'er, so will th' eternal fates, wher'er  
The Lusian race the victor standards rear,  
There shall my hymns resound, my altars flame,  
And heavenly love her joyful lore proclaim.  
My Lusian heroes, as my Romans, brave,  
Long tost, long hopeless on the storm-torn wave,  
Wearied and weak, at last on India's shore  
Arrived, new toils, repose denied, they bore ;  
For Bacchus there with tenfold rage pursued  
My dauntless sons ; but now his might subdued,  
Amid these raging seas, the scene of woes,  
Theirs shall be now the balm of sweet repose ;  
Theirs every joy the noblest heroes claim,  
The raptur'd foretaste of immortal fame.  
Then bend thy bow and wound the Nereid train,  
The lovely daughters of the azure main ;  
And lead them, while they part 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 nectareous and immortal song :  
 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<sup>s</sup> shine ;  
 Thus shall the rebel world thy prowess know,  
 And what the boundless joys our friendly powers bestow.

She said; and smiling view'd her mighty boy ;  
 Swift to the chariot springs the god of joy ;  
 His ivory bow, and arrows tipt with gold,  
 Blaz'd to the sun-beam as the chariot roll'd :  
 Their silver harness shining to the day  
 The swans on milk-white pinions spring away,  
 Smooth gliding o'er the clouds of lovely blue ;  
 And fame,<sup>t</sup> so will'd the god, before them flew :

A giant

<sup>s</sup> Thus from my native waves a hero line

Shall rise, and o'er the east illustrious shine——

“ By the line of heroes to be produced by the union of the Portuguese with the Nereids, is to be understood the other Portuguese, who, following the steps of Gama, established illustrious colonies in India.”  
 —Castera.

<sup>t</sup> And fame——a giant goddess——This passage affords a striking instance of the judgment of Camöens. Virgil's celebrated description of fame, (see p. 126.) is in his eye, but he copies it, as Virgil, in his best imitations, copies after Homer. He adopts some circumstances, but by adding others, he makes a new picture, which justly may be called his own.

A giant goddess, whose ungovern'd tongue  
 With equal zeal proclaims or right or wrong ;  
 Oft had her lips the god of love blasphem'd,  
 And oft with tenfold praise his conquests nam'd :  
 An hundred eyes she rolls with ceaseless care,  
 And thousand tongues what these behold declare :  
 Fleet is her flight, the lightning's wing she rides,  
 And though she shifts her colours swift as glides  
 'The April rainbow, still the crowd she guides.  
 And now aloft her wondering voice she rais'd,  
 And with a thousand glowing tongues she prais'd  
 The bold discoverers of the eastern world——  
 In gentle swells the listening surges curl'd,  
 And murmur'd to the sounds of plaintive love  
 Along the grottoes where the Nereids rove.  
 'The drowsy power on whose smooth easy mien  
 'The smiles of wonder and delight are seen,  
 Whose glossy simpering eye bespeaks her name,  
 Credulity attends the goddess Fame.  
 Fired by the heroes praise, the watery <sup>u</sup> gods,  
 With ardent speed forsake their deep abodes ;

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C c

Their

<sup>u</sup> —— *The watery gods* —— To mention the gods in the masculine gender, and immediately to apply to them,

O peito feminil, que levemente  
 Muda quay'squer propositos tomados.—

The ease with which the female breast changes its resolutions, may to the hypercritic appear reprehensible. The expression however is classical, and  
 therefore

Their rage by vengeful Bacchus rais'd of late,  
 Now stung remorse, and love succeeds to hate.  
 Ah, where remorse in female bosom bleeds,  
 The tenderest love in all its glow succeeds.  
 When fancy glows, how strong, O love, thy power!  
 Nor slipt the eager god the happy hour;  
 Swift fly his arrows o'er the billowy main,  
 Wing'd with his fires, nor flies a shaft in vain:  
 Thus, ere the face the lover's breast inspires,  
 The voice of fame awakes the soft desires.  
 While from the bow-string start the shafts divine,  
 His ivory moon's wide horns incessant join,  
 Swift twinkling to the view; and wide he pours  
 Omnipotent in love his arrowy showers.  
 E'en Thetis self confess the tender smart,  
 And pour'd the murmurs of the wounded heart:  
 Soft o'er the billows pants the amorous sigh;  
 With wishful languor melting on each eye  
 The love-sick nymphs explore the tardy sails  
 That waft the heroes on the lingering gales.

Give way, ye lofty billows, low subside,  
 Smooth as the level plain, your swelling pride,

Lo,

therefore retained. Virgil uses it, where Æneas is conducted by Venus through the flames of Troy;

Descendo, ac ducente deo, flammam inter et hostes  
 Expedior——

This is in the manner of the Greek poets, who use the word θεός or god or goddess.

Lo, Venus comes ! Oh, soft, ye furies, sleep,  
 Smooth be the bosom of the azure deep,  
 Lo, Venus comes ! and in her vigorous train  
 She brings the healing balm of love-sick pain.  
 White as her swans <sup>v</sup>, and stately as they rear  
 Their snowy crests when o'er the lake they steer,  
 Slow moving on, behold, the fleet appears,  
 And o'er the distant billow onward steers.  
 The beautiful Nereids flush'd in all their charms  
 Surround the goddess of the soft alarms :  
 Right to the isle she leads the smiling train,  
 And all her arts her balmy lips explain ;  
 The fearful languor of the asking eye,  
 The lovely blush of yielding modesty,  
 The grieving look, the sigh, the favouring smile,  
 And all the endearments of the open wile,  
 She taught the nymphs——in willing breasts that heaved  
 To hear her lore, her lore the nymphs received.

As now triumphant to their native shore  
 Through the wide deep the joyful navy bore,  
 Earnest the pilot's eyes sought cape or bay,  
 For long was yet the various watery way ;

C c 2

Sought

<sup>v</sup> *White as her swans*——A distant fleet compared to swans on a lake is certainly an happy thought. The allusion to the pomp of Venus, whose agency is immediately concerned, gives it besides a peculiar propriety. This simile however is not in the original. It is adopted from an uncommon happiness of Fanshaw ;

The pregnant *swans* on Neptune's surface creep,  
 Like her own *swans*, in *galleys*, *cut-ship*, and *fisher*.

Sought cape or isle from whence their boats might bring  
 The healthful bounty of the crystal spring:  
 When sudden, all in nature's pride array'd,  
 The isle of love its glowing breast display'd.  
 O'er the green bosom of the dewy lawn  
 Soft blazing flow'd the silver of the dawn,  
 The gentle waves the glowing lustre share,  
 Arabia's balm<sup>h</sup> was sprinkled o'er the air.  
 Before the fleet, to catch the heroes view,  
 The floating isle fair Acidalia drew:  
 Soon as the floating verdure caught their <sup>x</sup> sight,  
 She fixt, unmov'd, the island of delight.  
 So when in child-birth of her Jove-sprung load,  
 The sylvan goddess and the bowyer god,  
 In friendly pity of Latona's woes <sup>y</sup>,  
 Amid the waves the Delian isle arose.

And

<sup>x</sup> *Soon as the floating verdure caught their sight*—As the departure of Gama from India was abrupt (see the preface) he put into one of the beautiful islands of Anchediva for fresh water. While he was here careening his ships, says Faria, a pirate named Timoja, attacked him with eight small vessels, so linked together and covered with boughs, that they formed the appearance of a floating island. This, says Castera, afforded the fiction of the floating island of Venus, “The fictions of Camoens, says he, *sont d'autant plus merveilleuses, qu'elles ont toutes leur fondement dans l'histoire*, are the “more marvellous, because they are all founded in history. It is not difficult to find why he makes his island of Anchediva to wander on the “waves; it is in allusion to a singular event related by Barros.” He then proceeds to the story of Timoja, as if the genius of Camoens stood in need of so weak an assistance.

<sup>y</sup> *In friendly pity of Latona's woes*—Latona, in pregnancy by Jupiter, was persecuted by Juno, who sent the serpent Python in pursuit of her. Neptune, in pity of her distress, raised the island of Delos for her refuge, where she was delivered of Apollo and Diana.—OVID. MET.



And now led smoothly o'er the furrow'd tide,  
Right to the isle of joy the vessels glide :  
The bay they enter, where on every hand,  
Around them clasps the flower-enamell'd land ;  
A safe retreat, where not a blast may shake  
Its fluttering pinions o'er the stilly lake.  
With purple shells, transfus'd as marble veins,  
The yellow sands celestial Venus stains.  
With graceful pride three hills of softest green  
Rear their fair bosoms o'er the sylvan scene ;  
Their sides embroider'd boast the rich array  
Of flowery shrubs in all the pride of May ;  
The purple lotos and the snowy thorn,  
And yellow pod-flowers every slope adorn.  
From the green summits of the leafy hills  
Descend with murmuring lapse three limpid rills ;  
Beneath the rose-trees loitering slow they glide,  
Now tumbles o'er some rock their crystal pride ;  
Sonorous now they roll adown the glade,  
Now plaintive tinkle in the secret shade,  
Now from the darkling grove, beneath the beam  
Of ruddy morn, like melted silver stream,  
Edging the painted margins of the bowers,  
And breathing liquid freshness on the flowers.  
Here bright reflected in the pool below  
The vermilion apples tremble on the bough ;  
Where o'er the yellow sands the waters sleep,  
The primrosed banks, inverted, dew drops weep ;

Where

Where murmuring o'er the pebbles purls the stream  
 The silver trouts in playful curvings gleam.  
 Long thus and various every riv'let strays,  
 Till closing now their long meandering maze,  
 Where in a smiling vale the mountains end,  
 Form'd in a crystal lake the waters <sup>z</sup> blend:  
 Fring'd was the border with a woodland shade,  
 In every leaf of various green array'd,  
 Each yellow-ting'd, each mingling tint between  
 The dark ash-verdure and the silvery green.  
 The trees now bending forward slowly shake  
 Their lofty honours o'er the crystal lake;  
 Now from the flood the graceful boughs retire  
 With coy reserve, and now again admire  
 Their various liveries by the summer drest,  
 Smooth-gloss'd and softened in the mirror's breast.  
 So by her glass the wishful virgin stays,  
 And oft retiring steals the lingering gaze.  
 A thousand boughs aloft to heaven display  
 Their fragrant apples shining to the day;

The

<sup>z</sup> *Form'd in a crystal lake the waters blend.*—Castro also attributes this to history. “The Portuguese actually found in this island, says he, a fine piece of water ornamented with hewn stones and magnificent aqueducts; an ancient and superb work, of which nobody knew the author.”

In 1505 Don Francisco Almeyda built a fort in this island. In digging among some ancient ruins he found many crucifixes of black and red colour, from whence the Portuguese conjectured, says Osorius, that the Anchedivian islands had in former ages been inhabited by christians. Vid. Osor. L. iv.

The orange here perfumes the buxom air,  
 And boasts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.  
 Near to the ground each spreading bough descends,  
 Beneath her yellow load the citron bends ;  
 The fragrant lemon scents the cool grove;  
 Fair as when ripening for the days of love  
 The virgin's breasts the gentle swell avow,  
 So the twin fruitage swell on every bough.

Wild

<sup>a</sup> *The orange here perfumes the buxom air,  
 And boasts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.—*

Frequent allusions to the fables of the ancients form a characteristic feature of the poetry of the 16th and 17th centuries. A profusion of it is pedantry; a moderate use of it, however, in a poem of these times pleases, because it discovers the stages of composition, and has in itself a fine effect, as it illustrates its subject by presenting the classical reader with some little landscapes of that country through which he has travelled. The description of forests is a favourite topic in poetry. Chaucer, Tasso, and Spenser, have been happy in it, but both have copied an admired passage in Statius;

———Cedit ardua fagus,  
 Chaoniumque nemus, brumæque illæfa cupressus;  
 Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta superemis,  
 Ornique, ilicæque trabes, metuendaque sulco  
 Taxus, & infandos belli potura cruores  
 Fraxinus, atque situ non expugnabile robur :  
 Hinc audax abies, & odio vulnere pinus  
 Scinditur, acclinant in tonsa cacumina terræ  
 Alnus amica fretis, nec inhospita vitibus ulmus.

In rural descriptions three things are necessary to render them poetical; the happiness of epithet, of picturesque arrangement, and of little landscape views. Without these, all the names of trees and flowers, though strung together in tolerable numbers, contain no more poetry than a nurseryman or a florist's catalogue. In Statius, in Tasso and Spenser's admired forests, (Gier. Liber. C. 3. St. 75, 76, and F. Queen, B. I. C. I. St. 8, 9) the poetry consists entirely in the happiness of the epithets. In Camöens, all the three requisites are admirably attained, and blended together.

Wild forest trees the mountain sides array'd  
With curling foliage and romantic shade :  
Here spreads the poplar, to Alcides dear ;  
And deer to Phœbus, ever verdant here,  
The laurel joins the bowers for ever green,  
The myrtle bowers belov'd of beauty's queen.  
To Jove the oak his wide spread branches rears ;  
And high to heaven the fragrant cedar bears ;  
Where through the glades appear the cavern'd rocks,  
The lofty pine-tree waves her fable locks ;  
Sacred to Cybele the whispering pine  
Loves the wild grottoes where the white cliffs shine ;  
Here towers the cypress, preacher to the wife,  
Lef's'ning from earth her spiral honours rise,  
Till, as a spear-point rear'd, the topmost spray  
Points to the Eden of eternal day.  
Here round her fostering elm the smiling vine  
In fond embraces gives her arms to twine ;  
The numerous clusters pendant from the boughs,  
The green here glistens, here the purple glows :  
For here the genial seasons of the year  
Danc'd hand in hand, no place for winter here ;  
His grisly visage from the shore expell'd,  
United sway the smiling seasons held.  
Around the swelling fruits of deepening red,  
Their snowy hues the fragrant blossoms spread ;  
Between the bursting buds of lucid green  
The apple's ripe vermilion blush is seen ;

For here each gift Pomona's hand bestows  
 In cultured garden, free, uncultured flows,  
 The flavour sweeter, and the hue more fair,  
 Than e'er was foster'd by the hand of care.  
 The cherry here in shining crimfon glows ;  
 And stain'd with lover's blood, in pendant rows,  
 The bending boughs the mulberries <sup>b</sup> o'erload ;  
 The bending boughs carefs'd by zephyr nod.  
 The generous peach, that strengthens in exile  
 Far from his native earth, the Persian foil,  
 The velvet peach of softest glossy blue  
 Hangs by the pomgranate of orange hue,  
 Whose open heart a brighter red displays  
 Than that which sparkles in the ruby's blaze.  
 Here, trembling with their weight, the branches bear,  
 Delicious as profuse, the tapering pear.  
 For thee, fair fruit, the songsters of the grove  
 With hungry bills from bower to arbour rove.  
 Ah, if ambitious thou wilt own the care  
 To grace the feast of heroes and the fair,

Soft

<sup>b</sup> *And stain'd with lover's blood, in pendant rows,  
 The bending boughs the mulberries o'erload ;*

——Pyramus and Thisbe :

Arborei fœtus aspergine cœdis in atram  
 Vertuntur faciem : madefactaque fanguine radix  
 Puniceo tingit pendentia mora colore . . . . .  
 At tu quo ramis arbor miserabile corpus  
 Nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum ;  
 Signa tene cœdis : pullosque et luctibus aptos  
 Semper habe fœtus gemini monumenta cruoris.

OVID. MET.

Soft let the leaves with grateful umbrage hide  
 The green-ting'd orange of thy mellow side.  
 A thousand flowers of gold, of white and red  
 Far o'er the shadowy <sup>c</sup> vale their carpets spread,  
 Of fairer tapestry, and of richer bloom,  
 Than ever glow'd in Persia's boasted loom :  
 As glittering rainbows o'er the verdure thrown,  
 O'er every woodland walk th' embroidery shone.  
 Here o'er the watery mirror's lucid bed  
 Narcissus, self-enamour'd, hangs the head ;  
 And here, bedew'd with love's celestial tears,  
 'The woe-market flower of slain Adonis <sup>d</sup> rears  
 Its purple head, prophetic of the reign  
 When lost Adonis shall revive again.

At

<sup>c</sup> — *The shadowy vale*—Literal from the original,—*O sombrio valle*,—which Fanshaw however has translated, “the gloomy valley,” and thus has given us a funeral, where the author intended a festive landscape. It must be confessed however, that the description of the island of Venus, is infinitely the best part of all Fanshaw's translation. And indeed the dullest prose translation might obscure, but could not possibly throw a total eclipse over so admirable an original.

<sup>d</sup> *The woe-market flower of slain Adonis—water'd by the tears of love.*—The Aenemone. “This, says Castera, is applicable to the celestial Venus, for “according to mythology, her amour with Adonis had nothing in it impure, but was only the love which nature bears to the sun.” The fables of antiquity have generally a three-fold interpretation, an historical allusion, a physical and a metaphysical allegory. In the latter view, the fable of Adonis is only applicable to the celestial Venus. A divine youth is outrageously slain, but shall revive again at the restoration of the golden age. Several nations, it is well known, under different names, celebrated the mysteries, or the death and resurrection of Adonis; among whom were the British Druids, as we are told by Dr. Stukely. In the same manner Cupid, in the fable of Psyche, is interpreted by mythologists, to signify the divine love weeping over the degeneracy of human nature.

At strife appear the lawns and purpled skies,  
 Which from each other stole the beauteous <sup>e</sup> dyes :  
 The lawn in all Aurora's lustre glows,  
 Aurora steals the blushes of the rose,  
 The rose displays the blushes that adorn  
 The spotless virgin on the nuptial morn.  
 Zephyr and Flora emulous conspire  
 To breathe their graces o'er the field's attire ;  
 The one gives healthful freshness, one the hue,  
 Fairer than e'er creative pencil drew.  
 Pale as the love-sick hopeless maid they dye  
 The modest violet ; from the curious eye  
 The modest violet turns her gentle head,  
 And by the thorn weeps o'er her lowly bed,  
 Bending beneath the tears of pearly dawn  
 The snow white lily glitters o'er the lawn ;  
 Lo, from the bough reclines the damask rose,  
 And o'er the lily's milk-white bosom glows.

Fresh

\* *At strife appear the lawns and purpled skies, which from each other stole the beauteous dyes.*—On this passage Castéra has the following sensible though turgid note : “ This thought, says he, is taken from the idyllium of Aufonius on “ the rose ;

“ Ambigeres raperetne rosis aurora ruborem,

“ An daret, & flores tingeret orta dies.

“ Camöens who had a genius rich of itself, still farther enriched it at the expense of the ancients. Behold what makes great authors ! those who “ pretend to give us nothing but the fruits of their own growth, soon fail, “ like the little rivulets which dry up in the summer ; very different from “ the floods, who receive in their course the tribute of an hundred and “ an hundred rivers, and which even in the dog-days carry their waves triumphant to the ocean.”

Fresh in the dew far o'er the painted dales,  
 Each fragrant herb her sweetest scent exhales.  
 The hyacinth bewrays the doleful <sup>f</sup> *Ai*,  
 And calls the tribute of Apollo's sigh;  
 Still on its bloom the mournful flower retains  
 The lovely blue that dy'd the stripling's veins.  
 Pomona fired with rival envy views  
 The glaring pride of Flora's darling hues;  
 Where Flora bids the purple iris spread,  
 She hangs the wilding's blossom white and red;  
 Where wild thyme purples, where the daisy snows  
 The curving slopes, the melon's pride she throws;  
 Where by the stream the lily of the vale,  
 Primrose, and cowslip meek, perfume the gale,  
 Beneath the lily and the cowslip's bell  
 The scarlet strawberries luxurious swell.  
 Nor these alone the teeming Eden yields,  
 Each harmless bestial crops the flowery fields;  
 And birds of every note and every wing  
 Their loves responsive through the branches sing:

In

<sup>f</sup>*The hyacinth bewrays the doleful Ai.*—Hyacinthus, a youth beloved of Apollo, by whom he was accidentally slain, and afterwards turned into a flower:

—— Tyrioque nitentior ostro

Flos oritur, formamque capit, quam lilia: si non,

Purpureus color huic, argenteus esset in illis.

Non fatis hoc Phæbo est: is enim fuit auctor honoris.

Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit; & Ai, Ai.

Flos habet inscriptum: funestaque littera ducta est. OVID. MET.



In sweet vibrations thrilling o'er the skies,  
 High pois'd in air, the lark his warbling tries ;  
 The swan flow sailing o'er the crystal lake  
 Tunes his melodious note ; from every brake  
 The glowing strain the nightingale returns,  
 And in the bowers of love the turtle mourns.  
 Pleased to behold his branching horns appear,  
 O'er the bright fountain bends the fearless deer ;  
 The hare starts trembling from the bushy shade,  
 And swiftly circling, crosses oft the glade.  
 Where from the rocks the bubbling founts distil,  
 The milk-white lambs come bleating down the hill ;  
 The dappled heifer seeks the vales below,  
 And from the thicket springs the bounding doe.  
 To his lov'd nest, on fondly fluttering wings,  
 In chirping bill the little songster brings  
 The food untasted ; transport thrills his breast ;  
 'Tis nature's touch ; 'tis instinct's heav'n-like feast.  
 Thus bower and lawn were deckt with Eden's flowers.  
 And song and joy imparadised the bowers.

And soon the fleet their ready anchors threw :  
 Lifted on the eager tip-toe at the view,  
 On nimble feet that bounded to the strand  
 The second Argonauts & elance to land.

Wide

‡ *The second Argonauts*—The expedition of the golden fleece was esteemed in ancient poetry, one of the most daring adventures, the success of which was accounted miraculous. The allusions of Camoens to this voyage, though in the spirit of his age, are by no means improper.

Wide o'er the beauteous isle<sup>h</sup> the lovely fair  
 Stray through the distant glades, devoid of care.

From

<sup>h</sup> *Wide o'er the beauteous isle the lovely fair*—We now come to the passage condemned by Voltaire as so lascivious, that no nation in Europe, except the Portuguese and Italians, could bear it. But the author of the detestable poem *La Pucelle d'Orleans*, talks of the island of Venus with that same knowledge of his subject with which he made Camoens, who was not then born, a companion to Gama in the expedition which discovered the route to India. Though Voltaire's cavils, I trust, are in general fully answered in the preface, a particular examination of the charge of indecency may not be unnecessary ere the reader enter upon the passage itself. No painter then, let it be remembered, was ever blamed for drawing the graces unveiled or naked. In sculpture, in painting, and poetry, it is not nakedness, it is the expression or manner only that offends decency. It is this which constitutes the difference between a Venus de Medicis and the lascivious paintings in the apartments of a Tiberius. The fate of Camoens has hitherto been very peculiar. The mixture of Pagan and christian mythology in his machinery has been anathematized, and his island of love represented as a brothel. Yet both accusations are the arrogant assertions of the most superficial acquaintance with his works, a *besetting*, echoed from critic to critic. His poem itself, and a comparison of its parts with the similar conduct of the greatest modern poets, will clearly evince, that in both instances no modern epic writer of note has given less offence to true criticism.

Not to mention Ariosto, whose descriptions will often admit of no palliation, Tasso, Spenser, and Milton, have always been esteemed as the chastest of poets, yet in the delicacy of warm description, the inartificial modesty of nature, none of them can boast the continued uniformity of the Portuguese poet. Though there is a warmth in the colouring of Camoens, which even the genius of Tasso has not reached; and though the island of Armida is evidently copied from the Lusiad, yet those who are possessed of the finer feelings, will easily discover an essential difference between the love-scenes of the two poets, a difference greatly in favour of the delicacy of the former. Though the nymphs in Camoens are detected naked in the woods and in the stream, and though desirous to captivate, still their behaviour is that of the virgin, who hopes to be the spouse. They act the part of offended modesty; even when they yield they are silent, and behave in every respect like Milton's eve in the state of innocence, who

—What was honour knew—

And who displayed

Her

From lowly valley and from mountain grove  
The lovely nymphs renew the strains of love.

Here

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be wooed, and not unfought be won.

To sum up all, the nuptial sanctity draws its hallowed curtains, and a masterly allegory shuts up the love-scenes of Camoens.

