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STUDIES IN PORTUGUESE LITERATURE

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BY

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PREFACE

NEARLY a century ago it was said of Portuguese literature that it might be compared with "une de ces îles dont les navigateurs ont vu les côtes mais dont on ignore complètement les richesses"—a land of the Hesperides, with the golden apples unreached. Since then much has been done, but it must be confessed that English critics have taken little part in reconnoitring this uncharted country. Yet Portuguese literature repays study, revealing beneath an appearance of dulness much to interest and delight, many noble fruits in its occasionally dreary *charnecas*. The fascinating *cantigas de amigo* of King Diniz, the prose of King Duarte, the lyrical *autos* of Gil Vicente, the exquisite eclogues of the *quinhentistas*, remain all but unknown to English readers.

In Portugal there has been a certain reaction against the neglect and indifference which have allowed so many rare editions and valuable manuscripts to perish. The brunt of the work has been borne by Senhor Theophilo Braga (born in 1843). It is easy to be repelled by those of his writings which deal with literary criticism. They are often without form, honeycombed with repetitions, tasteless and irrelevant political

or other digressions of great length, little pedantries, vague abstractions. But their real merits counterbalance these defects in construction. His books are not works of art, but they are a great motive power, proving and searching the whole domain of Portuguese literature. Unfortunately his method is largely hypothetical, with the result that a single ingenious supposition, subsequently disproved, involves whole chapters in destruction, like a house of cards, the successive editions of his works being a network of corrections and contradictions. But he remains one of the chief figures of contemporary Portugal, after fifty years of persistent labour still working to fill in the gaps, unhappily large, in his *Historia da Litteratura Portugueza*, outlined in thirty-two volumes. It was impossible that he should bring to a satisfactory conclusion so gigantic a task—of poetry, criticism, philosophy, psychology, history, politics; but the work actually accomplished by him is truly marvellous in extent. While one must regret that he has allowed sectarian politics to creep and intrude into works of literary criticism, and may deplore the pompous inanity of his style, one can but admire his very real achievement, his untiring researches and never-failing enthusiasm.

Senhora Dra Michaëlis de Vasconcellos,[1] less ambitious, but working with true scholarship and insight, has accomplished much of definite and lasting value, as, for instance, in her splendid edition of the poems of Sá de Miranda, in her edition of *Cancioneiro da Ajuda*,[2]

[1] Born in 1851, the daughter of a Berlin Professor, Gustav Michaëlis, she first came to Oporto in the year 1876. died 1925 Dec.)

[2] Two vols., *Halle*, 1904.

in the *Geschichte der Portugiesischen Litteratur*,[1] and in many other important books, articles, editions, etc. She is the best and surest living authority on questions of Portuguese literature. Much, however, remains to be done, and a wide field, of many difficulties but of great fascination, lies open to those who have the necessary time and perseverance. A critical edition of the works of Gil Vicente, an edition of the letters of Dom João de Castro, Viceroy of India, a study of the dates and interrelations of Bernardim Ribeiro, Sá de Miranda, and Christovam Falcão (whose poems are by some attributed in their entirety to Bernardim Ribeiro)—these are but three out of a hundred similar tasks.[2]

The eclogues of Bernardim Ribeiro (? 1486-1552),[3] Christovam Falcão (*c.* 1512-1557), Sá de Miranda, Dom Manoel de Portugal (1520-1606), Diogo Bernardes (*c.* 1520-1600), Luis de Camões, Pedro de Andrade Caminha,[4] Francisco Rodrigues Lobo (*c.* 1580-1625) are

[1] Gröber, *Grundriss der romanischen Philologie.* Bd. 2. Abtg. 2. Liefg. 2 and 3.

[2] Especially urgent is the publication of a large number of works still in manuscript.

[3] See *Bernardim Ribeiro e o Bucolismo* (*Christovam Falcão*). Por Theophilo Braga, *Porto*, 1897. The exact dates of both poets are very uncertain. Senhor Braga gives Bernardim Ribeiro's as 1482-1552, or possibly 1549. See also *Poesias de Sá de Miranda* (ed. C. Michaëlis de Vasconcellos, 1885), *Notas*, pp. 767-771 and Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos in *Grundriss der rom. Phil.*, pp. 289-295. Bernardim Ribeiro's most famous poem is his *Egloga* (*Jano e Franco*) in octosyllabic *redondilhas*. There are few more hauntingly beautiful poems in the Portuguese language than his *Romance:*

> "Pola ribeira de um rio
> Que leva as aguas ao mar
> Vae o triste de Avalor."

[4] Pedro de Andrade Caminha (*c.* 1520-1589) was a friend of all the great poets of his time, and corresponded with them in verse (Sá de

still too little known outside of Portugal, and deserve a special study. In spite of the traditionally dull and artificial character of this kind of poetry, they reveal a real love of Nature and power of song. The dreamy charm of many regions of Portugal, and the pensive character of the inhabitants, made the eclogues a natural growth; and just as their idyllic character pervades the plays of Gil Vicente, so his piquant characterization, real flavour of the soil, and direct observation of life are to be found in many of the Portuguese eclogues.

Another fascinating study is that of Portuguese prose, in the clearly chiselled sentences of King Duarte, the quaint and various early *Chronicas*, the coloured and picturesque accounts of the conquests beyond the seas, the balanced periods of João de Barros'[1] *Decadas*, the fervent letters of the nun of Beja, Marianna Alcoforado, or the *gongorismo* of the *seiscentistas*. It is difficult to believe that we have the same language,

"A portugueza majestosa lingua,"

in the precise and direct style of Francisco Manuel de Mello's[2] *Cartas Familiares* and *Dialogos Apologaes*, in

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Miranda refers to him affectionately as "el nuestro Andrade"), but his poetry for the most part is inferior to theirs. See *Poesias de Pedro de Andrade Caminha*, mandadas publicar pela Academia Real das Sciencias de Lisboa [from a MS. in the possession of the Duque de Cadaval and another in the Convento da Graça]. *Lisboa*, 1791. A critical edition by J. Priebsch has been published recently at Halle.

[1] 1496–1570.

[2] A *seiscentista* (1608–1666) who sought to write with clear simplicity. His life was a stirring one, but he had leisure to improve his style during the long years he spent in prison. To a young relation who was going to the wars he wrote thus, Polonius-fashion: "Ide com Nosso Senhor. Lembraivos sempre delle e de quem sois. Fallay

the vigour of Dom João de Castro's[1] letters, the plastic, sensuous, glowing prose of Almeida-Garrett, the drier, admirably clear sentences of Alexandre Herculano,[2] the prose of Eça de Queiroz, at times simple and restrained, at times inflated and extravagant. Of the turgidity, abstractness, and Gallicisms of many modern writers it is unnecessary to speak.[3]

It may be that the Portuguese genius has but little claim to originality. It willingly looks abroad, and delights in novelties and changes. Even mutable Gothic architecture, for instance, was too rigid for the taste of the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, and they loaded it with Manueline additions. They assimilate quickly, and, once the impulse given from abroad, they clothe their borrowings in native garb. Thus beneath the alternating influence of France and Italy and Spain, and, more recently, of Germany and England, Portuguese poets have shown that they possess a genuine gift of song and a character of their own. Yet something was lost if much was gained when the Portuguese writers of the sixteenth century turned again to imitate foreign models, and the savour of

verdade. Não aporfieis. Perguntai pouco. Jugay menos. Segui os bons; obedecey aos mayores." (Go with Our Lord. Ever remember Him and who you are. Speak the truth. Be not stiff-necked. Ask few questions. Gamble even less. Follow the good; obey your elders.) His celebrated *Guerra de Cataluña* has recently been republished by the *Real Academia Española* from the first edition (*Lisbon*, 1645), with introduction and notes by D. Jacinto Octavio Picón. *Madrid*, 1912. And his Life, written by Mr. Edgar Prestage, is to appear shortly.

[1] Born at Lisbon, 1500; died at Goa, 1548.

[2] Alexandre Herculano de Carvalho e Araujo, 1810-1877.

[3] The chief defects of modern Portuguese are its vague pomposity and its inability to use two words where ten are possible—*e.g.*, "number" becomes *designação numerica*.

Portuguese literature in the fifteenth and first quarter of the sixteenth century was never recaptured. Camões, without doubt, is the greatest poet of Portugal; nevertheless, Portuguese poets of the twentieth century would do well to go back beyond Camões to study the native strains of Gil Vicente and the rough *redondilhas* of Sá de Miranda.

The Portuguese poets through the centuries have sung of love and death—of love without joy, and of death as an object of desire:

> "Fratelli a un tempo Amor e Morte
> Ingeneró la sorte."

They might take for their motto a line of a *vilancete* by the Conde do Vimioso[1]: *Mil vezes a morte chamo* (*Mil vezes, amor, te chamo*). They have made a national cult of *Saudade*, and the last lines of a recent Portuguese poem tell us that *Saudade* is eternal and will survive the worlds and stars.[2] They forget that not in Paradise and not in Purgatory were said the words:

> "Tristi fummo
> Nell'aer dolce que dal sol s'allegra."

Other characteristics of Portuguese literature—a dreamy, often fantastic imagination, a tendency to prolixity and bombast, grotesque satire, and endless digressions—are all aspects of a certain vagueness of outline, an

[1] 1485–1549. He was the father of Dom Manoel de Portugal.

[2] Teixeira de Pascoaes. *Marános* (1911):

> "E tudo passará. . . . Mas a Saudade
> Não passará jamais! e ha de ficar
> (Porque ella é o Infinito e a Eternidade)
> Sobrevivente aos mundos e ás estrellas."

absence of vigour and precision, which finds compensation in naturalness and charm. In a word, the Portuguese have more poetical feeling than conscious art, and perhaps for this very reason Portugal has produced an astonishing number of spontaneous perfect lyrics:

"Fez hũas lirias no som
Que mi sacam o coraçom."

The rivers of Portugal—the Mondego, Douro, Tejo *crystallino*, the *doce* Neiva, *brando* Lima, *manso* Leça—all have their poets. The lyric of Francisco de Sá de Menezes,[1] addressed to the River Leça, is inimitable in the easy flow and inevitable grace of its verses:

"Ó rio Leça,
Como corres manso!
Se eu tiver descanso
Em ti se começa!

"Sempre sosegados
Vão teus movimentos;
Não te alteram ventos
Nem tempos mudados."

(River Leça, still,
Ah, how still thy flow!
Could I rest e'er know
Rest wouldst thou instil!

Calm thy waters move
Ever without fail;
Thee no winds assail
Nor time's changes prove.)

[1] 1515–1584. The few of his poems that have survived fully confirm the praises of his contemporaries, Antonio Ferreira, Diogo Bernardes, etc. See *Poesias de Sá de Miranda* (ed. C. Michaëlis de Vasconcellos, 1885), *Notas*, pp. 749-751.

In the same spirit and with equal beauty of expression Diogo Bernardes, captive in Africa,[1] turns his thoughts to the River Lima, on whose banks was his home:

"Mas nunca deixará de ser formosa
No meu atribulado pensamento
A ribeira do Lima saudosa.
Não causará em mim esquecimento,
Inda que tem virtude d'esquecer,
O seu brando e suave movimento."

(But ever in my saddened thoughts the banks
Of Lima shall be fair, for which I long.
Never in me shall cause forgetfulness
The soft and gentle motion of its waters,
Though power it has to help men to forget.)[2]

Portuguese literature, poor in clear-cut or striking effects, may not attract many readers, but, to those who study it, appears like a fair, humble shepherdess of the *serra*, with all the grace of the scented woods, pleasant streams, and flowered hills of Portugal:

"A serra é alta, fria e nevosa;
Vi venir serrana gentil, graciosa."

To write its complete history,[3] embracing the literature

[1] He was freed, among other Portuguese captives, by Philip II.

[2] He celebrated the Lima continually (in *O Lyma*), and many years earlier he wrote to Sá de Miranda that his walks were ever along its banks:

"Agora rio abaixo, rio acima,
Que vae suavemente murmurando,
Só me vou pela beira do meu Lima."

[3] The best general sketch of Portuguese literature is to be found in *Geschichte der portugiesischen Litteratur*, von Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos und Theophilo Braga (*Grundriss der romanischen Philologie*). Bd. 2. Abtg. 2 (sold separately); in Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos' article in *La Grande Encyclopédie* (*Portugal: Littérature*), or in Mr. Edgar Prestage's article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

of Galicia, ancient and modern, must be a task occupying many years. Perhaps, however, there is some danger at the present day lest, while learned critics, in a kind of literary spillikins, are skilfully sifting their facts and dates, the general reader may take less and less interest in the literature thus scientifically presented to him, and continue in scarceness. These straggling notes can lay no claim to original research, but may possibly serve as a stepping-stone till the crying need for a more thorough and complete study of Portuguese literature in English is supplied. The name of Mr. Edgar Prestage is well known to English readers. Probably no Englishman has so intimate an acquaintance with Portuguese literature, which he has studied for twenty years. There is, therefore, good reason to hope that he will supply this want and provide English students with the first history of Portuguese literature ever written in English.

No doubt it will come as a shock to many that Portugal has other subjects of interest to offer besides port-wine, revolutions, and rotative politics. Great indeed would be the reward of these chapters could they help to spread a juster, more sympathetic attitude towards this land of unfailing song, which throughout its history has bred many an

"Homem de braço e saber;"[1]

many, that is, capable of carrying through with sword and pen what Sir Peter Wyche in the seventeenth century described as "Performances of the Portuguese, notorious for the Wisdome of the Contrivance and Gallantry of the Execution."

[1] It is the phrase of Sá de Miranda describing the Spanish poet, the Marqués de Santillana.

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CHAPTER I

KING DINIZ AND THE EARLY LYRICS

DURING the second half of the eleventh and first half of the twelfth century Galicia underwent many changes of frontier. In 1065 it extended southward to the river Mondego. In 1093 its boundary advanced momentarily to the Tagus, and Alfonso VI., King of León and Castille, granted Galicia and his daughter Urraca to Raymond, son of the Count of Burgundy. But he further entrusted the government of the region between the rivers Minho and Tagus to the cousin of Raymond, Count Henry, giving him his daughter Tareja (Theresa) in marriage. This region soon became independent, and the son of Henry, Affonso, was proclaimed first King of Portugal in 1140. It was, however, only very slowly that this artificial division between the two countries became a real difference. The language spoken in both remained the same. The ideas of the new Portuguese Court were cosmopolitan rather than national. In 1147 King Affonso Henriques married Mafalda (Mathilda), daughter of Amadeo, Count of

Savoy, and Senhor Braga thinks that Provençal poetry thus came to Portugal first through Italy, and that it was possibly in the train of Countess Mafalda that arrived Marcabrus, the first Provençal poet to visit Portugal.[1] It is, however, probable that an even earlier connection with Provence had been established through Galicia and Santiago de Compostella. Santiago was a meeting-place of pilgrims from all Europe. Between Galicia and France especially the connection was a close one, facilitated by the fact that the north-western region of the Peninsula was one of the few parts freed from the dominion of the Moors. Nothing could be more natural than that these pilgrims, singing songs on the road, should have introduced some of the forms of Provençal poetry into Galicia, and thence to Portugal. In 1093 Count Henrique went on a pilgrimage[2] to Santiago, and over and over again in the *Cancioneiro da Vaticana* we find echoes of similar pilgrimages:

> " Por fazer romaria puz' en meu coraçom
> A Santiago um dia por fazer oraçom
> E por veer meu amigo logu' i."[3]

[1] *Trovadores galecio-portuguezes.* Por Theophilo Braga. *Porto*, 1871.

[2] So an old romance tells of Conde Flores:

> " Que vinha da romaria,
> Romaria de Santiago,
> Santiago de Galiza "

and the ancient *Linhagem dos Barganções* (printed in *Portugaliæ Monumenta Historica*) speaks of the marriage of D. Mendo Alão de Bargança with the daughter of the King of Armenia, " who was going upon a pilgrimage to Santiago."

[3] *C. da Vat.*, No. 265. The spelling of Portuguese varies so infinitely at different periods, or even in the same period, and to-day

"A Santiagu em rromaria vem
El Rey, madre, praz-me de coraçom
Per duas cousas, sse Deus me perdon',
Em que tenho que me fez Deus gram bem:
Cá verey el rey que nunca vi
Et meu amigo que vem com el hy."[1]

(The King to Santiago presently,
Mother, in pilgrimage will come, and I
Am glad at heart, so Heaven pardon me,
For the two favours Heaven gives me thereby:
The King, whom I ne'er saw, shall I see, and together
With the King my love is coming hither.)

Portugal underwent foreign influence in yet another way, for its coast was passed by Crusaders on their way to the Holy Land, and they were frequently driven by stress of weather to take refuge there. Thus, in 1147, a force of thirteen thousand Crusaders from Flanders, Lorraine, Aquitaine and England, who had embarked in two hundred ships at Dartmouth, assisted King Affonso to recapture Lisbon, and some of them settled in the country.

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more than ever—*e.g.*, *hymno*, *hino*, *ino* (hymn); *cousa* or *coisa* (thing)—that in the quotations no uniformity of spelling has been attempted (*cf.*, *um*, *hum*, *hun*, *huma*, *hũa*, *uma*, *ũa*, for the indefinite article). Wherever two vowels have run into one the acute accent has been used—as Sá (for Saa) de Miranda—and the circumflex where two syllables have been contracted—*dôr* (*dolor*), *môr* (*maior*), but *flor* (*flos*). Another apparent inconsistency—the spelling of *Luis* de Camões and *Thomaz* Ribeiro—is due to the fact that, while the latter wrote his name with a *z*, Luis, not Luiz, appears on the title-page of the first edition of the Lusiads (1572) and in contemporary documents. It may be said here that the verse translations throughout are but miserable echoes of the originals. Care has been taken to make them as literal as possible, but if any reader, not knowing Portuguese, judge Portuguese poetry from these translations he will err sadly in his judgment.

[1] *C. da Vat.*, No. 458 (*cf.* Nos. 429, 455, 689).

It is certain that Galicia and Portugal adopted the Provençal poetry earlier than Castille, although it had first entered the Peninsula in Catalonia and Aragon.[1] Portugal was as yet scarcely a nation. She had no great historical poems and traditions. Spain had her own heroic poems to withstand the Provençal influence, and when singing in softer mood the Spanish poets sang in Galician or Portuguese. The *Cancioneiro* of King Diniz contains many Portuguese poems written by Spaniards, and Alfonso the Learned (1220-1284), in his prose so great a master of Castilian, wrote his *Cantigas de Santa Maria* in Galician (or Portuguese, for there was still but little difference between the two). The Marqués de Santillana (1398-1458), in an often-quoted passage of his letter to Dom Pedro, Constable of Portugal, says that Galicia and Portugal first adopted the poetry of the *arte mayor* and *arte comun*, so much so that not long before his time all poets of Castille, Andalucia or Estremadura, wrote all their works in Galician or Portuguese.[2] But the fact that it was the Galician-Portuguese imitations of Provençal poetry that thus prevailed for a time in Spain in itself implies

[1] Sancho, second King of Portugal, married a daughter of the Count of Provence and King of Aragon.

[2] *Colección de poesías castellanas anteriores al siglo XV.* Tom. i. *Madrid: Antonio de Sancha*, 1779: "E despues fallaron esta arte que mayor se llama è el arte comun, creo, en los Reynos de Galicia è Portugal; donde non es de dubdar que el exercicio destas sciencias mas que en ningunas otras regiones u provincias se acostumbró; en tant grado que non ha mucho tiempo qualesquier decidores è trovadores destas partes, agora fuesen Castellanos, Andaluces ò de la Estremadura todas sus obras componían en lengua Gallega ò Portuguesa. E aun destos es cierto rescebimos los nombres del Arte, asi como Maestria Mayor è menor, encadenados, lexapren è mansobre."

that these Provençal lays were more in harmony with the genius of the Portuguese people than with that of the Spanish, and were with the former far less a passing fashion than with the latter.

Their influence in Portugal lasted on into the sixteenth century, so that Christovam Falcão (first half of sixteenth century) has been called the last echo of the Provençal lute.[1] As to how far the early Portuguese lyrics were entirely artificial and due to Provençal influence, and to what extent they were the outcome of a really national or popular poetry, there has been some difference of opinion. It would appear to admit of no doubt that at the introduction of Provençal poetry an earlier native poetry existed in Portugal, and that this native popular poetry maintained itself when the influence of Provençal song was at its height, and continued (as references to it in Gil Vicente prove) after that influence had waned.

Monaci, in the preface to his edition of the *Cancioneiro* of King Diniz (or *da Vaticana*), distinguishes between the Provençal poetry, which never became national in Portugal, and a "poetry entirely indigenous and truly original," which "the poets of the Dionysian cycle learnt from the lips of the people and borrowed from the people, giving to it the finishing touch of art."[2] Lang holds that the real debt of Portugal to

[1] "O ultimo ecco de alaude provençal": Epiphanio da Silva in his edition of *Chrisfal.* T. Braga. *Trovadores galecio-portuguezes:* "Em Portugal as condicões vitaes da nacionalidade não eram tão profundas, e a poesia dos trovadores conservou-se quasi até o tempo do Cancioneiro de Resende [1516]."

[2] "I portoghesi accanto alla poesia artistica d'imitazione straniera una altra n' ebbero del tutto indigena e veramente originale. I

Provençal poetry was that through it the native poetry was encouraged to take a place in literature.[1]

M. Alfred Jeanroy, on the other hand, would refuse to derive even the *cantigas de amigo* directly from a popular source. "Si elles sont populaires c'est par le rythme, la simplicité du style, non par la pensée."

"On retrouve en eux à chaque pas les imitateurs de la poésie provençale et française." The themes "paraissent plutôt être l'écho d'une poésie populaire que cette poésie populaire elle-même." And he sums up as follows: "Il nous paraît non pas certain mais probable que la plupart des thèmes populaires que nous offre le chansonnier du Vatican ont passé de France en Portugal et que la poésie portugaise n'a fait que modifier quelques détails sur la façon dont ils ont été traités; on peut être plus affirmatif et dire que l'imitation française y est évidente." He admits, however, that in Portugal this poetry has "traits plus archaïques qu'en aucun autre pays roman" and "personnages

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trovatori del ciclo dionisiaco la conobbero dalla bocca del popolo, dal popolo la raccolsero, ritoccandola coi magisteri dell' arte." As to the Provençal-Portuguese poetry: "Sorta per impulso di una moda più que del genio, quella litteratura non giunse ad avere una forza organica sua propria, nè punto compenetrossi colla vita reale da nazione. Per il che, non appena nuove correnti [*i.e.*, Spanish and Italian] prevalsero alla corrente occitanica che l'aveva destata essa repentinamente decadde nè pote guari sopravivere all' ultimo dei suoi protettori [King Diniz]."

[1] *Das Liederbuch des Königs Denis von Portugal, zum ersten mal vollständig herausgegeben und von Einleitung, Anmerkungen und Glossar versehen von* Henry R. Lang. *Halle a. S.*, 1894: "Das wirkliche Verdienst das sich die Provenzalen um Portugal erworben besteht darin dass sie durch ihr Beispiel dieser Volkslyrik die Bahn in die Litteratur brachen und sie ans Licht zogen."

empruntés au peuple."[1] This was, precisely, the view held by Ferdinand Wolf.[2]

The *cantigas de amigo* were undoubtedly of native and popular origin. Their simplicity of form and fresh vividness would not easily have been imported by Court poets from abroad. Their musical wailing cries are the echo of the native poetry of Galicia;[3] sometimes they have a dirge-like rhythm as in that of Pero da Ponte:

[1] *Les origines de la poésie lyrique en France au moyen-âge. Études de littérature française et comparée, suivies de textes inédits.* Par Alfred Jeanroy. *Paris*, 1889 (pp. 308-338: "La Poésie française en Portugal").

[2] *Studien zur Geschichte der spanischen und portugiesischen Nationalliteratur.* Von Ferdinand Wolf. *Berlin*, 1859 (IV.: "Zur Geschichte der portugiesischen Literatur im Mittelalter"): "hat sich die portugiesische Poesie aus einem ganz kunstmässigen, in der Fremde würzelnden Principe entwickelt, bevor noch die heimische Volkspoesie eine hingänglich breite Basis bieten konnte um darauf kunstmässige Werke mit nationalem Typus aufzuführen." "So erscheint die galicisch-portugiesische Hofpoesie nicht nur nach äusserem Zeugnisse sondern auch in Geist, Ton und Form als eine Tochter und Schülerin der provenzalischen." But he speaks of the *cantigas de amigo* as "sich näher an das Volksmässige anschliessend, in mehr objektiv-naïver Haltung und oft in lebendigdramatischer Form." See also Friedrich Diez, *Ueber die erste portugiesische Kunst- und Hofpoesie* (*Bonn*, 1863), and *Die alten Liederbücher der Portugiesen, oder Beiträge zur Geschichte der portugiesischen Poesie vom dreizehnten bis zum Anfang des sechzehnten Jahrhundert, nebst Proben aus Handschriften und alten Drucken herausgegeben von* Dr. Christ. Fr. Bellermann. *Berlin*, 1840. And especially Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos (*Grundriss der rom. Phil.*, Bd. 2, Abtg. 2, pp. 132, 146-154, 167-203).

[3] Similar popular *cantigas de amigo* are said to exist in modern Portugal and in Asturias. Senhor Braga quotes a modern Galician *cantiga de amigo* from Baret's *Les Troubadours:*

"Donde le dexas al tu buen amigo?
Donde le dexas al tu buen amado?
Ay Juana, cuerpo garrido!
Ay Juana, cuerpo galano!

"Madre, namorada me leixou
Madre namorada m'ha leixada
Madre namorada me leixou,"[1]

with which one may compare the refrain by Pedr' Anes Solaz:

"Lelia d'outra[2]
E doy lelia d'outra
Leli, leli par deus le-ly
Lelia d'outra,"[3]

evidently an ancient dirge, traceable, perhaps, to a time when Basque was the language of the whole Peninsula.[4]

As proof of the existence of a popular poetry in Portugal has been adduced the mention in the

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Muerto le dexo á la orilla del rio,
Muerto le dexo á la orilla del vado.
Ay Juana, cuerpo garrido!
Ay Juana, cuerpo galano!" etc.

Theophilo Braga, *Parnaso Portuguez Moderno, precedido de um estudo da poesia moderna portugueza. Lisboa*, 1877. (Part III.: "Os lyricos gallegos.")

[1] *C. da Vat.*, No. 417.

[2] Monaci's edition has, except in one instance, *doura*.

[3] *C. da Vat.*, No. 415. *Cf.* the *letlas* and the Basque *leloaren cantua*. *Cf.* also Silius Italicus:

"Misit dives Gallæcia pubem
Barbara nunc patriis *ululantem* carmina linguis."

[4] *Leila* and *leli leli* may perhaps be connected with the Basque *il* = dead (but *cf. Don Quixote:* "Lelilíes al uso de moros quando entran en las batallas"). Of the early Portuguese indigenous poetry generally (as opposed to the imitations of Provençal) Dr. Wilhelm Storck says that it is "without models and without parallels in the literatures of sister countries, and perhaps a distant and isolated echo of Celtiberian songs that sounded long ago in the Pyrenean hills" (*Life of Camões*, p. 61. Portuguese translation by C. Michaëlis de Vasconcellos. *Lisbon*, 1897).

Cascioneiro da Vaticana of a "peasant's song," "*Diz hũa cantiga de vilaão*," but to this M. Jeanroy objects that "il est à remarquer qu'une chanson populaire n'est jamais qualifiée ainsi que par des lettrés."[1] It is more significant that Gil Vicente continued in the sixteenth century to place *cantigas de amigo* on the lips of peasants and of humble workers in the towns. But the best proof is the simple structure of these poems, which was not the work of Court poets, however much they may have embroidered upon it. The words and themes, even of the more courtly poems, often preserved a flavour of the soil, as in that by King Diniz, where the *amiga* goes to wash linen:

"Levanta s' a velida
Levanta s' alva
E vay lavar camisas
Em o alto;"[2]

or that by Joham Soares Coelho which contains the popular proverb:

"Ca diz o vervo: ca non semeou
Milho quem passarinhos reçeou."[3]

On the other hand the *Senhor* sometimes uses French words, *envya*, *liero* (*léger*), etc.

[1] The *cantiga de vilaão* was stated to have been glossed (*C. da Vat.*, No. 1,043) by Joham de Gaia on the subject of a tailor (the *vilaão*) who had been created a *cavaleyro* by King Diniz. The use of the phrase *cantiga de vilaão* certainly seems here to imply the singing, if not the composition, of *cantigas* by the humbler folk, just as the Lisbon tailor's wife in Gil Vicente sings a *cantiga de amigo*.

[2] *C. da Vat.*, No. 172.

[3] *Ibid.*, No. 284. "The proverb says: He sows no maize who is ever in fear of the birds."

"Que trist' oj' eu ando, fazo gram razom,
Foy s' o meu amigo e o meu coraçom,
Donas, *per boa fé*
Alá est hu el é;[1]

she looks in a glass:

"Mas quant' oj' eu no meu espelho[2] vi
Gradesc' a deus muyt' e gradesco lh'al
Que m'el fremosa fez;[3]

she speaks of her *amigo* as "in the King's house" or "with the King":

"Meu amigo é em cas' d'el rey,[4]
Foi ss' o meu amigo a cas' d'el rey,[5]
Vay meu amigo com el rey morar,[6]
O meu amigo que é com el rey."[7]

These are clearly Court imitations of the *cantiga de amigo*, but some of those by King Diniz approach much more closely to the simple popular form. Certainly the most fascinating and original of all the early Portuguese lyrics are these *cantigas de amigo*, written for the *Senhor* (=*senhora*) to speak or rather sing:[8]

[1] *C. da Vat.*, No. 298. By Joham Lopes de Ulhoa.

[2] "polido
Espelho de aço ou de cristal formoso."
(Camões, *Lus.*, viii. 87.)

[3] *Ibid.*, No. 335. By Pero Gomes Barroso.

[4] *Ibid.*, No. 419. By Pero da Ponte.

[5] *Ibid.*, No. 634. By Joham Ayras of Santiago.

[6] *Ibid.*, No. 632. By the same.

[7] *Ibid.*, No. 334. By Pero Gomes Barroso.

[8] The popular songs from which they were derived would be composed and sung by the women themselves. Latin writers had already noted the songs and improvisations of the women of Galicia.

"Sedia la fremosa seu fuso torcendo,
Sa voz manselinha fremoso dizendo
Cantigas d'amigo."

(The fair one sat spinning, her soft voice beautifully singing *cantigas de amigo*.)

"Tres moças cantavam d'amor
Mui fremosinhas[1] pastores,
Mui coytadas dos amores;
E diss' unha mha senhor:
Dized', amigas, comigo
O cantar do meu amigo."[2]

(Three maidens were singing of love, very fair shepherdesses, greatly troubled with love; and one of them, my lady, said: Friends, sing with me the song of my friend.)

"Fex hunha cantiga d'amor
Ora meu amigo por mi
Que nunca melhor feyta vi;
Mays como x' é muy trobador
Fez hũas lirias no som
Que mi sacam o coraçom."[3]

(A song of love my friend for me
Has made: ne'er fairer song I saw;
But he, well skilled in poetry,
Verses has made of such beauty
And music that my heart they draw.)

There was great demand for these *cantigas* among the Court ladies, so much so that doubts were some-

[1] *Fremosmhas* (Monaci).
[2] *C. da Vat.*, No. 867. By Lourenço, *jograr*.
[3] *Ibid.*, No. 779. By Juyão [Julian] Bolseyro.

times expressed as to whether a *cantiga* was new, or an old one made to serve for the occasion:

"No cantar que diz que fez
Por mi, se o por mi fez."[1]

(In the song he made for me, if for me he made it.)

"Fez meu amigo, amigas, seu cantar
Per boa fé . . .
E hũa dona o querria por seu,
Mays sey eu bem porque s' o cantar fez
E o cantar já valrria hunha vez."[2]

The first two lines of the *cantigas de amigo* are in a minor key, ending with *i* assonants; the second two end with the broader *a:*

"Digades filha, minha filha velida,
Porque tardastes na fontana fria?
Os amores ey!
Digades filha, minha filha louçana,
Porque tardastes, na fria fontana?
Os amores ey!
Tardei, minha madre, na fontana fria,
Cervos do monte a agua volviam.
Os amores ey!
Tardei, minha madre, na fria fontana,
Cervos do monte volviam a agua.
Os amores ey!
Mentis, minha filha, mentis por amigo,
Nunca vi cervo que volvesse rio.
Os amores ey!
Mentis, minha filha, mentis por amado,
Nunca vi cervo que volvess' o alto.[3]
Os amores ey!"[4]

[1] *C. da Vat.*, No. 819. [2] *Ibid.*, No. 361. By Joham de Guilhade.
[3] Or possibly *vado*. [4] *C. da Vat.*, No. 797. By Pero Meogo.

Tell me, daughter, my daughter fair,
Why from the cool spring so long were you coming?
Alas, I am in love!
Tell me, daughter, my lovely daughter,
From the cool spring why so long were you coming?
Alas, I am in love!
Mother, by the cool spring I tarried,
Deer from the mountain the water were troubling.
Alas, I am in love!
I tarried, mother, by the cool spring,
Deer from the mountain were troubling the water.
Alas, I am in love!
'Tis false, oh my daughter; with loved one you lingered,
For ne'er saw I deer that would trouble the stream.
Alas, I am in love!
'Tis false, oh my daughter; with your love you dallied,
For ne'er saw I deer that would trouble the water.
Alas, I am in love!)

"De que morredes filha, a do corpo velido?
Madre, moyro d'amores que mi deu meu amigo,
Alva[1] e vay liero.
De que morredes filha, a do corpo louçano
Madre, moyro d'amores que mi deu meu amado
Alva e vay liero."[2]

"Dizia la fremosinha[3]
Ay deus val!
Como estou d'amor ferida!
Ay deus val!

[1] =*Aube*, and so ="up" or "arise." *Cf.* the *alvoradas*, *aubades*, dawn songs, of which a delightful example is that by Nuno Fernandez Torneol:

"Levad' amigo, que dormides as manhanas frias!
Toda-las aves do mundo d'amor diziam.
Leda m' and' eu."

[2] *C. da Vat.*, No. 170. By King Diniz. [3] *Fremosmha* (Monaci).

Dizia la bem talhada
Ay deus val!
Como estou d'amor coytada!
Ay deus val!
E como estou d'amor ferida
Ay deus val!
Nom vejo o bem que queria;
Ay deus val!
E como estou d'amor coytada
Ay deus val!
Nom vejo o que muito amava.
Ay deus val!"[1]

(The fair one was saying—Be with me Heaven!—How am I wounded with love!—Be with me Heaven!—The lovely one was saying—Be with me Heaven!—How am I troubled with love!—Be with me Heaven!—And wounded with love—Be with me Heaven!—I cannot see the good that I desired;—Be with me Heaven!—Troubled with love—Be with me Heaven!—I cannot see that which I greatly loved.—Be with me Heaven!)

Thus the same words are repeated in the first and second couplets, to form a kind of wail or litany, rising and falling in the *i* and *a* sounds, the former always coming first.[2]

[1] *C. da Vat.*, No. 368. By Affonso Sanches.

[2] Thus in the *cantiga de amigo* in Spanish in Gil Vicente's *Triumpho do Inverno* the following should be the order:

"Del rosal vengo, mi madre,
Vengo del rosal.
A riberas de aquel rio
Viera estar rosal florido,
Vengo del rosal.
A riberas de aquel vado
Viera estar rosal granado,
Vengo del rosal.

The first two *cantigas* quoted (Nos. 797 and 170) are, as is frequently the case, in the form of a dialogue between mother and daughter:

"Of what are you dying, daughter fair?
Mother, I am dying of love."

The mother is often represented as hostile:

"Madre, poys vos desamor avedes
A meu amigo;[1]
Oje quer' eu meu amigo ver
Porque mi diz que o nom ousarey
Veer mha madre;[2]
Vos fezestes tod' o vosso poder,
Madr' e senhor, de mi guardar que non
Visse meu amigu' e meu coraçon;[3]
Dizede, madre, porque me metestes
Em tal prison? . . .
E ssey filha, que vos traz enganada
Con seus cantares que non valem nada. . . .
E sodes vos, filha, de tal linhagen
Que devia vosso servo seer."[4]

Viera estar rosal florido,
Cogi rosas com suspiro,
Vengo del rosal.
Del rosal vengo, mi madre,
Vengo del rosal."

(I come from the rose-tree, mother, I come from the rose-tree. By the banks of that stream I saw a rose-tree in flower; I come from the rose-tree. By the banks of that river I saw a red rose-tree; I come from the rose-tree. I saw a rose-tree in flower, and with sighs I plucked the roses; I come from the rose-tree. I come from the rose-tree, mother, I come from the rose-tree.)

[1] *C. da Vat.*, No. 262. By Ayras Caspancho.
[2] *Ibid.*, No. 284. By Joham Soares Coelho.
[3] *Ibid.*, No. 185. By King Diniz.
[4] *Ibid.*, No. 823. By Pedr' Amigo de Sevilha.

In one the mother says:

" Filha sey eu que o nom faz
(Daughter, I know that he loves you not);

and the daughter answers:

Madre, creer-vos ey d'al."[1]
(Mother, in aught else will I believe you.)

Two charming *cantigas* by King Diniz show the mother already won over or being coaxed into consent:

" Vy-vos, madre, com meu amig' aqui
Oje falar e ouv' eu gram prazer. . . .
Ca poys que s' el ledo partiu d'aquem
Nom pode seer senom por meu bem.
El pos os seus olhos nos meus enton
Quando vistes que xi vos espediu,
E tornou contra vos led' e riiu;
E por end' ey prazer no coraçon."[2]

(I saw you, mother, here to-day speaking with my love, and great was my delight. . . . For since he went hence joyfully it cannot but be for my good. And then he fixed his eyes on mine, when he took leave of you, and turned to you gaily and laughed, and therefore I have pleasure in my heart.)

" Mha[3] madre[4] velyda
Vou m' a la baylia
Do amor.

[1] *C. da Vat.*, No. 289. By Joham Soares Coelho.
[2] *Ibid.*, No. 189.
[3] =*Minha*.
[4] Monaci. Senhor Braga in his edition prints *madr' é*=my mother is fair.

Mha madre loada
Vou m' a la baylada
Do amor.
Vou m' a la baylia
Que fazem em vila
Do amor,
Que fazem em casa
Do que eu muit' amava
Do amor."

(Mother, fair mother, I am going to the dance of love. Mother, noble mother, I am going to the dance of love. I am going to the dance in the town, to the dance in the house of my love.)

There is a similar *cantiga* by Stevam Fernandes d'Elvas:

" Madre, chegou meu amig' oj' aqui.
Novas som, filha, com que me nom praz.
Por deus, mha madre, gram torto per faz.
Nom faz, mha filha, ca perdedes hy.
Mays perderey, madre, se el perder.
Bem lhe sabedes, mha filha, querer."[1]

(Mother, to-day my love came hither.—News this, my daughter, that gives me no pleasure.—Mother, 'fore Heaven, you do me great wrong!—No, my daughter, for this is for your loss.—Greater loss will be mine, mother, if I lose my love.—Daughter, you know how to love him well.)

And another by Pedro de Veer:

" Vejo-vos, filha, tam de coraçom
Chorar tam muyto que ey eu pesar

[1] *C. da Vat.*, No. 684

E venho-vos por esto preguntar
Que mi digades, se deus vos perdon',
Porque m' andades tam triste chorando ?—
Nom poss' eu, madre, sempr' andar cantando.—
Nom vos vej' eu, filha, sempre cantar
Mays chorar muyt' e com que por en[1]
Algum amigo queredes gram bem.
E venho-vos por esto preguntar,
Que me digades, se deus vos perdon',
Porque m' andades tam triste chorando ?—
Nom poss' eu, madre, sempr' andar cantando."[2]

(Daughter, I see you weeping so sorely that I am grieved, and come to ask you to tell me, so Heaven pardon you, why are you thus ever sadly weeping ?—Mother, I cannot always be singing.—Daughter, I see you not always singing, but heavily weeping, and it must be that someone there is whom you greatly love. And therefore I come to ask you to tell me, so Heaven pardon you, why are you thus ever sadly weeping ?—Mother, I cannot always be singing.)

More rarely the *cantiga* is addressed to a sister:

" Irmãa, o meu amigo
Que mi quer bem de coraçom."[3]

Or to friends:

" Amigas, que deus vos valha,
Quando veher meu amigo
Falade sempr' unhas com outras
Emquant' el falar comigo,
Ca muytas cousas diremos
Que ante vos nom diremos."[4]

[1] Ed. Th. Braga. Monaci has *cõ q̃ p' en.*
[2] *C. da Vat.*, No. 725.
[3] *Ibid.*, No. 266. By Vaasco Gil.
[4] *Ibid.*, No. 352. By Joham de Guilhade.

(Friends, Heaven be with you, when my love shall come, ever keep speaking one to another while he speaks with me, for many things shall we say which before you we shall not say.)

Or it is a dialogue between the lover and his love:

"Amigo pois mi dizedes
Ca mi queredes gram bem
Quand' ora vos fordes d'aquem
Dizede-me que faredes?
Senhor fremosa eu vol-o direy:
Tornar-m' ey ced' ou morrerey.

"Se nostro senhor vos perdon'
Poys aqui sodes coytado
Quando fordes alongado
Por deus que farey entom?
Senhor fremosa eu vol-o direy:
Tornar-m' ey ced' ou morrerey."[1]

(Come tell me, love, since now you say
That you most surely love me well,
What will you do then, truly tell,
When from me you are gone away?—
Fair lady, I will tell you, I
Must soon return or else will die.)

Otherwise the lover never speaks, although the following is a close imitation of a *cantiga de amigo*:

"En lixboa sobre lo mar
Barcas novas mandey lavrar.
Ay mha senhor velida!
En lixboa sobre lo lez[2]

[1] *C. da Vat.*, No. 318. By Mem Rodrigues Tenoyro.

[2] By some derived from the Arabic. More probably from the Latin *latus* (so *de léz a léz* = from side to side, and the *le* and *les* in French and English place-names). The *Cancioneirinho* reads *ler*.

Barcas novas mandey fazer.
Ay mha senhor velida!"[1]

(At Lisbon on the sea I ordered new ships to be built. Alas! fair lady mine. At Lisbon on the shore I bid them make new ships. Alas! fair lady mine.)

In these poems, written for her by her lover, the *Senhor* sings of herself as fair, lovely, etc. In the poems more directly copied from the Provençal and sung by the lover, the descriptions are not much more detailed. She is *velida*, *louçãa*, *bem talhada*. Joham de Guilhade speaks of her fair shape (*bem talhada*) and green eyes.[2] She is the *lume d'estes olhos meus* (light of my eyes);[3] in a poem by King Diniz she speaks well and laughs better than any other:

"E falar mui bem e riir melhor
Que outra molher."

And generally the *cantigas* say little. They consist in repeating a sigh of grief or love or hope in slightly different words; their themes are the conventional love and death:

"E moyr' eu e praz-mi muyto de morrer."[4]

[1] *C. da Vat.*, No 754. By Joham Zorro.
[2] *Ibid.*, No. 344. *Cf.*:

"Os olhos verdes que eu vi
Me fazem ora andar asi."

[3] *Ibid.*, No. 648.
[4] *Ibid.*, No. 680. By Pero Darmea. Payo Gomes Charinho is more sincere:

"Muytos dizem com gram coyta d'amor
Que querriam morrer e que assy
Perderiam coytas, mays eu de mi
Quero dizer verdad' a mha senhor:

"E tal confort' ei
Que aquel dia morrerei
E perderei coytas d'amor."

A vague sadness and wistful *saudade* runs through them. Even the *serranilhas* have not the clear joy of the Spanish *serranillas*. The Portuguese *pastorellas* and *serranilhas*, in so far as they were not a growth of the soil, were due to French rather than to Castilian influence. Some of them are highly artificial, as—

"Oy oj' eu húa pastor cantar . . .
E fazia guirlanda de flores."[1]

"Unha pastor se queixava
Muit' estando noutro dia
E sigo medes falava
E chorava e dizia
Com amor que a forçava:
Par Deus vi t'em grave dia
Ai amor!

"Ela s'estava queixando
Come molher com gram coita
E que a pesar des quando
Nacéra nom fôra doita,
Porem dizia chorando:
Tu nom es se nom mha coita[2]
Ai amor!

Querria-me-lh' eu mui gram bem querer
Mays nom queria por ela morrer
Com' outros morrerom e que prol tem."
(*C. da Vat.*, No. 393.)

[1] *Ibid.*, No. 454. By Ayras Nunes, clerigo.
[2] *Vãa coita* (Moura).

"Coitas lhe davam amores
Que nom lh' eram se nom morte;
E deitou-s'ant' ũas flores
E disse com coita forte:
Mal ti venha per u fôres
Ca nom es se nom mha morte
Ai amor!"[1]

(A shepherdess upon a day made moan and spoke with herself and wept and said, distressed with love: Alas! evil was the day on which I saw thee, love! And she made moan as one in great grief and in sorest trouble since she was born, therefore she said: Thou art but grief to me, O love! And love gave her grief and was but death to her, and she threw herself down before some flowers and said in great distress: Sorrow be thine at all times, for to me thou art but death, O love!)

But there are some lighter delightful rustic dance-songs (*bailadas*), as the two following, half *serranilha*, half *cantiga de amigo:*

"Baylemos nós já todas, todas, ay amigas,
So aquestas avellaneyras floridas;
E quem for velida como nós velidas,
Se amigo amar,
So aquestas avellaneyras floridas
Verrá bayar.

"Baylemos nós já todas, todas,[2] ay irmanas,
So aqueste ramo d'estas avellanas;
E quem foi louçana como nós louçanas,
Se amigo amar,
So aqueste ramo d'estas avellanas
Verrá baylar.