How different from all this is the island of *Armida* in Tasso, and its translation, the bower of *Acrasia*, in Spenser! In these virtue is seduced; the scene therefore is less delicate. The nymphs, while they are bathing, in place of the modesty of the bride as in Camoens, employ all the arts of the lascivious wanton. They stay not to be wooed; but, as Spencer gives it,

*The amorous faveet spoils to greedy eyes reveal.*

One stanza from our English poet, which however is rather fuller than the original, shall here suffice:

Withal she laughed and she blush'd withal,  
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,  
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.  
Now when they spy'd the knight to slack his pace,  
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face  
*The secret signs of kindling lust appear,*  
Their wanton merriments they did increase,  
And to him becken'd to approach more near,  
*And shew'd him many sights, that courage cold could rear.*

This and other descriptions,

Upon a bed of roses she was laid  
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin.—

present every idea of lascivious voluptuousness. The allurements of speech are also added. Songs, which breathe every persuasive, are heard; and the nymphs boldly call to the beholder;

*E' dolce campo di battaglia il letto  
Fiavi, e l'herbetta morbida de' prati.— TASSO.*

Our field of battle is the downy bed,  
Our flowery turf amid the smiling mead.— HOOLE.

These,

Here from the bowers that crown the plaintive rill  
The solemn harp's melodious warblings thrill;

Here

These, and the whole scenes in the domains of Armida and Acrasia, are in a turn of manner the reverse of the island of Venus. They are the scenes of guilt and remorse. In Camoens, the supposition of the purest honour and innocence gives a nameless delicacy; and though the colouring be warm, yet the modesty of the Venus de Medicis is still preserved. In every thing he describes there is still something strongly similar to the modest attitude of the arms of that celebrated statue. Though prudery, that usual mark of the impurest minds, may condemn him, yet those of the most chaste, though less gloomy turn, will allow, that in comparison with others, he might say,—*Virginibus puerisque canto*.

Spenser also, where he does not follow Tasso, is often gross; and even in some instances, where the expression is more delicate, the picture is nevertheless indecently lascivious. The third and fourth of the five concluding stanzas, which in his second edition he added to the third book of the Faerie Queene, afford a striking example. The virgin *Britomart*, the pattern of chastity, stands by, while Sir *Scudamore* and *Amoret*,

————— With sweet countervaile  
Each other of love's bitter fruit despoile—

But this shall not here be cited; only,

That *Britomart*, half envying their blest,  
Was much empassion'd in her gentle sprite,  
And to herself oft wish'd like happiness;  
In vain she wish'd, that fate n'ould let her yet possess,

Nor is even Spenser's wife of Malbecco more indelicate than some lines of the Paradise Lost. The reply of the angel to Adam's description of his nuptials, contains some strokes intolerably disgusting. And the first effect of the forbidden fruit offers a remarkable contrast to that delicacy of expression which adorns the first loves of Adam and Eve. If there is propriety however in thus representing the amours of guilty intoxication, by which figure Milton calls it, some of the terms of expression are still indefensibly indelicate. In a word, so unjust is the censure of Voltaire, a censure which never arose from a comparison of Camoens with other poets, and so ill-grounded is the charge against him, that we cannot but admire his superior delicacy; a delicacy not even understood in his age, when the grossest

Here from the shadows of the upland grot  
 The mellow lute renews the swelling note.  
 As fair Diana and her virgin train  
 Some gaily ramble o'er the flowery plain,  
 In feign'd pursuit of hare or bounding roe,  
 Their graceful mien and beauteous limbs to shew;  
 Now seeming careless, fearful now and coy,  
 (So taught the goddess of unutter'd joy,)  
 And gliding through the distant glades display  
 Each limb, each movement, naked as the day.  
 Some light with glee in careless freedom take  
 Their playful revels in the crystal lake;  
 One trembling stands no deeper than the knee  
 To plunge reluctant, while in sportful glee  
 Another o'er her sudden laves the tide;  
 In pearly drops the wishful waters glide,  
 Reluctant dropping from her breasts of snow;  
 Beneath the wave another seems to glow;  
 The amorous waves her bosom fondly kiss'd,  
 And rose and fell, as panting, on her breast.

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D d

Another

grossest imagery often found a place in the pulpits of the most pious divines; when in the old liturgy itself it was esteemed no indelicacy of expression to enjoin the wife *to be buxom in bed and at board*. We know what liberties were taken by the politest writers of the Augustan age; and such is the change of manners, that Shakespeare and Spenser might with justice appeal from the judgment of the present, when it condemns them for indecency. Camöens, however, may appeal to the most polished age; let him be heard for himself, let him be compared with others of the first name, and his warmest descriptions need not dread the decision.

Another swims along with graceful pride,  
 Her silver arms the glistening waves divide,  
 Her shining sides the fondling waters lave,  
 Her glowing cheeks are brighten'd by the wave,  
 Her hair, of mildest yellow, flows from side  
 To side, as o'er it plays the wanton tide ;  
 And careless as she turns, her thighs of snow  
 Their tapering rounds in deeper lustre shew.

Some gallant Lusians fought the woodland prey,  
 And through the thickets forced the pathless way ;  
 And some in shades impervious to the beam,  
 Supinely listen'd to the murmuring stream :  
 When sudden through the boughs the various dyes  
 Of pink, of scarlet, and of azure rise.  
 Swift from the verdant banks the loiterers spring,  
 Down drops the arrow from the half drawn string :  
 Soon they behold 'twas not the rose's hue,  
 The jonquil's yellow, nor the pansie's blue :  
 Dazzling the shades the nymphs appear—the zone  
 And flowing scarf in gold and azure shone.  
 Naked as Venus stood in Ida's bower,  
 Some trust the dazzling charms of native power ;  
 Through the green boughs and darkling shades they shew  
 The shining lustre of their native snow,  
 And every tapering, every rounded swell  
 Of thigh, of bosom, as they glide, reveal.

As visions cloath'd in dazzling white they rise,  
Then steal unnoted from the flurried eyes :  
Again apparent, and again withdrawn,  
They shine and wanton o'er the smiling lawn.  
Amazed and lost in rapture of surprize,  
All joy, my friends, the brave VELOSO cries,  
Whate'er of goddesſes old fable told,  
Or poet ſung of ſacred groves, behold:  
Sacred to goddeſſes divinely bright  
Theſe beauteous foreſts own their guardian might.  
From eyes profane, from every age conceal'd,  
To us, behold, all paradife reveal'd !  
Swift let us try if phantoms of the air,  
Or living charms appear, divinely fair !  
Swift at the word the gallant Luſians bound,  
Their rapid footſteps ſcarcely touch the ground ;  
Through copſe, through brake, impatient of their prey,  
Swift as the wounded deer they ſpring away :  
Fleet through the winding ſhades in rapid flight  
The nymphs as wing'd with terror fly their fight.  
Fleet though they fled the mild reverted eye,  
And dimpling ſmile their ſeeming fear deny.  
Fleet through the ſhades in parted route they glide :  
If winding path the choſen pairs divide,  
Another path by ſweet miſtake betrays,  
And throws the lover on the lover's gaze :  
If dark-brow'd bower conceal the lovely fair,  
The laugh, the ſhriek, confeſs the charmer there.

Luxurious here the wanton zephyrs toy,  
 And every fondling favouring art employ.  
 Fleet as the fair ones speed, the busy gale  
 In wanton frolic lifts the trembling veil;  
 White through the veil, in fairer brighter glow  
 The lifted robe displays the living snow:  
 Quick fluttering on the gale the robe conceals,  
 Then instant to the glance each charm reveals,  
 Reveals, and covers from the eyes on fire,  
 Reveals, and with the shade inflames desire.  
 One, as her breathless lover hastens on,  
 With wily stumble sudden lies o'erthrown;  
 Confus'd, she rises with a blushing smile;  
 The lover falls the captive of her guile:  
 Tript by the fair he tumbles on the mead,  
 The joyful victim of his eager speed.

Afar, where sport the wantons in the lake,  
 Another band of gallant youths betake;  
 The laugh, the shriek, the revel and the toy,  
 Bespeak the innocence of youthful joy:  
 The laugh, the shriek, the gallant Lusians hear,  
 As through the forest glades they chace the deer;  
 For arm'd to chace the bounding roe they came,  
 Unhop'd the transport of a nobler game.  
 The naked wantons, as the youths appear,  
 Shrill through the woods resound the shriek of fear.

Some



Some feign such terror of the forced embrace,  
Their virgin modesty to this gives place,  
Naked they spring to land and speed away  
To deepest shades unpierc'd by glaring day,  
Thus yielding freely to the amorous eyes  
What to the amorous arms their fear denies.  
Some well assume Diana's virgin shame,  
When on her naked sports the hunter<sup>i</sup> came  
Unwelcome——plunging in the crystal tide,  
In vain they strive their beauteous limbs to hide;  
The lucid waves, 'twas all they could, bestow  
A milder lustre and a softer glow.  
As lost in earnest care of future need,  
Some to the banks to snatch their mantles speed,  
Of present view regardless; every wile  
Was yet, and every net of amorous guile.  
Whate'er the terror of the feign'd alarm,  
Display'd, in various force, was every charm.  
Nor idle stood the gallant youth; the wing  
Of rapture lifts them, to the fair they spring;  
Some to the cove pursue their lovely prey;  
Some cloath'd and shod, impatient of delay,  
Impatient of the stings of fierce desire,  
Plunge headlong in the tide to quench their fire.  
So when the fowler to his cheek uprears  
The hollow steel, and on the mallard bears,

His

<sup>i</sup> The hunter——Acteon.

His eager dog, ere bursts the flashing roar,  
 Fierce for the prey springs headlong from the shore,  
 And barking cuts the wave with furious joy :  
 So mid the billow springs each eager boy,  
 Springs to the nymph whose eyes from all the rest  
 By singling him her secret wish confest.

A son of Mars was there, of generous race,  
 His every elegance of manly grace ;  
 Amorous and brave, the bloom of April youth  
 Glow'd on his cheek, his eye spoke simplest truth ;  
 Yet love, capricious to th' accomplish'd boy,  
 Had ever turn'd to gall each promis'd joy,  
 Had ever spurn'd his vows ; yet still his heart  
 Would hope, and nourish still the tender smart :  
 The purest delicacy fann'd his fires,  
 And proudest honour nurs'd his fond desires.  
 Not on the first that fair before him glow'd,  
 Not on the first the youth his love bestow'd.  
 In all her charms the fair Ephyre came,  
 And Leonardo's heart was all on flame.  
 Affection's melting transport o'er him stole,  
 And love's all generous glow intranced his soul ;  
 Of selfish joy unconscious, every thought  
 On sweet delirium's ocean stream'd afloat.  
 Pattern of beauty did Ephyre shine,  
 Nor less she wish'd these beauties to resign :

More

More than her sisters long'd her heart to yield,  
Yet swifter fled she o'er the smiling field.  
The youth now panting with the hopeless chase,  
Oh turn, he cries, Oh turn thy angel face:  
False to themselves can charms like these conceal  
The hateful rigour of relentless steel;  
And did the stream deceive me when I stood  
Amid my peers reflected in the flood?  
The easiest port and fairest bloom I bore——  
False was the stream——while I in vain deplore,  
My peers are happy; lo, in every shade,  
In every bower, their love with love repaid!  
I, I alone through brakes, through thorns pursue  
A cruel fair——Ah, still my fate proves true,  
True to its rigour——who, fair nymph, to thee  
Reveal'd, 'twas I that sued! unhappy me!  
Born to be spurn'd though honesty inspire——  
Alas, I faint, my languid sinews tire;  
Oh stay thee——powerless to sustain their weight  
My knees sink down, I sink beneath my fate!  
He spoke; a rustling urges through the trees,  
Instant new vigour strings his active knees,  
Wildly he glares around, and raging cries,  
And must another snatch my lovely prize!  
In savage grasp thy beauteous limbs constrain!  
I feel, I madden while I feel the pain!  
Oh lost, thou flyest the safety of my arms,  
My hand shall guard thee, softly seize thy charms,

No

No brutal rage inflames me, yet I burn!  
Die shall thy ravisher—Oh goddess, turn,  
And smiling view the error of my fear;  
No brutal force, no ravisher is near;  
A harmless roebuck gave the rustling sounds;  
Lo, from the thicket swift as thee he bounds!  
Ah, vain the hope to tire thee in the chace!  
I faint, yet hear, yet turn thy lovely face.  
Vain are thy fears; were even thy will to yield  
The harvest of my hope, that harvest field  
My fate would guard, and walls of brass would rear  
Between my fickle and the golden ear.  
Yet fly me not; so may thy youthful prime  
Ne'er fly thy cheek on the grey wing of time.  
Yet hear, the last my panting breath can say,  
Nor proudest kings, nor mightiest hosts can sway  
Fate's dread decrees; yet thou, O nymph divine,  
Yet thou canst more, yet thou canst conquer mine.  
Unmoved each other yielding nymph I see;  
Joy to their lovers, for they touch not thee!  
But thee—Oh, every transport of desire,  
That melts to mingle with its kindred fire,  
For thee respire—alone I feel for thee  
The dear wild rage of longing extacy:  
By all the flames of sympathy divine  
To thee united, thou by right art mine.  
From thee, from thee the hallowed transport flows  
That fevered rages, and for union glows;

Heaven owns the claim—Hah, did the lightning glare :  
 Yes, I beheld my rival, though the air  
 Grew dim ; even now I heard him softly tread ;  
 Oh rage, he waits thee on the flowery bed !  
 I see, I see thee rushing to his arms,  
 And sinking on his bosom, all thy charms  
 To him resigning in an eager kiss,  
 All I implored, the whelming tide of bliss !  
 And shall I see him riot on thy charms,  
 Dissolved in joy exulting in thine arms——  
 Oh burst, ye lightnings, round my destin'd head,  
 Oh pour your flashes——Madning as he said,  
 Amid the windings of the bowery wood  
 His trembling footsteps still the nymph pursued.

Wooded

\* *His trembling footsteps still the nymph pursued.*——At the end of his Homer Mr. Pope has given an index of the instances of imitative and sentimental harmony contained in his translations. He has also often in his notes pointed out the adaption of sound to sense. The translator of the *Lusiad* hopes he may for once say, that he has not been inattentive to this great essential of good versification ; how he has succeeded the judicious only must determine. The speech of Leonard to the curfory reader may perhaps sometimes appear careless, and sometimes turgid and stiff. That speech, however, is an attempt at the imitative and sentimental harmony, and with the judicious he rests its fate. As the translation in this instance exceeds the original in length, the objection of a foreign critic requires attention. An old purfy Abbé, (and critics are apt to judge by themselves) may indeed be surprized that a man out of breath with running should be able to talk so long. But had he consulted the experience of others, he would have found it was no wonderful matter for a stout and young Cavalier to talk twice as much, though fatigued with the chase of a couple of miles, provided the supposition is allowed, that he treads on the last steps of his flying mistress.

Wooded to the flight she wing'd her speed to hear  
His amorous accents melting on her ear.

And now she turns the wild walk's serpent maze ;

A roseate bower its velvet couch displays ;

The thickest moss its softest verdure spread,

Crocus and mingling pansie fring'd the bed,

The woodbine dropt its honey from above,

And various roses crown'd the sweet alcove.

Here as she hastens, on the hopeless boy

She turns her face all bathed in smiles of joy ;

Then, sinking down, her eyes, sufficed with love

Glowing on his, one moment lost reprove.

Here was no rival, all he wish'd his own ;

Lock'd in her arms soft sinks the stripling down——

Ah, what soft murmurs panting through the bowers

Sigh'd to the raptures of the paramours ;

The wishful sigh and melting smile conspire,

Devouring kisses fan the fiercer fire ;

Sweet violence with dearest grace assails,

Soft o'er the purpos'd frown the smile prevails ;

The purpos'd frown betrays its own deceit,

In well-pleas'd laughter ends the rising threat ;

The coy delay glides off in yielding love,

And transport murmurs through the sacred grove.

The joy of pleasing adds its sacred zest,

And all is love, embracing and embraced.

The golden morn beheld the scenes of joy ;  
Nor, sultry noon, mayst thou the bowers annoy ;  
The sultry noon-beam shines the lover's aid,  
And sends him glowing to the secret shade.  
O'er every shade and every nuptial bower  
The love-sick strain the virgin turtles pour ;  
For nuptial faith and holy rites combin'd,  
The Lusian heroes and the nymphs conjoin'd.  
With flowery wreaths, and laurel chaplets, bound  
With ductile gold, the nymphs the heroes crown'd :  
By every spousal holy ritual tyed,  
No chance they vow shall e'er their hands divide,  
In life, in death, attendant as their fame ;  
Such was the oath of ocean's sovereign dame :  
The dame (from heaven and holy Vesta sprung,  
For ever beauteous and for ever young,)  
Enraptured views the chief whose deathless name  
The wondering world and conquer'd seas proclaim.  
With stately pomp she holds the hero's hand,  
And gives her empire to his dread command,  
By spousal ties confirm'd ; nor past untold  
What fate's unalter'd page had will'd of old :  
The world's vast globe in radiant sphere she shew'd,  
The shores immense, and seas unknown, unplow'd ;  
The seas, the shores, due to the Lusian keel  
And Lusian sword, she hastens to reveal.  
The glorious leader by the hand she takes,  
And, dim below, the flowery bowers forsakes.

High on a mountain's starry top divine  
 Her palace walls of living crystal shine ;  
 Of gold and crystal blaze the lofty towers :  
 Here bathed in joy they pass the blissful hours :  
 Inguiph'd in tides on tides of joy, the day  
 On downy pinions glides unknown away.  
 While thus the sovereigns in the palace reign,  
 Like transport riots o'er the humbler plain,  
 Where each in generous triumph o'er his peers  
 His lovely bride to every bride prefers.

Hence, ye <sup>1</sup> profane——the song melodious rose,  
 By mildest zephyrs wafted through the boughs,  
 Unseen the warblers of the holy strain——  
 Far from these sacred bowers, ye lewd profane !  
 Hence each unhallowed eye, each vulgar ear ;  
 Chaste and divine are all the raptures here.  
 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

<sup>1</sup> Hence, ye profane——We have already observed, that in every other poet the love-scenes are generally described as those of guilt and remorse. The contrary character of those of Camöens, not only gives them a delicacy unknown to other moderns ; but by the fiction of the spousal rites, the allegory and machinery of the poem are most happily conducted. See the Introduction.



By time unwither'd and untaught to cloy ;  
These are the transports of the isle of joy.  
Such was Olympus and the bright abodes ;  
Renown was heaven, and heroes were the gods.  
Thus ancient times, to virtue ever just,  
To arts and valour rear'd the worshipp'd bust.  
High, steep and rugged, painful to be trod,  
With toils on toils immense is virtue's road ;  
But smooth at last the walks umbrageous smile,  
Smooth as our lawns, and cheerful as our isle.  
Up the rough road Alcides, Hermes, strove,  
All men like you, Apollo, Mars, and Jove :  
Like you to bless mankind Minerva toil'd ;  
Diana bound the tyrants of the wild ;  
O'er the waste desert Bacchus spread the vine ;  
And Ceres taught the harvest field to shine.  
Fame rear'd her trumpet ; to the blest abodes  
She raised, and hail'd them gods and sprung of gods.

The love of fame, by heaven's own hand imprest,  
The first and noblest passion of the breast,  
May yet mislead———Oh guard, ye hero train,  
No harlot robes of honours false and vain,  
No tinsel yours, be yours all native gold,  
Well-earn'd each honour, each respect you hold :  
To your loved king return a guardian band,  
Return the guardians of your native land ;  
To tyrant power be dreadful ; from the jaws  
Of fierce oppression guard the peasant's cause.

If youthful fury pant for flaming arms,  
Spread o'er the Eastern world the dread alarms ;  
There bends the Saracen the hostile bow,  
The Saracen thy faith, thy nation's foe ;  
There from his cruel gripe tear empire's reins,  
And break his tyrant sceptre o'er his chains.  
On adamantine pillars thus shall stand  
The throne, the glory of your native land,  
And Lusian heroes, an immortal line,  
Shall ever with us share our isle divine.

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# D I S S E R T A T I O N

ON THE FICTION OF THE

## ISLAND OF VENUS.

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**F**ROM the earliest ages, and in the most distant nations, palaces, forests and gardens, have been the favourite themes of poets. And though, as in Homer's island of Rhadamanthus, the description is sometimes only cursory; at other times they have lavished all their powers, and have vied with each other in adorning their edifices and landscapes. The gardens of Alcinous in the *Odyſſey*, and the *Elyſium* in the *Æneid*, have excited the ambition of many imitators. Many instances of these occur in the later writers. These subjects, however, it must be owned, are so natural to the genius of poetry, that it is scarcely fair to attribute to an imitation of the classics, the innumerable descriptions of this kind, which abound in the old romances. In these, under different allegorical names, every passion, every virtue and vice, had its palace, its enchanted bower, or

its dreary cave. The fictions of the Arabs were adopted by the Trobadours and first Gothic romancers. Among the Italians, on the revival of letters, Pulci, Boyardo, and others, borrowed from the Trobadours; Ariosto borrowed from Pulci and his followers; and Spenser has copied Ariosto and Tasso. In the sixth and seventh books of the Orlando Furioso, there is a fine description of the island and palace of Alcina or Vice; and in the tenth book, but inferior to the other in poetical colouring, we have a view of the country of Logistilla or Virtue. The passage, of this kind, however, where Ariosto has displayed the richest poetical painting, is in the xxxiv book, in the description of Paradise, whither he sends Astolpho the English duke, to ask the aid of St. John to recover the wits of Orlando. The whole is most admirably fanciful. Astolpho mounts the clouds on the winged horse, sees Paradise, and, accompanied by the Evangelist, visits the moon; the description of which orb is almost literally translated in Milton's Limbo. But the passage which may be said to bear the nearest resemblance to the descriptive part of the island of Venus, is the landscape of Paradise, of which the ingenious Mr. Hoole, to whose many acts of friendship I am proud to acknowledge myself indebted, has obliged me with his translation, though only ten books of his Ariosto are yet published.

O'er the glad earth the blissful season pours  
 The vernal beauties of a thousand flowers  
 In vary'd tints: 'twere they'd the ruby's hue,  
 The yellow topaz, and the sapphire blue.  
 The mead appears one intermingled blaze  
 Where pearls and diamonds dart their trembling rays.  
 Not emerald here to bright a verdure yields  
 As the fair turf of those celestial fields.

On every tree the leaves unfading grow,  
 The fruitage ripens and the flowrets blow.  
 The frolic birds, gay-plum'd, of various wing  
 Amid the boughs their notes melodious sing :  
 Still lakes, and murmuring streams, with waters clear,  
 Charm the fix'd eye, and lull the listening ear,  
 A softening genial air, that ever seems  
 In even tenor, cools the solar beams  
 With fanning breeze ; while from th' enamell'd field,  
 Whate'er the fruits, the plants, the blossoms yield  
 Of grateful scent, the stealing gales dispense  
 The blended sweets to feed th' immortal sense.

Amid the plain a palace dazzling bright,  
 Like living flame emits a streamy light,  
 And wrapt in splendor of refulgent day  
 Outshines the strength of every mortal ray.

Astolpho gently now directs his speed  
 To where the spacious pile enfolds the mead  
 In circuit wide, and views with eager eyes  
 Each nameless charm that happy soil supplies.  
 With this compar'd he deems the world below  
 A dreary desert and a seat of woe,  
 By heaven and nature, in their wrath bestow'd,  
 In evil hour for man's unblest abode.

Near and more near the stately walls he drew,  
 In steadfast gaze transported at the view :  
 They seem'd one gem entire, of purer red  
 Than deepening gleams transparent rubies shed.  
 Stupendous work ! by art Dædalian rais'd,  
 Transcending all, by feeble mortals prais'd !  
 No more henceforth let boasting tongues proclaim  
 Those wonders of the world, so chronicled by fame !

Camões read and admired Ariosto ; but it by no means follows that he borrowed the hint of his island of Venus from that poet. The luxury of flowery description is as common in poetry as are the tales of love. The heroes of Ariosto meet beautiful women in the palace of Alcina :

Before the threshold wanton damsels wait,  
 Or sport between the pillars of the gate :  
 But beauty more had brighten'd in their face  
 Had modesty attemper'd every grace ;  
 In vestures green each damsel swept the ground,  
 Their temples fair with leafy garlands crown'd.  
 These, with a courteous welcome, led the knight  
 To this sweet paradise of soft delight . . . .  
 Enamour'd youths and tender damsels seem  
 To chant their loves beside a purling stream.  
 Some by a branching tree or mountain's shade  
 In sports and dances press the downy glade,  
 While one discloses to his friend, apart,  
 The secret transports of his amorous heart.     B. VI.

But these descriptions also, which bring the heroes of knight errantry into the way of beautiful wantons, are as common in the old romances as the use of the alphabet ; and indeed the greatest part of these love adventures are evidently borrowed from the fable of Circe. Astolpho, who was transformed into a myrtle by Alcina, thus informs Rogero ;

Her former lovers the esteem'd no more,  
 For manly lovers she possess'd before ;  
 I was her joy—  
 Too late, alas, I found her wavering mind  
 In love inconstant as the changing wind !  
 Scarce had I held two months the fairy's grace,  
 When a new youth was taken to my place :  
 Rejected then I join'd the banish'd herd  
 That lost her love, as others were preferr'd . . .  
 Some here, some there, her potent charms retain,  
 In diverse forms imprison'd to remain ;  
 In beeches, olives, palms, and cedars clos'd,  
 Or such as me you here behold expos'd ;  
 In fountains some, and some in beasts confin'd,  
 As suits the wayward fairy's cruel mind.     Hoole, Ar. B. VI.

When

When incidents, character and conduct confess the resemblance, we may with certainty pronounce from whence the copy is taken. Where only a similar stroke of passion or description occurs, it belongs alone to the arrogance of dulness, to tell us on what passage the poet had his eye. Every great poet has been persecuted in this manner; Milton in particular. His commentators have not left him a flower of his own growth. Yet like the creed of the Athiest, their system is involved in the deepest absurdity. It is easy to suppose, that men of poetical feelings, in describing the same thing, should give us the same picture. But that the *Paradise Lost*, which forms one animated whole of the noblest poetry, is a mere cento, compiled from innumerable authors, ancient and modern, is a supposition which gives Milton a cast of talents infinitely more extraordinary and inexplicable, than the greatest poetical genius. When *Gasper Pouffin* painted clouds and trees in his landscapes, he did not borrow the green and the blue, of the leaf and the sky, from *Claude Lorrain*. Neither did Camöens, when he painted his island of Venus, spend the half of his life in collecting his colours from all his predecessors, who had described the beauties of the vernal year or the stages of passion. Camöens knew how others had painted the flowery bowers of love; these formed his taste and corrected his judgment. He viewed the beauties of nature with poetical eyes, from thence he drew his landscapes; he had felt all the allurements of love, and from thence he describes the agitations of that passion.

Nor is the description of fairy bowers and palaces, though most favourite topics, peculiar to the romances of chivalry. The

poetry of the Orientals also abounds with them, yet with some characteristical differences. Like the constitutions and dress of the Asiatics, the landscapes of the eastern muse are warm and feeble, brilliant and slight, and, like the manners of the people, wear an eternal sameness. The western muse, on the contrary, is nervous as her heroes, sometimes flowery as her Italian or English fields, sometimes majestically great as her Runic forests of oak and pine; and always various as the character of her inhabitants. Yet with all these differences of feature, several Oriental fictions greatly resemble the island of Circe and the flowery dominions of Alcina. In particular, the adventures of prince *Agib*, or the third calander, in the *Arabian Tales*, afford a striking likeness of painting and catastrophe.

If Ariosto however seem to resemble any eastern fiction, the island of Venus in Camöens bears a more striking resemblance to a passage in Chaucer. The following beautiful piece of poetical painting occurs in the assembly of the Fowles :

The bildir oak, and eke the hardie ashe,  
 The pillir elme, the colfir unto caraine,  
 The boxe pipetre, the holme to whippis lashe,  
 The failing firre, the cypres deth to plaine,  
 The shortir ewe, the aspe for shaftis plaine,  
 The olive of pece, and eke the dronkin vine,  
 The victor palme, the laurir to divine.  
 A gardein sawe I full of blosomed bowis,  
 Upon a river, in a grené mede  
 There as swetenefs evirmore inough is,  
 With flouris white, and blewe, yelowe, and rede,  
 And colde and clere wellestremis, nothing dede,  
 That swommin full of smale filhes light,  
 With finnis rede, and scalis silver bright.



On every bough the birdis herd I syng  
 With voice of angell, in their harmonic  
 That busied 'hem, thei birdis forthe to bryng,  
 And little pretie conies to ther plaie gan hie;  
 And furthir all about I gan espie  
 The dredful roe, the buck, the hart and hind,  
 Squirils, and bestis smal of gentle kind.

Of instrumentes of stringis, in accorde  
 Herd I so plaie a ravishyng sweetnesse,  
 That God, that makir is of all the lorde,  
 Ne herd nevir a better, as I gesse,  
 There with a winde, unneth it might be lesse,  
 Made in the levis grene a noyse soft  
 Accordant to the foulis song on loft.

The aire of the place so attempre was,  
 That ner was there grevaunce of hot ne cold—

\* \* \* \* \*

Under a tre beside a well I feye  
 Cupid our lorde his arrowes forge and file,  
 And at his fete his bowe all redie laye,  
 And well his doughtir temprid all the while  
 The heddis in the well, and with her wile  
 She couchid 'hem aftir as thei should serve,  
 Some for to flea, and some to wound and carve.

\* \* \* \* \*

And upon pillirs grete of jaspir long  
 I saw a temple of brasse ifoundid strong.

And about the temple dauncid alwaie  
 Women inow, of which some there ywere  
 Faire of 'heself, and some of 'hem were gaie,  
 In kirtils all desheved went thei there,  
 That was ther office er from yere to yere,  
 And on the temple sawe I white and faire  
 Of doves sittying many a thousand paire.

Here we have Cupid forging his arrows, the woodland, the  
 streams, the music of instruments and birds, the frolics of deer  
 and

and other animals; and *women inow*. In a word, the island of Venus is here sketched out, yet Chaucer was never translated into Latin or any language of the continent, nor did Camöens understand a line of English. The subject was common, and the same poetical feelings in Chaucer and Camöens, pointed out to each what were the beauties of landscapes and of bowers devoted to pleasure.

Yet, though the fiction of bowers, of islands, and palaces, was no novelty in poetry, much however remains to be attributed to the poetical powers and invention of Camöens. The island of Venus contains, of all others, by much the completest gradation, and fullest assemblage of that species of luxuriant painting. Nothing in the older writers is equal to it in fulness. Nor can the island of Armida in Tasso be compared to it, in poetical embroidery or passionate expression; though Tasso as undoubtedly built upon the model of Camöens, as Spenser appropriated the imagery of Tasso, when he described the bower of Acrasia, part of which he has literally translated from the Italian poet. The beautiful fictions of Armida and Acrasia however are much too long to be here inserted, and they are well known to every reader of taste.

But the chief praise of our poet is yet unmentioned. The introduction of so beautiful a fiction, as an essential part of the conduct and machinery of an epic poem, does the greatest honour to the invention of Camöens. The machinery of the former part of the poem not only acquires dignity, but is completed by it. And the conduct of Homer and Virgil, has in this not only received a fine imitation, but a masterly contrast.

In

In the finest allegory the heroes of the *Lusiad* receive their reward; and by means of this allegory our poet gives a noble imitation of the noblest part of the *Æneid*. In the tenth *Lusiad*, Gama and his heroes hear the nymphs in the divine palace of Thetis sing the triumphs of their countrymen in the conquest of India: after this the goddess gives Gama a view of the Eastern world, from the Cape of Good Hope to the furthest islands of Japan. She poetically describes every region and the principal islands, and concludes, *all these are given to the western world by you*. It is impossible any poem can be summed up with greater sublimity. The fall of Troy is nothing to this. Nor is this all: the prophecy of Anchises, which forms the most masterly fiction, finest compliment, and ultimate purpose of the *Æneid*, is not only nobly imitated; but the conduct of Homer, in concluding the *Iliad*, as already observed, is paralleled, without one circumstance being borrowed. Poetical conduct cannot possibly bear a stronger resemblance, than the reward of the heroes of the *Lusiad*, the prophetic song, and the vision shewn to Gama, bear to the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, considered as the completion of the anger of Achilles, the subject of the *Iliad*. Nor is it a greater honour to resemble a Homer and a Virgil, than it is to be resembled by a Milton. Though Milton perhaps never saw the *Lusiad* in the original tongue, he certainly heard of Fanshew's translation, which was published fourteen years before he gave his *Paradise Lost* to the world. But whatever he knew of it, had the last book of the *Lusiad* been two thousand years known to the learned, every one would have owned that the two last books of the

Paradise

Paradise Lost were evidently formed upon it. But whether Milton borrowed any hint from Camöens, is of little consequence. That the genius of the great Milton suggested the conclusion of his immortal poem in the manner and machinery of the Lusiad, is enough. It is enough that the part of Michael and Adam in the two last books of the Paradise Lost, are in point of conduct exactly the same with the part of Thetis and Gama in the conclusion of the Lusiad. Yet this difference must be observed; in the narrative of his last book, Milton has *flagged*, as Addison calls it, and fallen infinitely short of the untired spirit of the Portuguese poet.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

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THE  
L U S I A D.

---

BOOK X.

FAR o'er the western ocean's distant bed  
Apollo now his fiery courfers sped,  
Far o'er the silver lake of Mexic<sup>a</sup> roll'd  
His rapid chariot wheels of burning gold :

The

<sup>a</sup> *Far o'er the silver lake of Mexic.*—The city of Mexico is environed with an extensive lake; or, according to Cortez, in his second narration to Charles V. with two lakes, one of fresh, the other of salt water, in circuit about fifty leagues. This situation, said the Mexicans, was appointed by their God *Vitziliputzli*, who, according to the explanation of their picture-histories, led their fore-fathers a journey of fourscore years, in search of the promised land; the apish devil, say some Spanish writers, in this imitating the journies of the Israelites. Four of the principal priests carried the idol in a coffer of reeds. Whenever they halted they built a tabernacle for their god in the midst of their camp, where they placed the  
coffer

The eastern sky was left to dusky grey,  
 And o'er the last hot breath of parting day,  
 Cool o'er the sultry noon's remaining flame,  
 On gentle gales the grateful twilight came.  
 Dimpling the lucid pools the fragrant breeze  
 Sighs o'er the lawns and whispers through the trees ;  
 Refresh'd the lily rears the silver head,  
 And opening jasmynes o'er the arbours spread.  
 Fair o'er the wave that gleam'd like distant snow,  
 Graceful arose the moon, serenely flow ;  
 Not yet full orb'd, in clouded splendor drest,  
 Her married arms embrace her pregnant breast.  
 Sweet to his mate, recumbent o'er his young,  
 The nightingale his spousal anthem sung ;  
 From every bower the holy chorus rose,  
 From every bower the rival anthem flows.  
 Translucent twinkling through the upland grove  
 In all her lustre shines the star of love ;  
 Led by the sacred ray from every bower,  
 A joyful train, the wedded lovers pour :

Each

offer and the altar. They then sowed the land, and their stay or departure, without regard to the harvest, was directed by the orders received from their idol, till at last by his command they fixed their abode on the site of Mexico. The origin of the Mexicans is represented by men coming out of caves, and their different journies and encampment are portrayed in their picture-histories; one of which was sent to Charles V. and is said to be still extant in the Escorial. According to the reigns of their kings, their first emigration was about A. D. 720. Vide Boterus, Gomara, Acosta, and other Spanish writers.

Each with the youth above the rest approved,  
 Each with the nymph above the rest beloved,  
 They seek the palace of the sovereign dame ;  
 High on a mountain glow'd the wondrous frame :  
 Of gold the towers, of gold the pillars shone,  
 The walls were crystal starr'd with precious stone.  
 Amid the hall arose the festive board  
 With nature's choicest gifts promiscuous stor'd :  
 So will'd the goddess to renew the smile  
 Of vital strength, long worn by days of toil.  
 On crystal chairs, that shined as lambent flame,  
 Each gallant youth attends his lovely dame ;  
 Beneath a purple canopy of state  
 The beauteous goddess and the leader fate :  
 The banquet glows—Not such the feast, when all  
 The pride of luxury in Egypt's hall  
 Before the love-sick <sup>b</sup> Roman spread the boast  
 Of every teeming sea and fertile coast.  
 Sacred to noblest worth and virtue's ear,  
 Divine as genial was the banquet here ;  
 'The wine, the song, by sweet returns inspire,  
 Now wake the lover's, now the hero's fire.  
 On gold and silver from th' Atlantic main,  
 The sumptuous tribute of the sea's wide reign,  
 Of various favour was the banquet piled ;  
 Amid the fruitage mingling roses smiled.

In

<sup>b</sup> *Before the love-sick Roman.*—Mark Anthony.

In cups of gold that shed a yellow light,  
 In silver shining as the moon of night,  
 Amid the banquet flow'd the sparkling wine,  
 Nor gave Falernia's fields the parent vine:  
 Falernia's vintage nor the fabled power  
 Of Jove's ambrosia in th' Olympian bower  
 To this compare not; wild not frantic fires,  
 Divinest transport this alone inspires.  
 The beverage foaming o'er the goblet's breast  
 The crystal fountain's cooling aid <sup>c</sup> confest;  
 The while, as circling flow'd the cheerful bowl,  
 Sapiënt discourse, the banquet of the soul,  
 Of richest argument and brightest glow,  
 Array'd in dimpling smiles, in easiest flow  
 Pour'd all its graces: nor in silence stood  
 The powers of music, such as erst subdued  
 The horrid frown of hell's profound <sup>d</sup> domains,  
 And sooth'd the tortur'd ghosts to slumber on their chains.  
To

<sup>c</sup> *The beverage—the fountain's cooling aid confest.*—It was a custom of the ancients in warm climates to mix the coldest spring water with their wine, immediately before drinking; not, we may suppose, to render it less intoxicating, but on account of the heightened flavour it thereby received. Homer tells us, that the wine which Ulysses gave to Polypheme would bear twenty measures of water. Modern luxury, by placing the bottle in preserved ice, has found a method to give the wine the most agreeable coolness, without reducing its quality.

<sup>d</sup> *Music, such as erst subdued the horrid frown of hell, &c.*—Alluding to the fable of Orpheus. Fanthaw's translation, as already observed, was published fourteen years before the Paradise Lost. These lines of Milton,

What



To music's sweetest chords in loftiest vein,  
 An angel firen joins the vocal strain ;  
 The silver roofs resound the living song,  
 The harp and organ's lofty mood prolong  
 The hallowed warblings ; listning 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.  
 The lofty song ascends the thrilling skies,  
 The song of godlike heroes yet to rise ;  
 Jove gave the dream, whose glow the firen fired,  
 And present Jove the prophecy inspired.  
 Not he, the bard of love-sick Dido's board,  
 Nor he the minstrel of Phæacia's lord,  
 Though fam'd in song, could touch the warbling string,  
 Or with a voice so sweet, melodious sing.  
 And thou, my muse, O fairest of the train,  
 Calliope, inspire my closing strain.

No

What could it less when spirits immortal sung?  
 Their song was partial, but the harmony  
 Suspended hell, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience——

bear a resemblance to these of Fanshew,

Musical instruments not wanting, such  
 As to the damned spirits once gave ease  
 In the dark vaults of the infernal hall.—

To *slumber* amid their punishment, though omitted by Fanshew, is literal,

Fizerao descançar da eterna pena——

No more the summer of my life<sup>e</sup> 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,  
 Yet let me live, though round my silver'd head  
 Misfortune's bitterest rage un pitying shed  
 Her coldest storms; yet let me live to crown  
 The song that boasts my nation's proud renown.

Of godlike heroes sung the nymph divine,  
 Heroes whose deeds on Gama's crest shall shine;  
 Who through the seas by Gama first explor'd  
 Shall bear the Lusian standard and the sword,  
 Till every coast where roars the orient main,  
 Blest in its sway shall own the Lusian reign;  
 Till every Pagan king his neck shall yield,  
 Or vanquish'd gnaw the dust on battle field.

High

<sup>e</sup> *No more the summer of my life remains.*——It is not certain when Camöens wrote this. It seems however not long to precede the publication of his poem, at which time he was in his fifty-fifth year. This apostrophe to his muse may perhaps by some be blamed as another digression; but so little does it require defence, that one need not hesitate to affirm, that had Homer, who often talks to his muse, introduced, on these favourable opportunities, any little picture or history of himself, these digressions would have been the most interesting parts of his works. Had any such little history of Homer complained like this of Camöens, it would have been bedewed with the tears of ages.

High priest of Malabar, the goddesses sung,  
 Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy <sup>f</sup> wrong;  
 Though for thy faith to Lusus' generous race  
 The raging Zamoreem thy fields deface:  
 From Tagus, lo, the great Pacheco fails,  
 To India wafted on auspicious gales.  
 Soon as his crooked prow the tide shall press,  
 A new Achilles shall the tide confess;  
 His ship's strong sides shall groan beneath his <sup>s</sup> weight,  
 And deeper waves receive the sacred freight.

Soon

<sup>f</sup> *Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy wrong.*—P. Alvarez Cabral, the second Portuguese commander who sailed to India, entered into a treaty of alliance with Trimumpara king of Cochin and high priest of Malabar. The Zamorim raised powerful armies to dethrone him, but his fidelity to the Portuguese was unalterable, though his affairs were brought to the lowest ebb. For an account of this war, and the almost incredible achievements of Pacheco, see the history in the preface.

<sup>s</sup> *His ship's strong sides shall groan beneath his weight, and deeper waves receive the sacred freight.*—Thus Virgil;

————— simul accipit alvco  
 Ingentem Æneam. Gemuit sub pondere cymba  
 Sutilis, & multam accepit rimosa paludem.

That the visionary boat of Charon groaned under the weight of Æneas is a fine poetical stroke; but that the crazy rents let in the water is certainly lowering the image. The thought however, as managed in Camöens, is much grander than in Virgil, and affords a happy instance, where the hyperbole is truly poetical.

Poetical allusions to, or abridgments of historical events, are either extremely insipid and obscure, or particularly pleasing to the reader. To be pleasing, a previous acquaintance with the history is necessary, and for this reason the poems of Homer and Virgil were peculiarly relished by their countrymen. When a known circumstance is placed in an animated poetical view, and clothed with the graces of poetical language, a sensible  
 mind

Soon as on India's strand he shakes his spear,  
 The burning East shall tremble, chill'd with fear;  
 Reeking with noble blood Cambalao's stream  
 Shall blaze impurpled to the evening beam.  
 Urged on by raging flame the monarch brings,  
 Banded with all their powers, his vassal kings:  
 Narfinga's rocks their cruel thousands pour,  
 Bipur's stern king attends, and thine, Tanore:  
 To guard proud Calicut's imperial pride  
 All the wide North sweeps down its peopled tide:  
 Join'd are the sects that never <sup>h</sup> touch'd before,  
 By land the Pagan, and by sea the Moor.

O'er

mind must feel the effect. But when the circumstance is unknown, nothing but the most lively imagery and finest colouring can prevent it from being tiresome. The *Lusiad* affords many instances which must be highly pleasing to the Portuguese, but dry to those who are unacquainted with their history. Nor need one hesitate to assert, that were we not acquainted with the Roman history from our childhood, a great part of the *Æneid* would appear to us intolerably uninteresting. Sensible of this disadvantage which every version of historical poetry must suffer, the translator has not only in the notes added every incident which might elucidate the subject, but has also, all along, in the episode in the third and fourth books, in the description of the painted ensigns in the eighth, and in the allusions in the present book, endeavoured to throw every historical incident into that universal language, the picturesque of poetry. The circumstances improper for imagery are hastened over, and those which can best receive it, presented to the view. When Hector storms the Grecian camp, when Achilles marches to battle, every reader understands and is affected with the bold painting. But when Nestor talks of his exploits at the funereal games of *Amarynces*, (*Iliad*. xxiii.) the critics themselves cannot comprehend him, and have vied with each other in inventing explanations.

<sup>h</sup> —that never touch'd before.—To touch, or be touched by, one of an inferior *cast*, is esteemed among the Gentoos as the greatest pollution.

O'er land, o'er sea the great Pacheco strews  
 The prostrate spearmen, and the founder'd<sup>h</sup> proas.  
 Submits and silent, pallied with amaze  
 Proud Malabar th' unnumbered slain surveys :  
 Yet burns the monarch ; to his shrine he speeds ;  
 Dire howl the priests, the groaning victim bleeds ;  
 The ground they stamp, and from the dark abodes  
 With tears and vows they call th' infernal gods.  
 Enraged with dog-like madness to behold  
 His temples and his towns in flames enroll'd,  
 Secure of promised victory, again  
 He fires the war, the lawns are heapt with slain.  
 With stern reproach he brands his routed Nayres,  
 And for the dreadful field himself prepares ;  
 His harness'd thousands to the fight he leads,  
 And rides exulting where the combat bleeds :  
 Amid his pomp his robes are sprinkled o'er,  
 And his proud face dash'd with his<sup>i</sup> menials gore :  
 From his high couch he leaps, and speeds to flight  
 On foot inglorious, in his army's fight.  
 Hell then he calls, and all the powers of hell,  
 The secret poison, and the charmed spell ;  
 Vain as the spell the poison'd rage is shed,  
 For heaven defends the hero's sacred head.

<sup>h</sup> *Proas*—or *paraos*, Indian vessels which lie low on the water, are worked with oars, and carry 100 men and upwards a-piece.

<sup>i</sup> ——— *his robes are sprinkled o'er,*

*And his proud face dash'd with his menials gore.*

—See the history in the preface.

Still fiercer from each wound the tyrant burns,  
 Still to the field with heavier force returns.  
 The seventh dread war he kindles; high in air  
 The hills dishonour'd lift their shoulders bare;  
 Their woods roll'd down now strew the river's side,  
 Now rise in mountain turrets o'er the tide;  
 Mountains of fire and spires of bickering flame,  
 While either bank refounds the proud acclaim,  
 Come floating down, round Lusus' fleet to pour  
 Their sulph'rous entrails in a burning shower.  
 Oh, vain the hope—Let Rome her boast resign;  
 Her palms, Pacheco, never bloom'd like thine;  
 Nor Tyber's bridge, nor Marathon's <sup>k</sup> red field,  
 Nor thine, Thermopylæ, such deeds beheld;  
 Nor Fabius' arts such rushing storms repell'd. }  
 Swift as repulsed the famished wolf returns  
 Fierce to the fold, and, wounded, fiercer burns;  
 So swift, so fierce, seven times all India's might  
 Returns unnumber'd to the dreadful fight;  
 One hundred spears, seven times in dreadful shower,  
 Strews in the dust all India's raging power.

The

<sup>k</sup> *Nor Tyber's bridge.*—When Porfenna besieged Rome, Horatius Coles defended the pass of a bridge till the Romans destroyed it behind him. Having thus saved the pass, heavy armed as he was, he swam across the river to his companions. The Roman history, however, at this period, is often mixt with fable. Miltiades obtained a great victory over Darius at Marathon. The stand of Leonidas is well known. The battles of Pacheco were in defence of the fords by which the city of Cochin could only be entered. The numbers he withstood by land and sea, and the victories he obtained, are indeed highly astonishing. See the preface.

The lofty song, for palenefs o'er her spread,  
 The nymph fufpends, and bows the languid head ;  
 Her faltering words are breath'd on plaintive fighs,  
 Ah, Belifarius, injured chief, fhe cries,  
 Ah, wipe thy tears ; in war thy rival fee,  
 Injured Pacheco falls defpoil'd like thee ;  
 In him, in thee difhonour'd virtue bleeds,  
 And valour weeps to view her faireft deeds,  
 Weeps o'er Pacheco, where, forlorn he lies  
 Low on an alms-houfe<sup>1</sup> bed, and friendlefs dies.  
 Yet fhall the mufes plume his humble bier,  
 And ever o'er him pour th' immortal tear ;  
 Though by the king, alone to thee unjuft,  
 Thy head, great chief, was humbled in the duft,  
 Loud fhall the mufe indignant found thy praife,  
 " Thou gav'ft thy monarch's throne its proudeft blaze."  
 While round the world the fun's bright car fhall ride,  
 So bright fhall fhine thy name's illuftrious pride ;  
 Thy monarch's glory, as the moon's pale beam,  
 Eclipsed by thine, fhall fhed a fickly gleam.  
 Such meed attends when foothing flattery fways,  
 And blinded ftate its facred truft betrays !

Again the nymph exalts her brow, again  
 Her fwelling voice refounds the lofty ftrain :  
 Almeyda comes, the kingly name he bears,  
 Deputed royalty his ftandard rears :

<sup>1</sup> *Low on the alms-houfe bed.*—See the history in the preface.