[1] Ed. Lang, No. 23. *C. da Vat.*, No. 102.

[2] Ed. Th. Braga. Monaci has *ts*, which may possibly stand for *tres*, "we three."

" Por deus, ay amigas, mentr' al non fazemos
So aqueste ramo florido baylemos;
E quem bem parecer como nos parecemos,
Se amigo amar,
So aqueste ramo sol que nós baylemos
Verrá baylar."[1]

(Friends, together let us dance
Beneath those flowered hazel-trees,
And she who's fair as we are fair
If in love will join us there,
Beneath those flowered hazel-trees
Will join us in the dance.

Together, sisters, let us dance
Beneath this branch of the hazel-trees,

[1] *C. da Vat.*, No. 462. By Ayras Nunes. In *As cem melhores poesias (líricas) da lingua portuguesa*, Escolhidas por Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos (*London and Glasgow*, 1910, price 6d.), will be found this *bailada de moças* in a second version, by Joham Zorro (*C. da Vat.*, No. 761):

" Bailemos, agora, por Deus, ay velidas
So aquestas avelaneiras floridas!
E quem for velida como nós velidas,
E amigo amar,
So aquestas avelaneiras floridas
Virá bailar!

" Bailemos agora, por Deus, ay louvadas
So aquestas avelaneiras granadas!
E quem for louvada como nós louvadas,
E amigo amar,
So aquestas avelaneiras granadas
Virá bailar!"

Of this song Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos says: "In doppelter Lesart vorhanden, als Werk zweier verschiedener Dichter, des hochbegabten Klerikers Ayras Nunes und des Volksbarden Joam Zorro, meiner Meinung nach, weil es ein echtes Volkslied ist, das beide gerade wegen seiner Ursprünglichkeit und Beliebtheit aufgelesen, und, nach höfischer weise, mit einem neuen *som* versehen haben.'

And she who's fair as fair are we
If in love she likewise be,
There beneath the hazel-trees
Will join us in the dance.

While we have leisure let us dance
Beneath this flowered branch together,
And she who as we is fair to view
If in love will come there too,
And there beneath this hazel-bough
Will join us in the dance.)

" Poys nossas madres vam a Sam Simom
De Val de Prados candeas queymar,
Nós as meninhas punhamos d'andar
Com nossas madres, s' ellas entom
Queymen candeas por nós e por sy,
E nós meninhas baylaremos hy.

" Nossos amigos todos lá hiram
Por nos veer, e andaremos nós
Bayland' ant' eles fremosas sós,[1]
E nossas madres, poys que alá vam,
Queymen candeas por nós e por sy,
E nós meninhas baylaremos hy.

" Nossos amigos hiram por cousir[2]
Como baylamos e podem veer
Baylar moças de bom parecer,
E nossas madres, poys lá querem hir,
Queymen candeas por nós e por sy,
E nós meninhas baylaremos hy." [3]

(Since to St. Simon our mothers now go
In Val de Prados, candles to burn,

[1] Monaci has *haylaudan teles fṽmosas cos.*

[2] Ed. Th. Braga. It is tempting to write *consir* (as a further abbreviation of *consirar*, the early Portuguese word for " consider ").

[3] *C. da Vat.*, No. 334. By Pero Gomes Barroso.

Let us their daughters set out in our turn
And go with our mothers together, that so
While candles for us and for them they are burning
All we their daughters in dance shall be turning.

Then will our lovers come there together
In order to see us their fair ones, and we
Will dance there alone in their company,
And still our mothers, since now they go thither,
Candles for us and themselves shall be burning
While in the dance we their daughters are turning.

Our lovers together will come to bestow
On us and our dancing many a glance,
They will come to watch the fair maidens dance,
And still our mothers, since there they would go,
Candles for us and themselves shall be burning
While in the dance we their daughters are turning.)

Monaci speaks of Provençal imitations in Portugal not surviving their last protector, King Diniz, and Senhor Braga regards King Diniz (1279-1325) as behind his time in his love of Provençal poetry. The idea that he was the first Portuguese lyric poet was derived from a passage in the *Catalogo Real de España* by Rodrigo Mendez de Silva, quoted by Sanchez in commenting upon the Marqués de Santillana's reference to King Diniz: "Este rey . . . compuso los primeros versos en lingua portuguesa."[1] Thus Lope de Vega in *El Guante de Doña Blanca*, act ii., scene 1, line 66:

"Que es, Blanca, si no lo sabes,
El rei Dionis el primero
Que en España en lengua propia

[1] In Barbosa, *Bibliotheca Lusitana* he is "o primeiro que em Hespanha á imitação dos poetas provençaes metrificou em rimas."

Hizo versos, cuya copia
Mostrarte esta noche quiero."[1]

The Portuguese chronicles, however, have a qualifying *quasi*: King Diniz was "grãde trouador & quasi o primeiro que na lingoa Portuguesa sabemos screuer versos, o que elle & os daquelle tẽpo começarão fazer aa imitação dos Aruernos & prouençaes: segundo vimos per hũ cancioneiro seu q̃ em Roma se achou, em tempo del rei Dom João III. [1521-1557] & por outro que sta na torre do tombo, de louuores da Virgem nossa senhora."[2]

The *Cancioneiro da Ajuda* contains poems by no less than thirteen pre-Dionysian poets. Senhor Braga dates some twenty of the poets of the *Cancioneiro da Vaticana* before 1350 as being mentioned in the *Nobiliario* of the Conde Dom Pedro, and considers that the date of the earliest *trovador* mentioned in Portuguese genealogies goes back to the first half of the twelfth century. He refers the following poem in the *Cancioneiro da Ajuda* to the capture of Santarem in 1147:

"A mais fremosa de quantas vejo
Em Santarem e que mays desejo
E en que sempre cuidando sigo
Non cha direi mais direi comigo:
Ay sentirigo! ay sentirigo!
Al e Alfanx e al seserigo.

"Ella e outra, amigo, vi as
Se deus me valha non a dous dias,

[1] Quoted by F. Diez and by Lang.

[2] *Chronicas dos Reis de Portugal. Em Lisboa. Impresso por Pedro Crasbeeck.* Anno MDC. (Chronica del Rei Dom Denis dos reis de Portugal o sexto. Reformada pelo licenciado Duarte Nunez do Liam.)

Non cha direi eu cá o dirias
E perder-l' ias por en comigo.
Ay sentirigo ! ay sentirigo !
Al e Alfanx e al seserigo.

" Cuidand' ella ja ey perdudo
O sen, amigo, e ando mudo,
E non sey ome tan intendudo
Que m' oj' entenda o porque digo
Ay sentirigo ! ay sentirigo !
Al e Alfanx e al seserigo."

Senhor Braga thinks that the refrain may be an old battle-cry, and that the singer is an aged knight who took part in the siege of 1147, and laments that none of his contemporaries are now left to understand him. But the whole of the poem, except the refrain, points to a later date, and the lines

" E non sey ome tan intendudo
Que m' oj' entenda "

may more probably be taken as in themselves a confession that the singer belongs to a later age than the old refrain. M. Alfred Jeanroy holds that there was no Portuguese poetry before the thirteenth century, and that the earliest is a poem of the year 1236.[1] It is certain that the flourishing period of Provençal-Portuguese poetry began with the return of Affonso III. (1246-1279) from a long sojourn at the Court of France to usurp his brother's[2] throne in Portugal, and continued during his reign and that of King Diniz. King Affonso had three official (salaried) *trovadores* at his Court.[3] His

[1] *Les Origines de la Poésie lyrique en France au moyen-âge.*

[2] Sancho III., 1223-1248.

[3] *El Rey aia trez jograres em sa casa e nom mais.* (*Portugaliæ Monumenta Historica.*) The Court was at Lisbon and Santarem.

son Diniz[1] was given a master of Provençal poetry, Aymeric d'Ebrard, of Cahors, afterwards Bishop of Coimbra. For the last fourteen years of his reign Affonso III. was bedridden (*jazia en huma cama, nom se podia levantar*), and Diniz early had to take a part in affairs of State. While still a child he was sent to Seville to negotiate with his grandfather, King Alfonso the Learned, concerning the sovereignty of the Algarve, recently conquered from the Moors. Senhor Braga quotes a romance:

> "O infante Dom Diniz
> A Sevilha havia chegado . . .
> De edade era pequeno
> Mal quinze annos tem contado."[2]

King Diniz married Isabel, daughter of King Pedro III. of Aragon, and niece of the Count of Provence, the Saint Elizabeth of the legend of roses. The chronicle says of him that "among all the kings then in Christendom the King Dom Denis was known as the most humane and benignant, being very valiant and magnanimous; and for his truth, justice and liberality.[3]— He never promised aught that he did not perform, nor broke his pledge, nor issued two contradictory decrees.— Against malefactors he exercised severity, so that one might travel securely in his time, which before was not

[1] Born at Lisbon in 1261.

[2] Sepulveda, *Romances*. Anvers, 1551. *Cf.* the charming account of this episode in the *Chronica del Rei Dom Denis:* "Era o Infante entam de vi annos, mui gentilhome & auisado pera aquella idade . . . dizen algũas historias antigas de Castella que o Infante Dom Denis, como quem ja naq̃lla tenra idade começaua ser util a seu reino, chorou n'o mesmo conselho."

[3] There was a saying, "Liberal como hum Dom Denis."

possible, because the roads were infested by robbers.—He broke up and cultivated much land and greatly favoured the peasants (*lauradores*), whom he called the nerves of the commonwealth.[1] Wherefore in his time there were fewer poor, and being the King who gave most, he was also the King who left most in the treasury.—He built towns and castles, fortresses and convents through the length and breadth of Portugal, and he made many just and advantageous laws.[2]—And in order that letters might not flourish less than arms in his kingdom, at a time when they were at so low an ebb in Spain (*andauão tam apagadas*), he instituted anew the University of Coimbra and brought to it learned foreigners to teach all manner of learning.—Besides these great virtues, the King Dom Denis had another, for which he was greatly loved by his subjects, in that he was very humane and accessible (*conuersauel*) without losing anything of the majesty of a king. He planted pine-woods, built ships, and generally reorganized the life of the Portuguese nation.

An old inscription (1314) records proudly that

> "Esta fez el rei Diniz
> Que acabou tudo o que quiz."

He found time to write many poems—138 out of 1,700 early lyrics are attributed to him. Senhor Braga cites the following lines from one of his poems as proof that he never forgets that he is a king:

[1] He was himself known as *O Lavrador*.

[2] Among others, "That innkeepers (*a taverneira*), bakers (*a padeira*), and butchers should be believed on their oath concerning what is owing to them"; "of those who play with false or loaded dice"; "of those who find birds and do not restore them [to their owners]"; "of those who deny God and His saints."

" Uma verdade vos direi:
Se mi valha nosso senhor
Erades boa para rey."

But it is probable that this and some other poems attributed to the King were not written by him. Like other Portuguese Kings he made a collection of lyrics which was known as the book of *trovas* of King Diniz,[1] and the tendency would be to attribute to him any of uncertain authorship. King Diniz openly writes in the Provençal style:

" Quer' eu en maneyra de provençal
Fazer agora um cantar d'amor,"

although he claims to put new and deeper feeling into the conventional forms:

" Provençaes soem mui bem trobar
E dizer elles que é com amor,
Mays os que trobam no tempo da frol
E nom em outro, sey eu bem que nom
Am tam gram coyta no seu coraçom
Qual m' eu por mha senhor vejo levar."

But however skilfully and musically King Diniz may sing in the Provençal manner,[2] he also cultivated with

[1] Among the books possessed by King Duarte were *O Livro das Trovas d'El Rei Dom Diniz*, *O Livro das Trovas d'El Rei Dom Affonso*, and *O Livro das Trovas d'El Rei* [Duarte].

[2] The following examples may be given:

" Hun tal home sey eu, o bem talhada,
Que por vos tem a sa morte chegada;
Veedes quem é, seed' em nembrada:
Eu, mha dona.

" Hun tal home sei eu que perto sente *
De si a morte chegada certamente;

* Ed. Lang. Monaci: *q̄ p'co* or *p̄co sente*. Braga: *per consente*. Moura: *preto*.

evident delight the more indigenous Galician-Portuguese poetry, and it is with an added pleasure that one reaches in the *Cancioneiro da Vaticana* the section headed: *Em esta ffolha adeante sse comẽçã as cãtigas d'amigo q̃ o mui rpbre Dom Denis, rei de Portugal, ffez.* (From this page

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Veedes quem é, venha-vos em mente:
Eu, mha dona.

" Hun tal home sey eu, aquest' oide,
Que por vos morre, vo-lo em partide;
Veedes quem é, nom xe vos olvide:
Eu, mha dona."

(A man know I, fair one, who for you has his death at hand. See who it is and remember. I, my lady. A man know I who feels assuredly that his death is near. See who it is and call to mind. I, my lady. A man know I who for you is dying. Listen and I will tell you. See who it is and forget not. I, my lady.)

" Senhor fremosa, vejo-vos queixar
Porque vos am' e no meu coraçom
Ey mui gram pesar, se deos me perdon',
Porque vej' end' a vos aver pesar,
E queria m' em de grado quytar
Mais nom posso forçar o coraçom.

" Que mi forçou meu saber e meu sen,
Desi meteu-me no vosso poder,
E do pesar que vos eu vej' aver
Par deus, senhor, a mim pesa muit 'em,
E partir-m' ia de vos querer bem
Mais tolhe m'end' o coraçom poder.

" Que me forçou de tal guisa, senhor,
Que sen nem força non ei já de mi,
E do pesar que vos tomades i
Tom' eu pesar que non posso mayor;
E queria nom vos aver amor
Mais o coraçom pode mais ca mi."

(*C. da Vat.*, No. 146. Fair lady, I see you complain because I love you, and in my heart I greatly grieve, so Heaven pardon me, because I see that you are grieved at this, and willingly would I cease to love,

forth begin the *cantigas de amigo*, which the very respectable Dom Denis, King of Portugal, made.)[1]

With the death of King Diniz in 1325 the Portuguese-Provençal poetry came somewhat abruptly to an end, surviving in isolated instances, and perhaps rather in the influence of the satirical Provençal *sirventes*, which were well suited to the Portuguese love of satire. The *Cancioneiro da Vaticana* contains "*cantigas de escarnh' e de mal dizer*," such as that written by Martim Soares with the note: "This other satirical song he made on a knight who thought that he wrote very well and composed excellent lyrics, and it was

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but I cannot constrain my heart thereto. For my heart constrained my mind and wit, and placed me in your power; and for the grief I see you have, 'fore Heaven, lady, do I greatly grieve, and would put off my love, but my heart has left me powerless so to do. For, lady, it constrained me in such wise that now I have neither force nor wit, and for the grief this gives to you I could not be more greatly grieved; and I would cease to love you, but my heart is stronger than I.)

[1] Besides the examples already given, the following may be quoted:

"Nom chegou, madr', o meu amigo
E oj' est o prazo saido,
Ai madre, moiro d'amor!

"Nom chegou, madr', o meu amado
E oj' est o prazo passado,
Ai madre, moiro d'amor!

"E oj' est o prazo saido
Por que mentio o desmentido,
Ai madre, moiro d'amor!

"E oj' est o prazo passado
Por que mentio o perjurado,
Ai madre, moiro d'amor!

"Porque mentio o desmentido
Pesa-mi pois per si é falido,
Ai madre, moiro d'amor!

not so."[1] Garcia de Resende in the preface to his *Cancioneiro geral* [1516][2] says that the *arte de trovar* has

"Porque mentio o perjurado
Pesa-mi pois mentio per seu grado.
Ai madre, moiro d'amor!"

(*C. da Vat.*, No. 169. My love has not come, and to-day is the last day. Mother, I am dying of love! He lied to me, and it grieves me that he is false. Mother, I am dying of love!)

"Amad' é meu amigo
Valha Deus!
Vede-la frol do pinho
E guisade d'andar.

"Amad' é meu amado
Valha Deus!
Vede-la frol do ramo
E guisade d'andar.

"Vede-la frol do pinho
Valha Deus!
Selad' o bayosinho *
E guisade d'andar.

"Vede-la frol do ramo
Valha Deus!
Selad' o bel cavalo
E guisade d'andar.

"Selad' o bayosinho
Valha Deus!
Treide vos, ai amigo,
E guisade d'andar.

[1] *C. da Vat.*, No. 965. "Est' outro cantar fez de mal dizer a hun cavaleyro que cuydava que trobava muy ben e que fazia muy bons sons, e non era assy."

[2] An edition was published by E. K. von Kausler in vol. xv., xvii., and xxvi. of the *Bibliothek des literarischen Vereins* of Stuttgart. A new edition is being published at Coimbra in 4 vols. (*Joias litterarias*). The 1516 edition of the Lisbon *Bibliotheca Nacional* gives no date on

* Braga: *bayoninho;* Monaci: *hayo rinho* (in 1875, in correction of *ninho* in *Canti antichi portoghesi*, 1873). A. Coelho proposed *bayosinho*.

always been held in great esteem, and speaks of its usefulness in hymns and canticles, in preserving the history of Emperors and Kings, in Court society, love-making, tournaments, and masks, and also for the punishment of those who deserve it.[1]

"Selad' o bel cavalo
Valha Deus!
Treide-vos, ai amigo,
E guisade d'andar."

(*C. da Vat.*, No. 173. Loved is my friend—Be with me, Heaven!—See the flower of the pine and make ready to go. Loved is my love—Be with me, Heaven!—See the branch in flower and make ready to go. See the flower of the pine—Be with me, Heaven!—Saddle the little bay and make ready to go. See the branch in flower—Be with me, Heaven!—Saddle the fair horse and make ready to go. Saddle the little bay—Be with me, Heaven!—Hasten, O my friend, and make ready to go. Saddle the fair horse—Be with me, Heaven!—Hasten, O my friend, and make ready to go.)

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the title-page, but has the following colophon: "Acabousse de empreemyr o cancyoneyro geerall. Com preuilegio do muyto alto & muyto poderoso Rey dom Manuell nosso senhor. Que nenhũa pessoa o possa empremir nẽ troua que nelle vaa sob pena de dozentos cruzad^{s} e mais perder todollos volumes que fizer. Nem menos o poderam trazer de fora do reyno a vender ahynda q̃ la fosse feito so a mesma pena atras escrita. Foy ordenado & remendado por Garcia de Reesende fidalguo da casa del Rey nosso senhor & escrivam da fazenda do principe. Começouse emalmeyrym & acabou ena muyto nobre & sempre leall çidade de Lisboa. Per Hermã de cãpos alemã bõbardeyro del rey nosso senhor & empremjdor. Aos xxviii dias de setẽbre da era de nosso senhor Jesucristo de mil & quynhem & Xvi anos."

[1] "Que em todo tẽpo foy muy estimada [a arte de trouar] e com ela nosso senhor louuado como nos hynos & canticos que na santa ygreja se cantam sse veraa. E assy muytos emperadores Reys & pessoas de memoria. Polos rrymanças & trouas sabemos suas estorias & nas cortes dos grandes principes he muy necessaria na jentileza, amores, justas & momos, & tambem para os que maos trajos v enuenções fazem. Per trouas sam castigados." The whole preface, in the Spanish translation by Juan Valera, is printed in Menéndez y Pelayo's *Antología de poetas líricos castellanos*, tom. 7, pp. cli-cliii.

A Spanish minstrel, Joham *jograr, morador em Leom,* sang the praises of King Diniz, and he says that the *trobadores* in Portugal, León, Castille, and Aragon never sang again after his death, and that the *jograes* remained unpaid:

"Os namorados que trobam d'amor
Todos deviam gram doo fazer
Et non tomar em si nenhum prazer
Porque perderom tam boo senhor
Com' é el rey dom denis de portugal.
De que nom pode dezir nenhum mal
Homem pero seja profaçador.[1]
Os trobadores que poys ficarom
Em o seu reyno et no de Leom
No de Castella, no d'Aragom
Nunca poys de sa morte trobarom;
E dos jograres vos quero dizer
Nunca cobrarom panos nem aver
Et o seu bem muyto desejarom . . .
tam boo senhor
De que eu posso en bem dizer sem pavor
Que nom ficou d'al nos Christãos . . .
foy rey a fame prestador
Et saboroso e d'amor trobador.
Tod' o seu bem dizer nom poderey."[2]

And King Diniz later was universally praised in glowing tributes.[3] If he was a belated protector

[1] *Homẽ po seiã pos fazador.* Monaci.

[2] *C. da Vat.*, No. 708.

[3] Pedro Andrade de Caminha speaks of "Dinis grande" (*Epist.* 3). In Sá de Miranda he is

"em guerra e em paz
Honra das armas, honra dos costumes" (*Eleg.* 3).

And

"nosso alto e excellente
Dom Denis, rei tam louvado
Tam justo, a Deus tam temente" (*Epist.* 1).

of Provençal poetry, he was also a keen admirer of the indigenous *cantiga de amigo*, one of the most fresh and charming forms of lyric to be found in any literature.

It is thought that the *livro de cantigas* bequeathed by the illegitimate son of King Diniz, Pedro, Conde de Barcellos, to the King of Castille, Alfonso XI. (who, however, died five years before him) in 1350 may possibly somehow have come into the possession of Doña Mencía de Cisneros. The passage in the Marqués de Santillana's letter, quoted above, continues: "I remember, very magnificent sir, as a small boy, to have seen, among other books in the possession of my grandmother, Doña Mencía de Cisneros, a large volume of Portuguese and Galician songs, *serranas*, and *decires*, of which the greater part were by the King Don Dionis of Portugal. He was, sir, I believe, your great-grandfather; and those who read his works praised them for their subtle inventions and soft and graceful words."[1] King Duarte (1428-1438) possessed

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In his Eclogue *Basto* he refers to Kings Sancho and Diniz:

"Aos bons reis Sancho e Denis
Chamavão lhes lavradores."

João de Barros writes of him as

"O justo Diniz, tão nobre e clemente
. . . em todalas cousas sabido e prudente."

Cf. Camões, *Lusiads*, iii. 96-98.

[1] "Acuerdome, Señor muy magnifico, siendo yo en edat no provecta, mas asaz mozo pequeño, en poder de mi abuela Doña Mencia de Cisneros entre otros libros aver visto un grant volumen de cantigas, serranas è decires Portuguezes è Gallegos: de los quales la mayor parte eran del Rey Don Dionis de Portugal: creo, Señor, fue vuestro bisabuelo: cuyas obras aquellos que las leian loaban de invenciones sutiles è de graciosas è dulces palabras."

a *Livro das Trovas de El Rei Dom Diniz*, and Duarte Nunes refers to a *cancioneiro* of King Diniz which was discovered at Rome during the reign of João III. (1521-1557).[1] Angelo Colocci possessed an earlier and larger collection of Portuguese lyrics than the two now known,[2] and compiled a catalogue, which has survived and was published (from the Vatican Codex 3217) as an appendix in Monaci's edition of the *Cancioneiro da Vaticana*. In 1823 Charles Stuart (afterwards Lord Stuart of Rothesay)[3] had published fragments of a Portuguese *cancioneiro* in an edition limited to twenty-five copies.[4] In 1847 appeared a first edition of the *cancioneiro* of King Diniz (*Cancioneiro da*

[1] Some think that Sá de Miranda may have seen the *cancioneiro* of King Diniz during his stay at Rome, and may refer to it directly (rather than more vaguely to Provençal poetry) in the lines of his letter to Fernando de Menezes :

> "Eu digo os provençais que inda se sente
> O som das brandas rimas que entoárão."

[2] *I.e.*, the *Cancioneiro da Vaticana* and the *Cancioneiro Colocci-Brancuti*, a codex formerly belonging to Count Brancuti and copied for Angelo Colocci (d. 1548) in the sixteenth century. (See Enrico Molteni. *Il Canzoniere Portoghese Colocci-Brancuti. Halle*, 1880.)

[3] Inaccurately named "Lord Carlos Stuart Rothsoy" by Senhor Braga, and by Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos "Lord Stuart Rothsey."

[4] "*Fragmentos de hum Cancioneiro inedito que se acha na livraria do Real Collegio dos Nobres de Lisboa.* Impresso a custa de Carlos Stuart. *Paris*, 1823. This is the *Cancioneiro da Ajuda*, which formerly belonged to the Jesuits and later to the Collegio dos Nobres, whence it was transferred in 1825 to the royal palace of Ajuda. A second, but not very valuable, edition was published by the Brazilian, F. A. Varnhagen : *Trovas e Cantares de un Codice do Seculo XIV., ou antes mui provavelmente o Livro das Cantigas do Conde dê Barcellos. Madrid*, 1849.

Vaticana), discovered at Rome by Wolf (Codex 4803), and copied by the Visconde da Carreira, with a preface by the Brazilian Caetano Lopes de Moura,[1] followed in 1872 by Varnhagen's *Cancioneirinho de Trovas antigas colligidas de um grande cancioneiro da Bibliotheca do Vaticano. Vienna*, 1872. In the following year, and again in 1875, Ernesto Monaci published some selections from the Vatican codex.[2] In 1875 he also published his excellent complete edition of the *Cancioneiro da Vaticana*, copied with every detail of the many minute differences due to the fact that over a hundred authors of different countries and periods had contributed to the collection.[3] "Questa edizione," he says in his preface, "rappresenta il codice pagina per pagina, linea per linea, abbreviatura per abbreviatura." Working upon this text Senhor Braga produced his critical edition three years later.[4] Thus gradually the poems of King Diniz and his contemporaries were brought to the light of day, and a new and delightful world of Portuguese

[1] *Cancioneiro de El Rei D. Diniz*, pela primeira vez impresso sobre o manuscripto da Vaticana, com algunas notas illustrativas e uma prefação historico-litteraria pelo Dr. Caetano Lopes de Moura. *Paris: Aillaud*, 1847.

[2] *Canti Antichi Portoghesi* tratti dal codice Vaticano 4803, con traduzioni e note per Ernesto Monaci. *Imola*, 1873.

Cantos de ledino tratti dal grande canzoniere portoghese della Biblioteca Vaticana per Ernesto Monaci. *Halle a. S.*, 1875.

[3] *Il Canzoniere Portoghese della Bibliotheca Vaticana*, messo a stampa da Ernesto Monaci. Con una prefazione, con facsimili e con altre illustrazioni. *Halle a. S.*, 1875.

[4] *Cancioneiro da Vaticana*. Edição critica restituida sobre o texto de Halle, accompanhada de um glossario e de uma introducção sobre os trovadores e cancioneiros portuguezes. Por Theophilo Braga. *Lisboa*, 1878.

literature was rediscovered. A fuller and more critical reconstruction of the whole body of early Portuguese lyrics is, however, still required.[1]

[1] Of the 1878 (Lisbon) edition Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos remarks that it "entspricht kritischen Anforderungen nicht ganz, erstens weil sie nur den Einhalt *eines* Liederbuchs bringt und zweitens weil die Textgestaltung eine vielfach willkürliche, ungleiche und sinnlose ist."

CHAPTER II

EARLY PROSE

The first beginnings of Portuguese prose must be looked for in the fourteenth century, in genealogies, chronicles, and lives of saints. In the reign of João I. (1385-1433) Portuguese finally ousted Latin in official documents,[1] but it had already established itself securely fifty years before his accession. Unfortunately, most of the early chronicles have only survived in the re-

[1] As an example of Latin through which Portuguese already pierces may be given the following passage from an edict of Affonso III. (1246-1279): "Item quod calumnie de ipsa villa de Gaia sint tales et de terminis suis scilicet quod omnis homo qui sacaverit cultellum in Gaia extra casam per mentem malam pro dare cum eo alicui, sive det sive non det mando quod pectet maiordomo sexaginta solidos si sibi hoc maiordomus potuerit probare per bonos homines, et licet det multa vulnera cum eo alicui, si homo de eis non fuerit mortuus, mando quod non pectet maiordomo magis quam dictos 60 solidos." The following is from a letter of King Diniz (1279-1325): "Quod naves et universe barce magne et parve que de mari cum mercis seu aliis rebus venalibus intrarent per faucem Dorii ripis venirent, merces seu venales adportantes, dividerentur inter civitatem [Oporto] et populum antedictum [Gaia]." In the reign of Manoel I. (1495-1521) complaints were made that the doctors wrote their recipes in Latin. An entertaining account exists of the concessions granted to the people in Cortes. They asked to be relieved of certain taxes, to which the answer was that the taxes were levied for the people's good. They besought the King to diminish his large and costly retinue, but were told that this was impossible. When, however, they asked that the physicians should

visions of Duarte Nunes[1] and others. Some of the earliest fragments are printed in *Portugaliæ Monumenta Historica* (vol. i., Scriptores). From these *Chronicas Breves* may be quoted the dying advice of the Count Dom Anrriques [Henriques] (to whom Alfonso VI. had given a part of Galicia and so much of Portugal as had been won from the "*sarraziis*"—*parte de galiza com o que era gaanhado de purtugal*) to his son:

"Filho, toma esfforço no meu coraçom, toda terra que eu leixo que he dastorga ataa leom e ataa coinbra nom percas della nenhuma cousa ca eu a tomey com muito trabalho: filho toma esfforço no meu coraçom e sey semelhauel a mim . . . E poren, meu filho, sempre en teu coraçom ama justiça ca o dia que a leixares de fazer huum palmo logo o outro dia ella affastara de ty huma braça."

(Son, take heart from me, all the land that I leave, which is from Astorga to León and to Coimbra, lose not any part of it, for I won it with great toil: son, take heart from me and be like to me . . . and moreover, my son, ever in thy heart love justice, for on the day that thou ceasest from it an inch straightway it will depart from thee an ell.)

Or the account of King Diniz:

"Morto el rei dom afonso reinou el Rey dom donis

make up their prescriptions only in the vulgar tongue, *em lingoagem*, the permission was most graciously granted: "Assi quomo nollo pedis volo outorgamos cõ peña ao boticario que não use mais ho officio se der has mezinhas per recepta em latim, & mais pague dous mil reaes pera quẽ ho accusar & em outra tanta peña queremos que encorra ho physico q̃ per latim & não per lingoagem quomo dito he." *Chronica do felicissimo Rey Dom Emanuel da gloriosa memoria. . . .* Damião de goes colegio & compos de nouo." [*Lisbon*, 1619.]

[1] Almeida-Garrett calls him the "iconoclast of our ancient chronicles."

seu filho e auia quando conpeçou a reinar xviii annos. E cassou coma rainha dona issabel filha del Rey dom pedro daragam . . . Este Rey dom donis reynou em purtugal quorenta e cinquo annos."

The language is similar to that of the *Livro das Linhagens* compiled by Pedro, Conde de Barcellos (1289-1354), son of King Diniz. The genealogies embrace those of Adam and Alexander, Priam, Julius Cæsar, King Arthur of England. With pithy brevity the characters and reigns of the Portuguese Kings are related, of Alfonso II., "que foy muy boo christaão no começo mais na çima foi peor"; of King Diniz who "foy muy boo rrey e de gram justiça e muy boo cristaão e fez muito por a santa egreia."[1] The preface is a fine piece of Portuguese prose:

"Em nome de Deus que he fonte e padre damor e por que este amor nom sofre nenhuuma cousa de mall porêm em seruillo de coraçom he carreyra rreall e nenhum melhor seruiço nom pode o homem fazer que amalo de todo seu sem e seu proximo como ssi meesmo porque este preçepto he ho que Deus deu a Moyses na vedra ley. Porêm eu comde dom Pedro filho do muy nobre rrey dom Denis ouue de catar por gram trabalho por muitas terras escripturas que fallauam das linhageens. E veemdo as escripturas com grande estudo e em como fallauam doutros grandes feitos compuge este liuro por gaanhar o seu amor e por meter amor e amizade antre os nobres e fidallgos de Espanha."

[1] Of the war with his son Afonso the *Livro das linhagens* gives the following account: "El rey dom denis soube que jazia sobre a villa de guimarães e ell veosse deytar sobre coymbra. E chegou hi o primeiro dia de março em coreesma, e fez muito estrago e o arraualde todo foi estragado, e derribarom as casas e filharom muito pam e muito vinho e muito azeite e danarom todo o campo que era semeado de pam nouo e cortarom todos os oliuares tambem d'aaquem como d'aalem."

(In the name of God, who is fountain and father of love, and because this love suffers no evil, and to serve Him from the heart is a kingly task, and man can do no better service than to love Him with all his mind and his neighbour as himself, for this precept gave God to Moses in the old law. Therefore I, Count Dom Pedro, son of the very noble King Dom Denis, with great toil sought in many lands for writings which spoke of descents. And considering these writings with much study, and how they spoke of other great deeds, I composed this book to gain his love and to set love and friendship among the nobles and knights of Spain.)

Some three-quarters of a century after *O Livro das Linhagens* King Duarte wrote *O Leal Conselheiro*, a masterpiece of Portuguese prose. In the style of both works there is a clearness and precision which show that, in the hands of a skilled craftsman, Portuguese should not be so immeasurably inferior to Castilian as it too often is. The Visconde de Santarem in his introduction to the first edition [1] wrote that it was "the oldest monument of our language that we have as a complete work." Since it was written "at the request of the very excellent Queen Dona Leonor

[1] From the Codex 7007, discovered in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris some years previously: "*Leal Conselheiro*, o qual fez Dom Eduarte, Pela graça de Deos Rei de Portugal e do Algarve e Senhor de Ceuta, a requerimento da muito excellente Rainha Dona Leonor sua molher, seguido do Livro da Ensinança de bem cavalgar toda sella, que fez o mesmo Rei, o qual começou em sendo Infante, precedido d'uma introdução, illustrado com varias notas e publicado debaixo dos auspicios do Excellentissimo Senhor Visconde de Santarem. *Paris: Aillaud*, 1842."

his wife," whom he married in 1428,[1] and since King Duarte died in 1438, the approximate date of the work is fixed. It was, says the King, all written with his own hand (*de minha mão foy todo primeiro escripto*). In the preface addressed to the Queen he makes excuses for the style "since I was minded rather to set forth the matter of my writing clearly than to write it in a beautiful and careful manner." But although he speaks elsewhere of "my poor way of writing (*esta mynguada maneira de meu screver*)," he in fact was at great pains to write well, and produced a work fascinating alike in its matter and its style, and a precious mine for those Portuguese authors who would free their writing from Gallicisms and abstract verbiage. In Chapter xcviii he reveals the secret of his art,[2] a chapter "written by me for my guidance (*para meu avysamento*)," (Chap. xc):

"Da maneira para bem tornar algũa leytura em nossa lynguagem. Primeiro conhecer bem a sentença do que a de tornar e poella enteiramente, nom mudando, acrecentando, nem mynguando algũa cousa do que esta scripto. O segundo que nom ponha pallavras latidanas nem doutra lynguagem, mas todo seja em nossa lynguagem scripto, mais achegadamente ao geeral boo custume[3] de nosso fallar que se poder fazer. O terceiro que sempre se ponham pallavras que sejam dereita lynguagem respondendo ao latym, nom mudando hũas per

[1] It also refers to Henry V. of England as dead (d. 1422): "The very excellent King Henry of England, my cousin, *que Deus aja.*"

[2] *Cf.* also his remark, "E nom screvo esto por maneira scollastica." *Cf.* Ruy de Pina, who says that King Duarte was "amador de sciencia, de que teve grande conhecimento, e nom per discurso d'Escollas mas per continuar d'estudar e leer per boõs livros."

[3] Souza (*Provas da Historia Genealogica*), who copied this chapter, has *ao chão e geral custume* (the plain general custom).

outras, assy que onde el desser per latym scorregar non ponha afastar, e assy em outras semelhantes, entendendo que tanto monta hũa como a outra, porque grande deferença faz pera se bem entender seerem estas pallavras propiamente scriptas. O quarto que nom ponha pallavras que segundo o nosso custume de fallar sejam avydas per deshonestas. O quynto que guarde aquella ordem que igualmente deve guardar em qualquer outra cousa que se escrever deva, scilicet, que se screvam cousas de boa sustancia claramente pera se bem poder entender, e fremoso o mais que elle poder, e curtamente quanto for necessario, e pera esto aproveita muyto paragraphos, e apontar bem."

(Of the way well to translate any passage into our language. First, well to understand the sentence to be translated and to give it whole, not changing nor adding nor omitting anything that is written. Secondly, not to give words of Latin or other language, but to write it all in our language, following as closely as may be the general good custom of our speech. Thirdly, always to give words answering precisely to the Latin, not changing one for other, as where the Latin says "to separate" not to write "to part," and so in similar cases, thinking that it is all one, for it makes great difference for a good understanding of the sense that these words should be properly given. Fourthly, not to give words which in our custom of speech are held to be disreputable. Fifthly, to keep that rule which should likewise be observed in any other writing—that is, to write matters of a good substance, clearly, that they may be understood well, and as beautifully as may be, and as briefly as may be required, and for this paragraphs and a good punctuation are a great help.)

How successful he was in carrying out his own precepts is shown throughout the book, and may be seen, for instance, in his translation of St. Matthew vi. 24:

"Nom podees servyr a Deus e ao mamona, porem eu vos digo que nom sejaaes sollamente cuydosos em vossas almas por o que avees de comer, nem pera o vosso corpo que avees de vistir, certamente a alma mais he que manjar e o corpo mais que vestidura. Olhaae as aves do ceeo que nom semeam nem colhem nem ajuntam em celleiros, e nosso padre cellestrial as governa; vos mais e melhores sooes que ellas, qual de vos outros assy cuydosos pode acrecentar em sua grandeza huũ covado, e das vestiduras porque sempre cuidaaes? Consiiraae os lileos do campo como crecem, nom trabalham nem colhem; eu vos digo que nem Sallamon em toda sua gloria he coberto assy como huũ destes. Se o feno do campo, que hoje he e de manhãa no forno he posto, Deus assy a este, quanto mais a vos fara de pouca fe? Nom queiraaes porem seer contynuadamente cuydosos, dizendo, que comeremos ou que beveremos, ou de que nos cobriremos, todas estas cousas gentes demandam. Certamente nosso padre sabe que as avees mester, buscaae porem primeiro o reyno de Deos e a sua justiça sempre, e todas estas cousas vos serom acrecentadas."

King Duarte shows great care and skill in distinguishing shades of meaning by use of the corresponding word,[1] avoiding what he calls *desvairo de vocablos*, and it is noticeable in this respect that he more than once mentions the *heticas d'Aristotilles*. His thought is so subtly expressed in thin, clear sentences that these

[1] Thus in one chapter occur the following varieties of sloth: *occiosidade, priguyça, negrigencia, envelhentamento, leixamento, langor, mingua, pesume, empachamento, empacho, desleixado, tardynheiro, froxo.*

essays at times recall those of Bacon. Although he professes to understand more of the chase than of *letradura*, he was a keen reader. The chronicles claim for his son, King Affonso V., the honour of having first collected a library,[1] but a document discovered at Evora gives a list of books in the possession of King Duarte. Besides the *cancioneiros* of King Affonso, King Diniz, and himself, the list includes a Chronicle of Spain, Chronicle of Portugal, Dialectics of Aristotle, *Segredos* of Aristotle, Book of the Chase compiled by King João I., Cæsar, Seneca, Cicero, *O Livro da Romayquia*, and *O acypreste de fysa* (= The Archpriest of Hita). *O Leal Conselheiro* is a delight to read both for its style[2] and the character of its author, who shows himself to have been a very loyal and noble Christian gentleman,[3] for its quaintnesses and the hundred lights it throws upon Portuguese life and character at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The chronicles attribute the King's good education to his

[1] "Foy o Prymeiro Rey destes Reynos que ajuntou boõs livros e fez uma livraria em seus paços." Ruy de Pina, *Chronica do Senhor Rey Dom Affonso V.*

[2] With the exception of a few archaic words, as *trigar* (Senhor trigate por me ajudar—Lord, haste to help me; os priguyçosos desordenadamente se trigam; Sá de Miranda uses *trigoso*) and such forms as *smollas* (alms), *strollogos* (astrologers), *celorgiaães* or *solorgiaães* (surgeons) it might well be imitated at the present day.

[3] Of charming modesty, but not without a quiet sense of humour. In the *Cancioneiro de Resende* Dyoguo Braudam speaks of him as

> "o bom rrey dom duarte
> q̃ foy tam perreyto e tam acabado."

In his reign the phrase *palavra de rei* (word of a king) became proverbial.

English mother,[1] daughter of John of Gaunt, and say that he was naturally eloquent, "so that by his humanity and eloquence he drew towards him the hearts of men,"[2] and that he was "endowed with so many graces that in him there was nothing to desire but a better fortune." His short and troubled reign (1433-1438) can have given him few opportunities for study, and before coming to the throne his time was equally crowded. He gives the following picture of his life at the age of twenty-two:

"Os mais dos dias bem cedo era levantado e, missas ouvidas, era na rollaçom ataa meo dia ou acerca e vinha comer. E sobre mesa dava odiencias per boo spaço, e retrayame aa camera e logo aas duas oras pos meo dia os do conselho e veedores da fazenda eram com mygo, e aturava com elles ataa ix oras da noite; e desque partiom, com os oficiaaes de minha casa estava ataa xi oras. Monte, caça, muy pouco husava; e o paaço do dicto senhor vesitava poucas vezes e aquellas por veer o que el fazia e de mym lhe dar conta."

(Most days I rose very early and, after hearing Mass, was in the courts till midday or nearly, and came to break my fast. And before rising from table I gave audiences

[1] *Chronica e Vida del Rey Dom Duarte, dos Reys de Portugal undecimo* (Lisbon, 1643): "And as the Queen Dona Philippa, his mother, besides her great virtues, was a woman of great intelligence (*de muita policia*) and brought up her sons with less luxury and a better education than do the ladies of Spain, the King Don Duarte, like all his brothers, was well taught in letters and in manners." One of his brothers was Prince Henry the Navigator, also "mui studioso das letras."

[2] *Cf.* Ruy de Pina: "He was very eloquent and was born so, for God endowed him in this with many graces." He became known as "Edward the Eloquent."

for a good while, and retired to my room, and at two o'clock after midday the councillors and the inspectors of the treasury were with me, and I worked with them till nine o'clock at night; and after they were gone I was with the officials of my household until eleven. I went to the chase very little and rarely visited the palace of the said senhor [the King, his father] and then only to see what he was doing and to make report to him).

He explains his literary studies as snatched *por folgança* during church ceremonies,[1] or during business which was not of a very special character,[2] and refers to the example of his father, King João I., who wrote a book of hours of Sancta Maria and psalms, and a book of the chase; of his brother Don Pedro's "Book of virtuous well-doing," and "of hours of confession"; and to that of Alfonso the Learned: "E aquel honrado Rey Dom Affonso estrollogo quantas multidões fez de leituras."

[1] Chapter xcvi. gives the duration of various services: Ordinary high mass, one hour; ordinary vespers, two hours; service on Christmas Eve, with matins, gospel, mass, and sermon, five hours; Ash Wednesday, four hours; Palm Sunday, blessing and distribution of palms, procession, mass, etc., six hours; Thursday in Holy Week, four hours; Good Friday, four hours; Easter Eve, six hours. That of Easter Day "depends on the length of the procession, since when that is over they only say one prayer."

[2] "E por pensar que poderiam dizer que fazendo tal leitura caya em este peccado de occiosidade, per seer obra pera mym tam pouco perteecente, respondo nom me parecer assy, consiirando a maneira que sobrello tenho, ca esto faço principalmente nos grandes oficyos da igreja que custumo douvyr acabando o que ey de rezar, ou em algũs poucos spaços que me synto fora doucupaçoões, onde filho esto por folgança como outros teem no que lhes praz; e graças a Nosso Senhor o mais do tempo me sento assy desposto que nom avendo cousas muyto speciaaes que me constrangam, como quero screver em esto, assy livremente o faço, que os outros cuydados pouco me torvam."

O Leal Conselheiro contains several chapters on what the King calls the "sin of sadness" as opposed to "boa ledice." Chapter xxv. treats "Do nojo, pezar, desprazer, avorrecymento e suydade," and describes *suydade*[1] at length. Chapter xxxii. deals with the sin of greed (*gulla* or *guargantoyce*). He also condemns seeking after new things (*novydades achar*), and speaking in church, and says that many spend their days *em fallas sem proveito* and "do not understand how the twenty-four hours granted to us pass."[2] Chapter xcv. gives no less than thirty rules to be observed in church (*na capeella*): The priests and singers are always to arrive early; they are not to hurry in singing or praying or in any other part

[1] = the modern *saudade*, of which the best equivalents are "wistfulness," or the Galician *morriña*, Latin *desiderium*, and German *Sehnsucht*. It originally meant solitude and was written *soidade*. A poem by King Diniz has *soydade*. In Gil Vicente it is *suidade*. So Sá de Miranda: "A suidade não se estrece" (*saudade* cannot be shaken off). Gil Vicente, writing in Spanish (in "Comedia sobre a divisa da cidade de Coimbra"), has:

"Soledad tengo de ti,
O terra donde naci."

King Duarte analyzes *saudade* with great care. It is, he says, born of the senses, not of reason, and may be pleasurable or sad, and he notes that neither Latin nor any other language has a corresponding word for it: "E a suydade . . . he huũ sentido do coraçom que vem da sensualidade e nom de razom. . . . E porem me parece este nome de suydade tam proprio que o latym nem outra linguagem que eu saiba nom he pera tal sentido semelhante. De se haver [a suidade] algumas vezes com prazer e outras com nojo ou tristeza. . . ." So a later writer, Francisco Manoel de Mello, says: "He a saudade huma mimosa paixão da alma, e por isso tão subtil que equivocamente se experimenta, deixandonos indistincta a dôr da satisfação. He hum mal de que se gosta e hum bem que se padece."