In all the generous rage of youthful fire  
 The warlike son attends the warlike fire.  
 Quiloa's blood-stain'd tyrant now shall feel  
 The righteous vengeance of the Lusian steel.  
 Another prince, by Lisbon's throne beloved,  
 Shall bless the land, for faithful deeds approved.  
 Mombaze shall now her treason's meed behold,  
 When curling flames her proudest domes enfold :  
 Involved in smoke, loud crashing, low shall fall  
 The mounded temple and the castled wall.  
 O'er India's seas the young Almeyda pours,  
 Scorching the wither'd air, his iron showers ;  
 Torn masts and rudders, hulks and canvases riven,  
 Month after month before his prows are driven.  
 But heaven's dread will, where clouds of darkness rest,  
 That awful will, which knows alone the best,  
 Now blunts his spear : Cambaya's squadrons joined  
 With Egypt's fleets, in pagan rage combined,  
 Engulf him round ; red boils the staggering flood,  
 Purpled with volleying flames and hot with blood :  
 Whirl'd by the cannon's rage, in shivers torn  
 His thigh, far scatter'd o'er the wave, is borne.  
 Bound to the mast the godlike hero <sup>m</sup> stands,  
 Waves his proud sword and cheers his woeful bands.

Though

<sup>m</sup> *Bound to the mast the godlike hero stands.*—The English history affords an instance of similar resolution in Admiral Bembo, who was supported in a wooden frame, and continued the engagement after his legs and thighs were shivered in splinters. Contrary to the advice of his officers the young



Though winds and seas their wonted aid deny,  
 To yield he knows not, but he knows to die:  
 Another thunder tears his manly breast:  
 Oh fly, blest spirit, to thy heavenly rest——  
 Hark, rolling on the groaning storm I hear,  
 Resiftless vengeance thundering on the rear!  
 I see the transports of the furious fire,  
 As o'er the mangled corse his eyes flash fire.  
 Swift to the fight, with stern though weeping eyes,  
 Fixt rage fierce burning in his breast, he flies;  
 Fierce as the bull that sees his rival rove  
 Free with the heifers through the mounded grove,  
 On oak or beech his madning fury pours;  
 So pours Almeyda's rage on Dabul's towers.  
 His vanes wide waving o'er the Indian sky,  
 Before his prows the fleets of India<sup>n</sup> fly:

On

young Almeyda refused to bear off, though almost certain to be overpowered, and though both wind and tide were certainly against him. His father had sharply upbraided him for a former retreat, where victory was thought impossible. He now fell the victim of his father's ideas of military glory. See the preface.

\* —— *the fleets of India fly.*—After having cleared the Indian seas, the viceroy Almeyda attacked the combined fleets of Egypt, Cambaya, and the Zamorim, in the entrance and harbour of Diu, or Dio. The fleet of the Zamorim almost immediately fled. That of Melique Yaz, lord of Diu, suffered much; but the greatest slaughter fell upon the Egyptians and Turks, commanded by Mir-Hocem, who had defeated and killed the young Almeyda. Of 300 Mamulucks or Turks, who fought under Mir-Hocem, only 22, says *Oforius*, survived this engagement. Melique Yaz, says *Faria y Sousa*, was born in slavery, and descended of the christians of Roxia. The road to preferment is often a dirty one; but Melique's was much

On Egypt's chief his mortars dreadful tire  
 Shall vomit all the rage of prison'd fire :  
 Heads, limbs and trunks shall choak the struggling tide,  
 'Till every furge with reeking crimson dyed,  
 Around the young Almeyda's hapless urn  
 His conquerors naked ghosts shall howl and mourn.  
 As meteors flashing through the darken'd air  
 I see the victors whirling faulchions glare ;  
 Dark rolls the sulph'rous smoke o'er Dio's skies,  
 And shrieks of death and shouts of conquest rise,  
 In one wide tumult blended : The rough roar  
 Shakes the brown tents on Ganges trembling shore ;  
 The waves of Indus from the banks recoil ;  
 And matrons howling on the strand of Nile,  
 By the pale moon their absent sons deplore——  
 Long shall they wail ; their sons return no more.

Ah, strike the notes of woe, the firen cries,  
 A dreary vision swims before my eyes.  
 To Tago's shore triumphant as he bends,  
 Low in the dust the hero's glory ends :

Though

much less so than that of many other favourites of fortune. As the king of Cambaya was one day riding in state, an unlucky kite dinged upon his royal head. His majesty in great wrath swore he would give all he was worth to have the offender killed. Melique, who was an experienced archer, immediately dispatched an arrow, which brought the audacious hawk to the ground. For the merit of this eminent service he was made lord of Diu, or Dio, a considerable city, the strongest and most important fortress at that time in all India. See *Faria*, l. 2. c. 2.

Though bended bow, nor thundering engine's hail,  
 Nor Egypt's sword, nor India's spear prevail,  
 Fall shall the ° chief before a naked foe,  
 Rough clubs and rude hurl'd stones shall strike the blow ;  
 The Cape of Tempests shall his tomb supply,  
 And in the desert sands his bones shall lie,  
 No boastful trophy o'er his ashes rear'd :  
 Such heaven's dread will, and be that will rever'd !

But lo, resplendent shines another star,  
 Loud she resounds, in all the blaze of war !  
 Great P Cunia guards Melinda's friendly shore,  
 And dyes her seas with Oja's hostile gore ;  
 Lamo and Brava's towers his vengeance tell :  
 Green Madagascar's flowery dales shall swell  
 His echoed fame, till ocean's fouthmost bound  
 On isles and shores unknown his name resound.

Another blaze, behold, of fire and arms !  
 Great Albuquerque awakes the dread alarms :  
 O'er Ormuz' walls his thundering flames he pours,  
 While heaven, the hero's guide, indignant q showers

Their

• *Fall shall the chief.*—See the note on page 129.

† *Great Cunia.*—Tristan de Cunha, or d'Acugna. See the history in the preface.

¶ *Heaven indignant showers their arrows backward.*—See the note on page 63. Some writers relate, that when Albuquerque besieged Ormuz, a violent wind drove the arrows of the enemy backward upon their own ranks.

Their arrows backward on the Persian foe,  
 Tearing the breasts and arms that twang'd the bow.  
 Mountains of falt and fragrant gums in vain  
 Were spent untainted to embalm the flain.  
 Such heaps shall strew the seas and faithless strand  
 Of Gerum, Mazcate, and Calayat's land,  
 Till faithless Ormuz own the Lusian sway,  
 And Barem's pearls her yearly safety pay.

What glorious palms on Goa's <sup>r</sup> isle I see,  
 Their blossoms spread, great Albuquerque, for thee!  
 Through castled walls the hero breaks his way,  
 And opens with his sword the dread array  
 Of Moors and Pagans; through their depth he rides,  
 Through spears and showering fire the battle guides.  
 As bulls enraged, or lions sinew'd with gore,  
 His bands sweep wide o'er Goa's purpled shore.  
 Nor eastward far though fair Malacca <sup>s</sup> lie,  
 Her groves embosom'd in the morning sky;

Though

Oforius says, that many of the dead Persians and Moors were found to have died by arrows. But as that weapon was not used by the Portuguese, he conjectures, that in their despair of victory many of the enemy had thus killed themselves, rather than survive the defeat.

<sup>r</sup> *What glorious palms on Goa's isle I see.*—This important place was made an archbishopric, the capital of the Portuguese empire in the East, and the seat of their viceroys. It is advantageously situated for these purposes on the coast of Decan. It still remains in the possession of the Portuguese.

<sup>s</sup> *Malacca.*—The conquest of this place was one of the greatest actions of Albuquerque. It became the chief port of the eastern part of Portuguese

Though with her amorous fons the valiant line  
 Of Java's isle in battle rank combine,  
 Though poison'd shafts their ponderous quivers store ;  
 Malacca's spicy groves and golden ore,  
 Great Albuquerque, thy dauntless toils shall crown !  
 Yet art thou † stain'd—Here with a fighful frown

The

Portuguese India, and second only to Goa. Besides a great many pieces of ordnance which were carried away by the Moors who escaped, 3000 large cannon remained the prize of the victors.

† *Yet art thou stain'd.*—A detail of all the great actions of Albuquerque would have been tedious and unpoetical. Camöens has chosen the most brilliant, and has happily suppressed the rest by a display of indignation. The French translator has the following note on this passage, “ Behold another instance of our author's prejudice! the action which he condemns had nothing in it blameable: but as he was of a most amorous constitution, he thought every fault which could plead an amour in its excuse ought to be pardoned; but true heroes, such as Albuquerque, follow other maxims. This great man had in his palace a beautiful Indian slave. He viewed her with the eyes of a father, and the care of her education was his pleasure. A Portuguese soldier, named Ruy Diaz, had the boldness to enter the general's apartment, where he succeeded so well with the girl, that he obtained his desire. When Albuquerque heard of it, he immediately ordered him to the gallows.”

Camöens, however, was no such undistinguishing libertine as this would represent him. In a few pages we find him praising the continence of Don Henry de Menezes, whose victory over his passions he calls the highest excellence of youth. Nor does it appear by what authority the Frenchmen assure us of the chaste paternal affection which Albuquerque bore to this Indian girl. It was the great aim of Albuquerque to establish colonies in India, and for that purpose he encouraged his soldiers to marry with the natives. The most slightly girls were selected, and educated in the religion and household arts of Portugal, and portioned at the expence of the general. These he called his daughters, and with great pleasure he used to attend their weddings, several couples being usually joined together at one time. At one of these nuptials, says *Faria*, the festivity having continued late, and the brides being mixed together, several of the bridegrooms committed a blunder. The mistakes of the night however, as they were all equal

The goddeſs pauſed, for much remain'd unſung,  
But blotted with an humble ſoldier's wrong.

Alas, ſhe cries, when war's dread horrors reign,  
And thundering batteries rock the fiery plain,  
When ghafly famine on a hoſtile ſoil,  
When pale diſeaſe attends on weary toil,

When

equal in point of honour, were mutually forgiven in the morning, and each man took his proper wife whom he had received at the altar. This delicate anecdote of Albuquerque's ſons and daughters, is as bad a commentary on the note of Caſtera, as it is on the ſeverity which the commander ſhewed to poor Diaz. Nor does Camöens ſtand alone in the condemnation of the general. The hiſtorian agrees with the poet. Mentioning the death of D. Antonio Noronha, "This gentleman, ſays *Faria*, uſed to moderate the violent temper of his uncle Albuquerque, which ſoon after ſhewed itſelf in rigid ſeverity. He ordered a ſoldier to be hanged for an amour with one of the ſlaves whom he called daughters, and whom he uſed to give in marriage. When ſome of his officers asked him what authority he had to take the poor man's life, he drew his ſword, told them that was his commiſſion, and inſtantly broke them." To marry his ſoldiers with the natives was the plan of Albuquerque, his ſeverity therefore ſeems unaccountable, unleſs we admit the perhaps of Camöens, *ou de cieſe*, perhaps it was jealousy.—But whatever incenſed the general, the execution of the ſoldier was contrary to the laws of every nation †; and the honeſt indignation of Camöens againſt one of the greateſt of his countrymen, one who was the grand architect of the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt, affords a noble inſtance of that manly freedom of ſentiment which knows no right by which king or peer may do injuſtice to the meaneſt ſubject. Nor can we omit the obſervation, that the above note of Caſtera is of a piece with the French devotion we have already ſeen him pay to the name of king, a devotion which breathes the true ſpirit of the bleſſed advice given by father Paul to the republic of Venice: "When a nobleman commits an offence againſt a ſubject, ſays that Jeſuit, let every means be tried to juſtify him. But if a ſubject has offended a nobleman, let him be puniſhed with the utmoſt ſeverity."

† Oſorius repreſents the crime of Diaz as mutiny, having been againſt the ſtrict orders of Albuquerque. Diaz, however, was guilty of no breach of military duty, which alone conſtitutes the crime of mutiny.

When patient under all the foldier stands,  
 Detested be the rage which then demands  
 The humble foldier's blood, his only crime  
 The amorous frailty of the youthful prime !  
 Incest's cold horror here no glow restrained,  
 Nor sacred nuptial bed was here prophaned,  
 Nor here unwelcome force the virgin seized ;  
 A slave lascivious, in his fondling pleased,  
 Refigns her breast—Ah, stain to Lusian fame !  
 ('Twas lust of blood, perhaps 'twas jealous flame ;)   
 The leader's rage, unworthy of the brave,  
 Consigns the youthful foldier to the grave.  
 Not Ammon thus Apelles love " repaid,  
 Great Ammon's bed resign'd the lovely maid :  
 Nor Cyrus thus reproved Araspas' fire ;  
 Nor haughtier Carlo thus assumed the fire,  
 Though iron Baldwin to his daughter's bower,  
 An ill-match'd lover, stole in secret hour :  
 With nobler rage the lofty monarch glow'd,  
 And Flandria's earldom on the knight bestow'd.

Again

\* *Not Ammon.*—Campaspe, the most beautiful concubine of Alexander, was given by that monarch to Apelles, whom he perceived in love with her. Araspas had strict charge of the fair captive Panthea. His attempt on her virtue was forgiven by Cyrus.

† *And Flandria's earldom on the knight bestow'd.*—" Baldwin, surnamed " Iron-arm, Grand Forester of Flanders, being in love with Judith, the " daughter of Charles the Bald, and widow of Ethelwolfe, king of Eng- " land, obtained his desire by force. Charles, though at first he highly " repented, afterwards pardoned his crime, and consented to his marriage " with the princess." *Castler.*

This

Again the nymph the song of fame refounds ;  
 Lo, fweeping wide o'er Ethiopia's bounds,  
 Wide o'er Arabia's purple fhore on high  
 'The Lufian enfigns blaze along the fky !  
 Mecca, aghaft, beholds the ftandards fhine,  
 And midnight horror fhakes Medina's \* fhrine ;  
 Th' unhallowed altar bodes th' approaching foe,  
 Foredoom'd in duft its prophet's tomb to ftrew

Nor

This digreffion in the fong of the nymph bears, in manner, a ftriking refemblance to the hiftories which the heroes of Homer often relate to each other. That thefe little episodes have their beauty and propriety in an epic poem, will ftrongly appear from a view of M. de la Motte's tranflation of the Iliad into French verfe. The four and twenty books of Homer he has contracted into twelve, and thefe contain no more lines than about four books of the original. A thoufand embellifhments which the warm poetical feelings of Homer fuggelted to him, are thus thrown out by the Frenchman. But what is the confequence of this improvement? The work of la Motte is unread, even by his own countrymen, and defpifed by every foreigner who has the leaft relifh for poetry and Homer.

\* *And midnight horror fhakes Medina's fhine.*—Medina, the city where Mohammed is buried. About fix years after Gama's difcovery of India, the Sultan of Egypt fent Maurus, the abbot of the monks at Jerufalem, who inhabit Mount Sion, on an embaffy to Pope Julius II. The Sultan, with fevere threats to the Chriftians of the Eaft in cafe of refufal, intreated the Pope to defire Emmanuel king of Portugal to fend no more fleets to the Indian feas. The Pope fent Maurus to Emmanuel, who returned a very fpirited anfwer to his holinefs, affuring him that no threats, no dangers could make him alter his refolutions, and lamenting that it had not yet been in his power to fulfil his promife of demolifhing the fepulchre and erazing the memorials of Mohammed from the earth. This, he fays, was the firft purpofe of fending his fleets to India. *Nobis enim, cum iter in Indiam claffibus noftris aperire, & regiones majoribus noftris incognitas explorare decrevimus, hoc propofitum fuit, ut ipfum Mahumetanæ fectæ caput . . . . . extingueremus*—It is with great art that Camöens fo often reminds us of the grand design of the expedition of his heroes, to fubvert Mohammedifm and found a Chriftian empire in the Eaft. But the dignity which this gives his poem is already obferved in the preface.



Nor Ceylon's isle, brave Soarez, shall withhold  
 Its incense, precious as the burnish'd gold,  
 What time o'er proud Columbo's loftiest spire  
 Thy flag shall blaze: nor shall th' immortal lyre  
 Forget thy praise, Sequeyra! to the shore  
 Where Sheba's sapient queen the \* sceptre bore,  
 Braving the Red Sea's dangers shalt thou force  
 To Abyssinia's realm thy novel course;  
 And isles, by jealous nature long conceal'd,  
 Shall to the wondering world be now reveal'd.  
 Great Menez next the Lusian sword shall bear;  
 Menez, the dread of Afric, high shall rear  
 His victor lance, till deep shall Ormuz groan,  
 And tribute doubled her revolt atone.

Now shines thy glory in meridian height,  
 And loud her voice she rais'd; O matchless knight,  
 Thou, thou, illustrious Gama, thou shalt bring  
 The olive-bough of peace, deputed king!  
 The lands by thee discover'd shall obey  
 Thy scepter'd power, and bless thy regal sway:  
 But India's crimes, outrageous to the skies,  
 A length of these Saturnian days denies:

Snatch'd

\* *Where Sheba's sapient queen the sceptre bore.*—The Abyssinians contend that their country is the Sheba mentioned in the scripture, and that the queen who visited Solomon bore a son to that monarch, from whom their royal family, to the present time, is descended.

Snatch'd from thy golden throne the heavens shall claim  
 Thy deathless soul, the world thy deathless y name.

Now o'er the coast of faithless Malabar  
 Victorious Henry <sup>z</sup> pours the rage of war ;  
 Nor less the youth a nobler strife shall wage,  
 Great victor of himself though green in age ;  
 No restless slave of wanton amorous fire,  
 No lust of gold shall taint his generous ire.  
 While youth's bold pulse beats high, how brave the boy  
 Whom harlot smiles nor pride of power decoy !  
 Immortal be his name ! nor less thy praise,  
 Great <sup>a</sup> Mascarene, shall future ages raise :  
 Though power, unjust, withhold the splendid ray  
 That dignifies the crest of sovereign sway,

Thy

<sup>z</sup> *Snatch'd from thy golden throne.*—Gama only reigned three months Vice-roy of India. During his second voyage, the third which the Portuguese made to India, he gave the Zamorim some considerable defeats by sea, besides his victories over the Moors. These, however, are judiciously omitted by Camöens, as the less striking part of his character.

The French translator is highly pleased with the prediction of Gama's death, delivered to himself at the feast. "The siren, says he, persuaded that Gama is a hero exempt from weakness, does not hesitate to mention the end of his life. Gama listens without any mark of emotion ; the feast and the song continue. If I am not deceived, this is truly great."

<sup>a</sup> *Victorious Henry.*—Don Henry de Menezes. He was only twenty-eight when appointed to the government of India. He died in his thirtieth year, a noble example of the most disinterested heroism. See the preface.

<sup>a</sup> *Great Mascarene.*—Pedro de Mascarenhas. The injustice done to this brave officer, and the usurpation of the government by Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, afford one of the most interesting periods of the history of the Portuguese in India. See the preface.

Thy deeds, great chief, on Bintam's humbled shore,  
 Deeds such as Asia never view'd before,  
 Shall give thy honest fame a brighter blaze  
 Than tyrant pomp in golden robes displays.  
 Though bold in war the fierce usurper shine,  
 Though Cutial's potent navy o'er the brine  
 Drive vanquish'd; though the Lusian hector's sword  
 For him reap conquest, and confirm him lord;  
 Thy deeds, great peer, the wonder of thy foes,  
 Thy glorious chains, unjust, and generous woes,  
 Shall dim the fierce Sampayo's fairest fame,  
 And o'er his honours thine aloud proclaim.  
 Thy generous woes! Ah gallant injured chief,  
 Not thy own sorrows give the sharpest grief.  
 Thou seest the Lusian name her honours stain,  
 And lust of gold her heroes breasts profane;  
 Thou seest ambition lift the impious head,  
 Nor God's red arm, nor lingering justice dread;  
 O'er India's bounds thou seest these vultures prowl,  
 Full gorged with blood, and dreadless of control;  
 Thou seest and weep'st thy country's blotted name,  
 The generous sorrow thine, but not the shame.  
 Nor long the Lusian ensigns stain'd remain;  
 Great Nunio<sup>b</sup> comes, and razes every stain.  
 Though lofty Calè's warlike towers he rear;  
 Though haughty Melic groan beneath his spear;

All

<sup>b</sup> *Great Nunio.*—Nunio de Cunha, one of the most worthy of the Portuguese governors. See the preface.

All these, and Dio yielded to his name,  
 Are but th' embroidery of his nobler fame.  
 For haughtier foes of Lusian race he braves;  
 The awful sword of justice high he waves:  
 Before his bar the injured Indian stands,  
 And justice boldly on his foe demands,  
 The Lusian foe; in wonder lost the Moor  
 Beholds proud rapine's vulture gripe restore;  
 Beholds the Lusian hands in fetters bound  
 By Lusian hands, and wound repay'd for wound.  
 Oh, more shall thus by Nunio's worth be won,  
 Than conquest reaps from high-plumed hosts o'erthrown.  
 Long shall the generous Nunio's blissful sway  
 Command supreme. In Dio's hopeless day  
 The sovereign toil the brave Noronha takes;  
 Awed by his <sup>c</sup> fame the fierce-soul'd Rumien shakes,  
 And Dio's open'd walls in sudden flight forsakes. }  
 A son of thine, O Gama, now shall <sup>d</sup> hold  
 The helm of empire, prudent, wise and bold:  
 Malacca saved and strengthen'd by his arms,  
 The banks of Tor shall echo his alarms;

His

<sup>c</sup> *Awed by his fame.*—That brave generous spirit, which prompted Camöens to condemn the great Albuquerque for injustice to a common soldier, has here deserted him. In place of poetical compliment, on the terrors of his name, Noronha deserved infamy. The siege of Dio, it is true, was raised on the report of his approach, but that report was the stratagem of *Coje Zofar*, one of the general officers of the assailants. The delays of Noronha were as highly blameable, as his treatment of his predecessor, the excellent Nunio, was unworthy of a gentleman. See the preface.

<sup>d</sup> *A son of thine, O Gama.*—Stephen de Gama. See the preface.

His worth shall bless the kingdoms of the morn,  
 For all thy virtues shall his foul adorn.  
 When fate resigns thy hero to the skies,  
 A veteran, famed on Brazil's shore, shall <sup>e</sup> rise:  
 The wide Atlantic and the Indian main,  
 By turns shall own the terrors of his reign.  
 His aid the proud Cambayan king implores,  
 His potent aid Cambaya's king restores.  
 The dread Mogul with all his thousands flies,  
 And Dio's towers are Souza's well-earn'd prize.  
 Nor less the Zamorim o'er blood-stain'd <sup>f</sup> ground  
 Shall speed his legions, torn with many a wound,  
 In headlong rout. Nor shall the boastful pride  
 Of India's navy, though the shaded tide  
 Around the squadron'd masts appear the down  
 Of some wide forest, other fate renown.  
 Loud rattling through the hills of Cape Camore  
 I hear the tempest of the battle roar!  
 Clung to the splinter'd masts I see the dead  
 Badala's shores with horrid wreck bespread;

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G g

Baticala

<sup>e</sup> *veteran fam'd on Brazil's shore.*—Martin Alonzo de Souza. He was celebrated for clearing the coast of Brazil of several pirates, who were formidable to that infant colony.

<sup>f</sup> *—'er blood-stained ground*—This is as near the original as elegance will allow—*de sangue cheyo*—upon which Fanshew has thus punned,

— with no little loss,  
 Sending him home again by *Weeping-Cross*.

Baticala inflamed by treacherous hate,  
 Provokes the horrors of Badala's fate:  
 Her seas in blood, her skies enwrap't in fire  
 Confess the sweeping storm of Souza's ire.  
 No hostile spear now rear'd on sea or strand,  
 The awful sceptre graces Souza's hand;  
 Peaceful he reigns, in counsel just and wise;  
 And glorious Castro now his throne supplies:  
 Castro, the boast of generous fame, afar  
 From Dio's strand shall sway the glorious war.  
 Madning with rage to view the Lusian band,  
 A troop so few, proud Dio's towers command,  
 The cruel Ethiop Moor to heaven complains,  
 And the proud Persian's languid zeal arraigns.  
 The Rumien fierce, who boasts the name of Rome,  
 With these conspires, and vows the Lusians' doom.

A thousand

\* *The Rumien fierce who boasts the name of Rome*—When the victories of the Portuguese began to overspread the East, several Indian princes, by the counsels of the Moors, applied for assistance to the Sultan of Egypt and the Grand Signior. The troops of these Mohammedan princes were in the highest reputation for bravery, and though composed of many different nations, were known among the orientals by one common name. Ignorance delights in the marvellous. The history of ancient Rome made the same figure among the Easterns, as that of the fabulous or heroic ages, does with us, with this difference, it was better believed. The Turks of Romania and Egypt pretended to be the descendants of the Roman Conquerors, and the Indians gave them and their auxiliaries the name of Rumes, or Romans. It has been said that the *gyffes* who are now scattered over Europe, were, about four or five centuries ago, driven by war from Egypt and Syria. The name by which, in their dialect, they call themselves, *Rumetib*, or *Rumetchin*, favours this opinion.

A thousand barbarous nations join their powers  
 To bathe with Lufian blood the Dion towers.  
 Dark rolling sheets, forth belch'd from brazen wombs,  
 And bored, like showering clouds, with hailing bombs,  
 O'er Dio's sky spread the black shades of death ;  
 The mine's dread earthquakes shake the ground beneath.  
 No hope, bold <sup>h</sup> Mascarene, mayst thou respire,  
 A glorious fall alone, thy just desire.  
 When lo, his gallant son brave Castro sends——  
 Ah ! heaven what fate the hapless youth attends !  
 In vain the terrors of his faulchion glare ;  
 The cavern'd mine bursts, high in pitchy air  
 Rampire and squadron whirl'd convulsive, borne  
 To heaven, the hero dies in fragments torn.  
 His loftiest bough though fall'n, the generous fire  
 His living hope devotes with Roman ire.  
 On wings of fury flies the brave Alvar  
 Through oceans howling with the wintery war,  
 Through ikies of snow his brother's vengeance bears :  
 And soon in arms the valiant fire appears :  
 Before him victory spreads her eagle-wing  
 Wide sweeping o'er Cambaya's haughty king.  
 In vain his thundering courfers shake the ground,  
 Cambaya bleeding of his might's last wound.

G g 2

Sinks

<sup>h</sup> *No hope, bold Mascarene.*—The commander of Diu, or Dio, during this siege, one of the most memorable in the Portuguese history.

Sinks pale in dust : fierce Hydal-Kan<sup>i</sup> in vain  
 Wakes war on war ; he bites his iron chain.  
 O'er Indus' banks, o'er Ganges' smiling vales  
 No more the hind his plunder'd field bewails :  
 O'er every field, O peace, thy blossoms glow,  
 The golden blossoms of thy olive bough ;  
 Firm based on wisdom's laws great Castro crowns,  
 And the wide East the Lusian empire owns.

These warlike chiefs, the sons of thy renown,  
 And thousands more, O Vasco, doom'd to crown  
 Thy glorious toils, shall through these seas unfold  
 Their victor-standards blazed with Indian gold ;

And

<sup>i</sup> *Fierce Hydal Kan.*—The title of the lords or princes of Decan, who in their wars with the Portuguese have sometimes brought 400,000 men into the field. The prince here mentioned, after many revolts, was at last finally subdued by Don John de Castro, the fourth viceroy of India, with whose reign our poet judiciously ends the prophetic song. Albuquerque laid the plan, and Castro completed the system of the Portuguese empire in the East. It is with propriety therefore that the prophecy given to Gama is here summed up. Nor is the discretion of Camoens in this instance inferior to his judgment. He is now within a few years of his own times, when he himself was upon the scene in India. But whatever he had said of his cotemporaries would have been liable to misconstruction, and every sentence would have been branded with the epithets of flattery or malice. A little poet would have been happy in such an opportunity to rectify his wrongs. But the silent contempt of Camoens does him true honour.

In this historical song, as already hinted, the translator has been attentive, as much as he could, to throw it into those universal languages, the picturesque and characteristic. To convey the sublimest instructions to princes, is, according to Aristotle, the peculiar province of the epic muse. The striking points of view, in which the different characters of the governors of India are here placed, are in the most happy conformity to this judicious canon of the Stagirite.



And in the bosom of our flowery isle,  
Embathed in joy shall o'er their labours smile.  
Their nymphs like yours, their feast divine the same,  
The raptur'd foretaste of immortal fame.

So sung the goddess, while the sister train  
With joyful anthem close the sacred strain ;  
Though fortune from her whirling sphere bestow  
Her gifts capricious in unconstant flow,  
Yet laurel'd honour and immortal fame  
Shall ever constant grace the Lusian name.  
So sung the joyful chorus, while around  
The silver roofs the lofty notes resound.  
The song prophetic, and the sacred feast,  
Now shed the glow of strength through every breast.  
When with the grace and majesty divine,  
Which round immortals, when enamour'd, shine,  
To crown the banquet of their deathless fame,  
To happy GAMA thus the sovereign dame :  
O loved of heaven, what never man before,  
What wandering science never might explore,  
By heaven's high will, with mortal eyes to see  
Great nature's face unveil'd, is given to thee.  
'Thou and thy warriors follow where I lead :  
Firm be your steps, for arduous to the tread  
Through matted breaks of thorn and brier, bestrew'd  
With splinter'd flint, winds the steep slippery road.

She spake, and smiling caught the hero's hand,  
 And on the mountain's summit soon they stand;  
 A beauteous lawn with pearl enamell'd o'er,  
 Emerald and ruby, as the gods of yore  
 Had sported here. Here in the fragrant air  
 A wondrous globe appear'd, divinely fair!  
 Through every part the light transparent flow'd,  
 And in the centre as the surface glow'd.  
 The frame ethereal various orbs compose,  
 In whirling circles now they fell, now rose;  
 Yet never rose <sup>k</sup> nor fell, for still the same  
 Was every movement of the wondrous frame;  
 Each movement still beginning, still complete,  
 Its author's type, self-poised, perfection's feat.

Great

*\* In whirling circles now they fell, now rose,—Yet never rose nor fell—*—The motions of the heavenly bodies, in every system, bear, at all times, the same uniform relation to each other; these expressions, therefore, are strictly just. The first relates to the appearance, the second to the reality. Thus while to us the sun appears to go down, to more western inhabitants of the globe he appears to rise, and while he rises to us, he is going down to the more eastern; the difference being entirely relative to the various parts of the earth. And in this the expressions of our poet are equally applicable to the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems. The ancient hypothesis which made our earth the centre of the universe, is the system adopted by Camões, a happiness, in the opinion of the translator, to the English Lusiad. The new system is so well known, that a poetical description of it would have been no novelty to the English reader. The other has not only that advantage in its favour, but this description is perhaps the finest and fullest that ever was given of it in poetry, that of Lucretius, l. v. being chiefly argumentative, and therefore less picturesque.

Our author studied at the university of Coimbra, where the ancient system and other doctrines of the Aristotelians then, and long afterwards, prevailed.

Great VASCO thrill'd with reverential awe,  
 And wrapt with keen desire, the wonder saw.  
 The goddess markt the language of his eyes,  
 And here, she cried, thy largest wish suffice.  
 Great nature's fabric thou dost here behold,  
 Th' etherial pure, and elemental mould,  
 In pattern shewn complete, as nature's God  
 Ordain'd the world's great frame his dread abode;  
 For every part the power divine pervades,  
 The sun's bright radiance and the central shades.  
 Yet let not haughty reason's bounded line  
 Explore the boundless God, or where define,  
 Where in himself in uncreated light,  
 (While all his worlds around seem'd wrapt in night;)  
 He holds his loftiest <sup>l</sup> state. By primal laws  
 Imposed on nature's birth, himself the cause,  
 By her own ministry through every maze  
 Nature in all her walks unseen he sways.  
 These spheres <sup>m</sup> behold; the first in wide embrace  
 Surrounds the lesser orbs of various face;

The

<sup>l</sup> *He holds his loftiest state.*—Called by the old philosophers and school divines the *ferforium* of the Deity.

<sup>m</sup> *These spheres behold.*—According to the Peripatetics the universe consisted of eleven spheres inclosed within each other, as Fanshew has familiarly expressed it by a simile which he has lent our author. The first of these spheres, he says,

——doth (as in a nest  
 Of boxes) all the other orbs comprize——

The Empyrean this, the holiest heaven,  
 To the pure spirits of the blest is given:  
 No mortal eye its splendid rays may bear,  
 No mortal bosom feel the raptures there.  
 The earth in all her summer pride array'd  
 To this might seem a drear sepulchral shade.  
 Unmoved it stands: within its flaming frame,  
 In motion swifter than the lightning's flame,  
 Swifter than flight the moving parts may spy,  
 Another sphere whirls round its rapid sky.  
 Hence motion <sup>n</sup> darts its force, impulsive draws,  
 And on the other orbs impresses laws:

The

In their accounts of this first mentioned, but eleventh sphere, which they called the Empyrean or heaven of the blest, the disciples of Aristotle, and the Arab Moors, give a loose to all the warmth of imagination. And several of the christian fathers applied to it the descriptions of heaven which are found in the holy scripture.

\* *Hence motion darts its force.*—This is the tenth sphere, the *primum mobile* of the ancient system. To account for the appearances of the heavens, the Peripatetics ascribed double motion to it. While its influence drew the other orbs from east to west, they supposed it had a motion of its own from west to east. To effect this, the ponderous weight and interposition of the ninth sphere, or crystalline heaven, was necessary. The ancient astronomers observed that the stars shifted their places. This they called the motion of the crystalline heaven, expressed by our poet at the rate of one pace during two hundred solar years. The famous Arab astronomer Abulhafan, in his work entitled Meadows of Gold, calculates the revolution of this sphere to consist of 42,000 of our years. But modern discoveries have not only corrected this calculation †, but have also ascertained the reason

† However deficient the astronomy of Abulhafan may be, it is nothing to the calculation of his prophet Mohammed, who tells his disciples, that the stars were each about the bigness of an house, and hung from the sky on chains of gold

The sun's bright car attentive to its force  
 Gives night and day, and shapes his yearly course :  
 Its force stupendous asks a pondrous sphere  
 To poise its fury and its weight to bear :  
 Slow moves that pondrous orb ; the stiff, slow pace  
 One step scarce gains, while wide his annual race  
 Two hundred times the sun triumphant rides ;  
 The crystal heaven is this, whose rigour guides  
 And binds the starry sphere : that sphere behold,  
 With diamonds spangled, and emblaz'd with gold ;  
 What radiant orbs that azure sky adorn,  
 Fair o'er the night in rapid motion borne !

Swift

reason of the apparent motion of the fixt stars. The earth is not a perfect sphere ; the quantity of matter is greater at the equator ; hence the earth turns on her axis in a rocking motion, revolving round the axis of the ecliptic, which is called the procession of the equinoxes, and makes the stars seem to shift their places at about the rate of a degree in 72 years ; according to which all the stars seem to perform one revolution in the space of 25,920 years, after which they return exactly to the same situation as at the beginning of this period. However imperfect in their calculations, the Chaldaic astronomers perceived that the motions of the heavens compos'd one great revolution. This they call'd the *Annus Magnus*, which those who did not understand them mistook for a restoration of all things to their first originals, and that the world was at that period to begin anew in every respect. Hence the old Egyptian notion, that every one was at the end of thirty-nine thousand years to resume every circumstance of his present life, to be exactly the same in every contingency. And hence also the legends of the Bramins and Mandarins, their periods of millions of years, and the worlds which they tell us are already past, and eternally to succeed each other.

• *And binds the starry sphere.*—This was call'd the firmament or eighth heaven. Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Venus, Mercury, and Diana, were the planets which gave name to, and those orbits compos'd the other spheres or heavens.

Swift as they trace the heaven's deep circling line,  
 Whirl'd on their proper axles bright they shine.  
 Wide o'er this heaven a golden belt displays  
 Twelve various forms; behold the glittering blaze!  
 Through these the sun in annual journey towers,  
 And o'er each clime their various tempers pours.  
 In gold and silver of celestial mine  
 How rich far round the constellations shine!  
 Lo, bright emerging o'er the polar tides  
 In shining frost the northern  $\rho$  chariot rides:  
 Mid treasured snows here gleams the grisly bear,  
 And icy flakes incrust his shaggy hair.  
 Here fair Andromeda of heaven beloved:  
 Her vengeful fire, and by the gods reprov'd

Beauteous

<sup>2</sup> *In shining frost the northern chariot rides.*—Commonly called Charles-wain. Of Calisto, or the Bear, see the note on page 113. Andromeda was the daughter of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, and of Cassiope. Cassiope boasted that she and her daughter were more beautiful than Juno and the Nereids. Andromeda, to appease the goddesses, was, at her father's command, chained to a rock to be devoured by a sea-monster, but was saved by Perseus, who obtained of Jupiter that all the family should be placed among the stars. Orion was a hunter, who, for an attempt on Diana, was flung to death by a serpent. The star of his name portends tempests. The Dogs; fable gives this honour to those of different hunters. The faithful dog of Erigone, however, that died mad with grief for the death of his mistress, has the best title to preside over the dog-days. The Swan; that whose form Jupiter borrowed to enjoy Leda. The Hare, when pursued by Orion, was saved by Mercury, and placed in heaven, to signify that Mercury presides over melancholy dispositions. The lyre, with which Orpheus charmed Pluto. The Dragon, which guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides, and the ship Argo, complete the number of the constellations mentioned by Camoens. If our author has blended the appearance of heaven with those of the painted artificial sphere, it is in the manner of the classics. Ovid, in particular, thus describes the heavens, in the second book of his *Metamorphoses*.

Beauteous Cassiope. Here fierce and red  
 Portending storms Orion lifts his head ;  
 And here the dogs their raging fury shed.  
 The swan—sweet melodist ! in death he sings—  
 The milder swan here spreads his silver wings.  
 Here Orpheus' lyre, the melancholy hare,  
 And here the watchful dragon's eye-balls glare ;  
 And Theseus' ship, Oh, less renown'd than thine,  
 Shall ever o'er these skies illustrious shine.  
 Beneath this radiant firmament behold  
 The various planets in their orbits roll'd :  
 Here in cold twilight hoary Saturn rides,  
 Here Jove shines mild, here fiery Mars presides,  
 Apollo here enthroned in light appears  
 The eye of heaven, emblazer of the spheres ;  
 Beneath him beauteous glows the queen of love,  
 The proudest hearts her sacred influence prove ;  
 Here Hermes famed for eloquence divine,  
 And here Diana's various faces shine ;  
 Lowest she rides, and through the shadowy night  
 Pours on the glistening earth her silver light.  
 These various orbs, behold, in various speed  
 Pursue the journeys at their birth decreed.  
 Now from the centre far impell'd they fly,  
 Now nearer earth they sail a lower sky,  
 A shorten'd course : such are their laws impress'd  
 By God's dread will, that will <sup>a</sup> for ever best.

The

<sup>a</sup> — *Impress'd by God's dread will* — Though a modern narrative of bawdy-house adventures in the South Seas by no means requires the supposition of a particular

The yellow earth, the centre of the whole,  
 There lordly rests sustain'd on either pole.  
 The limpid air enfolds in soft embrace  
 The pondrous orb, and brightens o'er her face.

Here

particular providence, that supposition, however, is absolutely necessary to the grandeur of an epic poem. The great examples of Homer and Virgil prove it; and Camöens understood and felt its force. While his fleet combat all the horrors of unplow'd oceans, we do not view his heroes as idle wanderers; the care of heaven gives their voyage the greatest importance. When Gama falls on his knees and spreads his hands to heaven on the discovery of India, we are presented with a figure infinitely more noble than that of the most successful conqueror, who is supposed to act under the influence of fatalism or chance. The human mind is conscious of its own weakness. It expects an elevation in poetry, and demands a degree of importance superior to the caprices of unmeaning accident. The poetical reader cannot admire the hero who is subject to such blind fortuity. He appears to us with an abject uninteresting littleness. Our poetical ideas of permanent greatness demand a Gama, a hero whose enterprises and whose person interest the care of heaven and the happiness of his people. Nor must this supposition be confined merely to the machinery. The reason why it pleases also requires that the supposition should be uniform throughout the whole poem. Virgil, by dismissing Æneas through the ivory gate of Elysium, has hinted that all his pictures of a future state were merely dreams, and has thus destroyed the highest merit of the compliment to his patron Augustus. But Camöens has certainly been more happy. A fair opportunity offered itself to indulge the opinions of Lucretius and the Academic Grove; but Camöens, in ascribing the government of the universe to the will of God, has not only preserved the philosophy of his poem perfectly uniform, but has also shewn that the Peripatetic system is, in this instance, exactly conformable to the Newtonian. But this leads us from one defence of our author to another. We have seen that the supposition of a providence is certainly allowable in a poet: nor can we think it is highly to be blamed, even in a philosopher. The Principia of Newton offer, what some perhaps may esteem, a demonstration of the truth of this opinion. Matter appeared to Sir Isaac as possessed of no property but one, the *vis inertiae*, or dead inactivity. Motion, the centripetal and centrifugal force, appeared therefore to that great man, as added by the agency of something distinct from matter, by a being



Here softly floating o'er the aerial blue,  
 Fringed with the purple and the golden hue,  
 The fleecy clouds their swelling sides display ;  
 From whence fermented by the sulph'rous ray

The

of other properties. And from the infinite combinations of the universe united in one great design, he inferred the omnipotence and omniscience of that primary being.

If we admit, and who can possibly deny it, that man has an idea of right and wrong, and a power of agency in both, he is then a moral, or in other words, a reasonable agent ; a being placed in circumstances, where his agency is infallibly attended with degrees of happiness or misery infinitely more real and durable than any animal sensation. Now to suppose that the being who has provided for every want of animal nature, who has placed even the meanest insect in its proper line, and has rendered every purpose of its agency or existence complete, to suppose that he has placed the infinitely superior intellectual nature of man in an agency of infinitely greater consequence, but an agency of which he takes no superintendance—to suppose this, is only to suppose that the author of nature is a very imperfect being. For no proposition can be more self-evident, than that an attention to the meanest comparative trifles, attended with a neglect of infinitely greater concerns, implies an intellectual imperfection. Yet some philosophers, who tell us there never was an atheist, some who are not only in raptures with the great machinery of the universe, but are lost in admiration at the admirable adaption of an oyster-shell to the wants of the animal ; some of these philosophers, with the utmost contempt of the contrary opinion, make no scruple to exclude the care of the Deity from any concern in the moral world. Dazzled, perhaps, by the mathematics, the case of many a feeble intellect ; or bewildered and benighted in metaphysics, the case of many an ingenious philosopher ; they erect a standard of truth in their own minds, and utterly forgetting that this standard must be founded on partial views, with the utmost assurance they reject whatever does not agree with the infallibility of their beloved test. There is another cast of philosophers no less ingenious, whose minds, absorbed in the innumerable wonders of natural enquiry, can perceive nothing but a god of cockle-shells, and of grubs, turned into butterflies. With all the arrogance of superior knowledge these virtuosi smile at the opinion which interests the Deity in the moral happiness or misery of man. Nay, they will gravely tell you, that such misery or happiness does not exist. At ease  
 themselves

The lightnings blaze, and heat spreads wide and rare;  
 And now in fierce embrace with frozen air,  
 Their wombs compressed soon feel parturient throws,  
 And white wing'd gales bear wide the teeming snows.  
 Thus cold and heat their warring empires hold,  
 A verse yet mingling, each by each controll'd;

The

themselves in their elbow chairs, they cannot conceive there is such a thing in the world as oppressed innocence feeling its only consolation in an appeal to heaven, and its only hope, a trust in its care. Though the author of nature has placed man in a state of moral agency, and made his happiness or misery to depend upon it, and though every page of human history is stained with the tears of injured innocence and the triumphs of guilt, with miseries which must affect a moral or thinking being, yet we have been told that "God perceiveth it not, and that what mortals call "moral evil vanishes from before his more perfect sight." Thus the appeal of injured innocence, and the tear of bleeding virtue fall unregarded, unworthy of the attention of the Deity†. Yet with what raptures do these enlarged virtuosi behold the infinite wisdom and care of their *Beelzebub*, their god of flies, in the admirable and various provision he had made for the preservation of the eggs of vermin, and the generation of maggots.

Much more might be said in proof that our poet's philosophy does not altogether deserve ridicule. And those who allow a general but deny a particular providence, will, it is hoped, excuse Camoens, on the consideration, that if we estimate a general moral providence by analogy of that providence which presides over vegetable and animal nature, a more particular one cannot possibly be wanted. If a particular providence, however is still denied, another consideration obtrudes itself; if one pang of a moral agent is unregarded, one tear of injured innocence left to fall unpitied by the Deity, if *Ludit in humanis Divina potentia rebus*, the consequence is that the human conception can form an idea of a much better God: and it may modestly be presumed we may hazard the laugh of the wisest philosopher, and without scruple assert, that it is impossible that a created mind should conceive an idea of perfection, superior to that which is absolutely possessed by the creator and author of existence.

† Perhaps, like Lucretius, some philosophers think this would be too much trouble to the Deity. But the idea of trouble to the divine nature, is much the same as another argument of the same philosopher, who having asserted, that before the creation the gods could not know what different seeds would produce, from thence wisely concludes, that the world was made by chance.

The highest air and ocean's bed they pierce,  
 And earth's dark centre feels their struggles fierce.

The feat of man, the earth's fair breast, behold ;  
 Here wood-crown'd islands wave their locks of gold.  
 Here spread wide continents their bosoms green,  
 And hoary ocean heaves his breast between.  
 Yet not th' inconstant ocean's furious tide  
 May fix the dreadful bounds of human pride.  
 What madning seas between these nations roar !  
 Yet Lusus' hero-race shall visit every shore.  
 What thousand tribes whom various customs sway,  
 And various rites, these countless shores display !  
 Queen of the world, supreme in shining arms,  
 Hers every art, and hers all wisdom's charms,  
 Each nation's tribute round her foot-stool spread,  
 Here christian Europe <sup>r</sup> lifts the regal head,  
 Afric <sup>s</sup> behold, alas, what alter'd view !  
 Her lands uncultur'd, and her sons untrue ;  
 Ungraced with all that sweetens human life,  
 Savage and fierce they roam in brutal strife ;  
 Eager they grasp the gifts which culture yields,  
 Yet naked roam their own neglected fields.

L. G.

<sup>r</sup> Here *Christian Europe*—*Vês Europa Christian.*—As Europe is already described in the third *Lusiad*, this short account of it has as great propriety, as the manner of it has dignity.

<sup>s</sup> *Afric behold.*—This just and strongly picturesque description of Africa is finely contrasted with the character of Europe. It contains also a masterly compliment to the expedition of Gama, which is all along represented as the harbinger and diffuser of the blessings of civilization.

Lo, here enrich'd with hills of golden ore,  
 Monomotapa's empire hems the shore.  
 There round the cape, great Afric's dreadful bound  
 Array'd in forms, by you first compass'd round ;  
 Unnumber'd tribes as bestial grazers stray,  
 By laws unform'd, unform'd by reason's sway :  
 Far inward stretch the mournful sterile dales,  
 Where on the parch'd hill side pale famine wails.  
 On gold in vain the naked savage treads ;  
 Low clay built huts, behold, and reedy sheds,  
 Their dreary towns. Gonfalo's <sup>1</sup> zeal shall glow  
 To these dark minds the path of light to shew :  
 His toils to humanize the barbarous mind  
 Shall with the martyr's palms his holy temples bind.  
 Great Naya <sup>2</sup> too shall glorious here display  
 His God's dread might : behold, in black array,  
 Numerous and thick as when in evil hour  
 The feather'd race whole harvest fields devour ;  
 So thick, so numerous round Sofala's towers  
 Her barbarous hords remotest Afric pours.

In

<sup>1</sup> *Gonfalo's zeal shall glow.*—Gonfalo de Sylveyra, a Portuguese Jesuit, in 1555, sailed from Lisbon on a mission to Monomotapa. His labours were at first successful ; but ere he effected any regular establishment he was murdered by the barbarians. *Ceſtera abridged.*

<sup>2</sup> *Great Naya too*—Don Pedro de Naya . . . . In 1505 he erected a fort in the kingdom of Sofala, which is subject to Monomotapa. Six thousand Moors and Cafres laid siege to this garrison, which he defended with only thirty-five men. After having several times suffered by unexpected sallies, the barbarians fled, exclaiming to their king, that he had led them to fight against God. See Faria.

In vain ; heaven's vengeance on their souls impreſt,  
 They fly, wide ſcatter'd as the driving miſt.  
 Lo, Quama there, and there the fertile Nile,  
 Curſt with that gorging fiend the crocodile,  
 Wind their long way: the parent lake behold,  
 Great Nilus' fount, unſeen, unknown of old,  
 From whence diſſuſing plenty as he glides,  
 Wide Abyſſinia's realm the ſtream divides.  
 In Abyſſinia † heaven's own altars blaze,  
 And hallowed anthems chant Meſſiah's praiſe.  
 In Nile's wide breaſt the iſle of Meroe ſee!  
 Near theſe rude ſhores an hero ſprung from thee,

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H h

Thy

† *In Abyſſinia heaven's own altars blaze.*—Chriſtianity was planted here in the firſt century, but mixed with many Jewish rites unuſed by other Chriſtians of the Eaſt. This appears to give ſome countenance to the pretenſions of their emperors, who claim their deſcent from Solomon and the queen of Sheba, and at leaſt reminds us of Acts 8. 27. where we are told, that the treaſurer of the queen of Ethiopia came to worſhip at Jeruſalem. Innumerable monaſteries, we are told, are in this country. But the clergy are very igno rant, and the laity groſs barbarians. Much has been ſaid of the hill Amara,

Where Abyſſin kings their iſſue guard——  
 — — — — by ſome ſuppoſed  
 True Paradife, under the Ethiop line  
 By Nilus head, incloſed with ſhining rock,  
 A whole day's journey high ———MILTON.

and where, according to Urreta, a Spaniſh Jeſuit, is the library founded by the queen of Sheba, and encreaſed with all thoſe writings, of which we have either poſſeſſion or only the names. The works of Noah, and the lectures on the mathematics which Abraham read in the plains of Mamre, are here. And ſo many are the volumes, that 200 monks are employed as librarians. It is needleſs to add, that Father Urreta is a ſecond Sir John Mandeville.