[2] Among the qualities he wishes a favourite to have is "que nom seja pallavroso."

of the service, but to do everything with leisure and quietness; no laughter or mockery is to be allowed; there must be silence; the singers must all have a thorough knowledge of what they are going to sing, and are not to attempt higher notes than they can easily attain, both in solos and for singing in unison.[1] In another chapter King Duarte says that the Portuguese are loyal and of good hearts, and the English are valiant men of arms, of great and good order in their churches and houses. He divides the inhabitants of Portugal into five estates: (1) orators—*i.e.*, priests, monks, and hermits; (2) defenders of the country, both against foreign enemies and against "the proud and malicious enemies who dwell in the land"; (3) labourers and fishermen; (4) officials (councillors, judges, etc.); (5) "those who follow certain approved arts and professions" (physicians, surgeons, merchants, players (*tangedores*), armourers, goldsmiths, etc.).

King Duarte's "Art of Riding" (*Livro de Ensinança de bem cavalgar toda sella*) is written in the same clear and idiomatic style. It tells of riding and hunting and horses; of "the malices of the beasts"; how "good and loyal beasts greatly cheer those who mount them if they have a reasonable skill in riding"; of the form of spurs and how to use them, and how "the

[1] Chapter xcix. (*Do regimento do estamago*) has the same curiously modern ring. The King, long before Gladstone, warns his readers that they should "masticate food well at meals" and drink only twice or three times at most; that eggs agree with some and not with others; that many of cream and other "milk viands" should eat little or none, of cherries, peaches, oysters, vinegar, lemons, little or none; there are to be seven or eight hours between dinner and supper, and "to go to bed at a reasonable hour and so to rise early is very good."

Irish, since they ride without stirrups, do not observe our manner of using the spur." He himself excelled in riding and the chase, but he will not have the education of books neglected :

" Os moços de boa lynhagem e criados em tal casa que se possa fazer devem seer ensynados logo de começo a leer e a screver e fallar latym, continuando boos lyvros per latym e lynguagem, de boo camynhamento per vyda virtuosa ; ca posto que digam semelhante leitura nom muito conviir a homeẽs de tal stado, mynha teençom he que pois todos almas verdadeiramente somos obrigados creer que avemos, muyto principalmente nos convem trabalhar com a mercee do senhor por salvaçom dellas, o que muyto se faz com sa graça per o estudo de boos lyvros e boa conversaçam."

(Sons of good family brought up in houses where this is possible, should straightway be taught to read and write and speak Latin, continuing to read good books in Latin and romance, such as are good guides to a virtuous life ; for although they may say that such reading is not very suitable to men of their station, I think that since we are all truly obliged to believe that we have souls, it behoves us very principally to work with the favour of the Lord for their salvation, which with His grace is greatly wrought through the study of good books and good conversation.)

In more than one passage of his works King Duarte unfolds an *art de lire* of the fifteenth century. He advises that a good book should be read again and again, since it will ever give new pleasure, and in the preface to the " Art of Riding," as in a similar longer

passage in *O Leal Conselheiro*, he bids his readers read slowly: "Leamno de começo, pouco, passo e bem apontado, tornando algũas vezes ao que ja leerom pera o saberem melhor; ca se o leerem rijo e muyto juntamente, como livro destorias, logo desprazera, e se enfadarom del, por o nom poderem tambem entender nem remembrar."

King Duarte died at the age of forty-seven on September 9, 1438,[1] of a fever at Thomar. His death was hastened by grief at his brother Fernando's captivity in Africa, and his perplexity as to whether he should yield Ceuta to the Moors for his ransom; possibly, too, by his seven physicians. His biographer, Ruy de Pina, says that "as to the cause of his sudden death there were many opinions among his seven physicians and the Infantes there gathered together." His body was carried for burial to Batalha, with torches and crosses, "monks and priests and other noble company."

Ruy de Pina was himself no mean writer of Portuguese prose,[2] as his preface to the Chronicle of King Edward, addressed to King Manoel, proves:

"Estorea, muy excellente Rey, he assi mui liberal princesa de todo bem, que nunqua em sua louvada conversação nos recolhe que della não partamos sem em toda calidade de bondades e virtudes spirituaaes e corporaaes nos acharmos outros e sentirmos em nos hum singular melhoramento. Nem he sem causa; porque a doutrina hystorial, pelo grande provimento

[1] Born at Vizeu, 1391.

[2] He uses some French words, as *remercear* (*Chronica del Rei D. Affonso V.*), and the following is a truly Sanchian "prevarication": "Em que grande parte do sol foy *cris*."

dos verdadeiros enxemplos passados que consigo teem he assi doce e conforme a toda a humanidade que atem os maaos que per lição ou per ouvida com ella partecipam torna logo boõs ou com desejo de o seer: e os boõs muyto melhores. Cuja virtuosa força he tamanha que per obras ou vontade dos fracos faz esforçados e dos escassos liberaaes e dos crũs piadosos e dos frios na Fé Catolicos e boõs Christaaõs."[1]

(History, most excellent King, is so liberal a princess of all good that we never leave its noble presence without finding ourselves changed in all manner of goodness and virtues, spiritual and corporal, and feeling in us a singular improvement. And not without reason, for the teaching of history by the great store of true examples in the past is so sweet and suitable to all men that even the wicked, who through reading or hearing have some part in it, are straightway made good or left with a desire to be so: and the good are made much better. The force of its virtue is such that either in deed or will it renders the weak strong, the mean liberal, and the cruel merciful, and turns those who are cold in the faith to Catholics and good Christians.)

In the year 1490 he was appointed "Chief Chronicler of Chronicles, and of things past, present, and that are for to come." He made use of the earlier work of the *Chronista* Fernão Lopes, and his successor, Gomes Eannes de Azurara, and in turn left an unfinished Chronicle of King Manoel which was used by Damião de Goes (1501-1572) in his Chronicle, one of the best works of Portuguese prose in the sixteenth century.

[1] *Chronica do Senhor Rey D. Duarte.* Escrita por Ruy de Pina. (*Collecção de livros ineditos de historia portugueza* dos reinados de D. João I., D. Duarte, D. Affonso V., e D. João II. Publicados de ordem da Academia Real das Sciencias de Lisboa por José Correa da Serra. Vol. i. *Lisboa*, 1790.)

CHAPTER III

GIL VICENTE

GIL VICENTE at the beginning of the sixteenth century introduced the drama into Portugal. Important, however, as were his services in this respect, he had few followers, and when Almeida-Garrett wrote his plays in the first half of the nineteenth century, he could be hailed as the immediate successor of Vicente. The Portuguese genius is not dramatic; even the famous play of Antonio Ferreira (1528-1569), *Inés de Castro*, is rather a play containing beautiful episodes than a beautiful play, and Gil Vicente himself really lives and fascinates by the divine gift of lyricism which was essentially his own and essentially Portuguese. He is the most spontaneous and natural poet of Portugal.

The date of his birth has been given as 1470, chiefly on the ground that the two following lines occur in his *comedia Floresta de Enganos*, acted at Evora in 1536:

> "Ya hice sesenta y seis,
> Ya mi tiempo es pasado."

(I am now sixty-six; my time is over.) These words are spoken by the Chief Justice, the *doutor Justiça Maior do Reino*, a part which, it is argued, may have been played by Vicente himself. These hypothetical

arguments are often two-edged, and it may be noted that Vicente's wife died in 1533, only three years before the *comedia* was acted, so that, had he written the *doutor's* part for himself, he would scarcely have allowed the *moça* to speak of his having a beautiful wife:

"Quem tal quer
Não havia de ter mulher
E formosa como a vossa."

It is more accurate to say that he was born about the year 1470.[1] The place of his birth is also uncertain. According to Senhor Braga, his father, Martim Vicente, was a silversmith of Guimarães, the art being hereditary in his family; and according to Christovam Alão de Moraes (whose veracity is, however, open to suspicion), Gil was an only son. The name Gil Vicente was a common one in the fifteenth century, and Senhor Braga considers that the poet was a different person from the famous silversmith of the same name, who was, he thinks, a cousin, one of four children of Martim's brother Luiz.[2]

[1] In the *Auto da Festa*, published in a miscellany of *autos* of the sixteenth century from the library of the Conde de Sabugosa, the *velha* says of

"Gil Vicente,
Que faz os Autos a El-Rei,"

that he is stout and over sixty:

"He logo mui barregudo
E mais passa dos sessenta."

The Conde de Sabugosa, in an accompanying study (*Lisbon*, 1907), attributes the play to the year 1535. In 1531 Gil Vicente spoke of himself as "near death." And this was evidently not due, as five years earlier, to illness.

[2] Theophilo Braga, *Gil Vicente e as Origens do Theatro Nacional Porto*, 1898. Other works on Vicente are — Visconde Sanches de Baena,

Guimarães was at that time a great religious centre, and while many offerings to the *Virgem da Oliveira* provided employment for workers in gold and silver, the *fêtes* and processions and the Church's love of dramatic effects may have laid the basis of Gil Vicente's art, and the popular customs and observation of the crowds coming in from the surrounding country would give to his genius that indigenous cast which is one of its chief charms.[1] As Senhor Braga says, "no poet was ever more profoundly national." About the year 1488 Vicente went to study law in the University of Lisbon, and in 1492 he was chosen to be "Master of Rhetoric" to the Duke of Beja. In the preceding year the King's only son, Affonso, had been killed at

Gil Vicente. 1894. J. I. Brito Rebello, *Ementas historicas* II.: *Gil Vicente. Lisbon*, 1902. Visconde de Ouguela, *Gil Vicente. Lisbon*, 1890. Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos, *Gil Vicente der Schöpfer des Portug. Dramas* (*Grundriss*, pp. 280-286). Visconde de Castilho, *A Mocidade de Gil Vicente. Lisbon*, 1897. Edgar Prestage, *The Portuguese Drama in the Sixteenth Century: Gil Vicente.* [*The Manchester Quarterly.*] 1897. J. I. Brito Rebello, *Gil Vicente* (*Grandes Vultos Portuguezes*, No. 2). *Lisbon*, 1912. In this last work General Brito Rebello prints two signatures of Gil Vicente (at an interval of twenty years) to show that the poet and silversmith were distinct. But the argument from these documents is by no means conclusive, and, in fact, rather strengthens the opposite view of Senhor Anselmo Braamcamp Freire, given in articles entitled *Gil Vicente poeta ourives*, published in the *Jornal do Commercio* (February, 1907), and again in a paper read before the Lisbon *Academia de Sciencias* in 1912 (printed in the *Diario de Noticias*, December 16, 1912). His view rests principally on vol. xlii., p. 20, of the Registers of the reign of King Manoel I., where Gil Vicente, "silversmith of the Queen," and (in a gloss) Gil Vicente, *trovador*, appear as the same person. The vexed question, raised by C. Castello Branco in 1881, awaits fresh documents for its solution.

[1] Beira Baixa has also been given as his native province, owing to the frequent allusions to it in his works. Others give Lisbon or Barcellos as his native town.

Santarem by a fall from his horse, at the age of sixteen, eight months after his marriage to Isabel, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. The chronicles and poets[1] of the time give vivid pathetic pictures of his death, and of the general grief. The Duke of Beja, brother of Queen Leonor and cousin of the King, was now heir to the throne. As King Manoel I. he married his brother's widow, but after her death in childbirth he married Maria, another daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. It was on the occasion of the birth (June 6, 1502) of her son, afterwards King João III., that Vicente's *Monologo do Vaqueiro* or *Visitaçam* was recited in the palace (June 8, 1502). Consisting of little over a hundred lines, and written in Spanish, this was, according to his own testimony, his first work — *a primeira cousa que o autor fez*—and he adds in a colophon that, being of a kind hitherto unknown in Portugal, it so pleased the "old Queen" that she requested the author that it should be represented at matins on Christmas Day, and because the matter was so unsuitable the author wrote a second work (*Auto*

[1] *Cf. Cancioneiro de Resende.* "De luys anrriq̃z aa morte do prinçepe dom Affonso que deos tem." The news is brought to the Queen and Princess, and

> "Solas las dos se partierõ
> Syn mas esperar companhas,
> Desmayadas,
> Corriendo quanto podierom
> Las que levam sus entranhas
> Lastimadas.
> Llhegando com gram dolor
> Começan desta manera
> Gritos dando."

Pastoril Castelhano) in its stead.[1] From 1502 to 1536 Vicente continued to provide *autos*, *comedias*, and *farças* for the Court, either for special ceremonies or for religious festivals, such as Christmas or Epiphany. In 1512 he married Branca Bezerra, daughter of Martim Crasto, and niece of the rich Prior de Santa Maria do Castello.[2] He had four children—Martim, Luiz (1514-1594), Valeria, and Paula, who helped her father in the collection, possibly in the composition, of his works, and later became a lady-in-waiting of the Infanta Maria.[3] King Manoel died of the plague in December, 1521, and at Christmas of 1523 (*Auto Pastoril Portuguez*) we find the poet referring to himself as utterly penniless and "without a farthing":

> "Hum Gil . . .
> Hum que não tem nem ceitil,
> Que faz os aitos a elrei."

In the following year he receives from the King the sum of 12,000 *réis*, with a supplementary sum of 8,000, and in January, 1525, a present of wheat "in view of the services which I have received from Gil Vicente and of those which I hope in future to receive from him." In 1531 he took a prominent part in putting an end to a persecution of the "new Christians" at Lisbon after the earthquake of January 26. In a

[1] "E por ser cousa nova em Portugal gostou tanto a Rainha velha desta representação que pedio ao autor que isto mesmo lhe representasse ás matinas do Natal, endereçado ao nascimento do Redemptor, e porque a sustança era mui desviada, em lugar disto fez a seguinte obra."

[2] Th: Braga. *Gil Vicente.* 1898.

[3] See Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos, *A Infanta D. Maria de Portugal* (1521-1577). *Porto*, 1902.

letter to King João III., who was at Santarem, he relates the event as follows:

"SENHOR,—Os frades de cá não me contentarão nem em pulpito nem em prática sobre esta tormenta da terra que ora passou: porque não bastava o espanto da gente mas ainda elles lhe affirmavão duas cousas que os mais fazia esmorecer."

He goes on to say that the monks thus increased the panic by telling the people (1) that the earthquake was due to the great sins of Portugal; (2) that another earthquake was coming at one o'clock on the following Thursday; and that he accordingly called the monks together and made them "*hũa falla.*" He besought them to remember that preaching was not cursing (*pregar não ha de ser praguejar*); that "if in the towns and cities of Portugal, and especially Lisbon, there are many sins, there are also infinite alms and pilgrimages, many masses and prayers and processions, feasts, penitences, and an infinite number of pious works, public and private"; and that if there were still some "strangers in our faith," it was better to convert them than to persecute them "por contentar a desvairada opinião do vulgo." They all praised and accepted his advice, and, he says, he had not hoped, being now near death, to be enabled to render the King so great a service.

"*Assi visinho da morte como estou.*" In the colophon to *Floresta de Enganos* (1536) we are told that this *comedia* was "the last that Gil Vicente wrote in his time." In 1536 he perhaps retired to his *Quinta do Mosteiro*, the property near Torres Vedras given to him by King Manoel, in a country of flowered hills and crystal

streams that might remind him of his native Minho.[1] Here he occupied himself in collecting his works,[2] but died before the collection was ready for publication, in or before the year 1540.

To say that Gil Vicente was thoroughly Portuguese is not to imply that he of his own genius invented a dramatic art for Portugal. No doubt he might find the germs of drama in the dialogues of the early Portuguese *cantigas de amigo*, in the religious processions, and especially in the drama of the mass, of which secular parodies were acted in Portugal in the fifteenth century. But in the colophon to his first *auto* he implies that it was a "new thing" imported from Spain for the pleasure of the Spanish princesses at the Portuguese Court. The second play, *Auto Pastoril Castelhano*, likewise written in Spanish, was in parts directly imitated from Juan del Encina (1469?-1534), and to the influence of Encina Vicente's dramatic art must principally be attributed. There are many signs in his work of a close acquaintance with Spanish literature. When in the *Auto da Barca do Purgatorio* (1518) the Devil says to the *lavrador*,

> " E os marcos que mudavas
> Dize, porque os não tornavas
> Outra vez a seu logar?"

this is perhaps less a direct observation of life than a

[1] In the *Auto da Historia de Deos* (1527), however, he complains that the country between Cintra and Torres Vedras is all stones and thistles.

[2] " Trabalhei a copillacão dellas com muita pena de minha velhice e gloria de minha vontade" (dedicatory letter to King João III.).

reminiscence of the "*mal labrador*" in Berceo (*circa* 1200), who

"Cambiaba mojones por ganar eredat."

Branca Gil of *O Velho da Horta* (1512) and the *feiticeira* of the *Comedia de Rubena* (1521) were evidently drawn from the *Celestina*, of which many editions appeared during Vicente's life. The epithet "*Eza mano melibea*" (*Farça das Ciganas*, 1521) must be traced to the same source. The *Coplas* of Jorge Manrique (1440-78) he imitated in the epitaph[1] which he wrote for himself, and (their metre) in the *Auto da Alma*. Vicente was also influenced, although to a slighter degree, by the French mystery and morality plays, and the many references to France in his works prove that the mention in the *Cancioneiro de Resende* (1516) of *mil fallas de França* was no mere phrase. In the *Auto da Fé* (1510) a bed is spoken of as *chaqueada á la francesa*, and the shepherds sing "*hũa enselada que veio de França*." In the *Auto dos quatro tempos* is sung a "cantiga franceza que diz:

Ay de la noble
Villa de Paris."

The Chief Justice in *Floresta de Enganos* has taken his degree at Paris—"un doctor hecho en Sena." Lisbon's armorial ship (*Nao d'Amores*, 1527) is "worth

[1] In the Church of São Francisco at Evora:

"O grão juizo esperando
Jaço aqui nesta morada
Tambem da vida cançada
Descançando."

more than all Paris." In the *Auto da Fama* the Frenchman speaks in his own language:

"Vós estis tam bella xosa
Y xosa tam preciosa,"

Fame refusing to be his "porque não tenho rezão." Even French words, *libré*, *tafetá*, *pantufos*, are used.[1]

Vicente might imitate, but he remained essentially national, quaint, and individual; his works are like sculptured flowers of early Gothic, simple but full of charm and character. He seemed ever to belong to the pre-Manueline age, and if he lived to see the breaking up of old customs, the exchange of simplicity for pomp and display "*os extremos de pompas e vento*"[2] as gold poured in from the newly discovered colonies, it was to protest in his later plays against the disappearance of simple tastes and the increase of luxury.

"Que ninguem não se contenta
Da maneira que sohia,
Tudo vai fóra de termos."
(*Romagem de Aggravados*, 1533.)

On the death of King Manoel (1521) he represents the people longing for rest:

"Diria o povo em geral:
Bonança nos seja dada

[1] With English masks and morality plays Vicente was probably unacquainted, although, as Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos points out, his daughter Paula wrote an English grammar.

[2] "Trovas que se fizeram nas terças no tempo de D. Manoel." The same anonymous *trovas* say that

"Em Africa á fome
Morrem cavalleiros
E cá nos palheiros
O ouro se come."

Que a tormenta passada
Foi tanta e tão desigual."
(*Obras varias.*)

In 1525 he says the Portuguese people needs to be recast:

"Refundición
En la Portuguesa gente."

Already in 1513 he had inveighed against the gilt and painted chambers of the rich, and called upon the Portuguese to be Portuguese, not Saxons nor Italians:

"Não queirais ser Genoezes
Senão muito Portuguezes."

In the *Triumpho do Inverno* he laments the vanished simple pleasures, the neglect of the *gaiteiro* and song and dance:

"Em Portugal vi eu ja
Em cada casa pandeiro[1]
E gaita em cada palheiro
E de vinte annos a ca
Não ha hi gaita nem gaiteiro.
* * * *
O d'então era cantar
E bailar como ha de ser."

But in this age "Todos somos negligentes" (*Auto de Feira*, 1527).

Vicente also experienced the change of taste which delighted no longer in simple Portuguese wares but turned to classical themes and the new poetry intro-

[1] *Cf.* pandora, pandura, "a musical instrument with three strings, a kit, a croude, a rebecke." Florio, quoted by E. Weekley, *The Romance of Words*. *London*, 1912, pp. 137, 138. So bandore, banjore, banjo.

duced by Sá de Miranda after his journey to Italy in or about the years 1521-1526. Vicente's *O Clerigo da Beira* (1526) is supposed to aim in more than one passage at Sá de Miranda who, for his part, is said to have despised the *autos* as barbarous and mediæval. In December, 1532, Andrés Falcão de Resende, after seeing Vicente's *Auto da Lusitania*, records his opinion that

"Gillo auctor et actor,
Gillo jocis levibus doctus perstringere mores,"

would have excelled Plautus and Terence had he written in Latin and not solely in the vulgar tongue. Vicente seems to have felt that he was being outdistanced by the "new style." In the preface dedicating *Dom Duardos* (printed separately during the author's lifetime) to King João III., he speaks of his "comedies, farces, and moralities" as "low figures in which there is no fitting rhetoric to satisfy the delicate spirit of your Highness"; and similarly in the letter dedicating his collected works to the King he says: "Ancient and modern writers have left no good thing to say nor fair device or invention to discover," [1] and speaks of "*minha ignorancia*" and of his "*malditos detractores.*" There was evidently a tendency to look down upon his small

[1] The discovery of India had brought to literature as well as to every other aspect of Portuguese life unrest and a striving after "new inventions." The new inventions of Gil Vicente, for which Garcia de Resende praised his plays

("representações
De estilo mui eloquente,
De mui novas invenciones
E feitas per Gil Vicente:
Elle foi o que inventou

learning[1] and his preference for simple, popular language,[2] scenes, and characters; and apparently the more erudite Court poets accused him of plagiarism. No doubt any borrowings by a poet so natural and original as Gil Vicente would be more noticeable than those of writers whose whole art and outlook were borrowed. Of the *Farça de Inez Pereira* represented before João III. "in his convent of Thomar" in 1523, the author says: "Its argument is that, inasmuch as certain men of good learning doubted whether the author himself wrote these things or stole them from other authors, they gave him this theme—namely, the common saying: 'I would rather have an ass that carries me than a horse that throws me.'"[3]

With the *Farça de Inez Pereira* character drama was initiated in Portugal. Gil Vicente delineates his characters with skill, although sometimes they are made

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Isto cá e que o usou
Com mais graça e mais doutrina,
Posto que João del Enzina
O pastoril começou")

soon ceased to satisfy, and gave way before the metrical innovations of the new school. Garcia de Resende in this passage explicitly says that Vicente introduced into Portugal the *auto pastoril* invented by Juan del Encina.

[1] Even in the nineteenth century he has been barbarously accused of lack of culture.

[2] *Cf.* his "Amadis de Gaula" (1533):

"*Mabilia.* Yo, Señor, no sé latín,
Amadis. Ni yo oso hablar romance."

[3] "O seu argumento he que porquanto duvidarão certos homens de bom saber se o autor fazia de si mesmo estas cousas ou se as furtava de outros autores, lhe derão este thema sobre que fizesse—s. hum exemplo commum que dizem: 'Mais quero asno que me leve que cavallo que me derrube.'"

ingenuously to describe themselves; his peasants and humbler townsfolk are especially vivid, and generally wherever his native satire finds vent, the passage stands out in strong relief. Thus we have the *almocreve* (carrier) riding along on his mule with great jingling of bells and singing a *serranilha:*

"Senhor, o almocreve he aquelle
Que os chocalhos ouço eu;"[1]

the doctor who, after a long speech of nothings, concludes that his patient will live unless he dies:

"De manera
Que para dalle vida
Es menester que no muera;"[2]

the *lisboeta* embarking for India and leaving for his wife a three years' store of corn, oil, honey, and cloth;[3] the royal page upbraiding a second page for being redolent of turnips, and having probably kept cattle in the *serra;*[4] the courtier with his slippers of velvet; the courtier-priest, Frei Paço, with his velvet cap and his gloves and gilt sword, "mincing like a very sweet courtier" (*fazendo meneios de muito doce cortezão*), and speaking softly and courteously, with great store of compliments, words borne away by the wind, *palavrinhas de ventos;*[5] the peasant who has spent all his life toiling and persecuted, a living death, ploughing the land to give bread to others;[6] the shrewd market-woman, *regateira*, selling her eggs at two *reaes*, and pouring water into the milk;[7] the serving-man receiving bread and garlic

[1] *Farça dos Almocreves.* 1526.
[2] *Farça dos Fisicos.*
[3] *Auto da India.* 1519.
[4] *O Clerigo da Beira.* 1526.
[5] *Romagem de Aggravados.* 1533.
[6] *Auto da Barca do Purgatorio.* 1518.
[7] *Ibid.*

(*migas y ajo*) for his meal;[1] the hardworking woman upbraiding her husband for living on her labour during the hot summer months:

"No verão não ganhas nada,
Co' a calma vens-te a mim."[2]

There is the shepherd who declares that he has never stolen anything but grapes from time to time:

"Eu nunca matei nem furtei
Nega[3] uvas algum' ora;"[4]

the girl with her *pot au lait* or, rather, oil, *pote de azeite*, on her head, calculating how she will sell it and buy eggs, and have from each egg a duck, and for each duck a *tostão*, and make a rich and honourable marriage, when the pot breaks;[5] the old Lisbon woman who bids the *escudeiro* go and apprentice himself to a tailor or a weaver, and not come courting and playing the guitar when he is starving:

"Que não te fartas de pão
E queres musiquiar;"

her daughter, who considers that work, other than painting and adorning herself, makes a girl ugly and bent;[6] the poor *escudeiro* who passes his days "fasting, singing and playing, sighing and yawning," and spends but a *tostão* in a month, or who has not a single coin of silver, but takes two hours to don his (hired) clothes, and dreams that he is a *gran señor*, and loves to tell of Roland and Hannibal and Scipio:

[1] *Comedia do Viuvo.* 1514.
[2] *Triumpho do Inverno.*
[3] = Except.
[4] *Auto da Barca do Purgatorio.*
[5] *Auto de Mofina Mendes.* 1534.
[6] *Quem tem farelos?* 1505.

" Cuenta de los Anibales,
Cepiones, Rozasvalles,
Y no matará un jarro,"[1]

or who spends his time singing and shooting sparrows, and keeps his wife shut up " like a nun of Oudivellas;"[2] his *moço* sleeps on the ground, the ceiling his only covering :

" No chão e o telho por manta,"[3]

or is slightly better off, with an old Alemtejan rug :

" Hũa manta d'Alemtejo
Que na minha cama tinha
Manta ja usadazinha,"

but is awoken at midnight to hear his master's verses :

" Esta noite eu lazerando
Sobre hũa arca e as pernas fóra
Elle acorda-me á hũa hora,
—Oh se soubesses, Fernando,
Que trova que fiz agora !
Faz-me accender o candieiro
E que lhe tenha o tinteiro,
E o seu galgo uivando
E eu em pé, renegando
Porque ao somno primeiro
Está meu senhor trovando."

This scene of the sleepy boy holding the inkstand for his master to write down his latest verses while the dog howls is but one of many vivid scenes occurring in Vicente's plays—the fair of broad harvesting hats,

[1] *Quem tem farelos ?*

[2] *Cf.* the *Auto de la Sibilla :*

" *Cassandra.* Y la mujer ? Sospirar ;
Después, en casa reñir y gruñir
De la triste allí cautiva."

[3] *Farça de Inez Pereira.*

and little honey-jars, and shoes, and ducks, and beans from Vianna, and the market-girls coming down from the hills carrying baskets on their heads;[1] or the peasant (*villão*) bringing his son to be a priest, that he may live a life of ease;[2] or the deceit practised upon a merchant by a poor *escudeiro* dressed up as a widow;[3] or the scene in which appears a little girl shepherdess (*pastora menina*) who had frequently seen God:

[1] *Auto da Feira.*

[2] *Romagem de Aggravados:*

"*Peasant.* Por isso quero fazer
Este meu rapaz d'Igreja,
Não com devação sobeja
Mas porque possa viver
Como mais folgado seja.
Quereis-m'o, Padre, ensinar
E dar-vos-hei quanto tenho?
Priest. Se o elle bem tomar.
Peasant. Pera tudo tem engenho
E tem voz pera cantar.
Priest. Toma este papel na mão
E lê esses versosinhos.
Boy. Isto he pera cominhos
Ou hei d'ir por açafrão?
Priest. Ainda não sabes nada.
Boy. Sei onde mora a tendeira."

(*Peasant.* I therefore wish to make my son a priest, not indeed for the vocation, but that he may live at ease. If you, Padre, will teach him, I will give you all I have. *Priest.* Yes, if he is willing. *Peasant.* O he has talent for everything, and he has a good voice. *Priest* (*to Boy*). Take this paper in your hand and read these verses. *Boy.* Is it to buy cummin or must I go for saffron? *Priest.* You know nothing at all. *Boy.* I know where the shopwoman lives.)

[3] "*Floresta de Enganos:*

"*Viuva.* Senhor, embora estejais.
Mercador. Embora estejais, Senhora,
Que he o que demandais?
V. Eu o direi ora.
Ai coitada
Que venho ora tão cansada," etc.

"*Angel.* Conhecias tu a Deos?
Moça. Muito bem, era redondo.
A. Esse era o mesmo dos ceos.
M. Mais alvinho qu'estes veos.
O vi eu vezes avondo.
Como o sino começava
Logo deitava a correr.
A. Que lhe dizias?
M. Folgava
E toda me gloriava
Em ouvir missa e o ver.
A. Pastora, bom era isso.
Diabo. Era a môr mixeriqueira
Golosa . . .
He refalsada e mentirosa."

(*Angel.* Didst thou know God? *Girl.* Very well. He was round. *A.* That was the very God of Heaven. *G.* Whiter than these sails. I saw Him often and often. When the bell began to ring I set off running. *A.* And what didst thou say to Him? *G.* I rejoiced and gloried to hear Mass and to see Him. *A.* Shepherdess, that was good. *The Devil.* She was the greatest gossip; she is all lies and deceit.[1])

Vicente might introduce all the gods of Olympus (as in the *Auto dos quatro tempos*) or an artificial echo scene (as in the *Comedia de Rubena*), but he soon falls back upon the familiar scenes and popular customs in which he so evidently delights—shepherds dancing a *chacota* to the *gaita* and *tamboril*, or the "lamentation of Maria Parda, because she saw so few branches over the taverns in the streets of Lisbon, and wine so dear, and she could not live without it," or a simple *cantiga de amigo*, such as that sung by the wife of the Jewish

[1] *Auto da Barca do Purgatorio.*

tailor of Lisbon (*Auto da Lusitania*). Her husband, who was not content with simple kid and cucumbers for dinner, but wished for carrots and beans and cummin and saffron, sang a Spanish ballad :

" Ai Valença, guai Valença,
De fogo sejas queimada,
Primeiro foste de Moiros
Que de Christanos tomada."

But his wife says : " This is the song that I would have " :

" Donde vindes filha
Branca e colorida ?
De lá venho madre,
De ribas de hum rio.
Achei meus amores
N'hum rosal florido.
—Florido, mha filha
Branca e colorida.
—De lá venho madre,
De ribas de hum alto.
Achei meus amores
N'hum rosal granado.
—Granado, mha filha
Branca e colorida."

(Daughter, whence come you, so white and so fair ?—Mother, I come from the banks of a river. There found I my love by a rose-tree in flower.—In flower, my daughter, so white and so fair.—Mother, I come from the banks of a stream. There found I my love by a red rose-tree.—Red rose-tree, my daughter, so white and so fair.)

His plays were often written hurriedly, as the *Auto de S. Martinho*, composed for the Corpus Christi procession of 1504, of which he says that it was " ordered

very late—*Não foi mais porque foi pedido muito tarde;* or in illness, as the *Templo de Apollo* (1526): "*Os dias em que esta obra fabricou esteve enfermo de grandes febres o autor.*" That his plays won a wider appreciation than that of the Court is proved by his saying of his farce *Quem tem farelos?* (1505): "This name was given to it by the people—*Este nome poz-lh'o o vulgo.*" It is in this play that he skilfully turns a monologue into a dialogue:

"Falla a moça da janella tão passo que ninguem a ouve, e polas palavras que elle responde se póde conjeturar o que ella diz."

(The girl speaks so low from the window that no one hears her, and her words are conjectured from his answers.[1])

Similarly in the *Monologo do Vaqueiro* there are signs of dramatic action breaking through the monologue. The herdsman forces an entrance into the palace (*dí una puñada*), and he expresses his joy by leaping into the air:

[1] In the same play he introduces dogs as actors:

"*Cães.* Ham, ham, ham, ham.
Aires. Não ouço co' a cainçada.
Rapaz, dá-lhes hũa pedrada
Ou fart' os eramá de pão.
Apariço. Co' as pedras os ajude Deos.
Cães. Ham, ham, ham, ham."

(*Dogs.* Ham, ham, ham, ham. *Aires.* I cannot hear for this barking. Throw stones at them, boy, or give them their fill of bread. *Boy.* They must be content with stones. *Dogs.* Ham, ham, ham, ham.)

Thus the barking takes the place of the answers to his courting, although presently the old mother makes herself heard to some purpose.

" Mi fé saltar quiero yo,
Hé zagal,
Digo, dice, salté mal ?"

In his satire Vicente attacks great and small impartially. In the *Auto da Barca da Gloria* (1519) Death enters successively with a Count, a Duke, a King, an Emperor, a Bishop, an Archbishop, a Cardinal, and a Pope. The Emperor, says the Devil, has already had his Paradise, and it is really unfair that he should go to it again. The Bishop has earned a passage in the Devil's boat by his " phantasies and haughtiness," the Pope by luxury, pride, and simony. In the *Triumpho do Inverno* the peasants are lashed in their turn. They are good for nothing, foolish, and malicious, and murmur without understanding :

" Que má cousa são villãos
É a gente popular,
Que não sabem desejar
Senão huns desejos vãos
Que não são terra nem mar ;
De nenhum bem dizem bem
Nem o sabem conhecer,
Murmurão sem entender."

But it is above all the Church and Pope, priests and friars, that Vicente scourges with his satire—the " purple friars " (*frades vermelhos*), the " Popes asleep " (*Papas adormidos*) ; the village *cura* who had always omitted to pray the hours to the Virgin ; the sporting priest in *O Clerigo da Beira* (1526) :

(" Ir á caça cada dia,
Aleluia, aleluia !") ;

the *priol* of Minho skilled in obtaining chickens :

" Qu' apanha as frangas mui bem ";

the friar who believes love, not hell, to be the worst torment:

"Esto es lo que estudié,
Esta era mi libraria."
(*Auto das Fadas.*)

Sometimes they are less prosperous. There is the "purple German friar" to whom Maria Parda bequeaths her old cloak with holes burnt in it by fire; there is the poor chaplain who complains that he has to be up at one o'clock every morning to say mass before the chase, and has to go to market, and look after the niggers in the kitchen, and clean his master's boots, receiving in return a bare pennyworth of daily food, although his master protests that he gives him a *tostão* for every mass (*Farça dos Almocreves*, 1526).[1] In the *Cortes de Jupiter* (1519) the Lisbon canons are to accompany the Princess Beatriz on her voyage well beyond the mouth of the Tagus in the form of tunny-fish. In the *Auto da Feira* (1527) Mercury upbraids Rome for warring against all sins but her own:

"Ó Roma sempre vi lá
Que matas peccados cá
E leixas viver os teus."

In his lyricism, as in his satire, Vicente was thoroughly Portuguese. It is noticeable that he wrote his best lyrics not in Spanish but in Portuguese,[2] lyrics of a clear

[1] The author notes: "The basis of this farce is that a nobleman of very small income kept great state and had his chaplain and his silversmith and other dependents, whom he never paid." The *tostão*, which in the sixteenth century would buy a duck (p. 68) is worth fivepence (100 *réis*).

[2] The delightful praises of spring in the *Auto dos Quatro Tempos* and in the *Triumpho do Inverno* are, however, in Spanish.

joyousness and mystic simplicity which must place him among the greatest poets of all time.[1] The *Auto da Barca do Inferno* ends with a magnificent invocation of the angel to the knights who died fighting in Africa:

" Ó Cavalleiros de Deos
A vós estou esperando;
Que morrestes pelejando
Por Christo, Senhor dos Ceos.
Sois livres de todo o mal,
Sanctos por certo sem falha,
Que quem morre em tal batalha
Merece paz eternal."

(Knights of God
For you I wait,
You who fighting met your fate
For the Christ, the Lord of Heaven.
From all evil are you free,
Holy are you certainly,
Unto him who in such conflict
Dies eternal peace is given.)

The *Auto da Barca do Purgatorio* opens with the lines:

" Remando vão remadores
Barca de grande alegria;

[1] The noblest and most discerning praise of Gil Vicente is to be found in the study by Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo (1856–1912) (*Antología de líricos castellanos*, tom. 7, *prólogo*, part iii.): "Gil Vicente es uno de los grandes poetas de la Península, y entre los nacidos en Portugal nadie le lleva ventaja, excepto el épico Camoens, que vino después, que es mucho más imitador y que abarca un círculo de representaciones poéticas menos extenso. El alma del pueblo portugués no respira íntegra más que en Gil Vicente, y gran número de los elementos más populares del genio peninsular, en romances y cantares, supersticiones y refranes, están admirablemente engarzados en sus obras, que son lo más nacional del teatro anterior á Lope de Vega" (p. clxiii).

O patrão que a guiava
Filho de Deos se dizia;
Anjos eram os remeiros
Que remavam a porfia;
Estandarte d'esperança,
Ó quam bem que parecia!
O masto da fortaleza
Como cristal reluzia;
A vela, com fé cosida,
Todo o mundo esclarecia.
A ribeira mui serena
Que nenhum vento bolia."

(Rowers now are rowing
A boat of great delight;
The boatman who was steering it
The Son of God is hight;
And angels were the oarsmen,
Rowing with all their might.
Its flag the flag of hope,
O how fair a sight!
Its mast the mast of fortitude,
And as crystal bright;
The boat's sail, sewn with faith,
To all the world gave light.
Upon the waters calm
No breath of wind may light.)

The *Auto da Historia de Deos* contains the exquisite *vilancete* sung by Abel:

"Adorae, montanhas
O Deos das alturas!
Tambem as verduras.
Adorae, desertos
E serras floridas
O Deos dos secretos,
O Senhor das vidas!
Ribeiras crescidas

Louvae nas alturas
Deos das creaturas!
Louvae, arvoredos
De fruto prezado,
Digam os penedos:
Deos seja louvado!
E louve meu gado
Nestas verduras
O Deos das alturas."

(Ye mountains adore the God of the heights, and ye green places. Adore, ye deserts and flowered hills, the God of secret ways, the Lord of life. Deep streams, praise on the heights the God of living things. Praise him, ye trees of noble fruit, let the rocks say: God be praised. And let my flock praise in these green places the God of the heights.)

Fascinating, too, is the *cantiga de amigo* in the *Tragicomedia Pastoril da Serra da Estrella:*

" Hum amigo que eu havia
Mançanas d'ouro m'envia.
Garrido amor.
Hum amigo que eu amava
Mançanas d'ouro me manda.
Garrido amor."

(A friend I had sends me apples of gold. Fair is love. A friend I loved sends me apples of gold. Fair is love.)

Some of Vicente's plays were published separately during his lifetime, and the collection of his works was evidently far advanced at his death. It was, however, not until over twenty years later—on September 3, 1561—that his daughter Paula received licence to hold the copyright of the *cancioneiro* of Gil Vicente's complete works, to be sold at a price not exceeding one *cruzado* (=400 *réis*) per volume. But although other editions followed, his influence would seem to have

been greater in Spain than in his own country, and it was only after the appearance of the edition of 1834,[1] based upon a copy of the first edition in the library at Göttingen, that his works have been thoroughly studied in Portugal.

Vicente had written his plays partly under Spanish influence, and his work was in turn imitated in Spain by Lope de Vega and Calderón among others. It is impossible not to connect the scene of the *escudeiro* coming in to "dine" on a crust of bread and a shrivelled turnip in *Quem tem farelos?* with Lazarillo's account of the poor Toledan *hidalgo* in *Lazarillo de Tormes*, whether the anonymous Spanish author copied from Gil Vicente, or Vicente copied from an earlier edition of *Lazarillo* than that of 1554. Perhaps, however, both copied from life, or from some earlier source.[2] His master, says the Portuguese Lazarillo,

> "Vem alta noite de andar,
> De dia sempre encerrado,
> Porque anda mal roupado
> Não ousa de se mostrar.
> Vem tão ledo—sus cear!
> Como se tivesse que;
> E eu não tenho que lhe dar
> Nem elle tem que lh' eu dê.
> Toma hum pedaço de pão
> E hum rabão engelhado,
> E chanta nelle bocado
> Como cão."

[1] *Obras de Gil Vicente.* Correctas e emendadas pelo cuidado e diligencia de José Victorino Barreto Feio e J. G. Monteiro. 3 vols. *Hamburg*, 1834.

[2] Possibly from the Archpriest of Hita, whose works were known in Portugal (see *supra*, p. 47). See J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, *Chapters on Spanish Literature* (*London: Constable*, 1908) p. 48 *ad fin.*

But however much Vicente may imitate or be imitated in the construction and characters of his plays, he nevertheless keeps his originality, and in his lyrical gift he remains inimitable. He is the only great Portuguese poet of unforced mirth and jollity:

"Este he Maio, o Maio he este,
Este he o Maio e florece."

(May is here, for May is here,
May is here and all a-flower.)

As a poet he ranks second only to Camões, and may perhaps without exaggeration be called the greatest original genius of Portugal.

CHAPTER IV

SÁ DE MIRANDA

"THICK-SET, of medium height, with very white hands and face, smooth black hair, beard long and thick, eyes green, well shaded,[1] but almost excessively large,[2] nose long and aquiline, grave and melancholy in appearance, but of easy and pleasant conversation, witty and refined, and less sparing of words than of laughter." Such is the picture of Francisco de Sá de Miranda, drawn by the anonymous biographer in the 1614 edition of his works.[3] The description tallies with the portrait reproduced by Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos as a frontispiece to

[1] This refers not to the colour of the eyes, but more probably to the length and thickness of the eyelashes.

[2] This is omitted in the quotation on p. cxxxiv of Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos' preface. On the same page, however, there is a reference to his "large eyes."

[3] *As Obras do Doctor Francisco de Saa de Miranda.* Agora de nouo impressas com a Relação de sua calidade & vida. Por Vicente Alvarez. Anno de 1614. [*Lisbon*]: Domingo Fernandez, liureiro. "Foy homem grosso de corpo; de meaã estatura, muito aluo de mãos & rostro; com pouca còr nelle; o cabello preto & corredio; a barba muito pouoada & de seu natural crescida; os olhos verdes bem assombrados, mas com algũa demasia grandes; a nariz comprida & com cauallo; graue na pessoa, melancholico na apparencia, mas facil & humano na conuersação, engraçado nella, com bom tom de falla, & menos parco em fallar que em rir."

her edition.[1] The anonymous author of the biography[2] is generally considered to be Gonçalo Coutinho. Writing some fifty years after the poet's death, he derived his account from Diogo Bernardes and other personal friends of Sá de Miranda,[3] and it remains the most important and trustworthy source of our information. According to this account, Francisco was the son of a canon of Coimbra Cathedral belonging to the ancient house of Sá, and was born in the year 1495 at Coimbra.[4] The date presents some difficulties, especially since Senhor Braga has discovered and published a document legitimizing Francisco in the year 1490.[5]

1 *Poesias de Francisco de Sâ de Miranda.* Edição feita sobre cinco manuscriptos ineditos e todas as edições impressas, acompanhada de um estudo sobre o poeta, variantes, notas, glossario e um retrato, por Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos. *Halle: Max Niemeyer*, 1885.

2 "Vida do Dovtor Francisco de Sa de Miranda, collegida de pessoas fidedignas que o conhecerão & tratarão & dos liuros das gerações deste Reyno." This brief notice was translated into English in an abridged form by O. Crawfurd: *Portugal, Old and New. London*, 1880.

3 "Diogo Bernardes (a quem seguimos em muita parte disto)."

4 So, in a letter to Jorge de Montemaior, Miranda says:

> "Vezino á aquel tu monte do has nacido
> Cogi este aire de vida i del Mondego
> Tan clara i tan sabrosa agua he bevido."

The author of the famous *Diana* was born at Montemôr o Velho in the valley of the Mondego. He early went to Spain, and on his return to Portugal was known as Montemayor. *Cf.* the first line of this letter:

> "Montemaior que á lo alto del Parnaso
> Subiste,"

and those of a letter addressed to him by Pedro de Andrade Caminha:

> "Monte Mayor cujo alto ingenho espanta
> Grandes ingenhos, e ditosamente
> A todo estilo e verso se levanta."

5 *Sá de Miranda e a Eschola italiana.* Por Theophilo Braga. *Porto*, 1896.

Senhor Braga gives the year of his birth as 1485. As, however, he was at the University of Lisbon with his future brother-in-law, Manoel Machado de Azevedo, who died about 1580 at the age of eighty, this difference in their ages is remarkable. On the other hand, in Bernardim Ribeiro's eclogue Jano (Ribeiro) and Franco (Sá de Miranda) appear to be of the same age.[1] Jano expressly says that he is twenty-one, and could the date of the poem be determined, it would bear not only on Ribeiro's age but on that of Sá de Miranda.[2] If the latter was born in 1485, he would have been fifty-one at the time of his marriage, which is in itself unlikely, although his remark on first meeting Dona Briolanja, begging her to excuse him for having delayed so long, undoubtedly was not, as sometimes interpreted, a discourteous reference to her age, but to his own. It is improbable, again, that he was thirty-six when he set out for Italy, a journey dictated apparently by no necessity or disgrace at Court, but by a very natural desire to travel and visit the Italian cities and poets. Against these improbabilities must be set the fact that thirteen poems[3] "Do Doutor Frācisco de Saa" are included in the *Cancioneiro de Resende* (1516), a remarkable fact if Sá de Miranda was then

[1] *E.g.*, Jano says:

"Franco, comtigo
Desabafo eu em falar."