Thy son, \* brave GAMA, shall his lineage shew  
 In glorious triumphs o'er the Paynim foe.  
 There by the rapid Ob, her friendly breast  
 Melinda spreads, thy place of grateful rest.  
 Cape Aromata there the gulph defends,  
 Where by the Red Sea wave great Afric ends.  
 Illustrious Suez, seat of heroes old,  
 Famed Hierapolis, high-tower'd, behold.  
 Here Egypt's shelter'd fleets at anchor ride,  
 And hence in squadrons sweep the eastern tide.  
 And lo, the waves that aw'd by Moses' rod,  
 While the dry bottom Israel's armies trod,  
 On either hand roll'd back their frothy might,  
 And stood like hoary rocks in cloudy height.  
 Here Asia, rich in every precious mine,  
 In realms immense, begins her western line.  
 Sinai behold, whose trembling cliffs of yore  
 In fire and darkness, deep pavilion'd, bore

The

\* *Thy son, brave Gama.*—When Don Stephen de Gama was governor of India, the Christian Emperor and Empress-mother of Ethiopia, solicited the assistance of the Portuguese against the usurpations of the Pagan king of Zeyla. Don Stephen sent his brother Don Christoval with 500 men. The prodigies of their valour astonished the Ethiopians. But after having twice defeated the tyrant, and reduced his great army to the last extremity, Don Christoval, urged too far by the impetuosity of his youthful valour, was taken prisoner. He was brought before the usurper, and put to death in the most cruel manner. Waxed threads were twisted with his beard and afterwards set on fire. He was then dipped in boiling wax, and at least beheaded by the hand of the tyrant. The Portuguese esteem him a martyr, and say that his torments and death were inflicted because he would not renounce the faith. See *Faria y Sousa*.

The Hebrews' God, while day with awful brow  
 Gleam'd pale on Ifrael's wandering tents below.  
 The pilgrim now the lonely hill ascends,  
 And when the evening raven homeward bends,  
 Before the virgin-martyr's † tomb he pays  
 His mournful vespers and his vows of praise.  
 Gidda behold, and Aden's parch'd domain  
 Girt by Arzira's rock, where never rain  
 Yet fell from heaven; where never from the dale  
 The crystal rivulet murmured to the vale.  
 The three Arabias here their breasts unfold,  
 Here breathing incense, here a rocky wold;  
 O'er Dofar's plain the richest incense breathes,  
 That round the sacred shrine its vapour wreathes;  
 Here the proud war steed glories in his force,  
 As fleetier than the gale he holds the course.  
 Here, with his spouse and household lodged in wains,  
 The Arab's camp shifts wandering o'er the plains,  
 The merchant's dread, what time from eastern soil  
 His burthen'd camels seek the land of Nile.

H h 2

Here

† *Before the virgin-martyr's tomb.*—He must be a dull reader indeed who cannot perceive and relish the amazing variety which prevails in our poet. In every page it appears. In the historical narrative of wars, where it is most necessary, yet from the sameness of the subject, most difficult to attain, our author always attains it with the most graceful ease. In the description of countries he not only follows the manner of Homer and Virgil, not only distinguishes each region by its most striking characteristic, but he also diversifies his geography with other incidents introduced by the mention of the place. St. Catharine, Virgin and Martyr, according to Romish histories, was buried on Sinai, where a chapel which bears her name still remains.

Here Rofalgate and Farthac stretch their arms,  
 And point to Ormuz, famed for war's alarms ;  
 Ormuz, decreed full oft to quake with dread  
 Beneath the Lufian heroes' hostile tread,  
 Shall fee the Turkish moons with slaughter gor'd  
 Shrink from the lightning of De Branco's \* fword.  
 There on the gulph that laves the Perfian fhore,  
 Far through the fūrges bends Cape Afabore.  
 There Barem's x ifle ; her rocks with diamonds blaze,  
 And emulate Aurora's glittering rays.  
 From Barem's fhore Euphrates' flood is feen,  
 And Tygris' waters, through the waves of green  
 In yellowy currents many a league extend,  
 As with the darker waves averfe they blend.  
 Lo, Perfia there her empire wide unfolds !  
 In tented camp his ftate the monarch holds :  
 Her warrior fons difdain the arms of y fire,  
 And with the pointed fteel to fame afpire ;

Their

\* ——— *De Branco's fword.*—Don Pedro de Castel-Branco. He obtained a great victory, near Ormuz, over the combined fleets of the Moors, Turks, and Perfians.

x *Here Barem's ifle.*—The ifland of Baem is fituated in the Perfian gulph, near the influx of the Euphrates and Tygris. It is celebrated for the plenty, variety, and fineneſs of its diamonds.

y *Her warrior fons difdain the arms of fire.*—This was the character of the Perfians when Gama arrived in the Eaſt. Yet though they thought it diſhonourable to uſe the muſket, they eſteemed it no diſgrace to ruſh from a thicket on an unarmed foe. This reminds one of the ſpirit of the old romanec. Orlando having taken the firſt invented cannon from the king of Fiiza, throws it into the ſea with the moſt heroic execrations. Yet the heroes of chivalry think it no diſgrace to take every advantage afforded by invulnerable hides, and enchanted armour.



Their springy shoulders stretching to the blow,  
Their sweepy sabres hew the shrieking foe.  
There Gerum's isle the hoary ruin <sup>2</sup> wears  
Where Time has trod: there shall the dreadful spears  
Of Soufa and Menezes strew the shore  
With Persian sabres, and embathe with gore.  
Carpella's cape, and sad Carmania's strand,  
There parch'd and bare their dreary wastes expand.  
A fairer landscape here delights the view;  
From these green hills beneath the clouds of blue,  
The Indus and the Ganges roll the wave,  
And many a smiling field propitious lave.  
Luxurious here Ulcinda's harvests smile,  
And here, disdainful of the seaman's toil,  
The whirling tides of Jaquet furious roar;  
Alike their rage when swelling to the shore,  
Or tumbling backward to the deep, they force  
The boiling fury of their gulphy course:  
Against their headlong rage nor oars nor sails,  
The stemming prow alone, hard toiled, prevails.  
Cambaya here begins her wide domain;  
A thousand cities here shall own the reign

Of

<sup>2</sup> *There Gerum's isle the hoary ruin wears, where time has trod.*—Presuming on the ruins which are found on this island, the natives pretend that the Armuzia of Pliny and Strabo was here situated. But this is a mistake, for that city stood on the continent. The Moors, however, have built a city in this isle, which they call by the ancient name.

Of Lisboa's monarchs : He who first shall crown  
 Thy <sup>a</sup> labours, GAMA, here shall boast his own.  
 The lengthening sea that washes India's strand  
 And laves the cape that points to Ceylon's land,  
 (The Taprobanian isle, renown'd of yore)  
 Shall see his ensigns blaze from shore to shore.  
 Behold how many a realm array'd in green  
 The Ganges' shore and Indus' bank between !  
 Here tribes unnumber'd and of various lore  
 With woeful penance fiend-like shapes adore ;  
 Some Macon's <sup>b</sup> orgies, all confess the sway  
 Of rites that shun, like trembling ghosts, the day.  
 Narfinga's fair domain behold ; of yore  
 Here shone the gilded towers of Meliapore.  
 Here India's angels weeping o'er <sup>c</sup> the tomb  
 Where Thomas sleeps, implore the day to come,

The

<sup>a</sup> *He who first shall crown thy labours, Gama.*—Pedro de Cabral, of whom see the preface.

<sup>b</sup> *Some Macon's orgies.*—Macon, a name of Mecca, the birth place of Mohammed.

<sup>c</sup> — *the tomb where Thomas sleeps.*—There are, to talk in the Indian style, a cast of gentlemen, whose hearts are all impartiality and candour to every religion, except one, the most moral one which ever the world knew. A tale of a Brahmin or a priest of Jupiter would to them appear worthy of poetry. But to introduce an apostle—Common sense, however, will prevail ; and the episode of St. Thomas will appear to the true critic equal in dignity and propriety. In propriety, for

To renew and complete the labours of the apostle, the messenger of heaven, is the great design of the hero of the poem, and of the future missions in consequence of the discoveries which are the subject of it.

The Christians of St. Thomas, found in Malabar on the arrival of Gama, we have already mentioned in the preface : but some farther account of that

The day foretold when India's utmost shore  
Again shall hear Messiah's blissful lore.

By

that subject will certainly be agreeable to the curious. The Jesuit missionaries have given most pompous accounts of the Christian antiquities of India and China. When the Portuguese arrived in India, the head of the Malabar Christians, named Jacob, styled himself Metropolitan of India and China. And a Chaldaic breviary † of the Indian Christians offers praise to God for sending St. Thomas to India and China. In 1625, in digging for a foundation near *Siganfu*, metropolis of the province of *Xensi*, was found a stone with a cross on it, full of Chinese, and some Syriac characters, containing the names of bishops, and an account of the Christian religion, "that it was brought from Judea; that having been weakened, it was renewed under the reign of the great *Tum*," (cir. A. D. 630.) But the Christians, say the Jesuits, siding with the Tartars, cir. A. D. 1200, were extirpated by the Chinese. In 1543, *Fernand Pinto*, observing some ruins near Peking, was told by the people, that 200 years before, a holy man, who worshipped Jesus Christ, born of a virgin, lived there; and being murdered, was thrown into a river, but his body would not sink; and soon after the city was destroyed by an earthquake. The same Jesuit found people at Caminam who knew the doctrines of Christianity, which they said were preached to their fathers by John the disciple of Thomas. In 1635, some heathens by night passing through a village in the province of Fokien, saw some stones which emitted light, under which were found the figure of crosses. From China, St. Thomas returned to Meliapore in Malabar, at a time when a prodigious beam of timber floated on the sea near the coast. The king endeavoured to bring it ashore, but all the force of men and elephants was in vain. St. Thomas desired leave to build a church with it, and immediately dragged it to shore with a single thread. A church was built, and the king baptized. This enraged the Brahmins, the chief of whom killed his own son, and accused Thomas of the murder. But the saint, by restoring the youth to life, discovered the wickedness of his enemies. He was afterwards killed by a lance while kneeling at the altar; after, according to tradition, he had built 3300 stately churches, many of which were rebuilt, cir. 800, by an Armenian, named Thomas Cannaneus. In 1523, the body of the apostle, with the head of the lance beside him, was found in his  
church

† The existence of this breviary is a certain fact. These Christians had the scripture also in the Chaldaic language.

By Indus' banks the holy prophet trod,  
 And Ganges heard him preach the Saviour God ;  
 Where pale disease erewhile the cheek consumed,  
 Health at his word in ruddy fragrance bloom'd ;  
 The grave's dark womb his awful voice obey'd,  
 And to the cheerful day restored the dead :

By

church by D. Duarte de Meneses ; and in 1558 was by D. Constantine de Braganza removed to Goa. To these accounts, selected from *Faria y Sousa*, let two from Oforius be added. When Martin Alonzo de Souza was viceroy, some brazen tables were brought to him, inscribed with unusual characters, which were explained by a learned Jew, and imported that St. Thomas had built a church in Meliapore. And by an account sent to Cardinal Henrico, by the Ep. of Cochin, in 1562, when the Portuguese repaired the ancient chapel of St. Thomas, † there was found a stone cross with several characters on it, which the best antiquarians could not interpret, till at last a Brahmin translated it, “ That in the reign of Sagam, Thomas was sent by the Son of God, whose disciple he was, to teach the law of heaven in India ; that he built a church, and was killed by a Bramin at the altar.”

A view of Portuguese Asia, which must include the labours of the Jesuits, forms a necessary part in the comment on the Lusiad : This note, therefore, and some obvious reflections upon it, are in place. It is as easy to bury an inscription and find it again, as it is to invent a silly tale ; but though suspicion of fraud on the one hand, and silly absurdity on the other, lead us to despise the authority of the Jesuits, yet one fact remains indisputable. Christianity had been much better known in the East, several centuries before, than it was at the arrival of Gama. Where the name was unknown, and where the Jesuits were unconcerned, crosses were found. The long existence of the Christians of St. Thomas in the midst of a vast Pagan empire, proves that the learned of that empire must have some knowledge of their doctrines. And these facts give countenance to some material conjectures concerning the religion of the Brahmins. For these we shall give scope immediately.

† This was a very ancient building, in the very first style of Christian churches. The Portuguese have now disfigured it with their repairs and new buildings.

By heavenly power he rear'd the sacred shrine,  
 And gain'd the nations by his life divine.  
 The priests of Brahma's hidden rites beheld,  
 And envy's bitterest gall their bosoms swell'd.  
 A thousand deathful snares in vain they spread;  
 When now the chief that wore the triple<sup>d</sup> thread,

Fired

<sup>d</sup> *When now the chief who wore the triple thread.*—Of this, thus Oforius; “*Terna fila ab humero dextero in latus sinistrum gerunt, ut designent trinam in natura divina rationem.*” They (*the Brahmins*) wear three threads, which reach from the right shoulder to the left side, as significant of the trinal distinction in the divine nature.” That some sects of the Brahmins wear a symbolical tessera of three threads, is acknowledged on all hands; but from whatever the custom arose, it is not to be supposed that the Brahmins, who have thousands of ridiculous contradictory legends, should agree in their accounts or explanations of it. Faria says, that according to the sacred books of the Malabrians, the religion of the Brahmins proceeded from fishermen, who left the charge of the temples to their successors, on condition they should wear some threads of their nets, in remembrance of their original. Their accounts of a divine person having assumed human nature are innumerable. And the God Brahma, as observed by Cudworth, is generally mentioned as united in the government of the universe with two others, sometimes of different names. They have also images with three heads rising out of one body, which they say represent the divine nature. The Platonic idea of a Trinity of divine attributes was well known to the ancients, before the various imitations of Christian mythology existed; and every nation has a trinity of superior deities. Even the wild Americans had their *Otcon*, *Messon*, and *Atabanta*; yet perhaps the Athanasian controversy offers a fairer field to the conjecturist. That controversy for several ages engrossed the conversation of the East. All the subtilty of the Greeks was called forth, and no speculative contest was ever more universally or warmly disputed; so warmly, that it is a certain fact that Mohammed, by inserting into his Koran some declarations in favour of the Arians, gained innumerable proselytes to his new religion. Abyssinia, Egypt, Syria, Persia, and Armenia, were perplexed with this unhappy dispute, and from the earliest times these countries have had a commercial intercourse with India. And certain it is, the Brahmin theology has undergone considerable alterations, of much later date than the Christian æra. See the Enquiry, &c. end of Lusiad VII.

Fired by the rage that gnaws the conscious breast  
Of holy fraud, when worth shines forth confest,  
Hell he invokes, nor hell in vain he sues ;  
His son's life-gore his wither'd hands imbrues ;  
Then bold assuming the vindictive ire,  
And all the passions of the woful fire,  
Weeping he bends before the Indian throne,  
Arraigns the holy man, and wails his son :  
A band of hoary priests attest the deed,  
And India's king condemns the feer to bleed.  
Inspired by heaven the holy victim stands,  
And o'er the murder'd corse extends his hands,  
In God's dread power, thou slaughter'd youth, arise,  
And name thy murderer ; aloud he cries.  
When, dread to view, the deep wounds instant close,  
And fresh in life the slaughter'd youth arose,  
And named his treacherous fire : the conscious air  
Quiver'd, and awful horror raised the hair  
On every head. From Thomas India's king  
The holy sprinkling of the living spring  
Receives, and wide o'er all his regal bounds  
The god of Thomas every tongue refounds.  
Long taught the holy feer the words of life :  
The priests of Brahma still to deeds of strife,  
So boiled their ire, the blinded herd impell'd,  
And high to deathful rage their rancour swell'd.  
'Twas on a day, when melting on his tongue  
Heaven's offer'd mercies glow'd, the impious throng

Rising in madning tempest round him shower'd  
 The splinter'd flint; in vain the flint was pour'd.  
 But heaven had now his finish'd labours seal'd;  
 His angel guards withdraw th' ethereal shield;  
 A Bramin's javelin tears his holy breast——  
 Ah heaven, what woes the widowed land exprest!  
 Thee, Thomas, <sup>e</sup> thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd,  
 And Indus' banks the murmuring moan return'd;  
 O'er every valley where thy footsteps stray'd,  
 The hollow winds the gliding sighs convey'd.  
 What woes the mournful face of India wore,  
 These woes in living pangs his people bore.  
 His sons, to whose illumined minds he gave  
 To view the rays that shine beyond the grave,  
 His pastoral sons bedew'd his corse with tears;  
 While high triumphant through the heavenly spheres,  
 With songs of joy the smiling angels wing  
 His raptur'd spirit to th' eternal king.  
 O you, the followers of the holy fear,  
 Foredoom'd the shrines of heaven's own lore to rear,

You

<sup>e</sup> *Thee, Thomas, thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd.*—The versification of the original is here exceedingly fine. Even those who are unacquainted with the Portuguese may perceive it.

Choraraóte Thomé, o Gange, o Indo,  
 Choroute toda a terra, que pisalle;  
 Mas mais te choráo as almas, que vestindo  
 Se híáo da Santa Fê, que lhe ensinaste:  
 Mas os anjos de ceo cantando, & rindo.  
 Te recebem na gloria ——

You sent by heaven his labours to renew,  
Like him, ye Lusians, simplest truth<sup>f</sup> pursue.

Vain

<sup>f</sup> *Lil' him, ye Lusians, simplest truth pursue.*—It is now the time to sum up what has been said of the labours of the Jesuits. Diametrically opposite to this advice was their conduct in every Asiatic country where they pretended to propagate the gospel. Sometimes we find an individual sincere and pious, but the great principle which always actuated them as an united body was the lust of power and secular emolument, the possession of which they thought could not be better secured, than by rendering themselves of the utmost importance to the see of Rome. Before the institution of the society of Jesus, the Portuguese priests gave evident proofs of their sincerity, and Cubilencz, who came to India as father confessor to Gama, was indefatigable in his labours to convert the Indians. But when the Jesuits arrived about fifty years after, a new method was pursued. Wherever they came, their first care was to find what were the great objects of the fear and adoration of the people. If the Sun was esteemed the giver of life, Jesus Christ was the son of that luminary, and they were his younger brethren, sent to instruct the ignorant. If the barbarians were in dread of evil spirits, Jesus Christ came on purpose to banish them from the world, had driven them from Europe †, and the Jesuits were sent to the East to complete his unfinished mission. If the Indian converts still retained a veneration for the powder of burned cow-dung, the Jesuits made the sign of the cross over it, and the Indian besmeared himself with it as usual. Heaven, or universal matter, they told the Chinese, was the God of the Christians, and the sacrifices of Confucius were solemnized in the churches of the Jesuits. This worship of Confucius, Voltaire (*Gen. Hist.*) with his *usual accuracy* denies. But he ought to have known, that this, with the worship of *Tien* or Heaven, had been long complained of at the court of Rome, (see Dupin) and that after the strictest scrutiny the charge was fully proved, and Clement XI. in 1703, sent Cardinal Tournon to the small remains of the Jesuits in the East with a papal decree to reform these abuses. But the Cardinal, soon after his arrival, was poisoned in Siam by the holy fathers. Xavier, and the other Jesuits who succeeded him, by the dextrous use

† This trick, it is said, has been played in America within these twenty years, where the notion of evil spirits gives the poor Indians their greatest misery. The French Jesuits told the six nations, that Jesus Christ was a Frenchman, and had driven all evil demons from France; that he had a great love for the Indians, whom he intended also to deliver, but taking England in his way, he was crucified by the wicked Londoners.



Vain is the impious toil with borrow'd grace,  
 'To deck one feature of her angel face ;

Behind

use of the great maxims of their master Loyala, *Omnibus omnia, et omnia munda mundis*, gained innumerable profelytes. They contradicted none of the favourite opinions of their converts, they only baptized, and gave them crucifixes to worship, and all was well. But their zeal in uniting to the See of Rome the Christians found in the East descended to the minutest particulars. And the native Christians of Malabar were so violently persecuted as schismatics, that the heathen princes, during the government of Ataide, (see Geddes, Hist. of Malab.) professed their defence, as a cause of hostility. Abyssinia, by the same arts, was steeped in blood, and two or three emperors lost their lives in endeavouring to establish the Pope's supremacy. An order at last was 'given from the throne, to hang every missionary without trial, wherever apprehended; the emperor himself complaining that he could not enjoy a day in quiet for the intrigues of the Romish friars. In China also they soon rendered themselves insufferable. Their skill in mathematics and the dependent arts introduced them to great favour at court, but all their cunning could not conceal their villainy. Their unwillingness to ordain the natives raised suspicions against a profession thus monopolized by strangers; their earnest zeal in amassing riches, and their interference with, and deep designs on secular power, the fatal rock on which they have so often been shipwrecked, appeared, and their churches were levelled with the ground. About 90,000 of the new converts, together with their teachers, were massacred, and their religion was prohibited. In Japan the rage of government even exceeded that of China; and in allusion to their chief object of adoration, the cross, several of the Jesuit fathers were crucified by the Japonese, and the revival of the Christian name was interdicted by the severest laws. Thus, in a great measure, ended in the East the labours of the society of Ignatius Loyala, a society which might have diffused the greatest blessings to mankind, could honestly have been added to their great learning and abilities. Had that zeal which laboured to promote the interests of their own brotherhood and the Roman See, had that indefatigable zeal been employed in the real interest of humanity and civilization, the great design of diffusing the law of heaven, challenged by its author as the purpose of the Lusiad, would have been amply completed, and the remotest hords of Tartary and Africa ere now had been happily civilized. But though the Jesuits have failed, they have afforded a noble lesson to mankind,

Though

Behind the veil's broad glare she glides away,  
And leaves a rotten form of lifeless painted clay.

Much have you view'd of future Lusian reign;  
Broad empires yet and kingdoms wide remain,

Scenes

Though fortified with all the brazen mounds  
That art can rear, and watch'd by eagle eyes,  
Still will some rotten part betray the structure  
That is not based on simple honesty.

It must be confessed, however, that the manners of the Gentoos form a most formidable barrier against the introduction of a new religion. While the four great tribes of India continue in their present principles, intercommunity of worship cannot take place among them. The Hallachores are the mere rabble, into which the delinquents of the four tribes are degraded by excommunication. It is among these only, says Scrafton, that the popish missionaries have had any success. Urbana Cerri, in his account of the Catholic religion, mentions a Jesuit named Robertus de Nobili, who preached that every one ought to remain in his own tribe, and by that means made many converts. He also proposed to erect a seminary of Christian Brahmins. But the Holy See disapproved of this design, and defeated his labours. Jealousy of the secular arts of the Portuguese, was also a powerful preventative of the labours of their priests. A Spaniard being asked by an Indian king, how his Spanish majesty was able to subdue such immense countries as they boasted to belong to him: The Don honestly answered, "that he first sent priests to convert the people, and having thus gained a party of the natives, he sent fleets and soldiers, who with the assistance of the new proselytes subdued the rest." The truth of this confession, which has been often proved, will never be forgotten in the east. But if the bigotted adherence of the Indians to the rites of their tribes, and other causes, have been a bar to the propagation of Christianity among them, the same reasons have also prevented the success of Mohammedism, a religion much more palatable to the luxurious and ignorant. Though the Mogul, and almost all the princes of India, have these many centuries professed the religion of the Koran, Mr. Orme, as already cited, computes that all the Mohammedans of Hindostan do not exceed ten millions; whereas the Gentoos amount to about ten times that number

Scenes of your future toils and glorious fway—  
 And lo, how wide expands the Gangic bay.  
 Narfinga here in numerous legions bold,  
 And here Oryxa boasts her cloth of gold.  
 The Ganges here in many a stream divides,  
 Diffusing plenty from his fattening tides,  
 As through Bengala's ripening vales he glides ;  
 Nor may the fleetest hawk, untired, explore  
 Where end the ricey groves that crown the shore.  
 There view what woes demand your pious aid !  
 On beds and litters o'er the margin laid  
 The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave  
 Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave.  
 Thus heaven they deem, though vilest guilt they bore  
 Unwept, unchanged, will view their guilt no more.  
 There, eastward, Arracan her line extends ;  
 And Pegu's mighty empire southward bends :  
 Pegu, whose sons, so held old <sup>h</sup> faith, confess  
 A dog their sire ; their deeds the tale attest.

A pious

‡ *The dying*—See the Enquiry into the Tenets of the Brahmins, at the end of the VIth Lusiad.

<sup>h</sup> *Pegu, whose sons, so held old faith, confess a dog their sire.*—The tradition of this country boasted this infamous and impossible original. While other nations pretend to be descended of demi-gods, the Pegusians were contented to trace their pedigree from a Chinese woman and a dog, the only living creatures which survived a shipwreck on their coast. See *Faria*. This infamy, however, they could not deserve. Animals of a different species may generate together, but nature immediately displays her abhorrence, in invariably depriving the unnatural offspring of the power of procreation.

A pious queen their horrid <sup>i</sup> rage restrain'd ;  
 Yet still their fury nature's God arraign'd.  
 Ah, mark the thunders rolling o'er the sky !  
 Yes, bathed in gore shall rank pollution lie.

Where to the morn the towers of Tava shine,  
 Begins great Siam's empire's far stretch'd line.  
 On Queda's fields the genial rays inspire  
 The richest gust of spicery's fragrant fire.

Malaca's

<sup>i</sup> *A pious queen their horrid rage restrain'd.*—Thus in the original :

Aqui foante arame no instrumento  
 Da geração costumáo, o que usaráo  
 Por manha da Raynha, que inventando  
 Tal uso, deitou fóra o error nefando.

Relatum est de Regina quadam terræ Peguensis, quod ad coercendum crimen turpissimum subditorum suorum, legem tulit, ut universi mares orbiculum vel orbiculos quosdam æratos in penem illatos gererent. Ita fit : Cultro penis cuticulam dividunt, eamque in orbiculos hocce superinducunt : statim a prima septimana vulnus conglutinatur. Inferuntur plerumque tres orbiculi : magnitudine infimus ad modum juglandis, primus ferme ad tenerioris gallinæ ovi modum extat. Trium liberorum parens ad libitum onus excutiat. Si horum aliquis a rege dono detur, ut gemma quantivis pretii affimatur. To this let the testimony of G. Arthus, (*Hist. Ind. Orient.* p. 313.) be added, *Virgines in hoc regno omnino nullas reperire licet : Puellæ enim omnes statim a pueritia sua medicamentum quoddam usurpant, quo muliebria dissidentur & aperta contiaentur : idque propter globulos quos in virgibus virgulant; illis enim admittendis virgines arctiores nullo modo sufficerent.*

According to Bally, and Caesar Frederic, the empire of Pegu, which the year before sent armies of two millions to the field, was in 1598, by famine and the arms of the neighbouring princes of Ava, Brama, and Siam, reduced to the most miserable state of desolation, the few natives who survived having left their country an habitation for wild beasts.

Malaca's castled harbour here survey,  
 The wealthy feat foredoom'd of Lusian sway.  
 Here to their port the Lusian fleet shall steer,  
 From every shore far round assembling here  
 The fragrant treasures of the eastern world :  
 Here from the shore by rolling earthquakes hurl'd,  
 Through waves all foam, Sumatra's isle was riven,  
 And mid white whirlpools down the <sup>k</sup> ocean driven.  
 To this fair isle, the golden Chersonese,  
 Some deem the sapient monarch plow'd the seas,  
 Ophir <sup>l</sup> its Tyrian name. In whirling roars  
 How fierce the tide boils down these clashing shores !  
 High from the strait the lengthening coast afar,  
 Its moon-light curve points to the northern star,  
 Opening its bosom to the silver ray  
 When fair Aurora pours the infant day.  
 Patane and Pam, the nameless nations more,  
 Who rear their tents on Menam's winding shore,  
 Their vassal tribute yield to Siam's throne ;  
 And thousands <sup>m</sup> more, of laws, or names unknown,

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<sup>k</sup> *And mid white whirlpools down the ocean driven.*—See the same account of Sicily. Virg. *Æn.* III.

<sup>l</sup> *Ophir its Tyrian name.*—Sumatra has been by some esteemed the Ophir of the Holy Scriptures ; but the superior fineness of the gold of Sofala, and its situation nearer the Red Sea, favour the claim of the latter. See Bochar. *Geog. Sacr.*

<sup>m</sup> *And thousands more.*—The extensive countries between India and China, where Ptolemy places his man-eaters, and where Mandeville found men without heads, who saw and spoke through holes in their breasts, continues still very imperfectly known. The Jesuits have told many extravagant

That vast of land inhabit. Proud and bold,  
 Proud of their numbers here the Laos hold  
 The far spread lawns; the skirting hills obey  
 The barbarous Avas and the Bramas' sway.  
 Lo, distant far another mountain chain  
 Rears its rude cliffs, the Guios' dread domain;  
 Here brutalized the human form is seen,  
 The manners fiend-like as the brutal mien:  
 With frothing jaws they suck the human blood,  
 And gnaw the reeking<sup>n</sup> limbs, their sweetest food;

Horrid

vagant lies of the wealth of these provinces. By the most authentic accounts they seem to have been peopled by colonies from China. The religion and manufactures of the Siamese, in particular, confess the resemblance. In some districts, however, they have greatly degenerated from the civilization of the mother country.

<sup>n</sup> *And gnaw the reeking limbs.*—Much has been said on this subject, some denying and others asserting the existence of Anthropophagi or man-eaters. Porphyry, (de Abstin. l. 4. \* 21.†) says that the Massagetæ and Derbices (people of north-eastern Asia) esteeming those most miserable who died of sickness, killed and eat their parents and relations when they grew old, holding it more honourable thus to consume them, than that they should be destroyed by vermin. Hieronymus has adopted this, word for word, and has added to it an authority of his own, *Quid loquar*, says he, (Adv. Jov. l. 2. c. 6.) *de cæteris nationibus; cum ipse adolescentulus in Gallia viderim Scotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carnibus, et cum per sylvas porcorum greges & armentorum, pecudumque repellant, pastorum nates, et fæminarum papillas folere abscindere, & has solas ciborum delicias arbitrari? Mandevylle ought next to be cited. "Afterward men gon be many yles be see unto a yle that men clepen Milhe: there is a full curted peple: thei delyten in ne thing more than to figheten and*

† Ἰσχυρῶς ἐπὶ τῶν Μασσαγέται καὶ Δέρβικες ἀδλιολίαιες ἠγεῖσθαι τῶν οἰκείων τῶν τε, γένου ἀελείουσαιας διὰ καὶ φθάσαιτες ἀλλὰθύσιν καὶ ἐσιῶνται τῶν ἐπιλάται τὸς γεγενηλίας.

Horrid with figured seams of burning steel  
 Their wolf-like frowns their ruthless lust reveal.

I i 2

Camboya

and to sle men, and to drynken gladlyest mannes blood, which they clepen Dieu." p 255. Yet whatever absurdity may appear on the face of these tales; and what can be more absurd, than to suppose that a few wild Scots or Irish (for the name was then proper to Ireland) should so lord it in Gaul, as to eat the breasts of the women and the hips of the shepherds? Yet whatever absurdities our Mandevilles may have obtruded on the public, the evidence of the fact is not thereby wholly destroyed. Though Dampier and other visitors of barbarous nations have assured us that they never met with any man-eaters, and though Voltaire has ridiculed the opinion, yet one may venture the assertion of their existence, without partaking of a credulity similar to that of those foreigners, who believed that the men of Kent were born with tails like sheep, (see Lambert's Peramb.) the punishment inflicted upon them for the murder of Thomas a Becket. Many are the credible accounts, that different barbarous nations used to eat their prisoners of war. According to the authentic testimony of the best writers, many of the savage tribes of America, on their high festivals, brought forth their captives, and after many barbarous ceremonies, at last roasted and greedily devoured their mangled limbs. Thus the fact was certain, long before a late voyage discovered the horrid practice in New Zealand. To drink human blood has been more common. The Gauls and other ancient nations practised it. When Magalhaens proposed Christianity to the king of Subo, a north eastern Asiatic island, and when Francis de Castro discovered Santigana and other islands, an hundred leagues north of the Maluccos, the conversion of their kings was confirmed by each party drinking of the blood of the other. Our poet Spenser tells us, in his view of the state of Ireland, that he has seen the Irish drink human blood, particularly he adds, "at the execution of a notable traitor at Limerick, called Muriogh O'Brien, I saw an old woman, who was his foster-mother, take up his head whilst he was quartering, and suck up all the blood that run thereout, saying, that the earth was not worthy to drink it, and therewith also steeped her face and breast and tore her hair, crying out and shrieking most terribly." It is worthy of regard that the custom of marking themselves with hot irons, and *tattooing*, is the characteristic both of the Guïos of Camoens and of the present inhabitants of New Zealand. And if, as its animals indicate, the island of Otaheite was first peopled by  
 a shipwreck,

Camboya there the blue-tinged Mecon laves,  
 Mecon the eastern Nile, whose swelling waves,  
 Captain of rivers named, o'er many a clime  
 In annual period pour their fattening slime.  
 The simple natives of these lawns believe  
 That other worlds the souls of beasts ° receive ;

Where

a shipwreck, the friendship existing in a small society might easily obliterate the memory of one custom, while the less unfriendly one of *tattooing* was handed down, a memorial that they owed their origin to the north eastern parts of Asia, where that custom particularly prevails.

° — *other worlds the souls of beasts receive* — That queen Elizabeth reigned in England, is not more certain than that the most ignorant nations in all ages have had the idea of a state after death. The same faculty which is conscious of existence, whispers the wish for it; and so little acquainted with the deductions of reasoning have some tribes been, that not only their animals, but even the ghosts of their domestic utensils have been believed to accompany them in the islands of the blessed. Long ere the voice of philosophy was heard, the opinion of an after-state was popular in Greece. The works of Homer bear incontestable evidence of this. And there is not a feature in the history of the human mind better ascertained, than that no sooner did speculation seize upon the topic, than belief declined, and as the great Bacon observes, the most learned became the most atheistical ages. The reason of this is obvious. While the human mind is all simplicity, popular opinion is cordially received; but when reasoning begins, proof is expected, and deficiency of demonstration being perceived, doubt and disbelief naturally follow. Yet strange as it may appear, if the writer's memory does not greatly deceive him, these certain facts were denied by Hobbes. If he is not greatly mistaken, that gentleman, who gave a wretched, a most unpoetical translation of Homer, has so grossly misunderstood his author, as to assert that his mention of a future state was not in conformity to the popular opinion of his age, but only his own poetical fiction. He might as well have assured us, that the sacrifices of Homer had never any existence in Greece. But as no absurdity is too gross for some geniuses, our murderer of Homer, our Hobbes, has likewise asserted, that the belief of the immortality of the human mind was the child of pride and speculation, unknown in Greece till long after the appearance of the *Iliad*.



Where the fierce murderer wolf, to pains decreed,  
 Sees the mild lamb enjoy the heavenly mead.  
 Oh gentle Mecon, on thy friendly shore  
 Long shall the muse her sweetest offerings pour !  
 When tyrant ire chaff'd by the blended lust  
 Of pride outrageous, and revenge unjust,  
 Shall on the guiltless Exile burst their rage,  
 And madning tempests on their side engage,  
 Preserved by heaven the song of Lusian fame,  
 The song, O VASCO, sacred to thy name,  
 Wet from the whelming surge shall triumph o'er  
 The fate of shipwreck on the Mecon's shore,  
 Here rest secure as on the muse's breast !  
 Happy the deathless song, the bard, alas, unblest !

Chiampa there her fragrant coast extends,  
 There Cochinchina's cultured land ascends :  
 From Ainam bay begins the ancient reign  
 Of China's beauteous art-adorn'd domain ;  
 Wide from the burning to the frozen skies  
 O'erflow'd with wealth the potent empire lies.

Here

¶ *On the Mecon's shore.*—It was on the mouth of this river that Camöens suffered the unhappy shipwreck which rendered him the sport of fortune during the remainder of his life. Our poet mentions himself and the saving of his *Lusiads* with the greatest modesty. But though this indifference has its beauty in the original, it is certainly the part of a translator to add a warmth of colouring to a passage of this nature. For the literal translation of this place and farther particulars, see the life of Camöens.

Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe roar'd,  
The cannon's thunder on the foe was pour'd :

And

<sup>¶</sup> *Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe roar'd*—According to *Le Compe's* memoirs of China, and those of other travellers, the mariner's compass, fire-arms, and printing, were known in that empire, long ere the invention of these arts in Europe. But the accounts of Da Halde, Le Compe, and the other Jesuits, are by no means to be depended on. It was their interest, in order to gain credit in Europe and at the court of Rome, to magnify the splendor of the empire where their mission lay, and they have magnified it into romance itself. It is pretended that the Chinese used fire-arms in their wars with Zenghis Khan, and Tamerlane; but it is also said that the Sogdianians used cannon against Alexander. The mention of any sulphurous composition in an old writer is with some immediately converted into a regular tire of artillery. The Chinese, indeed, on the first arrival of Europeans, had a kind of mortars, which they called fire-pans, but they were utter strangers to the smaller fire-arms. Verbiest, a Jesuit, was the first who taught them to make brass cannon set upon wheels. And even so late as the hostile menace which Anson gave them, they knew not how to level or manage their ordnance to any advantage. Their printing is indeed much more ancient than that of Europe, but it does not deserve the same name, the blocks of wood with which they stamp their sheets being as inferior to the use of, as different from the moveable types of Europe. The Chinese have no idea of the graces of fine writing; here most probably the fault exists in their language; but the total want of nature in their painting, and of symmetry in their architecture, in both of which they have so long been experienced, afford a heavy accusation against their genius. In improving every spot of their country by agriculture they are unequalled: and their taste in gardening has been highly praised. Nature, as it were *frustrat'd*, however, and their gloomy vistas, adorned with gibbets, are certainly unpleasing. And even in their boasted gardening their genius stands accused. The art of ingrafting, known to ancient Greece, is still unknown to them. And hence their fruits are vastly inferior in flavour to those of the western world. The amazing wall of defence against the Tartars, though 1500 miles in extent, is a labour inferior to the canals, lined on the sides with hewn stone, which every where enrich and adorn their country; some of which reach 1000 miles, and are of depth to carry vessels of burthen. These grand remains of antiquity prove there was a time when the Chinese were a much more accomplished people than at present.

Though

And here the trembling needle fought the north,  
Ere time in Europe brought the wonder forth.

No

Though their princes for these many centuries have discovered no such efforts of genius as these, the industry of the people still remains, in which they rival and resemble the Dutch. In every other respect they are the most unamiable of mankind: Amazingly uninventive; for, though possessed of them, the arts have made no progress among the Chinese these many centuries: Even what they were taught by the Jesuits is almost lost: So false in their dealings, they boast that none but a Chinese can cheat a Chinese: The crime which disgraces human nature, is in this nation of atheists and the most stupid of all idolaters, common as *that charter'd libertine the air*. Destitute even in idea of that elevation of soul, which is expressed by the best sense of the word piety, in the time of calamity whole provinces are desolated by self-murder; an end, as Hume says of some of the admired names of antiquity, not unworthy of so detestable a character: And as it is always found congenial to baseness of heart, the most dastardly cowardice completes the description of that of the Chinese.

Unimproved as their arts is their learning. Though their language consists of few words, it is almost impossible for a stranger to attain the art of speaking it. And what an European learns ere he is seven years old, to read, is the labour of the life of a Chinese. In place of our 24 letters, they have more than 60,000 marks, which compose their writings; and their paucity of words, all of which may be attained in a few hours, requires such an infinite variety of tone and action, that the slightest mistake in modulation renders the speaker unintelligible. And in addressing a great man, in place of my Lord, you may call him a *beß*, the word being the same, all the difference consisting in the tune of it. A language like this must ever be a bar to the progress and accomplishments of literature. Of medicine they are very ignorant. The *ginfeng*, which they pretended, was an universal remedy, is found to be a root of no singular virtue. Their books consist of odes without poetry, and of moral maxims, excellent in themselves, but without investigation or reasoning. For to philosophical discussion and the metaphysics they seem utterly strangers, and when taught the mathematics by the Jesuits, their greatest men were lost in astonishment. Whatever their political wisdom has been, at present it is narrow and barbarous. Jealous lest strangers should steal their arts, arts which are excelled at Dresden and other parts of Europe, they preclude themselves from the great advantages which arise from an intercourse with civilized nations.

Yet

No more let Egypt boast her mountain pyres ;  
To prouder fame yon bounding wall aspires,

A prouder

Yet in the laws which they impose on every foreign ship which enters their ports for traffic, they even exceed the cunning and avarice of the Hollanders. In their internal policy the military government of Rome under the emperors is revived with accumulated barbarism. In every city and province the military are the constables and peace officers. What a picture is this! Nothing but Chinese or Dutch industry could preserve the traffic and population of a country under the control of armed ruffians. But hence the emperor has leisure to cultivate his gardens, and to write despicable odes to his concubines.

Whatever was their most ancient doctrine, certain it is that the legislators who formed the present system of China presented to their people no other object of worship than *Tien Kaniti*, the material heavens and their influencing power; by which an intelligent principle is excluded. Yet finding that the human mind in the rudest breasts is conscious of its weakness, and prone to believe the occurrences of life under the power of lucky or unlucky observances, they permitted their people the use of sacrifices to these Lucretian Gods of superstitious fear. Nor was the principle of devotion, imprinted by heaven in the human heart, alone perverted; another unextinguishable passion was also mislead. On tables, in every family, are written the names of the last three or their ancestors, added to each, *Here rests his soul*; and before these tables they burn incense and pay adoration. Confucius, who, according to their histories, had been in the West about 500 years before the Christian era, appears to be only the confirmer of their old opinions; but the accounts of him and his doctrine are involved in uncertainty. In their places of worship, however, boards are set up, inscribed, *This is the seat of the soul of Confucius*; and to these and their ancestors they celebrate solemn sacrifices, without seeming to possess any idea of the intellectual existence of the departed mind. The Jesuit Ricci, and his brethren of the Chinese mission, very honestly told their converts, that *Tien* was the God of the Christians, and that the label of Confucius was the term by which they expressed his divine majesty. But after a long and severe scrutiny at the Court of Rome *Tien* was found to signify nothing more than *heavenly or universal matter*, and the Jesuits of China were ordered to renounce this heresy. Among all the sects who worship different idols in China, there is only one who have any tolerable idea of the immortality of the soul; and among these, says Leland, christianity at present obtains some footing. But the most interesting particular of China yet remains to be mentioned. Conscious of the obvious tendency, Voltaire and others have triumphed in the great antiquity of the Chinese, and

A prouder boast of regal power displays  
Than all the world beheld in ancient days.

Not

in the distant period they ascribe to the creation. But the bubble cannot bear the touch. If some Chinese accounts fix the æra of creation 40000 years ago, others are contented with no less than 884953. But who knows not that every nation has its *Geoffry of Monmouth*? And we have already observed the legends which took their rise from the *Annus Magnus* of the Chaldean and Egyptian astronomers, an apparent revolution of the stars, which in reality has no existence. To the fanciful, who held this *Annus Magnus*, it seemed hard to suppose that our world was in its first revolution of the great year, and to suppose that many were past was easy. And that this was the case we have absolute proof in the doctrines of the Brahmins, (see the Enquiry, &c. end of *Lusiad* VII.) who, though they talk of hundreds of thousands of years which are past, yet confess, that this, the fourth world, has not yet attained its 6000th year. And much within this compass are all the credible proofs of Chinese antiquity comprehended. To three heads all these proofs are reducible. Their form of government, which, till the conquest of the Tartars 1644, bore the marks of the highest antiquity; their astronomical observations; and their history.

Simply and purely patriarchal every father was the magistrate in his own family, and the emperor who acted by his substitutes the Mandarines was venerated and obeyed as the father of all. The most passive submission to authority thus branched out, was inculcated by Confucius and their other philosophers as the greatest duty of morality. But if there is an age in sacred or profane history, where the manners of mankind are thus delineated, no superior antiquity is proved by the form of Chinese government. Their ignorance of the very ancient art of ingrafting fruit-trees, and the state of their language, so like the Hebrew in its paucity of words, a paucity characteristic of the ages when the ideas of men required few syllables to clothe them, prove nothing farther than the early separation of the Chinese colony \* from the rest of mankind. Nothing farther, except that

\* The Chinese Colony! yes, let philosophy smile; let her talk of the different species of men which are found in every country, let her brand as absurd the opinion of Montesquieu, which derives all the human race from one family. Let her enjoy her triumph. But let common sense be contented with the demonstration (See Whiston, Bentley, &c.) that a Creation in every country is not wanted, and that one family is sufficient in every respect for the purpose. If philosophy will talk of black and white men as different in species, let common sense ask her for a demonstration, that climate and manner of life cannot produce this difference, and let her add, that there is the strongest presumptive experimental proof, that the difference

Not built, created seems the frowning mound ;  
 O'er loftiest mountain tops and vales profound  
 Extends the wondrous length, with warlike castles crown'd. }

Immenſe

that they have continued till very lately without any material intercourse with the other nations of the world.

A continued ſucceſſion of aſtronomical obſervations, for 4000 years, was claimed by the Chineſe, when they were firſt viſited by the Europeans. Voltaire, that *ſon of truth*, has often with great triumph mentioned the indubitable proofs of Chineſe antiquity ; but at theſe times he muſt have received his information from the ſame dream which told him that Camöens accompanied his friend Gama in the voyage which diſcovered the Eaſt Indies. If Voltaire and his diſciples will talk of Chineſe aſtronomy and the 4000 years antiquity of its perfection, let them enjoy every conſequence which may poſſibly reſult from it. But let them allow the ſame liberty to others. Let them allow others to draw *their* inferences from a few ſtubborn facts, facts which demonſtrate the ignorance of the Chineſe in aſtronomy. The earth, they imagined, was a great plain, of which their country was the midit ; and ſo ignorant were they of the cauſe of eclipses, that they believed the ſun and moon were aſſaulted, and in danger of being devoured by a huge dragon. The ſtars were conſidered as the directors of human affairs, and thus their boaſted aſtronomy ends in that ſilly impoſition, judicial aſtrology. Though they had made ſome obſervations on the revolutions of the planets, and though in the emperor's palace there was an obſervatory, the firſt apparatus of proper inſtruments ever known in China was introduced by father Verbiſt. After this it need

rence thus happens. If philoſophy draw her inferences from the different paſſions of diſſerent tribes ; let common ſenſe reply, that ſuſt of every accident of brutalization and urbanity, the human mind in all its faculties, all its motives, hopes and fears, is moſt wonderfully the ſame in every age and country. If philoſophy talk of the impoſſibility of peopling diſtant iſlands and continents from one family, let common ſenſe tell her to read Bryant's Mythology. If philoſophy aſſert that the Celts, wherever they came, found Aborigines, let common ſenſe reply, there were tyrants enough almoſt 2000 years before their emigrations, to drive the wretched ſurvivors of ſlaughtered holls to the remotest wilds. She may alſo add, that many iſlands have been found which bore not one trace of mankind, and that even Otaheite bears the evident marks of receiving its inhabitants from a ſhipwreck, its only animals being the hog, the dog, and the rat. In a word, let common ſenſe ſay to philoſophy, " I open my egg with a pen-knife, but you open yours with the blow of a ſledge hammer."

Immense the northern waste their horrors <sup>r</sup> spread;  
 In frost and snow the seas and shores are clad.

These

need scarcely be added, that their astronomical observations which pretend an antiquity of 4000 years, are as false as a Welch genealogy, and that the Chinese themselves, when instructed by the Jesuits, were obliged to own that their calculations were erroneous and impossible. The great credit and admiration which their astronomical and mathematical knowledge procured to the Jesuits, afford an undubitable confirmation of these facts.