[2] Senhor Braga attributed it to 1496, but more recently gives the date of Ribeiro's birth as 1482. Dona Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos in her notes believed that the eclogue refers to the plague of 1521, in which case Ribeiro would have been born in 1500.

[3] Eight *cantigas*, three *esparsas*, two *glosas*.

only twenty-one.[1] Perhaps the year 1489 or 1490 may provisionally be given as that of his birth.

In 1513 he was at the Court of Dom Manoel; in 1521, the year of King Manoel's death, he set out on his travels through Spain and Italy. "Before settling down to philosophy and a life of quietness," says the 1614 biography, "he wished to see the world (*quis peregrinar pollo mundo*), and visited Italy and the most celebrated places in Spain." He saw at his leisure (*com vagar & curiosidade*) Rome, Venice, Naples, Milan, Florence, and the best of "Cicilia."

> "Vi Roma, vi Veneza, vi Milão
> Em tempo de Espanhois e de Franceses,
> Os jardins de Valença de Aragão
> Em que o amor vive e reina."[2]

The Campagna, the "*grandes campos de Roma*," inspired him with a *cantiga* which shows him sad and weary of "foreign skies."[3] He made the acquaintance of many

[1] He took his degree in Law after first studying *literae humaniores*, in which he won distinction (*letras de humanidade en que foy insigne*).

[2] Letter of Sá de Miranda to Fernando de Menezes.

[3] "Por estes campos sem fim
Em que a vista se estende
Que verei, triste de mim,
Pois ver vos se me defende?
Todos estes campos cheos
São de dôr e de pesar
Que vem pera me matar
Debaixo de ceos alheos
Em terra estranha e mar,
Mal sem meo e mal sem fim
Dôr que ninguem não entende
Até quam longe se estende
O vosso poder em mim."

celebrated Italians,[1] including Sannazaro, to whom he alludes as "that good old man," and perhaps Ariosto (1474–1533) and Pietro Bembo (1470–1547), both probably some twenty years his seniors. When he returned to Portugal he remained for some time at the Court of João III., who had been long upon the throne (*já auia muito que reynaua*), and became "one of the most esteemed courtiers of his time." The year of his return was 1526, or possibly 1527. A few years later, perhaps in 1532, he retired definitely from the Court. The 1614 biography says that this was due to a passage of his eclogue *Aleixo*, "falsely interpreted by envy." It is thought that he may have sympathized too openly with his friend Bernardim Ribeiro,[2] who, probably owing to a love-intrigue,[3] had been banished from Court, and that he incurred the displeasure of the powerful favourite, the Conde de Castanheira. He was obviously inclined to be outspoken, although he was well aware of the drawbacks;[4] he confessed that it was difficult for a

[1] He was himself distantly connected with the family of Colonna.

[2] His sympathy is shown in several passages of the eclogue.

[3] Not, however, with the daughter of King Manoel, as ran the legend.

[4] *Cf.* "Não tenhas por amigo
Quem te anda sempre a vontade
Dissimulando contigo.
Olha aquelle dito antigo:
Que enfada muito a verdade."
(Eclogue *Basto.*)

(Think not the man your friend who deceives you according to your wishes. Consider the ancient saying that truth is irksome.)

Or, "Porque dizer a verdade
Livremente sem engano
Traz consigo tanto dano,

man of character to be a courtier,[1] and he retired voluntarily to the "segura pobreza" of the *rat des champs* and to *ares mais sãos*.

Que pode tanto a maldade
Que faz mal ao desengano."
(Eclogue *Montano*.)

(To tell truth freely without deceit brings with it much hurt, for wickedness has such power that it harms sincerity.)

In a letter addressed to Sá de Miranda, his brother-in-law advises him to restrain his ardour to reform the world:

"Não queirais emendar tudo
No mundo e seu desconcerto."

[1] In the famous lines of his letter to João III.:

"Homem d'um só parecer
D'um só rosto e d'ũa fe,
D'antes quebrar que torcer
Outra cousa pode ser
Mas de corte homem não é."

(A man of single mind and face and faith, who would rather break than bend, may be anything he please; but a courtier he is not.)

He himself in this letter, as in his Coimbra speech, praises the King in no measured terms, but other writers bear witness to the real popularity of João III., and to the fact that Sá de Miranda was no mere flatterer when he wrote:

"Outros reis os seus estados
Guardão de armas rodeados
Vos rodeado de amor."

(Other kings surround themselves with arms to guard their states, but you with love.)

Or, "Ums sobre outros corremos
A morrer por vos com gosto;
Grandes testemunhas temos
Com que mãos e com que rosto
Por deus e por vos morremos."

(We run in eagerness to die for you willingly; we have great proofs of how bravely and with what deeds we die for God and for you.)

He received from the King a benefice (*commenda*) attached to the Order of the Knights of the Convent of Thomar, consisting of a small property situated on the left bank of the River Neiva, in the Archbishopric of Braga, and retired to the country-house which he possessed in the same district, a *quinta* called *A Tapada*, "leaving the comfort of the Court, the conversation of his friends, and the hope of greater favour."[1] Here he spent the remainder of his life, and here the greater part of his poems was written. The surrounding country is delightful in extreme, one of the pleasantest districts of the pleasant province of Minho, fertile fields and valleys alternating with wooded hills and crystal streams, and the green of maize and vines with the grey of granite. In the glowing heat of summer leafy shade and icily cold springs are never far distant, and in winter the mists give a new charm to the country, southern sun and northern mists combining to form an ideal land of legend, dream, and song.

Sá de Miranda, who had a very deep and real love of nature, was keenly alive to the beauty of his surroundings, and by no means looked upon his retirement as exile. Probably his own tastes had as much to do with it as any unpleasant episode at Court. He had always disliked the life of cities.[2] From an earlier

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Cf. Pedro de Andrade Caminha, who in an epitaph on João III. writes:

"Gram Rey, da Patria Pay, cuja memoria
Dará sempre a seu povo pena, e gloria."

[1] "Deixando o mimo da Corte, a conuersaçam dos amigos, a esperança de mayores merces" (biography of 1614).

[2] "Ah prudente Francisco, desprezaste
Sempre as cidades vans."
(Pedro de Andrade Caminha to Sá de Miranda.)

retreat near Coimbra, about the year 1527, he wrote that he had more joyful days than sad ones:

"Tenho mais dias contado
De ledos que não de tristes,"

and that with reading and writing the hours sped:

"Co' que li, co' que escrevi
Inda me não enfadei."

So some fifteen years later he wrote to his brother, Mem de Sá, later Governor of Brazil:

"Polo qual a este abrigo
Onde me acolhi cansado
E já com assaz perigo,
A essas letras que sigo
Devo que nunca me enfado,
Devo a minha muito amada
E prezada liberdade
Que tive aos dedos jugada.
Aqui sómente é mandada
Da rezão boa e verdade.
Nas cortes não pode ser!"

(Therefore to this retreat, to which I came tired and in some danger, to these letters which I follow, I owe it that I never grow weary, and owe my much-loved, much-prized liberty, which I was within an ace of losing. Here it is only bound by good reason and truth. In Courts this cannot be.)

Of his life in this retreat it is possible to piece together a very pleasant picture. His reading was various. Homer he read in the original, even writing notes in his copy in Greek. A copy of Horace was rarely out of his hand (*parece não largaua da mão*). Dante and Petrarca in Italian, and in Spanish Garcilaso de la Vega and Boscán (*o bom Lasso, o bom Boscão*),

were among his favourites: Garcilaso, apparently, in a manuscript belonging to his friend Antonio Pereira, of Cabeceiras de Basto, who also taught him to love the "livros divinos."[1]

To music he was devoted, and himself played on the violin or viola. But he evidently led an out-of-door life. He would be up early before crimson dawns,[2] and still out with his dogs, tracking the wolf in one of those summer *calmas*[3] that are so oppressive in the rocky river valleys of Minho and Traz-os-Montes, tired and thirsty, covered with mud and dust, unable to find his way.[4] He was fond of hunting the wolf (*inclinado*

[1] Pereira advocated a translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue. Sá de Miranda writes to a friend:

"Ora aprendo
Ler por elles de giolhos
De que sei quam pouco entendo.
Mas fossem dinos meus olhos
De cegar sobre elles lendo."

(I am now learning to read them on my knees, and know how little I can understand, but would my eyes were worthy to grow blind in reading them.)

So Pedro de Andrade Caminha writes to him that in his retreat he seasons his pleasures with the reading of "divine and human histories":

"Co' as divinas historias, co' as humanas
Temperas o prazer."

[2] "De color de biva grana
Abriendo-se los cielos al oriente."

[3] "A calma
Que era grande e o sol ardia."

Cf. the first line of his beautiful sonnet:

"O sol é grande, caem co'a calma as aves."

[4] "Levou me um lobo apos si,
Eu como doudo corria."

(After a wolf I went and like a madman ran.)

á caça de lobos), and his hunting sometimes took him far afield, even as far as Cabeceiras de Basto, towards Traz-os-Montes. References to wolf-hunting and fishing are many in his works.[1] He knew well the difference between trout fresh from the stream and fish coming by carrier from the town:

" Com dous peixinhos passarás
Do rio, não d'almocreves,
Que as vilhas fazem tam caras.
Beberás nas fontes claras."

(Your fare will consist of two little fishes from the river, not those of carriers, those which are so dear in the towns; your drink will be from the clear springs.)

He knew how excellent was the water of Minho's springs, how preferable were partridges shot in the hills, and fruits gathered with one's own hands to the produce bought in the market.[2] At other times he

---

" Y ansi cansado i todo
Aqui lleno arribé de polvo i lodo."

(And thus tired and all I arrived here full of dust and mud.)

" Afogado da quentura
Por terra que não sabia."

(Suffocated by the heat, in a country which I did not know.)

[1] In Eclogue 4 he refers to trout pressing up stream; in Eclogue 2 to the cruel wolves coming down from the hills:

" Estes lobos ruins
Que decem dos montesins."

" Não vinha nada da praça,
Alli da vossa cachaça,
Alli das vossas perdizes!
Alli das fruitas da terra
(Que dá cada tempo a sua),
Colhida á mão cada üa!"

would walk far from the village in green woods, where "streams flowed gently and the birds sang," or in the granite *serras*, "free to sing aloud at will," and would watch the water rushing down between the silent rocks, the birds singing as they flew,[1] the lines of cranes and clouds of starlings,[2] the flight of doves (*voão as pombas*

(Nothing came from the market, but O what wine and partridges, what fruit, each in its season, gathered with our own hands!)

Cf. "Lembro vos as vossas fruitas!
Lembro vos as vossas truitas!
Que andão ja por vossas na agua."

(Think of your fruits, your trout, already yours, though still uncaught.)

[1] "Aqui se a paixão me toma
Posso cantar voz em grito
Que me não ouça ninguem,
Sómente as aves (que tais
Duas aventagens têm
D'esses outros animais,
Voar e cantar tambem)
Ou o som da agua que cai
Rompendo polos penedos,
Dece ao fundo e ó alto sai,
Parte, e a grande pressa vai:
Elles por sempre ali quedos!"

[2] "Em arenga vão os grous."
"Estorninhos com quanta
Presteza andando em vela
Se estendem como ũa manta."

Sá de Miranda shows a direct observation of nature (especially of birds), an eye for reality not to be found in the vaguer idylls of his contemporaries. Often, however, his observations are reminiscences of older poets (especially Horace). These two passages, for instance, are perhaps unconscious imitations of Dante, *Inferno*, v.:

em bandas) and "gentle swallows" (altas andurinhas brandas). Or he would meditate by the Neiva or by the fountain near his house, or tend his garden. Pedro de Andrade Caminha writes to him as follows:

> "Louvas teu doce Neiva, as aguas sans
> Da tua fonte, as fruitas que plantaste,
> As aves que ouves, os teus santos ocios."

(You praise your sweet Neiva, the pure water of your fountain, the fruits that you have planted, the birds you hear, your sacred leisure.)

His hunting brought him into contact with the peasants, whom he would also meet at the village fairs and on his land (*Algums que d'alem da serra Das feiras me conhecião*).[1] His brother-in-law writes to him:

> "Vos quereis com descripçõis
> E com vossas letras grandes
> Que em Italia, Espanha e Frandes
> Vos reconheçam as naçõis.
>
> "Eu quisera que os saloios
> Vos estimassem sómente
> Porque da vossa semente
> Sempre colhereis mais moios."

> "E come i gru van cantando lor lai
> Facendo in aer di se lunga riga;"

and

> "E come gli stornei ne portan l' ali
> Nel freddo tempo a schiera larga e piena."

Cf. Camões, *Lus.*, x. 94:

> "Qual bando espesso e negro de estorninhos."

[1] (Some [shepherds] from the other side of the *serra* who knew me from seeing me at the fairs.)

(You wish with your poetry and high literature that your name should extend to the nations, to Italy, Spain, and Flanders. I could wish that the peasants only should respect you, for thus will your seed ever produce more fruit.)

"Excellent folk," he says of some shepherds whom he found taking their *sesta* in the hills when he had lost his way near Cabeceiras de Basto:

"Vi pastores com seu gado
Estar a sesta passando.
Nunca vi tam boa gente."

He would share their simple fare of milk and bread (*papas mexidas*), and rustic fruits, apples, and figs black and white,[1] and while they praised their way of life, he praised his hunting:

"Cada um suas cousas gabava,
Eu tambem as minhas caças."

He, however, knew their love of prattling[2] and

[1] "Detiverão me consigo,
Não fallecerão mil fruitas,
A maçã branca, e o figo
Preto, branco, e outras muitas."

[2] "Inhorantes
Que fallam mais do que entendem."

"Guarda cabras
Que se vão de ponto em ponto,
Querem sós duas palavras
Que dos gados e das lavras,
Despois não têm fim nem conto."

(Wandering goatherds who would have but a word with you about their herds and crops, and then they go on without end or measure.)

complaining[1] and their tendency to idleness.[2] At the same time he evidently found many cases of real oppression and injustice to the farm-servants and peasants. "There are many apparently honest men in the villages," he says, "who live in comfort by fleecing the peasants":

"Que eu vejo nos povoados
Muitos dos salteadores
Com nome e rosto de honrados
Andar quentes e forrados
De pelles de lavradores;"

and speaks of peasants having to leave their own vines to work for a whole week in some great vineyard belonging to men more powerful than they:

"Não me forção pola geira
Pera cavar a gram vinha
Por toda a somana inteira
Quando hei de cavar a minha."

So he says that:

"O pobre do zagalejo
Não tem onde se acolher
Quando se quer defender;
O que tem mais de sobejo
Não-no consente viver.
Se alguem justiça brada

[1] Their masters "live on their labour" (vivem dos nossos suores) and eat wheaten bread while they eat oaten:

"Comem trigo e nos d'avea,
Elles bebem, homem sua,
Doi lhes pouco a dôr alhea,
Querem que nos doa a sua."

There are many similar passages.

[2] Anthony always playing *choca* [perhaps a kind of rustic hockey, like the Asturian *cachurra*], Martha always gossiping in the market-place:

"Antão nunca sai da choca,
Marta nunca sai das praças."

Que lhe roubão seu rebanho
Ou lh'o levão da manada,
Porque seja môr o dano
Ninguem lhe responde nada."

(The poor shepherd has no refuge when he wishes to defend himself; the rich do not allow him to live, and if any calls out for justice because they are robbing him of his flock, to add to the evil he is answered by silence.)

He moreover deplored the growing concentration of wealth in Lisbon:

"Não me temo de Castela
Donde guerra inda não soa,
Mas temo me de Lisboa
Que ó cheiro d'esta canela
O reino nos despovoa."

(I do not fear Castille, whence as yet comes no sound of war; but I fear Lisbon, which with the scent of its spices is unpeopling the land.)

"I fear lest we should be again slaves to riches."[1] And he warns the nobles that they are leaving the land, their mother, for Lisbon, their stepmother,[2] while the country is left defenceless, and the whole ship of State is like to sink:

"Ao reino cumpre em todo elle
Ter a quem o seu mal doa,
Não passar tudo a Lisboa,
Que é grande o peso, e com elle
Mete o barco na agua a proa."

[1] "Medo hei de novo a riqueza
Que nos torne a cativar."

[2] "Deixais esta madre antiga
Is vos apos a madrasta."

Very different is the state of France, where, he says, "they live in less modern fashion, and the peasant finds shelter in the small towns, where he has a name and property, and lives on the toil of his hands. The smith lights his forge fire at cock-crow, the cobbler bites his last, and shouts to his sluggish assistant to come from beneath his blanket. The nobles live securely in the country, and hunt the daring wolves in the wilds, keeping the plains all round their dwellings safe for the flocks, and freeing them from the evildoers who work in darkness, so that any who will may go singing to the fair after nightfall, or doze on his mule as he rides along."

("Inda hoje vemos que em França
Vivem nisto mais á antiga;
Na villa o villão se abriga
Onde tem nome e herança,
Vive i da sua fadiga.
Acende a fragoa o ferreiro
Ó tempo que o gallo canta;
Morde o couro o çapateiro,
Brada ao moço ronceiro
Que saia de baixo da manta.

Vive a nobreza por fora
Segura, despovoados
Corre cos lobos ousados,
Por d'arredor donde mora
Mantem livre o campo aos gados,
Da má gente aventureira
Que ás escuras traz seu trato,
Que possa livre quem queira
Cantando ir de noite á feira,
Ou dormindo no mulato.")

Sá de Miranda, however, was by no means relegated

to the society of peasants. His melancholy disposition did not prevent him from relishing the "divine suppers"[1] at the house of his friends Antonio and Nunalvarez Pereira at Cabeceiras de Basto,[2] after a whole day spent in the chase, nor from attending with pleasure the splendid entertainments given at the ancestral house of Crasto (Castro), a half-hour's walk from his own *Quinta da Tapada*. The Lord of Crasto, Sá de Miranda's old friend Manoel Machado de Azevedo,[3] belonged to the principal nobility of Portugal, and at one of these entertainments the Infantes Luiz and Henrique were present. Sá de Miranda had married his sister Briolanja in 1536. King João III. is said to have made the formal demand for her hand on behalf of the poet. She had, apparently, neither good looks nor great possessions, but "Love," says Sá de Miranda, "made his presence clearly known: I heard the sound of his quiver and arrows";[4] and they had a happy married life of nearly twenty years. Sá de Miranda himself gladly entertained his friends at the *Quinta da Tapada*

[1] "Oh ceas do paraiso
Que nunca o tempo vos vença!"

[2] Cabeceiras is a small Minhoto village near Traz-os-Montes which, with its convent and circle of houses round a tree-planted common, can have changed but little since the sixteenth century. To these brothers Pereira several eclogues and letters of Sá de Miranda are directed, including the famous eclogue *Basto* (= Cabeceiras de Basto), dedicated to Nunalvarez.

[3] His life was written in the seventeenth century by his descendant, Felix Machado da Silva Castro e Vasconcellos, Marquez de Montebello.

[4] "Amor deu
Claro sinal que era ali;
Eu o som do coldre, eu
O som das setas ouvi."

with a certain lavishness. The poet Diogo Bernardes, among others, would leave his beloved Lima (some twenty miles north of Braga) in order to visit him. Sá de Miranda, says the 1614 biography, was "so devoted to music that, although he was not very rich, he kept at his house expensive masters of music to teach his son Hieronymo de Sá, who is said to have excelled in that art, and Diogo Bernardes (whom we follow in much of what is here stated) said that when he lived at Ponte do Lima, his birthplace, and went over to see him, Sá de Miranda would bid his son play upon various instruments, and sometimes correct him if he made a mistake. He was sober and austere towards himself, and generous even to excess towards his guests, whom he entertained freely, with excellent taste, being wont to say that conversation with them freed him from himself." Moreover, his fame had spread far and wide, and all the foremost of the younger poets of Portugal hailed him as their guide and master, sent him their works to be corrected, or corresponded with him in verse. Diogo Bernardes hails him as "Light of the Muses, brighter than the sun," and confesses that he imitates his "doce estilo."[1] Dom Manoel de Portugal (1520-1605), probably his first follower, calls him "Rarissimo Francisco excellente." Jorge de Montemayor, in a long letter, seeks his "protection and favour." Antonio Ferreira addresses him as "Master of the Muses." To Pedro Andrade de Caminha he is a "rarissimo ingenho." The Infante João, heir to the throne, sought his advice

[1] "O doce estilo teu tomo por guia."

in literary and other matters.[1] Writing to João Rodrigues de Sá de Menezes, Andrade de Caminha says that the great Sá de Miranda showed clearly, by the marvels he wrote, that he did not find his retreat tedious, that he had won high fame, and that, while at the Court he could not have been happy for a month, in Minho he lived in contentment all the year.[2] Diogo Bernardes similarly says that the whole world wondered at Sá de Miranda's song,[3] and after his death all Portugal, at least, mourned him. Diogo Bernardes came to lament his friend by the banks of the Neiva,[4]

[1] "Pois teus raros conselhos o guiavam." (Elegy by P. Andrade de Caminha, addressed to Sá de Miranda on the death of the Prince —*Na Morte do Principe que Deos tem.*)

[2] "O grande Sá de Miranda
Bem entendeu a verdade
D'este mal que entre nós anda ;
Lançouse lá d'essa banda,
Seguro que nom se enfade.
Bem se vê que nom se enfada
Nas maravilhas que escreve,
Que alta fama tem ganhada.

* * * *

Nom fora cá ledo um mes,
É lá todo anno contente."

[3] "Espanto
Recebe o mundo tudo do que cantas."

[4] In the fine sonnet beginning :

"É este o Neiva do nosso Sá Miranda
Inda que tam pequeno, tam cantado ?
É este o monte que foi ás Musas dado
Em quanto nelle andou quem nos ceos anda ?"

(Is this the Neiva of our Sá de Miranda, a stream so small and yet so famous ? Is this the hill devoted to the Muses when he who is now in heaven sojourned here ?)

Ferreira wrote an elegy, Andrade de Caminha his epitaph.[1]

The biographer of 1614 more than once insists on Sá de Miranda's deep melancholy, and in spite of his joy in the chase and his love of Nature, he often sings in sadness, and, like Heraclitus,[2] is said to have been frequently in tears:

"Ves que pressa os dias
Levão sem cansar,
Nunca hão de tornar."

(See how swift the days
Pass in endless chain,
Never to come again.)

So the song of birds is to him half lamentation:

"Sube una avezilla,
No sé ni si es cantar, no sé si es llanto";

and one of his *vilancetes* (in Spanish) is a frail crystal mist of tears:

"Los mis tristes ojos,
Tan tristes, tan tristes,
Vistes mis enojos,
Un plazer no vistes.

[1] Ending with the lines:

"A morte desfaz tudo, mas Miranda
Vivo é no ceo e vivo na terra anda."

(All yields to death, but Miranda lives in the sky and lives upon the earth.)

[2] Of whom Sá de Miranda himself writes:

"Como de casa saia
Sempre dos seus olhos agua
A Heraclito corria
Polo que ouvia e que via,
De que tudo tinha magoa."

" Vistes añadida
A mi pena pena,
I en tan luenga vida
Nunca una ora buena ;

" Si á la suerte mia
Pluguiese, pluguiese
Que viese ora el dia
Con que mas no viese !'

(Eyes sad beyond relief,
Alas ! sad eyes mine,
You have seen all my grief,
But ne'er saw joy shine.

You have seen woe to woe
Added at leisure,
Ne'er in the long years' flow
One hour of pleasure ;

O that 'twere given me
—Vain my endeavour—
Now my last day to see
Close you for ever !)

Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos, in her edition of Sá de Miranda's poems, gives a variant of this poem in five verses.

Towards the close of his life sorrows fell thick upon him. In 1553 his eldest son, Gonçalo Mendes de Sá, was killed at the age of sixteen in Africa, with many others of the Portuguese nobility (at Ceuta). Had Sá de Miranda read the works of Gil Vicente with sympathy, he would have derived greater consolation from the last lines of one of his *autos*[1] than from all the long letter in verse addressed to him on this occasion by Antonio Ferreira. His deep grief is shown plainly

[1] See p. 76.

in his answering letter.[1] In the following year the heir to the throne, Prince João (1537-1554) died at the same age, a few days before the birth of his son, the future King Sebastian. This was a heavy blow to Sá de Miranda. Although he might at times look back with regret to the "masks and balls begun at midnight"[2] of King Manoel's splendour-loving age, the promise of the coming reign had hitherto been a full recompense. The Prince had even in extreme youth shown himself an enlightened patron of letters. At his request Sá de Miranda himself had thrice sent him a collection of his works, each with a dedicatory sonnet, and he had encouraged other poets of the new style.[3] These expectations were now shattered, and there remained little chance of protection for the younger poets of Sá de Miranda's school. Of one of the youngest of them, Camões, he apparently never heard.

When Sá de Miranda died the hopes of a long

[1] "When I sent my son at such an age to die for the faith, if it must be"

(Quando mandei meu filho em tal idade
A morrer pola fe, se assi cumprisse.)

"It is I who should have died," he cries—

Eu sou que devera ir! quem nos trocou?—

and thinks Don Rodrigo Manrique happy, whose son survived to sing his praises (in the famous *Coplas*).

[2] "Os momos, os serões de Portugal
Tam fallados no mundo onde são idos?
E as graças temperadas de seu sal?"

[3] Andrade de Caminha, in his elegy on Prince João, says:

"Devemse a ti engenhos excellentes
Porque com teu favor os levantaste,
Largo Mecenas eras aos prudentes."

Manueline age of greatness had passed away like a splendid dream. Gil Vicente had deplored the destruction of simpler tastes; now the vanity and hollowness of the pomp that succeeded them were becoming more and more apparent. The gold of the colonies had been spent on luxuries for the capital, while the provinces became even more depopulated and poverty-stricken, and Vicente's poor *escudeiro*, or his *fidalgo*, maintaining great estate on a small income, abounded in the land. It had been vain for King Manoel to pass sumptuary laws while his own love of show and magnificence encouraged reckless expenditure, and the price of bread rose.[1] Now Portugal was left to look abroad with eternal *saudade* to her crumbling empire, while at home misery and distress deepened. Sá de Miranda protested continually against the "mimos indianos"[2] and luxury of Lisbon, with its gambling, its many slaves to riches,[3] its delicate viands, perfumed lamps and beds and tables.

Two years after the death of his eldest son Sá de

[1] Damião de Goes. *Chronica do felicissimo Rey Dom Emanuel* (*Lisbon*, 1619): "In order to prevent the great expense made in his kingdom both by the nobles and those of the people in cloth and dresses of silk, he prohibited them, reserving to the nobility the privilege to wear silk caps, shoes, belts, and ornaments of their swords, mules and horses."

[2] "Estes mimos indianos
Hei gram medo a Portugal
Que venhão fazer os danos
Que Capua fez a Anibal,
Vencedor de tantos anos."

(I fear greatly lest this Indian luxury should come fraught with as much injury for Portugal as Capua did to Hannibal after his many years of victory.)

[3] "Escravos mais que os escravos."

Miranda's wife died (1555), and from this loss he never recovered, so that in his private grief and his sorrow[1] for the misfortunes of Portugal the death of King João III. and the departure of his brother, to whom he was devoted, for Brazil (as Governor) in 1557 seem to have passed all but unnoticed. "After his wife's death," says his earliest biographer, "he too began to die to all the things pertaining to his pleasure and former pursuits."[2] He only wrote one poem, a sonnet, on the death of his wife, beginning:

"Aquelle spirito já tam bem pagado,"

and is said never to have left his house except to attend the services of the Church.[3] "Especially he was pious[4] and a Catholic Christian, very devoted to the Virgin," in whose honour he wrote more than one *cantiga*. He died in the year 1558, and was buried in the church of the little village São Martinho de Carrazedo, where a Latin inscription marks his tomb.

Sá de Miranda occupies one of the most important places in Portuguese literature, partly owing to the intrinsic merits of his poetry, partly because, like

[1] "A magoa do que lhe reuelaua o spirito dos infortunios da sua terra."

[2] "Com o q̃ elle começou a morrer logo tambem pera todas as cousas de seu gosto & antigos exercicios."

[3] "Senão pera ouuir os Officios Diuinos."

[4] In one passage, however (in his famous letter to King João III.), he speaks of the village priests in the vein of Vicente, as fat and prosperous and absolved of all their sins:

"Mas eu vejo ca na aldea
Nos enterros abastados
Quanto padre que passea,
Emfim ventre e bolsa chea
E asoltos de seus pecados."

Boscán in Spain, he introduced the new metres from Italy,[1] and thus paved the way for the greater poetry of Camões.[2] Had his innovations merely stood for the decay of the national poetry, the poetry of Gil Vicente, there would be reason to doubt whether Portugal owes him any great debt of gratitude; but his real influence was very different. The national poetry had already received its death-blow from the pomp and luxury introduced into Portugal after the discovery of India, and it was not against the development of the national poetry but against the tendency of the age to become wholly materialistic[3] that Sá de Miranda strove.

[1] *I.e.*, *versos de arte maior*, or *da medida nova* (hendecasyllabics, the sonnet, Petrarcan *canzoni*, the *terza rima*, copied from Dante, the *octava rima*, copied from Ariosto).

[2] Between Sá de Miranda and Boscán (? 1490-1542) there are some striking similarities, although the former is without doubt the greater poet. They were born perhaps in the same year. They both visited Italy. Boscán began writing in Italian hendecasyllabics in 1526, probably the very year in which Sá de Miranda introduced the new style into Portugal on his return from Italy. Both employed Spanish, an alien tongue (for Boscán was a Catalan), and both wrote in their borrowed metres with an awkwardness and harshness which contrasted with the infinitely more melodious verse of their younger contemporaries, Garcilaso de la Vega and Camões.

[3] He speaks of the rich *parvenus:*

"Podem cheirar ao alho
Ricoshomens e infançõis;"

of the old nobility yielding to the new wealth:

"Dinheiro, oficios, privanças
A nobreza nos desterra;"

of the general greed for gold spoiling and degrading thousands and thousands of minds:

"Lançou nos a perder engenhos mil
E mil este interesse que haja mal
Que ludo o mais fez vil, sendo elle vil;"

In a passage of the *Fabula do Mondego*,[1] written when both poets were still at Court, Sá de Miranda appears to refer slightingly to the work of Vicente; but another passage lamenting the decay of poetry was written at a time when Vicente's work was nearing its end.[2] Sá de Miranda and Vicente retired from Lisbon within a few years of one another, leaving to the Court poets their narrow outlook and trivial themes. The *Cancioneiro* of the poet Garcia de Resende is a typical collection of such poems; its dreariness has been often noticed,[3] and it is supposed to have disgusted Sá de Miranda with the Portuguese poetry of his age. A poem to a sea-sick baron, or the complaint of a courtier in the country that he finds only cheap grapes and no

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of full coffers and poor hearts:

"Que os coraçõis hão de ser
Ricos, que os cofres não."

Cf. Antonio Ferreira:

"Ouro, despois virtude: ouro honra dá."

[1] "I viendo que bajais vuestros oidos
Por esa tan humana mansidumbre
Al canto pastoril ia hecho osado,
Quiza moveré mas hazia la cumbre
De aquel alto Parnaso, por olvido
I malos tiempos ia medio olvidado."

[2] In the eclogue *Celia:*

"Como se perdieron
Entre nos el cantar, como el tañer
Que tanto nombre a los pasados dieron?"

[3] By Wolf (*Studien*, 1859): "Gleichformigkeit bis zur Monotonie, Aüsserlichkeit bis zur Flachheit, Beobachtung des Herkömmlichen bis zur Banalität"; by Menéndez y Pelayo (*Antología*, tom. 7, 1898): "Nunca se vió tan estéril abundancia de versificadores y tanta penuria de poesía. El lector de buen gusto camina por aquel interminable arenal sin encontrar apenas un hilo de agua con que mitigar la sed."

gloves[1]—these, it must be confessed, are not very inspiring subjects. And there is also a vulgarity and coarseness never found in Sá de Miranda. But the collection contains some noble poetry, as the verses by Luis Anriquez on the death of Prince Affonso, and the *Trovas á morte de Dona Ines de Castro*,[2] by Garcia de

[1] "Val rredea duuas
A çynco na praça
Mas nam ha hy luuas
Nem que volas faça."

For Sá de Miranda this would not have even the slight interest which time has given it. He himself, however, wrote a very similar *esparsa* to Pero Carvalho, with a present of gloves:

"Mandar por tais calmas luuas
Serviço era elle escusado!
Outra cousa forão uvas
Outra vinagre rosado!"

Some of his slighter poems are not without charm—*e.g.*, the following *esparsa* in the *Cancioneiro de Resende*:

"Cerra a serpente os ouvidos
A voz do encantador;
Eu não, e agora com dôr
Quero perder meus sentidos.
Os que mais sabem do mar
Fogem d'ouvir as sereas;
Eu não me soube guardar:
Fui vos ouvir nomear,
Fiz minha alma e vida alheas."

(To charmer's voice is deaf
The adder: not so I,
And now alas I lie
Half-senseless in my grief.
'Tis the skilled mariner's part
To shun the Sirens' song,
But I had not this art:
Your name heard, life and heart
No more to me belong.)

[2] *Trouas q̄ garçia de rresende fez a morte d dōa ynes de castro que el rrey dō*

Resende, which are on a level with some of the best poetry of Sá de Miranda, and are full of individuality and charm. Sá de Miranda's efforts to introduce the new style[1] were apparently not very successful at first, but gradually won universal recognition. Opposition is implied in a passage of his letter to Antonio Ferreira:

> " Um vilancete brando, ou seja um chiste,
> Letras ás invençõis, motes ás damas,
> Ũa pregunta escura, esparsa triste!
> Tudo bom! quem o nega? Mas porque,
> Se alguem descobre mais, se lhe resiste?"

He hails Dom Manoel de Portugal as his follower with evident delight: " I thought Portugal was only bent on gold and silver, and you have sought me out in my retreat":

> " Cuidei que só buscava prata e ouro!
> Buscastesme no meu escondedouro!"

The dates of Sá de Miranda's works are fully discussed by Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos in the notes to her edition. Probably in 1527 he wrote his

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Afonso o quarto d Portugal matou ẽ Coimbra por o prinçipe seu filho a ter como mulher & polo q̄ lhe queria nam queria casar.

[1] Although some doubts have been cast on his originality in this respect, it seems certain that the 1614 biographer is right: *Foy o primeiro que compos versos grandes neste Reyno;* and that Sá de Miranda's claim is justified:

> " Ja que fiz
> Aberta aos bons cantares peregrinos "
> (to Dom Manoel de Portugal);
> " Estas nuestras zampoñas, las primeras
> Que por aqui cantaran, bien o mal
> Como pudieran, rimas estranjeras"

(letter to Antonio Pereira); unless we are to regard the thirteenth-century poets, writing in the Provençal manner, as his precursors.

first prose *comedia*, *Os Estrangeiros* (the first in Portugal),[1] and then, in rivalry with Vicente, the *Fabula do Mondego*, in Petrarcan stanzas (1528 or 1529), and, two or three years after this, his first eclogue, *Aleixo*, and a *canção* to the Virgin. Most of his other works, eclogues, letters, elegies, sonnets, were written in the leisure of green and rainy Minho. About the year 1535 (in the eclogue *Celia*) he writes:

> "Poco aca, mas com fé, mas com poca arte,
> Cantan pastores al modo estranjero.
> Corren lagrimas justas sin parar
> Mientras Neiva tambien corre á la mar,"

and calls on "ciertos zagales del Estremadura" (*i.e.*, Lisbon poets) to sing in honour of the new "blandas musas de Parnaso." Although he was apparently no friend of Gil Vicente, he certainly did not despise his poetry for being simple and national. He himself strove persistently to give his imported metres a Portuguese dress,[2] although difficulty of adapting them and his love of Garcilaso drove him to write frequently in Spanish.[3] To Garcilaso he acknowledges his debt, and the pleasure derived from a copy of his poems (in manuscript) sent to him by his friend Antonio Pereira:

[1] The second, *Os Vilhalpandos*, in 1538. Both are conventional in subject and manner.

[2] To Antonio Ferreira, who had written to him in Spanish (an eclogue in the new style, *de versos estrangeiros variada*), he answers with a letter in Portuguese.

[3] With a Portuguese word or idiom here and there. The Portuguese infinitive appears more than once—*e.g.*:

> "Sin ser*en* de tempestad inturbiados."

"Enviaste me el buen Laso,
Iré pascando asi mi paso a paso.
Al qual gran don io quanto
Devo, sabreis."[1]

But, curiously, Sá de Miranda's best and most famous poetry[2] is written in the old national octosyllabic metre,[3] and while in the new style he is only a forerunner—often a rough and halting forerunner—of Diogo Bernardes and Camões, in his satirical letters and in the eclogues written in the old Portuguese metre he may almost be called a great poet. He has been described as the Chaucer of Portugal, but a fairer description would be to say that he is a Portuguese combination of Horace and La Fontaine. He has, indeed, little of the latter's clearness of expression, but how enchantingly he tells the story of Psyche and Eros,[4] or the fable of the *rat de ville* and the *rat des champs*,[5] and with what spontaneous delight he sings the praises of earth and sky, at times recalling the simple charm of Vicente:

[1] Preface to the eclogue *Nemoroso*, written (with great artifice of rhyme and metre) for the first anniversary of Garcilaso's tragic death at Fréjus.

[2] Few, probably, will agree with O. Crawfurd (*Portugal Old and New*) that Miranda's Portuguese writings are "singularly inferior to his Spanish writings, upon which his fame chiefly rests." His Portuguese writings may be often crabbed and difficult, but they are full of life and character. *Cf.* Garrett's verdict that "the purity, correction, naturalness, and sublime simplicity of the *redondilhas* in his letters are now his greatest, almost his only, title to fame." Garrett calls him "the true father of our poetry."

[3] *I.e.*, *versos de arte menor, da medida velha*, *redondilhas* written in verses of five, six, seven, eight, nine, or ten lines.

[4] Eclogue *Encantamento*, ll. 336-503.

[5] Letter IV., to his brother, Mem de Sá, ll. 191-300.

" Deixa-me ver este ceo
E o sol em que vai tal lume
Que a vista nunca sofreu
Aquilo é uso e costume,
Que tantos tempos correu !
Que claridade tamanha
Que fogo nelle aparece !
Quanto raio o acompanha !
Dize se que o mar d'Espanha
Ferve quando nelle dece.

" Des i cobre se d'estrellas
Tudo quanto arriba vemos,
Poem se d'ellas, nacem d'ellas,
Té que d'outra parte as vemos,
E a lũa fermosa entre ellas
Que se renova e reveza,
Ora um fio, ora crecente,
Ora em sua redondeza,
Cada mes com que certeza !
Semelha a da nossa gente."

(But let me look upon
This sky and light of the sun,
Such that no mortal sight
May suffer it, the light
Of many an age bygone.
What wondrous brilliancy,
What fires with it begin,
What rays accompany !
'Tis said the Spanish sea
Boils when it sinks therein.

It sinks and then we see
Stars throng heaven's canopy,
Some of them set, some rise,
We see them cross the skies,

And in their company
The moon returning fair
Grows from mere thread in the sky
To a crescent, till she wear
Her full beauty everywhere,
Each month unerringly.)

This whole eclogue (*Basto*) is written in a homely style, concise and pungent, with many a dry, rustic phrase and proverb, and delights by its flavour of the soil, a flavour as it were of popular *chacotas* or *solaos*.[1] He writes with sententious brevity, often a little clumsily or obscurely, and his Portuguese is so idiomatic that it is sometimes far more difficult to understand than the verses of King Diniz, two centuries earlier. One or two vivid lines often throw a scene into clear relief, till the peasants and the country live for us.

Sá de Miranda persevered *com fé*, if sometimes *com poca arte*, hammering at his verse, and imprinting it with his character. Of the eclogue *Basto* Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos says that no less than fourteen versions exist (a proof that he realized its worth), and he himself, in one of his dedicatory sonnets to Prince João, writes that he goes on erasing year after year, in battle with his papers:

" Eu risco e risco, vou me de anno em anno "
" Ando cos meus papeis em differenças !"

Before Prince João requested him to send him his works, they were, he says, given over to dust and spiders' webs in his village:

[1] *Solao* has been variously explained as a song of solitude, sunshine, solace; but its derivation remains uncertain.

" Era já tudo como encomendado
Á traça e pó da aldea e sua baixeza,
Entre teas de aranhas encantado."

After his first early appearance in print in 1516 he seems to have been in no hurry to publish his poems.[1] He was content that they should go, like Garcilaso de la Vega's, in manuscript from hand to hand.

No doubt in the quality of his poetry Sá de Miranda cannot be compared with Camões; yet there is something so delightfully fresh and individual about a great part of what he wrote that one may wonder that he is not more often read. It is worth while to read him, if only to make acquaintance with his character and his life in Minho. But indeed his work, sometimes crude, never insipid, is crowded with beautiful passages, and his roughnesses of diction in themselves not infrequently have a certain fascination.

[1] The first edition only appeared in 1595.

CHAPTER V

CAMÕES

CAMÕES was born about a quarter of a century before the death of Sá de Miranda, yet at least a century seems to separate the poetry of the *gran*[1] Miranda from that of the *divino*[1] Camões. While with the former the new *doce estilo* runs rough and uneven like the turbulent Spanish *Tajo* between rocks, in Camões it flows with the smooth majesty of the *Tejo suave e brando*. Of Camões' life[2] the contemporary records

[1] Lope de Vega, *Laurel de Apolo*. Cervantes speaks of him in *Don Quixote* as "el excelentísimo Camões."

[2] The earliest authorities are — (1) The commentary of Manoel Corrêa on the *Lusiads*, written towards the end of the sixteenth century and printed in the 1613 edition: *Os Lvsiadas do Grande Lvis de Camoens, Principe da poesia heroica*. Commentados pelo Licenciado Manoel Correa. *Em Lisboa. Por Pedro Crasbeeck*. Anno 1613. Corrêa says in a prefatory note: "Fiz ha muytos annos estas annotações." (2) The short life by Pedro de Mariz, contained in this 1613 edition of the *Lusiads: Ao estudioso da lição poetica*. P. M. (signed Pedro de Mariz). It is reprinted, with slight variations, in *Rimas de Lvis de Camões*. Segunda parte. *Em Lisboa. Na officina de Pedro Crasbeeck*, 1616: *Ao estudioso da liçam poetica*. Feita por o Licenciado Pedro de Maris, Sacerdote Canonista, em que conta a vida de Luis de Camões. The epitaph ascribed to Coutinho is here omitted (the words "with this epitaph" being replaced by "with an epitaph") and is printed separately after the life. (3) The life by Manoel Severim de Faria (d. 1655), which appeared in *Discursos de varios politicos, Evora*, 1624, and is reprinted in *Obras do Grande Luis de*

are extremely scanty, and over each shred of evidence has been waged a battle-royal of the critics. The exact date of his birth is unknown, the year assigned having varied from 1509 to 1525; but the year 1524 is now generally accepted. It is beyond all doubt that he was

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Camões, Principe dos poetas heroycos & lyricos de Hespanha, novamente dadas a luz com os seus Lusiadas commentados pelo Lecenciado Manoel Correa . . . e agora nesta ultima impressão correcta & accrescentada com a sua vida escrita por Manoel de Faria Severim. *Lisboa Occidental: na officina de Josepho Lopes Ferreira*, 1720. Severim de Faria remarks upon the slightness of the information concerning Camões: *O que delle anda impresso he tão pouco & diminuto.* He himself quotes copiously from Aristotle, Statius, and other classical writers, but tells us comparatively little of Camões' life. (4) Two lives by Manoel Faria e Sousa (1590-1649), many of whose statements are open to gravest suspicion. (5) Notes in the 1584 edition: *Os Lusiadas de Luis de Camões.* Agora de novo impressos com algumas annotações de varios autores. *Lisboa*, 1684; the brief preface in the 1626 edition, etc.

The chief recent authorities on Camões' life and works are—(α) *Storck (W.): Luis de Camoens Leben.* Nebst geschichtlicher Einleitung, von Wilhelm Storck. *Paderborn*, 1890. This is the most rigorously critical life of Camões. (β) The same work in the translation and with the notes of C. Michaëlis de Vasconcellos: *Wilhelm Storck. Vida e Obras de Luis de Camões.* Primeira parte. Versão do original allemão, annotada por Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos. *Lisboa*, 1898. (The title-page bears the date 1897, the cover 1898, and a note inserted at the end of the volume is dated *Porto*, 30 March, 1898.) (γ) *Storck (W.): Luis' de Camoens Sämmtliche Gedichte.* Zum ersten Male deutsch von Wilhelm Storck. 6 Bde. *Paderborn*, 1880-1885. (δ) *Michaëlis de Vasconcellos (C.): Luis de Camões. (Grundriss der rom. Phil.*, Bd. 2, Abtg. 2, pp. 313-328.) (ε) *Michaëlis de Vasconcellos (C.):* Review of Storck's translation, and other important articles in the *Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie.* Also her introduction to the edition of the *Lusiads* in the *Bibliotheca Romanica*, vol. x., pp. 5-24. (ζ) *Braga (T.): Camões. Epoca e Vida.* Por Theophilo Braga. Pp. 850. *Porto*, 1907. (*Hist. da litt. port.*, vol. xii.) (η) *Braga (T.): Camões. A Obra lyrica e épica.* Por Theophilo Braga. (Bibliographia Camoniana.) Pp. 878. *Porto*, 1911. (*Hist. da litt. port.*, vol. xiii.) (θ) *Oliveira Martins: Camões, os Lusiadas e a Renascença em Portugal.* Por J. P. Oliveira Martins. *Porto*, 1891.

born about the year 1525—he was a "youth" (*mancebo*) in 1553[1]—but efforts to fix the precise date have been fruitless, unless the statement of Faria e Sousa (1590-1649) be true. This writer was so given to mystifications and inventions that no implicit trust can be placed in any of his statements; and this particular statement is rejected by Storck as a gross fabrication. In his second life of the poet, Faria e Sousa declares that in 1643 a list of the India House of Lisbon came into his hands, containing the names of all the principal persons who had served in India from 1500 to his own time, and under the year 1550 he found this entry: "Luis de Camoens, son of Simon Vaz and Anna de Sá, dwellers at Lisbon, in the Mouraria, esquire, twenty-five years old, with light-coloured[2] beard; he brought his father as surety; he goes in the ship *San Pedro de los Burgaleses.*"[3] Against this Dr. Storck objects that a list of the persons (not the principal persons, since in a second quotation, showing that Camões actually sailed in 1553, Faria e Sousa gives the name of a common soldier) going to serve in India during a century and a half would fill many volumes; that Camões was called at this time

[1] The King's letter of pardon, March 7, 1553: *Elle sopricante he hum mancebo.*

[2] *Barbirubio* is not, as it has been translated, "red beard," but "light-coloured"—in fact, almost any colour except black.

[3] "El año 1643 vino á mis manos un Registro de la Casa de la India de Lisboa de todas las personas mas principales que pasaron á servir en la India desde el año 1500 hasta estes nuestros años, y en la lista de el de 1500 hallé este assiento: 'Luis de Camoens, hijo de Simon Vaz y Ana de Sá, moradores en Lisboa, á la Moraria, Escudero, de vintecinco años, barbirubio; truxo por fiador á su padre: va en la Nave de *San Pedro de los Burgaleses.*'"

Luis de Vaaz or Vaz, not Luis de Camões or Camoens; that his mother's name was Anna de Macedo; that his father, as Pedro de Mariz relates, was shipwrecked near Goa, and died there before the poet went to India; that after his father's death his correct title would be, not *Escudeiro*, but *Cavalleiro fidalgo*.[1] The use of the form Luis de Camoens, at least, seems to show that even if Faria e Sousa had seen some document to support his statement concerning Camões' intended sailing in 1550, he gave a far from trustworthy account of it. Severim de Faria, on the authority of Corrêa, gave the date of Camões' birth as 1517, but in the same notice says that he died in 1579 at an age not exceeding fifty-five. The attempt, often made, to extract a precise date from Camões' own statement in the *Lusiads*[2] is obviously futile, although his age there implied fully confirms the approximate date—1525.

Camões' birthplace is equally uncertain. Alemquer, Santarem (his mother's birthplace), Coimbra, and Lisbon have all claimed the honour. Here again the principal authorities are divided. Manoel Corrêa (of Lisbon) says that he was "born and brought up in the city of Lisbon" and not at Coimbra, as some had thought, from the fact that his ancestors lived there. Some years earlier the bookseller Domingos Fernandes (of Coimbra) declared (in the dedication of the *Rimas: Lisboa: Pedro Crasbeeck*, 1607) that he was born in the city of Coimbra. His family had long resided at

[1] As, perhaps, in the 1553 *carta de perdão*.

[2] *Lus.*, x. 9:

"Vão os annos descendo, e já do estio
Ha pouco que passar até o outono."

Coimbra, and while it may be argued that Lisbon was now more than ever drawing a large number of inhabitants from the provinces, among whom may have been Camões' parents, on the other hand it is more likely that his birth should have been wrongly placed in Lisbon the greater than in Coimbra the less. Among modern writers Senhor Braga supports the Lisbon attribution, while Dr. Storck makes out a strong case for Coimbra.

"He was of very noble family," says Mariz, "both on the side of his mother and mother's father and grandfather, as we have said, and on the father's side from the Camões of Evora;"[1] and again: "He was illustrious in nobility of intellect and was also of the bluest blood of Portugal. For he was the son of Simão Vaz de Camões, born in this city [*i.e.*, Coimbra?],[2] who on a voyage to India as captain of a ship was wrecked on the coast in sight of Goa, and escaped on a plank and there died [*i.e.*, at Goa], and of Anna de Macedo, of Santarem, of noble birth. And he was the grandson of Antão Vaz de Camões and of his wife, Guiomar Vaz de Gama, likewise belonging to the noble family of the Gamas of Algarve. And he was the great-grandson of João Vaz de Camões, inhabitant of Coimbra."[3]

[1] "Era composto de sangue nobilissimo assi por parte de sua Mãy, Auoo & Vizauoo, como agora dissemos: como tambem pela parte patronimica dos Camoes de Euora."

[2] Since the book in which Mariz' life is printed was published at Lisbon, it is perhaps more likely that "esta cidade" refers to Lisbon.

[3] "Ese o nosso Camões foy taõ illustre em nobreza de entendimento: tambem foy acompanhado do melhor sangue que Portugal produzio. Porq̃ foy filho de Simão Vaz de Camoẽs, natural desta cidade, o qual indo para a India por Capitão de hũa nao à vista de Goa deu a costa & se saluou em hũa taboa & laa morreo. E de Anna de

Manoel Corrêa also speaks of his noble birth.[1] One of his ancestors, Vasco Pires (or Peres) de Camões, who came to Portugal from Galicia in 1470, figures as a poet in the *Cancionero de Baena* (*circa* 1445), and is mentioned by the Marqués de Santillana in his letter to the Constable of Portugal and by Manoel de Azevedo in a poem addressed to his brother-in-law, Sá de Miranda. In the magnificent *canção*, *Vinde cá* (attributed to the year 1554), Camões refers to his birth and first years :

> " Quando vim da materna sepultura
> De novo ao mundo, logo me fizeram
> Estrellas infelices obrigado." [2]

Dr. Storck holds that the only possible meaning of the words, " materna sepultura " is that Camões' mother died at his birth ; but it is at least equally probable that they are a mere figure of speech [3] of no more literal import than "*as honras sepultadas*" of the ode *A quem darão*. An official document shows that " Ana de Sá, mother of Luis de Camõis," was alive, " very old and poor," in 1582 (and in 1585) ; but according to Mariz the name of Camões' mother was Anna de Macedo. Was her name Anna de Sá de Macedo or Anna de Macedo de Sá, and was she—of the noble family of

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Macedo, molher nobre de Santarem. E foy neto de Antão Vaz de Camoẽs & de sua molher Guiomar Vaz de Gama, tambem dos nobres Gamas do Algarue. E bisneto de João Vaz de Camoẽs, morador em Coimbra."

[1] " de pais nobres e conhecidos."

[2] *Cf.* his *Voltas :*

> " Naciendo mesquino
> Dolor fué mi cama," etc.

[3] Senhor Braga goes so far as to make the figure of speech refer to Camões' country ; but it was, in any case, too early in 1524 or 1525 to call Portugal a *sepultura*.

Santarem—living in extreme old age and in extreme poverty after the poet's death? or, as Dr. Storck is convinced, was Anna de Macedo his mother, who died at his birth, and Anna de Sá his stepmother, who allowed herself to figure in official documents as his mother either from being habitually so called or in order to obtain the pension? It is impossible to decide with certainty; Senhor Braga accepts Anna de Sá as Camões' mother, and it is indeed not a little daring to create a stepmother out of a vague phrase (*materna sepultura*) and a diversity of names which may conceivably have belonged to the same person, in face of the decrees of 1582 and 1585, in which Anna de Sá is called the mother of Luis de Camões.

Camões in all probability studied at the University of Coimbra, although here again we have no definite knowledge. The wide acquaintance with the classics shown in his work—"a most masterly accuracy in every branch of ancient literature"[1]—as well as the fact that his uncle, Bento de Camões (1500-1547), was Chancellor of the University from 1539 to 1542,[2] renders it probable. It would seem that he spent at Coimbra, in the lovely valley of the Mondego, the happiest years of his life. One of his *canções* begins:

> "Vão as serenas aguas
> Do Mondego descendo
> E mansamente até o mar não param."

(The serene waters of the Mondego flow down gently without stopping till they reach the sea.)

[1] W. J. Mickle.

[2] The University had been transferred from Lisbon to Coimbra in 1537.

And later in the same *canção* he says:

"N'esta florida terra,
Leda, fresca e serena,
Ledo e contente para mi vivia."

(In this flowered land, joyful, fresh and serene, joyful and content unto myself I lived.)

Camões came[1] to Lisbon in the early forties—probably in 1543.[2] Lisbon, and especially the Court, had changed since the time when King Manoel was wont to be rowed to the sound of music in a boat gay with silken banners on the Tagus, and to entertain the Portuguese nobility and many foreigners at brilliant *serões* in his Lisbon or Cintra palaces, and, in emulation of Haroun-al-Raschid, sent an elephant and other gifts of Oriental splendour to the Pope. But it remained the metropolis of a vast new empire. Each year came and went the fleet to the Indies—went with adventurers and soldiers of the King,[3] draining the country of its best men,[4] returned laden with spices and gold and precious stones from the East.[5] No doubt the newly discovered lands still, as at the end of the preceding century, drew to Lisbon many foreigners of learned and inquiring mind,[6] while from

[1] Or returned.

[2] According to Juromenha and Braga, in 1542; according to others, in 1544.

[3] During the twenty-six years of King Manoel's reign thirty-three fleets set sail from Lisbon for India.

[4] *Cf. Lusiads*, iv. 95-104.

[5] *Lus.*, ii. 4:

"Canella, cravo, ardente especiaria . . .
O rubi fino, o rigido diamante."

[6] *Muytos homẽs letrados & curiosos.* (*Chronica do principe Dom Ioam*, Rei que foi destes reynos, segundo do nome, em que svmmariamente

the provinces came a steady flow of men desirous of making fortune. The life of the city (*Lisboa ingente*[1] was in constant change, and yearly it received men scarred and ruined after years of service beyond the seas, and others returning with riches unscrupulously amassed during their Eastern command (though João de Castro was still to show that there were officials whose thoughts were above gold) or won in a few years of successful trading. The wealth from the Indies had created a brand-new "aristocracy." "Kings now go where money guides[2]—money, the subtle casuist, maker and unmaker of laws,"[3] says Camões, echoing the complaint of Falcão de Resende at the end of the fifteenth century:

"Agora engenho tem quem tem mais ouro."

(But he now genius has who has most gold.)

The gilt youth of the capital sauntered idly in the Rocio,[4] careful to maintain an affected sadness and gentility in their conversation, and setting Garcilaso

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se trattam has cousas sustançiaes que nelles aconteçerão. Composta de nouo per Damiam de Goes. *Lisboa*, 1547.)

[1] *Lus.*, viii. 5.

[2] "Lá vão reis onde querem—cruzados."

[3] *Lus.*, viii. 99:

"Este interpreta mais que subtilmente
Os textos; este faz e desfaz leis."

[4] Mello later (in 1641), in a letter to a friend, says that he wastes his "days watching those who come and those who go, as a mean man peers at a bull-fight through the cracks of the hoarding, and I see the courtiers passing and walking up and down this square [the Rocio]"—"Todo o santo dia se me vay notando os que vem e os que vão, como homem mesquinho que espreita os touros pela greta do palanque. De aqui vejo os Cortesãos que passão e que passeão essa praça."

above Boscão without reading either,[1] while those who had fallen upon evil days would brawl in taverns or fill the streets with riot. To all, fortunate or miserable, absence from the city was banishment—an *aspero degredo*. At the Court hopes of a new Manueline age, and especially of an era of literary patronage, centred in the promise of the young Prince João, whose death in 1554 was so serious a blow to Portugal. Camões was possibly received at Court; certainly he found a welcome in many houses of the nobility. Dr. Storck thinks that he himself lived in one of these houses as tutor to the son of Francisco de Noronha, Conde de Linhares, the Antonio de Noronha to whom Camões addressed some of his most splendid poems, and whose early death in Africa (in 1553) he mourned in the eclogue *Que grande variedade*, of which he wrote at the time, "Me parece melhor que quantas fiz."[2]

Camões at this time—"*querido & estimado & cheo de muytos fauores*"—wrote a large number of his lyrics, six eclogues, and his three comedies[3] (*Auto de Filodemo*, *Auto dos Amphitriões*, and *Auto d'El-Rei Seleuco*, the last probably in 1549). During these years—probably in the spring of 1544—he fell in love with a lady-in-waiting of the Queen,[4] Caterina de Athaide, daughter of Dom Antonio de Lima, the *Natercia* of one of his eclogues (*De quanto alento e gosto*) and several sonnets.[5] His love was apparently returned, but difficulties arose,

[1] Camões, *Auto de Filodemo*, Act II., Scene 2.

[2] "I think it is the best of those I have written." It, in fact, ranks with the three eclogues of Garcilaso de la Vega.

[3] Evidently written under the influence of the Spanish *Celestina*.

[4] "hũs amores no paço da rainha," says Mariz.

[5] She was born *circa* 1530, and "morreu no paço moça" (in 1556).

and for reasons variously given by his biographers, Camões was banished from Lisbon, probably in the beginning of the year 1549. The subject of the *Auto d'El-Rei Seleuco*, with its reflections on the conduct of the late King Manoel, may have contributed to his disgrace. He recognizes that he was in part to blame, in the sonnet beginning:

> " Erros meus, má fortuna, amor ardente
> Em minha perdição se conjuraram." [1]

After spending six months in the Ribatejo, probably at Santarem, he went to serve in North Africa. It was customary for young men of noble family to serve in Africa, either as a preliminary to receiving some royal benefice (*commenda*), or as commutation for some penalty incurred. The service was a harassing one, owing to the desultory attacks of the Moors and owing to the fact that the supplies for the Portuguese troops arrived irregularly or not at all.[2] It was during this period that Camões lost his right eye, probably in a skirmish. In a letter written (in prose and verse) from Africa [3] he shows himself full of sadness at his exile, and trying in vain to cast off his gloom, " so as not to appear as an owl among sparrows—*por não parecer coruja entre pardaes.*" The poems written at this time include the *outavas* addressed to Antonio de Noronha—

[1] *Cf.* the sonnet:

> " Em prisões baixas fui um tempo atado,
> Vergonhoso castigo de meus erros."

[2] Two letters in verse by Manoel Pereira de Ocem, formerly ascribed to Camões, and still printed among his works, describe the African service as one of hardship and hunger.

[3] *Esta vae com a candeia na mão.*

"*sobre o desconcerto do mundo*"—of which Dr. Storck speaks as "magnificent stanzas, unrivalled in Portuguese lyrical poetry, unless parallels may be found in Camões' own poems." Returning to Lisbon in the autumn of 1551, he spent the next months there, no longer "*cheo de fauores*," but apparently in a kind of open rebellion against society, with poor and boisterous companions.

On the day of Corpus Christi, June 16, 1552, when all the business of the city was suspended in order to celebrate the solemn procession, Gonçalo Borges, a Court official, crossing the Rocio on horseback, was treated with scant respect by two masked men. Camões, recognizing the two men as his friends, in the quarrel that ensued drew his sword and wounded the Court official. For this he was arrested and thrown into prison, where he lay for close upon nine months. His troubles had now begun in earnest. Imprisonment at that time—"*no tronquo desta cidade*"—must have been in itself a terrible ordeal, and he only left it for exile. Gonçalo Borges having recovered from his wound and agreeing not to prosecute, Camões sent a petition[1] to the King, and received a letter of pardon, dated March 7, 1553. The letter speaks of him as being "young and poor," and says that "he is going to serve me this year in India."[2] If Dr. Storck's

[1] "Faço uos saber," says the letter, "que Luis Vaaz de Camões, filho de Symão Vaz, Cavalro fidalguo de minha casa, morador em esta cidade de lixboa me enviou dizer per sua pitiçam. . . ." Does *Cavalleiro fidalguo*, etc., apply to Luis or to his father Symão, still alive? Dr. Storck is of opinion that it must apply to the son, now an orphan, and other similar entries support this view.

[2] "Elle sopricante he hum mancebo e pobre e me vay este anno seruir a India."

chronology is adopted, Camões could not have designed to go to India earlier, in 1550, being then in Africa. If he went to Africa and returned at an earlier date, he may well have resolved to prove his fortune across the seas, and have been temporarily moved from his purpose by the hope of obtaining the patronage of Prince João, who was greatly given to encouraging men of letters. Mariz says that he embarked owing to his poverty after the death of his father,[1] although he also notices the report of his banishment. The disappointment shown in his first letter from India perhaps proves that he had not been without expectations,[2] although at the moment of leaving Lisbon he had death in his heart. Little over a fortnight elapsed between his release from prison and his sailing with the fleet for India in the ship *São Bento* (March 26, 1553). According to Faria e Sousa, he took the place of a common soldier, receiving the ordinary wage.[3] He left Portugal "as one leaving this world for the next," and bade good-bye to all his hopes. His last words to his country were those of Scipio Africanus: "Ingrata patria, non possidebis mea ossa."[4] Though

[1] "E como o nosso Poeta ficou sem pay & tão pobre . . . vendose neste desamparo se embarcou para a India."

[2] He says that his "news will be good for certain adventurers who think that there is nothing but marjoram in the wilderness—*cuidam que todo o matto é ouregãos.*" To Camões, too, the world had seemed *gracioso e galante* and life many-coloured, like a *manta* of Alemtejo (*Auto de Filodemo*).

[3] The quotation on which this rests is from the phantom register, under the year 1553: "Fernando Casado, hijo de Manuel Casado y de Blanca Queymada, moradores en Lisboa, Escudero. Fué en su lugar Luis de Camoens, hijo de Simon Vaz y Ana de Sá, Escudero, y recibio 2,400 reis como los demás."

[4] Letter from India: *Deseiei tanto uma vossa.*

his faults, he says, did not deserve three days of Purgatory, he had spent three thousand days[1] of "evil tongues, worse designs, and malicious intentions, born of pure envy."[2] He was now to be absent from his country for more than twice three thousand days:

"Já a vista pouco a pouco se desterra
Daquelles patrios montes que ficavam;
Ficava o caro Tejo e a fresca serra
De Sintra e nella os olhos se alongavam;
Ficava-nos tambem na amada terra
O coração, que as magoas lá deixavam;
E já despois que toda se escondeo
Não vimos mais em fim que mar e ceo."
(*Lus.*, v. 3.)

(Gradually now our country's hills from sight
Are banished, that alone remained to view,
Tagus' belovèd stream and the cool height
Of Cintra that still thither our eyes drew;
Nor from the land so dear our hearts take flight
Which we must leave in quest of sufferings new;
Till now at last all fades, and to our eyes
Nothing appears but only sea and skies.)

In the elegy *O poeta Simonides fallando* he gives an account of the journey and of the arrival in India after a severe storm in rounding the Cape of Good Hope. He was impassive, unmoved by any external events in calm or storm, gazing down at the water and remembering his past happiness:

"Eu, trazendo lembranças por antolhos,
Trazia os olhos n'agua socegada,
E a agua sem socego nos meus olhos.

[1] But these three thousand days cannot be taken literally to imply that he had spent exactly eight years and eighty days at Lisbon.

[2] Letter from India: *Desejei tanto uma vossa.*

" A bem aventurança já passada
Diante de mi tenha tão presente
Como se não mudasse o tempo nada.

" E com o gesto immoto e descontente,
Co' um suspiro profundo e mal ouvido,
Por não mostrar meu mal a toda a gente . . ."

Nearly fifty-six years before Camões, Vasco da Gama had set sail on this same voyage with the three ships *S. Gabriel*, *S. Raphael*, and *S. Miguel*, and 170 men (July 8, 1497). He had arrived off the coast of Natal on January 10, 1498; at the mouth of the *Z*ambeze on January 13; at Mozambique in March. Hence he reached Mombaça on April 7; Melinde on Easter Sunday, April 15; and Calecut on May 20. In the autumn of the same year he started on the return voyage, and finally reached Belem in the late summer of 1499, with but fifty-five out of his 170 companions. Senhor Braga considered that the resolve to celebrate Vasco da Gama's voyage was formed in Camões' mind during his imprisonment at Lisbon after reading the *Decadas* of João de Barros, but it is more likely that the plan evolved itself on the voyage as he came personally to know the places visited by Gama. The *São Bento* reached Goa, since 1510 the capital of Portuguese India, in September.

" Dest' arte me chegou minha ventura
A esta desejada e longa terra,
De todo pobre honrado sepultura." [1]

It was, perhaps, in bitter irony that he wrote from India: " I am here held in more honour than bulls of

[1] Elegy *O poeta Simonides.*

Merceana, and live in greater quiet than in the cell of a preaching friar"; for in his next sentence he says that the land is "the mother of *villões ruins* and step-mother of honest men."[1] Scarcely had he disembarked when it became necessary for him to serve in a military expedition against the King of Chembe.[2]

Camões lived in the Portuguese colonies under eight Governors, six of whom were Viceroys. In the winter of 1555 his play *Filodemo* was acted in honour of the new Governor, Francisco Barreto. If we may believe Faria e Sousa, he also wrote satires against the principal Portuguese in Goa, for which Barreto was obliged to banish him to China. It is more probable that his departure from Goa was rather a reward than a punishment, whether the Governor had, as Senhor Braga holds, granted him a right of trading to the Molucca Islands, or, as Dr. Storck maintains, had given him the post of *Provedor-môr dos defuntos e ausentes* (Chief Trustee for the dead and absent) at Macao.[3]

Possibly during the voyage from Goa to Malacca—occupying between forty and fifty days—Camões may have composed his celebrated *redondilhas*, *Babel e Sião*. *Babel*, *Babylonia infernal*, is Goa, while *Sião* stands for

[1] Letter, *Desejei tanto uma vossa.*

[2] Elegy, *O poeta Simonides:*

"Foi logo necessario termos guerra," κ.τ.λ.

[3] Senhor Braga rejects this, and quotes Francisco Alexandre Lobo: The post was "incompatible with Camões' nobility, and much more so with his martial inclinations." As to his martial inclinations, Dr. Storck is a little sceptical, and he certainly describes with more pleasure battles long ago, such as Aljubarrota, than any fighting in which he took part, although no one has doubted his courage and endurance.

Lisbon.[1] They consist of seventy-three verses of five lines—a line for each day in the year; and it would seem, indeed, that daily during these years of exile Camões sighed for his native land. The verses (*quintilhas*) sound like sobs of grief:

"Sôbolos rios que vão
Por Babylonia me achei,
Onde sentado chorei
As lembranças de Sião,
E quanto nella passei.

* * * *

A minha lingua se apegue
Ás fauces, pois te perdi,
Se, emquanto viver assi,
Houver tempo em que te negue
Ou que me esqueça de ti!"

Leaving Goa in April, 1556, he arrived in about the middle of May at Malacca, in the beginning of the sixteenth century a town of nearly 200,000 inhabitants.[2] Thence he sailed to the Molucca Islands, and was, apparently, dangerously wounded in a fight at sea.[3] In 1558 he embarked to return to Malacca, and thence to Macao. The months spent at Macao would give him leisure to bring almost to their conclusion the cantos of the *Lusiads*, some six of which were probably completed when he left India. But his peace was of no

[1] *Cf.* his sonnet, *Cá nesta Babylonia.*

[2] *Cf. Lus.*, x. 44:

"Opulenta Malacca nomeada."

[3] *Cf.* the *Canção, Com força desusada*, written in the Island of Banda (Storck), or Ternate (Braga).

long duration. Whether he was enviously accused of some irregularities in his post of *Provedor* at Macao,[1] or, owing to some dispute as to rights of trading, he was arrested on the authority of the Captain of the "Silver and Silk Ship," which sailed annually from Goa for China and Japan (a three years' voyage), and obliged to embark for Goa, probably in the spring of 1560. He was, however, shipwrecked off Cambodia, at the mouth of the river Mekong,[2] and escaped, like Cæsar, with his manuscript, and that alone, whatever wealth he may have won[3] going down with the ship. He now had to wait to be taken to Malacca in the first passing merchant ship, and finally reached Goa in the autumn of 1560. Shortly after his arrival the Viceroy, now Dom Constantino de Bragança, was replaced by Dom Francisco de Coutinho, Conde de Redondo, who had known Camões at Lisbon. If there was any definite charge against Camões, he was acquitted and

[1] Some incorrectness, such as that of Cervantes in selling corn without official authorization in Andalucía. It is almost impossible to believe that Camões, any more than Cervantes, with whose life his life has so many curious coincidences, was guilty of dishonesty.

[2] *Cf. Lus.*, x. 128:

> "Este [Mecom rio] receberá placido e brando
> No seu regaço o Canto, que molhado
> Vem do naufragio triste e miserando,
> Dos procellosos baixos escapado,
> Das fomes, dos perigos grandes, quando
> Será o injusto mando executado
> Naquelle cuja lyra sonorosa
> Será mais afamada que ditosa."

When in error, Camões confessed his *erros*. Here he protests against his unjust arrest (*o injusto mando*).

[3] Mariz speaks of "a enchente dos bens que laa [*i.e.*, in China] grangeou."

released, but he was subsequently arrested for debt, and from the "*infernal cadeia*," as he—no doubt very properly—calls the prison, he wrote a poem to the Viceroy, then about to embark on an expedition, begging that before he went on board his ship, he, the poet, might be freed from the hardship of prison :

> " Que antes que seja embarcado
> Eu desembargado seja."

In 1563 appeared the first printed poem of Camões, an ode addressed to his friend, the Conde de Redondo, Viceroy of India, in praise of Garcia da Orta, printed in the latter's *Colloquios dos simples e drogas e cousas mediçinais da India* (1563). The years in Camões' life from the death of the Conde de Redondo (February, 1564) to the poet's arrival in Mozambique in the autumn of 1567 remain a blank. The reason for his acceptance of the offer to accompany Pedro Barreto, who was going in 1567 as Governor to Mozambique, was apparently that, being now in extreme poverty, and desirous of returning to Portugal, he would thus accomplish part of the expensive journey. It is not known whether he was appointed to be an administrator at Chaul—when the post should become vacant[1]—by a Viceroy before leaving India, or, as Dr. Storck, following Camillo Castello Branco, considers, directly by King Sebastian, after Camões' return to Portugal and the publication of the *Lusiads*.

[1] Such was the demand for office that a post would sometimes be filled four or five times over—*i.e.*, the successor of the successor of the successor of an official would be already appointed. In this instance Camões never occupied the post for which he had been nominated.

In the unhealthy island of Mozambique Camões spent about two years. Several friends, sailing with the homeward-bound fleet from Goa, found him there in the winter of 1569. "In Mozambique," says Diogo de Couto [born at Lisbon 1542, died at Goa 1616], we found that prince of the poets of his time, my shipmate and friend Luis de Camões, so poor that he was obliged to live on his friends. And that he might be able to embark for Portugal, we his friends furnished him with all the clothes he needed, and one of us would supply him with food. And that winter in Mozambique he set the finishing touches to his *Lusiads* with a view to printing them, and was writing much in a book which he was making, and which he entitled *The Parnassus of Luis de Camões*, a book of much science, learning, and philosophy, which was stolen from him. And I was never able to hear of it in Portugal, in spite of my many inquiries. And it was a notable theft. And this excellent poet died in Portugal in sheer destitution."[1]

At length, on April 7, 1570, the *Santa Clara*, with Camões on board, arrived at Cascaes, near the mouth of the Tagus. He reached the Peninsula in the very

[1] *Decada Oytava da Asia* (published after the author's death, in 1673), cap. 26: "Em Moçambique achàmos aquelle Principe dos Poetas de seu tempo, meu matalote e amigo Luiz de Camoens, tão pobre que comia de amigos, e pera se embarcar pera o Reino lhe ajuntamos os amigos toda a roupa que houve mister e naõ faltou quem lhe dèsse de comer, e aquelle inverno que esteve em Moçambique, acabou de aperfeiçoar as suas Luziadas pera as imprimir e foy escrevendo muito em hum livro que hia fazendo, que intitulava Parnaso de Luiz de Camoens, livro de muita erudiçaõ, doutrina, e Filosofia, o qual lhe furtàraõ, e nunca pode saber no Reino delle, por muito que o inqueri, e foy furto notavel, e em Portugal morreo este excellente Poeta em pura pobreza."

year in which his greater contemporary, Cervantes, was starting on his odyssey of similar perils and misadventures by land and sea.[1] For seventeen years Camões had been able to repeat daily the lines from his *Canção, Vinde cá :*

" Agora, peregrino, vago errante
Vendo nações, linguagens e costumes,
Ceos varios, qualidades differentes,
Só por seguir com passos diligentes
A ti, Fortuna injusta, que consumes
As idades, levando-lhes diante
Uma esperança em vista de diamante:
Mas quando das mãos, cae se conhece
Que é fragil vidro aquillo que apparece."

(An exile now and wanderer I stray,
Customs and languages and nations see,
And new conditions under alien skies;
To follow thee is my sole enterprise,
Fortune unjust,—since evermore through thee
The generations perish, and thy ray
Of hope, as diamond bright, illumes their way,
Till now from out their hands it falls, and lo,
Brittle as glass is all its empty show.)

" Das ist die Welt,
Sie steigt und fällt,
Und rollt beständig;
Sie klingt wie Glas,
Wie bald bricht das!
Ist hohl inwendig."

During these years he had shown the same spirit that caused him to write in a letter from Africa: " He

[1] " O longo mar, que ameaçando
Tantas vezes m' esteve a vida cara."
(*Canção, Vinde cá.*)

only has good fortune in the world who considers his fortune good."[1] His long pilgrimage had taught him to value above all things peace and quietness, and, perhaps, more than ever, the country life so pleasantly described by him earlier in the *Outavas* to Antonio de Noronha:

" Mas se o sereno ceo me concedera
Qualquer quieto, humilde e doce estado,
Onde com minhas Musas só vivera,
Sem ver-me em terra alheia degredado;
E alli outrem ninguem me conhecera
Nem eu conhecera outro mais honrado
Senão a vós, tambem como eu contente:
Que bem sei que o serieis facilmente;

" E ao longe d'uma clara e pura fonte,
Qu'em borbulhas nascendo convidasse
Ao doce passarinho que nos conte
Quem da cara consorte o apartasse;
Despois, cobrindo a neve o verde monte,
Ao gasalhado o frio nos levasse,
Avivando o juizo ao doce estudo,
Mais certo manjar d'alma, emfim, que tudo."

(But would the tranquil heavens to me might give
Some pleasant, unmolested, lowly state,
In which, no more an exile, I might live,
And to the Muses my life consecrate;
Then would I, from all men a fugitive,
With none of high degree associate:
With you alone—to whom, I know, content
Would come as lightly — should my life be spent.

[1] " No mundo não tem boa sorte senão quem tem por boa a que tem."

Then would we lie by the pure crystal flow
Of spring that, welling forth, should still invite
Sweet nightingale to tell us of her woe
And parting from her mate in love's despite;
Or seek the shelter of the hearth, when snow
The hills in winter changed from green to white,
And unto pleasant study turn our mind
In which the spirit still its surest food must find.)

His real love of nature is shown in passage after passage of his works, as in the sonnet which Bocage considered to be worth half the *Lusiads:*

"A formosura d'esta fresca serra,
E a sombra dos verdes castanheiros,
O manso caminhar d'estes ribeiros,
Donde toda a tristeza se desterra;
O rouco som do mar, a estranha terra,
O esconder do sol pelos outeiros,
O recolher dos gados derradeiros,
Das nuvens pelo ar a branda guerra:
Em fim, tudo o que a rara natureza
Com tanta variedade nos offrece
M'está, se não te vejo, magoando.
Sem ti tudo me enoja e me aborrece;
Sem ti perpetuamente estou passando
Nas môres alegrias môr tristeza."

(These cool hills' beauty and the [pleasant] shade
Of the green chestnut-trees, the gentle flow
Of these [fair] streams whence every [thought of] woe
Is banished [and all grief must swiftly fade];
The sea's dull roar, earth curious[ly inlaid
With beauty], o'er the hills the sunset['s glow,]
And the last herds that [slowly] homeward go,
The quiet war by clouds in heaven [made]:

All that fair nature offers us [most fair]
In such variety, all unto me,
If thee I may not see, brings no relief.
Without thee all is sorrow and despair;
Without thee I must find perpetually
In that which gives most pleasure greatest grief.)[1]

But Camões arrived in Portugal with no means to make a choice of lot possible. The manuscript of the *Lusiads* and other poems was his sole wealth, and most of his friends were dead or absent. He had seen many of them die in India, and from Portugal had come news

[1] Whereas the old *redondilhas* are often closely packed, in translating poems of the new style into the same metre additions (in this sonnet enclosed in brackets) are frequently neccessary. The following is Adamson's version of the sonnet (the second and eighth lines are mistranslated):

The mountain cool, the chestnut's verdant shade,
The loit'ring walk along the river side,
Where never [woe her sad abode hath made,]
[Nor] sorrow linger'd [on the silvery tide]—
The sea's hoarse sound—the earth [with verdure gay]—
[The gilded pomp of] Phœbus' parting rays—
The flocks that tread at eve their homeward way—
The soft mist yielding to the sunny blaze—
Not all the varied charms and beauties rare
That nature boasts, when thou, [my sole delight,]
Art absent from from me, to my aching sight
Can comfort give, but as a prospect drear
And cold before me stand—[I onward go]
And as the joys increase, increase my woe.

(*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Luis de Camoens.* By John Adamson. 2 vols. *London: Longman, Hurst and Co.*, 1820. There is a freer translation of this sonnet in *Poems, from the Portuguese of Luis de Camoens:* with remarks on his life and writings. . . . By Lord Viscount Strangford. *London: J. Carpenter*, 1803 [1804, 1805, 1807, 1808, 1810, 1824].)

of the death of Antonio de Noronha (1553), Prince João (1554), Caterina de Athaide (1556), and others dear to him. He found his country given up to greed and mean-spirited gloom :

> " O favor com que mais se accende o engenho
> Não o da a patria, não, que está mettida
> No gosto da cubiça e na rudeza
> D'uma austera, apagada e vil tristeza."[1]

The coinage had been debased, and in the preceding summer (1569) a plague of unusual violence had ravaged the city of Lisbon, five and six and seven hundred persons perishing daily, and had not even now wholly subsided, so that the passengers of the *Santa Clara* were not allowed to disembark immediately. A solemn procession was held after the plague, on April 20, 1570, probably a few days after Camões had landed. He may have taken part in it, and had full opportunity to contrast the present desolation with the gay scenes of the Corpus Christi procession, eighteen years before. His object now was to publish the *Lusiads*, and through the influence of Dom Manoel de Portugal,[2] the poet and friend of Sá de Miranda, he was able to obtain the necessary permission. The royal privilege is dated September 23, 1571. It speaks of the poem as " a work in *octava rima* called the *Lusiadas*, which contains ten complete Cantos, in which are set forth poetically in verse the principal deeds of the Portuguese in India since the discovery made by

[1] *Lus.*, x. 145.

[2] Dr. Storck thinks that the ode *A quem darão* was addressed by Camões to Dom Manoel de Portugal not before, but immediately after, the publication of the *Lusiads*.

order of the late King Manoel, my great-grandfather,"[1] and says that "if the said Luis de Camões shall add other Cantos these shall also be printed, with the permission of the Holy Office."[2] The *censura* allowed the poem to pass, making no excision even of the pagan deities—*esta fabula dos Deuses na obra*—"since it is a poem and fiction, and the author as a poet only wishes to adorn thereby his poetic style;"[3] provided that it be "recognized as a fable and without detriment to the truth of our holy faith, since all the Gods of the Gentiles are Demons."[4] The censor adds that "the author shows in the poem much skill and much learning in the human sciences."[5] The *Lusiads* appeared in 1572.[6] A few weeks after its publication

[1] "hũa obra em Octaua rima chamada *Os Lusiadas* que contem dez cantos perfeitos na qual por ordem poetica em versos se declarão os principaes feitos dos Portugueses nas partes da India depois que se descobrio a nauegação para ellas por mãdado del Rey dom Manoel meu visauo, que sancta gloria aja."

[2] "e se o dito Luis de Camões tiuer acrescentados mais algũs Cantos tambem se imprimerão auendo pera isso licença do sancto offiicio."

[3] "Como isto he Poesia & fingimento & o Autor como poeta não pertenda mais que ornar o estilo Poetico não tiuemos por inconueniente. . . ."

[4] "conhecendoa por tal, & ficando salua a verdade de nossa sancta fe, que todos os Deoses dos Gẽtios sam Demonios."

[5] "o Autor mostra nelle muito engenho & muita erudição das sciencias humanas."

[6] OS
LVSIADAS
de Luis de Camoẽs.
Com privilegio
real.
Impressos em Lisboa, com licença da
sancta Inquisição & do Ordinario: em casa de Antonio
Goçaluez Impressor
1572.

the poet received from the King a pension of 15,000 *réis* a year for three years. The decree (*alvará*) is dated July 28, 1572, and runs: "I the King . . . having regard to the service which Luis de Camões, knight of my household, has rendered me in India during many years, and to that which I hope he will render me in the future, and to the knowledge I have of his gifts and ability and to the sufficiency which he showed in the book written by him concerning the things of India, am pleased to grant him a pension of 15,000 *réis*.[1] In 1575 (*alvará* of August 2) and 1578 (*alvará* of June 2) the pension was renewed for three more years in each case, and in 1582 (*alvará* of May 31) King Philip II. granted to "*Ana de Sá, Mãi de Luis de*

(*ff.* 186). It contains nothing but the *privilegio*, *censura*, and text. A second edition (*ff.* 186), bearing the same date (1572), has numerous variants of print and spelling. The edition in which the pelican on the title-page turns its head to its left is probably the *editio princeps*. That in which the pelican turns its head to its right is in all probability a later edition, made, perhaps, before 1582 (when the original privilege of ten years would expire), or even later, to avoid the necessity of submitting the edition to the Inquisition, perhaps when the examiner of books for the press was some priest less liberal than the Frey Bertholameu Ferreira, who signed the original *censura*. (He, however, remained in this office till 1603.) If the object was to pass off the new edition as the *editio princeps*, it was an extraordinarily clumsy imitation. Mariz writes in 1613 that "the poem has been held in such honour that, contrary to the propensity of the Portuguese to esteem foreign things more than their own, over 12,000 copies of it have been printed in Portugal."

[1] "Eu ElRey . . . avendo respeito ao seruiço que Luis de Camões caualleiro fidalgo de minha casa me tem feyto nas partes da India por muitos annos e ao que espero que ao diante me fará e a informaçam que tenho de seu engenho e habilidade e a suficiencia [*muita sciencia* would be a better description] que mostrou no livro que fez das cousas da India ey por bem e me praz de lhe fazer merce de quinze mil reis de tenca em cada hum anno."

Camões," "considering the services which he rendered in India and in Portugal, and that she, Anna de Sá, is very old and poor, and that he left no other heir,"[1] 6,000 of the 15,000 *réis*, which was later (*alvará* of February 5, 1585) increased to the full 15,000. At the present day 15 *milreis* is worth about £3, but at that time many officials had salaries of even less than that sum.[2] It is clear, however, that even had it been regularly paid, it would but enable him barely to live. Mariz agrees with Couto as regards his extreme poverty, and Severim de Faria says that this pension of 15,000 *réis* was so small that, "considering whom it was for, we may justly call it no favour at all."[3] Mariz, perhaps, even exaggerates this poverty. After Camões' arrival at Lisbon, he says, "he finished composing and perfecting the Cantos which he had brought already written from India, and had saved with great difficulty, as he says in the stanza mentioned above [*Lus.*, x. 128]. And in the year 1572 he printed them, and was obliged to remain at the Court[4] in order to receive the small pension which the King had granted him, but always in such poverty that, when Ruy Diaz da Camara, a well-known *fidalgo*, asked him to make a verse trans-

[1] "auendo respeito aos serviços que elle fez na India e no reino, e a ella Ana de Sá ser muyto velha e pobre e delle não ficar outro erdeiro."

[2] Among those given by Dr. Storck is that of Caterina de Athaide as lady-in-waiting: ten *milreis* a year. *Cf.* the prices in Gil Vicente's *Auto de Mofina Mendes* (1534) and *Auto da Barca do Purgatorio* (1518).

[3] "a mercê que lhe fez el Rey D. Sebastião d'uma pequena tença e tal que em sua comparação justamente lhe podemos chamar nenhuma."

[4] From this one might gather that Camões had wished to leave Lisbon, possibly to live at Coimbra.

lation of the Penitential Psalms, and the poet for all his urging did not make the translation, the nobleman went to him and, complaining, asked him why he did not carry out his promise, made so long ago, seeing that he was so great a poet and had composed so celebrated a poem; but the poet answered, that when he wrote those Cantos he was young and in love, living in plenty, loved and honoured, and loaded with many gifts and favours from friends and ladies, which excited his poetic ardour, but that now he had not heart or content for anything, for here was his Jáo asking him for a few pence to buy coal, and he had no money to give him."[1] And Mariz insists that he found no favour with King Sebastian (*não teue graça com esse Rey*), and lived in such poverty that Jáo, the slave he had brought with him from Africa, begged for his master in the streets at night; a statement probably entirely unfounded.[2] A story of these years, which has a greater air of truth, relates that Camões threatened to ask the King to

[1] "Depois disto acabou de compor & limar estes seus Cantos q̃ da India trazia cõpostos: & no seu naufragio saluára com grande trabalho como elle diz na octava acima referida. E logo no anno de setenta & dous os imprimio & ficou residindo em Corte por obrigação da tensinha que el Rey lhe dèra. Mas tam pobre sempre q̃ pedindolhe Ruy Diaz da Camara, fidalgo bem conhecido, lhe traduzisse em verso os Psalmos Penitenciaes: & não acabando de o fazer, por mais que para isso o estimulaua, se foy a elle o fidalgo & perguntandolhe queyxoso porque lhe não acabaua de fazer o que lhe prometèra hauia tanto tempo, sendo tam grande Poeta & que tinha composto tam famoso Poema: elle lhe respondeo q̃ quando fezera aquelles Cantos era mancebo, farto & namorado, querido & estimado, & cheo de muytos fauores & merces de amigos & de damas com que o calor Poetico se augmentaua: E que agora não tinha espiritu nem contentamento para nada: Porque aly estaua o seu Iào, que lhe pedia duas moedas para caruão & elle as não tinha para lhas dar."

[2] "De noyte pedia esmola para o ajudar a sustentar."

change the *réis* into lashes for the officials whose duty it was to pay the pension.[1]

When King Sebastian set out on the ill-fated African expedition on June 25, 1578, the poet Diogo Bernardes, not Camões, accompanied him. When the news came of the disastrous battle of Alcacer-Kebir, in which the King and over a hundred of the principal Portuguese nobility perished (August 4, 1578), Camões was probably already ill, and the plague was again raging at Lisbon, some 80,000 persons dying in the years 1579 and 1580. The Cardinal Henrique (1512-1580), son of King Manoel, and heir to the throne, died on January 31, making the way plain for King Philip II. Probably the last words written by Camões were those addressed in a letter to Dom Francisco de Almeida, Captain-General of the district of Lamego: "And thus my life ends, and all will see that I loved my country so well that I was not only content to die in it, but to die with it."[2] He died probably in hospital—*morreu quasi no desamparo*, says Corrêa—and may have been buried in a common grave with others who died of plague. Mariz, evidently from hearsay, states that he was buried

[1] This anecdote was first printed in the 1626 edition of the *Lusiads: Os Lusiadas de Luys de Camões. Em Lisboa. Por Pedro Crasbeeck, Impressor del Rey*, An. 1626. The brief preface is signed by Lourenço Crasbeeck, who speaks of the smallness of Camões' pension, and says that "such was the difficulty of obtaining payment that the author often said he would ask the King to order that the 10,000 [*sic*] *réis* should be turned into 10,000 lashes for the officials—taõ estreita merce & taõ trabalhosa na arrecadaçaõ q̃ dizia muitas vezes o Autor que hauia de pedir a elRey q̃ lhe mãdasse comutar aquelles dez mil reis de tẽça em dez mil açoutes nos Almoxarifes."

[2] "E assi acabarei a vida, e verão todos que fui tão affeiçoado á minha patria que não só me contentei de morrer nella mas com ella."

in the Church of Santa Anna,[1] and gives this epitaph: "*Aqui jaz Luis de Camões, Principe dos Poetas de seu tempo.* Viveo pobre & miserauelmente & assi morreo. Anno de 1579. Esta campa lhe mandou aqui pôr Dom Gonçallo Coutinho. Na qual senão enterrarâ persoa algũa." But the real date of his death was June 10, 1580.[2] He probably had not heard of the two Spanish translations[3] of the *Lusiads*, the *imprimatur* of the first of which is dated March 27, 1580, nor of the sonnet in which Tasso (1544-1595) refers to him as the "*colto e buon Luigi.*" When Philip II. entered Lisbon, a year after Camões' death, his first inquiry is said to have been for the great Portuguese poet.

It is necessary to dwell at length on Camões' life, since his life to a greater degree than that of any other poet is intimately connected with his poetry, and without knowledge of the "*peregrinacões & successos varios*"[4] of his life, many passages in his works become meaningless. His poems had been his constant companion, and had probably saved his life, so that it was but fair that he should save his poems at the mouth of the Mekong. Thus his most famous *Canção* begins:

[1] Perhaps from a confusion with the *Hospital de Santa Anna.* What were presumed to be his remains were removed in the nineteenth century to Belem, and now lie in a tomb in a small side chapel of the church, with the tombs of Vasco da Gama and King Sebastian.

[2] Decree of November 13, 1582, granting to Anna de Sá 6,765 réis due to Luis de Camões "from 1 January, 1580, to 10 June of the same year, when he died—*desde Janeiro do anno de* 1880 *até* 10 *de Junho d'elle, em que falleceu.*"

[3] *Los Lusiadas de Luis de Camões* traduzidos en octava rima castellana por Benito Caldera. *Alcalá de Henares*, 1580. *La Lusiada de el famoso poeta Luys de Camões*, traduzida . . . por . . . Luys Gomes de Tapia. *Salamanca*, 1580.