Ridiculous as their astronomical, are their historical antiquities. After all Voltaire has said of it, the oldest date to which their history pretends is not much above 4000 years. During this period 236 kings have reigned, of 22 different families. The first king reigned 100 years; then we have the names of some others, but without any detail of actions, or that concatenation of events which distinguishes authentic history. That mark of truth does not begin to appear for upwards of 2000 years of the Chinese legends. Little more than the names of kings, and these often interrupted with wide chasms, compose all the annals of China, till about the period of the Christian æra. Something like a history then commences; but that is again interrupted by a wide chasm, which the Chinese know not how to fill up otherwise, than by asserting that a century or two elapsed in the time, and that at such a period a new family mounted the throne. Such is the history of China, full brother in every family feature to those monkish tales, which sent a daughter of Pharaoh to be queen of Scotland, which sent Brutus to England, and a grandson of Noah to teach school among the mountains of Wales.

<sup>r</sup> *Immense the northern wastes their horrors spread.*—Tartary, Siberia, Samoyada, Kamtschatka, &c. A short account of the grand Lama of Thibet Tartary shall complete our view of the superstitions of the East. While the other Pagans of Asia worship the most ugly monstrous idols, the Tartars of Thibet adore a real living God. He sits cross-legged on his throne in the great Temple, adorned with gold and diamonds. He never speaks, but sometimes elevates his hand in token that he approves of the prayers of his worshippers. He is a ruddy well looking young man, about 25 or 27, and is the most miserable wretch on earth, being the mere puppet of his priests, who dispatch him whenever age or sickness make any alteration in his features; and another, instructed to act his part, is put in his place. Princes of very distant provinces send tribute to this Deity and implore his blessing,

These shores forsake, to future ages due :  
 A world of islands claims thy happier view,  
 Where lavish Nature all her bounty pours,  
 And flowers and fruits of every fragrance flowers.  
 Japan behold ; beneath the globe's broad face  
 Northward she sinks, the nether seas embrace  
 Her eastern bounds ; what glorious fruitage there,  
 Illustrious GAMA, shall thy labours bear !  
 How bright a silver mine ! when heaven's own<sup>s</sup> lore  
 From Pagan dross shall purify her ore.

Beneath the spreading wings of purple morn,  
 Behold what isles these glistening seas adorn !  
 Mid hundreds yet unnamed, Ternat behold !  
 By day her hills in pitchy clouds inroll'd,  
 By night like rolling waves the fleets of fire  
 Blaze o'er the seas, and high to heaven aspire.  
 For Lusian hands here blooms the fragrant clove,  
 But Lusian blood shall sprinkle every grove.

The

blessing, and as Voltaire has merrily told us think themselves secure of benediction, if favoured with something from his Godship, esteemed more sacred than the hallowed cow-dung of the Brahmins.

<sup>s</sup> *How bright a silver mine.*—By this beautiful metaphor, omitted by Castera, Camöens alludes to the great success, which in his time attended the Jesuit missionaries in Japan. James I. sent an embassy to the sovereign, and opened a trade with this country, but it was soon suffered to decline. The Dutch are the only Europeans who now traffic with the Japanese, which it is said they obtain by trampling on the cross and by abjuring the Christian name. In religion the Japanese are much the same as their neighbours of China. And in the frequency of self-murder, says Voltaire, they vie with their brother islanders of England.



The golden birds that ever fill the skies  
 Here to the sun display their shining dyes,  
 Each want supplied on air they ever soar;  
 The ground they touch not till they breathe no<sup>t</sup> more.  
 Here Banda's isles their fair embroidery spread  
 Of various fruitage, azure, white, and red;  
 And birds of every beautiful plume display  
 Their glittering radiance, as from spray to spray,  
 From bower to bower, on busy wings they rove,  
 To seize the tribute of the spicy grove.  
 Borneo here expands her ample breast,  
 By Nature's hand in woods of camphire drest;  
 The precious liquid weeping from the trees  
 Glows warm with health, the balm of disease.  
 Fair are Timora's dales with groves array'd:  
 Each rivulet murmurs in the fragrant shade,  
 And in its crystal breast displays the bowers  
 Of Sanders, blest with health restoring powers.  
 Where to the south the world's broad surface bends,  
 Lo, Sunda's realm her spreading arms extends.  
 From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous<sup>u</sup> tale,  
 A river groaning through a dreary dale,

For

<sup>t</sup> *The ground they touch not.*—These are commonly called the birds of Paradise. It was the old erroneous opinion, that they always soared in the air, and that the female hatched her young on the back of the male. Their feathers bear a mixture of the most beautiful azure, purple and golden colours, which have a fine effect in the rays of the sun.

<sup>u</sup> *From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous tale*—Streams of this kind are common in many countries. Castner attributes this quality to the excessive

For all is stone around, converts to stone  
 Whate'er of verdure in its breast is thrown.  
 Lo, gleaming blue o'er fair Sumatra's skies  
 Another mountain's trembling flames arise ;  
 Here from the trees the gum all fragrance swells,  
 And softest <sup>w</sup> oil a wondrous fountain wells.  
 Nor these alone the happy isle bestows,  
 Fine is her gold, her filk resplendent glows.  
 Wide forests there beneath Maldivia's <sup>x</sup> tide  
 From withering air their wondrous fruitage hide.  
 The green-hair'd Nereids tend the bowery dells,  
 Whose wondrous fruitage poison's rage expels.  
 In Ceylon, lo, how high yon mountain's brows !  
 The failing clouds its middle height enclose.  
 Holy the hill is deem'd, the hallowed <sup>y</sup> tread  
 Of fainted footstep marks its rocky head.

Laved

cessive cold of the waters, but this is a mistake. The waters of some springs are impregnated with sparry particles, which adhering to the herbage or the clay on the banks of their channel, harden into stone and incrust the original retainers.

<sup>w</sup> *Here from the trees the gum*—Benjamin, a species of frankincense. The oil mentioned in the next line, is that called the rock oil, a black fetid mineral oleum, good for bruises and sprains.

<sup>x</sup> *Wide forests there beneath Maldivia's tide*.—A sea plant, resembling the palm, grows in great abundance in the bays about the Maldivian islands. The boughs rise to the top of the water, and bear a kind of apple, called the coco of Maldivia, which is esteemed an antidote against poison.

<sup>y</sup> —*the hallowed tread of fainted footstep*—The imprint of a human foot is found on the high mountain, called the Pic of Adam. Legendary tradition says, that Adam, after he was expelled from Paradise, did penance 300 years on this hill, on which he left the print of his footstep. This tale seems to be Jewish or Mohammedan, for the natives, according to Capt. Knox, who was twenty years a captive in Ceylon, pretend the impression was made by the  
 God

Laved by the Red-sea gulph Socotra's bowers  
 There boast the tardy aloe's cluster'd flowers.  
 On Afric's strand, foredoom'd to Lusian sway,  
 Behold these isles, and rocks of dusky grey ;  
 From cells unknown here bounteous ocean pours  
 The fragrant amber on the sandy shores.  
 And lo, the island of the <sup>z</sup> Moon displays  
 Her vernal lawns, and numerous peaceful bays ;  
 The halcyons hovering o'er the bays are seen,  
 And lowing herds adorn the vales of green.

Thus from the Cape where sail was ne'er unfurl'd  
 Till thine auspicious fought the Eastern World,  
 To utmost wave where first the morning star  
 Sheds the pale lustre of her silver car,  
 Thine eyes have view'd the empires and the isles,  
 The world immense that crowns thy glorious toils.  
 That world where every boon is shower'd from heaven,  
 Now to the West, by Thee, Great Chief, is <sup>a</sup> given.

And

God *Buddow*, when he ascended to heaven, after having, for the salvation of mankind, appeared on the earth. His priests beg charity for the sake of *Buddow*, whose worship they perform among groves of the Bogahah-tree, under which, when on earth, they say, he usually sat and taught.

<sup>z</sup> *And lo, the island of the Moon.*—Madagascar is thus named by the natives.

<sup>a</sup> *Now to the West, by Thee, Great Chief, is given*—The sublimity of this eulogy on the expedition of the Lusiad has been already observed. What follows is a natural completion of the whole ; and, the digressive exclamation at the end excepted, is exactly similar (see the preface) to the manner in which Homer has concluded the Iliad.

And still, oh Blest, thy peerless honours grow,  
 New opening views the smiling Fates bestow.  
 With alter'd face the moving globe behold ;  
 There ruddy evening sheds her beams of gold,  
 While now on Afric's bosom faintly die  
 The last pale glimpses of the twilight sky,  
 Bright o'er the wide Atlantic rides the morn,  
 And dawning rays another world adorn :  
 To farthest north that world enormous bends,  
 And cold beneath the southern pole-star ends.  
 Near either <sup>b</sup> pole the barbarous hunter drest  
 In skins of bears explores the frozen waste :  
 Where smiles the genial sun with kinder rays,  
 Proud cities tower, and gold-roofed temples blaze.  
 This golden empire, by the heaven's decree,  
 Is due, Casteel, O favour'd Power, to Thee !  
 Even now Columbus o'er the hoary tide  
 Pursues the evening sun, his navy's guide.  
 Yet shall the kindred Lucian share the reign,  
 What time this world shall own the yoke of Spain.  
 The first bold <sup>c</sup> hero who to India's shores  
 Through vanquish'd waves thy open'd path explores,

Driven

<sup>b</sup> *Near either pole*—We are now presented with a beautiful view of the American world. Columbus discovered the West Indies before, but not the Continent till 1498, the year after Gama sailed from Lisbon.

<sup>c</sup> *The first bold hero*—Cabral, the first after Gama who sailed to India, was driven by tempest to the Brazils, a proof that more ancient voyagers might have met with the same fate. It is one of the finest countries in the new world, and still remains subject to the crown of Portugal.

Driven by the winds of heaven from Afric's strand  
 Shall fix the Holy Cross on yon fair land :  
 That mighty realm for purple wood renown'd,  
 Shall stretch the Lusian empire's western bound.  
 Fired by thy fame, and with his king in ire,  
 To match thy deeds shall Magalhaens <sup>b</sup> aspire :

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In

<sup>b</sup> *To match thy deeds shall Magalhaens aspire*——Camöens, though he boasts of the actions of Magalhaens as an honour to Portugal, yet condemns his defection from his country, and calls him

*O Magalbaens, no feito com verdade  
 Portuguez, porèm não na lealdade.*

“ In deeds truly a Portuguese, but not in loyalty.” And others have bestowed upon him the name of Traitor, but perhaps undeservedly. Justice to the name of this great man requires an examination of the charge. Ere he entered into the service of the king of Spain, by a solemn act he unnaturalized himself. Oforius is very severe against this unavailing rite, and argues that no injury which a prince may possibly give, can authorize a subject to act the part of a traitor against his native country. This is certainly true, but it is not strictly applicable to the case of Magalhaens. Many eminent services performed in Africa and India encouraged him to aspire to the rank of *Fidalgo*, or Gentleman of the King's household, an honour which, though of little emolument, was esteemed as the reward of distinguished merit, and therefore highly valued. But for this, Magalhaens petitioned in vain. He found, says Faria, that the malicious accusations of some men had more weight with his sovereign than all his services. After this unworthy repulse, what patronage at the court of Lisbon could he hope ? And though no injury can vindicate the man who draws his sword against his native country, yet no moral duty requires that he who has some important discovery in meditation should disse his design, if uncountenanced by his native prince. It has been alleged, that he embroiled his country in disputes with Spain. But neither is this strictly applicable to the neglected Magalhaens. The courts of Spain and Portugal had solemnly settled the limits within which they were to make discoveries and settlements, and within these did Magalhaens and the court of Spain propose that his discoveries should terminate. And allowing that his calculations

In all but loyalty, of Lusian foul,  
 No fear, no danger shall his toils control.  
 Along these regions from the burning zone  
 To deepest south he dares the course unknown.  
 While to the kingdoms of the rising day,  
 To rival thee he holds the western way,

A land

ons might mislead him beyond the bounds prescribed to the Spaniards, still his apology is clear, for it would have been injurious to each court, had he supposed that the faith of the boundary treaty would be trampled upon by either power. If it is said that he aggrandised the enemies of his country, the Spaniards, and introduced them to a dangerous rivalry with the Portuguese settlements; let the sentence of Faria on this subject be remembered, "let princes beware, says he, how by neglect or injustice they force in to desperate actions the men who have merited rewards." As to rivalry, the case of Mr. Law, a North Briton, is apposite. This gentleman wrote an excellent treatise on the improvement of the trade and fisheries of his native country; but his proposals were totally neglected by the commissioners, whose office and duty it was to have patronised him. Was Law, therefore, to sit down in obscurity on a barren field, to stifle his genius, lest a foreign power, who might one day be at war with Great Britain, should be aggrandised by his efforts in commercial policy? No, surely. Deprived of the power of raising himself at home, Mr. Law went to France, where he became the founder of the Mississippi and other important schemes of commerce; yet Law was never branded with the name of traitor. The reason is obvious. The government of Great Britain was careless of what they lost in Mr. Law, but the Portuguese perceived their loss in Magalhaens, and their anger was vented in reproaches.

In the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries, the spirit of discovery broke forth in its greatest vigour. The east and the west had been visited by Gama and Columbus; and the bold idea of sailing to the east by the west was revived by Magalhaens. Revived, for missed by Strabo and Pliny, who place India near the west of Spain, Columbus expected to find that country in a few weeks of westward voyage. Though America and the Moluccos were now found to be at a great distance from each other, the genius of Magalhaens still suggested the possibility of a western passage. And accordingly, possessed of his great design, and neglected with contempt at home,

A land of <sup>c</sup> giants shall his eyes behold,  
Of camel strength, surpassing human mould:

K k 2

And

home, he offered his service to the court of Spain, and was accepted. With five ships and 250 men he sailed from Spain in September 1519, and after many difficulties occasioned by mutiny and the extreme cold, he entered the great Pacific Ocean or South Seas by those straits which bear his Spanish name Magellan. From these straits, in the  $52\frac{1}{2}$  degree of southern latitude, he traversed that great ocean, till in the 10th degree of north latitude he landed on the island of Subo or Marten. The king of this country was then at war with a neighbouring prince, and Magalhaens, on condition of his conversion to christianity, became his † auxiliary. In two battles the Spaniards were victorious; but in the third, Magalhaens, together with one Martinho, a judicial astrologer, whom he usually consulted, was unfortunately killed. Chagrined with the disappointment of promised victory the new baptised king of Subo made peace with his enemies, and having invited to an entertainment the Spaniards who were on shore, he treacherously poisoned them all. The wretched remains of the fleet arrived at the Portuguese settlements in the isles of Banda and Ternate, where they were received, says Faria, as friends, and not as intruding strangers; a proof that the boundary treaty was esteemed sufficiently sacred. Several of the adventurers were sent to India, and from thence to Spain, in Portuguese † ships, one ship only being in a condition to return to Europe by the Cape of Good Hope. This vessel, named the *Vitoria*, however, had the honour to be the first ship which ever surrounded the globe. Thus unhappily ended, says Oforius, the expedition of Magalhaens. But the good Bishop was mistaken, for a few years after he wrote, and somewhat upwards of fifty after the return of the *Vitoria*, Philip II. of Spain availed himself of the discoveries of Magalhaens. And the navigation of the South Seas between Spanish America and the Asian Archipelago, at this day forms the basis of the power of Spain.

<sup>c</sup> *A land of giants*—The Patagonians. Various are the fables of navigators concerning these people. The few of Magalhaen's crew who returned, affirmed they were about ten feet in height, since which voyage they have risen and fallen in their stature, according to the different humours of our sea wits.

† Vid. Far. sub Ann. 1519.

† Vid. Ofor. Lib. XI.

And onward still, thy fame, his proud heart's guide,  
Haunting him unappeas'd, the dreary tide  
Beneath the southern star's cold gleam he braves,  
And stems the whirls of land-surrounded waves.  
For ever sacred to the hero's fame  
These foaming straits shall bear his deathless name.  
Through these dread jaws of rock he presses on;  
Another ocean's breast, immense, unknown,  
Beneath the south's cold wings, unmeasured, wide,  
Receives his vessels; through the dreary tide  
In darkling shades, where never man before  
Heard the waves howl, he dares the nameless shore.

Thus far, O favoured Lusians, bounteous Heaven  
Your nation's glories to your view is given.  
What ensigns, blazing to the morn, pursue  
The path of heroes, open'd first by you!  
Still be it your's the first in fame to shine:  
Thus shall your brides new chaplets still entwine,  
With laurels ever new your brows enfold,  
And braid your wavy locks with radiant gold.

How calm the waves, how mild the balmy gale!  
The halcyons call, ye Lusians, spread the sail!  
Old ocean now appeas'd 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<sup>d</sup> ſpoke; and VASCO waved his hand,  
And ſoon the joyful heroes crowd the ſtrand.

The

<sup>d</sup> *The goddeſs ſpoke*——We are now come to the concluſion of the fiction of the iſland of Venus, a fiction which is divided into three principal parts. In each of theſe the poetical merit is obvious, nor need we fear to aſſert that the happineſs of our author, in uniting all theſe parts together in one great epiſode, would have excited the admiration of Longinus. The heroes of the Luſiad receive their reward in the iſland of Love. They are led to the palace of Thetis, where, during a divine feaſt, they hear the glorious victories and conqueſts of the heroes who are to ſucceed them in their Indian expedition, ſung by a ſiren; and the face of the globe itſelf, deſcribed by the Goddeſs, diſcovers the univerſe, and particularly the extent of the Eaſtern World, now given to Europe by the ſucceſs of Gama. Neither in the happineſs or grandeur of completion may the *Æneid* or *Odſſey* be mentioned in compariſon. The *Iliad* alone, in Epic conduct (as already obſerved) bears a ſtrong reſemblance. But however great in other views of poetical merit, the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, conſidered as the intereſting concluſion of a great whole, can never in propriety and grandeur be brought into competition with the admirable epiſode which concludes the poem on the diſcovery of India.

Soon after the appearance of the Luſiad, the language of Spain was alſo enriched with an heroic poem. The author of this has often imitated the Portugueſe poet, particularly in the fiction of the globe of the world, which is ſhewed to Gama. In the *Arzuman*, a globe, ſurrounded with a radiant ſphere, is alſo miraculoſly ſupported in the air; and on this an enchanter ſhews to the Spaniards the extent of their dominions in the new world. But Don Alonzo d'Arcilla is in this, as in every other part of his poem, greatly inferior to the poetical ſpirit of Camões. Milton, whoſe poetical conduct in concluding the action of his *Paradiſe Loſt*, as already pointed out, ſeems formed upon the Luſiad, appears to have had this paſſage particularly in his eye. For though the machinery of a viſionary ſphere was rather improper for the ſituation of his perſonages, he has nevertheleſs,  
though

The lofty ships with deepen'd burthens prove  
The various bounties of the Isle of Love.

Nor

though at the expence of an impossible supposition, given Adam a view of the terrestrial globe. Michael sets the father of mankind on a mountain,

——— From whose top  
The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken  
Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay . . . .  
His eye might there command wherever flood  
City of old or modern fame, the seat  
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls  
Of Cambalu——, &c.  
On Europe thence and where Rome was to sway  
The world———

And even the mention of America seems copied by Milton,

——— in spirit perhaps he also saw  
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,  
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoiled  
Guiana, whose great city Geiyon's sons  
Call El Dorado———

It must also be owned by the warmest admirer of the Paradise Lost, that if the names enumerated by Milton convey grandeur of idea, the description of America in Camões,

Vedes a grande terra, que continua  
Vai de Calisto ao seu contrario polo.

To farthest north that world enormous bends,  
And cold beneath the southern pole-star ends—

is certainly more picturesque: and therefore, at least, not less poetical.

Some short account of the Writers, whose authorities have been adduced in the course of these notes, may not now be improper. Fernando Lopez de Castagneda went to India on purpose to do honour to his countrymen, by enabling

Nor leave the youths their lovely brides behind,  
 In wedded bands, while time glides on, conjoin'd;  
 Fair as immortal faune 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

enabling himself to record their actions and conquests in the East. As he was one of the first writers on that subject, his geography is often imperfect. This defect is remedied in the writings of John de Barros, who was particularly attentive to this head. But the two most eminent, as well as fullest writers on the transactions of the Portuguese in the East, are Manuel de Faria y Sousa, knight of the order of Christ, and Hieroimus Oforius, bishop of Sylves. Faria, who wrote in Spanish, was a laborious enquirer, and is very full and circumstantial. With honest indignation he reprehends the rapine of commanders, and the errors and unworthy resentments of kings. But he is often so drily particular, that he may rather be called a journalist than an historian. And by this uninteresting minuteness, his style for the greatest part is rendered inelegant. The Bishop of Sylves, however, claims a different character. His Latin is elegant, and his manly and sentimental manner entitles him to the name of Historian, even where a Livy, or a Tacitus, are mentioned. But a sentence from himself, unexpected in a Father of the communion of Rome, will characterise the liberality of his mind. Talking of the edict of king Emmanuel, which compelled the Jews to embrace Christianity, under severe persecution; *Nec ex lege, nec ex religione factum . . . . . tibi assumas, (says he) ut libertatem voluntatis impedias, et vincula mentibus effrænatis injicias? At id neque fieri potest, neque Christi sanctissimum numen approbat. Voluntarium enim sacrificium non vi mala coactum ab hominibus expetit: Neque vim mentibus inferri, sed voluntates ad studium veræ religionis allici & invitari jubet.*

It is said, in the preface to Oforius, that his writings were highly esteemed by Queen Mary of England, wife of Philip II. What a pity is it, that this manly indignation of the good Bishop against the impiety of religious persecution, made no impression on the mind of that bigotted Princess!

Smooth as on wing unmoved the eagle flies,  
 When to his eyrie cliff he fails 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 founding 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<sup>e</sup> sway.

Enough, my Muse, thy wearied wing no more  
 Must to the feat of Jove triumphant soar.  
 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,

<sup>e</sup> *And the wide East is doom'd to Lusian sway*—Thus in all the force of ancient simplicity, and the true sublime ends the Poem of Camöens. What follows, is one of those exuberances we have already endeavoured to defend in our Author, nor in the strictest sense is this concluding one without propriety. A part of the proposition of the Poem is artfully addressed to King Sebastian, and he is now called upon in an address, which is an artful second part to the former, to behold and preserve the glories of his throne.

Oh, be it thine these glories to renew,  
 And John's bold path and Pedro's<sup>f</sup> course pursue:  
 Snatch from the tyrant Noble's hand the sword,  
 And be the rights of human-kind restored.  
 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,  
 Aw'd by thy frown ev'n now old Atlas bends  
 His hoary head, and Ampeluza's fields  
 Expect thy founding steeds and rattling shields.  
 And shall these deeds unfulg, 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  $\S$  thee;  
Revived,

<sup>f</sup> *And John's bold path and Pedro's course pursue*—John I. and Pedro the Just, two of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

<sup>z</sup> *Great Ammon's warlike son revived in thee*—Thus imitated, or rather translated into Italian by Guatini.

Con sì sublime stil' forse cantato  
 Havrei del mio Signor l'armi e l'honor,  
 Ch' or non havria de la Meonia tromba  
 Da invidiar Achille————

Revived, unenvious of the Muse's flame,  
That o'er the the world resounds Pelides' name.

Similarity of condition, we have already observed, produced similarity of complaint and sentiment in Spenser and Camoens. Each was unworthily neglected by the Gothic grandees of his age, yet both their names will live when the remembrance of the courtiers who spurned them shall *sink beneath their mountain tombs*. Three beautiful stanzas from Phineas Fletcher's Purple Island, on the memory of Spenser, may also serve as an epitaph for Camoens. The unworthy neglect, which was the lot of the Portuguese Bard, but too well appropriates to him the elegy of Spenser. And every Reader of taste, who has perused the Lusiad, will think of the Cardinal Henrico, and feel the indignation of these manly lines—

Witness our Colin \*, whom tho' all the Graces  
And all the Muses nurs'd; whose well taught song  
Parnassus self and Glorian † embraces,  
And all the learn'd and all the shepherds throng;  
Yet all his hopes were crost, all suits deny'd;  
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilify'd:  
Poorly (poor man) he liv'd; poorly (poor man) he di'd.  
And had not that great heart (whose honour'd || head  
Ah! lies full low) pity'd thy woful plight,  
There hadst thou lien unwept, unburied,  
Unblest, nor grac'd with any common rite:  
Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe † shall sink  
Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall stink;  
And time his blacker name shall blur with blackest ink.

O let

\* Colin Clout, Spenser.

† Glorian, Elizabeth in the Faerie Queen.

|| The Earl of Essex.

† Lord Burleigh.

O let th' Iambic Muse revenge that wrong  
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead;  
Let thy abused honour cry as long  
As there be quills to write, or eyes to read:  
On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,  
*Oh may that man that hath the Muses scorn'd,  
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorn'd.*

T H E E N D.













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