[4] *Severim de Faria.*

" Vinde cá meu tão certo secretario
Dos queixumes que sempre ando fazendo,
Papel, com quem a pena desaffogo."

(Come, faithful confidant of all my griefs, paper to whom I am ever telling my sorrow.)

No poet gains more by being read and re-read; his poems are like the leaves of some plant which require to be well crushed before they give out their full scent. And his work must be read in its entirety, not only the *Lusiads*, but the beautiful sonnets, the magnificent *canções*, all gold and ivory and worthy of Petrarca, the many exquisite *redondilhas*, the odes and elegies and *outavas*, the splendid eclogues.[1] He has been so often called the author of the *Lusiads*,[2] the prince of heroic

[1] The more recent editions of Camões (complete works) are:

Obras completas de Luis de Camões, correctas e emendadas pelo cuidado e diligencia de J. V. Barreto Feio e J. G. Monteiro. 3 vol. *Hamburgo*, 1834.

Obras de Luiz de Camões. Precedidas de um ensaio biographico, no qual se relatam alguns factos não conhecidos da sua vida, augmentadas com algumas composicões ineditas do poeta. Pelo Visconde de Juromenha. 6 vol. *Lisboa*, 1860-1869. (Vol. i. contains life, bibliography, and documents.)

Obras completas de Luiz de Camões. 7 vol. *Porto*, 1873-74.

Obras completas de Luiz de Camões. Nova [popular] edição. 3 vol. *Lisboa*, 1912.

Unfortunately none of these editions distinguish between the poems written by Camões and those (over a quarter of the whole) written by other poets, and many splendid poems of Diogo Bernardes (quite gratuitously accused of having stolen Camões' *Parnaso*) are, for instance, printed among Camões' works. Storck translated the whole, including no less than 362 sonnets.

[2] The *Lusiads* have been translated into English by R. Fanshaw (*London*, 1655). W. J. Mickle (*Oxford*, 1776; *Oxford*, 1778; *Dublin*, 1791; *London*, 1798; *London*, 1807; *London*, 1809; *London*, 1810—in Johnson's Poets; *Boston*, 1822; *London*, 1877). T. M. Musgrave (*London: Murray*, 1826). L. Mitchell (*London*, 1854). R. F. Duff

poets, that it is apt to be forgotten that he is essentially lyrical.[1] The lyric poet appears continually even in the *Lusiads*. As a writer of lyrics no less than as an epic poet he stands supreme in Portuguese poetry:

> "Os mais são collinas
> Elle é a montanha."[2]

Of his sonnets, the best known and perhaps the most beautiful is that on the death of Caterina de Athaide:

> "Alma minha gentil que te partiste
> Tam cedo d'esta vida descontente,
> Repousa lá no ceo eternamente
> E viva eu cá na terra sempre triste!
> Se lá no assento ethereo onde subiste
> Memoria d'esta vida se consente,

(*Lisbon*, 1880). R. Burton, with the lyrics (*London: Quaritch*, 1880, 1884). J. J. Aubertin (*London*, 1878; *London*, 1884. None of these translations give an adequate idea of the original.

[1] His lyrical poems were not published till fifteen years after his death: *Rythmas de Luis de Camões*. Divididas em cinco partes. *Lisboa: Manoel de Lyra*, 1595. Germany is the only country that possesses Camões' complete works, in a translation by Dr. Storck, of unfailing excellence. Take, for instance, the version of *Aquella cativa:*

> "Jene Sklavin, ach,
> Deren Sklav Ich bin
> Ganz mit Seel' und Sinn
> Stellt mir tödtlich nach;
> Ich erblickte nie
> Eine Ros' im Kranz
> Die an Reiz und Glanz
> Reicher war als sie.
> Schöner strahlen nicht
> Blumen auf dem Feld
> Stern' am Himmelszelt
> Als ihr Angesicht," etc.

[2] João de Deus. But it is unfair that the mountain should entirely overshadow the delightfully scented hills.

Não te esqueças de aquelle amor ardente
Que já nos olhos meus tam puro viste!
E se vires que pode merecer-te
Alguma cousa a dôr que me ficou
Da magoa, sem remedio, de perder-te,
Roga a Deus, que teus annos encurtou,
Que tam cedo de cá me leve a ver-te
Quam cedo de meus olhos te levou!"

(Meek spirit, who so early didst depart,
Thou art at rest in Heaven! I linger here,
And feed the lonely anguish of my heart;
Thinking of all that made existence dear.
All lost! If in this happy world above
Remembrance of this mortal life endure
Thou wilt not then forget the perfect love
Which still thou see'st in me.—O spirit pure!
And if the irremediable grief,
The woe which never hopes on earth relief,
May merit aught of thee, prefer thy prayer
To God, who took thee early to His rest,
That it may please Him soon amid the blest
To summon me, dear maid! to meet thee there!)[1]

Almost equally beautiful is that which tells of their parting:

"Aquella triste e leda madrugada,
Cheia toda de magoa e piedade,
Emquanto houver no mundo saudade
Quero que seja sempre celebrada.
Ella só, quando amena e marchetada
Saia, dando á terra claridade,

[1] The version is Southey's, printed by Adamson. Needless to say, "amid the blest" and "Dear maid!" are entirely Southey's, and have no equivalent in the original. Nor is "meek" the right word for *gentil* (gracious, fair, pleasant).

Viu apartar-se de uma outra vontade
Que nunca poderá ver-se apartada ;
Ella só viu as lagrimas em fio
Que, de uns e de outros olhos derivadas,
Juntando-se formaram largo rio ;
Ella ouviu as palavras magoadas
Que poderão tornar o fogo frio
E dar descanso ás almas condenadas."

(That dawn which sadly rose yet joyfully,
But rose all fraught with sorrow and with pain,
While in the world regret and tears remain
I trust may never unremembered be.
For it alone, as in clear majesty
It came and to the earth brought light again,
Beheld will part from will and cleft in twain
That still must ever live in unity.
And it alone saw tears unceasing flow
From those eyes and from these, sorrow-distressed,
Forming together a long stream of woe ;
It listened to the words in grief expressed
That shall have power to change e'en fire to snow
And unto souls in agony give rest.)

Camões shared Sá de Miranda's admiration for Garcilaso de la Vega :

"O brando e doce Lasso castelhano ;"

and some of his earliest poems were written in the new style ; but he also delighted in the older popular poetry of legend and *cantiga, cantigas muito velhas* such as those sung in the *Auto de Filodemo*. What could be more delightful and natural than his *voltas* to the lines :

"Menina dos olhos verdes
Porque me não vedes ?"

Or to : "Saudade minha
Quando vos veria."

Or : " Verdes são os campos
De côr de limão."

Or : " Nasce estrella d'alva,
A manhã se vem ;
Despertae, minha alma,
Não durmaes, meu bem."

Or the *redondilhas* to the fair captive, with their reminiscence of Santillana's—

" Moza tan fermosa
Non vi en la frontera ":

" Aquella cativa
Que me tem cativo,
Porque nella vivo,
Já não quer que viva.
Eu nunca vi rosa
Em suaves molhos
Que para meus olhos
Fosse mais formosa.
Nem no campo flores
Nem no ceo estrellas
Me parecem bellas
Como os meus amores."

(She, the fair captive,
Steals my liberty,
She, the life of me,
Suffers me not to live.
Never in my sight
Beauty of the rose,
That so sweetly grows,
Seemed more exquisite.
Stars in heaven above,
Flowers of the field,
All in beauty yield
Unto her I love.)

Several passages in his lyrical works show that he early had the desire to be the Portuguese Virgil, if not to outshadow Homer.[1] Many other Portuguese poets had entertained the same ambition. No doubt Cantos 3 and 4 of the *Lusiads*[2] were written before Camões left Portugal for India in 1553. Canto 3 contains the episode of the love and death of Inés de Castro, whom he would connect with Caterina de Athaide; Canto 4 contains the spirited description of the Battle of Aljubarrota (stanzas 30-44):

"Muitos tambem do vulgo vil sem nome
Vão, e tambem dos nobres, ao profundo,
Onde o trifauce cão perpetua fome
Tem das almas que passam deste mundo;
E porque mais aqui se amanse e dome
A soberba do inimigo furibundo,
A sublime bandeira Castelhana
Foi derribada aos pés da Lusitana.

Aqui a fera batalha se encruece
Com mortes, gritos, sangue e cutiladas,
A multidão da gente que perece
Tem as flores da propria côr mudadas,
Já as costas dão e as vidas, já fallece
O furor e sobejam as lançadas;
Já de Castella o Rei desbaratado
Se vê, e de seu proposito mudado.

O campo vae deixando ao vencedor,
Contente de lhe não deixar a vida;
Seguem-no os que ficaram, e o temor

[1] *Cf.* the lines in the eclogue *Cantando por um valle docemente:*

"Podeis fazer que cresça d'hora em hora
O nome Lusitano, e faça inveja
A Esmirna, que d'Homero s'engrandece."

[2] The word *Lusiadas* (= Portuguese) was, apparently, coined by André Falcão de Resende in a Latin poem in the year 1531.

Lhe dá não pés mas asas á fugida.
Encobrem no profundo peito a dôr
Da morte, da fazenda despendida,
Da magoa, da deshonra e triste nojo
De ver outrem triumphar de seu despojo."
(Stanzas 41-43.)

(Here of the common crowd without a name
Sink many, and of the nobility,
To depths where Cerberus with e'er the same
Hunger awaits souls that from this world flee;
And furthermore to conquer and to tame
The pride and fury of the enemy,
The lofty banner of Castilla at last
To the foot of Lusitania's flag is cast.

But here the battle deepens, with many a death,
Clamour, and shedding of blood, and furious thrust,
At sight of thousands yielding their last breath
Men pale and flee, but still they bite the dust,
For now they fall the serried spears beneath
Although of slaying dies their frenzied lust;
And now Castilla's King, of victory cheated,
Sees all his army melt, his plans defeated.

Now to the victor must he leave the field,
Glad not his life to leave away he hies;
His few surviving followers with him yield,
Fear to his flight not feet but wings supplies.
To death and sorrow now their hearts are steeled
And loss of all their friends and fortune's prize,
Disgrace and agony and cruel woe,
To see men triumph in their overthrow.)

Both Cantos tell of the deeds of the Portuguese which Camões wished to celebrate *carmine perpetuo*. But unless, like the old Chronicles, he was to begin with Adam and proceed with little succinct descriptions of each reign, he must find some central theme in which to set his picture, and what could better serve his

purpose than an account of those discoveries which had now made Portugal in some sense the centre of Europe? The earlier history was worked in the narrative of Vasco da Gama to the King of Melinde, and of Paulo da Gama to the *Catual* of Calecut; and the later history in the prophecies of the gods who figure so prominently in the work. Thus his purpose was now clear:

> "As armas e os barões assinalados
> Que da occidental praia lusitana
> Por mares nunca de antes navegados
> Passaram ainda além da Taprobana.
>
> "E tambem as memorias gloriosas
> D'aquelles reis que foram dilatando
> A fé e o imperio. . . ."
>
> (*Lus.* i. 1, 2.)

(Arms and the men I sing of noble fame
Who from fair Lusitania's western shore
Even further than Ceylon's far island came,
Traversing seas ne'er traversèd before . . .

And also glorious memories of those Kings
Who empire and the faith extended far. . . .)

But it may be said, what could be more tedious than a heroic poem without a hero, with a whole nation for its hero, a poem dealing with an enterprise more remote than that of Godefroi de Bouillon to the Holy Land, which provided Tasso with the subject of his *Gerusalemme Liberata?* Add to this the introduction of the marvellous, the cloying use[1] of classical mythology, the title[2] of the poem, often misconstrued as a feminine

[1] In six lines of the eclogue *Cantando* occur Helicon, Pegasus, Calliope, Thalia, Mars, Minerva, the Parnassus, the Pierides.

[2] In the poem itself the Portuguese are not called *Os Lusiadas*, but *A gente lusitana, Os de Luso, Lusitanos, Gente de Luso, Portugueses.*

abstract term, as in one of the Spanish versions of 1580, and there is no cause for wonder that those who have not read the *Lusiads* have found it extraordinarily dull. Those who read it soon change their opinion. What has struck all the critics is the great sense of reality[1] in this poem, by which it excels the poems of Tasso[2] and Ariosto. Alexander von Humboldt called Camões a great painter of the sea, and sweet indeed were the uses of the adversity which drove Camões to portray from direct observation the scenes of Vasco da Gama's voyage. Whether he is describing the arrival of the ships with purple banners flying (ii. 73), or the first land appearing like clouds on the horizon (v. 25), or the frightened natives leaping from their canoes into the water "like frogs" (ii. 26, 27), or a *tromba* and the sun sucking up the water (v. 18-22), or the sea becalmed and windless:

"O vento dorme, o mar e as ondas jazem" (ii. 110);

"Um subito silencio enfreia os ventos
E faz ir docemente murmurando
As aguas" (x. 6);

or "the coral growing beneath the water" (ii. 77)

—everywhere there is the same vivid realism. As Camões knew well, "mere knowledge and actual experience are as different as are consoling and being consoled."[3] The following description of the storm

[1] Camões felt himself (*Lus.* i. 11 and v. 23 and 89) that the subject of his poem needed no fantastic embellishments.

[2] *Os Lusiadas* has 1,102 stanzas, 8,816 lines, about half the length of *La Gerusalemme Liberata.*

[3] Letter from Africa, *Esta vae.* Garção, a Portuguese poet quoted by Senhor Braga, says: "*Lusiads* are not written in the lap of luxury —*em toalhas de Flandres.*"

off the Cape of Good Hope, in the elegy *O poeta Simonides*, deserves to be set side by side with that of Adamastor (*Lus.* v. 37-60) or the storm in *Lus.* vi. 70-91:

"Eis a noite com nuvens s' escurece,
Do ar subitamente foge o dia;
E todo o largo Oceano s'embravece.

"A machina do mundo parecia
Qu'em tormentas se vinha desfazendo;
Em serras todo o mar se convertia.

"Luctando o Boreas fero e Noto horrendo
Sonoras tempestades levantavam,
Das naos as velas concavas rompendo.

"As cordas co'o ruido assoviavam;
Os marinheiros, já desesperados,
Com gritos para o ceo o ar coalhavam.

"Os raios por Vulcano fabricados
Vibrava o fero e aspero Tonante,
Tremendo os Polos ambos de assombrados."

(But lo, the night looms dark with many a cloud
As suddenly in blackness day is furled,
And the whole Ocean wide grows fierce and proud.

It seems that the foundations of the world
Are being loosed and torn in hurricane,
And all the sea in surging mountains hurled.

The wild North wind and fell South strive amain
And draw the loud-voiced tempest from its lair,
Till the sails swell and crack beneath the strain.

The rigging whistles shrill, and in despair
The sailors now to Heaven raise their cries
And all dismayed with loud shouts fill the air,

While Vulcan's lightning-flashes in the skies
Are swiftly by the dreadful Thunderer whirled,
And either Pole in wonder trembling lies.)

When the poem entitled *Os Lusiadas* begins, with a brief invocation to the nymphs of the Tagus and a dedication to King Sebastian, Vasco da Gama is seen to be already on the high seas (i. 19). The sails were set, and fair the light winds blew :

> "Já no largo Oceano navegavam,
> As inquietas ondas apartando ;
> Os ventos brandamente respiravam
> Das naos as velas concavas inchando ;
> Da branca escuma os mares se mostravam
> Cobertos, onde as proas vão cortando
> As maritimas aguas consagradas,
> Que do gado de Proteo são cortadas."

And while the Portuguese sail on through seas *nunca de antes navegados* the gods sit in council, Venus and Mars being favourable, Bacchus bitterly, treacherously hostile, to the Portuguese; as is proved when Gama arrives at Mozambique. After the treachery of the natives of Mombaça the Portuguese meet with a friendly reception from the King of Melinde (Canto 2), to whom Vasco da Gama relates his voyage (Canto 5) and the history of Portugal (Cantos 3 and 4), from Count Henrique, "son of a King of Hungary,"[1] Ega Moniz (the Portuguese Regulus), Affonso Henriques and the battle of Ourique, to the Constable Nuno Alvares Pereira and Aljubarrota (August 14, 1385), and so on to the reigns of João I., Duarte, Affonso V., João II., and Manoel. Canto 3 (stanzas 118-135) tells of the death of Inés "*nos saudosos campos do Mondego*" (January 7, 1355) :

[1] *Cf.* "Nos Hungaro o fazemos, porém nado
Crêm ser em Lotharingia os estranjeiros."
(*Lus.* viii. 9).

" Assim como a bonina que cortada
Antes do tempo foi, candida e bella,
Sendo das mãos lascivas maltratada
Da menina que a trouxe na capella
O cheiro traz perdido e a côr murchada:
Tal está morta a pallida donzella,
Seccas do rosto as rosas e perdida
A branca e viva côr co'a doce vida.[1]

" As filhas do Mondego a morte escura
Largo tempo chorando memoraram,
E por memoria eterna em fonte pura
As lagrimas choradas transformaram;
O nome lhe puzeram, que inda dura,
Dos amores de Inés que alli passaram:
Vêde que fresca fonte rega as flores,
Que lagrimas são a agua e o nome amores."
(Stanzas 134, 135.)

(As in girl's thoughtless fingers witherèd
A fair white flower, culled before its time
To lie crushed idly upon breast or head,
Loses the scent and colour of its prime,
So now the pale young maiden lieth dead,
The roses from her face a cruel crime
Has banished, and the living hue is gone
With ebbing life that once there clearly shone.

The daughters of Mondego long with tears
Of her dark death kept fresh the memory,
And, that remembrance might outlive the years,
Of tears thus shed a crystal spring supply;

[1] *Cf.* the lines of the sonnet *Os olhos onde*, referring no doubt to Caterina de Athaide (who, however, died in 1556, and therefore probably *after* the Inés episode was written):

" Perfeita formosura em tenra edade
Qual flor que antecipada foi colhida
Murchada está da mão da morte dura,
Como não morre Amor de piedade?"

The name they gave it then even now it bears,
The love of Inés there to signify;
How clear a spring the flowers from above
Waters—in tears it flows, its name is love.)

At the end of Canto 5 Camões laments that poetry is held in small esteem in Portugal, and in Canto 6 Vasco da Gama leaves Melinde, but Velloso is interrupted in his tale of *Magriço e os Doze de Inglaterra*[1] by a storm brewed by Neptune at Bacchus' request. At the beginning of Canto 7 the ships arrive safely at Calecut, and Vasco da Gama disembarks. The *Catual* visits the captain's ship, which is decked with silken banners representing the history and illustrious men of Portugal. This gives occasion for a second historical narrative, and Paulo da Gama, Vasco's brother, tells of the Portuguese heroes—a goodly company, from Luso and Ulysses to those of the fifteenth century. But now the Portuguese set sail for home (Canto 9)—

"Da parte Oriental para Lisboa"

—and Venus prepares for them an island of delight (perhaps one of the Azores). There grow the orange and apple and lemon, the cherry and the grape, pomegranate, pear and mulberry. Elms, bays, myrtles, pines, and cypresses give shade to this land of roses and of lilies, red and white. In Canto 10 Tethys in the island tells of the subsequent deeds of the Portuguese in India, of Pacheco, Affonso d'Albuquerque (1453-1515), and João de Castro (1500-1548); and

[1] Stanzas 42-69—the story of twelve Portuguese knights who went, eleven by sea, Magriço by land, to uphold the honour of twelve ladies at the English Court against twelve knights of England.

Gama at length reaches Lisbon, the poem ending (stanzas 146-156) with an invocation to King Sebastian. With plain signs of discouragement in the last three Cantos, through illness, shipwreck, and poverty, Camões thus carried his achievement triumphantly to its conclusion. "No more, my Muse, no more," he cries in stanza 145:

> "Não mais, Musa, não mais que a lyra tenho
> Destemperada e a voz enrouquecida,
> E não do canto, mas de ver que venho
> Cantar a gente surda e endurecida."

> (No more, my Muse, no more, my voice is hoarse,
> And out of tune are all my lyre's strings,
> And not from singing, rather from remorse
> To sing for those still deaf to him who sings.)

In stanza 146, as one utterly unknown to the King, he is fain humbly to sing his own praises, and offers the King--

> "Para servir-vos, braço ás armas feito;
> Para cantar-vos, mente ás Musas dada."

> (To serve you, hands that oft in war have striven,
> To sing you, thoughts still to the Muses given.)

Camões' keen sense of reality saved him alike from pedantries and excessive suavity in his *numeroso canto e melodia* and *tom suave e brando.* His unfailing naturalness and the clear transparency[1] of his style—

[1] *E.g.*, "O prado as flores brancas e vermelhas
Está suavemente presentando;
As doces e solicitas abelhas
Com susurro agradavel vão voando;

his *estillo deleytoso*[1]—impart movement and life, so that occasional defects and uglinesses[2] are carried away, like sticks in a river, by the smooth flow of his verse. He did not always maintain the same high level, but the number of poems of great beauty and excellence written by him in the most varied kinds is extraordinarily large.

When Camões lay dying it is said that he gave his last and only possession—a copy of *Os Lusiadas*—to the priest who had attended him, and that after his death the priest wrote in it the following words in Spanish: "How grievous a thing to see so great a genius brought so low! I saw him die in a hospital at Lisbon, without so much as a sheet to cover him, after having been victorious in the East Indies, and after having sailed 5500 leagues by sea. What a

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As candidas, pacificas ovelhas
Das hervas esquecidas, inclinando
As cabeças estão ao som divino
Que faz, passando, o Tejo crystallino."

(The meadow now with flowers red and white
Decks itself in fresh splendour, softly fair;
And the sweet active bees' unceasing flight
With a deep pleasant murmur fill the air;
The white and peaceful sheep, forgetful quite
Now of their pasture, have no other care
But only listening their heads t' incline
To the sound of crystal Tagus' flow divine.)

[1] Severim de Faria.

[2] *E.g.*, "Um freio lhe está pondo e lei terribil
Que os limites não passe do possibil."

"Mas quão conformes são na quantidade
Tão differentes são na qualidade."
(In the eclogue *Que grande variedade.*)

warning to those who by night and day wear themselves away in profitless efforts to spin webs like spiders in order to catch flies!" [1]

> " Ihr durchstudiert die gross' und kleine Welt
> Um es am Ende gehen zu lassen
> Wie's Gott gefällt."

But could Camões have known how important was to become his bequest to his country, he would have received in his last moments the comfort which this priest was apparently unable to give. It remained for him after a life of misfortune to reap a long harvest of posthumous fame:

> " Mas se lhe foy fortuna escasa em vida
> Não lhe pode tirar depois da morte
> Hum rico emparo de sua fama e gloria." [2]

In the first place, he fixed the Portuguese language so that scarcely a word has altered [3]; and, secondly, he became (especially in 1640) the watchword of Portu-

[1] " Qué cosa más lastimosa que ver un tan grande ingenio tan mallogrado. Yo lo bi morir en un hospital en Lisboa sin tener una sabana con que cobrirse, despues de aver triunfado en la India Oriental, de aver navegado 5500 leguas por mar! Qué aviso tan grande para los que de noche y dia se cansan estudiando sin provecho, como las arañas en urdir telas para cazar moscas." It must be confessed that the description does not suit Camões well, since he had not " triumphed " in India, and had sailed much more than 5500 leagues.

[2] From the sonnet by Diogo Bernardes in praise of Camões, as quoted by Severim de Faria, who says of Bernardes : " In the pastoral style he is unexcelled."

[3] *Cf.* João de Deus:

> " Os Lusiadas estão como na hora!
> Tres seculos e nada,
> Nem uma lettra unica apagada!"

guese liberty and independence. Oliveira Martins[1] says that "the *Lusiads*, written in letters of gold on a whiteness of marble, are the epitaph of Portugal and the testament of a people." Rather, the *Lusiads* and the lyrics of Camões are the passport of the Portuguese people, its right and encouragement to live and prosper. The *Lusiads* not only embraces the whole of Portuguese history from Luso to João de Castro, but binds together the vast and scattered empire of Portugal, since there is scarcely a Portuguese colony unmentioned in its pages. In order to appreciate it fully, the reader must be acquainted with the history of Portugal and her colonies; he must have lived in Portugal; he must have watched the tranquil flow of the Tagus, the transparent green waters of the Mondego, which *mansamente até o mar não param*, and from "cool Cintra's height" have seen the ships arriving in the distance; and he must be familiar with the marvels that are Belem and Alcobaça, Thomar and Batalha. If Camões is thus in some sense a local poet, this should intensify, if it does not extend, his fame. His poetry must live or die with his country. He would not have had it otherwise.

[1] *Camões, Os Lusiadas e a Renascença em Portugal* (*Lisboa*, 1891).

CHAPTER VI

ALMEIDA-GARRETT

Poet, dramatist, critic, orator, diplomatist, politician, Almeida-Garrett (1799-1854) was, during the first half of the nineteenth century, a great vivifying influence in Portuguese literature. He dispersed his talents over too broad a field, and with a Portuguese tendency to be vaguely prolix he had little power of concentration. When he did concentrate, the result was admirable, as in his tragedy, *Frei Luiz de Sousa*, or his slender volume of lyrics, *Folhas cahidas*. "Uma peça inteiramente da nossa terra," wrote the poet Antonio Feliciano de Castilho (1800-1875) of another of Garrett's plays, *O Alfageme de Santarem*, and the same might be said of all his works. It is one of his chief claims to greatness that, although he came under the immediate influence of the literatures of England, France, and Germany, he remained in his choice of themes, their treatment, and his style, essentially Portuguese.

João Baptista da Silva Leitão Almeida-Garrett, son of Antonio Bernardo da Silva Garrett and Anna Augusta d'Almeida Leitão, was born at Oporto in February, 1799, but his true home was in the Azores (Ilha Terceira), where his father, who held a high post

in the *Alfandega* (Customs) at Oporto, owned property. He was one of a family of five—four sons and one daughter.[1] The character of the times is brought vividly before us by the anecdote, related in *Viagens na minha terra*, that as a small boy he was punished by his father for buying a portrait of Napoleon at an Oporto fair. When the French invaded Portugal in 1809 his father retired to the island of Terceira, and Garrett's early education was superintended by his uncle, a colonial bishop, subsequently (1812) Bishop of Angra. In 1816 he went to the University of Coimbra, and took his degree there in Law in 1821. He had already written a play, *Corcunda por Amor*, in 1819, and published a *Hymno patriotico* in 1820. In 1821 appeared his poem *O Retrato de Venus*, which led to proceedings against him for abusing the liberty of the Press. The principal accusation seems to have been that he had assigned the creation of the world to Venus, not to Jupiter. He defended his case in person and was acquitted. In August, 1821, his play *Catão* was acted at Lisbon. In the following year he married Luiza Candida Midosi, aged fifteen (November, 1822).

Garrett's impetuous Liberalism rendered him suspect to the authorities. In June, 1823, he left Portugal for England, but returning in August, he was arrested on

[1] Details of his life are to be found in his letters and autobiography, and in Theophilo Braga, *Garrett e o Romantismo* (*Porto*, 1903), and Theophilo Braga, *Garrett e os Dramas Romanticos* (*Porto*, 1905). See also the preface in the translation of *Frei Luiz de Sousa*, by Edgar Prestage (1909), and, in *The Oxford and Cambridge Review*, No. 13 (1911), *The Visconde de Almeida-Garrett and the Revival of the Portuguese Drama*, by Edgar Prestage; and Fidelino de Figueiredo, *Historia da Litteratura romantica portuguesa*, 1913, Chap. I., Garrett, pp. 27-74.

his arrival at Lisbon and exiled. He went to England for the second time, and lived for over a year in the family of Thomas Hadley, near Edgbaston. He here composed a long poem, *O Magriço e os Doze de Inglaterra*, and studied English literature. Unable to find employment in London, he accepted a post in a commercial house at Havre. In France he wrote an elegiac poem in ten cantos, *Camões* (published in 1825), and, as a lighter theme, *Dona Branca* (1826). He was, he says, "all in love with melancholy and romanticism." After the amnesty granted by King João VI. (June, 1824) Garrett wrote (February, 1825) for permission to return to Portugal, but this was refused owing to his "enterprising and revolutionary character" and "unquiet spirit." When he returned after the death of João VI. (1826) he was still kept under police supervision. He founded (October, 1826) the newspaper *O Portuguez*, which was suspended a few months later. Garrett himself was imprisoned, and spent three months in the *Limoeiro*. The year 1826 was eventful, for it saw the abdication of Dom Pedro in favour of his daughter Maria (who was to marry Dom Miguel) and the granting of the famous *Carta*. Despite the *Carta*, however, Dom Miguel was declared absolute King in 1828.[1] For Garrett this resulted in a third visit to England, where, living in London, he published in quick succession *Adozinda* (1828), a collection of his early lyrics entitled *A Lyra*

[1] So it was sung:

"El-rei chegou, el-rei chegou,
Em Belem desembarcou,
O papel não assignou."

de João Minimo (1829), the first volume of *Da Educação* (November, 1829), the second edition of *Catão* (1830), and *Portugal na balança da Europa* (1830).

In June, 1831, King Pedro arrived at Cherbourg from Brazil to fight for the rights of his daughter, Maria da Gloria, against Miguelist absolutism. Garrett left England in December, and in January, 1832, joined as a private soldier a regiment of Chasseurs which included Herculano and other writers, supporters of King Pedro. He disembarked in the Azores and spent some months with his family, working hard at collecting popular poetry for his *Romanceiro* and helping to draw up codes for his party. Finally, on July 8, 1832, the exiles landed at Mindello, and entered Oporto 7,500 strong. All Garrett's papers, comprising *O Magriço* and the second volume of *Da Educação*, were subsequently lost in the *Amelia*, sunk by the Miguelists at the mouth of the Douro. From the fragments of *O Magriço* that remain and from the fact that the poem was still incomplete, although it had attained its twenty-second canto, one cannot help feeling grateful towards the Miguelists, but to a writer even so prolific as Garrett the loss must have been discouraging.

After the final defeat of the Miguelists, Garrett was charged with the general reform of education in Portugal. In June, 1834, he went to Brussels as Portuguese *chargé d'affaires*, but after many annoyances (his salary remaining habitually unpaid) he returned to Portugal in 1836.[1] During these years of discouragement he wrote little, but after the revolution

[1] He had been somewhat summarily replaced at Brussels at the end of 1835, and was first offered the post of Minister at Copenhagen, then that of Rio de Janeiro, which he refused.

of September (1836) he had the ear of the Government, and was able to carry out some of his favourite ideas, such as the foundation of a *Pantheon nacional* (at Belem, where his coffin now lies) and the inauguration of a national theatre. He was appointed General Inspector of Theatres in November, 1836.[1] Without ceasing to take an active part in politics, Garrett rapidly wrote his masterpieces, *Um Auto de Gil Vicente* (1838), *Dona Philippa de Vilhena* (1840), *O Alfageme de Santarem* (1841), *Frei Luiz de Sousa* (1844), *A Sobrinha do Marquez* (1848), in order to provide a *répertoire* for the theatre which he had had great difficulty in founding. At the end of 1836 it had been proposed to transform the old building belonging to the Inquisition in the *Rocio* into a theatre, but it was not till July, 1842, that the work was finally begun.

In 1842 Garrett was in opposition to the Government of Costa Cabral (first Conde de Thomar). In that year an infantry major accused him of having insulted the army, and a duel was fought, which consisted in both Garrett and the major firing into the air. In 1843 a visit to Santarem resulted in *Viagens na minha terra*, one of his most delightful and spontaneous works.[2]

In the same year he wrote an autobiography, a curious work, with many self-laudatory epithets,[3] and

[1] He was also appointed to the ancient office of *Chronista Môr*.

[2] Written when he was living in the Rua do Alecrim: "Eu muitas vezes n'estas suffocadas noites d'estio viajo ate a minha janella para vêr uma nesguita de Tejo que está no fim da rua, e me enganar com uns verdes de arvores que alli vegetam sua laboriosa infancia nos entulhos do Caes do Sodré."

[3] In this autobiography he misdates his birth (February 4, 1802, instead of 1799).

also published the first volume of his *Romanceiro*. Two years later appeared his volume of poems, *Flores sem fructo*, and the first volume of *O Arco de Santa Anna* (the second volume in 1851). *Folhas cahidas*, written between 1846 and 1851, was sent to press in the latter year, but not published until 1853. After Garrett had during many years performed great services, scantily acknowledged, in drawing up constitutions and reforms for various Governments, he was, in January, 1852, created a peer of the realm, and was Minister for Foreign Affairs from March to August of the same year.

In June, 1851, he had been created Visconde de Almeida-Garrett.[1] During part of the summer of 1853 and spring of 1854 he was engaged upon a contemporary novel called *Helena*, which remained unfinished at his death in December, 1854. His life, like his writing, was dissipated in many directions—a series of broken thread-ends. The marvel is that he should have succeeded in writing anything of permanent value. *Folhas cahidas*, *Frei Luiz de Sousa*, *O Alfageme de Santarem*, *Viagens na minha terra* will live as long as the Portuguese language.

Garrett was vain, weak, versatile, sometimes ridiculous, but ingenuous and sincere, a poet and dreamer who was also a political schemer and man of the world; and his real devotion to Portugal and to Portuguese literature led him to make sacrifices which a less self-centred man than Garrett might have rejected. He was

[1] He protests in his will (June 9, 1853) that he had accepted the title solely for the sake of his daughter, and had "very instantly implored" that the first life of it should go to her. He had, however, always shown a certain fondness for titles.

never at pains to disguise his character, and if many took advantage of his *naïveté* and openness, it also won for him a host of real friends. He was, if not a great man, a great poet who loved and served his country well. His principal service to Portuguese poetry was that he freed it from the artificial style of the eighteenth century apparent in his own earlier poems. In his attempt to revive Portuguese drama he failed, for he had no followers worthy of the name, and his war against foreign imitations was also only temporarily successful. But his influence on the character of Portuguese poetry was permanent. He was the first of the Portuguese romantics, through the combined influence upon him of Shakespeare and of the French romantics — he was in France when the battle between the classic and romantic schools was at its height. But his own influence in Portugal did not consist merely in the introduction of a new school of poetry. It was deeper and saner than that. Already in the preface to *Camões* (February 22, 1825) he writes: "I am neither classic nor romantic"; and later (during his stay at Brussels) he learnt from Goethe to bridge the gulf between the two. But his love of simple, popular poetry worked in his own case, and generally in subsequent Portuguese literature, towards a revival of a poetry more natural and sincere, more spontaneous and national.[1] "My fixed idea," he writes, "in matters of art and literature in our peninsula are popular ballads and romances,"[2] and in *Dona Branca* he writes

[1] He was also influenced by the publication of Gil Vicente's works in 1834.

[2] *Viagens na minha terra:* "A minha idéa fixa em coisas de arte e litterarias da nossa peninsula são xácaras e romances populares."

of the stories told by the *lareira* to the sound of crackling chestnuts.[1]

His own poetry is unequal. The tendency to digression,[2] which lends a charm to a prose work such as *Viagens na minha terra*, could not but mar his poetry. Thus in *Dona Branca* the date—June—leads to a hundred lines of reflections on the month of St. John and the climates of England and Portugal. Often, too, his poetry is but prose cut into artificial divisions, as in the following lines from the first canto of *Camões:*

"Nesses tempos
Que heroicos chama o enthusiasta ardente,
Barbaros o philosopho, e que ao certo
Foram pasmosa mescla de virtudes
E atrocidades."

(In those times
Which the ardent enthusiast calls heroic
And the philosopher barbarous, and which certainly
Were a wonderful mixture of virtues
And atrocities.)

And in a poem of *Flores sem fructo*[3] he even introduces the philosopher Hobbes. It is true that he calls him "o rispido britanno," but this is scarcely more poetical. But at his best he is unexcelled in lightness and grace

[1] "Oh magas illusões! oh contos lindos
Que ás longas noites de comprido hynverno
Nossos avós felizes intertinheis
Aopé do amigo lar, ao crebro estallo
Da saltante castanha."

[2] He himself says (preface to *Lyrica de João Minimo*): "As digressões matam-me (Digressions are the death of me)."

[3] This contains early Horatian odes and translations of Horace, Sappho, Alcæus, Anacreon, an imitation of Ossian, etc.

and naturalness. His best poems, and those which he himself preferred,[1] are contained in *Folhas cahidas*. The most famous of them are, perhaps, *Os Cinco Sentidos* and *Não és tu :*

" São bellas, bem o sei, essas estrellas
Mil côres divinaes têem essas flores ;
Mas eu não tenho, amor, olhos para ellas :
Em toda a natureza
Não vejo outra belleza
Senão a ti, a ti.

" Divina, ai ! sim, será a voz que affina
Saudosa na ramagem densa, umbrosa ;
Será, mas eu do rouxinol que trina
Não oiço a melodia
Nem sinto outra harmonia
Senão a ti, a ti," etc.

(Fair in the skies I know stars set and rise,
Colours divine in all these flowers shine ;
But I for stars and flowers, love, have no eyes :
In Nature's majesty
No beauty may I see
But thine, but only thine !

Divinely frail the voice that in soft wail
Sounds from between dense shade and beechen green ;
But I hear not the trill of nightingale,
No sound of melody
Nor other harmony
But thee, but only thee !)

" Era assim ; tinha esse olhar,
A mesma graça, o mesmo ar ;
Côrava da mesma côr

[1] " I do not know whether these verses are good or bad : I know that I like them better than any others that I have written."—Preface to *Folhas cahidas*.

Aquella visão que eu vi
Quando eu sonhava de amor,
Quando em sonhos me perdi," etc.[1]

(Even thus she was; those very eyes,
That very look, the selfsame grace;
The same hue mantled in her face;
Even such the vision fair that crossed
My fancy when I dreamed of love,
When all in dreams my thought was lost.)

Cascaes, too—

" Lá onde se acaba a terra "

—is far from deserving to be smothered in the extravagant praise that "in no literature, ancient or modern, is there anything to be compared with it."[2] Other beautiful poems in *Folhas cahidas* are *Destino*, *Voz e Aroma*, and *Bella Barca:*

" Pescador da barca bella
Onde vas pescar com ella
Que é tam bella
Oh pescador?

" Não ves que a última estrella
No ceo nublado se vela?
Colhe a vela
Oh pescador!" etc.

(Fisherman of the boat so fair
Where wouldst thou fishing go, say where,
Fisherman of the boat so fair?

[1] *Cf.* in the same volume:

" Quando eu sonhava era assim
Que nos meus sonhos a via," etc.

[2] *Garrett e os Dramas Romanticos. Porto*, 1905: "Em nenhuma litteratura, moderna ou antiga, poderá encontrar-se composição que lhe seja comparavel."

See'st thou not in the clouded air
How the last star is hidden? Oh beware,
And furl the sail in thy boat so fair!)

His first important long poem was *Camões* (1825), of which a French translation was published in 1880. It is a poem on a poem (the *Lusiads*). "I know that I am the first to be bold enough to do this," writes Garrett in a letter of the time. It was indeed an original and dangerous experiment, and that it was not wholly unsuccessful proves the lifelike character of Camões' work. The poem opens with an invocation to *Saudade*, and Canto 1 tells of the arrival of Camões at Lisbon from the Indies with an empty purse, his slave Jáo his only friend, and the MS. of the *Lusiads*:

"Meu haver unico,
Todos os meus thesouros são um livro."

In Canto 2 he enters a church, and meets the funeral procession of Natercia (Caterina de Athayde). He is entertained by a monk in his cell (Canto 3), and tells him his adventures, paraphrasing the *Lusiads* (Canto 4). He reads the *Lusiads* to King Sebastian at Cintra, whose enthusiasm it kindles:

"Alma terá pequena e bem mesquinha
O portuguez que não mover tal canto."

Soon afterwards the King leaves on the ill-fated African expedition, and news of the defeat of Alcacer Kebir is brought to Camões on his death-bed, so that his last words are: "Country, we die together—

Patria, ao menos
Juntos morremos."

The finest parts of the poem, so far as concerns the

execution, are the elegy on Natercia and the description of Cintra. Equally Portuguese was the subject of *Dona Branca*, based on old chronicles of fighting between Portuguese and Moors in Algarve. The first edition, written in the "solitude, sadness, and *saudades* of exile," consisted of seven cantos. It was recast in ten cantos (some 4,000 lines) in the second edition (1848). It was his wish, he had said earlier, "to write Portuguese verses in Portuguese and in Portuguese fashion—*fazer versos portuguezes em portuguez e portuguezmente*." In this he was thoroughly successful. His longer poems, sometimes wearisome, continually charm by some native phrase or reference, such as the mention in *Dona Branca* of

> "Agoureiras alcachofras,
> Oraculos d'amor."

In 1838,[1] with *Um Auto de Gil Vicente*, Garrett began seriously to attempt to found a Portuguese drama. Nearly twenty years earlier, in the preface to *Catão* (1822), a play imitated in parts from Addison's *Cato*, he wrote that he had gone to Rome for his subject, but had returned to Portugal, and had thought as a Portuguese for Portuguese. He now chose a Portuguese subject: the love, since proved legendary, of Bernardim Ribeiro—

> "Bernardim que das musas lusitanas
> Primeiro obteve a c'roa d'alvas rosas"

—for the Infanta Beatriz, daughter of King Manoel I. The play was to be "a stone towards the building of our theatre—*uma pedra lançada no edificio do nosso*

[1] Written June–July, 1838; acted August 15, 1838.

theatro." "Gil Vicente," he said, further, in the preface, "had laid the foundation of a national school," but although these foundations were sure, no one had built upon them. Fifty years after Garrett's death this may still be said of the drama in Portugal, Gil Vicente and Garrett remaining the only two outstanding names. *Um Auto de Gil Vicente* has not the concentration of interest attained in Garrett's subsequent plays, and the last scene, in which Bernardim Ribeiro leaps into the Tagus, is a little strained; but the characters of Gil and Paula Vicente, Ribeiro, King Manoel, and the Infanta are clearly and skilfully drawn, and the play has caught the atmosphere of those spacious times of Portugal's greatness.

In 1842 appeared *O Alfageme de Santarem* (sketched in 1839; written at Bemfica in 1841). The play is based on an old Portuguese chronicle, the *Coronica do condestabre de purtugall* (*Lisbon*, 1526), and tells of the struggle between Portugal and Spain, culminating in the Portuguese victory of Aljubarrota in 1385. The principal characters are Fernão Vaz, armourer of Santarem, who gives the title to the play; Alda; the Constable Nun' Alvares Pereira; the traitor, Mendo Paes; his sister, Guiomar; the jovial old priest, Froilão Dias. The interest never flags, from the time when the cutler enters with the song

> "Quem não deve, não deve, não teme
> Espadas e lanças faz o alfageme,"

to the last chorus singing of victory after the battle in which Fernão Vaz has taken part:

> "Já foge o inimigo, de raiva já treme,
> Que ahi vem o alfageme."

Two years[1] after *O Alfageme de Santarem* was written *Frei Luiz de Sousa* (1844), the most dramatic of Garrett's plays. The actors are Manoel de Sousa (afterwards Frei Luiz); his wife, Dona Magdalena de Vilhena; his brother, Frei Jorge Coutinho; his daughter, Dona Maria de Noronha; a Pilgrim (the first husband of Dona Magdalena, Dom João de Portugal, who had disappeared after the Battle of Alcacer Kebir, and now returns after twenty-one years of captivity); and the old servant, Telmo Paes, who has never lost faith in the return of King Sebastian and his master, João de Portugal. Again the theme is intensely national, and Manoel de Sousa is one of the bitter opponents of the Spanish rule in Portugal, setting fire to his house rather than entertain the Spaniard. The first act is pervaded by a Greek horror of foreboding, which is realized in the second act when the Pilgrim appears and tells his story. In the third act Manoel de Sousa and Magdalena both enter the Order of Dominicans, while their daughter Maria dies, the Pilgrim attempting too late to remedy the mischief. The most dramatic scene is that of the second act, in which the Pilgrim appears, and gradually, with a kind of devilish slowness, reveals his dreadful secret[2]:

[1] Difficulties raised by the censorship delayed the acting of the play till 1850.

[2] In a letter of March 7, 1849, Garrett wrote: "Do you know that *Frei Luiz de Sousa* has been translated into German by the Count Luckner and into English by the celebrated Mrs. Norton?" This English translation was never published; but in the *Dublin Review* of January, 1900, appeared *Brother Luiz de Sousa*, a study with translated extracts by Edgar Prestage; and in 1909 *The "Brother Luiz de Sousa" of the Viscount de Almeida-Garrett*, done into English by Edgar Prestage. London: Elkin Mathews. The German translation was published in 1847. It has further been translated into Italian (1852), Spanish (8859), and French (1904).

ACT II., SCENE 14.—MAGDALENA, JORGE, ROMEIRO.

Jorge. Sois portuguez ?

Romeiro. Como os melhores, espero em Deus.

J. E vindes . . . ?

R. Do Sancto-Sepulcro de Jesu Christo.

J. E visitastes todos os Sanctos-Logares ?

R. Não os visitei ; morei lá vinte annos cumpridos.

Magdalena. Sancta vida levastes, bom romeiro.

R. Oxalá ! Padeci muita fome, e não soffri com paciencia : deram-me muitos trattos, e nem sempre os levei com os olhos n'aquelle que alli tinha padecido tanto por mim. . . . Queria rezar, e meditar nos mysterios da Sagrada Paixão que alli se obrou . . . e as paixões mundanas, e as lembranças dos que se chamavam meus segundo a carne, travavam-me do coração e do espirito, que os não deixavam estar com Deus, nem n'aquella terra que é toda sua.—Oh ! eu não merecia estar onde estive : bem vêdes que não soube morrer lá.

J. Pois bem. Deus quiz trazer-vos á terra de vossos paes ;

Jorge. Are you Portuguese ?

Pilgrim. None more so, I devoutly hope.

J. And you come . . . ?

P. From the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord.

J. And did you visit all the Holy Places ?

P. No, I did not visit them. I lived there during twenty long years.

Magdalena. A holy life was yours, good pilgrim.

P. I would it had been ! But I underwent great hunger and suffered it not with patience ; sorely they ill-treated me, and not always did I bear it with my eyes fixed upon Him who had there suffered so much for me. . . . I sought to pray and to meditate on the mysteries of the Sacred Passion which was there enacted . . . and worldly passions and the thought of those who called themselves mine after the flesh beset my heart and spirit, and would not suffer them to be with God, even in that land which is all His.—Oh ! I was unworthy to be where I was : you see I had not the courage to die there.

J. Well. God was pleased to bring you to the land of your

e quando for sua vontade, ireis morrer socegado nos braços de vossos filhos.

R. Eu não tenho filhos, padre.

J. No seio da vossa familia. . . .

R. A minha familia. . . . Já não tenho familia.

M. Sempre ha parentes, amigos . . .

R. Parentes ! . . . Os mais chegados, os que eu me importava achar . . . contaram com a minha morte, fizeram a sua felicidade com ella ; hãode jurar que me não conhecem.

M. Haverá tam má gente . . . e tam vil que tal faça ?

R. Necessidade póde muito.—Deus lh'o perdoará, se podér !

M. Não façais juizos temerarios, bom romeiro.

R. Não faço.—De parentes, já sei mais do que queria : amigos tenho um ; com esse, conto.

J. Já não sois tam infeliz.

M. E o que eu podér fazer-vos, todo o amparo e agasalhado que podér dar-vos, contae commigo, bom velho, e com meu marido, que hade folgar de vos proteger . . .

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fathers ; and when it is His will you will die quietly among your children.

P. I have no children, *padre.*

J. Amid your family . . .

P. My family . . . I have no family now.

M. There are always relations, friends.

P. Relations ! Those nearest to me, those whom I looked to find have counted upon my death, they have built their happiness upon it ; they will swear that they do not know me.

M. Can there be people wicked and vile enough for that ?

P. Necessity has great power.—God will forgive them, if He can.

M. Form no rash judgments, good pilgrim.

P. I do not.—Of my relations I know more than I could wish, of friends I have one ; on him I can depend.

J. Then you are not so miserable.

M. And for what I can do for you, for any help and comfort I can give you, count upon me, good old man, and on my husband, who will have pleasure in protecting you . . .

R. Eu já vos pedi alguma coisa, senhora ?

M. Pois perdoae, se vos offendi, amigo.

R. Não ha offensa verdadeira senão as que se fazem a Deus.— Pedi-lhe vós perdão a Elle, que vos não faltará de qué.

M. Não, irmão, não decerto. E Elle terá compaixão de mim.

R. Terá . . .

J. (*cortando a conversação*). Bom velho, dissestes trazer um recado a esta dama : dae-lh' o já, que havereis mister de ir descançar.

R. (*sorrindo amargamente*). Quereis lembrar-me que estou abusando da paciencia com que me tem ouvido ? Fizestes bem, padre : eu ia-me esquecendo . . . talvez me esquecesse de todo da mensagem a que vim . . . estou tam velho e mudado do que fui !

M. Deixae, deixae, não importa ; eu folgo de vos ouvir : dir-me-heis vosso recado quando quizerdes . . . logo, ámanhan . . .

R. Hoje hade ser. Ha tres dias que não durmo nem descanço, nem pousei esta cabeça, nem pararam estes pés dia nem noite, para chegar aqui hoje, para vos dar meu recado . . . e morrer

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P. Have I asked you for aught, *senhora ?*

M. Forgive me, then, friend, if I have offended you.

P. There are no true offences but those towards God. Ask forgiveness of Him, since you surely have sins to be forgiven.

M. Yes, brother, assuredly. And He will have mercy on me.

P. He will . . .

J. (*breaking off the conversation*). Good old man, you said you brought a message to this lady : give it her now, since you will have need of rest.

P. (*smiling bitterly*). You would remind me that I am abusing the patience with which she has listened to me ? You do well, *padre :* I was forgetting. . . . Perhaps I might have quite forgotten the message on which I came . . . so old I am and changed from what I was.

M. Let be ; it is no matter. I take pleasure in listening to you : you will give me your message when you will . . . now, to-morrow . . .

P. It must be to-day. For three days I have not had sleep nor repose ; I have not laid my head to rest nor stayed my feet night or day, that I might arrive here and give you my message . . .

depois . . . ainda que morresse depois; porque jurei . . . faz hoje um anno . . . quando me libertaram, dei juramento sobre a pedra sancta do Sepulchro de Christo . . .

M. Pois ereis captivo em Jerusalem?

R. Era: não vos disse que vivi lá vinte annos?

M. Sim, mas . . .

R. Mas o juramento que dei foi que, antes de um anno cumprido, estaria deante de vos e vos diria da parte de quem me mandou . . .

M. (*aterrada*). E quem vos mandou, homem?

R. Um homem foi,—e um honrado homem . . . a quem unicamente devi a liberdade . . . a *ninguem* mais. Jurei fazer-lhe a vontade, e vim.

M. Como se chama?

R. O seu nome, nem o da sua gente nunca o disse a ninguem no captiveiro.

M. Mas enfim, dizei vós . . .

R. As suas palavras, trago-as escriptas no coração com as lagrymas de sangue que lhe vi chorar, que muitas vezes me cahiram n'estas mãos, que me correram por estas faces. Ninguem o

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and then die . . . even though I should then die; for I swore . . . a year ago to-day . . . when they set me free, I swore an oath upon the holy stone of Christ's Sepulchre . . .

M. Were you then captive in Jerusalem?

P. I was. Have I not told you that I lived there twenty years?

M. Yes, but . . .

P. But the oath I swore was that before a year had passed, I would stand before you and say to you from him who sent me . . .

M. (*in dismay*). And who sent you, man?

P. It was a man, an honourable man . . . to whom alone I owe my freedom; to *no one* else. I swore to do his will, and came.

M. What is his name?

P. His name he told to no one in captivity, nor that of his family.

M. But speak then, you.

P. His words I have written upon my heart in the tears of blood which I saw him shed, which often fell upon my hands,

consolava senão eu . . . e Deus! Vêde se me esqueceriam as suas palavras.

J. Homem, acabe.

R. Agora acabo: soffrei, que elle tambem soffreu muito.—Aqui estão as suas palavras: "Ide a D. Magdalena Vilhena, e dizei-lhe que um homem que muito bem lhe quiz . . . aqui está vivo . . . por seu mal . . . e d'aqui não pôde sahir nem mandar-lhe novas suas de ha vinte annos que o trouxeram captivo."

M. (*na maior anciedade*). Deus tenha misericordia de mim! E esse homem, esse homem. . . . Jesus! esse homem era . . . esse homem tenha sido . . . levaram-n'o ahi de donde! . . . de Africa?

R. Levaram.

M. Captivo? . . .

R. Sim.

M. Portuguez? . . . captivo da batalha de . . .?

R. De Alcacer-Kebir.

M. (*espavorida*). Meu Deus! meu Deus! Qué se não abre a terra

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ran down my cheeks. I was his only comfort . . . I and God! You see, then, I would not easily forget his words.

J. End now, good man.

P. I make an end even now: suffer me, for he, too, greatly suffered.—These are his words: "Go to Dona Magdalena de Vilhena and tell her that a man who loved her dearly . . . is here alive . . . for his misfortune . . . and has been unable to leave this place or send her word since they brought him here, a captive, twenty years ago."

M. (*in the greatest distress*). Heaven have mercy upon me! This man, this man—O God!—this man, was he . . . had he been . . . had they brought him, from where . . . from Africa?

P. Africa.

M. A captive?

P. Yes.

M. A Portuguese? . . . a captive from the battle of . . .?

P. Alcacer-Kebir.

M. (*horrified*). My God! my God! Why does the ground not

debaixo dos meus pés? . . . Qué não cahem estas paredes, qué me não sepultam já aqui? . . .

J. Callae-vos, D. Magdalena: a misericordia de Deus é infinita; esperae. Eu duvido, eu não creio . . . estas não são cousas para se crerem de leve. (*Reflecte, e logo como por uma idea que lhe acudiu de repente*) Oh inspiração divina . . . (*chegando ao romeiro*). Conheceis bem esse homem, romeiro: não é assim?

R. Como a mim mesmo.

J. Se o vireis . . . ainda que fôra n'outros trajos . . . com menos annos—pintado, digamos—conhecê-lo-heis?

R. Como se me visse a mim mesmo n'um espelho.

J. Procurae n'estes retrattos, e dizei-me se algum d'elles póde ser.

R. (*sem procurar, e apontando logo para o retratto de D. João*). É aquelle.

M. (*com um grito espantoso*). Minha filha, minha filha, minha filha! . . . (*Em tom cavo e profundo*) Estou . . . estás . . . perdi-

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open beneath my feet? Why do these walls not fall and bury me here now?

J. Silence, Dona Magdalena: the mercy of God is infinite; have hope. I still doubt; I cannot believe . . . these things are not to be believed lightly. (*He considers, and then as on some sudden thought*) A Heaven-sent inspiration . . . (*advancing to the pilgrim*). You know this man well, pilgrim: is it not so?

P. Well as myself.

J. Were you to see him, although in different dress, in other years—a picture, say—you would know him?

P. Even as if I were to see my own self in a glass.

J. Search among these portraits, and tell me if it could be one of them.

P. (*without searching, and pointing immediately to the portrait of Dom João*). He.

M. (*with an awful cry*). My daughter, my daughter, my daughter! . . . (*In deep and hollow tones*) I am . . . you are . . . lost . . . dishonoured . . . infamous! (*With another deep*

das . . . deshonradas . . . infames! (*Com outro grito do coração*) Oh minha filha, minha filha! (*Foge despavorida e n'este gritar.*)

SCENA 15.—*Jorge, e o Romeiro, que seguia Magdalena com os olhos, e está alçado no meio da casa com aspecto severo e tremendo.*

J. Romeiro, romeiro! quem es tu?

R. (*apontando com o bordão para o retratto de D. João de Portugal*). Ninguem. (*Frei Jorge cae prostrado no chão, com os braços estendidos, deante da tribuna. O panno desce lentamente.*)

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cry) O my daughter, my daughter! (*She flees terror-stricken, still crying out these words.*)

SCENE 15.—*Jorge, and the Pilgrim, who has followed Magdalena with his eyes, and stands erect in the centre of the room, with a look severe and terrible.*

J. Pilgrim, pilgrim! who are you?

P. (*pointing with his staff at the portrait of Dom João de Portugal*). No one. (*Frei Jorge falls prostrate on the ground, his arms extended. The curtain descends slowly.*)

Dona Philippa de Vilhena (1846) is a powerfully described episode in the revolt of Portugal from Spain in 1640. Dona Philippa arms her two sons for the fight on the night of the conspiracy which is to bring them victory or death. Again the play holds the reader's attention from the first scene, when the old porter appears muttering and murmuring in the house of his master, Rui Galvão, friend of Castille, to the last *vivas* of the victorious Portuguese people. The interest of *A Sobrinha do Marquez*, sketching the position of the famous Minister, the Marquez de Pombal, during the last days of King José I., is equally well sustained. It would appear paradoxically that Garrett, as a rule, had not the time to write briefly and with concentration, but from time to time he retired

into a subject for a few weeks (*Frei Luiz de Sousa* was written in two or three weeks, when the author was laid up in March and April, 1842), and his impressionable nature then received and reproduced with great truth the character of the times and persons depicted. The characters of Cato and Brutus (in *Catão*), of Dona Philippa and Dona Leonor (in *Dona Philippa de Vilhena*), of Marianna and the Marquez de Pombal (in *A Sobrinha do Marquez*), are all excellently drawn. Equally skilful are the sketches of popular or minor persons—the buffoon D. Bernabé; the servants Zé Braga, *minhoto cerrado*, and Zephirino, complacently vain; the old *aio* in *Frei Luiz de Sousa*, representing the wistful *saudade* of the Portuguese people, watching for the return of King Sebastian, "*que ha de vir um dia de nevoa muito cerrada*, who will come on a day of thickest mist." In these four later plays the influence of *Egmont* and other of Goethe's works is clearly seen.[1] The style in all of them, as in all Garrett's prose, is flexible and graceful, capable of striking many notes and voicing many moods with a clear simplicity and insinuating charm. "The reading of many French books," wrote Herculano in 1837, "has so corrupted our language that it is now impossible to free it from Gallicisms." Garrett led a forlorn hope against these corrupt practices, and he gave so national an impulse to every department of Portuguese literature that he has been described as "uma nacionalidade que resuscita."

[1] In the autobiography he acknowledges this influence of German literature, and especially of Goethe, on all his work after his stay at Brussels (1834-1836).

CHAPTER VII

THREE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

In the sixteenth century the Portuguese poets had flocked from the provinces to Lisbon—Gil Vicente from Minho (or possibly Beira Baixa), Sá de Miranda from Coimbra, Bernardim Ribeiro from Alemtejo.[1] In the nineteenth century Lisbon absorbed Portuguese talent even to a greater degree, but João de Deus Ramos (1830-1896), a native of Algarve, perhaps more than the other poets of his time withstood its influence, and remained at heart a provincial, a poet of the soil. Born at Messines in 1830, he took his degree at Coimbra University in 1859, and continued at Coimbra until 1862, afterwards spending five years in Alemtejo and Algarve, chiefly at Villanova de Portimão. When he came permanently to Lisbon he was thirty-eight years old. He was returned as deputy for Silves (Algarve), but he took little part in politics, and the last twenty years of his life were occupied largely in founding and perfecting a system of education throughout Portugal (*Methodo João de Deus*). Although he studied and translated from French and Italian, he did not profess to be a thinker nor deeply learned, but

[1] He was born at Torrão, a little village of low, white houses and narrow, cobbled streets on a hill near the frontier of Estremadura.

simply a poet. He showed throughout his life that he possessed an inexhaustible fund of lyrical poetry and an astonishing facility of rhyming. Whether he was making a conventional birthday compliment, or criticizing a new book, or threatening to stop the eternal cry of the *maldito cauteleiro*, the Lisbon seller of lottery tickets, with an inkpot thrown from a fifth-story window, it was still in verse that he wrote; always with great naturalness, often with inimitable charm. His theory of poetry was diametrically opposed to that of Charles Baudelaire—that poetry was essentially not an art, but something entirely spontaneous: *a poesia não tem conta e medida*.[1] What he evidently valued was a perfect clearness and natural flow in verse, and this he found in the popular poetry of Portugal, which he took for the basis and inspiration of his own. He improvised continually, and some of his unpremeditated art shows the fairy lightness and grace of Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark*, as of words flowing from a perennial spring, crystally clear. In all his work there is no line of rhetoric. If the theme of his verses is sometimes commonplace and the thought non-existent, there is still an unfailing freshness, whether the verse be passionate and intense or lightly satirical. He would tell younger poets who sent their works to him that he was no critic, but that time would show whether their poems were gold or tinsel. The secret and value of his own poetry lies in the fact that he did not seek to belong to any school, but was content to be direct and simple with the directness and simplicity of the popular *cantigas*:

[1] João de Deus, *Prosas coordenadas por Theophilo Braga. Lisboa.* 1898.

"Quando vejo a minha amada
Parece que o sol nasceu;
Cantae, cantae alvorada
Oh avesinhas do ceo."

(When I see my love
It seems the sun doth rise;
Sing, sing to the dawn,
Sing, birds in the skies.)

So in his longer poem *Enlevo*, of which these are the first two of eight verses:

"Não brilha o sol
Nem pode a lua
Brilhar na sua
Presença d'ella!
Nenhuma estrella
Brilha deante
Da minha amante
Da minha amada!

"A madrugada
Quanto não perde!
O campo verde
Quanto esmorece!
Quanto parece
A voz da ave
Menos suave
Que a sua falla!"

(When she doth appear
The sun hides its light,
The moon no longer bright
Shines when she is near!
In the heavens above
Not a star may shine
In presence of my love,
Before her who is mine!

When my love is seen
Dawn in beauty yields,
And from out the fields
Fades the glow of green!
And there is no bird
But the song it sings
When her voice is heard
Less divinely rings!)

One of his finest and longest poems, the elegy *A Vida*, may remind some readers of Victor Hugo's *À Villequier*, but it is more purely lyrical, and without a trace of rhetoric. It soon breaks into lyrics as light and exquisite as any that João de Deus wrote:

"A vida é o dia de hoje,
A vida é ai que mal soa,
A vida é sombra que foge,
A vida é nuvem que voa;
A vida é sonho tam leve
Que se desfaz como a neve
E como o fumo se esvae:
A vida dura um momento
Mais leve que o pensamento,
A vida leva-a o vento,
A vida é folha que cae!

"A vida é flor na corrente,
A vida é sopro suave,
A vida é estrella cadente,
Voa mais leve que a ave:
Nuvem que o vento nos ares,
Onda que o vento nos mares
Uma apoz outra lançou,
A vida—penna cahida
Da aza de ave ferida—
De valle em valle impellida,
A vida o vento a levou."

(Life is this day we live
Life is a wailing cry,
A shadow fugitive,
A cloud that floats on high;
Life is but fleeting show
Fading as fades the snow,
And swift as smoke is thinned:
Lighter than thought, one brief
Instant set in relief,
Life is a falling leaf
Borne on wings of the wind!

Life is a flower by stream
Borne onward, zephyr light,
Of falling star the gleam,
Swifter than bird's swift flight:
As cloud on cloud in heaven,
As wave on wave wind-driven,
With ever more behind,
As feather falls from wound
Of bird on wing to the ground,
Life from vale to vale is bound
On the wings of the wind.)

João de Deus is the most Portuguese of the modern poets, unfailingly natural. His poetry is an excellent proof of the value of Wordsworth's precept that one should turn to common rustic speech in order to obtain poetic diction. His first published work was rather more artificial, a poem of sixty stanzas like those of the *Lusiads: A Lata* (*Coimbra*, 1860). In 1868 appeared *Flores do Campo* (*Lisboa*), a slight volume on which his fame chiefly rests, and in 1876 *Folhas soltas* (*Porto*). In 1893, three years before his death, he published, with the help of Senhor Theophilo Braga, a complete edition

of his poems[1] in a single volume, containing much occasional verse.

A poet of a very different order is his contemporary, Thomaz Antonio Ribeiro Ferreira (1831-1901). In his poetry the lightness and airy grace of Algarve is replaced by a certain solidity and heaviness belonging to Beira, his native province. He belonged, moreover, to the romantic school, and much of his poetry is probably now little read. His best-known verses are the stanzas *A Portugal*, with which opens his first long poetical romance, *D. Jayme* (1862), woven round the revolt of Portugal from Spain in 1640, on the publication of which he awoke to find himself famous:

"Jardim da Europa, á beira-mar plantado
De loiros e acacias olorosas,
De fontes e de arroios serpeado,
Rasgado por torrentes alterosas;
Onde num cerro erguido e requeimado
Se casam em festões jasmins e rosas:
Balsa virente de eternal magia,
Onde as aves gorgeiam noite e dia.

"Porque te miras triste sobre as aguas,
Pobre—d'aquem e d'alem mar senhora?
E te consomes nas candentes fragoas
Das saudades crueis que tens d'outrora?
Por tantos loiros qué te deram? Magoas?
Foste mal paga e mal julgada? Embora!
Has-de cingir o teu diadema augusto;
São teus filhos leaes, e Deus é justo."[2]

(Garden of Europe, planted by the sea,
With, amid springs and streams' meandering flow,

[1] *Campo de Flores*. Lyricas completas. *Lisboa*, 1893.
[2] These are Verses 3 and 6 out of fifteen.

The scent of laurel and acacia-tree,
And rush of mountain-torrents dashed below,
Jessamine and roses inextricably
High in thy sun-kissed hills at random grow;
Fountain of magic ever freshly springing,
Where still in night- and day-time birds are singing!

Why by the waters dost thou mourn and brood,
Poor—mistress thou of lands beyond the sea,
Dreaming for ever in sad wistful mood
Of days that were? Thy victories to thee
What guerdon brought but woe, misunderstood
And unrewarded still? Well, let it be!
Yet shalt thou raise thy crown from out the dust,
Since loyal are thy sons, and God is just!)

A Delfina do Mal is another long poetical romance, similar to *D. Jayme*, in ten cantos. Both contain some fine poems, in many different metres, and a few striking scenes. He also published volumes of shorter poems—*Sons que passam* (1867), *Vesperas* (*Porto*, 1880), *Dissonancias* (*Porto*, 1890)—and wrote pieces for the theatre, besides political treatises—*Historia da legislação liberal portugueza* (of 1820), and *O Emprestimo de D. Migoel*. Born at Parada de Gonta (Tondella) in 1831, he took his degree in 1855 at Coimbra, and practised as an advocate at Vizeu. In 1862 he was elected deputy for Tondella, and in 1870 became Secretary to the Administration of India. He returned to Portugal two years later, and became Civil Governor of Oporto and of Braganza, Minister of Marine in 1878 (in a *Regenerador* ministry), Minister of the Interior in 1881, and of Public Works in 1890. He was created a peer of the realm in 1882. He was also the editor of various newspapers. All this does not seem the life of a poet;

but his deep patriotism and his love of Beira Baixa and the Serra da Estrella inspired him:

"Ó moradores dos plainos
Que não conheceis a Estrella!"

The Serra da Estrella forms the background of his poems:

"Aqui, sim! o inverno é inverno
E este é o paiz da procella!
Aqui vive o gelo eterno;
Aqui suzerana a Estrella
Espera o feudo que o oceano
Em mil aereas galeras
Lhe deve e manda cada anno
Desde o principio das eras!
E cada nuvem pejada,
Galeão sombrio e tardo,
Cá vem depôr o seu fardo
E descançar da jornada!"[1]

His verse is smooth and sonorous, often a little too smooth and sonorous, and at times, under the influence of Lamartine, somewhat insipid in its perfection. He also shows a tendency (especially in *Vesperas*) to end his lines in dactyllic *esdruxulas*, the mannerism of which modern Spanish poets are so fond. But Thomaz Ribeiro will always live in his verses addressed to Portugal, which will continue to be read with enthusiasm by his countrymen.

Of all modern Portuguese writers, with the exception of Almeida-Garrett, the name best known abroad is probably that of Anthero de Quental (1842-1891). He was born at Ponta Delgada (Ilha de S. Miguel, Azores) in 1842, and was at Coimbra with João de Deus,

[1] *Sons que passam.*

Thomaz Ribeiro, and others celebrated later in literature and politics—the Coimbra to which he refers in 1872 as "aquella encantada e quasi phantastica Coimbra" of ten years ago. He took his degree in 1864. His was the most restless spirit of all these students, and in 1865, in a famous letter to Antonio Feliciano de Castilho entitled *Bom senso e bom gosto*, he voiced their revolt from the influence of Castilho and the romantic school in favour of *Germanismo* (Goethe and Hegel). The battle was strenuous. Quental himself became involved in a duel with Ramalho Ortigão. In the same year appeared his *Odes Modernas*, four years after his first volume, *Sonetos de Anthero* (*Coimbra*, 1861). Later, with, among others, Manoel de Arriaga[1] and Theophilo Braga,[2] he drew up a programme of *Conferencias democraticas* (democratic lectures), which were, however, suppressed by order of the authorities. He travelled in France and Spain, and visited the United States of America. Returning to Portugal, he lived for some time at Villa do Conde, in the north. His deep pessimism, however (produced partly by an inherited neurotic temperament, partly by the study of German philosophy), from which he had seemed during some years to have succeeded in freeing himself, closed in upon him again, and he died by his own hand at Ponta Delgada in 1891. He was essentially a man of action. Had he lived in the thirteenth century, says the critic and historian Oliveira Martins (1835-1894), he would have been a follower of St. Francis of Assisi. Perhaps he might have found even

[1] First President of the Portuguese Republic.
[2] President of the Provisional Republic.

this too peaceful. He wished to "fall radiantly, shrouded in the gleam of swords":

"Cahira radioso, amortalhado
Na fulva luz dos gladios reluzentes."[1]

And indeed his famous sonnets[2] are as gleaming swords. They are written *em letra ardente*, and reveal a spirit intense as that of Dante. Many of them ring like a splendid battle-cry. His work, says Senhor Theophilo Braga, is "rather a psychological document than an æsthetic product."[3] In other words,

[1] From the sonnet *Emquanto outros combatem.*

[2] *Os Sonetos completos de Anthero de Quental*, publicados por J. P. Oliveira Martins. Segunda edição, augmentada com um appendice contendo traducções em allemão, francez, italiano e hespanhol. *Porto*, 1890. The German translations are from *Anthero de Quental: Ausgewählte Sonette* aus dem Portugiesischen verdeutscht von Wilhelm Storck. *Münster*, 1887. Some of Quental's sonnets have been translated into English by Mr. Edgar Prestage (*Sixty-four Sonnets.* Englished by Edgar Prestage. *London: David Nutt*, 1894) and the late Dr. Richard Garnett. The works of Anthero de Quental are: *Sonetos de Anthero* (*Coimbra*, 1861); *Beatrice* (*Coimbra*, 1865; 40 pp.); *Fiat Lux* (*Coimbra*, 1864; 16 pp.); *Odes Modernas* (*Coimbra*, 1865); *Primaveras Romanticas* (Versos dos vinte annos) (*Porto*, 1871); *Sonetos* (*Porto*, 1881); *Os Sonetos completos* (first edition; *Porto*, 1886). In the year after his death appeared *Raios de extincta luz.* Poesias ineditas (1859–1863) . . . publicadas e precedidas de um escorso biographico por Theophilo Braga (*Lisboa*, 1892).

[3] "A critic alternating with a mystic," said Oliveira Martins of Quental (*Revista Illustrada.* Anno 1: 1890). In Eça de Queiroz' *Notas Contemporaneas* (1909) there is a study of Anthero de Quental, pp. 349-404. The writer records his charm, the brilliance of his conversation, his unaffected simplicity, charity, and goodness: "Por mim penso e com gratidão que em Anthero de Quental me foi dado conhecer, n'este mundo de peccado e de escuridade, alguem, filho querido de Deus, que muito padeceu porque muito pensou, que muito amou porque muito comprehendeu, e que, simples entre os simples, pondo a sua vasta alma em curtos versos, era um Genio e era um Santo." On the other hand, the remark that "A alma de Anthero

his poems were the almost serene and effortless products of a spirit extraordinarily intense, tortured in a vain search after truth—sparks from an inner fire. In a letter addressed to Dr. Wilhelm Storck in 1887 he says: "Writing verses with me was always perfectly involuntary; with the advantage, at least, that they are always perfectly sincere."[1] In the sonnets there is clear evidence of his progress from empty pessimism and despair to a certain measure of peace:

"Já socega depois de tanta lucta,
Já me descança em paz o coração."[2]

So in *Solemnia Verba*, another of the later sonnets, he says:

"D'esta altura vejo o Amor:
Vivir não foi em vão se é isto a vida
Nem foi de mais o desengano e a dôr."

(Love from this height I see:
If this is life, then life was not in vain,
Nor all its disillusionment and pain.)

Very different is the spirit in *Ad amicos*, one of the sonnets written between 1860 and 1862:

"Em vão luctamos. Como nevoa baça
A incerteza das cousas nos envolve,
Nossa alma em quanto cria, em quanto volve
Nas suas proprias redes se embaraça."

(In vain our strife. For still, like a low mist,
The uncertainty of all things hems us in;

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foi sempre superiormente elegante" seems to reveal Eça de Queiroz rather than Anthero de Quental.

[1] "Fazer versos foi sempre em mim cousa perfeitamente involuntaria; pelo menos ganhei com isso fazel-os sempre perfeitamente sinceros."

[2] *Transcendentalismo.*

Our soul in all that it creates and plans
Is chained by its own fetters.)

This is the spirit of all the earlier sonnets. Like Musset, he was ever haunted by

" cette amère pensée
Qui fait frissonner l'homme en voyant l'infini."

But while Musset's poetry is of velvet and the dusk, Quental's is of bronze and granite, flashing light. In their thought and revelation of suffering his sonnets are as those of Baudelaire, but in execution they are less grey, more full of sound and light, and resemble, rather, those of José Maria de Hérédia, although Quental's are less coloured (for he had a horror of picturesque description) and more intense. Behind even those of his poems " qui sont de purs sanglots " seems to lie a certain strength and hope :

" Eu amarei a santa madrugada ;"

and he looks to

" A região distante
Onde ainda se crê e se ama ainda,
Onde uma aurora igual brilha constante."

(The distant land
Where faith and love still in men's hearts may stand,
And, still unchanging, dawn serenely shines.)

So in *Tentanda Via* he writes :

" Sim ! que é preciso caminhar ávante !
Andar ! passar por cima dos soluços !
Como quem n'uma mina vae de bruços,
Olhar apenas uma luz distante "

(Yes! we must march still forward, ever go
With resolute feet passing the stream of tears,
And, as to one in dark mine bent appears
A distant gleam, so watch for light's dim glow)

—until the future opens its doors of gold:

"Abrir-se, como grandes portas de ouro,
As immensas auroras do Futuro."

His dream was ever of light, *radiante luz, luz gloriosa,* whether it was of the heavens and infinite space—

"Lá por onde se perde a phantasia,
No sonho da belleza; lá aonde
A noite tem mais luz que o nosso dia"

(There where in dreams of beauty thought is lost
And night more luminous than is our day)

—or of some earthly paradise:

"Sonho-me ás vezes rei, nalguma ilha,
Muito longe, nos mares do Oriente,
Onde a noite é balsamica e fulgente
E a lua cheia sobre as aguas brilha."

(In some far island of the Eastern seas
I dream myself a king, where fragrant night
Resplendent gleams, and the full moon shines bright
Upon the waters.)

And light is the dominant impression left by his work. The life of this man of action was spent for the most part in a mystic forest of dreams:

"Na floresta dos sonhos dia a dia
Se interna meu dorido pensamento."[1]

But "Nem sempre o sonho é cousa vã."[2]

[1] *A Ideia.* [2] *Sonho*

Certainly his life of dreams was not ineffectual, not a life of inaction, but of striving, and striving to some purpose. He can never lose his place among the greater European poets of the nineteenth century. His epitaph by João de Deus does honour to both poets :

"Aqui jaz pó ; eu não ; eu sou quem fui :
Raio animado de uma luz celeste,
Á qual a morte as almas restitue,
Restituindo á terra o pó que as veste."

(Here lieth dust ; but I—I as before
Am now, a living ray of light divine,
To which death coming doth the soul restore,
And unto earth its outward dust consign.)

CHAPTER VIII

TWO MODERN NOVELISTS

DURING the last half-century the novel has attained a very prominent place in Spanish literature, in which it fascinates by its regional and indigenous character and by its keen impression of life and reality. In Portugal, although the novel was revived there by Camillo Castello Branco (1825-1890)[1] at precisely the same time as by Fernán Caballero (1796-1877) in Spain, it has not prospered to the same extent, and Algarve still awaits its Valera, Minho its Emilia Pardo Bazán, Beira Baixa its Pereda. Camillo Castello Branco ("o Camillo") has been for two generations, and will probably long remain, a favourite novelist among Portuguese readers. It is easy to understand the enthusiasm provoked by the appearance of his novels, for, when he began to write, novel-reading in Portugal was for the most part confined to indifferent translations of indifferent French works.

Castello Branco was born in Lisbon in 1825, but his father was of Traz-os-Montes, and when left an orphan in 1834 Camillo went to live with an aunt at Villa Real, capital of Traz-os-Montes, and later with a sister

[1] His first novel appeared two years after Fernán Caballero's *La Gaviota*.

in the transmontane village of Villarinho de Samardan. Before he was twenty he had married a girl of Ribeira da Pena, and when he went as a medical student to Oporto he was already a widower. During 1856-1857 he lived at Vianna do Castello (Minho), where he wrote his *Scenas Contemporaneas*. He had published verses in 1845, written a drama in 1847, and his first novel, *Anathema*, had appeared in 1851. For the next forty years he continued to write with great industry (his complete works comprise some 150 volumes), and two or three novels sometimes appeared from his pen during a single year. In 1885 he was created Visconde de Correia Botelho, and was granted a pension of a *conto* of *réis* (about £200). He had inherited from his father a tendency to a suicidal pessimism, and his life ended by suicide in the year 1890. His novels were the sincere expression of a temperament singularly restless and nervous, and at the same time impressionable as wax with regard to his surroundings and his reading. With this power of assimilation he wrote, under the influence of Octave Feuillet, *O Romance de Um Homem Rico*, while later, under the influence of Zola, he produced *Eusebio Macario*. But he was essentially an ultra-romantic.[1] If he desired to be the Portuguese Balzac, he failed through lack of psychological insight. His novels are all action and emotion. His personages pass rapidly from one passionate sensation to another, and end for the most part—since their paroxysms of

[1] Senhor Fidelino de Figueiredo considers that his object in writing *Eusebio Macario* was less to prove that he could excel in the new realistic fiction than to reduce it to absurdity by caricaturing it; and he remarks wittily that the society presented in this novel is "absolutely ideal in its shamelessness" (*Hist. da. litt. rom. port.*, pp. 223-24).

tragic sentimentality could no further go—in death. This is the ending of the principal characters in the most celebrated of his novels, *Amor de Perdição* (1862), and the novel which he himself preferred, *Livro de Consolação*, is not more cheerful.[1] The reader is informed that the title is due to the fact that, however great his sorrow, he will find greater sorrow in the book. His vein of invention was inexhaustible. He wished, he said, to show foreigners and Portuguese that the lack of novels in Portuguese literature had been wrongly attributed to poverty of invention.[2] All kinds of strange and strained fatalities throng his pages—sudden reversals of fortune, *brazileiros* returning rich to their country, noblemen disguised as *almocreves*, masked figures, plumes and swords and galloping steeds, the feuds of petty Montagues and Capulets, of Liberals and Miguelists, midnight murders, scaffolds, scaled convent walls:

"L'enlèvement en poste avec deux chevaux, trois,
Quatre, cinq.
L'enlèvement sinistre aux lueurs des éclairs,
Avec appels de pied, combat, bruit de ferraille,
Chapeaux à larges bords, manteaux couleur muraille."

[1] In a letter to the poet Thomaz Ribeiro, he complains that, while a second edition of the least ordinary of his works, *Livro de Consolação*, was not called for until thirteen years after the first, of his more commonplace novels, *Os Mysterios de Lisboa* and *Amor de Perdição*, seven editions were necessary in under ten years. Of *Amor de Perdição* he says in the preface to the fifth edition (1879) that "under the electric light of modern criticism it is a romantic, declamatory novel with many lyrical defects and criminal ideas which reach the limit of sentimentalism."

[2] "Desaffrontar a litteratura patria de injurias com que estrangeiros e nacionaes a desconceituam, desairando-a como pobre de romances pela sua incapacidade inventiva."

His work is related rather to the Spanish romantics of the seventeenth century than to modern novels, and his stories sometimes resemble the more sentimental interludes of *Don Quixote*. "Épater le bourgeois" was his constant aim, and the most fantastic episodes were legitimate means to this end. When he leaves this high-flown romanticism there is an air of truth and naturalness about his writing, especially in scenes of humble life. All that part of *Amor de Perdição* which has for scene the farrier's cottage might have come out of one of Fernán Caballero's *Relaciones*. Many of his short stories, as *Morrer por capricho* in *Scenas contemporaneas*, are evidently sketches of his own experiences and adventures; and generally his novels represent his own impetuous, almost hysterical emotions, and are thoroughly sincere. His style has been called "the voice of a spirit."[1] "I do not belong," he wrote, "to our word-chisellers";[2] but his style is clear and fluent (*linguagem san*), true Portuguese, and has in fact also been described[3] as "pure marble from the national quarry." His vocabulary was extraordinarily extensive, but neither in style nor subjects had he any leaning towards the exotic. Camillo Castello Branco may still be read with pleasure on account of his style and on account of his portrayal of life at Oporto half a century ago, or of life in some village of Minho or Traz-os-Montes ruled by the mayor, the priest, and the apothecary, with wolves coming down in winter from the hills—some village in which the more prosperous peasants hid their savings

[1] Fialho d'Almeida in the *Revista Illustrada* (1890).

[2] "Não pertenço á escola dos nossos lapidarios de palavras." (*Scenas contemporaneas. Uma paixão bem empregada*).

[3] By Manuel Pinheiro Chagas.

under the flagstones of their *lareira*. In his choice of Portuguese themes and in the purity of his prose he set an admirable example—an example unhappily not always followed by subsequent Portuguese novelists.

Totally different in nearly every way was his junior by some twenty years, Eça de Queiroz (1843-1900). The two were alike in being destructive rather than creative, and in their love of satire, but in other respects scarcely seem to belong to the same nation. José Maria Eça de Queiroz was born at Povoa de Varzim (entre Douro e Minho) in 1843. He took his degree at Coimbra in 1866, and in that year came to stay at Lisbon, where his father, a magistrate, then lived (in a house in the *Rocio*). During 1866 and 1867 he contributed *Folhetins* to the *Gazeta de Portugal*. The first half of 1867 he spent in Alemtejo, and in 1869 he travelled in Egypt and Palestine. Later he became Portuguese Consul at Havanna, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in Paris, where he died in August, 1900. His first stories (the *Folhetins*), reprinted in volume form after his death (*Prosas Barbaras*), had attracted some attention and a certain amount of ridicule. They are very various in character, according as the influence of Victor Hugo, Michelet, Heine, Baudelaire, or E. A. Poe (in Baudelaire's translation) prevailed. He is said to have written at this time with extreme facility, whereas later he erased and emended with a care that would have contented Boileau. The titles of some of these stories in themselves indicate a striving after the unusual, the sinister, the romantic—*O Senhor Diabo*, *O Milhafre* (The Kite), *Memorias d'uma Forca* (Reminiscences of a Gallows). Others are in simpler mood;

one, *Entre a Neve* (*Gazeta de Portugal*, November 13, 1866), telling of the death of a woodcutter in the snow, has a Tolstoian air:

"A neve riscava a noite de branco. Ao longe uivavam os lobos, e a neve descia. As sombras dos corvos sumiram-se para além das ramas negras. Os cabellos desappareceram. Só ficou a neve."

(The snow lined the night with whiteness. In the distance wolves howled. And the snow fell. The shadows of the crows were lost beyond the dark branches. His hair disappeared. Nothing remained but snow.)

In 1870 appeared *O Mysterio da Estrada de Cintra*,[1] in the form of letters to the *Diario de Noticias*, written by Eça de Queiroz in collaboration with Ramalho Ortigão. "It is execrable," said the authors in their preface to the second edition (1884), written "without plan or method, school or documents or style." It is in fact a sensational story of passion and crime told by the various actors and spectators, with little realism or power of observation, but with masked men carrying pistols, with murder and mystery, dagger-thrusts and fatal potions. In 1874-1875 Eça de Queiroz' first important novel, *O Crime do Padre Amaro*, was published in the *Revista Occidental* of Lisbon and as a volume in 1876.[2] The author describes it as "an intrigue of priests and devout women, hatched and murmured in

[1] *O Mysterio da Estrada de Cintra.* Cartas ao Diario de Noticias. *Lisboa*, 1870.

[2] *Lisboa.* Second edition, *Porto*, 1880. Third edition, *Porto*, 1889. Fourth edition, *O Crime do Padre Amaro.* Scenas da vida devota. Quarta edição inteiramente refundida, recomposta e differente na forma e na acção da edição primitiva. *Porto*, 1891.

the shadow of an old Portuguese provincial cathedral."[1] The author's note (Bristol, January 1, 1880) to the second edition protests, moreover, against the criticism that the novel is an imitation of Zola's *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, since the former was written in 1871 and published in 1874, whereas the latter was published in 1875. (The same applies to Leopoldo Alas' *La Regenta*, also of later date.) Nevertheless, *O Crime do Padre Amaro* gives the impression of a French naturalistic story superimposed upon the delightful old cathedral town of Leiria, lying in its "wide, fertile plain, with its look of many waters and full of light." It would appear from this novel that the Canons of Leiria had sadly degenerated since the days when fear of the Sarrazin was in their hearts.[2]

It is of small importance whether Eça de Queiroz imitated this or that novel, but the influence of the French naturalistic school is clear. Never was that influence more disastrous, for Eça de Queiroz, with his undoubted gifts, might have written novels as

[1] "Intriga de clerigos e beatas tramada e murmurada á sombra de uma velha Sé de provincia portugueza."

[2] In the *Chronicas Breves*, published in *Portugaliæ Monumenta Historica*, we read that "O castello de leyrea era dos sarraziis, e corriam a terra ataa coimbra. E faziam muyto mal aos christaaos em soyre e em pombal. E o arcediago dom tello, temendo se que assy o podiam fazer aos coonigos religiosos, mandou fazer huum muro em caramanchões a redor da igreja e claustro." (The Castle of Leiria was in the hands of the Sarrazins, and they overran the land as far as Coimbra. And they did grievous harm to the Christians in Soyre and Pombal. And the Archdeacon Dom Tello, fearing that they might so do to the Canons, ordered a fortified wall to be built round the church and cloister.) For all the Archdeacon's foresight, later comes the news, laconic and lugubrious, that the Moors had carried off a Canon at Leiria.

essentially Portuguese as Spain possesses novels essentially Spanish, instead of producing French imitations. It is characteristic of the mutual ignorance in literary matters existing between Spain and Portugal that, when José María de Pereda (1833-1906) was writing his masterpieces not far from the Portuguese frontier, Eça de Queiroz, completely ignoring, probably completely ignorant of, his work, should have gone to Paris for his literary models. Yet in Pereda he would have found a truer realism, greater impression of reality, and work immensely powerful without being sordid.

His next novel was *O Primo Bazilio*.[1] It is a sordid story sordidly told, in spite of all its fine irony; but it is redeemed by its remarkable character sketches. The servant Juliana—the sinister, snakelike, envious, malicious, merciless Juliana, a figure that in a Spanish novel would seem a grotesque exaggeration—dominates the book. Beside her Jorge, Luiza, and Bazilio are vague and colourless. There are, however, many secondary characters drawn with equal skill—Julião Zuzarte, who prefers penury at Lisbon to comfort in the provinces (*Toda a provincia o aterrava*); Dona Felicidade de Noronha; the solemn fool Accacio, *o Conselheiro*, closely related to the immense talent of José Joaquim Alves Pacheco in *A Correspondencia de Fradique Mendes;* the Visconde Reynaldo, who considers the heat of Lisbon vulgar (*Que abjecção de paiz!*).

[1] *O Primo Bazilio* (Episodio domestico). *Porto*, 1878. (Written from September, 1876, to September, 1877). Moniz Barreto, in *A Litteratura portugueza contemporanea* (*Revista de Portugal; Porto*, 1889; pp. 1-40), describes *O Primo Bazilio* as a "masterly, almost perfect book—*livro magistral e quasi perfeito.*" He considered Eça de Queiroz "a maior vocação d'artista que tem surgido em Portugal desde Garrett."

And we have Lisbon as the background, with the slow rumour of its streets at night, the dilatory *tipoias*, the rumbling of ox-carts, the cries of the street-sellers. But from the general atmosphere of the book, from the empty life portrayed, with its natural reaction upon those whom the *Conselheiro* would call "*pessoas de baixa extracção*," the reader escapes with relief to occasional glimpses of a different order:

"Ou então seria outra existencia mais regalada, no convento pacato d'uma boa provincia portugueza. Alli os tectos são baixos, as paredes caiadas faiscam ao sol, com as suas gradesinhas devotas; os sinos repicam no vivo ar azul; em roda, nos campos d'oliveiras que dão azeite ao convento, raparigas varejam a azeituna cantando; no pateo lageado d'uma pedra miudinha as mulas do almocreve, sacudindo a mosca, batem com a ferradura; matronas cochicham ao pé da roda; um carro chia na estrada empoeirada e branca; gallos cacarejam, brilhando ao sol; e freiras gordinhas, d'olho negro, chalram nos frescos corredores."

(Another life, of more comfort, in the peaceful convent of some pleasant Portuguese province. There the roofs are low, and the whitewashed walls gleam in the sun, with their devout little gratings; the bells ring out in the clear blue air; in the surrounding olive-yards, which provide the convent with oil, girls are beating down the olives, singing; in the courtyard, paved with small cobbles, the carrier's mules are stamping as they shake off the flies; matrons whisper by the store-room; a cart creaks along the white and dusty road; cocks crow in the bright sunshine; and plump, black-eyed sisters chatter in the cool galleries.)

In 1887 was published *A Reliquia*, an extraordinary book—vulgar, repulsive, blasphemous, fan-

tastic, amusing, sordid, horrible. The characters of the paltry, ill-tempered, and narrowly devout D. Patrocinio das Neves (a Portuguese Doña Perfecta), and of the cynical hypocrite her nephew (far more brutally cynical, if not more hypocritical, than Julien in *Le Rouge et le Noir*), are both exaggerated and soon pall on the reader. The whole book conveys an impression of cleverness and imagination, but of little feeling or sincerity. More than a third of it consists in a reconstruction of the last scenes of the Gospels, very different in treatment from the soberly drawn account, earlier in the volume, of a journey from Vianna do Castello to Lisbon about the year 1860 as it appeared to a boy of seven. The later section is vivid, coloured, materialistic; the subject is too great to be dragged down by the author, and upholds him; but his treatment of it is more akin to that of Marie Corelli in *Barabbas* than that of Gustav Frenssen in *Hilligenlei*. He had already written a similar fragmentary sketch in *A Revolução de Setembro* in 1870.[1]

Os Maias (Episodios da vida romantica) is the longest of Eça de Queiroz' novels (1888). The story is more than ordinarily unpleasant, its clinging vulgarity rarely lifts from the first page to the last, and the conclusion of the whole matter is that nothing in life, with the possible exception of a good dinner, is worth an effort. The scene is Lisbon. The characters are clearly marked—the paradoxical, trenchant Ega; the eccentric, impassive Craft; the fatuous Damaso; Carlos da Maia, whose motto in life is "*Deixar-se ir*—drift," totally incapable of concentrating his energy or intellect.

[1] *Prosas Barbaras*, pp. 173-246.

There is the inane diplomatist Steinbroken, with his perpetual "C'est grave, c'est excessivement grave"; the *Marquez*, seized at intervals by *terrores catholicos;* the *lisboeta fino* murmuring "*Este é um paiz perdido*"; the old servant with his "sad shrug of the shoulders, as if to imply that nothing in the world was going well." So far as Portugal was concerned, it was the author's object to show that nothing went well. Affonso da Maia's advice to the politicians is, "Less liberalism and more character"; to the men of letters, "Less eloquence and more ideas"; to the citizens in general, "Less progress and more morality." Portugal is but "a little wax" awaiting impression. Lisbon has no soul, and is the grave of souls (*coveira d'almas.* "*Lisboa,*" 1867). Lisbon is a city translated from the French into slang (*A Correspondencia de Fradique Mendes*). He protested against the "*universal modernisação*" that destroyed the simpler customs of Portugal. In order not to seem backward in education, he says, Portugal introduces into the school-examinations metaphysics, astronomy, philology, Egyptology; and it is the same in all ranks and professions of Portuguese life. "Portugal, impatient to appear very modern and very civilized, orders models from abroad—models of ideas, of clothes, of laws, of art, of cookery"; but she "exaggerates the model, disfigures and distorts it into caricature." Eça de Queiroz' own novels are an example of this. If it was his aim, by an unrelieved presentation of vice and vulgarity, to reduce them to the absurd, he only succeeded at the cost of reality in his work. Zola betrayed how far removed from reality was the naturalism of his school by occasionally introducing

episodes more improbable than the wildest imaginings of the romantics. Eça de Queiroz tended to exaggerate this, especially in *Os Maias* and *O Crime do Padre Amaro*. His weakness is caricature, a leaning towards buffoonery and the burlesque, and some of his characters are grotesquely unreal. In order to show the ignorance prevailing in Portugal, he introduces us to a Lisbon lady listening to the *Sonata pathétique*, and asking if that melancholy thing was the player's own composition, and to a high official in the Department of Education inquiring whether England possesses a literature.[1] Another defect is his love of the exotic, both in subject and in style, which largely counteracted the value of his service in introducing the realistic novel into Portugal. It cannot be denied that his art is often Manueline; indeed, he had that love of splendour and new things which characterized King Manoel I.'s reign. Just as King Manoel gave his courtiers the show of an elephant fighting a rhinoceros, Eça de Queiroz presents his readers with a battle between a plesiosaurus and an icthyosaurus, after thus luxuriantly describing the Garden of Eden (*Adão e Eva no Paraizo*, in *Contos*):

"Ao fundo d'essa encosta onde parára resplandecem vastas campinas (se as Tradições não exaggeram) com desordenada e sombria abundancia. Lentamente, atravez, um rio corre semeado d'ilhas, ensopando em fecundos e espraiados remansos as verduras onde já talvez cresce a lentilha e se alastra o arrozal. Rochas de marmore rosado rebrilham com um rubor quente.

[1] In one of his *Cartas de Inglaterra* he wrote (1880) that, while a bale of merchandise went from London to Lisbon in four days, the names of Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne had not reached Portugal in forty years.

D'entre bosques de algodoeiros, brancos como crespa espuma, sobem outeiros cobertos de magnolias, d'um esplendor ainda mais branco. Além a neve corôa uma serra com um radiante nimbo de santidade, e escorre, por entre os flancos despedaçados, em finas franjas que refulgem. Outros montes dardejam mudas labaredas. Da borda de rigidas escarpas pendem perdidamente, sobre profundidades, palmeiraes desgrenhados. Pelas lagoas a bruma arrastra a luminosa molleza das suas rendas. E o mar, nos confins do mundo, faiscando, tudo encerra, como um aro d'oiro."

(At the foot of the slope on which he stood vast plains (if we may trust the traditions) gleam in a dark and riotous luxuriance. Slowly across them a river glides, dotted with islands, drenching in wide backwaters the green and fertile fields, where perhaps already grows the lentil and ricefields ripen. Rocks of rose-coloured marble blush in a warm glow of light. From woods of cotton-trees, white as the foam of the sea, rise hills covered with magnolias, of a still whiter splendour. Beyond, snow crowns a mountain-range with a radiant crown of holiness, and thins on the broken mountain-sides into slender fringes of light. Other heights glint and flame in silence. On the edge of the steep declivities hang desperately, above precipices, dishevelled palm-woods. Over the lakes extends a soft, luminous lace of mist. And the sea on the boundary of the world, flashing, hems in the whole as with a hoop of gold.)

In *O Mandarim* (*Porto*, 1879, 1880, 1889, 1900), as elsewhere, Eça de Queiroz showed that he could combine realism and sobriety with extravagant fancy. His luxuriant imagination, his art that evidently rejoices in the rich imagery of the East, and resembles some heavily ornamented chapel, with here and there a space of pure gold, found scope in descriptions of Asia and

Palestine (*O Suave Milagre*;[1] *Adão e Eva no Paraizo*; *A Reliquia*), of Egypt (*A Reliquia*; *A Correspondencia de Fradique Mendes*), China (*O Mandarim*), Spain (*O Thesoiro*; *O Defunto*[2]), Calypso's Island (*A Perfeição*, in which the "ivory stools, rolls of embroidery, jars of worked bronze, shields studded with precious stones," represent the variegated style of these more exotic stories). In three books which appeared after his death—*A Illustre Casa de Ramires* (1900), *A Cidade e as Serras* (1901), and *A Correspondencia de Fradique Mendes* (1900)—exist ample proofs that Eça de Queiroz in his later manner tended towards a far saner and higher form of art. *A Illustre Casa de Ramires*, if at times a little tedious, is thoroughly Portuguese, soft as the national *arroz doce*, but still flavoured with sarcasm. It gives an excellent picture of Portuguese life in the provinces, with unending gossip—*infindaveis cavaqueiras á lareira dos campos*—and the inevitable savour of politics, and with glimpses of peasants, simple and ignorant, cringing or insolent towards those in authority. Gonçalo Mendes Ramires—*o maior fidalgo de Portugal*—lives in the old *Torre*, which belonged to his ancestors before Portugal was Portugal,[3] in the village of Santa Ireneia, chiefly in the company of his friend Titó, that *homen-zarrão excellente*, his sister and brother-in-law, the good-natured and placid José Barroso, and the chemist's assistant Videirinha, with his guitar, interminably

[1] The English version, *The Sweet Miracle*, by Mr. Edgar Prestage (*London: David Nutt*), is, unfortunately, now out of print.

[2] Translated into English, under the title *Our Lady of the Pillar*, by Mr. Edgar Prestage (*London: Constable*, 1906).

[3] He denies that the King of Portugal has authority to create him a Marquis.

singing old ballads in the soft, scented evenings; and, more rarely, of the sleek and specious Civil Governor of the district, André Cavalleiro, or of his cousin, Maria Mendonça, even prouder than Gonçalo of the House of Ramires. The veranda, overgrown with honeysuckle, looks out upon orchards and vines and orange-trees and the old tower, since the tenth century the *solar* of the Ramires. Beyond, clumps of elms, cork-trees, and pines, and fields of corn stretch away to the hills. Sluggish, reedy streams, choked with water-lilies, and hedges of honeysuckle and blackberry divide the land; smoke goes up from an isolated farm here and there; coveys of partridges fly up from the stubble; children pass with long goads, driving the cows. With the modern story is interwoven the older chronicle of the House of Ramires, and the account of the vengeance taken by one of Gonçalo's ancestors is, like *O Defunto*, one of the most grim and weirdly horrible episodes ever written. Gonçalo is vain, affable, kindly, irresolute, with noble impulses, but incapable of confronting an obstacle with courage, physical or moral; or so he appears at first. But his character develops, becoming less ineffectual, and he finally leaves the idle life of a deputy at Lisbon to go farming in Africa. One of his friends thus sums up his character and the character of Portugal:

"Aquelle todo de Gonçalo, a franqueza, a doçura, a bondade, a immensa bondade, que notou o Snr. Padre Sueiro. Os fogachos e enthusiasmos que acabam logo em fumo, e juntamente muita persistencia, muito aferro quando se fila á sua ideia. A generosidade, o desleixo, a constante trapalhada nos negocios, e sentimentos de muita honra, uns escrupulos quasi pueris, não é verdade?

A imaginação que o leva sempre a exaggerar, até á mentira, e ao mesmo tempo um espirito pratico, sempre attento á realidade util. A viveza, a facilidade em comprehender, em apanhar. A esperança constante n'algum milagre, no velho milagre d'Ourique que sanará todas as difficuldades. A vaidade, o gosto de se arrebicar, de luzir, e uma simplicidade tão grande que dá na rua o braço a um mendigo. Um fundo de melancolia, apesar de tão palrador, tão sociabel. A desconfiança terrivel de si mesmo, que o acobarda, o encolhe, até que um dia se decide e apparece um heroe que tudo arrasa. Até aquella antiguidade de raça, aqui pegada á sua velha Torre ha mil annos. Até agora aquelle arranque para a Africa. Assim todo completo, com o bem, com o mal, sabem vocês quem elle me lembra? —Quem?—Portugal."

(Gonçalo as a whole, his frankness, gentleness, and good nature, the immense good nature which Padre Sueiro noticed. The fire and enthusiasm which anon end in smoke, and, nevertheless, a real tenacity and persistence when an idea takes hold of him. Generosity, negligence, constant confusion in business, and a strong sentiment of honour, with scruples that are almost childish. An imagination that is always carrying him into exaggeration and even falsehood, and at the same time a utilitarian spirit, ever attentive to practical reality. A natural quickness and readiness in realizing and understanding. Perpetual hope of some miracle, like the old miracle of the field of Ourique, which will heal all difficulties. Vanity, a fondness for decking himself out, a desire to shine, and a simplicity so great that he will give his arm to a beggar in the street. An essential melancholy, in spite of his talkative and sociable nature. A terrible diffidence which intimidates and dismays him, until one day he makes up his mind, and appears as a hero carrying all before him. Even his ancient house attached to its old *Torre* during a

thousand years. Even this enterprise of his in Africa. Taken thus all altogether, with the good and the bad, do you know whom he reminds me of?—Who?—Portugal.)

The scene of the first part of *A Cidade e as Serras* is Paris, the Mecca of rich Portuguese. But Jacintho, the super-civilized, determines to visit one of the vast estates owned by his family in Portugal since the days of King Diniz, although he considers "leaving Europe" a very serious matter. Soon the *macio azul* of the Portuguese sky appears, and when the stationmaster addresses Jacintho and his friend *Zé* Fernandes as "my sons," the reader feels that he is indeed in democratic Portugal. The descriptions of the country between Douro and Minho, of the ride up to the ancestral house, the *solar*, in the hills, of the *quinta* (country-house), called *Flor da Malva*, of the *sebastianista* peasant, old João Torrado, are all excellent:

"Espertos regatinhos fugiam rindo com os seixos, d'entre as patas da egua e do burro; grossos ribeiros açodados saltavam com fragor de pedra em pedra; fios direitos e luzidios como cordas de prata vibravam e faiscavam das alturas aos barrancos; e muita fonte, posta á beira de veredas, jorrava por uma bica, beneficamente, á espera dos homens e dos gados. Todo um cabeço por vezes era uma ceara, onde um vasto carvalho ancestral, solitario, dominava como seu senhor e seu guarda. Em socalcos verdejavam laranjaes rescendentes. Caminhos de lages soltas circundavam fartos prados com carneiros e vaccas retouçando; ou, mais estreitos, penetravam sob ramadas de parra espessa n'uma penumbra de repouso e frescura. Trepavamos então alguma ruasinha de aldeia, dez ou doze casebres sumidos entre figueiras, onde se esgaçava,

fugindo do lar pela telha vã, o fumo branco e cheiroso das pinhas. Nos cerros remotos, por cima da negrura pensativa dos pinheiraes branquejavam ermidas. O ar fino e puro entrava na alma e na alma espalhava alegria e força. Um esparso tilintar de chocalhos de guizos morria pelas quebradas."

(Swift streamlets fled, laughing in the stones, between the feet of our mounts; great precipitous torrents leapt crashing from rock to rock; straight, shining threads of water, like cords of silver, quivered and flashed from height to gully; and many fountains, set at the side of the paths, gushed water from their spouts, in kindly readiness for men and cattle. Sometimes a whole hill was covered with corn, and over it a huge ancestral oak stood, solitary lord and sentinel. In levelled spaces grew groves of scented orange-trees. Paved ways of stepping-stones surrounded fertile meadows in which lambs and calves gambolled, or, narrowing, passed beneath thick vine-trellises into a cool and restful shade. Then we would come to a narrow village street, ten or twelve hovels buried in fig-trees, whence floated up through the roof from the hearth the white and scented smoke of pine-cones. On the distant hills, beyond the dark and dreamy pine-woods, white hermitages gleamed. The pure, thin air gave joy and strength at every breath. A sprinkled tinkling of bells sounded faintly on the hill-sides.)

At last they reach the avenue of beech-trees leading to the *solar*, with its veranda under a rough wooden balcony, and boxes of *cravos* (carnations) set along the veranda between the pillars of granite. Huge, empty rooms with blackened walls and heaps of sticks and tools in the corners; the windows, mere dark squares in the granite, protected by shutters; the great gloomy kitchen, with its immense *lareira*, whence the smoke

escaped through the wall and across the branches of a lemon-tree, the only light coming from the door of chestnut-wood or from the fire gleaming upon vessels of copper and iron; the tin forks, the rough, coarse cloth—it was all very different from Paris. (Owing to a mistake, their arrival was unexpected, and their luggage and servants had been lost on the way.) But "a good smell of health and freshness" was everywhere, and through the open, glassless windows came the air of the *serra*. Their meal was of broad beans and rice, the ordinary fare of the farm-servants (*a comidinha dos moços da quinta*), a *louro frango* roasted on the spit, and the light wine of the *serra*. Immediately beneath the windows was a garden of vegetables, a fountain among climbing roses, a cherry-tree laden with cherries, and on the other side, enveloping a corner of the house, the orangery or *laranjal*. Beyond, pine-woods and hills and maize-fields (*milheiraes*), a river-valley and purple *serras*. In the evening a mist comes up from the valley, there is a whispering of trees, the sound of many waters, and the forlorn voice of a shepherd singing: "E lá debaixo, dos valles, subia desgarrada e melancolica uma voz de pegureiro cantando." Some of the scenes recall Pereda's *Peñas Arriba* (1895), and the themes of both books are the same. Jacintho leaves Paris and arrives at Tormes exactly as Marcelo leaves Madrid and rides across the mountains to Tablanco; both are repelled at first, but both end by marrying and settling happily in the uncivilized mountain-country. Further comparison can only show the superiority, above all the greater sincerity, of Pereda; but whether the imitation was

direct or not, Eça de Queiroz' *A Cidade e as Serras* was a book of good promise for the future, the author dying, unfortunately, before he had even finished correcting the proofs.

A Correspondencia de Fradique Mendes (Memorias e notas) is not a novel, but contains some of Eça de Queiroz' most delightful and most finished work. Carlos Fradique Mendes had appeared already in *O Mysterio da Estrada de Cintra* as an ex-pirate, poet, and musician, the friend of Baudelaire, and is now shown further to be the friend of Victor Hugo, to have fought under Napier in Abyssinia, to have accompanied Garibaldi on his Sicilian expedition, and to have corresponded with Mazzini. His letters show that he combined a true love of Portugal with appreciation of what is conventionally called civilization.[1] One of them describes life in a Minho *quinta*—the *pateo* with its "*fonte de boa agua*," the jessamine and roses, vine-trellis and olives, the *horta* brimmed with flowers, the granite threshing-floor and granary, the clear and duskier golds of the waving corn, the hills and streams and *matto florido*. Life there is all pleasantness (*deslisa com incomparavel doçura*), from the first crowing of the cocks, when the shepherd takes up his staff, and the work begins—

"Esse trabalho que em Portugal parece a mais segura das alegrias e a festa sempre incansavel, porque é todo feito a cantar. As vozes vêm altas e desgarradas, no fino silencio, d'além, d'entre os trigos ou do campo em sacha, onde alvejam as camisas de linho crú e os lenços de largas franjas vermelhejam mais que papoulas"

[1] They appeared originally in *A Revista de Portugal* (1889-1892).

(Work which in Portugal seems the surest of pleasures and an untiring holiday, since it is ever accompanied with song. The voices come loud, breaking the delicate silence, from beyond, among the corn, or from a field that is being hoed, where the shirts of unbleached linen gleam white and the long-fringed kerchiefs show redder than poppies)

—to the return at evening :

"No piar velado e curto dos passaros ha um recolhimento e consciencia de ninho feliz. Em fila, a boiada volta dos pastos, cançada e farta, e vai ainda beberar no tanque, onde o gotejar da agua sob a cruz é mais preguiçoso. Toca o sino a Ave-Maria. Em todos os casaes se está murmurando o nome de Nosso Senhor. Um carro retardado, pesado de matto, geme pela sombra da azinhaga."

(The notes of the birds are brief and quiet as they think of the shelter of their happy nests. The oxen return in single file tired from the pasture, having fed their fill, and go for one last drink from the tank where the water flows more sluggishly beneath the cross. The Angelus rings, and in all the farms is murmured the name of the Lord. A belated cart, with heavy load of brushwood groans along the path in shadow.)

The other posthumous works of Eça de Queiroz are—*Contos* (*Porto*, 1902), *Prosas Barbaras* (*Porto*, 1903), *Cartas de Inglaterra* (1905), *Echos de Paris* (1905), *Cartas Familiares e Bilhetes de Paris* (1893-1896 ; *Porto*, 1907), *Notas Contemporaneas* (*Porto*, 1909), and *Ultimas Paginas* (*Porto*, 1912).

In *Contos* we have some of his most characteristic work, and examples of his peculiar combination of realism and fantasy (*Frei Genebro ; O Thesoiro ; A Aia ; O Defunto ; As Singularidades de uma rapariga loura ; Um*

poeta lyrico, telling of the Greek poet Korriscosso, waiter in a London hôtel; *Civilisação*, afterwards expanded into *A Cidade e as Serras;* etc.). In *Ultimas Paginas* the stories are longer; that of *S. Frei Gil* is perhaps the best, breaking off, probably not unfortunately, when Dom Gil was about to leave Portugal. In one of the articles contained in this volume, *O Francezismo*, Eça de Queiroz writes in his own defence that from his birth France was all around him—at home, at college, at Lisbon—*em torno do mim só havia a França;* and he repeats that Portugal is "a country translated from French into slang." He himself, unhappily, contributed to carry the translation still further. It is not only that his style often reads like translated French (and what are we to say to the brazen use of such words as *gôche* (*gauche*), *gôchemente*, *bonhomia!*), but that in his whole art he suffered himself to be carried away by the prevailing current. Every phenomenon has a reality, writes Fradique Mendes in one of his letters, but this reality is obscured by a mist of error, ignorance, prejudice, routine, and illusion: "rare are the intellects keen and powerful enough to break through the mist and catch the exact line, the true shape of reality." Eça de Queiroz, rather, remained, as in another letter Fradique Mendes describes himself, "a man who passes through ideas and facts with infinite curiosity and attention." But the true artist is something more: he is "*um homem que passa infinitamente curioso*"; but he knows that nothing exists, and that it is for him to give reality to the motley array of "*figures et choses qui passent*," a reality of new shades and colours unrecognized till he presents it in his art.

He describes things sincerely as he sees them, not as they commonly appear, and in the crucible of his style they are transformed and made more real. A consummate artist, Anatole France or Gustave Flaubert, would take the theme of *O Primo Bazilio* or *Os Maias* and, without apparently omitting any detail, yet through the magic of his style entirely change the atmosphere.

Passages here and there in Eça de Queiroz' works seem to show that, had he lived, he would have succeeded in freeing himself from falseness and imitations, and would have taken his place among the greatest of modern writers. As it is, he must rank rather with the Palacio Valdés of *Maximina* than with the Palacio Valdés of *Marta y María*, and appears as the author of striking fragments and powerful character sketches, still feeling his way towards work more sincere and enduring.

CHAPTER IX

PORTUGUESE POETS OF TO-DAY

WITH the nineteenth century disappeared several celebrated poets of Portugal. The unquiet spirit of Anthero de Quental found its rest in 1891, Francisco Gomes de Amorim died in the following year, João de Deus in 1896, Thomaz Ribeiro in 1901. Ribeiro was the oldest of these poets, and he was but seventy at the time of his death; yet in spite of these losses, Portuguese literature continues at the present day to live principally in its poets. Its novelists cannot compare for charm or originality with those of Spain, but its poets are on a higher level, and it is chiefly owing to their merits that a Spanish critic, Don Miguel de Unamuno, has been emboldened to call the present the golden age of Portuguese literature. It is worth while to examine the work of some of these poets of to-day, for although none will be found so exquisite as João de Deus nor so passionately ardent as Quental, a study of their poetry amply proves that the vein of lyricism which runs through Portuguese literature from the thirteenth century is by no means exhausted at the present day.

The first place among Portugal's contemporary poets is generally accorded to Abilio Guerra Junqueiro,

who was born in 1850. He may be called the Portuguese Victor Hugo. He has not only many of the weaknesses of the great French poet, but also a fraction of his genius. Too often he has allowed his political revolutionary ideas to drown his genuine gift of lyricism in a yawning pit of rhetoric. He declaims against the "brigand called the Law," against the "crass *bourgeoisie*," against priest and King. At such times no word or expression is too ugly, too vulgar, to be admitted by his undiscerning Muse. *Um frak* (a frock-coat), *um biffe* (a beefsteak), *debochado* (debauched)—these and similar words are the dreadful signs of the invasion of politics. But, when least expected, true poetry breaks once again into being, as a flowering almond-tree in a grey February. Occasionally this is so even in a long satire, such as *A Velhice do Padre Eterno*, and in the gloomy political play *Patria* we have suddenly a noble description of Portugal:

"Campos claros de milho moço e trigo loiro
Hortas a rir, vergeis noivando em fructa d'oiro,
Trilos de rouxinoes, revoada de andorinhas,
Nos vinhedos pombaes, nos montes ermidinhas," etc.

(Bright fields of springing maize and yellow corn,
And happy gardens, orchards of golden fruit,
The song of nightingales, the flight of swallows,
Doves in the vines, hermitages on the hills.)

Especially frequent are these gleams of poetry in *Finis Patriæ*, for all its stern denunciations. This short volume is in fact the real claim of the author to be considered great, although other volumes—*A Musa em Ferias*, *A Morte de Dom João*, *Os Simples*—contain several excellent lyrics.

" É negra a terra, é negra a noite, é negro o luar,
Na escuridão, ouvi! ha sombras a fallar."

These are the two prefatory lines of *Finis Patriæ*, and the voices thus introduced speak in turn throughout the volume—voices of peasant and workman, fishermen, prisoners, hospitals, crumbling fortresses, overthrown monuments, ruined schools. Victor Hugo's great love and pity towards children and the poor and weak inspired him with few more beautiful lyrics than *A alma da infancia*. Here poetry and the spirit of reform are happily united, and although the poet's bitter invocation would seem to have produced no appreciable improvement in the schools of Portugal, the lyric itself retains its freshness and charm after many years. Beautiful also are the last lines of *A Morte de Dom João:*

" Parou a ventania.
As estrellas, dormentes, fatigadas,
Cerram á luz do dia
As mysteriosas palpebras doiradas.
Vae despontando o rosicler da aurora;
O azul sereno e vasto
Empallidece e córa,
Como se Deos lhe desse
Um grande beijo luminoso e casto.
A estrella da manhã
Na altura resplandece;
E a cotovia, a sua linda irmã,
Vae pelo azul um cantico vibrando,
Tão limpido, tão alto que parece
Que é a estrella no ceo que está cantando."

(The wind has ceased. The tired stars asleep
At the approach of light

All their mysterious golden eyelids close.
Slowly from out the night
Across the sky the hues of dawn now creep;
And soon from pale to rose
Blushes at heaven's kiss
The blue serene's unfathomable abyss;
While gleaming there afar
Still shines the morning star.
The lark, its sister fair,
Flies up through heaven's blue, its song far ringing,
So clear, so high in air,
That in the sky, it seems, the morning star is singing.)

The grim weirdness of the introductory lines of *Finis Patriæ* recurs in several poems of the same work, like the old gardener's bell among the melons at midnight in *Les Misérables*, and probably no other living poet can convey so poignant a note of misery and despair. Thus we have the life of the peasants, with fireless hearths, old mattresses, and black cupboards without bread, so that

"Old and young to the earth they are bringing,
And the bells toll, toll; and the bells toll,
And the grave-digger is singing":

"Na enxerga fria tremem azas,
No lar extinto faltam brazas,
Nas arcas negras não ha pão. . . .
Enterram velhos e meninos,
Dobram os sinos, dobram os sinos,
Canta o coveiro."

The description of the workmen's lot follows:

"A fome e o frio, a dôr e a usura,
O vicio e o crime . . . ignobil sorte!
Oh vida negra! oh vida dura!

Deus, quem consola a desventura?
A Morte."

(In hunger and cold and usury and grief
And vice and crime they sadly draw their breath.
To life thus black and hard beyond belief
Is there no happiness to bring relief?
Death.)

That of the fishermen gives an impression almost of terror; the angry sea and cries of distraught sorrow surge and sway and mingle in the rhythm of the verses:

"Mar de tormenta, mar que rebenta,
Convulso mar!
Noites inteiras, noites inteiras,
Nas praias tristes ha lareiras
Com mães e noivas a resar."

(Sea of unrest, sea storm-oppressed,
Unquiet sea!
Night after night, night after night,
In homes on thy shores bereft of light
There are mothers and wives praying ceaselessly.)

Eugenio de Castro's poetry, unlike that of Guerra Junqueiro, is cold and artificial, far removed from questions of the present day. His first poems were published in 1884, *Canções d'Abril* and *Crystallisacões da Morte*, and since then nearly every year has seen the advent of a tiny volume of his verses, containing more blank pages than print, so that the full catalogue of his works is imposing.[1] He began to write verses almost

[1] *Jesus de Nazareth* (1885), *Per umbram* (1887), *Horas Tristes* (1888), *Oaristos* (1890), *Horas* (1891), *Sylva*, *Interlunio*, and (prose) *Belkiss* (1894), *Tiresias* and *Sagramor* (1895), *Salomé e outros poemas* and *A Nereide de Harlem* (1896), *O Rei Galaor* (1897), *Saudades do Ceo* (1899), *Constança* (1900), *Depois da Ceifa* (1901), *Poesias escolhidas* (1901), *O melhor retrato de*

before he could spell. Some of the poems in *Canções d'Abril* (dated 1882, 1883, and 1884) were written at the age of fifteen (a letter from João de Deus appeared as preface), and sometimes in these early poems poetry and rhyme and spelling are thrown to the winds, as in the lines—

"Nisto eis que os labios seus, esboço de Wateau [*sic*],
Um sorriso gentil de manso lhes poisou."[1]

Eugenio de Castro is the chief of the Portuguese Decadents, also called in Portugal the "cloud-treaders—*nephelibatas.*" His verses are often sensuous, vibrating with passion, but they are often at the same time clear cut, chiselled with the precision of a Théophile Gautier. In their Greek purity of form and cold perfection they are

"De narcissos de neve um cheiroso festão,"

but, in a phrase of *Salomé e outros poemas,* "ha neve que incendeia"—the snow is sometimes afire. We are not surprised when we find that Eugenio de Castro translates Greek epigrams and also many poems of Goethe. In *Constança* (*Poema*) the heavy hendecasyllabic lines, with their monotonous endings, like the tolling of a bell, continually recall those of Goethe's *Iphigenie,*

"Und auf dem Ufer steh' ich lange Tage
Das Land der Griechen mit der Seele suchend,"

João de Deus and *A Sombra do Quadrante* (1906), *O Annel de Polycrates* (1907), *A Fonte do Satyro e outros poemas* (1908), *Poesias de Goethe* (1909), *O Filho Prodigo* (1910).

[1] Anthero de Quental had in the sixties rhymed "rondó" (rondeau) with "Watteau" (*A Carlos Baudelaire* in *Primaveras Romanticas*).

and are well suited to the theme of Constança's grief at witnessing the love of her husband, the Infante Dom Pedro, and Inés de Castro:

" A noite é fria e escura,
Constança vae morrer.
Ninguem a véla:
Fingindo-se melhor, pediu a todos
Que a deixassem á sos, que se deitassem,
E apenas consentiu que um pagem moço,
Que de ha muito a servia lealmente,
Ficasse á porta da gelada camara.
No vasto leito, sob a cobertura
De rija tela onde se fanam lirios
Que ella bordou em dias venturosos,
Mal se adivinha o vulto do seu corpo."

(The night is cold and dark,
And Constança is dying.
No one watches,
For, feigning to be better, she had bidden
Them leave her thus alone and take their rest.
Only one page, who long and faithfully
Had served her, had she suffered to remain
In waiting at the door of the icy room.
In the vast bed beneath the coverlet,
The heavy cloth of fading lilies by her
Embroidered during days of happiness,
The outline of her form is scarcely marked.)

The following is a description, from the same poem, of the *Choupal* of Coimbra along the river Mondego in spring:

" Pela relva
Entresachada de aprilinas flores,
Das aves que do exilio regressavam
Azues corriam as ligeiras sombras;
Em baixo o rio, gemedoramente,

Ao sol brilhava, como se arrastasse
Fulgidas cotas de argentina malha,
E do seu crystal puro e marulhante
Saltavam no ar de quando em quando os peixes,
Faiscantes, vivos como lingoas d'agoa;
Zumbiam vespes sobre as laranjeiras
Carregadas de flor; as borboletas
Eram pétalas soltas procurando
Anciosissimamente os caules verdes
D'onde a brisa inconstante as arrancára;
Nas altas ramas perpassavam echos
D'embalador oceano, e muito ao longe
O som das flautas pastoraes unia-se
Ao balar infantil dos cordeirinhos."

(Across the grass, with April flowers enamelled,
From time to time blue shadows lightly sped
Of birds returning from their winter exile.
Below, the river flowing plaintively
Shone in the sun, as sheathed in gleaming silver,
And from its crystal surface fishes leapt,
Glittering in the air as living tongues of water.
Wasps hummed above the flowered orange-trees,
And butterflies, stray petals, sought longingly
The green stems whence the inconstant wind had torn them.
In the high poplar branches came and went
Echoes of murmuring seas, and distantly
Came sound of bleating lambs and shepherds' pipes.)

In the preface to *Oaristos* (1890) Castro deplored the commonplaces of modern Portuguese poetry, the thinness of its themes, the "Franciscan poverty" of its rhymes. He was determined, he said, to exchange vulgarity for originality: "Mon verre est petit mais je bois dans mon verre." He claimed to be the first in Portugal to free the Alexandrine from the tyranny of

the cæsura, to adapt the French *rondeau*, and to introduce alliteration and rare rhymes—"rimas raras rutilantes." His innovations in *Oaristos* were perhaps not very happy. Some of his lines make the reader wish that alliteration had recrossed the Portuguese frontier, while the following *tour de force* is rather clever than poetical:

"Acorda, Flor, meu coração freme em ardentes
Delirios,
Vão-se estrellando os ceos azues, jardins florentes
De lyrios," etc.

Other poems in *Oaristos* are evidently due to the influence of Baudelaire, as certain others among his poems—*e.g.*, the sonnet in *A Sombra do Quadrante* beginning:

"Não peço para mim! Foram baldadas
Foram vãs minhas supplicas, Senhor."

(Not for myself I ask: useless and vain,
Lord, then were all my prayer.)

There are lines in *Oaristos* which are pure Baudelaire:

"Sonho uma casa branca á beira d'agoa, um palmo
De terreno onde eu, campestremente calmo,
Cultivasse rozaes e compozesse idyllios,
Celebrando em abril os alados concilios
Das vespas no estellar Vaticano das flores,
Sob um irideo ceo colmado de fulgores;
Sonho contigo, ó nobre e pallida insubmissa,
Pallida e triste como uma ingenua noviça,
Sonho o grande tormento amargo e delicioso
De n'um verso imitar, n'um verso glorioso,
A tua lenta voz, de accentos longos, lentos,
Voz somnolenta, lenta, e cheia de lamentos,

Voz somnolenta que é, morena que me ennervas,
Como os lamentos dos arroios sob as hervas."

(Of white house by the water's edge I dream
And plot of land where, rustically calm,
I might my roses grow and idylls write,
Singing in April of the wasps' winged councils
Held in their starry Vatican of flowers
Beneath a blue sky filled and thrilled with light.
Of thee I dream, noble and pale and cruel,
Pensive and pale as an ingenuous novice,
And of the torment bitter-sweet I dream
To imitate in verse, in wondrous verse,
The long, slow accents of thy trailing voice,
Thy somnolent, slow voice full of laments,
Somnolent voice, fair one that torturest me,
As plaintive voice of streams beneath the grass.)

But while Baudelaire, however exotic, ever weaves his verses as it were in a soft, continuous veil of opal, and casts over them a soothing magic of opium, so that they vibrate greyly in a minor key,

" Le violon frémit comme un cœur qu'on afflige,"

the rare words in the verses of Castro sometimes seem to stand out a little clumsily, like the huge precious stones on some ancient missal—the following lines, for instance, of a sonnet written at Biarritz in 1889 :

" Na estufa lendo um livro de botanica
Uma das mãos afaga uma begonia
Com a outra lacera uma tacsonia
Nervosamente frigida, tyranica," etc.

Depois da Ceifa, an aftermath of poems written between 1894 and 1896, and published in 1901, and *Sagramor* (*Coimbra*, 1895) contain some fine poetry. We feel that in the intensity of these poems the author has

forgotten all about the decadent style and "rimas raras rutilantes":

"Quando as almas são novas,
Velhos poços cobertos de jasmins,
Quando as futuras covas
Parecem jardins,
Quando a aranha do desengano
Nos corações não tece ainda,
São quatro as estações do anno,
Qual a mais linda.

"Primavera, verão, outomno e inverno
São quatro meninas
De olhar bem terno,
De mãos bem finas.

"Os olhos d'uma são ingenuos firmamentos,
Os da segunda ruivos como a valeriana,
Os olhos da terceira são cinzentos,
E os da quarta são negros, de cigana.

"A primeira usa flores rosadas,
A segunda flores de escarlata,
A terceira flores d'oiro, desbotadas,
E a quarta flores de prata.

"E todas ellas,
Com mãos mais finas que as suas flores,
Derramam estrellas,
Estrellas e amores."

(When souls are young, old wells covered with flowers, and seem to be gardens, although soon they will be dark pits, when the web of disillusion is not yet woven in the heart, four are the seasons of the year, and all of them are fair. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter are four maidens of delicate hands and tender eyes. Of the first the eyes are ingenuous worlds, the eyes of the second are red as valerian, of the third

the eyes are ashen-grey, and of the fourth black, as eyes of gipsies. The flowers of the first are rose of hue, the second has scarlet flowers; the flowers of the third are blown flowers of gold, of the fourth the flowers are silver. And all of them from hands fairer than their flowers go scattering stars, stars and love.)

Sagramor strives, in love and gold, in travels, fame, knowledge, faith, love of Nature, to escape his enemy *Ennui*, but

> "O Tedio cobre todas as cousas."
> "Nem sequer uma sensação nova!
> Julgo ter visto tudo o que vejo."

The phantoms of Sardanapalus, Solomon, Caligula, Baudelaire, and many others, confirm him in the opinion that vanity of vanities, all is vanity, and that *Tedio* cannot be evaded; and the poem ends with the offers of many voices:

> "Pede os mais raros, doces prazeres,
> Queres ser estrella, queres ser rei?
> Vamos responde, dize, o que queres.
> *Sagramor.* Não sei, não sei." (*Silence and darkness.*)

> (Ask thou for pleasures the rarest, divinest,
> Wouldst thou be king or a star in the sky?
> Come, answer, tell us, for what then thou pinest.
> *Sagramor.* I know not, know not, I.)

Curiously, in all his attempts to cheat the hours he made no trial of two very simple expedients: a spell of hard manual labour, or a return to his original shepherd's state.

A Portuguese poet perhaps not very widely known, certainly at least out of Portugal, is Teixeira de

Pascoaes.[1] He has the immense distinction in modern times of being a poet who is content to feel the poetry of Earth and Heaven without being haunted by the fear that he will be found deficient in rhymes and metres sufficiently clever to express it. He does not strain at originality; for him life is poetry, and hence his poetry is living. Those who demand of poets that their works should be of polished marble or a-glitter with gems should beware of reading Teixeira de Pascoaes; those who can appreciate true poetry, the poetry of Wordsworth and William Barnes, of the *Imitatio* and the *Fioretti*, will probably read his poems and return to them with delight. In his sadness and *saudade* he is very Portuguese, singing of love and sorrow and death, the chief themes of Portuguese poetry since the time of King Diniz:

"O Amor
É irmão da Dôr, e a Morte é irmã da Vida."

(For Love
Is brother of Sorrow, and Death to Life is sister.)

In the perfection of form in which this sadness at times, albeit rarely, finds expression he recalls Leopardi; in his quiet love of Nature and of animals he resembles the Spanish poet Gabriel y Galán. He lives in remote Traz-os-Montes, in the valley of the Tamega, far from cities and

"Essa vida de cega maldição
Entre as turbas vivida e na cidade;"

[1] Joaquim Pereira Teixeira de Vasconcellos. His first book of poems was *Sempre* (1897), followed by *Terra prohibida* (1899), *Jesus e Pan* (1903), *Para a Luz* (1904), *Vida Etherea* (1906), *As Sombras* (1907), *A Senhora da Noite* (1909), *Marános* (1911), *Regresso ao Paraiso* (1912).

and the quiet charm of streams and woods and misty mountain spaces has entered into his soul. He has woven a magic web of mists and shadows till each of his poems becomes

> " Um idyllio de sombras, muito além,
> Nas distantes florestas "
>
> (An idyll made of shadows there afar
> In distant forests),

and even love is no radiant apparition, but

> " Amor que tudo vae annuviando."
>
> (Love that in mist all things o'ershadoweth.)

His own spirit becomes a shadow in a world of shadows :

> " Sombras que vejo em mim
> E em tudo quanto existe."
> (*Sempre.*)

His philosophy is vaguely pantheistic. The Kingdom of Heaven is in the heart of man, and so, too, is the Kingdom of Earth. God is in everything, and everything is one and one is everything :

> " Por isso, se quero vêr-te,
> Olho as aves e as estrellas,
> As montanhas e os rochedos,
> Coração."
>
> (To see my heart I look
> Upon the birds and stars,
> Upon the hills and rocks.)
> (*As Sombras.*)

In spirit man can stay the sun and stars in their courses, and transform a stone into a sentient thing :

"Sim, a vida do espirito domina
O proprio sol; um gesto, uma palavra
O fez parar no ceo! . . . E a luz divina
Ante o sonho dos homens anoitece."

(Yes, for the living spirit's force can master
The very sun; a single word or gesture
Can stay the sun in heaven, and the light divine
Before the dream of men is turned to darkness.)

"Tudo é milagre e sombra, ó Natureza." The river is not divided from the sea, nor the valley from the mountain:

"Um valle vae subindo e, enfim, é serra,
Uma fonte vae chorando e, enfim, é mar."

(A valley climbs and climbs, and now is hill,
A spring flows on and on, and now is sea.)

Eternity is embraced in one Heaven-sent moment; the sun is reflected in a drop of dew:

"Ás vezes, n'uma hora consagrada,
Para nós se contem a eternidade,
Da mesma forma o sol por um instante
N'uma gotta de orvalho se resume
E n'ella é viva imagem radiante
De viva luz acêsa em sete-côres."

Thus Heaven and Earth exist in the spirit of man, and in this pragmatism God is man's creature:

"O nosso Deus é nossa creatura;
E só nas minhas obras posso crêr.
Cada homem é um mundo de ternura;
E Deus é a eterna flor que d'elle nasce,
Que o inspira, perfuma e eleva aos astros;
Sua expressão perfeita, a sua face
Eterna e projectada no Infinito.

Ama o teu Deus; isto é, adora em ti
A creatura ideal que concebeste."

(Our God is our own creature, and alone
In my own works can I believe: each man
Can be a world of tenderness, and God
Is the eternal flower that from it springs,
Upholds and sweetens, and guides it to the stars;
Its perfected expression, undying form
Projected thence into infinity.
Love then thy God, that is, adore in thee
The creature of thy dreams and thy ideals.)

The chief defect of Teixeira de Pascoaes is a constant tendency to diffuseness. The philosophy which sees no distinction between stone and flesh, Earth and Heaven, seems to have affected his poetry, depriving it of sharp divisions and definite shape. It is characteristic that a sonnet in *As Sombras* (*Uma Ave e o Poeta*) extends to a poem of four sonnets, fifty-six lines. His long poem in eighteen cantos, *Marános* (1911), may be likened to a grey shadowland, a mountain mist, often lifting to reveal fair regions of noble verse,

"altas serras coroadas
De neve e de silencio"

(High mountain-ranges crowned with silence and with snow),

and "Os longes do ceo indefinivel,
Onde em segredo e sombra os astros nascem"

(Vague distances of sky, where in secret and in shadow stars are born),

or crystallizing into exquisite single lines, now limpidly clear as running waters, now gleaming as a sun-glint

through the mist. Then his poetry is as in *As Sombras* are the songs of birds:

"Meu canto é luz do sol em mi filtrada:
Vou a cantar . . . e canta a luz do ceo."

(My song is light of the sun in me distilled:
My song begins and lo! 'tis heaven's light singing.)

Then we hear the birds singing to the sun,

"Os canticos ao sol dos passarinhos,"

and the song of half-awakened larks,

"Canções de cotovias adormecidas."

A voice sounds distantly, misty as is the voice of the sea,

"Nevoenta como a voz que tem o mar,"

or shepherds sing in the whispering dusk,

"As canções dos pegureiros
E os sussurros dormentes do crepusculo,"

when the shepherd's star brings in mysterious night,

"Á tarde quando a estrella do pastor
Surge trazendo a Noite com seus mysterios."

Or the mist at dawn is threaded with rifts of gold,

"Nevoa d'ante-manhã molhada en oiro,"

till horizon and trees grow golden,

"e o horizonte
Uma montanha d'oiro, e d'oiro as arvores."

Then the mist closes in again, rendering the shepherds invisible:

"Era tão densa a nevoa e tão cerrada
Que os pastores fallando mal se viam."

The poet has Wordsworth's power of giving vivid relief to things vague and grey and indefinite, the slow motion of clouds heavy with rain ("And with what motion moved the clouds"), or night's immeasurable silence:

> "Que solidão! que noite! que silencio!
> Dormia sobre os pincaros o vento.
> Era quasi sensivel o gemido
> Do luar sobre as arestas dos rochedos.
> Quasi se ouvia a noite caminhar
> N'um murmurio de sombras e de medos."

> (What solitude, what silence of the night!
> The wind upon the mountain-tops was sleeping.
> And one might almost feel upon the rocks
> The moonlight's plaintive radiance, and hear
> Night moving in a murmur of fears and shadows.)

Marános is, in the phrase of Francisco de Mello, a quiet poem—"poema quieto." Throughout the poem the reader is reminded of the way in which, in Wordsworth's *Prelude*, some beautiful word-image or thought continually occurs to belie any feeling of weariness. In several beautiful passages (as in *Sempre* and *As Sombras*) the poet sings his home and the valley of the Tamega and the mountains of Traz-os-Montes:

> "Ó valle das saudades, onde a terra
> Idyllica do Minho se transforma
> No ascetismo granitico da serra,
> No elegiaco drama transmontano!"

the mist-white river,

> "Rio Tamega
> Tudo mudado em branco nevoeiro,"

and the bronze-hued soil of Traz-os-Montes,

"A terra
Sombria, em bronzea côr de Traz-os-Montes."

The beauties of the poem are many and undeniable, but it is a pity that the author has allowed it to trail inordinately. Not only does this prolixity frighten away readers, to their own loss, but the effect is often inartistic, causing his Muse to crawl with broken wing. Were he to correct this failing, Teixeira de Pascoaes might easily claim the first place among the living poets of Portugal, and a high place among the living poets of the world, for he has in him the true spirit of poetry, which disdains little ingenuities and rhymed clevernesses. An expression in *Marános*—"*estupidez divina e intelligente*, a divine, intelligent stupidity"—may be applied to his poetry as it may be applied to the poetry of Wordsworth and of Virgil, and could not possibly be applied to the poetry of Byron or of Gautier.

Portugal has many other singers now living,[1] and indeed the lovely provinces of Portugal should unfailingly beget many true poets. A University education and the influence of the capital too often, however, direct poetic talent into the muddy channel of foreign imitations. Here, too, Teixeira de Pascoaes sets an excellent example, for he is thoroughly Portuguese and regional, wrapped in the life of Traz-os-Montes,

"Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground."

[1] Especially Antonio Duarte Gomes Leal, born at Lisbon in 1848, author of *Claridades do Sul* (*Lisboa*, 1875; second edition, 1901), *O Anti-Christo* (*Lisboa*, 1884), *O Fim d'um Mundo*, etc., who now stands with Guerra Junqueiro at the head of the older living poets of Portugal.

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